

I QUIT MR 94

Chapter 94

The situation was tense and explosive, prompting the store's staff to urgently call for their manager.

"Ladies, is there an issue with our service?" asked the store manager, trying to defuse the situation.

"It's none of your business. Get out of my face!" Lara snapped, not giving a damn to such a mere nobody.

The store manager, whose face turned livid one moment and red the next, instantly eyed her with dislike. While she had come across wealthy heiresses, someone so lacking in manners was a first for her.

"What are you staring at? Why haven't you called the security guards?" Lara shot a vicious glare at the store manager. Then, she actually drew out her own business card from her bag. "I'm Lara Shaffer. Tell your manager to come with the security guards and throw this woman out of here!"

The taken-aback store manager glanced at the calm and composed

Isabella before turning back to look at Lara. For a moment, she felt uncertain

about how to proceed.

-Outside, a clueless store assistant had already phoned the mall manager,

who arrived with a group of security guards. "What's going on here?"

The store manager looked at the mall manager, then glanced at Isabella.

"Uh..."

"Get this woman out of here." Lara pointed at Isabella.

The mall manager couldn't see Isabella's face. Still, he thought Lara looked

quite familiar. Even so, he was unsure of just who Lara was.

"Are you blind? Can't you recognize my face?" Lara yelled, pointing at the

manager, her face contorted with rage.

Her response instantly confirmed the manager's guess. "Sorry, Miss Shaffer. I

apologize for our inadequate service," he apologized. As the mall belonged to

the Shaffers, they naturally had the authority to kick out whoever they

wanted. "Miss, please leave the mall," he said, approaching Isabella with a somewhat respectful demeanor.

Since Isabella had no intention of putting these workers in a difficult position, she promptly picked up her belongings and stood up. She had bought everything she needed, anyway. So, she didn't mind allowing Lara to throw her weight around.

"Wait a minute," blurted Summer.

Isabella continued walking but was stopped by the security guards.

Summer walked over to Lara's side and whispered a few words in her ear.

Lara chuckled and looked at Isabella. "I almost forgot that everything you're wearing was purchased here. I'm not selling them anymore. Take them all off!"

Isabella was stunned. This woman's thinking is simply astonishing! Yet, she's actually a member of the Shaffer Family, just like Seth. She turned around

and replied with a calm attitude, “Miss Shaffer, I’ve paid for these clothes.

Therefore, they’re my personal belongings now.”

“There’s an issue with these items, so the brand is recalling them and will compensate you tenfold.” Lara folded her arms arrogantly. “However, you will have to leave the clothes, the hat, and the sunglasses behind at once.”

Isabella had already taken a step back by standing up just now. Thus, she wasn’t about to back down any further at this very moment. “I won’t. What are you going to do about it?”

Lara’s expression turned cold. She shot a glance at the several girls beside her, who immediately closed in on Isabella. “Since you don’t know what’s good for you, I’ll get someone to help you. There are plenty of people here. If you’re willing to embarrass yourself, go ahead.”

Isabella darted a glance outside the display window. Several customers had already taken notice of what was happening here and had already started to swarm around. She looked at the manager beside her, asking, “Mr. Yates, are

you going to just stand by and watch one of your customers being

humiliated?”

The manager looked embarrassed as he kept his head down in silence.

“What authority does a manager like him have?” Summer sneered, looking at

Isabella. It was evident that she was finding the situation amusing. “I’d advise

you to quickly take off your clothes so you can keep your underwear.

Otherwise, you’ll have to bear the consequences.”

Isabella’s expression was frosty underneath her hat. She stared at Lara

through her sunglasses.

Lara’s eyes were full of smugness. It was obvious she was seeking revenge

for Isabella’s “interference” the day before.

Isabella had Seth’s black card in her possession. If she whisked it out, this

bunch of people wouldn’t dare to do anything to her. However, the news

headlines might take an unpleasant turn. After all, the public had always

abhorred mistresses.

“What are you all waiting for? Go ahead and do it,” Summer called out to the

girls surrounding Isabella when she saw that Isabella hadn’t moved.

Even though these girls were from wealthy families, they weren’t on the same

level as Lara and Summer. They exchanged glances with each other and

were about to reach out and grab Isabella’s clothes.

Isabella was not someone to be pushed around, though. So, she didn’t

hesitate to kick the girl closest to her, who was caught off guard by the

strength of the kick and ended up taking a pratfall onto the ground.

Some onlookers at the entrance jeered, while some couldn’t help but

interject, “Don’t be afraid, miss! We’ve already called the police!”

Lara’s face turned pale for a moment. She turned toward the display window,

and the camera flashed right away, capturing her face.

“Lara!” Summer instantly realized what was happening and quickly got her to

turn around. “Let’s get inside. There are too many people here.”

Isabella folded her arms and glanced through her sunglasses at those

around her. "Aren't you guys going in to hide?"

The girls exchanged looks with each other and hastily fled into the lounge as

well.

Isabella instantly gained the upper hand as she looked at sniveling the

manager beside her. "Now, you should disperse the crowd to avoid a

scandal." Her commanding tone startled the manager, whose scalp tingled

as he sensed impending trouble.

Just then, Isabella's phone, rang.