

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 11 - 14

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 11

### **ASKING HIM OUT ON DINNER**

It's a new day. The rays of light penetrating the cotton into the room falls on Jordan, who is sprawled out on the master bed.

A glance at the room is enough to show anyone that it must have cost a fortune as the room glows

and twinkles.

From the chandeliers hanging on the roof to the tiles on the floor, everything screams overbearing wealth.

The room is in shades of gold, black and white. The wall is painted white.

The cotton, duvet, pillow, and bed are black. And the rest of the things in the room are gold. Pure

gold.

This is Jordan's paradise. The paradise he abandoned to go live with Isabella in the Cadens'

residence as a live-in-son-in-law and turned out to become a slave.

If only the Cadens were here they would have gotten an eye opener and seen that they don't even compare to Jordan's finger.

**BEEP! BEEP!**

Jordan's phone on top of the drawer beside the headlamp begins ringing.

"Mmm," Jordan groans hoarsely and without looking over or even opening his eyes, stretches his hand and picks it up.

It is a button phone so he didn't have to worry about the phone slipping off his hand and shattering. Not like it would be a big deal if it did anyway.

The clock reads noon, but Jordan still appears so drowsy.

He can't remember the last time he had a nice long relaxing sleep like this.

When he was with the Cadens, he regularly slept by midnight and still woke up as early as four. **He** was usually the last to sleep and still the first to wake yet he never complained or murmured.

All this he did for love.

Nevertheless, things have changed now.

He is back at his paradise and intends to give his body all the rest it deserves. All the rest it has missed for these three years.

But then again, that doesn't mean he would avoid a call just because of that.

After all, for these three years he had been married to Isabella, and even before that, he had lived

in distress and agony yet he managed to live through them as if they were nothing.

It can be said that his past experiences have molded him and now, he is hardly moved by anything. Well, except...

He raises the phone to his **ear** and without looking at the caller's ID, presses the green button and mouths in a deep hoarse voice, "Hello."

Jordan naturally knows since he wasn't the one who called, he shouldn't have spoken first, but Whoever the caller was had called more than three times already, so he just felt like going first. It was just a freewill gesture.

There's silence on the other end of the line for several minutes after Jordan's 'hello,' to the point where Jordan drops the phone, thinking the caller must have mistakenly dropped the call or something and resumes sleeping.

But just as he is about to dive into the dream world, a sudden laughter reverberates from the other end of the line.

It's a familiar voice. Jordan's eyes jerk open and he instantly wipes his eyes, grabs the phone, and checks the caller's ID.

It's Daisy. Wait, he didn't say anything embarrassing, right? Then why did she burst out laughing and took so long to respond?

"I can't believe a full-grown ass man like you is still sleeping at this hour, Jordan. This is 12:20 p.m. It's no surprise they think you're useless because if I as a lady could be up and running by now, what is your excuse?" Daisy's taunting voice chimes.

Oh, turns out she didn't respond quickly because she was shocked he was still sleeping at this time. But why is she shocked, can't he sleep again?

He doesn't care about her other statement. He is not useless and was never useless, he has never been since he was birthed, so why should he?

He rolls his eyes and retorts with a sneer, “Did you say you are up and running? Can you run with all those, you know.”

He bursts out laughing. Daisy has such an outrageous ass and hips, he is actually curious about if she could run with those.

Yes, the running Daisy meant wasn’t that kind of run, but Jordan took it literally. A touch **of** humor to things ain’t bad, or is it? Obviously not. After all, an adage says “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”

Jordan is practically the ‘Jack’ in this case.

“Hmm, I don’t know what you are talking about,” Daisy’s somewhat angry voice sounds, but if she was trying to pretend angry and ignorant, that doesn’t work as the next second, she bursts out laughing. “I really can’t believe **you** said that,” she muffles in between laughs. “Your sense of humor is top-notch, I off my cap for **you**.

“But hey, don’t go thinking I can’t run! I’m not blowing my trumpet but don’t be surprised that I can even beat you in a race! Hmph! Don’t underestimate me!”

“Hahaha, we should certainly plan for that race although I’m afraid I might be cheated because even the watch might be confused after it watches your you know jiggling up and down.”

“Silly you,” Daisy chuckles. Gosh, Jordan is so fun. Actually, when she addressed him as useless, she had thought he would be angry, so many guys would be, but guess Jordan is built differently as not only did he **not** get angry, but he even made jokes out of the moment! Such a man, she doesn’t know if she is still standing because he appears to have swept her off her **feet**. And not just that, it has left her even more curious!

She just wishes she can know all about him. Perhaps she can and maybe in some romantic way.” Uhm, Jordan,” she nibbles on her lower lip. “I... I really want to know more about you. Like, I’m so curious. I don’t know but if **you** don’t mind and are free for the night, I’ll do like a date with **you**.”

“A date?” Jordan raises **a** brow.

“I don’t understand the question, Jordan, is it that you don’t know what a date means or you are shocked that I asked for one?”

“Everyone knows what a date is,” Jordan retorts with an eye roll. “It’s just that...,” he trails off. “You know what? Just forget about it. So you want us to go on a date?”

Jordan might be powerful and an expert in so many things, but he really doesn’t know how to be romantic with girls. Like, he doesn’t know what is expected of him.

Guess someone can’t be good at everything. He had been **so** focused on growing powerful that he didn’t really care about that part of his life. It is safe to say that apart from Isabella, he hasn’t been with any other lady.

And he and Isabella never went all out, so even though he was married for three years, his romantic life was still stuck at zero. And he doesn’t know how to be flirtatious or all that,

He possibly couldn’t tell such a thing to Daisy, which is why he decided to just shut up.

Best he keeps it to himself.

Daisy is quite curious about the things Jordan decided to keep to himself, but she decides not to probe him any further. “Yes,” she retorts coyly. “That is if you would be free tonight though.”

It's just some casual date. There is no harm in trying, right? "Sure," he shrugs. "I have nothing planned for tonight. Drop me the time and location, and I'll be there."

"Really?!" Daisy exclaims cheekily, feeling over the moon.

When she wanted to ask Jordan this, she didn't think he would accept, which was why she hesitated. His readily acceptance has just once again knocked her off her feet.

"Okay, I'll send you the location and time right now via SMS. Thank you. Mwah!" She blows him a digital kiss.

Jordan doesn't say anything to that and hangs off the phone. Simultaneously, he makes to drop back the phone but his message tone abruptly chimes.

He casts a glance at the screen and checks the message, which appears to be from Daisy because its content is the name of a restaurant and time.

'7:30 p.m., Moonlit Bear Ristorante.'

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 12

## **THE DOORMAN**

It's 7:30 p.m. An Uber pulls over neatly in front of Moonlit Bear Ristorante, and after paying the

Uber driver, Jordan calmly alights and glances subtly at Moonlit Bear Ristorante before walking toward it.

There is an air of luxury and sophistication oozing out of the restaurant in tides, and so many flashy cars are parked all around.

Jordan is not surprised as this is just what he expected from a five-star restaurant. In fact, if he had gotten here and it had not been like this, he would have turned around and left because it would have meant the restaurant wasn't living up to its name.

Surprisingly, Jordan only knows one side of the story as he had kept a low profile for such a long time and as such hasn't related with the other activities and businesses in the county for a while.

Turns out Moonlit Bear Ristorante is not only a five-star restaurant as it had over the years progressed to become one of the best restaurants in the county!

And as such only the wealthy can dine here. The restaurant is coated in high-end materials and stands extremely tall with the words 'MOONLIT BEAR RISTORANTE' embroidered in Garamond font and golden color on the designer signboard.

In no time, Jordan arrives at the entrance door and makes to enter but is abruptly blocked by the doorman. "Paupers are not allowed into Moonlit Bear Ristorante.

"You do not belong here. Kindly turn back and leave," he says resolutely, leaving no room for argument, his face as dark as coal.

Jordan purses his lips. Why do these people always judge him wrongly? Is it that they don't have good discerning eyes or what?

Besides, which pauper after knowing the status of Moonlit Bear Ristorante would still choose to come here when it is already pretty obvious he or she would end up embarrassing him or herself?

He lets out a disappointing sigh because of how dumb these guys are and casts a glance at the doorman, sneering, “I believe the word pauper is not engraved on my forehead and I don’t look like

one, so how can you be so sure of what you are saying?”

“I

“Yes, the word is not engraved on your forehead but did you just say you don’t look like one?” The doorman looks at him as if he is looking at the biggest fool ever and shakes his head, jeering, Look at **your** clothes and shoes, punk, they are so cheap! They don’t even have any labels, which

means you must have gotten them by the roadside. Perhaps, for twenty or fifty bucks.

“Which rich man would wear clothes and shoes such as those you are decked in? You don’t just

look like a pauper, **you** are the visual description of a pauper!

“See, I have no interest to waste my breath with you! So I’ll repeat my phrase; a pauper like you who can’t even afford better clothes and shoes is not worthy to enter Moonlit Bear Ristorante! Get that into your dumb brain. Besides, how would you even pay if you were let in? You can’t afford expensive clothes and shoes, is it a meal in this restaurant that you can afford?

“Is this just how much **you** love deceiving yourself? Or perhaps could it be that you thought you

would get a chance to beg for alms and order some food once you manage to get inside?

“I guess



that must have been **your** plan! You are not just a pauper, but a beggar too. Punk, **if** you know what is good for **you** leave here right now or...!”

Jordan shakes his head. So it is because of his appearance that this doorman thought him a pauper, and now he has added a beggar to the ridiculous list. He doesn't know if to get angry or just allow his urge to laugh have its way.

If it was yesterday, he would have completely agreed that he did wear cheap clothes, and that is because he was still with the Cadens and pretending to be classless, but today is entirely different! Not just are his clothes and shoes awfully expensive, but they are in fact, also customized without any labels. This is why this doorman, who appears to be too dumb for his age, could say that he got them from the roadside. He is saying such things about clothes and shoes that can feed him and his generation for a lifetime!

Well, he can't bother himself about what the doorman said about him, but did he just threaten him? “Did you just threaten me?” He raises a brow.

“I believe you heard me loud and clear, so why are you asking me that dumb question? Punk, get out right now or...”

“Or what?” Jordan sneers, cutting him off. “You would fight and throw me out?” He smiles sinisterly, and shrugs indifferently, “**If** you have what it takes then you can come at me! Let me see the stuff you are made of! I only have one problem though and that is that I hope your bones are strong enough.”

The nose of the doorman flares. For the past five years he has worked here, no one has ever been this saucy and arrogant toward him. This lad must possibly have a death wish! In that case, he  
  
would fulfill it for him.

He clenches his fists and warns coldly, “This is your last chance to get out of here! If you do now, I can forget everything that you said and not take it against you but if you...”

“Cut to the chase,” Jordan hisses. “I hate it when people babble so much and irrelevant things. Just come at me already **if** you think you have what it takes!”

“So arrogant, huh?” The doorman smiles maniacally, a deadly glint in his eyes. “In that case, don’t blame me for being impolite!”

“I don’t know if he would blame you or not for being impolite, but I sure would, and trust me, it would be better you were never born because what I’ll do to you, you would wish to die every second of your life!”

At this moment, before the doorman can make a move, Daisy’s cold menacing voice chimes, and the next second, she walks up to Jordan and stands in front of him, glaring dangerously at the doorman, her eyes bloodshot and her nose flared, almost as if she wants to breathe out fire!

## A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 13

### **INSIDE THE RESTAURANT**

“Miss Daisy!” The doorman’s jaw drops and he unconsciously takes two steps backward, suddenly looking so flustered.

This is Daisy, the prestigious Princess of the Kane family, who wouldn’t?

Her presence alone is enough to make anyone below her level flustered, both rich and poor, let alone him, a mere doorman, who has nothing to his name.

And to top it off, she appears so furious as if she just wants nothing more than to rip him into dreads.

But he has not wronged her in any way, so why is can she so furious at...

Wait, his pupils dilate.

She said she doesn't know if this punk would blame him or not, but she would, does that mean she knows him?

But he is just a pauper while she is the Princess of the Kane family, how can she be entangled with him, a mere pauper?

"Jordan is my date for the night, how could you riffraff treat him impolitely, have you gone nuts?!" Daisy roars, snapping him out of his reverie, dropping yet another bomb.

"What?" The doorman balks, his jaw almost dropping to the floor. Not just is the pauper entangled, with Daisy, but he is actually her date. How can that be possible?

"I just said you treated my date impolitely yet you are still standing there! Do I need to remind you of what you need to do, or do you want me to show you just what I'm capable of?!" Not taking things likely at all, Daisy roars yet again, her eyes icy-cold.

The doorman breaks out in a cold shiver, big beads of sweat trickling from his forehead down his face, all the way to the floor. "Uhm," he sucks his teeth, exasperated.

"But he is a pauper and according to Moonlit Bear Ristorante's standards, paupers like him are not allowed entrance. It is an insult to the restaurant's personality. As the restaurant's doorman, I was only doing my job! Why are you lashing out at me?"

"Who said he is a pauper? Perhaps, are you trying to insinuate that I, Daisy Kane, don't have taste anymore to be going out with him? Are you also insinuating that my date ain't

welcome here? Is that what you are trying to say? Eh? Just be clear and answer this if you have what it takes!”

The doorman looks down, not knowing what else to say. This Daisy Kane, he can’t possibly

-exchange words with her, challenge her or provoke her any further lest he might not really be

alive to tell the **story**.

“Alright,” he takes a deep breath. “I’m sorry for everything. Don’t take it to heart.”

“**Now** you know **to** apologize! But I’m afraid I can’t deal with such ridiculous apology! You can shove it up **your** wretched ass! Is that how they apologize where you come from?

“Punk, I can see you are bent on frustrating me to death and getting yourself ruined! In that case, I can as well show you what I’m made of,” Daisy is boiling, seething, and raging and is in the utmost

THE DOORMAN

**It’s** 7:30 p.m. An Uber pulls over neatly in front of Moonlit Bear Ristorante, and after paying the

Uber driver, Jordan calmly alights and glances subtly at Moonlit Bear Ristorante before walking toward it.

There is an air of luxury and sophistication oozing out of the restaurant in tides, and so many flashy cars are parked all around.

Jordan is not surprised as this is just what he expected from a five–star restaurant. In fact, if he had gotten here and it had not been like this, he would have turned around and left because it would have meant the restaurant wasn't living up to its name.

Surprisingly, Jordan only knows one side of the story as he had kept a low profile for such a long time and as such hasn't related with the other activities and businesses in the county for a while.

Turns out Moonlit Bear Ristorante is not only a five–star restaurant as it had over the years progressed to become one of the best restaurants in the county!

And as such only the wealthy can dine here. The restaurant is coated in high–end materials and stands extremely tall with the words 'MOONLIT BEAR RISTORANTE' embroidered in Garamond font and golden color on the designer signboard.

In no time, Jordan arrives at the entrance door and makes to enter but is abruptly blocked by the doorman. "Paupers are not allowed into Moonlit Bear Ristorante.

"You do not belong here. Kindly turn back and leave," he says resolutely, leaving no room for argument, his face as dark as coal.

Jordan purses his lips. Why do these people always judge him wrongly? Is it that they don't have good discerning eyes or what?

Besides, which pauper after knowing the status of Moonlit Bear Ristorante would still choose to come here when it is already pretty obvious he or she would end up embarrassing him or herself?

He lets out a disappointing sigh because of how dumb these guys are and casts a glance at the doorman, sneering, "I believe the word pauper is not engraved on my forehead and I don't look like one, so how can you be so sure of what you are saying?"

“Yes, the word is not engraved on your forehead but did you just say you don’t look like one?” The

doorman looks at him as if he is looking at the biggest fool ever and shakes his head, jeering,” Look at your clothes and shoes, punk, they **are** so cheap! They don’t even have any labels, which means you must have gotten them by the roadside. Perhaps, for twenty or fifty bucks.

“Which rich man would wear clothes and shoes such as those you are decked in? You don’t just

look like a pauper, you are the visual description of a pauper!

“See, I have no interest to waste my breath with you! So I’ll repeat my phrase; a pauper like you who can’t even afford better clothes and shoes is not worthy to enter Moonlit Bear Ristorante! Get that into your dumb brain. Besides, how would you even pay **if** you were let in? You can’t afford expensive clothes and shoes, is it a meal in this restaurant that you can afford?

“Is this just how much you love deceiving yourself? Or perhaps could it be that you thought you

would get a chance to beg for alms and order some food once **you** manage to get inside?

“I guess that must have been your plan! You are not just a pauper, but a beggar too. Punk, **if** you know what is good for you leave here right now or...!”

Jordan shakes his head. So it is because of his appearance that this doorman thought him a pauper, **and** now he has added a beggar to the ridiculous list. He doesn’t **know if** to get angry or just allow his urge to laugh have its way.

If it was yesterday, he would have completely agreed that he did wear cheap clothes, and that is because he was still with the Cadens and pretending to be classless, but today is entirely different!

Not just are his clothes and shoes awfully expensive, but they are in fact, also customized without any labels. This is why this doorman, who appears to be too dumb for his age, could **say** that he got them from the **roadside**. He is saying such things about clothes and shoes that can feed him and his generation for a lifetime!

Well, he can't bother himself about what the doorman said about him, but did he just threaten him? "Did you just threaten me?" He raises a brow.

"I believe you heard me loud and clear, so why are you asking me that dumb question?

Punk, get

out right now or..."

"Or what?" Jordan sneers, cutting him off. "You would fight and throw me out?" He smiles sinisterly, and shrugs indifferently, "If you have what it takes then you can come at me! Let me see the stuff you are made of! I only have one problem though and that is that I hope your bones are strong enough."

The nose of the doorman flares. For the past five years he has worked here, no one has ever been this saucy and arrogant toward him. This lad must possibly have a death wish! In that case, he would fulfill it for him.

He clenches his fists and warns coldly, "This is your last chance to get out of here! If you do now, can forget everything that you said and not take it against you but if you..."

“Cut to the chase,” Jordan hisses. “I hate it when people babble so much and irrelevant things. Just come at me already if **you** think you have what it takes!”

“So arrogant, huh?” The doorman smiles maniacally, a deadly glint in his eyes. “In that case, don’t blame me for being impolite!”

“I don’t know if he would blame you or not for being impolite, but I sure would, and trust me, it would be better you were never born because what I’ll do to you, you would wish to die every second of your life!”

At this moment, before the doorman can make a move, Daisy’s cold menacing voice chimes, and the next second, she walks up to Jordan and stands in front of him, glaring dangerously at the doorman, her eyes bloodshot and her nose flared, almost as if she wants to breathe out fire!

## A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 14

### INSIDE THE RESTAURANT

“Miss Daisy!” The doorman’s jaw drops and he unconsciously takes two steps backward, suddenly looking so flustered.

This is Daisy, the prestigious Princess of the Kane family, who wouldn’t?

Her presence alone is enough to make anyone below her level flustered, both rich and poor, let alone him, a mere doorman, who has nothing to his name.

And to top it off, she appears so furious as if she just wants nothing more than to rip him into dreads.

But he has not wronged her in any way, so why is can she so furious at...



Wait, his pupils dilate.

She said she doesn't know if this punk would blame him or not, but she would, does that mean she knows him?

But he is just a pauper while she is the Princess of the Kane family, how can she be entangled with him, a mere pauper?

"Jordan is my date for the night, how could you riffraff treat him impolitely, have you gone nuts?!" Daisy roars, snapping him out of his reverie, dropping yet another bomb.

"What?" The doorman balks, his jaw almost dropping to the floor. Not just is the pauper entangled with Daisy, but he is actually her date. How can that be possible?

"I just said you treated my date impolitely yet you are still standing there! Do I need to remind you of what you need to do, or do you want me to show you just what I'm capable of?!" Not taking things likely at all, Daisy roars yet again, her eyes icy-cold.

The doorman breaks out in a cold shiver, big beads of sweat trickling from his forehead down his face, all the way to the floor. "Uhm," he sucks his teeth, exasperated.

"But he is a pauper and according to Moonlit Bear Ristorante's standards, paupers like him are not allowed entrance. It is an insult to the restaurant's personality. As the restaurant's doorman, I was only doing my job! Why are you lashing out at me?"

"Who said he is a pauper? Perhaps, are you trying to insinuate that I, Daisy Kane, don't have taste anymore to be going out with him? Are you also insinuating that my date ain't welcome here? **Is** that what you are trying to say? Eh? Just be clear and answer this if you have what it takes!"

The doorman looks down, not knowing what else to say. This Daisy Kane, he can't possibly exchange words with her, challenge her or provoke her any further lest he might not really be alive to tell the story.

"Alright," he takes a deep breath. "I'm sorry for everything. Don't take it to heart."

"Now you know to apologize! But I'm afraid I can't deal with such ridiculous apology! **You** can shove it up **your** wretched ass! Is that how they apologize where **you** come from?

"Punk, I can see you are bent on frustrating me to death and getting yourself ruined! In that case, I can as well show you what I'm made of," Daisy is boiling, seething, and raging and is in the utmost

mood to **go** all out! This doorman stopped Jordan from entering, someone she propelled to come to a date with her. How daring.

She would teach him a lesson he would never forget in a long time. She reaches for her phone, seemingly about to make a call, but **at** this moment, Jordan takes a deep breath and taps her on the shoulder.

"Just forget it," he says calmly. "He is not worth your time and anger. Besides, I'm no pauper so what is there to be mad about?"

"But," Daisy wants to contend, but on second thought decides against it.

Jordan is special to her, since he has decided to let it go, she won't refute it.

"Thank your stars that you offended someone like Jordan, who doesn't take things too seriously!" She hisses at the doorman and glares at him to her full before stomping away into the restaurant with Jordan slowly tagging behind her.

“See how he is following her tail like a flame to a moth. A typical gigolo. So shameless.”

The doorman hisses, casting a disdainful look at Jordan’s back, and spits out.

As they walk, Jordan can’t help but take a minute to admire Daisy, she was so hot when she was standing up for him a moment ago. So defiant. He loves it.

And she looks so dazzling tonight as if she had dressed specially for him.

Perhaps, she did. She is clad in a stunning spaghetti strap dinner gown that exudes glamour and confidence.

The bodice is crafted from a luxurious fabric like silk or perhaps satin, he is not very sure, with a plunging V-neckline that elegantly showcases the top layers of her cleavage.

The neckline is tastefully designed, with a subtle mesh insert that adds a touch of allure while

maintaining some modesty.

The delicate fabric creates a soft and flattering drape, enhancing the décolletage and drawing

attention to her upper body.

To top the salivating sight, the gown falls gracefully to a short length, hitting several inches above her knees, allowing her to show off her shaved sexy legs and a bit of her creamy thighs while still maintaining an air of sophistication.

And as she walks, her outrageous ass keeps wiggling front, back, right, and center that he is almost forced to stop her and ask if she wore panties at all because.

“Mmm,” he gulps, blood surging through his veins down his loins, his mouth watering and his steps faltering. That sight. Does she want to kill him before his time?

What manner of sorcery is this?

“Anything the problem, Jordan?” Daisy noticing his presence is falling far off, turns and asks, her brows slightly raised.

“Uhm,” Jordan swallows a lump of spittle as his gaze of all places to fall on, falls on her cleavage and he begins picking on his fingers. “**You**... You look dazzling!” He nibbles on his lower lip and

stares away.

Daisy flushes beet red, down to the root of her hair, and all the way to her neck. She had put in so much effort to dress this hot all in the hopes of impressing Jordan. One can imagine just how happy she is right now knowing her hard work has paid off.

“Thank you,” she whispers smilingly. “You don’t look bad yourself. You never do.”

She is not saying it because Jordan complimented her but because it is nothing but the truth. Jordan has this kind of body that brings out the beauty in every cloth. And tonight he looks

breathhtaking.

Her stomach flutters and her hand moves to his face, turning it back to her, her face slowly drawing closer and closer to it.

“Uhm, I think we should get settled,” however, that doesn’t go well as Jordan says awkwardly, breaking the moment.

“Uhm, sure,” Daisy bites down on her lower lip and nods, getting herself in check. “I arranged two spots. One is the corner over there,” she points at a decorated spot. “The other is a private room.

Choose.”

“There,” Jordan points at the corner and begins walking toward it while she follows.

The corner has soft golden lights all around and the table is covered in crisp white linens. A huge stone fireplace dominates one wall, with a cozy fire crackling within.

On the mantle above the fireplace is a large painting of a moonlit forest, with a great brown bear standing tall in the center.

“Nice,” Jordan mouths as he takes his seat.

Daisy smiles and also takes her seat, sitting across from him.

Soon, a waitress approaches them and takes their orders, and in no time the table is set with assorted kinds of foods and wines.

“Shall we?” Daisy asks with a smile.

“We shall,” Jordan retorts, picks up his cutlery, and dives in.

The food tastes so nice, Jordan can’t help but moan with a bright smile on his face, but suddenly

his smile fades slightly as his eyes catch sight of familiar figures.

It is Isabella and Henry! And this time there are other unfamiliar people with them.