

I QUIT MR 92

Chapter 92

Isabella had obtained the document but was pondering over how to deal with Jonas. Just then, she looked up and happened to see his insincere smile through the window. As she was twirling a ballpoint pen between her fingers, a great idea suddenly came to her mind.

“Who is in for trouble with that creepy smile of yours?” Alex teased her as she passed by.

Isabella withdrew her gaze and smirked. “Come on, that was a kindly smile.”

“You haven’t closed any deals this month, have you?” Alex took a sip of water while looking at her. “Don’t you feel pressured about it?” she asked, to which Isabella shrugged. “I closed a deal for myself, didn’t I?”

Alex rolled her eyes. “Try closing a deal for yourself every month if you dare.”

I’ll be out of here in less than three months, and then these crappy sales won’t bother me anymore, Isabella thought to herself. With two big plans in

mind, she had no mood for work, so she kept checking the time on her phone.

She waited for what seemed like an eternity until the end of the workday, at

which she grabbed her bag and prepared to leave. However, she wasn't

intending to go home. "Is the alley behind our office crowded?" she asked

Alex.

Alex patted her face. "Yeah, it's bustling with lots of bars and such," she

replied before stopping herself mid-sentence. She reminded Isabella, "But

there are always street racers showing off their driving skills there. Just a

couple of days ago, two girls got bruised all over from being knocked over in

the alley."

Isabella's gaze flickered, and she replied with a faint smile, "I'm just going

there for a meal."

Not noticing anything unusual about her, Alex then left with her bag.

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Isabella made a special effort to fix her makeup in the break room. Then, with

her bag in hand, she gracefully sashayed into the bar-filled alley at the back.

She first went to a pub, where she grabbed something to eat and waited until
_nightfall. After that, she entered the alley alone.

The alley wasn't deserted; people were coming and going, making it nearly
impossible to abduct someone. However, it would be very easy to knock
someone over in this alley.

Isabella strolled leisurely, her footsteps relaxed and unhurried. She seemed
quite out of place with the hustle and bustle of the alley, but thanks to her
striking good looks, some men came up and tried to hit on her. She turned
down several of them, but one kept following her, seemingly intending to
attach himself to her.

Just when she was finding the man bothersome, the roar of engines echoed
at the alley's entrance.

"Get out of the way! It's the street racers!"

Seeing the headlights approaching from a distance, the man who had been trying to hit on her quickly dodged to the side in fear.

Isabella's heart raced. Having anticipated this moment, she stood there unmoving as if petrified. She didn't scream until the motorcycle was almost in front of her. However, it was already too late for her to dodge. The motorcyclist didn't let up on the gas either; he was actually aiming straight at her.

In the nick of time, someone gave Isabella a slight push.

Being hit on one side, Isabella was instantly sent flying, her cheek scraping against the ground. The searing pain felt like her skin had been peeled off her face, which, coupled with the impact of the collision on her body, made her feel as though her bones were going to fall apart.

"Someone's been knocked over! Quick, call an ambulance!"

Isabella lay face down on the ground, her mind still conscious. She hadn't been petrified just now; rather, she had gritted her teeth and insisted on

standing there. In other words, she had been waiting for the motorcycle to run her over.

Having taken a hit in dealing with her, Lara would certainly retaliate, so her presence in the alley was to create an opportunity for her. Street racers were a perfect cover; no one could trace it back to Lara.

“Miss, are you okay?”

“Are you still conscious?”

People around her spoke, but her head was spinning from the pain. Her lips trembled as she tried to speak, but she couldn't make a sound.

Fortunately, the ambulance arrived just in time, and she was quickly lifted onto a stretcher.

An hour later...

“I really don't know whether to call you lucky or unlucky.” The nurse shook her head in resignation while standing by Isabella's sickbed in the hospital. “When

someone gets knocked over, they usually sustain some injuries, but there's

hardly any serious injuries on you. That being said, your face is badly hurt.

With such a big scrape on your face, it'll be some time before you can show

your face again."

Isabella forced a smile with her pale lips. She replied hoarsely, "Every cloud

has a silver lining, I guess."

The nurse shrugged and checked her temperature again. "There's no major

issues."

Isabella thanked her and asked, "When can I get discharged from the

hospital?"

The nurse checked her feet and replied, "You don't need to be hospitalized,

actually. Everything is fine according to the tests, but your feet and face need

proper care, or there might be complications."

Isabella let out a sigh of relief. "Alright, then. I'll rest for tonight and get

discharged tomorrow morning."

The nurse was accommodating and offered some words of advice on what to watch out for. Before she left, she asked Isabella if she had any family members to take care of her.

Isabella casually replied that she wasn't a local, so it was inconvenient for her family to come over.

The nurse looked somewhat sympathetic. In the end, she pursed her lips and left the room.

As silence returned to the single room, Isabella breathed a sigh of relief, feeling utterly exhausted.