

### Chased 73

Chapter 73 No problem

Benjamin wasn't surprised by his appearance, "Grandpa sent you here?"

"The old man specially hired a top pastry chef from France and asked him to make some dim sum for the young mistress."

When Bob said this, he hurriedly took his things out of the car, and said apologetically, "It's just...not for you."

"No problem."

Benjamin looked in the direction of the company, as long as his Isabella was happy, he was happy.

"Young master, are you also here to deliver snacks to the young mistress?"

"Um."

"Then I'm late?"

Bob was a little annoyed, knowing that the dim sum was made by the pastry chef himself, using the best ingredients, and it was the old man's kindness.

If the young mistress eats the young master's portion and is full, and has no appetite to eat the old man's portion, then the old man will be sad.

At this moment, Bob suddenly saw a familiar figure walking

out of the company. He immediately stepped forward and handed over something respectfully, "This is what the old man asked me to bring to you."

Isabella took it with her hand and smiled politely, "Thank you Grandpa for me."

"The old man asked you to visit him more often when you have time. Don't be too tired from work, and pay more attention to rest."

"good."

"The old man also said that the results of the college entrance examination will come out in a few days. If the young mistress has a favorite school, whether it's abroad, feel free to ask."

"OK."

"In addition, if you encounter trouble at work, you can ask the old man for help, and you can also tell the old man about any unsatisfactory things in life."

Benjamin on the side hooked his lips.

You must know that he has been in charge of the group for three years, and he has never received a snack from the old man, let alone a snack, not a single word of concern.

When he went to school before, he got a score based on the test score. He wanted the old man to arrange the school? no

way.

He treats his granddaughter-in-law generously now.

“Say thank you to Grandpa for me.”

Isabella stood upright, with a cold and well-behaved aura intertwined all over her body, which was indescribably pleasing to the eye.

“I’ll tell you, then I won’t disturb your work.”

When Bob said this, he glanced at Benjamin next to him, and said respectfully, “Master, I’m leaving first.”

“Hmm.” Benjamin knew that he left first, deliberately leaving them a chance to be alone.

It’s quite self-conscious.

“Why are you still here?” Isabella’s eyes fell on Benjamin, seemingly surprised.

Benjamin reached out and touched her face, and raised a doting smile, “This is fate, God let us meet again.”

“I eat my dim sum first. As for grandpa’s, don’t force it.”

“Go up.”

“Um.”

After Isabella left, Benjamin stood reluctantly for a while before leaving.

Cecilia in the car didn’t expect that Old Mr. Mason would

ask Bob to deliver snacks to Isabella!

You should know that the logo on the lunch box is the exclusive logo of the top French pastry chef!

Only dim sum made by himself is eligible to use such a lunch box.

Regardless of the small number, doing it once with his fame. will cost at least seven figures.

Seeing Cecilia’s face distorted with anger, Henry couldn’t help but said, “Don’t worry about Ms. Logan, all relationships are like this at the beginning, slowly, the goodwill will decline a little bit, and the two sides will gradually have friction...”

Cecilia clenched her fists. No, now Benjamin is not interested in her, and Old Mr. Mason is keeping a distance from her.

Isabella returned to the office, looking at the dozen or so bags of snacks on the coffee table, feeling a little headache.

Even if she eats these for dinner, she won’t be able to finish them.

Frank came in to report to work, and when he saw the food, he almost drool...

"Ms. Young, aren't you too extravagant? You actually order so much for a dim sum... Can you finish it?"

"You can take whatever you want." Isabella doesn't have the habit of eating snacks, so it's better to share them than to waste them.

"Ms. Young, is what you said true? The snacks made by Auguste and Benson... You let me take whatever you want?" Frank almost dropped his jaw in shock.

Isabella raised her eyebrows, as if asking, who is Auguste? Who is Benson?

"Ms. Young, you don't even know who they are, do you?"

Frank's eyes widened and he swallowed, "Auguste is a top French pastry chef, and Benson is a big name in the British pastry world."

Isabella had never heard of it before, so she raised her eyebrows and asked, "Very expensive?"

"Ms. Young, these are not the snacks you ordered? It can only be said that the person who ordered these for you attaches great importance to and likes you..."

"oh?"

"Auguste has retired, and asking him to make a snack with his own hands is not just about money."

"And Benson, last time an international superstar wanted to eat his dim sum. He thought about it for three whole months. I don't know how many connections were used, so Benson only made it for her once."

"Your snacks must add up to at least seven figures."

"Ms. Young, don't believe it, their fame is worth the price."

The quantity is quite large, and the workmanship is quite exquisite.

"Choose it." Isabella leaned lazily on the sofa, her tone was casual, as if there was an ordinary snack in front of her, and it made no difference to her.

"Then I'm not being polite?" Although Frank chose a few, they were all common or repetitive snacks, and he didn't dare to touch any of the expensive ones.

After a while, Kennedy came to ask about the drawings, and Isabella asked her to pick some to take away.

She was picking up the rest and taking a bite when she heard Frank's voice outside.

"Mr. Barnes, you really can't go in..."

"Let me ask Ms. Young for instructions, it's useless for you to lose your temper at me..."

"Even if you break in, you still have to honestly come out and knock on the door...why bother?"

"Let him in," Isabella said lazily.

George pushed the door open and walked in. Seeing Isabella sitting on the sofa and eating snacks, he smiled and said, "Ms. Young, there may be some misunderstanding between us. I wonder if you have time now. Let's chat?"

"I'm sorry." Isabella took a bite of dessert without haste, "No time."

"If you have any opinion on me, you can bring it up, and I will definitely change it." George smiled, "Look at the matter about my relatives...can you just turn the story over

like this?"

Isabella stopped eating dessert and raised her eyebrows, "He gave his employees those messy additives for a year. If you eat them in your stomach, will you let him go easily?"