

I QUIT MR 63

Chapter 63

Isabella made all the necessary preparations by mid-afternoon. She was pondering where to spend her evening when Gordon came a-calling.

Just then, she remembered owing him a meal. Why don't I settle it tonight?

After all, she couldn't think of anywhere else to go.

"Hello?"

"Weren't you supposed to treat me to dinner as soon as you got back?"

Gordon's tone held a hint of complaint. It resembled a child reproaching an elder in grievance. He sounded much cuter than he actually was.

Isabella activated the hands-free function and packed her things while saying, "Let's meet at The Red House. I'll treat you to dinner there."

"The Red House?" he exclaimed. "Have I been wrong all this while? Are you actually wealthy?"

The Red House was a renowned private restaurant in Imperia. This restaurant

was owned by Courtney Cline, who was a prominent socialite. It was very challenging to get a table there.

Isabella sighed as she replied, "Mr. Dunkstein, I'm worried other places won't meet your standards. So, I'll have to bite the bullet and splurge."

Gordon chuckled in amusement as he walked and talked, "All right, I'll be there soon. Just wait for me once you arrive."

Isabella agreed and hung up.

There were only a few people left in the office. Abigail was sitting at her desk, and she looked troubled. As she saw Isabella leaving, she immediately propped her chin with her hands.

"Isabella, you're so lucky. Are you going out to dinner with a handsome guy again?"

Isabella smirked at her and walked out without a word.

It was beyond difficult to secure a booking at The Red House. If she didn't have the platinum card that Seth had given her in passing, she wouldn't have

considered inviting Gordon to such a place.

As the sun set and the city lights came on, she finally made it to The Red

House around 7.00PM, which was the perfect time for dinner.

Just as she had taken a few steps forward, a red Ferrari parked not far away

flashed its lights in her direction.

Isabella shielded her eyes from the light and squinted to identify the owner. It

was Gordon.

He had probably just freshened up. His hair was slicked back into a high quiff,

and his sparkling earring added a touch of glamor, enhancing his playboy

image. He looked precisely like the kind of bad boy young girls loved.

“You’re here to see me, yet you didn’t even change your clothes?” Gordon

strode toward her as he quirked an eyebrow at Isabella.

Isabella rolled her eyes at him before spinning on her heel and walking into

The Red House without further ado. “We working-class folks can’t find places

to touch up our appearance anytime and anywhere. You'll have to bear with it, Mr. Dunkstein. My foundation is pretty decent, so I hope I won't hurt your eyes too terribly."

Gordon chuckled and followed her inside.

Isabella noticed he was unusually well-behaved today, which made her feel relieved. Nonetheless, she was still wary and was afraid that he might suddenly stir up trouble for her.

She presented her membership card, and the waiter politely led them upstairs after they entered The Red House.

Gordon had always been rather impatient. He hadn't bothered visiting this place as the queue was far too long for his liking. So, it was his first time here.

Thus, he took his time taking a good look at the decor and found that the ambiance of this restaurant was pretty good. It was suitable for what he was planning next.

Isabella led the way as she walked into a private room and sat down. She

instructed the waiter to inquire about Gordon's preferences.

Gordon shrugged. "I'm good with anything."

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Isabella could only place the order herself and made a few specific requests.

"Are you not planning to invite me for a drink?" he inquired out of the blue.

She paused before looking at the waiter. "One bottle of red wine, please."

"Sure."

The waiter noted the request and exited the private room politely.

Now, there were only the two of them in the room. Before she could say

something to break the ice, Gordon suddenly jerked to his feet. "I need to use

the restroom."

Isabella nodded without giving it much thought.

Shortly after, several appetizers arrived one after another.

As Gordon returned, Isabella was arranging the dishes gracefully. She did not look like a saleswoman but rather a refined lady.

“Try this steamed egg. It’s one of my favorites.”

She scooped a spoonful of the steamed egg and smiled at Gordon.

She was genuinely recommending the food. Alas, his attention was elsewhere-on her face.

Six or seven dishes were served in record time. They were all Isabella’s favorites. As she had been under a great deal of stress of late, she unconsciously lowered her guard when faced with delicious food. Plus,

Gordon’s lack of small talk only made her relax further. Soon, the smile on her face started to look more genuine as she constantly urged him to eat.

“Was the membership card here given to you by Seth?”

Midway through the meal, Gordon suddenly asked as he looked at her straight in the eye.

Isabella almost choked on her food, and her eyes widened slightly in

astonishment. She hastily lowered her head and took a big gulp of water just

to ease the morsel down her throat.

Then, she scrutinized Gordon, finding it hard to gauge his intentions.

Gordon chuckled, leaned back with his arms crossed, and drawled, "It's no big

deal. I was just curious, that's all. Anyway, you're not his secretary anymore.

So, it shouldn't matter, right?"

Isabella hummed in acknowledgment and lowered her head to drink some

soup.

"Well, don't use that card in the future. I'll get you a new one," Gordon said

casually while staring at her face.

Isabella thought he wasn't thinking things through. The owner of the card

didn't have to make any reservations in The Red House if they wanted to dine

there. So, the restaurant naturally had to limit its availability. As a

consequence, there were fewer than 10 cards available. They were reserved

for those most valued by Courtney, her close friends, and family. How could an ordinary person possibly obtain one?

Even though that was her true opinion, she merely said, "There's no need. I won't frequent such places. It's quite honestly beyond my means."

Gordon straightened up and was seemingly about to insist on getting her one himself. Unfortunately, someone knocked on the private room door, causing their conversation to be cut short.