

## **I QUIT MR 333**

### Chapter 333

Isabella didn't initially realize that the person inside the mascot costume was Corey. It was only when Pikachu approached her as she slid down the slide that she had a hunch. After removing the large and heavy headgear, Corey's hair was drenched in sweat. Isabella quickly pulled out a tissue and began to wipe his sweat. "Why are you doing this on your birthday?" she asked.

Corey tilted his head. "Wipe here.

Isabella noticed that his neck was also covered in sweat. She felt a mix of emotions and quickly pulled out another tissue.

"Every day, many people try to make me happy. I don't find it particularly interesting, so thought I'd try to make others happy." He leaned in, his eyes sparkling, and asked mischievously, "Bella, are you happy?"

Isabella thought about the feeling of sliding down the slide earlier and shrugged, "I'm pretty happy."

Corey's smile deepened. Still in his mascot costume, he struck a pose and said, "I'm so happy too."

Isabella looked at him in his oversized costume, his head small and body large, and couldn't help but laugh again. "Where can I change my clothes?"

Corey extended his hand to her again. Isabella, seeing him still in his costume, willingly took his arm. They went to the second floor together, where someone was waiting for them.

Corey went in to change his clothes and perhaps even took a shower. When he came out, he was a fresh and clean young man again.

"Let's go buy a cake for your birthday." Isabella was in a good mood, and her attitude towards Corey improved.

Corey followed behind her with one hand in his pocket, joking, "After buying the cake, will there be a gift?"

Isabella slapped her forehead, "Right, we need to buy a gift."

She spread her hands, "But don't choose something too expensive. If it's too expensive, I might not be able to afford your friendship."

Corey chuckled. "So straightforward."

He licked his lips and thought for a moment, "Then I want a porcelain doll."

"A porcelain doll?" Isabella was puzzled.

Corey clicked his tongue, "Bella, you really need to get out more." Saying this, he slightly lifted his chin and walked past Isabella, casually taking her hand. "I'll take you to do something young people do."

Isabella was curious about what he was referring to and, for a moment, didn't notice that he was holding her hand.

Corey took her to the top floor, where she finally understood what a porcelain doll was. It turned out to be handmade pottery that you could make yourself. "I can't do it; it will turn out ugly."

Isabella saw that the others were either couples or teenage girls. She felt a bit out of place. In fact, she was dressed youthfully today and looked quite compatible, standing next to Corey, easily attracting the attention of others.

Corey quickly took a number and led her to an empty workstation. He pointed to the works of other customers on the wall and whispered, "If those unattractive things can be displayed, what are you afraid of?"

Isabella glanced at them and almost laughed out loud. They were indeed quite unattractive. "Let's get started."

Corey waved his hand, signaling Isabella to start.

Isabella was a bit nervous. When Corey placed the basic clay block on the wheel, she awkwardly touched it, causing the clay to lose its shape.

"You're so clumsy." Corey sighed and flicked the clay on his fingers onto Isabella's face.

Isabella was startled, staring at the person across from her in shock.

Corey clicked his tongue and directly grabbed her hand, "No choice, I'll have to teach you."