

I QUIT MR 362

Chapter 362 Butterflies In The Stomach

Isabella was taken aback by Mandy's nonsense. For a moment, she felt a peculiar sensation in her heart, similar to the feeling she had when Seth had first shown interest in her. She felt butterflies fluttering in her stomach. Sitting in the car, she pondered over that and suddenly burst into laughter.

Keira, who sat next to her, glanced at her and asked, "What's so funny?"

Isabella smiled and took a deep breath, "Nothing, I just remembered a joke."

Mandy, who was driving in front, slightly pursed her lips. She exchanged a glance with Isabella through the rearview mirror, an unspoken understanding passing between them.

Isabella leaned back in her seat, feeling her mood calming down. If Seth's attitude towards her could be considered having a crush, then it was an insult to that feeling itself.

He didn't help when she was taken away by Louis. He made sarcastic comments when

she was splashed with milk tea at the mall. And now, he was already looking for a new secretary right after she resigned. As she listed his misdeeds in her mind, frustration surged, quickly burying any emerging emotions.

Just in time, they arrived at Nemotors. Back in the office, Keira sorted out the tender documents again, without mentioning Perseus from earlier. Isabella sat alone in the office, carefully pondering and weighing her options.

Around four in the afternoon, Corey suddenly called her, sounding depressed. "Bella, my car broke down near your company."

Isabella put down her pen and asked first, "Are you safe?"

Corey grunted in response, then asked childishly, "Can you come pick me up?"

Isabella hesitated for a moment. She hadn't forgotten Seth's warning and had some doubts.

"Bella?"

Forget it; she would deal with the situation first. She glanced at the clock on the wall, got up to get her coat, and said, "Stay where you are. I'm coming to find you."

“Okay!” Corey’s voice suddenly changed from gloomy to joyful.

Isabella helplessly hung up the phone, grabbed her keys, and left. The place Corey mentioned was just behind the company. She only had to drive half a block to see the young man standing by the road.

In the scorching heat, he stood by the road, looking rather unwell. Isabella stopped by the roadside and beckoned him to get in the car.

Corey got into the passenger seat, his tall figure making the front seat of the small car seem cramped.

“Trash car. And I just drove it out yesterday.”

Isabella glanced at the car parked by the roadside. It was a brand-new Ferrari. Many people were waiting in line for it, and Corey had already dented a large part of the front after just one night.

She asked Corey to call for a tow truck, but he was too lazy to do it, so she had to do it for him. As it was nearing dinner time, she took Corey to a nearby restaurant first.

Hospitality was important.

“Why did you come to this area?” Isabella casually asked as soon as they sat down.

Corey sat across from her, his posture relaxed, and said somewhat irritably, “It’s all

because of that damn national bid.”

Isabella was surprised, “Is your family also competing?”

If the Comptons took part, everyone else could call it a day and go back home.

Corey laughed, “My brother doesn’t have that much free time.”

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief and ordered food while chatting, “Then why are you

here?”

“Just making an appearance, casually checking out the factory.” Corey’s tone was

casual as he winked at Isabella. “Bella, you know how it is. National bids always have

the winners predetermined.”

Isabella paused, looking up at him, “You know?”

Corey shrugged, adopting an indifferent attitude. “It’s not a long list, the bidders.”