

I QUIT MR 77

Chapter 77

Isabella stood frozen in place while recalling her communication with her assistant. They had spoken on the phone; she hadn't recorded anything, and the money had been transferred directly by the assistant without any explicit indications or remarks.

Upon realizing the situation, she suddenly calmed down and spoke mechanically. "Miss Shaffer, are you trying to vent your anger on me?"

"I invited you that day, but you didn't come." Lara justified herself and showed no remorse.

Isabella's lips twitched, and her smile was strained. "Can't you let me go?"

Lara clicked her tongue. "Why are you saying that? I haven't bullied you."

"I understand. Thank you for teaching me a lesson, Miss Shaffer."

"You're welcome."

After hanging up, Isabella was trembling with anger. She downed a large

glass of water and managed to gradually calm herself down after that.

Alex entered and was startled by Isabella's expression. "What's wrong with you?"

Isabella sneered. "I've been played."

Alex froze and then recalled. "Is it the issue with the Ghost?"

Isabella didn't deny it, and her eyes were fixed on the ground. She silently brought out a dark plan that she had intended to keep hidden.

She smiled at Alex with a distorted expression, which made Alex uneasy.

As Isabella walked out of the pantry, she calmly returned to her desk. She opened a drawer to retrieve the deposit contract. However, the two pages with Lara's electronic signature had been torn out. It was exactly as she had expected.

Other than Abigail, Isabella couldn't think of any other person in the office who had the motive to do this.

Just as she contemplated confronting the possible culprit, there was a

commotion outside.

Soon after, Jonas rushed into the office, his face filled with urgency. "Isabella, what happened with the Ghost?"

Isabella swallowed hard and was unsure how to explain.

"Abigail said you were deceived, and nobody wants the car?" Jonas pressed while his eyes widened.

Isabella slammed the contract onto the desk nearby. "As you can see, this is a collusion. I've been deceived."

Jonas didn't care whether she had been deceived or not; even if she had, it was her fault. He was concerned about who would foot the bill for the car that was worth nearly 750 thousand.

"Don't give me nonsense. How do we resolve this?"

Isabella felt helpless as she retorted, "How should I know?"

Jonas was shocked. "What's with your attitude?"

“What attitude do you expect me to have when insiders in the company deceive me? I feel betrayed to my core,” Isabella said before throwing her hands up in resignation.

Jonas was fuming. He was gasping for air while pointing at Isabella, “The money was transferred from your card, and the procedures were signed by -you. This car is technically in your name now. If you don’t resolve this, you’ll have to pay for the car out of your own pocket!”

750 thousand... There was no way she would buy it!

Isabella/rocked her chair. “I don’t have the money.”

Jonas’ expression turned bad instantly. He hadn’t expected the person who had always been deferential to him to suddenly stand her ground. He was at a loss for a solution.

His anger flared, and he kicked a computer’s CPU unit.

After the loud crash, people outside who were watching the drama entered the office while trying to mediate the situation.

Isabella maintained a poker face and was unflinchingly silent despite others trying to get her to speak. Yet, she was devising various solutions in her mind.

“If you can’t pay up, the company will sue you immediately!” Jonas threatened her in front of everyone, and his face turned grim.

Isabella remained expressionless, and she was as immovable as a mountain.

Tension filled the air as both sides refused to back down.

“It’s just a car. You can sue her and see what happens!”

Amidst the dead silence, a young male voice that was casual and domineering intruded into everyone’s ears.

Both Isabella and Jonas turned their heads toward the door.

Gordon had intended to surprise Isabella with a dinner invitation. However, upon entering the company and finding no one at the front desk, he made his way inside stealthily. That was when he overheard Jonas’ harsh words to Isabella.

With his hands in his pockets, he joined the crowd casually while exuding an aristocratic swagger.

Jonas had no choice but to hold back his anger, and after a long while, he said, "Mr. Dunkstein, this is a Ghost. If someone else had made this mistake, they would have to rectify it too."

"I'll buy the car." Gordon directly pulled out his card before tossing it onto the table casually. "Just swipe it."

His nonchalant attitude caused the women to blush and their heartbeats to race. Meanwhile, the men felt envious and frustrated.

Jonas was speechless and regretted deeply for shouting at Isabella earlier.

Why did he act so rashly?

"Isabella..."

Before he could change his tone, Isabella stood up from her seat and said calmly, "No need. It's inappropriate."

"What's inappropriate about this?" Jonas widened his eyes while thinking

Isabella must have been scared silly.

Unperturbed by his reaction, she retrieved a black card from her purse.

“I’ll use my card. I’ll buy the car.”

A collective gasp filled the room.

It wasn’t because she said, ‘I’ll buy the car,’ but the status of owning that

black card that shocked everyone.

Jonas was stunned as well and was unable to utter a word.