

I QUIT MR 281

Chapter 281

Isabella had learned her lesson and turned off her location before leaving the house.

The place Carey asked her to go to was in the suburbs, surrounded by well-maintained

fish ponds. It was usually a destination for the wealthy to go fishing and relax.

She parked her car outside the pond and was about to call Carey when she heard.

someone calling her name as soon as she got out of the vehicle.

Turning around, she saw Carey in a baseball uniform standing not far away, jogging

towards her.

He was naturally handsome, usually appearing serious when not smiling, but the

moment he smiled, he instantly radiated warmth, appearing healthy and clean.

“Bella, have you had lunch yet?”

Isabella shook her head and told the truth. “No.”

“Then, let’s go in and grab something to eat first.”

Carey walked ahead, one hand in his pocket, clearly acting as a guide for her.

He maintained a reasonable distance, even if there were bushes or mud ponds. He

would remind her but would never take her hand proactively.

After these two encounters, Isabella had changed her opinion of him quite a bit, almost

dropping her guard.

Many artificial wooden bridges near the fish pond usually lead to farmhouses at the

end. They were all well decorated, equal to the restaurants in the city.

Just as they entered, they ran into someone familiar before they even sat down.

Isabella was surprised. "Gordon?"

Gordon was coming down from the second floor. His face did not look too good, and he

seemed in a hurry, as if he was avoiding someone.

Hearing Isabella's voice, his face brightened up, then he glanced behind him, and his

face darkened again.

Only then did Isabella notice a beautiful woman with long hair coming down with him.

The woman was wearing a sleek gray jumpsuit, her hair tied up in a high ponytail,

wearing sunglasses and a baseball cap. She was a perfect example of a mature

woman.

The two of them were parting on bad terms.

When the four of them ran into each other, no one spoke. So, Isabella took the initiative to greet them.

The woman politely extended her hand and introduced herself. "My name is Willy Chavez."

Isabella was a bit amazed. "Willy Chavez?"

It was an artistic name.

Willy probably thought she misunderstood and explained lightly. "Willy means orchid, Chavez means late."

Isabella suddenly realized and laughed. "That's also a very poetic name."

Willy smiled politely but didn't continue to speak.

The atmosphere was awkward.

Gordon glanced at Carey, his brows furrowed even more, and he said to Isabella in a bad mood. "You seem to have time today. Usually, you're very busy."

Isabella was helpless. She didn't need to guess to know that Mr. Dunkstein was in a bad mood.

She looked at Willy and joked. "I'm not as busy as you, having to accompany a beautiful woman."

Who knew that Gordon's face completely darkened when she finished speaking, and he left without even saying goodbye?

Isabella had known him for two months. This was the first time he had treated her like this.

Carey stood by, half-jokingly said, "Bella, are you upset?"

She was taken aback, "Upset?"

"He was very rude to you."

Isabella laughed. "He's always like this, but today is indeed strange."

She crossed her arms and said leisurely, "The problem lies with Willy. There must be a story between them; no need to guess."

Her tone was full of curiosity, clearly showing no signs of jealousy.

Carey raised his eyebrows without a word, seemingly casually saying, “I thought you two were a couple.”

“How could that be possible?”

Isabella waved her hand, not dwelling on this topic, and urged him to move on as she

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was hungry.

Carey was also an intelligent man. He didn't ask any more questions and continued to

lead her inside.