

I QUIT MR 391

Chapter 391

Corey handed Isabella the milk tea with a smile. As he did, his finger accidentally brushed against her cold hand. His lips curled up, and he turned his face, mischief evident in his eyes and raised eyebrows. "Make sure to shake it before you drink."

"Okay." Isabella took the milk tea and turned away without changing her expression.

Once inside her room, she closed the door, blocking Corey from her sight. Leaning against the door, she let out a heavy sigh.

Without hesitation, she immediately contacted the people Natasha had recommended to her. After sending the message, they replied promptly, saying they could arrive at any time.

Isabella was in a state of disarray, contemplating whether to call Mandy and the others.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

"Bella?" It was Mandy's voice.

Isabella felt relieved. Perfect, she didn't have to search for her. However, when the door

opened, Corey was standing next to Mandy. Before she could speak, Corey had already stepped inside.

“I told you I bought milk tea for you, but Mandy didn’t believe me.” Corey took a cup of milk tea, thoughtfully inserted the straw, and handed it to Mandy.

Mandy didn’t notice anything amiss with Isabella. She took the milk tea and gave Corey a flirtatious glance. She took a sip and asked Corey to give Isabella a cup.

Isabella held the milk tea, unsure of what to do. Suddenly, she remembered that Corey probably hadn’t planned anything in advance, so the milk tea shouldn’t be a problem.

She met Corey’s gaze and calmly took a sip. The sweet milk tea didn’t bring her any sense of joy. Mandy was like a playful butterfly, joking with Corey. She glanced at the time and didn’t give Isabella a chance to speak, pushing Corey out the door.

Isabella held the milk tea, watching the door close. She felt relieved but also started to worry about what to do next. She sent a message to Mandy, asking her to come over in half an hour, but there was no reply.

As time passed, she couldn’t stay in this room any longer. Around ten o’clock, she made

the decision to have the people Natasha had recommended come to the hotel and stay

on this floor. But this time, strangely, there was no reply.

The room was eerily quiet, intensifying her nervousness.

And then, the knocking on the door sounded again, like a midnight bell in a horror

movie, startling Isabella. She cautiously walked to the door and saw that it was Corey.

“Bella, I’ve printed some materials for tomorrow. Do you want to take a look?”

Outside the door, Corey waved the materials in his hand at the peephole. Isabella

frowned, unable to refuse, so she had to open the door.

As soon as she opened the door, Corey poked his head in. “Shall we look at it together?”

Isabella pretended to be tired and shook her head. “I’m a bit sleepy.”

“That’s okay, I’ll explain it to you.” Corey entered the room, passing Isabella and walking

Isabella looked at the door, her heart pounding. She left the door slightly ajar, giving

herself an escape route. Behind her, Corey sat down on the couch.

“Bella, sit down.”

Isabella composed her expression and turned back into the room. Corey flipped

through the documents in his hand, explaining each page in detail.

Isabella was shocked. He had always shown resistance to business matters, but in

reality, his analytical and comprehension abilities were exceptional. He could easily

clarify the core of the plan in just a few words.

She had been blind, played by a kid. A surge of anger washed over her, and she couldn't

help but take deep breaths, unaware that her breathing was becoming increasingly

rapid.