

I QUIT MR 102

Chapter 102

Once Isabella arrived home, she stood by the doorway and took several deep breaths to calm her emotions. Her hands trembled as she opened the door. As she sat on the couch, her mind remained fuzzy. Frankly, she could barely recall how she had managed everything just moments ago.

Louis would surely send someone to investigate the truth behind the incident.

So, now, all she had to do was wait for the result.

Suddenly, her phone rang, startling Isabella out of her thoughts. She jolted and returned to her senses. Then, she realized it was just her mother.

“Hey, Mom.” She did her best to steady her emotions while conversing with Victoria.

Victoria sounded anxious as she stammered, “W-Were you hit by a car, Isabella?”

Isabella cursed inwardly upon hearing her words. She couldn’t believe that

she would have forgotten that Victoria could watch the news from the

recuperation center. Then, she smiled and said casually, "It's nothing, Mom.

It's just a small accident. I'm not suffering from any injuries."

"Is it revenge from your enemies?" Alas, Victoria had always been sensitive

and continued to press on the matter, saying, "Your boss has such a big

business. Working with him might easily offend others."

Isabella sighed and comforted her repeatedly, murmuring gently, "It isn't. It's

just a group of kids. They're still children."

"What on Earth are their parents doing?!" Victoria became increasingly

agitated as she kept repeating the same words over and over again.

Isabella felt something was off as she heard her mother getting so

emotional. Since she was concerned about Victoria's health, she quickly

reassured Victoria. "Mom, I'll visit you at Bleaktown once I've wrapped things

up here, okay? Don't worry."

"Really?" Victoria exclaimed in joy as she calmed down. "I'll wait for you then.

Tell me when you're about to arrive. I'll have them prepare some delicious food for you."

Isabella agreed and continued to talk about her work and life, meticulously covering every aspect to make Victoria feel that her life was stable.

Suddenly, Victoria asked, "Are you dating someone, Isabella?"

Isabella was stunned. Then, she smiled and replied, "No. If I'm in a relationship, I'll tell you about it."

"That boss of yours is quite young, isn't he? Does he have a girlfriend?"

Victoria's question was somewhat inexplicable, seemingly as if she was probing.

Isabella frowned and felt uneasy. "People like them have marriages arranged by their families. They live a completely different life than us. Although I'm his secretary, we have no interaction outside of work. We are two different kinds of people."

Victoria breathed a sigh of relief after listening to her answer. Then, she said,

“That’s good. Be good, and don’t get involved with these rich men. Otherwise, you’ll be ruining your future. Do you understand?”

Isabella had a gut feeling that someone had said something to Victoria. Yet, the latter wasn’t about to reveal anything, especially not over the phone. So, she decided to visit Bleaktown soon to figure out what was going on.

Victoria, who was satisfied with Isabella’s assurance, said a couple more words before hanging up. An exhausted Isabella tossed her phone aside and collapsed heavily onto the couch.

She hadn’t even managed to relax when she started feeling dizzy. I knew there was definitely something odd in that fragrance! Isabella closed her eyes and was too tired to return to her room. Thus, she decided to sleep right on her couch. During her trance-like state, an image of sitting in Seth’s seat flashed in her mind. She couldn’t help but smile before drifting off to sleep.

In the early morning, the sunlight shone into the living room. Isabella frowned

and blocked the irritating sunlight with her hand before reluctantly opening her eyes.

It was already 8.00AM. She was running late yet again.

She sighed wearily as she dragged herself to the bathroom. When she picked up her phone, she found a strange message.

‘Arrange it as soon as possible, darling. If this goes well, I’ll love you dearly.’

Then, there was a disturbing image attached.

Isabella quickly deleted the message and felt her heart racing. She quickly got ready and grabbed her bag before leaving. Then, she instructed the people arranged by Natasha to book a hotel room, rushed to the company, and used Abigail’s computer to schedule a meeting with Lara. After that, she sat by her desk and ate her breakfast quietly.

The truth will be revealed tomorrow night.

At that moment, Jonas walked in and saw Isabella having breakfast leisurely.

He couldn't help but remind her about the upcoming exhibition. The exasperated Isabella gave a few perfunctory replies just to make him go about his way and leave her alone. Once Jonas left, she wondered if she should call Gordon.

Just as she was hesitating, she received a call from an unknown number.

"Hello?"

"Is this Miss Symons?" asked an ordinary male voice politely.

Isabella was puzzled. "Who is this?"

"We've met before. I'm Christopher."

Isabella immediately recalled a certain gaze in her mind. In that split second, she had her guard up. Her first impression of Christopher and his voice didn't match at all.

"Do you need something?"

Christopher said casually, "Nothing in particular. It's just that a friend of mine bought a car from you and recommended that I contact you."

Isabella paused and asked tentatively, "Which friend of yours?"

"Gordon."