

I QUIT MR 282

Chapter 282

Carey ordered four dishes, all of which were delicious. Isabella finished two bowls of rice before she was done.

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As they were about to leave, two more messages from Gordon appeared on her phone.

“I didn’t mean to ignore you earlier. I’m just having a really bad day.”

“I won’t say much, but you better keep an eye on that guy. He’s not a good person.”

Isabella paused for a moment and responded with an “OK” emoji.

Gordon, probably in a bad mood, ended the chat after a few words.

Carey returned after paying the bill and informed Isabella that the person he had arranged to meet had arrived.

She got up and followed him outside.

There were already quite a few people fishing near well-maintained fish ponds. As they walked along, Isabella ran into many acquaintances and had to greet them.

Unfortunately, she ran into Christopher.

Fortunately, Christopher seemed hurried and didn't have time to chat with her. He only speculated about her relationship with Carey and mocked her abilities in a specific aspect.

Isabella didn't want to waste time with such people. She maintained a neutral smile, greeted him, and left.

On the other hand, Carey seemed a bit surprised.

"Is his father Ronald?"

Isabella nodded. "Yes. He was born into wealth."

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Carey shrugged nonchalantly and said ominously, "I just hope he lives long enough to enjoy it."

Isabella found his words chilling. She shivered involuntarily, recalling Gordon's warning, and couldn't help but glance at him.

Carey noticed her gaze and smiled. "Let's not talk about such people. We've arrived."

Isabella pushed aside her strange thoughts and looked ahead. Sure enough, she saw a few middle-aged men fishing near the reed marsh.

The one leading was Mr. Bolton, whom Isabella had researched beforehand.

His position was low, just a middle-level manager in a state-owned enterprise, but his position was sensitive and had a lot of influence.

Carey introduced himself, and the other party quickly stood up. Then, he saw Isabella and recognized her immediately.

“Miss Symons.”

Isabella smiled and stepped forward, slightly bowing. “We met at the banquet last time.

There were many people then, and I couldn’t properly attend to you. Please forgive me.”

Sure enough, as soon as she said this, the other party was delighted, probably because

he didn’t expect Isabella to remember him.

Once the conversation started, both parties sat down.

The rest of the people were also Mr. Bolton’s colleagues. They all praised Carey, and

Isabella played a balancing role on the side, ensuring the conversation went smoothly.

From Mr. Bolton's words, there were two collaborations he wanted to pursue with the

Comptons, but they were small collaborations that the Comptons didn't value.

"My brother has been busy lately, but we can't neglect you. My sister, Bella, can handle the collaborations you mentioned."

With a few words, Carey smoothly pushed Isabella to the forefront, more skillfully than she had imagined.

Mr. Bolton knew it would be best to collaborate with the Comptons, but Isabella was also backed by Seth, which was also advantageous.

Both parties tacitly agreed and finalized two preliminary contracts amidst jokes.

Isabella was pleased. Although these two small orders were not of great value, they could at least give Nemotors something to do after bankruptcy.

"Bella, do you know how to fish?"

After discussing business, Carey suddenly turned to Isabella and whispered.

Isabella felt a bit embarrassed. "Not really."

“I’ll teach you.”

Carey was enthusiastic and asked someone to bring fishing gear, bustling about.

Isabella was initially uninterested, but seeing him so excited, she became curious.

When he was ready, she cast the rod with such force that she almost lost her balance.

Carey stood right behind her, his hands around her waist, holding her hands, and said,

“Bella, take it easy.”