

## **I QUIT MR 262**

### Chapter 262

Ten minutes later, Isabella sat in the passenger seat of Corey's car with a sullen face, her mind in complete disarray, unsure of how she had ended up in this situation.

Leonard's seafood restaurant was a place she dreaded, as she was almost certain to run into Seth there.

Lately, she had managed to maintain a normal superior-subordinate relationship without seeing him. It would be a problem to even greet him if they met privately.

She was annoyed, and Corey, sitting next to her, kept affectionately calling her "Bella" as if he were her younger brother.

Upon arriving at the restaurant, Corey parked the car.

Isabella followed him with heavy footsteps.

Corey wore a smile on his face, seemingly oblivious to her discomfort, and walked ahead on his own.

Just as they reached the staircase, two groups of people came toward them.

Isabella was lost in thought when she heard a gasp. She looked up and almost had a heart attack on the spot.

Leonard was leading Simon and Dariel, apparently having just finished ordering their fish, followed by several waiters.

Gordon and Tyrone were with Freya and Lyra, clearly having just arrived.

The three groups collided, and the scene froze for a moment.

Isabella was on the verge of a breakdown, screaming inwardly.

Is there only one restaurant in Imperia?!

Freya had just been consoled by Lyra. Seeing Isabella and Corey together, she burst into tears again, trembling as she accused, "Corey, didn't you say you didn't like..."

Corey, with one hand in his pocket, turned to Isabella and winked. Then he answered,

"Please don't misunderstand this. Leonard invited us to dinner, and I just brought Bella, who's like my sister, along."

Isabella forced a laugh. "Yes, I'm here to freeload on Mr. Leonard's meal."

“You guys look chummy.” Leonard’s gaze swept over them, and then he exchanged a strange look with Dariel. “Why don’t we all go up? We can have a good time together.

My treat.”

Gordon was not pleased and objected. “There’s no need.”

“Sure!” Freya exclaimed.

Everyone else kept quiet.

Freya didn’t care, her eyes fixed on Corey. “I like it when there’s a crowd.”

Everyone understood what she meant and couldn’t help but be amused by this girl.

Gordon and his group gritted their teeth, wishing they could break off their friendship with Freya on the spot.

The three groups were stuck at the staircase, creating an awkward scene. Simon stepped forward to greet them.

“Let’s go upstairs first.”

“Right.” Corey nodded, smiling at Isabella. “You must be hungry, right?”

His voice was loud enough for everyone to hear.

Leonard and his group collectively raised their eyebrows, ready for a show.

And Gordon glared at them, ready to challenge the law on the spot.

Isabella kept a poker face, her spirit almost dissipating, not wanting to speak.

Corey seemed oblivious as he walked behind everyone, insisting on walking side by side with Isabella.

There were only about twenty steps in total. He watched his steps the whole way and reminded Isabella three times.

Isabella couldn't figure out what this man was up to. She held back her smile and followed him upstairs. As soon as they reached the second floor, she heard a voice from inside.

“Try this fried fish. It's super delicious.”

Is that Caitlin's voice?

Isabella reacted instantly and stopped in her tracks.

Corey noticed her strange expression and smiled kindly. “What's wrong, Bella?”

Isabella felt a sharp pain in her temple. Leonard had already pushed open the door to the private room in front of her.

“Make some space, everyone. Our esteemed guests have arrived.”

“Who?” Caitlin stood up and peered out, first seeing Freya and the others.

She couldn't help but sneer in her heart. Esteemed guests? Pfft!

Just as she was about to sit down, her gaze swept over and landed on Isabella and Corey, who had just entered the room.

“Isabella?!”

As she spoke, Isabella swallowed, looked up, and met the intense gaze of the man sitting across from her.

Seth remained silent, merely lifting his eyelids, then shifted his gaze away, as if he hadn't noticed Isabella.

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief and greeted everyone.

The private room was originally meant for one table, but with nearly ten more people suddenly joining, it became a bit crowded.

Caitlin complained about the crowdedness, looking displeased.

Leonard responded, "It's more enjoyable when it's crowded. It helps foster relationships."

He had a few more chairs added. The medium-sized round table was tightly surrounded. Isabella was seated between Corey on her left and Gordon on her right.

Further to the side was Freya, and directly across from her was Seth.

As soon as she sat down, a suffocating feeling enveloped her.

She kept wiping her sweaty hands under the table, praying for the dinner to end soon.

However, Leonard had arranged a full fish banquet. From fried fish to boiled fish, even sashimi and eel rice were included. It took a long time just to serve the dishes.

The first round of dishes was served.

Before Isabella could pick something for herself, Gordon and Corey reached out and said in unison, "Try this!"

They added a piece of sashimi and a piece of fried fish to her plate.

“You like fried food, don’t you?” Gordon said.

“Sashimi is healthier. Bella, you look like you’ve been staying up late. You should eat less fried food,” Corey interrupted.

Everyone’s attention was drawn to them, their eyes excitedly shifting between the three of them and Seth.

Dariel chimed in, “Exactly, girls indeed can do things well themselves, but that doesn’t mean they don’t deserve to be taken care of by others.”