

Chapter 13 Rich Kids Take Away Food!

Meanwhile, the private room No. 888 was already filled with people. A well-built middle-aged man stood at the door of the room, chatting with the general manager of Jade Hotel. "Is everything ready?"

The general manager bowed slightly and smiled respectfully, "Everything has been arranged according to Mr. Hamilton's instructions. The ingredients Mr. Hamilton brought this time have opened our eyes. Only Mr. Hamilton can collect such precious ingredients in Goldenrod City."

Karl ignored the general manager's flattery. "My guests will be here soon. You can get it started."

As soon as the general manager left, the long-haired beauty rushed in and apologized to Karl for being late.

"Take a seat," Karl said with a sigh, "Thank goodness Mr. Torres hasn't arrived yet, otherwise you would have embarrassed me."

The long-haired beauty smiled apologetically and took a seat at the crowded table.

Karl waited anxiously at the door. After a while, Jackson appeared in the hallway. Karl was thrilled and went to greet him.

"Mr. Torres, you're here. Please come in!"

Jackson was respectfully led by Karl into private room No. 888.

The people in the room stood up one after another. They were mostly middle-aged men in suits and

leather shoes, and they were all upper-class people from Goldenrod City and the surrounding provinces.

"These are the people who work for the family in the East China region," Karl introduced Jackson and then enthusiastically introduced him to the others in the room.

"Hello, Mr. Torres!" everyone in the room greeted Jackson in unison.

"It's him!" The long-haired beauty saw Jackson and was shocked. She couldn't believe that this handsome man was Mr. Torres. Wasn't he the one she hit in the elevator just now?

Jackson also noticed the long-haired beauty. He did not expect this alluring woman to be a member of the family.

Jackson's gaze lingered on the long-haired beauty's face for a second before returning to his senses. "Please take a seat, everyone."

"Mr. Torres, please have a seat!" Karl made a gesture and pointed to a seat next to the long-haired beauty.

"Oh," Jackson nodded and walked towards the seat, glancing at the long-haired beauty as he passed by. He then looked at Karl with a questioning expression.

"She is the head of the intelligence department in the East China region, Lucy," Karl explained to Jackson.

Lucy smiled at Jackson, but her smile was bitter. She had just hit the Mr. Torres of the family. Even if she was optimistic, it was hard to smile.

"Please have a taste of this dish, Mr. Torres. I specially prepared it for you," Karl introduced a dish to Jackson.

Jackson picked up his chopsticks and took a bite. He felt the dish was exceptionally delicious. He had not eaten in such a high-end hotel for more than seven years, and this was his first time eating here. He silently thought that it was incredibly delicious.

However, Jackson did not know that the other people at the table also had their taste buds excited by the dishes.

The dinner soon ended, and Jackson felt a little full.

"Mr. Torres, have you finished eating? If you have, I can take you to Penny Club to rest," Karl asked respectfully beside him. It was rare for Mr. Torres to grace them with his presence, so they must serve him well.

"The club? It's better to rest at a hotel. If we go to a club, we may meet with other special services," Jackson blushed and declined.

Lucy, who had been nervous throughout the banquet, had relaxed by now. Seeing Jackson's shy demeanor, she could not help but laugh softly, "Mr. Torres is so cute."

Karl nodded, and everyone sat silently, watching Jackson. No one dared to speak out of turn.

Jackson seemed to be pondering something as he looked at the table full of dishes. He looked at his phone and saw that it was 1:30 pm.

"Mr. Torres, is everything alright?" Karl asked anxiously. If they could not serve Mr. Torres a meal properly, it would reflect poorly on him as the head of this district. If the news reached the people of higher ranks, it would be the end of him.

The others also looked at Jackson nervously. They were the elite of the Eastern family, but they were incapable of handling such a small matter as treating Mr. Torres to a good lunch.

"It's nothing," Jackson shook his head slowly.

"What is it then?" Karl was puzzled.

Jackson smacked his lips and said to Karl, "These dishes are all delicious, so I want to take them back to my dorm and share them with my roommates."

Everyone was stunned by his words. A person from a wealthy family being so considerate of his roommates was beyond their expectations.

They were amazed and admired Jackson even more. With such wealth and modesty, Mr. Torres was bound to be successful in the future.

Jackson did not understand why everyone was staring at him in surprise. He pointed at the dishes he liked on the table and told Karl, "Please pack these up."

"Yes, right away, sir.," Karl came back to his senses and immediately made a phone call to the manager of the Jade Hotel.

The manager did not dare to ignore the request and instructed the kitchen to prepare the dishes again with the ingredients Karl brought. When all the dishes were ready, the manager even added a bottle of good wine.

Thirty minutes later, the manager and two waiters arrived at the 888 private room with food boxes in their hands. "Everything is ready, Mr. Hamilton!"

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Torres?" Karl opened one of the food boxes, revealing neatly arranged dishes inside, all packed in take-out containers.

"It's too much. I only have three roommates. I'll take a box, and you can sell the rest or let your staff eat it," Jackson smiled wryly. He only ordered three dishes, but Karl had ordered the entire table of dishes.

"I'll carry them for you," Karl personally lifted the food box and followed Jackson out of the Jade Hotel.

"It's alright, you can all go back. I'll take a taxi," Jackson said to the group.

"Mr. Torres, let me give you a ride. My car is over there," Lucy offered.

"Um... okay," Jackson agreed.

With Lucy accompanying Jackson, Karl and the others felt relieved and left after saying goodbye to Jackson. As soon as Karl left, Lucy began apologizing to Jackson and even grabbed his hand, saying, "Why don't you hit me a couple of times? It was my fault in the elevator."

"It's fine, Ms. Lucy. What's this all about?" Jackson withdrew his hand, "It was my fault for peeking at you in the elevator. It's okay if you hit me once."

"Being admired by you is my honor. Thank you, Mr. Torres, for not being angry with me. Thank you, Mr. Torres!" Lucy bowed to Jackson and kept thanking him.

"Alright, drive!" Jackson smiled faintly.

"Okay," Lucy replied and went to drive. It was a Mercedes G500!

"Mr. Torres, get in the car!" Lucy said sweetly to Jackson.

Jackson put the food box in the back seat, then got in the car.

"Are you going to Wheaton University, Mr. Torres?" Lucy turned her head and asked Jackson.

Now they were alone again. Looking at Lucy's charming face, Jackson felt a faint sense of nervousness rising.

"Let's go to the hospital. My friend is there." Jackson looked a bit unnatural.

"Okay," Lucy smiled faintly and started the car.

The car was filled with the scent of Lucy's perfume. Jackson could not help but sneak a peek at Lucy again. When he met Lucy's gaze, Jackson quickly turned his head back, feeling embarrassed.

"You can just look at me, Mr. Torres! I won't say anything," Lucy raised her chest and her voice was soft and gentle.

"Huh?" Jackson was slightly stunned.

Lucy glanced at Jackson lightly, "Didn't I say before? Being able to be admired by Mr. Torres is an honor."

"Um..." Jackson smiled awkwardly.

Since Lucy said so, he did not need to be sneaky anymore. He looked at Lucy.

Lucy's figure was stunning. The perfect earlobes under her beautiful hair, the full peaks, and her fair arms evoked people's iMasoninations.

Jackson's mouth became so dry, it could fry an egg.

They arrived at the hospital. Lucy noticed Jackson's gaze that was still fixed on her and could not help but blush and smile shyly.

"Mr. Torres, we're here!"

"Ah, we're here?" Jackson came back to his senses, "Thank you, I'll get off then!"