

I QUIT MR 76

Chapter 76

As soon as Isabella heard Jonas' name, she knew it wasn't good news. She glanced at the clock and realized it was almost 10.00AM; she had slept through the entire morning.

Yesterday, she might have gotten away with it, but this time, she couldn't.

She struggled to get out of bed and nearly screamed when she looked in the mirror. She had heavy eye bags, a dried and darkened face, and faint scars on her lips. She resembled a female ghost.

Seth, you b*stard!

She couldn't bring herself to curse herself, so she vented all her frustration on Seth. She even brushed her teeth aggressively as if every ounce of strength was directed at him.

After finally getting ready, she squeezed into the subway to go to the office.

While sitting on the shaky train, she suddenly felt a bit pitiful when she

reflected on her five years of struggling without a car while Seth, that b*stard, had a whole racing city to himself as soon as he came of age.

People had different lives and different fates. It made her hate to even think about it.

She grumbled the whole way, and even after getting off the train, she had to limp along. Just as she entered the office, she heard Abigail's girly voice.

"Isabella sold a sports car while you were away."

Isabella rolled her eyes. Will you die if you don't mention it?

She struggled to enter the office and initiated the conversation. "Mr. Stokes, why did you return so early?"

Jonas still had wounds on his face. He had just boasted about bravely fighting off some criminals. When he saw Isabella come in, he hurried over.

"Isabella, your foot hasn't recovered yet?"

Isabella waved her hand dismissively. "Let's not talk about it. Last night, I tripped again near my doorstep, and it's even worse than before."

3/9

She didn't exaggerate. Even though she had wrapped her ankle in bandages, it was still visibly swollen and red.

Jonas sighed twice while feigning concern. "You've really suffered this time."

Isabella forced a smile. "It's nothing."

"After enduring so much hardship, it's only right that I give you half the credit for the achievements," he said all of a sudden.

Everyone around them, especially Abigail, was staring with widened eyes.

Isabella pretended to be surprised and tried to decline repeatedly. "Mr.

Stokes, this doesn't seem right. I just accompanied you and didn't do anything."

"You've endured too much hardship. It's what you deserve." Jonas patted

Isabella's shoulder while speaking warmly. "We might not be familiar with each other now, but we'll get closer in the future. This little achievement is

nothing.”

Isabella was astounded. She didn't need to look up to know that everyone's eyes were filled with envy, and they would surely consider her part of Jonas' 'team' now.

She took a step forward to avoid Jonas' touch and said, “Mr. Stokes, I'll go confirm the progress of the car booking.”

“Sure.” Jonas suddenly became very accommodating, and his eyes were filled with 'affection' as he looked at her.

Isabella ignored the odd looks she was receiving and limped into the office.

She felt depressed as she accessed the company's backend system.

The backend showed that the final payment for the car could be made. Since she had some time, she decided to call Lara to inquire. However, no matter how many times she tried, the line was always busy.

Isabella was feeling increasingly suspicious and restless as her eyelid twitched incessantly.

She urged herself not to overthink and pinched the space between her eyebrows, but the sense of unease and anxiety only grew. It even escalated into a panic.

As lunchtime approached, the calls she made remained unanswered.

The office door opened, and Isabella's colleague from the contract department, who had helped her with procedures before, walked in.

"Isabella, what's up with your final payment?"

Isabella hesitated for a moment. "Is there a problem?"

Her colleague frowned. "We tried calling the phone number of the person who made the reservation for confirmation, but there's no answer."

Isabella was internally alarmed but tried to maintain composure on the surface.

"Miss Shaffer is very busy. I'll try calling again later. It shouldn't be a problem."

Her colleague nodded and assumed everything was fine since it was Lara on

the other end, so they exchanged a few words before her colleague left.

Isabella went to the pantry with her phone and kept dialing Lara's number.

After numerous attempts, someone finally picked up.

"Hello-"

It was Lara who answered the call.

Isabella was relieved as she spoke politely. "Miss Shaffer, the car booking

procedure has been finalized. When do you plan to make the final payment?"

There was a moment of silence at the other end, and Lara sounded

surprised. "Car booking? When did I book a car?"

Boom!

Isabella felt like her mind had exploded.

"What do you mean?" She straightened up and almost shouted.

Lara laughed on the phone in an affected manner and pretended to be

shocked. "Oh my! What are you saying? I don't understand."

Isabella closed her eyes. "Miss Shaffer, this whole act of yours is meaningless.

The contract was processed through your account, and your assistant transferred the money to me. If you don't pay the final installment for this car, we have the right to pursue your legal responsibilities."

Lara giggled as she said in a mocking tone, "Isabella, you're quite amusing.

You're talking to me so formally about legal responsibilities."

Isabella clenched her phone tightly. The humiliation of being fooled surged to her head, and she needed a moment to regain composure.

Before she could gather her thoughts to respond, Lara suddenly added, "By the way, the amount of over 120 thousand is the money I lent you. Are you not planning to not repay it?"