

I QUIT MR 205

Chapter 205

“What? Now that you’re a company president, you don’t recognize your old

friend anymore?” Gordon’s casual voice came through the phone, and

Isabella chuckled, her tense nerves relaxing considerably.

“What are you talking about? I’m not that ungrateful.” While joking with him,

she grabbed her coat and left her office. “If you have time, come to Nemotors

and I’ll treat you to a meal.”

Gordon snorted. “Stingy, trying to pass me off with cafeteria food.”

“Remember the hard times. Don’t underestimate cafeteria food.” Isabella

entered the elevator, asking seriously, “Are you coming? I’ll treat you to the

most expensive menu.”

Gordon laughed. He was just here to see her, so it didn’t matter what he ate.

“Order the most expensive/menu, and I’ll be there soon.”

“Alright, I’ll be waiting.”

After hanging up the phone, the elevator arrived at the ground floor, and Isabella greeted Alex once again. Alex informed her that she had organized a lunch gathering and told her not to worry. Isabella sighed. Some people were indeed born for the workplace; Alex wasted no time fitting into the department.

She walked into the cafeteria, which was quite large, but not many people were there. From time to time, people came over to greet her, and a few middle managers wanted to join her for a meal. However, when they saw that she had ordered quite a lot, they knew she had made plans and wisely didn't try to join her.

Half an hour later, Gordon walked in, dressed in sportswear and shorts, with a badminton racket on his back, looking like he had just finished exercising.

Isabella stood up and waved, immediately attracting a lot of attention. There were already rumors about her unusual relationship with Seth, and now, on her first day, she was seen meeting with Gordon, which led to whispers

among the onlookers.

Gordon sat down in front of Isabella, immediately gulping down half a glass

of water, his forehead covered in sweat. Isabella took out the tissue she

carried with her. "Need a wipe?"

Raising an eyebrow, Gordon ignored the people around, leaned his face

forward, and smirked. "You wipe it for me."

Isabella was speechless. Without the hesitation she had when they first met,

she directly threw the tissue at his face. "Wipe it yourself!"

Gordon clicked his tongue. "You weren't like this the first time we met."

Isabella hummed, "How was I the first time we met? Like when you splashed

water on me?"

Gordon was speechless. "Why are you bringing up old scores?" Worried that

the topic would deviate, he quickly glanced at the food on the table and

complained. "No appetite. Looks greasy."

Isabella guessed that he wouldn't be able to eat much after exercising, so

she thought for a moment and said, "Wait here; I'll get you some fruit."

Gordon rested his arm on the chair and nodded casually. "Okay."

Isabella went to the food window. There weren't many decent fruits, so she

picked a relatively fresh watermelon and, while she had time, quickly ordered

a takeaway. Not for anything else, but Gordon was a friend after all, and it

would be too disappointing to have him come all this way for a bad meal.

She brought the watermelon back, and Gordon had already finished the first.

two glasses of water.

"Wait, I ordered something. It'll be here soon."

Gordon didn't care. He put two pieces of watermelon in his mouth and was

pleasantly surprised. "It's quite sweet." As he spoke, he picked up another

piece and held it up to her mouth.

Taken aback, Isabella hesitated for a bit, and he frowned. "What's wrong?

There's no saliva on it!"

Isabella had no choice but to open her mouth. The chilled watermelon

entered her mouth, sweet and refreshing, and the man across from her

raised an eyebrow at her, his smile mischievous. "Sweet, isn't it?"

Isabella's mood improved. "Yes, it's sweet."

Gordon squinted his eyes, looking pleased and content, eating watermelon

and teasing her, "In just a few days, you've become the president of

Nemotors. Should I call you Miss President when we meet?"

Isabella's eyes sparkled with anticipation. "Go ahead, say it, and let me hear

it."

Rolling his eyes, he stuffed another piece of watermelon into her mouth.

"Dream on."

Isabella chewed the cool and refreshing watermelon. "According to the

The will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!