

I QUIT MR 223

Chapter 223

Isabella glanced at her watch, feeling frantic inside. Yet, she still had to smile politely at the man across from her.

She really couldn't understand this guy. He looked extremely disgusted, yet he insisted on coming along.

He had the entire shop cleared out, yet he didn't seem to like the place, and she had to beg him to come in.

The area outside the shop was filled with bodyguards, taking up the space of the locals. The once bustling shop instantly became deserted, with only the two of them staring at each other.

The shop owner was a man who knew how to read the room. He received a large sum of money from Jordan and had a beaming smile on his face throughout the entire process, even when Seth frowned and hesitated for a long time before ordering a bowl of clear ravioli.

“Bring me one of everything you have in the shop.”

Isabella didn't hold back. If she was going to spend money, it had to be worth it.

“Sure thing!”

The more readily the shop owner agreed, the more Isabella sighed inwardly, imagining the huge sum Jordan must have spent.

Seth crossed his arms and looked at the woman with his chin raised. “Not happy?”

Isabella deepened her fake smile and shrugged. “How could I be? I'm very happy to be treated to a meal by you.”

Seth replied, “Your smile is very fake.”

Isabella was speechless.

She touched her face, leaned closer to Seth, and spoke in a low voice. “Don't you like this place?”

Seth kept a straight face and snorted coldly. “Which eye of yours saw that?”

Isabella licked her lips, thought for a moment, and said seriously. “I can learn to make ravioli, too.”

Seth raised his eyebrows, a glint of light flashing in his eyes. Is this woman suggesting

she wants to cook for me?

“No need. My requirements for women-

Isabella raised her hand, continuing Seth’s words. “Next time you want to eat ravioli, just

come to me. I’ll give you a 20% discount.”

As she spoke, she glanced at the place where Jordan was sitting. “Jordan just

transferred 15 thousand, right?”

Seth was lost for words.

He took a deep breath, the smile on his face instantly disappearing.

As expected, this d*mn woman only had money in her

eyes.

“Are you planning to take all that money into your grave?”

Isabella clicked her tongue. “Look at what you’re saying. You were born into a wealthy

family, so why can’t we strive for a better coffin?”

Seth's temple twitched. He didn't want to talk anymore. If he said a few more words, he would probably be pissed off.

Just then, the shop owner's wife brought up two dishes, loudly announcing the names of the dishes.

Isabella looked at the marinated dried tofu, and her mouth watered. She looked up

and

noticed Seth's eyebrows twitching. She quickly realized that the shop owner's wife's astonishingly loud voice was a bit annoying.

"You don't have to announce it; it's quite tiring. We can eat by ourselves."

The shop owner's wife laughed and insisted that she wasn't tired, her eyes constantly