

I QUIT MR 93

Chapter 93

Isabella got up early in the morning to get the discharge procedures done after spending a night in the hospital.

The doctor took pity on her when he sensed her urgency. “Young people from out of town like you really are hardworking. What’s so good about Imperia?

People of your talent would be much better off back home than here.”

Isabella shot him a wry smile. It’s not that I want to stay; it’s that the top dog in Imperia is holding me back from leaving. She limped to collect her medications before going downstairs to hail a cab back to her office. As soon as she stepped out of the hospital, her phone started ringing. When she noticed a string of unfamiliar numbers, she warily answered the call.

“Hello, may I speak to Miss Symons?”

Huh? Isabella was startled for a moment. “Are you... Mr. Shaffer?”

“Yes, it’s me.” The old man’s affable voice came through the phone.

Isabella let out a sigh of relief. Nonetheless, she hadn't even managed to relax for a second when her heart started to pound against her rib cage in fear. "Do you need anything from me?"

"Would it be convenient for you to bring meals to Mr. Shaffer today?" asked the butler.

Isabella was puzzled. I only did it yesterday because it just so happened that I was at Shaffer Residence then. So, what's up with his request today? Are the Shaffers so understaffed that they don't even have a single errand boy to deliver their meals to them?

"Mr. Shaffer has been in a bad mood these past couple of days. He hardly touches the meals delivered by others," explained the butler.

Isabella instinctively rolled her eyes. "Let him starve for a couple of days."

Mr. Shaffer was lost for words for a moment. "That's a good idea, but I'm on the Shaffer Family's payroll."

You're on their payroll, but I'm most certainly not, thought Isabella.

The butler replied, “Well, yesterday’s deal still stands. You still owe over 90 thousand, but I’ll give you a discount. Just six more days of meal delivery will suffice.” His hearty laughter carried a tone of ‘You’ve got a great deal,’ showcasing the Shaffer Family’s mystifying self-confidence.

Isabella tried to make a retort, only to find herself at a loss for words. “I’m in the hospital right now, so it’s not convenient for me to do such a thing.”

“You may go around as you please. I’ll send someone to pick you up when it’s time,” replied the butler, still smiling.”

Isabella couldn’t even be bothered to roll her eyes at this point. She checked the time on her phone before reluctantly agreeing, “Fine...”

As soon as she finished speaking, Mr. Shaffer hung up the phone. His swift actions made it seem as if he was afraid that she might change her mind.

Isabella clicked her tongue repeatedly as she stared at her reflection on her phone’s screen, feeling increasingly uneasy. I might’ve been too harsh on

myself. I wonder if there'll be any scars. "Seth will probably accuse me of assaulting his eyes with my injuries if he sees me."

It was still early, and she had no intention of returning to her office. Instead, she went straight to the mall, preparing to buy herself a new outfit. Besides, she really couldn't bring herself to walk around with such a battered appearance.

She bought herself a long-sleeved shirt and pants, complementing them with a wide-brimmed hat. As she donned a pair of sunglasses and a face mask, she successfully managed to cover herself from head to toe.

"Miss Symons, please sign here." The salesperson from the sunglasses store handed her the credit card bill.

Isabella took the bill and signed it without thinking.

"Isabella?" A voice interjected.

Isabella instinctively pressed her hat before turning around. The moment she took a good look at the speaker, she couldn't help but lament in her heart

what a small world it was.

Summer had previously spotted her at the car dealership and promptly told

Lara about it. Now, the three of them unexpectedly ran into each other again

at the mall. The other two women were also accompanied by several

wealthy heiresses who seemed familiar to her.

She didn't want to engage with them, especially since she was scheming

against Lara. So, she couldn't help but feel a little guilty now that the person

she was targeting was standing right before her.

Lara came over in high heels and walked around her in a half-circle, clicking

her tongue at Isabella. "Tsk, tsk, tsk. Why are you covering yourself up like

that? Is it because you have a guilty conscience and you're too ashamed to

show your face?"

Isabella adjusted her sunglasses and retorted sarcastically, "Why would I

have a guilty conscience? Even those who eagerly offered themselves up for

marriage and got rejected don't find it embarrassing."

Lara's face darkened the moment Isabella finished her sentence. Her

engagement to Simon was the envy of many women. Nevertheless, the

-outside world had no idea how much she had sacrificed for it. Her hands

couldn't help but tremble by her sides when Isabella suddenly touched a raw

nerve in her.

Summer had some knowledge of Lara's situation. Hence, when she noticed

her best friend's speechless anger, she couldn't help but speak up for her,

saying haughtily, "You're still doing well without Mr. Shaffer. Well, it seems like

you've gotten a lot of money out of him. How can you still act so righteous

upon meeting Lara?"

Isabella looked at her and smirked. "Miss Woods, why on Earth are you

sticking your nose into someone else's business when you can't even handle

your own husband's affairs?" She shoved a hand in her pocket as she

leisurely walked over to the couch and deliberately made a show out of

making herself comfortable. “Besides, even if I did get money out of Mr.

Shaffer, what does it have to do with Miss Shaffer? Just because they share

the surname Shaffer doesn’t mean they’re family, right?”

“Why you!” Lara’s eyes popped in disbelief; she couldn’t believe Isabella

actually had the audacity to say that. She used to be-if not submissive-at

least polite to her. She fumed, “Do you know whose property this mall is?”

“That’s right! This property belongs to the Shaffers. Just a word from Lara can
get you kicked out of here!”

Several wealthy heiresses following Lara quickly stepped in to support her.

The moment they saw that Lara was unable to win the argument against

Isabella, they immediately tried to humiliate Isabella then and there.

Isabella remained unfazed, though. So what if the mall belongs to the

Shaffers? The person in charge of it might not even know Lara. There’s no

-telling who the person in charge will acknowledge since I’m holding Seth’s

black card.