

I QUIT MR 64

Chapter 64

The knock on the door was from the waiter, who was bringing the wine.

Isabella couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief as the conversation moved past the previous topic due to the interruption.

"Miss Symons, here's the wine you ordered."

The waiter skillfully uncorked the bottle, poured it into a decanter, and then filled their glasses.

Isabella glanced at the label and frowned immediately.

"Has this wine been opened?"

The waiter shook his head. "No. It's our homemade wine."

Isabella's intuition blared a warning, telling her that this waiter was lying. Plus, she found the bottle familiar as it resembled the one she had opened with Seth during a dinner a few months ago. There was only about this much left from that time.

She was worried that Gordon might notice. So, she didn't press the matter further. Instead, she raised her glass and toasted Gordon.

"Mr. Dunkstein, thanks for your help last time."

Gordon smirked before downing the glass in one go. "This is a good wine."

Isabella felt a little guilty. So, she forced a smile and lightly sipped from her glass.

The wine had a rich taste and delicate aroma.

She had only taken a sip. Nonetheless, she only needed that one taste to confirm her suspicions. She was almost certain it was the Latour that was personally opened by Courtney back then.

Damn! Was Seth back?

That was impossible. He would stay in Lawdom for at least two or three days.

Even if he did return, there's no way that he would be coincidentally at The Red House.

Isabella could feel her thoughts becoming chaotic and barely managed to

swallow the sip of red wine. The rich fragrance slid down her throat and

made her feel like she was under intense scrutiny.

“What’s wrong?” Gordon sensed her discomfort. He thought he might have

given himself away. So, he couldn’t help but probe to see whether she had

seen through him.

Isabella shook her head and said, “It’s nothing. The wine is too strong. I need a

break.”

He relaxed slightly upon hearing her words. Nevertheless, he seemed restless

as he started tapping the table with his knuckles.

“How about some dessert?”

She temporarily tossed her issues with the wine aside and forced a smile on

her face. “Sure.”

As she was about to ring the bell, Gordon said, “I ordered some when I went

out earlier. They should be serving it soon.”

“Okay.”

Isabella didn't think much and took a bite of prawn. Alas, her thoughts were clearly affected as she couldn't help but unravel the ball of the mystery behind the red wine.

The waiter arrived with ice cream. Then, he placed the strawberry-flavored ice cream in front of her. “Enjoy your dessert.”

“Thank you,” Isabella said before glancing up to find Gordon sneakily watching her. It made her feel suspicious.

She took a deep breath, told herself not to overthink it, and said to Gordon, “Their ice cream is really good.”

Then, she promptly scooped a large portion as she spoke, planning to eat it all at once to calm her frayed nerves. She didn't want to become as mad as a hatter due to her paranoia.

The chilly sensation of the ice cream entered her mouth, accompanied by a sweet but not overwhelming taste. She couldn't help but breathe in deeply as

she felt herself gaining some of her composure back.

“Slow down,” Gordon couldn’t help but comment.

Isabella blinked and swallowed a large mouthful of ice cream.

“What’s wrong?”

Her throat felt uncomfortable; it seemed like she had swallowed ice chips.

Gordon immediately jerked to his feet. “A-Are you okay?”

Isabella felt a bit confused. “I’m fine.”

She took another spoonful of ice cream and immediately put it in her mouth.

She was thoroughly enjoying it.

Gordon watched her eat spoon after spoon and felt increasingly unsettled.

Yet, he didn’t want to snatch the ice cream from her to check for anything

suspicious.

Isabella found his behavior getting stranger by the second and instinctively

stirred the contents of her plate. To her surprise, his expression changed

immediately as soon as she did.

“Stop eating,” Gordon said before pushing his chair aside and moving closer.

Then, he swiftly grabbed the fork and stirred the ice cream vigorously. Alas,

he found nothing.

“What’s wrong?” She was getting nervous. “Did you put something in the ice

cream?”

He looked grim as he said with a grimace, “A plain ring.”

Isabella remembered the ice chip she had nearly choked on and almost

fainted.

She placed her hands on her stomach and felt it rumbling against her palms

in protest. She felt as if there was a foreign object entering her system

“You!”

Gordon panicked and pressed the call button. Then, he immediately carried

her in his arms.

“I’m taking you to the hospital right now!”

Isabella's eyes rolled back. She was so frustrated that she could barely bring herself to reply lest she started screaming right at him.

Gordon dashed out of the room, colliding with the waiter, who was rushing toward them. As a result, it naturally caused a huge ruckus.

"She swallowed the ring!"

As soon as this statement was made, all the waiters on the second floor swarmed them in alarm. The commotion had successfully escalated into a major incident.

As Isabella was being carried around by Gordon, various thoughts flitted through her mind. She was already feeling emotionally drained and mentally exhausted because of everything else happening in her life. Now, she was getting physically harmed. Yet, all she could do was clutch her stomach, thinking angrily, I swear I have the worst luck ever!