

I QUIT MR 67

Chapter 67

Isabella thought to herself. Please don't. It doesn't matter if I accept the ring, but your ring nearly sent me to heaven. She didn't reply and looked at the clock. "I'm fine now. Let's go."

Gordon noticed that she kept massaging her leg and was a little worried. "Is your leg hurt?"

However, she didn't want to stay in the hospital any longer than necessary and forced herself to stand. "It's just a small injury. It doesn't hurt. I can walk.

He raised a brow and suggested, "Then, what do you think of supper?"

She was rendered speechless. I would rather stay in the hospital. Still, she tamed her hair and nodded with a smile. "Sure."

"What do you want to eat?" Gordon helped carry her things and followed her closely. He was a totally different person compared to when she first met him. She still remembered that he seemed like a womanizer with the way he

was acting.

She maintained an appropriate distance from him and said, "Let's go for pizza. It's close by."

"Sure." Gordon wasn't as picky as the other wealthy heirs. Before his father, Xavier, made it big, it was quite common for him to eat in small shops when he was young.

They exited the hospital and grabbed a seat in the shop opposite the hospital. Isabella noticed that there wasn't a hint of discomfort on Gordon's face. Instead, he looked comfortable holding the pizza in his hand.

If the person sitting across from her were Seth, he would probably act like he was faced with a formidable enemy and disinfect the chairs before finally sitting down. So, Gordon was actually better in comparison.

As she made that conclusion, Gordon had already placed an order. He got two slices of pizza and emphasized that he didn't want the red pepper flakes.

"I frequented these types of places when I was younger. Unfortunately, my

toxic friends thought it wasn't classy of me to come here after my father

became rich. After a while, I stopped coming," he explained as he passed her

a tissue.

Isabella raised a brow in interest. "You actually know your friends are toxic?"

He scoffed in disdain, "I'm not dumb. I know they're only around me for my

money."

She gave him a thumbs up. "Smart."

Gordon shrugged nonchalantly and continued the conversation. The

awkward atmosphere between them finally disappeared like morning mist.

The pizza was served, and they gobbled it up as it was more satisfying than

their meal at The Red House.

After that, Gordon wanted to send Isabella home. Meanwhile, she was

hesitant to give him her address. "My place isn't tidy. I'll stay in a hotel tonight

and return when the cleaner's done cleaning tomorrow," she lied through her

teeth.

Then, he teased her, “You don’t look that rich, but you don’t even do the cleaning yourself?”

Alas, she couldn’t tell him the truth and answered as she got in the car, “It’s nice to splurge once in a while.”

He snapped his fingers. “I like that. What’s the point with penny-pinching?”

Isabella thought to herself. Whatever floats your boat since you’re the one with a rich dad.

Gordon started the car, and they arrived at a popular hotel nearby. The cheapest room for the night was 1500. She could feel her heart crying a river but had to maintain a smile as the sound of money being deducted rang in her ear.

She smiled and slid the card forward. “I have the money.”

He stared at her, utterly speechless. Finally, he had no choice but to keep his card before asking quietly, “You’re not giving me the slightest chance, are

you?"

Isabella pretended not to hear his underlying meaning and registered herself

as she told him, "I owe you too much. I'm afraid I won't be able to repay you.

later."

He snorted and shoved his hands into his pockets without answering her.

Once she got the room card, she waved it at him. "I'll head up now. You

should go home, too."

Gordon pursed his lips. "I'll leave after seeing you up."

So, she had no choice but to allow him to tag along. Her mind was filled with

thoughts about what to do if he wanted to enter her room.

Ding. The elevator door slid open.

Isabella and Gordon were standing side by side and met eyes with two

people who were inside the elevator.

"Oh? You two are getting a room at this hour?" Dariel's captivating eyes

glinted as his gaze fell on Isabella and Gordon with great interest.

Isabella was annoyed by his suggestive remark but was more interested in the woman in his arms. That definitely wasn't Bethany, whom she met last time. However, this woman was a familiar celebrity whose name she couldn't quite recall at the moment.

"You sure are busy, Mr. Wells. You should look after your health," Isabella mocked as she entered the elevator.

Gordon didn't have a positive impression of Seth and Dariel. So, he didn't bother answering. Instead, he leaned against the elevator wall once he entered.

Dariel didn't stop smiling. He was about to exit the elevator but suddenly stopped in his tracks. It was as if he wanted to follow Isabella and Gordon.

8/9

"This hotel has a nice themed suite. Did you guys book it?" he suddenly asked when the elevator doors closed.

Isabella rolled her eyes at the wall. "I'm the only one staying here. Mr.

Dunkstein is just escorting me."

"Is that right?" Dariel drawled and looked at Gordon with a smirk. "Tsk. Tsk. You

sure are righteous."

She shut her eyes and made a gesture toward Gordon behind Dariel's back,

telling him not to respond.

To her surprise, Gordon simply harrumphed and actually listened to her as he

ignored Dariel.