

I QUIT MR 22

Chapter 22

“What’s going on here?” Inside the president’s office at the Shaffer Group, Seth’s sharp gaze swept over the man and woman outside, then turned to Ellie, who was standing in front of him.

Ellie gulped nervously and wiped the sweat from her forehead. Then, she spoke in a low voice.

“Isabella said you like new things and probably want to explore after five to six years.”

“And?” The man’s voice had already turned ice-cold. It seemed like just a slight breath from him could turn into ice immediately.

“So, she found you Selena Winston and Nicolas Dahn. If you’re not satisfied with Selena, you can

Candy Crush Saga Play Now

consider Nicolas. As Eille spoke, she naa the urge

to bite her tongue and end her life, but she held

back her tears. "Based on Isabella's understanding

of you, you'd enjoy Nicolas' company more."

In the meantime, Seth didn't get angry. Instead, he

let out a cold, amused laugh. "She's quite

considerate, isn't she?"

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Was she afraid he would get tired of women, so she

found him a man to spice up his life?

Ellie forced a laugh. "Isabella has always been

meticulous when doing things."

"Where is she?" Seth's distorted smile instantly

disappeared.

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Ellie stood tall and replied, "She has probably
returned to her desk."

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While watching Seth's expression, she added, "But
someone met her in the elevator just now and
overheard her inviting Mr. Keller to dinner."

Seth's brows suddenly furrowed. "Did she take the
initiative?"

"Yes."

He gave a dry chuckle, and the emotions in his
eyes became unclear as he spoke somewhat
sarcastically. "She's really something, huh?"

After saying that, he withdrew his gaze, seeming

uninterested, and began to go through the

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contracts on his desk.

“Go and help the new employees settle down.”

Ellie was surprised, for she didn't expect Seth to

actually keep both of them. However, she didn't

dare ask any questions and quickly left.

Isabella took a car to her destination, her back

drenched in sweat. As she entered the apartment

building, she was hit by the cold air conditioning

and immediately sneezed.

After all the commotion, she seemed to have

calmed down from her rage.

She pressed the elevator button and rode it all the

way up to her floor. When the elevator doors

opened, she saw a middle-aged woman with keys standing in the corridor, talking on the phone. "How am I supposed to remember how many months she's rented the house? I manage dozens of properties."

Upon hearing that, Isabella let out a silent, bitter chuckle. She suddenly understood why she had been kicked out of her own home; it was probably because the landlord got the rental period wrong. Therefore, she went up and patted the woman on the shoulder, introducing herself, "Hello, are you the owner of Apartment 3401?"

The woman glanced at her, a bit skeptical. "Are you Miss Symons?"

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief. "Yes, that's me."

After clicking her tongue, the woman shrugged.

"How many years are you renting? My husband

says your three years is up."

Isabella removed a few strands of hair from her

face and asked tentatively, "Don't you have a

contract?"

"Our house is full of rental contracts. Where am I

supposed to find yours?" With her hands on her

hips, the woman rolled her eyes and said, "There

should be two copies of the contract. Where's

yours?"

However, Isabella had never seen the contract

because she movea straight in with ner bags DACK

then. "I'm sorry, but a friend helped me with the

rental, so I don't have a contract."

The woman jingled her keys and said

matter-of-factly, "No contract makes it tricky.

Unless you can produce the contract, I'll have to

consider it a termination of lease on your end."

With a frown, Isabella asked, "Can't I renew the

lease directly?"

She didn't want to go looking for Ollie or establish any sort of relationship with Seth, albeit indirectly.

The woman looked her up and down, then offered, "Sure. The rent will remain at the previous rate of twelve thousand per month, but you'll need to pay

one month's rent as a deposit and three months'

rent in advance. Also, you'll have to rent the place

for at least a year."

After listening to the conditions, Isabella hesitated.

The rent and deposit came up to over a hundred

thousand. While she did have some money, she

wanted to save every penny she could.

“Can you give me a moment? I’ll call my friend to

ask about the contract.”

“Sure.”

Then, Isabella went to the corridor and quickly

dialed Ollie’s number. It took a while for him to

answer. “Mr. Wallace, it’s me, Isabella.”

“Do you need something?”

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She breathed in relief. “I want to ask you about my

rental contract. Could you take a photo of it and

send it to me?”

Ollie hesitated for a moment and said, “I’m afraid I

don't have time right now. I'm helping Miss Winston

to find a place to stay. I can only look for the

contract when I get back tonight.”

Isabella's breath hitched again. Combined with the

sudden changes in temperature earlier, she felt her

temples pounding and her head spinning.

He's already arranging accommodations for

someone this quickly. How... considerate of him.

Thinking back to when she first started working, she

seemed to recall someone arranging her

accommodation on the same day she was hired.

She had naively thought it was a company benefit,

and it seemed that Selena probably thought the

same.

With Seth's skills in training women, it probably

wouldn't take more than half a year before Selena

became her clone.

After releasing a breath, Isabella didn't even bother

answering Ollie and simply ended the call. Then,

she pushed the corridor door open and went back

inside.

"Hello, I'll just renew the lease directly. I can transfer

the money now."

The woman's eyes lit up, clearly delighted. "Alright.

Come downstairs with me to sign the contract."

"Okay."

Isabella moved her belongings back to the

apartment late into the night and didn't get to sit

down until around 4.00AM. Before that, Natasha

had called and scolded her on the phone upon

hearing that she had moved away overnight.

After finally calming Natasha down, she realized

that the clock on the wall was showing 5.00AM.

Overwhelmed by exhaustion, Isabella had no

choice but to lie down on the couch for a while.