

I QUIT MR 236

Chapter 236

de la entered the meeting room and immediately spotted an elderly figure.

After seeing photos of Ferdie on Wikipedia before, she was taken aback by his aged

appearance making him seem older than his actual sixties.

Zimmers.

On hearing her name, he quickly rose with the help of his cane.

He acted as if he might faint at any moment.

Isabella approached him and gently asked him to sit down.

He adjusted his reading glasses and sat down with difficulty. Before he could speak,

tears started to flow.

"Miss Symons, my son is young and ignorant. I apologize for the trouble he has caused

you and Mr. Shaffer."

Upon hearing this, Isabella immediately understood his intentions.

"I'm fine. But Mr. Shaffer is still in the hospital.

Ferdie sighed, tears streaming down his face. "I know. But I'm in a difficult situation and can't meet Mr. Shaffer."

Isabella placed her hand on the table, gently stroking the edge of the folder. "Even if you could meet Mr. Shaffer now, it wouldn't help. The court hasn't convened yet, and the victim's forgiveness won't make a difference."

Ferdie's face changed slightly. He glanced at Isabella through his reading glasses.

Mr. Shaffer decided to take legal action?"

"Has

Isabella feigned surprise. "Is there another option? Mr. Zimmers, your son intentionally harmed someone. If Mr. Shaffer hadn't discovered it in time, half of my face would have been ruined."

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She spread her hands helplessly and continued, "You know the nature of the Shaffer

Family. Mr. Shaffer was severely injured, and it's already a favor from Old Mr. Shaffer not

to use his connections to suppress this. You surely don't expect the Shaffer Family to

withdraw the lawsuit, do you?"

Ferdie remained silent.

Isabella leaned back in her chair, assuming the posture of a bystander. "If you have the

time, you should persuade your son to show remorse and hire a good lawyer. The

Shaffer Family doesn't intend to be ruthless. If the court rules in their favor, he might

only serve a year and a half at most."

Ferdie gripped his cane, coughing twice with a grim expression. Despair and gloom

filled his aged face.

He lifted his head, looking at Isabella through his reading glasses with dry, complex.

eyes. "It seems that you don't intend to help.""

Isabella frowned. "You're asking for too much. I can't help you."

"You are indeed loyal to the Shaffer Family."

Ferdie sighed. His demeanor shifted as swiftly as flipping pages in a book. As he leaned

back, his eyes took on a ruthless expression.

"What a pity. Even if the Shaffer Family is powerful, they can't silence everyone. Miss

Symons, if you assist Mr. Shaffer in such outrageous acts, someone will notice.”

Isabella’s gaze darkened, focusing intently on the face before her that was filled with stories.

Various thoughts flashed through her mind, and she quickly came to a conclusion.

She laughed. “Mr. Zimmers, you’ve been in business for many years. I’ve learned a lot from you.”

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Ferdie grunted heavily, rising with his cane. His voice was cold. “In our circle, it’s all about give and take. No matter how wealthy you are, it’s always good to owe someone a favor. Young ladies like you should be cautious, or else...”

He shook his head, his words cryptic. “The wind by the river is not pleasant...”

Isabella knew in her heart that Selena was most likely in Ferdie’s hands.

She remained calm, speaking lightly, “I understand what you mean. It’s hot today; you should go home. I’ll go visit Mr. Shaffer now.”

Ferdie's eyes sparkled, the corners of his mouth curling up in victory.

"That's good. I'll wait for your reply. I hope Mr. Shaffer can give us a way out so we don't end up with no way to live."

Isabella watched him leave, her face gradually becoming expressionless.

Phoebe walked into the meeting room and noticed the unusual expression on Isabella's face, which made her feel nervous.

Isabella put her pen away and commanded, "Get the car ready. We need to go to the hospital."

"Alright."

Inside the hospital room, Seth harshly dismissed all the PR plans while simultaneously reprimanding the director of the public relations department.

The room fell into silence, with everyone present too afraid to speak.

After a brief pause, Nicolas cautiously knocked on the door and entered.

"Mr. Shaffer, Isabella has arrived."

Without hesitation, Seth declared, "Tell her to leave!"

Nicolas hesitated. "But..."

Outside the room, Isabella overheard everything, but she remained calm.

She gestured for Nicolas to step aside, and he reluctantly complied.

As she pushed the door open, Isabella was met with a flying folder, which she gracefully caught without dodging. She smiled, adjusting her hair as she bent down to pick up the folder.

When she looked up, she met Seth's intense gaze with a subtle smile.

"Please be careful, Mr. Shaffer. Sudden movements could worsen your wound."

The onlookers exchanged glances, impressed by her composed demeanor. Indeed, the executive secretary's ability to handle stress was remarkable.

Seth chuckled, revealing a peculiar smile. "Are you worried that I might aggravate my wound? Wouldn't you be happier if I just died?"

Isabella maintained her smile. "Why would you think that? Who wouldn't appreciate a talented young individual like you?"

Everyone present exchanged glances once more, finding her words somewhat

insincere.

Under Seth's penetrating gaze, Isabella turned to the director of the public relations

department. "Mr. Wills, I have a proposal. Would you mind listening to it?"