

# I Quit Mr. Shaffer ( Isabella Symons )

## Chapter 9

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Isabella walked back alone, enduring the harsh wind that blew all night. By morning, she had developed a high fever.

But before she had the time to rest, she received a call from the human resources department, telling her she had been transferred to a car retail company under the Shaffer Group and would be

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taking up the position as frontline sales. It was a genuine form of exile.

Seth was truly ruthless for putting her in such a position. From executive secretary to sales, it was the same as transforming from a king's beloved into a soldier by the border.

Despite her high fever, Isabella forced herself to report for duty. Upon arrival, she realized what

frontline sales meant. The place was small. She glanced around, noticing the entire office was cluttered with various items and had a strange smell in the air.

The supervisor who welcomed her was named Jonas Stokes, a middle-aged man with a stout build. His attitude was excessively enthusiastic.

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From the moment she entered, his eyes were glued to her as he overtly and covertly inquired about the reason for her exile.

Seeing that she wasn't going to talk, he waved his hand in frustration and asked her to find her desk on her own.

Ignoring the strange looks from those around her,

Isabella placed her few belongings on the desk and familiarized herself with her work. She didn't care about the job and just wanted to get through the three months as quickly as possible. Therefore, she didn't bother with introductions. Once she was familiar with her work, she grabbed her bag before heading to stand by in the lobby.

Since her fellow colleagues had their own work to

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do, they were unwilling to pay her any mind. Her head was spinning, so she chose to lean against a corner to slack off.

"Miss, can I test drive this car?" In her daze, she heard someone calling out to her.

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Isabella focused her gaze and saw an elderly man in his fifties standing in front of her, wearing a shirt with small holes at the collar. He didn't appear to

be particularly wealthy. Looking around, she noticed almost no one paid attention to this old man, probably thinking he couldn't afford to buy.

"Sure. I'll go and grab the keys." Isabella took a breath to calm down her spinning head. Then, she headed to the back to retrieve the keys.

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The man wanted to test drive a Mercedes-Benz C-Class, which cost around four hundred thousand. She retrieved the brochures and was thinking of how to introduce the car, but just as she was about to speak, the man got out of the car. "I'll take this car. Prepare the paperwork."

Not only was Isabella stunned by that, but even those who looked down on the old man were also stunned. "Aren't you going to ask about the details?"

"Buying a car is very straightforward, and I've already bought several of them, so there's no need for an introduction." The old man waved his hand.

Once he said so, everyone in the office was stupefied and ground their teeth in frustration.

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Isabella was also pleasantly surprised and quickly led the old man to complete the paperwork.

When she reached the reception desk, Jonas suddenly came over and pulled her aside.

Annoyed by his inappropriate behavior, Isabella took a step back. "Is there something you need?"

"You've gotten your first order on your first day, so you have to treat everyone to a drink. It'll help maintain harmony among colleagues," he said with the demeanor of an understanding boss.

Since Isabella couldn't refuse, she nodded calmly.

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Jonas, however, turned around and announced to

everyone, “Isabella has agreed to treat us to drinks.

Everyone, please tell her what drinks you want.”

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Though Isabella wasn’t entirely comfortable with this, everyone was already gathering around, casually and familiarly naming their preferences. In the end, she had to write it down in her notebook to remember all their orders, filling an entire page with writing.

Her original plan was to inform the front desk, but a woman named Abigail Thomas grabbed her arm and acted like they were very familiar with each other. “Bella, you can leave to buy the drinks. I’ll help you settle the rest of the process.”

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Chapter 9 A World of Difference Between Them

Since someone was kind enough to extend a helping hand, Isabella still agreed despite being slightly hesitant. With her head currently spinning severely, she urgently needed some fresh air.