

I QUIT MR 97

Chapter 97

Isabella rolled her eyes after slamming the meeting room door shut with a bang.

Those in the meeting room looked at each other, wondering just what the source of her anger was.

“Mr. Quinn, has the Human Resources issued a dismissal notice as instructed?” Isabella asked as she seated herself at the head of the table.

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Since Elijah Quinn, the Human Resources director, was the Shaffer Group’s senior executive, he and Isabella were on different ranks even if she remained an executive secretary. For that reason, he had a slightly disapproving look when he saw her suddenly sit at the head of the table and give out orders.

“Mr. Shaffer has yet to agree, so we can’t act recklessly.”

Isabella said coldly as she shot a glance at the middle-aged man across from her, "In that case, you may issue it now. Fire the person in charge of the World Trade Mall at once."

Elijah frowned, showing slight defiance. "Miss Symons-

Before he could finish his sentence, Isabella withdrew her gaze and said,

"Public relations department."

She didn't give Elijah a chance to speak. Instead, she directed her orders to the public relations department as a whole, resulting in the atmosphere in the room turning a bit strange.

-The deputy director of the public relations department was a woman. She was famous for being diplomatic in her speech.

"We have arranged the crew needed to set up the press conference. Miss Symons, we can immediately execute it as long as you give us the word."

Isabella nodded in satisfaction. Then, she said with her arms crossed, "We will hold the press conference in two hours. Apart from having the major media

present, invite some of the media acquainted with the Shaffer Group and

-arrange for them to be seated in the front row.”

“Also...” She paused momentarily before turning to look at Selena, who was

facing her. “You will call Miss Shaffer and ask her to come over.”

Selena was dumbfounded as she didn’t expect her to get name-dropped so

suddenly. “Me? I’m not capable of doing so.”

“As the head of the secretary, if you can’t even ask her to come over, are you

implying that we have to ask Mr. Shaffer to ask her to attend the conference

personally?” Isabella raised her eyebrows and cast her a look filled with

disdain.

Selena was instantly bereft of speech. Then, she clenched her hands and

uttered through her teeth, “I... will try my best.”

“Good.” Isabella knocked on the table, her movement identical to Seth’s. “All

departments should hurry up and get ready. Our company has just sealed a

mining broker deal recently, so we absolutely cannot allow our company's

image to be damaged. You can imagine the consequence that awaits you if

any of you slip up at such a critical moment."

After that, she raised her tone slightly and announced, "Meeting adjourned."

None present in the room voiced their further opinions. Plus, even though

Elijah detested Isabella, he didn't dare to offend her impetuously. He simply

passed by Isabella with a sullen look on his face.

Isabella sat at the head of the table as she controlled the overall situation

and responded to immediate questions from the staff members of the

related departments at any time.

Half an hour later, the press conference was ready to start. Alas, Lara still had

yet to arrive.

A slightly worried Ellie asked, "Isabella, shall we wait for her?"

Isabella picked up the script, straightened her back, and sauntered out. "She

will show up. Have someone ready to pick her up outside."

“Okay.”

Isabella wasn't worried at all. Although Lara is stupid, her idiocy still isn't beyond redemption. Even if it is, Selena will also beg her to come over. After all, she is keen to show off in front of Seth.

The press conference was held at the Shaffer Group's conference hall. At this moment, approximately three to five hundred major media stood inside and outside the hall. Coupled with the onlookers and scattered reporters, the conference hall, which could accommodate several thousand people, became overcrowded in the blink of an eye.

Isabella walked behind a group of secretaries and bodyguards. Since she was well-protected from the back and front, none of the media could get close to her.

As soon as she sat at the table, the media shoved their mics and cameras right at her face. Soon, all she could see was the unceasing flashes and hear

the sound of shutters going off.

“Miss, as the victim of this incident, have you received the Shaffer Group’s compensation?”

The reporter, who stood at the forefront, asked the first question, completely unaware that the “victim” ahead was Isabella.

Once the first question was asked, the rest of the reporters subsequently tossed Isabella a series of canny questions-each of which touched the Shaffer Group’s company image. Finally, one of the reporters questioned whether a company having a bully like Lara as their employee was qualified to obtain a mining concession.

We’re finally getting back to the topic. Now, I can express what I want to say.

Isabella remained silent the whole time. Once the reporters’ momentum started slowing, she lowered the microphone.

Pfft!

The woman, who was about to speak on stage, couldn’t help laughing.

The media immediately burst into an uproar, stunned at what was happening.

“Does no one truly realize who I am?” Isabella asked.

The entire hall went silent as her voice resonated faintly across the venue.

The reporters looked at each other, confused.

She took off her hat and mask, leaving only a pair of sunglasses on her face.

After revealing half of her face, she said at an unhurried pace, “I accidentally ran into a biker gang and injured my face when I was out for dinner last night.

As a result, I have no choice but to meet you all in such a dress-up.”

All the media present still didn’t understand what she was trying to say even -though they were staring at her.

Isabella immediately turned around and glanced at Ellie, who was controlling the large screen, before nodding slightly.

The next second, her personal information was displayed on the screen.

“Let me introduce myself. I am Isabella Symons, the Shaffer Group’s former executive secretary.”

The crowd was in an uproar the moment these words escaped her lips.

“Are you and Miss Shaffer having some sort of a personal conflict? Was that why she humiliated you in public?”

Isabella smiled and shook her head upon hearing the inquiry. “Actually, it was just a part of a diathesis test conducted within the company. Miss Shaffer was simply making a guest appearance.”

Suddenly, there was a ruckus outside the hall halfway through her speech