

I QUIT MR 274

Chapter 274 Digging An Appealing Trap For You

Isabella was still processing the whirlwind of events-the sudden outburst from the Zimmers and Corey's unexpected arrival.

The sight of him approaching with a group of people, blocking the ashtray for her, and effortlessly handling the Zimmers was out of the ordinary.

Before she could fully comprehend everything, Phoebe was already calling for medical help.

With blood streaming down his face, his injury looked alarming.

“Bella...”

Immediately, Isabella acted and pressed a tissue against Corey's wound. Without waiting for an ambulance, she took the initiative and grabbed Phoebe's car keys, driving him to the hospital herself.

The Comptons' bodyguards cleared the path to the hospital.

Upon arrival, the Comptons' influence ensured immediate medical attention, with

several doctors rushing to the emergency department.

She stood aside, feeling like she was just going through the motions.

Isabella suspected Corey's injury was not as severe as it appeared, despite its

frightening look.

However, the doctors suddenly brought out something like a net, seemingly to wrap his

entire head.

He immediately objected. "No need."

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She understood that no young person would want their head wrapped in a net, knowing

it would look embarrassing.

The doctors exchanged looks as they realized the proposed treatment was not

accepted, clearly needing to reassess their approach.

Meanwhile, Corey sat with a gloomy expression. When he caught Isabella's

looked at her with a hint of hurt.

"Bella, it hurts."

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Feeling responsible, she approached and gently patted his shoulder. "I'm sorry. I got you involved."

He frowned, and his eyes darkened, his expression turning mischievous. "Who were those people? I'll take care of them."

Knowing Corey's approach might be extreme, Isabella quickly declined. "No, I'll handle it myself."

Afraid that he would disagree, she changed the subject. "How did you end up at Nemotors?"

Pouting, the visibly upset kid handed her his phone.

When she looked at the screen, she saw a screenshot showing various car manufacturing companies.

Corey explained, "My brother wanted me to learn about the industry and visit key companies so that I can assist him in the future."

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Isabella was surprised to learn about the strong bond between the Compton brothers.

"I'm really sorry, and thank you. If you hadn't intervened, I would've been the one injured."

Internally, she would have preferred to be the one injured. She now owed Corey a favor, sensing that it would not be easy to repay.

As she spoke, a nurse arrived to treat his wound.

He was undeniably attractive, resembling a celebrity, and the young nurse seemed

slightly flustered as she tended to him.

Isabella arched an eyebrow and remained silent for the time being.

Corey, however, was more focused on her than the nurse, smiling. "I'd be happy you had gotten a wound. It's better that it's on me."

Isabella was taken aback by his comment.

The nurse momentarily stopped her work, casting a curious glance at Isabella.

Isabella felt a bit awkward and cleared her throat. "When you get home, your brother will be the one heartbroken over that wound."

Corey paused before indifferently responding, "My brother's too busy. He probably won't even notice this."

The conversation was casual as they waited for the nurse to complete her work.

Phoebe called to inform her that the Zimmers had been taken to the police station, and she needed to give a statement.

After hanging up, Isabella decided to wait until he was finished before leaving for the police station.

It took until three o'clock in the afternoon for Corey's wound to be stitched and bandaged with a small piece of gauze.

Despite the wariness of the kid, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of concern seeing his injury.

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She was about to tell him that she needed to leave to make her statement when he spoke up.

“Bella, have you had lunch yet?”

It was only then that Isabella realized her own hunger as she had skipped lunch.

Corey leaned over with a mischievous smile. Shall we go out for some dumpling

She was taken aback by the idea of someone from a wealthy background willingly choosing a humble street stall.

mom always made dumplings. They were much better than these.” His eyes lit up like those of a child.

Interrupted from her thoughts by the mention of his mother, Isabella’s mind briefly tangled with the complexities of his family background.

He appeared indifferent, resting his chin on his hand and scanning the surroundings while waiting for the dumplings.

Just then, an elderly, dirt-covered man entered the stall.

Assuming he was a beggar, she was about to offer him some money but realized she had no small change.

When Isabella looked up, Corey stood up without hesitation. He smoothly pulled out a hundred-dollar bill from his pocket and approached the man at the door, his actions