

I QUIT MR 71

Chapter 71

Isabella inexplicably panicked when she heard about it. She immediately made a call, but Lara's assistant seemed helpless as she stated that her boss wasn't sick and since they paid a deposit, they would want the car.

"Don't call again. Miss Shaffer is very busy."

Isabella felt frustrated. She didn't want this deal at all; it was pushed to her by Lara, yet now it seemed like she was the one chasing after it.

She hung up the phone, confirmed the details with her colleague from the contract department, and returned to her office while feeling uneasy.

Natasha suddenly called when it was almost time to get off work. She invited Isabella to the opening banquet of a new store in Bleaktown.

"I won't go. I'm exhausted these days, and my feet are still hurting."

"It's because you're tired that you should come out and relax. Besides, you'll be taking a car and not walking. What does it have to do with your foot pain?"

Natasha's tone carried excitement. "Come on. It's an important moment. You have to come to witness it."

Isabella knew that Natasha held an eighty percent stake in this store. It was a gift from Dariel and basically considered a future separation fee, which was significant yet cruel for Natasha.

She gritted her teeth. "Fine. Wait for me then."

"Great!"

"Wait." Isabella remembered and asked, "Will Seth and the others be there?"

"What are you thinking? Bleaktown is a two-hour drive from Imperia. Do you think those presidents would come over in the middle of the night just to join my celebration?" Natasha was speechless.

Isabella chuckled. "You're right."

She got the address from Natasha and planned to take the high-speed rail.

Natasha arranged for someone to wait for her at the station.

She had gone several days without proper sleep and had a severe injury to

her foot, but she was having a night out now. She felt she was a bit crazy.

At the high-speed rail station, she almost fell asleep but managed to board the train before collapsing.

She dozed off and was woken up by the train attendant upon arrival.

After rubbing her face, she got off the train with her bag, and there she saw the person Natasha arranged. It was someone from Goldland Lounge whom she recognized.

“The store is crowded. Otherwise, Natasha would have come herself.”

Isabella smiled and said it was fine while the person warmly talked about the bustling situation in the store, the big shots who arrived, and how she admired Natasha’s ability.

Isabella thought that Dariel was indeed a generous financier. Natasha had been with him for five years and got everything she could have except for love.

She felt a little sad after witnessing Natasha's transformation from that innocent and straightforward person to today's invincible self. She felt inferior to Natasha after comparing herself to Natasha. Natasha lost her old self but

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found a new one, while she only lost her former self and remained confused.

The person ahead kept talking, and she casually replied a few words before they reached their destination.

In the prime area of Bleaktown that was bustling with activity, there stood an impressive building with artistically crafted large characters on top-Princeton.

Princeton was similar to the word priceless. What a fitting name.

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief and suddenly felt relieved. Natasha had finally fulfilled her wish, which didn't seem like a disappointment after all.

She followed the person who had received her all the way to the third floor.

She surveyed the entirety of Princeton and found that the decoration was extravagant, even more exaggerated than that of Goldland Lounge. From the

looks of it, it must have cost hundreds of millions.

Natasha, who was dressed in a red gown and wearing a feather mask,

emerged from the crowd and pulled Isabella into a private room upon seeing

her.

“How’s it? Impressive, right?” The woman had bright red lips. She removed her

mask, and her entire face was adorned with vibrant colors.

Isabella nodded. “Amazing.”

Natasha smiled and fetched a set of clothes and a mask for her. “It’s crowded

today. You should go out later and have some fun, too.”

Isabella hesitated while holding onto the clothes and sat down.

“The people who came today are all big shots. You’ve finally established

yourself.”

Natasha’s lips curled up. “Dariel kept his promises.”

Isabella observed her gaze and detected a hint of sarcasm before she

sighed. "Princeton must have cost hundreds of millions."

Natasha raised two fingers. "To be more accurate, it's 18 million."

Isabella felt a sense of awe in her heart, yet a hint of resignation surfaced on her face. "I really don't understand this man. He's willing to spend so much money on you but has held you back for so many years."

Natasha chuckled, sat beside Isabella, and fixed her hair while saying, "Do you think he's really that willing?"

Isabella raised an eyebrow. "If he wasn't willing, could you have held a knife to his neck and forced him?"

Natasha replied casually, "I can't, but his child can."

Isabella didn't understand. "What?"

"A year ago, I was pregnant," Natasha said in a casual tone. "He promised me that he would give me 15 million if I aborted the child."