

## **I QUIT MR 373**

### Chapter 373 To His Headquarters

Isabella had come up with a plan, but she was still taken aback. She stared at the large screen, scanning it once more. Suddenly, a new entry appeared at the bottom of the list: 'Nemotors.'

Mandy whispered, "That startled me."

Isabella remained expressionless, but she too was startled. "Let's go, let's head back first."

Leaving the venue, they encountered numerous industry insiders, and simply greeting them consumed a lot of time. By the time they returned to the parking lot, it was nearly noon. Mandy and Keira were discussing what to eat while Isabella drove the car.

As she drove towards the entrance, her phone suddenly rang. While reaching for her phone, a black Bentley slid past in front of her.

In the blink of an eye, she didn't even catch the license plate number.

"It seemed to be Mr. Shaffer." Mandy looked out the window.

Isabella also thought it resembled his car, but she felt it was unlikely. “The Shaffer

Group doesn’t have business in this area, so he couldn’t possibly be here.”

Mandy pouted, leaned forward, and whispered, “Maybe he’s here to help us.”

Isabella chuckled, patting her head. “You really have quite the imagination.”

Mandy sighed, sat back down, and resumed discussing food and drinks with Keira.

Isabella glanced in the direction of the car several times, almost missing her call. She

absentmindedly finished the call and slowly drove back.

The preliminary screening was merely a qualification check; the real challenge was yet

to come. Back at the company, there was a pile of work to do, and she almost forgot

about the promise she made to Erin. It wasn’t until she finished work and headed

towards the parking lot.

Before she could open her car door, a faint voice drifted over.

“My dear girl.”

Isabella was startled; she looked around and finally focused on Erin sitting in the car.

Before she could approach, Erin was about to get out of the car, which frightened her

into rushing over. She promptly pushed Erin's head back into the car, looking terrified.

"Why did you come out?"

This woman is an award-winning actress. A legion of paparazzi would love to tail her.

One photo, and I'm done for. No explanation can pull me out of this problem. "Get in the car quickly."

Erin was not nervous at all. She leaned into the car, indicating for Isabella to get in.

Isabella, worried about being seen, had no choice but to get in first. As soon as she got in, Erin immediately instructed the driver to start the car.

Isabella was helpless. She really didn't want to go to that mansion again. She had moved out of Harmony Residence hoping to reduce contact with Seth, so what was the difference between living in his headquarters and not moving at all if she went to that place?

Erin couldn't hear her inner voice; she just held her arm and swayed gently. "My dear girl, do you think Seth will come home today?"

“I don’t know.” But I hope he doesn’t.

Erin licked her lips, sounding certain as she said, “With you here, he will definitely come back.”

Isabella felt despondent, leaning back in her seat and pretending to sleep.

Erin continued talking beside her, her voice sweet, just like that of a young girl. “We’ll cook together later, waiting for Seth to come home.”

Isabella opened her eyes. “I’m not very good at cooking.”

Erin patted her chest. “It’s okay, I can do it.”

Isabella didn’t find it very believable, and she started to feel nervous. When they arrived at the mansion, she immediately surveyed the surroundings upon getting out of the car, but she didn’t see Seth’s car.

“Master Seth hasn’t come back yet,” the butler said.

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief, guessing in her heart that Seth wouldn’t come back;