

## I QUIT MR 52

### Chapter 52

Isabella thought it was Selena, but it turned out to be Ollie. “You didn’t go with him?”

Politely, Ollie answered, “He was worried Nicolas and Selena wouldn’t be able to deal with any emergencies alone, so he left me here and took Nicolas with him.”

Isabella nodded. That was a safer way of doing this. She disagreed with Seth taking two newbies with him. Even Ellie and Fiona were better than them by a mile. “Do you need anything from me?”

Olli nodded. “Before he left, he asked me to keep a cardiologist on call. I got two, but they aren’t exactly famous experts.”

Isabella knew what she had to do. She moved away and let Ollie come in.

Ollie took a step back, however. It seemed like he was avoiding her. “It’s

alright. I just want to bring this up with you and see if you have any solutions.”

Tch. Even his employees are weird. Guess the weirdo's habits rubbed off on this guy, Isabella didn't show her annoyance. She agreed and then had nothing else to say.

Ollie was only here to tell her that information. He left right away, leaving Isabella to her own devices.

In the end, she closed the door and rolled her eyes, but she was coming up with a solution in her head. There was a computer in her room. While she waited for Jonas to show up, she searched for the number of a cardiologist named Shawn Sheffield.

Shawn came back from his study overseas a few years ago, and she attended a conference as the Shaffer Group's representative. He left an impression on her, but they shared no connection otherwise.

Seth's rivals this time were different. The Larsons and Hanks alone were established businessmen in Imperia. They weren't as powerful as the Shaffers, who had connections with the military, but with their roots deeply

established in the world of business, it was no guarantee that Seth would win

this.

Even if Jonathan was fine all the way through, it would leave a better

impression if they could get Shawn to check on him. Isabella quickly

searched for Shawn's number, but then her phone kept vibrating. It was

Jonas. She sneered and took the call. "Yes, Mr. Stokes?"

She could hear Jonas walking around. "Which room are you in?" he asked.

Isabella said a random number and told him, "Remember to go through the

car park. I'll be waiting at the elevator there."

Jonas kept saying he would do it. The excitement in his voice was palpable.

Isabella didn't hang up. She slowly moved to the floor-to-ceiling windows

and opened up the curtain a little. She was on the sixth floor, and from where

she stood, she could see the stretch of the road leading into the car park.

Jonas was still yammering and harassing her. Isabella picked up the plate of

strawberries on the table and started eating, the look on her face icy. She

talked to Jonas from time to time, pretending she was in a daze?

“Don’t you worry, Isabella. I’ll give you the best things this world has to offer.”

Jonas was about to speak further, but then Isabella heard a shout. She stood

up and looked downstairs. Someone swung a bat at Jonas’ neck from

behind. She kept eating her strawberries and feigned confusion. “Mr. Stokes?

Are you there, Mr. Stokes?”

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There was no answer, of course. After Jonas was knocked on his neck, a few

guys dragged him into the car park. Isabella held her phone out. She could

hear cries for mercy, but Natasha’s men didn’t talk too much. They kept going

at Jonas without saying a word. Jonas started off begging for mercy, then he

cursed them. In the end, he fell into despair and cried for help.

Isabella listened, but she was unfazed. She was icy. Eventually, she was

annoyed, and she hung up.

Twenty minutes later, Natasha's men called her. "It's done, Isabella. What should we do with him?"

"Is he still alive?"

"Yeah. Don't worry. We didn't kill him."

"Good. Thanks for the help. Give me your account number, and I'll pay you for your work."

The guy quickly refused, but Isabella was adamant. She wouldn't owe anyone anything. Eventually, she convinced the guy and gave them a generous amount of about eight thousand.

After Jonas was beaten up, she went back to work, looking for Shawn's number. It took her half an hour before she got any clues. It was nearly

12.00AM, and she guessed that Seth should be all right, but then someone banged on the door so hard it felt like the door would be smashed.

Isabella frowned. The banging was giving her a headache, so she gritted her

teeth, held her pain in, and opened the door.

It was Ollie, and he looked panicked. That was not a good sign. “Bad news. Mr.

Gosling fell ill, and he’s taken to the hospital.”

Isabella cursed silently. “And Mr. Shaffer?”

Ollie wiped his sweat. Resigned, he said, “Mr. Gosling fell ill when he was

talking to Mr. Shaffer. Mr. Shaffer went to the hospital too.

Isabella clenched her fists, feeling utterly annoyed. “What can I do when

things have gotten so bad?”

Ollie couldn’t say a word. A moment of silence later, he said, “The doctors I

called are on their way there. Mr. Gosling has his own medic too, but they

won’t be of any use.”

Isabella cursed Seth madly in her heart. Told you not to see him late at night.

Now look at what happened. She frowned at Ollie and hissed, “So what if

you’re telling me this? He’s Seth Shaffer. He doesn’t need anyone’s help.”

Ollie was shut down, but he looked at her. “Ms. Symons, you know how much

Mr. Shaffer hates owing favors.”

Isabella stopped turning around. She was tempted. It wasn't easy to get that man to owe anyone a favor.

Ollie caught that, and he said, “And a life is at stake here. You can't leave him for dead.”

Do you think I'm a doctor? Isabella rolled her eyes.