

I QUIT MR 91

Chapter 91

Isabella smelled trouble the moment she heard this. "Yeah, we're kind of friendly," she replied, her expression indifferent.

"That makes it easy, then." Jonas smiled, his chubby face creasing as he sat down beside her. "Our company will be having a car exhibition. Think you can get Old Mr. Dunkstein to come?" he asked.

"You mean Xavier Dunkstein?" Isabella frowned, feeling rather speechless.

"He's been here before; you know what kind of service he received at the time. Why would he even come to our car exhibition?"

An uneasy smile crossed Jonas' face. He changed his tune, suggesting, "Well, of course, if he is unavailable, having Mr. Dunkstein come would be great too."

Isabella already had enough on her plate these days. Not wanting to take more matters upon herself, she replied in an unfriendly tone, "I'll try my best, but it's not easy to arrange meetings with these people."

“That’s reassuring to hear.” Jonas rubbed his hands together and was about to get up, but he hesitated. Just as he turned around, he asked as if on a whim, “You’re also well acquainted with Mr. Shaffer, aren’t you?”

2/8

Isabella was astonished upon hearing that. This pig’s greed really knows no bounds. He actually wants a big cheese to personally come to the birthday party of a mere nobody! “You know, Mr. Stokes, it’s Mr. Seth Shaffer that you’re talking about.”

Jonas’ mouth twitched; he probably also realized how extravagant his idea was. He gave a hollow laugh and replied, “Yeah, you’re right. Being the man he is, Mr. Shaffer must be very busy.”

Isabella couldn’t be bothered to give him a look. She turned on her laptop, pretending to start working.

Jonas left sheepishly, having met with a cold rebuff.

As soon as he left, Isabella took out her phone and texted Natasha to ask for

a number of people. It's time to put my plan into action. Otherwise, some people might think I'm an easy target whom they can manipulate as they -please.

Natasha didn't question what she wanted to do with these people. Showing great generosity, she promptly provided her with 15 people.

Now that Isabella had these people, she felt confident about what she planned to do. She dug out the Shaffer Group's internal documents from her email. When she resigned from the company, the human resources department didn't check her personal email.

Back when she first joined the Shaffer Group, she had gotten caught up in a financial dispute and had nearly gotten implicated by her supervisor.

Thankfully, she was lucky enough to have gotten through it unscathed.

She opened her email and found the problematic financial report from five years ago, which bore her signature. After taking a screenshot of a part of it,

she turned off her laptop and went to the break room with her phone in hand.

Abigail happened to be fixing her makeup in the break room. When she saw

Isabella, she shot her a sidelong glance and began mocking her again with

sarcastic remarks.

Isabella poured herself a cup of water and walked over to her. "Did you put

that makeup on with a crippled hand?"

Abigail was stunned for a moment. Isabella had completely ignored her

before, but now, she was provoking her outright. She let out a breath,

warning, "Isabella, this is not the Shaffer Group's headquarters, and you're not

the executive secretary anymore. How dare you-".

Before she could finish, Isabella poured the cup of water she was holding

onto Abigail's face.

-“Ah!” A-startling scream pierced the air. Abigail stamped her feet furiously, like

a cat whose tail had been stepped on.

Hearing the commotion, people came in and instantly figured out what was

going on. They had always found Abigail disagreeable, so when they saw the situation, all they did was make a bunch of neutral comments.

As a result, Abigail went completely mad. Covering her face, she stormed out of the room while cursing Isabella. Had it not been for her ruined makeup, she would have torn Isabella to pieces then and there.

Meanwhile, Isabella stood where she was. While others weren't noticing, she surreptitiously slipped Abigail's phone from the table into her pocket.

Thinking she was angry, the others tried to calm her down with their own words.

Instead of being angry, Isabella smiled and shrugged, seemingly unbothered by the incident. She walked out of the break room in high heels, leaving everyone else bewildered.

Having taken Abigail's phone, Isabella swiftly left the office and stood in the security camera blind spot behind the flower bed, sending a picture to

Selena with Abigail's phone. After doing all of this, she quickly deleted the message and blocked Selena's phone number to prevent her from calling back. Then, she went back into the office and returned Abigail's phone to its original place.

Abigail had no idea what Isabella had done. After fixing her makeup, she went to Jonas and tearfully poured out her complaints, ruining the makeup she had just fixed.

However, having a favor to ask of Isabella, Jonas was in no mood to seek revenge for Abigail. He brushed her off with a few words.

Unable to vent her emotions, Abigail had no option but to come and pick a fight with Isabella.

Isabella held a cup of boiling hot water in front of her. She raised an eyebrow, asking, "Is your foundation waterproof?"

Abigail covered her face while glaring fiercely at her. Finally, she stomped her foot heavily, turned around, and left.

Isabella let out a snort of disdain and returned to her desk to start working.

Just then, her phone vibrated with a message from Nicolas. It read, 'Isabella,

I've pretty much figured out the matter you had me look into. This person is

the one cooking the books for Jonas.'

-She opened the email and was surprised by what she saw in the attached

photo. She recognized the person, who had previously worked at the Shaffer

Group's headquarters but was later transferred away for wrongdoing. She

never expected the person to be still causing trouble after the job transfer.