

I QUIT MR 68

Chapter 68

As the elevator arrived, Isabella and Gordon wasted no time leaving it. Inside the elevator, Dariel patted his companion's waist and said, "Check which room they're in."

The girl didn't dare to disobey and quickly ran after the duo.

Just as Isabella found her room for the night, the girl from earlier walked over and smiled. "My makeup is smudged. I need to use a restroom."

Isabella didn't pay her any mind. Instead, she swiped the key card and turned to Gordon. "This is me."

"Can I use your bathroom? I just want to rinse my mouth. The grease is bothering me." Gordon passed by her and went straight into the room.

Isabella felt exasperated, especially when he didn't even ask for her permission before entering. As a result, she could only leave the door wide open before going in herself.

Gordon went to the bathroom and rinsed his mouth. Soon, he came out and

said, "I'm leaving. Call me if you need anything."

Isabella was surprised since she hadn't expected him to be so cooperative.

-So, she wasted no time escorting him to the door.

As they stood in the corridor, Gordon suddenly turned around and hugged

her. She staggered and felt her ankle hurting. Nonetheless, she endured it

and didn't push him away. "Mr. Dunkstein?"

"Are we friends now?" Gordon asked all of a sudden.

Isabella was startled by his words. "I suppose."

"If that's the case, call my name instead," he demanded as he released her.

Isabella sighed in relief and looked at him. Then, she called his name three

times. In the meantime, she couldn't help but wonder why he was making

such a big fuss over such a small request.

Gordon smiled. It was obvious that he was in a fantastic mood. Then, he tilted

his head toward the door and said, "Go in. I'll leave once your door is closed."

One second ago, Isabella felt that "friends" sounded pleasant. The next second, she started to feel uncomfortable. The words that came tumbling out of his mouth made it seem as though they were more than friends. In fact, it was as if they were a couple trying to probe whether the other party was interested in taking their relationship a step further. As she thought of that, she felt her smile becoming increasingly fake. Nonetheless, she swiftly entered the room and smiled as she closed the door. After she closed the door, she didn't hear the sound of footsteps. Thus, she looked through the peephole and saw that Gordon hadn't left. Instead, he was playing with his phone.

This is troublesome. She took a deep breath and decided to feign ignorance as she limped toward the big, fluffy bed in the hotel room.

The stress of dealing with Louis and Jonas was already taking a huge toll on her. Frankly, she didn't have the energy to deal with Gordon.

As she lay down, drowsiness quickly overcame her.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Suddenly, a series of urgent knocks sounded on the door.

Isabella tensed up immediately and became alert. She got up from the bed and thought something was amiss. She hurriedly limped to the door and was going to open it when she soon remembered to check the peephole first.

Fortunately, the person outside the door wasn't Gordon; it was just a staff.

Isabella frowned and opened the door tentatively. "Is something the matter?"

The waiter bowed and pushed a food cart forward. "Your meal is here. Please enjoy it."

Isabella was puzzled. "My meal?"

"Yes." The waiter was sure and showed her the order slip.

Isabella checked the room number and confirmed it was hers. Yet, the payer was listed as anonymous.

“Could it be Gordon?”

Her mind was a mess as she looked at the waiter bringing the food into the room.

“Please enjoy the steamed egg.”

Isabella licked her lips and guessed that Gordon had to have noticed her preferences during their dinner earlier. Then, he secretly ordered another meal for her. Her mind was buzzing at the implications. As soon as the waiter left, she collapsed into a chair, feeling physically and mentally exhausted.

When she glanced at the clock on the wall, she saw it was almost 1.00AM. Is Gordon out of his mind? she thought.

She felt sleep taking over her brain as she leaned into the chair. Even the tempting aroma of the steamed egg couldn't keep her awake. Although she was half-asleep, her nerves were still tense.

After some time, another series of knocks echoed yet again, startling Isabella and causing her to almost fall off the chair. She clenched her fists before

taking several deep breaths to calm down and opening the door.

Outside the room was the same waiter as before. He had the same smile as

he said, "Hello. Here's your meal."

Isabella's mind went blank, and she exploded, shouting, "I didn't order any

food!"

The waiter was startled. He looked aggrieved as he handed over the order.

"Are you sure you didn't order this?"

Isabella snatched the order and scanned it. In that split second, her eyes

widened in astonishment. The originally anonymous payer in the earlier

receipt was replaced with her account. She couldn't even deny it as that was

definitely her phone number.

"Miss?" The waiter called out.

Isabella was dumbfounded. Then, she opened the door wider and said with

an expressionless face, "Just bring it in."

The waiter was confused as he brought the food inside, casting strange glances at Isabella from time to time.

After the waiter left, Isabella quickly checked the dishes.

Pork ribs. It was the same dish I had at The Red House tonight.

She grabbed her hair in frustration and immediately called Gordon.

It took a while for Gordon to answer. He sounded displeased as he grumbled,

“Hello?”

Isabella could tell he was sleeping. She hesitated momentarily before asking,

“Gordon, did you order food for me?”

“What?” Gordon was confused. Then, he looked at the screen before inquiring,

“Isabella?”

Isabella rolled her eyes and was certain it wasn't Gordon. The man was

clearly out of it. She sighed in relief and said, “Sorry. I made a mistake. Go

back to sleep.” Then, she hung up without giving Gordon a chance to speak.

Her surroundings fell silent as she placed her phone aside. Plus, the two

dishes emitted an irresistible fragrance, making the atmosphere even more eerie. It was like background music in a horror movie, making something innocuous seem even more terrifying than it was supposed to be. Isabella wiped her face and felt her legs weaken as she went to the bathroom to look in the mirror. As she laid her eyes on the woman in the mirror, she saw that her face was deathly pale under the lighting. She looked like a right fright. Finally, she closed her eyes as she leaned against the sink. After a while, she decided to take a nice, warm shower before confronting the idiot who kept sending her meals when all she wanted to do was sleep.