

Chapter 83 Feeling Guilty

Oman was quite an established restaurant that specialized in Thymion cuisine.

It had a relaxing atmosphere with warm lights, similar to a bar. The place was very clean and cozy. There were also a lot of cultural elements in its designs and decorations. Yet, it was not complicated, and nor did it make people feel overwhelmed.

Additionally, they provided excellent service. It was a popular restaurant in Quakersville.

When Michaela and Lorelei arrived, there were already two guys sitting at their reserved table.

It was usual for girls to bring along company if they felt nervous on a blind date. Moreover, they could benefit from their best friend's opinions.

However, it was unheard of for guys to do the same. Or perhaps they are both looking to score someone? Whoa, are people so open about blind dates nowadays?

Bewildered, Lorelei exchanged glances with Michaela. Though the arrangement was not preferred, she did not feel repulsed by the idea.

She cooperated for the sake of her family. An additional friend guarantees an additional option. Who knows if something good might come out of it?

Nonetheless, she pulled Michaela with her and strode forward. "Hi, I'm Lorelei. May I know who's Jayden Hompton?" Lorelei introduced herself boldly.

"I am."

He was a young fellow with exquisite features and a pair of pierced ears, looking quite stylish. His devilish smile revealed a cute snaggletooth.

As Jayden noticed Lorelei's gaze fell upon the man sitting next to him, he quickly introduced, "Oh, this is my brother from another mother, Liam Yale. I hope you don't mind that my friend tags along on our first date, Ms. Summerfield. I needed someone to help me muster my courage."

"Of course not," Lorelei replied casually.

Right when she was about to pull a seat out, Jayden dashed over and helped her like a gentleman. "Please have a seat, Ms. Summerfield."

"Thanks!"

His courtesy has definitely made a good impression despite not knowing his character yet.

Unexpectedly, Liam got up, approached Michaela, and did the same for her. When getting the chair, he said jokingly, "Although we're the wingman and wingwoman tonight, I ought to maintain my chivalry attitude. Beautiful lady, please take your seat."

As much as Michaela disliked a sweet talker, she did not reject him in public. She thanked him briefly and sat down.

By then, the waiter was ready to take their orders. Upon eliciting a response from the ladies, Jayden ordered a few of their signature dishes.

As soon as the waiter left their table, he started engaging in small talks with Lorelei, "I heard that you're working for Great Love Foundation, Ms. Summerfield?"

"Yes, I am."

Feeling perturbed by the first meeting, Lorelei's reaction was rather stiff, and her reply formal.

"I can tell that Ms. Summerfield is a kind-hearted lady."

"Thank you for your compliments." Lorelei grinned.

"What are your hobbies? Traveling, hitting the gym?"

She mulled over it for a moment. Over the years, all I've been doing is studying how to win Alois' heart, and that's basically it.

"Um... Does sleeping count as one?"

Jayden was rendered speechless. Moments later, he replied politely, "You're surprisingly humorous, Ms. Summerfield."

Michaela nearly spat out her iced lemon tea when she heard Lorelei.

If there were only two of us here, I really wanted to ask if she was here for a blind date or to unleash her joking talent.

While she was cursing in her heart, an outstretched arm appeared in front of her. She looked up and saw Jayden handing a piece of napkin over to her.

"Thank you."

Michaela accepted it shyly and wiped the corners of her lips.

"Are you feeling bored?" Michaela was taken aback by the question, but she hastily shook her head and muttered, "I'm all right."

Deep down, she was bored to death.

Am I the only one who feels that it's extremely awkward for two strangers to sit together and make uncomfortable attempts to get to know each other? This feels like an interview.

In fact, it sounds a little like an interrogation where both parties scrutinize each other's appearances, then ask questions about their careers, statuses, and more. People try too hard to find common topics to talk about, just so that they can check if they are compatible with their dates.

Honestly, the process feels like buying meat at the market. Which cut would you like to have? Is this too fat or too skinny? Organic livestock farming or cultivated breeding? Is the selling price reasonable? If all requirements are met, the deal is sealed. Otherwise, good riddance! It's the exact same process, isn't it?

Michaela was not the only one who felt that way. Awkwardness seemed to have spread on the faces of the two main characters involved as well.

After a series of questions and answers, Jayden spoke frankly, "Ms. Summerfield, I can totally empathize with how you feel. I, too, feel uneasy on blind dates. Anyhow, we can't disappoint our parents. Whatever your final decision is, let's take this as a friendly gathering and play by ear. If it happens, it happens; if it doesn't, so be it. What do you think?"

"Absolutely." Lorelei nodded in agreement.

Soon, the dishes were served, and their conversations thereafter grew more natural.

Their topics gradually expanded outside of each other's likes, dislikes, and hobbies. Jayden even shared some interesting stories from his travels to break the ice. Everyone seemed to enjoy listening to his travel shenanigans.

Just then, a Lincoln pulled over at the entrance of the restaurant.

Since Michaela was sitting by the window, she was the first to catch a glimpse of a sullen Jonathan getting out of the car. In fact, it was hard not to notice his darkened expression.

His glacial gaze was hostile. He pursed his lips, seemingly trying to suppress his emotions.

He quickened his steps and strode into the restaurant. Although he was still quite a distance away, Michaela could feel his intimidating aura and she shuddered with trepidation.

Instinctively, she rubbed the tip of her nose out of guilt.

Then, she rose to her feet abruptly, startling the others. Upon realizing her sudden action, she apologized, "Please excuse me, I'm going to head to the powder room."

"I'll go with you, Mich."

"It's okay. Stay here and carry on with your conversations," she spoke as she darted in the direction of the restroom.

Knowing that Jonathan was about to locate her, she had no choice but to leave the table immediately.

As expected, she would not be able to escape Jonathan.

From the moment he got out of the car, his eyes had never left Michaela. Her ludicrous way of covering up made him fumed with anger.

Isn't it too late to be fearful now?

"Wait for me, Jonathan!" Vincent chased after him.

He was worried that Jonathan could not control his rage and raised his hand at the poor guy.

That dude must have a death wish to even dare think about stealing Jonathan's girlfriend!

The duo walked into the restaurants like two members of the upper echelon. A waiter hurried over, ready to serve the customers. "Sir, may I get you a table? Do you have a reservation?"

Jonathan's blood was boiling, and his imposing figure was incredibly oppressive. Though he did not even cast a glance at the waiter, the latter was so terrified that he retreated. On the contrary, Vincent grinned harmlessly and said, "Don't worry about us. We're here to look for someone. Thanks."

The waiter froze on the ground with an ashen face.

Oh my, if he didn't explain that they're here for someone, I'd think that they're here to cause a ruckus! How terrifying.

While Vincent was still pacifying the waiter, Jonathan strode toward the restroom area. The former wanted to follow, but a familiar figure at a nearby table caught his eyes. Lorelei was smiling at the guy sitting opposite her, stating, "It's nice meeting you tonight. Thanks for dinner!"

What the h*ll is going on? So, the guy wasn't going after Jonathan's girl, but mine? Damn it!

He was about to hit the ceiling.

At that moment, he forgot about Jonathan completely and headed toward the dining table.