

CEO's Unexpected Wife by Charlie

Chapter 19

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With that, Issac stood up and looked at Ian, who was beside him. Issac's expression returned to its usual

indifference. "Ian."

Sensing his cold gaze, Ian immediately understood and replied respectfully, "Yes!"

Then, Ian turned around and walked towards the door. Issac reached out his hand to Elaine and said gently, "Let's

80."

Elaine didn't know how she got back to the car. When the car started, she suddenly thought of something. She looked at Issac beside her and asked, "Did we pay?!"

"Yes."

Issac smiled faintly.

Elaine was really thoughtful.

Long before Issac picked Elaine up, he had asked Ian to call HOPE to order the latest dress, which she had changed into now.

Looking at her logy expression, Issac sighed helplessly and had to make up a white lie, "Don't worry. It's rented. It won't cost much. I'm going to give it back."

"Okay."

Elaine breathed a sigh of relief.

She almost thought Issac borrowed money from loan sharks. Fortunately, it was rented.

Soon, the car stopped in front of a five-star hotel.

Ian got out of the car and opened the back door with a friendly smile on his face. "Miss Curd, please get out of the car."

"What are we going to do?" Elaine unbuckled her seat belt and walked out of the car in confusion.

"I've already made an appointment with the hairdresser and makeup artist. They're here. Ian will take you there now." Issac's deep voice came from inside the car.

Seeing that Issac was still in the back seat, Elaine stepped forward doubtfully. "Aren't you going with me?"

"You want me to accompany you?"

Issac looked sideways at her and raised his eyebrows slightly. "I have something to do now, but it's possible for me

to accompany you. You..."

"No!"

Elaine quickly interrupted him and closed the door behind her. Then she made a face and followed Ian to the door of the hotel.

At the same time, a young man in a black uniform walked to the car, opened the door, and sat in the driver's seat. He greeted Issac respectfully, "Mr. Tort."

Issac, who was still in the car, looked away from Elaine, lowered his eyes to hide the smile in his eyes, and said in an indifferent voice, "Let's go."

By the time Issac and Elaine met each other again, it was already seven o'clock in the evening.

At this moment, Issac had changed into another well-tailored suit. He was wearing a white shirt under his suit and dark blue trousers. He looked handsome and charming.

Elaine, who was wearing delicate makeup, sat in a black Maserati with a nervous expression on her face.

Was this car also rented?? It was so luxurious.

"Have you eaten dinner?"

Issac naturally reached out and put the hair that fell from her cheek behind her ear. His eyes fell on the crystal necklace around her neck.

Great. Elaine was even more gorgeous when she dressed up. It seemed that he had to keep an eye on her.

Elaine slightly paused and nodded stiffly. "Mr. Capener ordered a few dishes in the evening. I ate some."

"That's good."

Issac withdrew his hand, glanced at the time on the watch, and said faintly, "Let's go now."

"Yes."

Hearing that, Ian in the driver's seat slowly started the car.

They didn't talk along the way, and the car finally stopped at an upscale and luxurious clubhouse called PT Club.

Two doormen came over and politely opened the door on both sides of the back seat.

"Let's get out of the car."

Issac reminded Elaine, who was still in a daze, with a gentle look on his face.

Elaine regained her composure and looked embarrassed. She quickly stepped out of the car in high heels and walked to the magnificent clubhouse, holding Issac's arm.

"Hello, please show the invitation."

Two men in uniform said politely at the door.

Behind them, Ian stepped forward and handed over the invitation.

When the two men saw the name on the invitation, their faces were full of surprise, and they quickly let them in.

"Are we here tonight to bid for something?"

After entering the elevator, Elaine's nervousness gradually eased, and a trace of curiosity and expectation appeared on her face.

She felt that the occasion tonight was really grand, and there was a sign at the door that said that media reporters were not allowed to participate, making her more curious about what it was like.

Looking at Elaine's expectant look, Issac smiled affectionately. "Business is the priority, and the auction is secondary. But if there's anything you like, you can also bid for it."

The corner of Ian's mouth twitched.

Any of the auctions cost more than 100,000 dollars here. But Issac didn't care it at all and said casually.

When they reached the level where the charity auction was held, many upper-class people had already taken their seats. It seemed that the auction was about to start.

"Mr. Tort, this way please."

Ian gestured for them to go to the front row of the audience.

Issac looked down at Elaine beside him and his tone became much gentler. "Do you want to walk around first? There's something to eat over there."

Elaine glanced at the auction and shook her head. "No, I'm not hungry now. We'd better take a seat first."

The venue was magnificent and everyone was well-dressed. Even the waiters who served the wine were tall and gorgeous. Indeed, it was the world of the upper class. No wonder Issac insisted that she change into another dress.

Otherwise, if she came over in her own clothes, she would be embarrassed!

"Okay."

With that, Issac took her to the front row.

After entering the seat, a waitress handed over a number plate, which was surrounded by a string of small light bulbs, making the number more conspicuous.

"Our seats are so good."

Elaine held the number plate and her eyes sparkled.

Although it was not the middle seat in the front row, it was the best place for Elaine because it would not attract

much attention and she could see the auction table clearly.

"As long as you like it."

"Mr. Tort, Miss Curd."

Ian came over with a glass of juice.

Issac nodded slightly and glanced sideways at Elaine beside him.

Ian immediately understood and handed the juice to Elaine. "Miss Curd, this is for you"

"Thank you."

Seeing that Ian had specially brought it over, Elaine couldn't refuse and reached out to take the juice.

Suddenly, the lights in the venue dimmed, and then a deep male voice came from the stereo on the stage, "Welcome to this charity auction. I announce that the auction is starting now. Please sit down. We will present the first item for auction."

After that, the lights in the venue lit up again, but only the lights on the stage were turned on. The people sitting below the stage could see the dark shadow around them, and the number plate that everyone had in their hands played its role at this moment.

Though their faces cannot be seen clearly, those different number plates with the light bulbs can make the auctioneer recognize them easily.