I QUIT MR 274

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..."

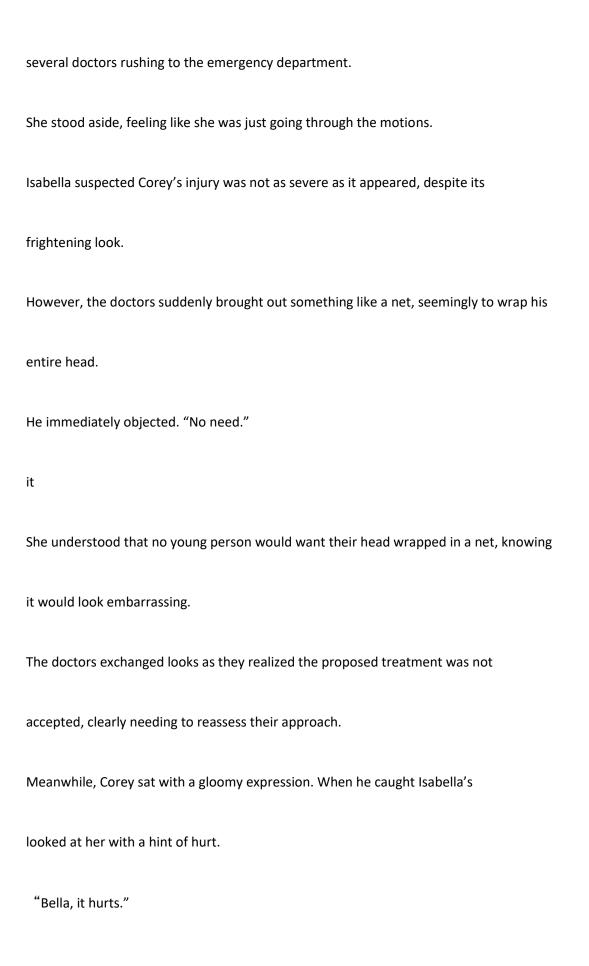
Immediately, Isabella acted and pressed a tissue against Corey's wound. Without

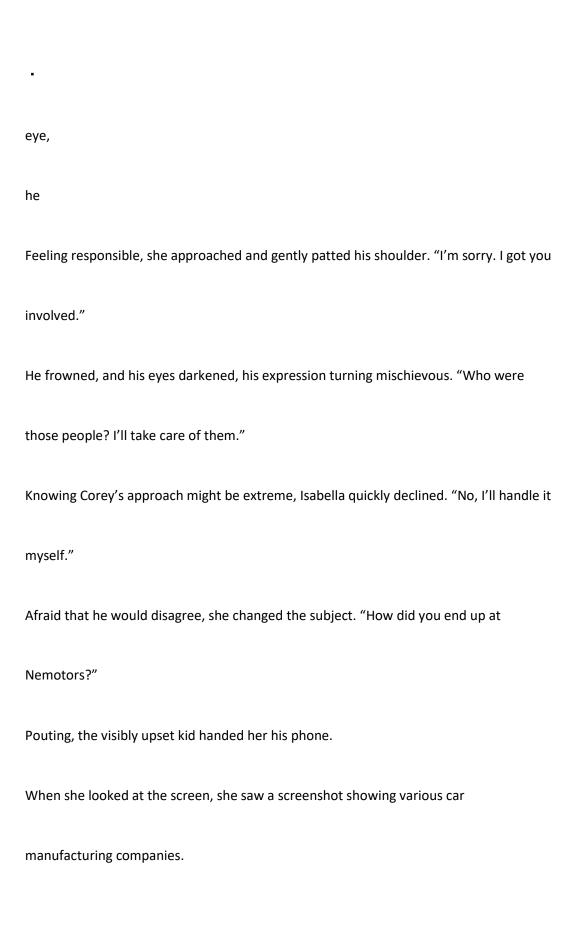
waiting for an ambulance, she took the initiative and grabbed Phoebe's car keys, driving

him to the hospital herself.

The Comptons' bodyguards cleared the path to the hospital.

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





Corey explained, "My brother wanted me to learn about the industry and visit key companies so that I can assist him in the future." 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 Islightly flustered as she tended to him. stabiella arched an eyebrow and remained silent for the time being. Corey, however, was more focused on her than the nurse, smiling. "I'd be hear you had gotbetesustich a wound. It's better that it's on me."

Isabella was takete alaback by ibis 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