

I QUIT MR 156

Chapter 156

Isabella had a restless sleep for a few hours and vaguely sensed someone opening the door to her room. She rolled over, ignored it, and continued sleeping.

It wasn't until 6.00AM when her phone alarm went off as usual that she mumbled and reached for her phone with closed eyes.

However, instead of finding her phone, she touched something soft and furry.

She paused for a moment and then quickly woke up. She opened her eyes abruptly and propped herself up.

She lowered her gaze and finally saw the head lying next to her bed...

Isabella took a deep breath and almost thought that she was dreaming. She rubbed her eyes vigorously several times to confirm that it was indeed real.

"Mr. Shaffer?"

She tentatively called out, but the man lying there didn't move at all.

When did he come back? There was no sound at all. His movements were as quiet as a ghost.

Furthermore, why did he come back?

Isabella was bewildered, but she didn't dare to speak loudly. She could clearly see half of Seth's face exposed outside his arm. He seemed to have stayed up all night; the dark circles under his eyes were quite severe.

She pursed her lips, and as her gaze swept around, she suddenly noticed a food container on the bedside table.

Was it takeout?

Isabella sniffed the air, and her eyes lit up as she recognized the aroma she had been craving.

She was excited yet confused. She wondered why it took him all night to buy a bowl of pasta.

Seth was lying next to her. If she moved too much, she would wake him up, but the fragrance of the pasta permeated every corner, and it reminded

Isabella that if she didn't eat it now, it might turn into a clump.

She licked her lips and slowly shifted her body before sitting up cautiously.

Seth remained in the same position and was still deeply asleep. It indicated just how tired he was.

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief, reached for the container of pasta, and started to slowly open it bit by bit.

As she opened a small gap, the aroma rushed out.

Her stomach rumbled, and she suddenly felt hungry despite not having an appetite the previous day.

She felt a bit excited, so she was a bit too forceful when she lifted the lid and tore it off with a snap.

The noise was too loud and woke up the "beast" next to her.

Seth emitted an impatient sigh while lifting his head slowly and glancing at Isabella.

His eyes were bloodshot and mixed with irritation from being awakened. He glared at her fiercely, almost as if he wanted to open his mouth and swallow Isabella whole.

Isabella glanced at the clumped noodles in the container and then at Seth's chilling gaze. Then, her lips twitched uncontrollably.

She forced a smile while looking at Seth. "Good morning, Mr. Shaffer."

Seth had only slept for two hours, and despite his regular exercise routine, his body couldn't handle the fatigue.

Moreover, his inappropriate words had angered his grandfather, which resulted in him being hit twice by his walking stick, and his back was still aching from it.

After being abruptly awakened by Isabella, he was initially in a bad mood, but when he heard her greeting, it felt as if someone had gently brushed a feather across his heart.

He narrowed his eyes slightly and stared at Isabella to confirm that he wasn't

still half-asleep.

Over a month ago, when Isabella woke up beside him, she would say good morning,' but without any emotions. There was not even a fake smile like the one she wore now.

When Isabella noticed Seth staring at her, she felt uneasy and couldn't help but swallow nervously. "Mr. Shaffer, when did you come?"

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Upon listening to her voice, Seth regained his focus and irritably ran his hand through his hair. "When you started snoring."

Isabella was shocked. "That's impossible. I don't snore!"

Seth scoffed and reached for his phone. "I recorded it."

Isabella was speechless.

She still didn't quite believe it and glanced at his phone.

Seth was exhausted as he yawned and looked displeased. He noticed

Isabella sneaking glances at his phone, so he quickly put it away.

“What are you looking at? Didn’t you want to eat the pasta?”

Isabella glanced at the pasta and chuckled. “Mr. Shaffer, when did you buy

this?”