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Chapter 61

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That evening, Isabella packed her bags and returned to Imperia. Despite

Jonas' repeated attempts to persuade her to stay, she used the excuse that

"a long delay could cause complications" to fend off his requests. Jonas had

been harboring suspicions in his heart that a rival had to have something to

do with this. So, he stopped bugging her after considering his circumstances.

She hadn't rested well for two whole days. As a result, she fell into a deep

slumber, completely relaxed because Jonas, the sleazeball, wasn't

accompanying her this time. She was roused from her sleep due to the

announcement that the plane had landed.

At 3.00AM, she hailed a cab in order to go home. Nonetheless, she remained

cautious throughout the journey.

Exhaustion had crept and made itself in her bones as she stumbled out of

the car. Then, she dragged her luggage behind her as she ambled toward her home.

Suddenly, she looked up and noticed that the lights were on. She almost thought she was mistaken or perhaps seeing hallucinations. Yet, she counted the floors and stared at the building in bewilderment for a few seconds before realizing it was indeed from her floor.

However, she was the sole occupant of that floor. So, the lights shouldn't have been on at all.

Isabella became guarded as she immediately spun on her heel. Then, she pulled her luggage along to the cafe across the street as a precaution.

Finally, she started to observe the people coming and going.

As it was almost dawn, people began to emerge from the building where she lived-a total of six unfamiliar faces met her eyes. Regardless, none of that mattered, as she could recall seeing the man leading them. That man was Louis' bodyguard.

Her heart sank as she started to connect the dots. She couldn't help but tighten her grip on the handle of her suitcase while swiftly weighing her options.

The "Get out of Jail Free" card she had acquired from Seth was far too precious. Therefore, she could feel herself grimacing as she thought of using that against Louis. There was also the matter that it would be a risky endeavor if she wanted to outsmart Louis. Plus, she also felt uncomfortable as it was rather morally problematic.

Damn it!

She was in such a dilemma and very, very tired. Naturally, a headache started to build behind her eyes, and the pain only intensified the longer she thought about it. Eventually, she couldn't help but mutter curses under her breath in order to vent some of her frustrations. She had no choice but to take a quick break, shielding her head from the bright lights with her arms.

and closing her eyes as she rested her head against the cool, wooden table.

The morning sunlight streaming into the cafe reminded Isabella that another night had passed. Frankly, she felt as if the Grim Reaper was chasing her, as if there would be endless difficulties ahead even after overcoming this challenge.

“If only I had a grandfather who is a military general and a father who is a president,” she grumbled while squinting her eyes, daydreaming about parallel universes and endless possibilities.

“Miss?” The voice of the waiter shattered her beautiful dream.

Isabella snapped back to reality, smiled apologetically at the waiter, and promptly ordered two slices of cake.

Sweet things had a magical way of making one feel happier. Thus, her awful mood improved by a smidgen.

Once she had gained her bearings, she calmly dragged her luggage to the company. Of course, she remained vigilant and only entered when she was

certain no one was around.

“Isabella, why did you return so early?” Abigail exclaimed while feigning surprise by covering her mouth.

Isabella couldn't be bothered with the likes of her and dragged her luggage into the office before pouring herself a cup of strong, black coffee.

Abigail didn't seem bothered by her reaction and continued to follow Isabella like an annoying pest. Even a fool could tell that she was subtly trying to find out what Isabella had gained during this trip, and Isabella was far from a fool.

Isabella could barely stop herself from curling her lips into a sneer. Jonas was really insatiable. Couldn't he just focus on seducing only Abigail? Instead, he had to involve everyone, forcing her to take matters into her own hands..

“Accompanying Jonas for a work trip is indeed a good thing. You won't have to worry about your performance for a month.”

Abigail couldn't resist making sarcastic remarks when she saw Isabella was

ignoring her, all the while sporting that sweet smile on her face.

Isabella merely took a sip of her coffee as she passed by the other woman

and dropped a blunt remark. "Isn't every trip a good trip to you as long as

you're willing to sell?"

She had seen such proof with her own two eyes far too many times. Abigail

had driven the client's sports car directly to work at some point. So, it was

obvious that she had more than just Jonas entangled in her web.

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Abigail-didn't expect Isabella to be so straightforward. A hint of anger flashed

across her sweet face. Her eyes widened, and her blown pupils, due to the

contacts she was wearing, only made her look like an alien. It was clear that

she wanted to do nothing more than scream at Isabella for the slight. Alas,

she also didn't dare to do such a thing.

Isabella left leisurely and completely ignored Abigail's fury. She neatly

organized the business trip contracts and reported everything. However, she

gave all the credit to Jonas.

The subsequent work was tedious, and it kept her busy until noon.

Unfortunately, her phone started vibrating before she could take a break.

It was yet another anonymous message.

‘Baby, you’re avoiding me. That’s not very nice of you.’

Even though it was only a few words, Isabella immediately recognized the sender. This time, her heart was more than prepared for such threats after enduring several rounds of intimidation. Hence, she had a stoic look on her face as she sat in her seat. Then, she took a picture of her collarbone and sent it.

She wrote, ‘I’m on a business trip. I’m not avoiding you. I’ll see you once I’m free in a couple of days. I’ve got a big surprise waiting for you.’

Louis’ response quickly followed. She received no text. Instead, she had the unpleasant honor of gaining a few selfies. It was so hard to look at that she

was starting to wonder just why she was putting herself through this.

She found them so disturbing that she had to gulp down some water just to suppress her nausea.

Louis was probably appeased for now. If that were the case, she would probably have a few days of peace. Alas, these few days should be the maximum limit. There was no way she could possibly delay this any further.

Isabella closed her eyes as she leaned into her chair and tilted her head toward the ceiling. Then, she took her time to reorganize the thoughts that once crossed her mind. Although it seemed like this was her only way out, she was still hesitating on whether she should execute her plan.

She was completely lost in her thoughts when the office door was pushed open. Keira Turner smiled faintly at her as she said, "Isabella, someone's here to see you."

Isabella scrunched her brows in confusion. She truly couldn't think of anyone who would pay her a visit at this time. After all, she didn't have many friends

in-Imperia.

Nonetheless, she composed herself and walked out of the office toward the reception area.

In the lobby, Abigail and Alex were standing aside. They were partially blocking her view of the woman sitting on the couch.

Isabella was puzzled. Who could be so important that even Alex, who was usually proud and aloof, would be forced to stand aside like an attendant?

As she approached, Abigail reluctantly took a step back.

Finally, the person sitting on the couch appeared before her eyes.

Isabella was shocked as she never expected her mystery visitor to be that woman.