

## **I QUIT MR 273**

### Chapter 273 Am I About To Get Beaten Up?

Seth quickly tapped the door and said, "Open the door."

With no other option, Isabella reluctantly opened the door.

She slowly opened the door and intended to peek outside, but she was immediately handed something.

Stepping back, she realized it was the medicine she had brought back earlier.

Seth clicked his tongue. "Aren't you going to take it?"

Isabella hurriedly accepted it.

11

She wanted to say something, but Seth had already turned and walked away, leaving no room for conversation.

Holding the medicine, she stood there, confused.

Is he reminding me to take the medicine?

The thought sent a shiver down Isabella's spine. It was almost eerie to see such a

human-like gesture from Seth.

The living room was dark and silent. She tiptoed, grabbed a glass of water, and hurried back to her room.

As she drank and took her medicine, the realization that Seth had personally brought it to her almost made her choke.

After managing to swallow it, she was still in a daze.

Isabella lay down on the bed and couldn't fall asleep at all.

Whenever she closed her eyes, her mind replayed images of Seth's figure and the unexpected gesture of bringing her medicine. These thoughts swirled in her head.

She tossed and turned, unable to sleep until the early morning.

The shrill sound of her alarm clock shattered the remnants of her restless sleep.

Groggy, she got up, and the morning sun streamed into her room.

After freshening up and stepping out, Isabella noticed Seth was gone. However, he had left breakfast on the table. It seemed to be his leftover morning meal.

She lamented the corruption of capitalism while enjoying the leftovers of a capitalist.

Even after finishing her breakfast in a sleepy haze, she didn't leave the house until eight o'clock.

Expecting traffic, she chose the subway over driving and dozed off during the journey.

Upon arriving near her workplace, Isabella entered the building, only to be immediately approached by the receptionist.

"Miss Symons, someone is looking for you."

She could tell from the receptionist's uneasy expression that the situation was complicated.

"Who's upstairs?"

"Besides Mr. Zimmers, the whole family is here."

Without hesitation, Isabella shrugged and turned away.

The receptionist was bewildered. "What are you doing?"

"Tell the directors I'm going to inspect the production line and remind them to have breakfast."

The receptionist stood there, confused.

Isabella quickly left, calling Phoebe to gather her team for a visit to the Nemotors factory.

Located in the suburbs, the factory was a half-hour cab ride from the office.

Not wanting to deal with the Zimmers, she simply ignored them.

She settled into the cab, only to hear news from the radio.

46%

The driver sighed. "It's a shame about the chairman of Nemotors. The company has thrived for decades, yet he got involved with the underworld. Now, it's all come crashing down."

Initially surprised, Isabella recalled her earlier conversation with Seth and realized it must have been his people taking action.

The driver continued, "Never judge a book by its cover. The chairman seemed decent, but his son was involved in a rape case. He tried to cover it up and even led to a murder. It's a real tragedy."

▪

She murmured a few words in response while pulling down her mask.

The driver continued talking until they reached the suburbs.

Phoebe also drove there, and they arrived almost simultaneously.

Entering the factory, Isabella's team found the person in charge asleep. His lackluster reaction to her presence suggested a lack of motivation or concern.

After a thorough inspection, she concluded that selling the production line was the best course of action,

When they left the factory, Phoebe whispered, "Are you still going to sell the production line?"

”

Isabella didn't answer and got into Phoebe's car.

On the way, Phoebe remained silent.

“The company is on the verge of bankruptcy. Selling the production line will impact

shareholder profits, and it won't be easy."

Isabella stepped out of the car, pondering, "What can those who remain really

▪

accomplish without the chairman?"

She didn't take the Zimmers seriously and confidently entered the company before

Phoebe.

It was nearly one o'clock in the afternoon, right during lunchtime.

Isabella hadn't anticipated the presence of the Zimmers, but as she walked in, she

found herself face-to-face with a large group.

Sensing the tension escalating, Phoebe swiftly moved to intervene.

Driven by financial worries and anger, the Zimmers were on edge.

4070

The sight of Isabella seemed to ignite their fury. Yuri took the lead and charged towards

Isabella in a fit of rage.

"You wretch! I'll kill you! Do you truly believe the Zimmers have no one left?!"

There's a saying, "Desperate times call for desperate measures."

Yuri's sudden aggression was too fast and forceful for Phoebe to intercept.

Bodyguards quickly rushed to the scene while the rest of the Zimmers group

aggressively advanced towards Isabella, who stood exposed and vulnerable to their

collective anger.

In a frenzied moment, Yuri broke free, grabbed a crystal ashtray from a nearby coffee

table, and hurled it with full force at Isabella.

As the ashtray flew through the air towards her, Isabella had barely enough time to

react.

In a blur, a figure stepped in front of her.

They tried to block the incoming object, but their reflexes were slightly too slow

as the ashtray struck them directly on the forehead, and blood immediately began to flow

from the wound.

The ashtray clattered to the floor, and chaos ensued in the surroundings.

A team of bodyguards dressed in black swiftly entered the area and promptly subdued

the agitated Zimmers.