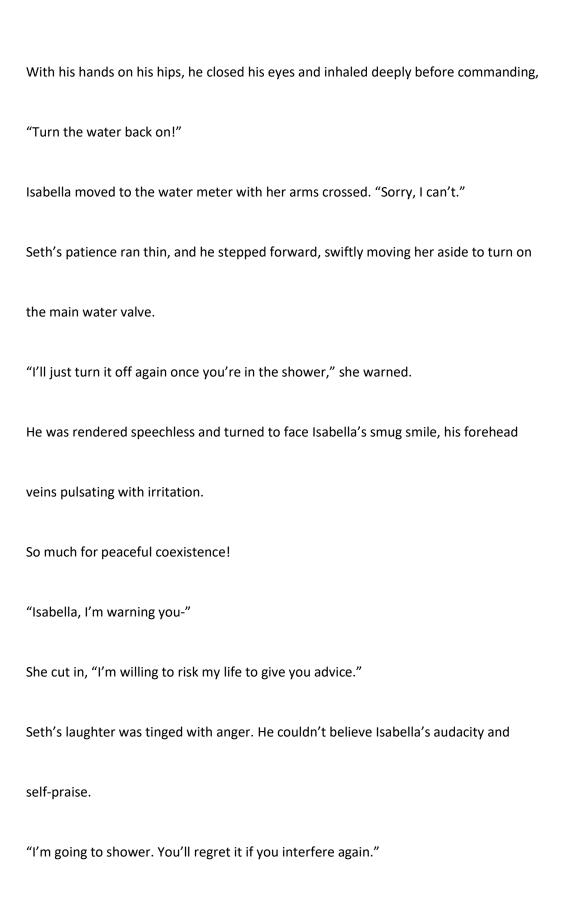
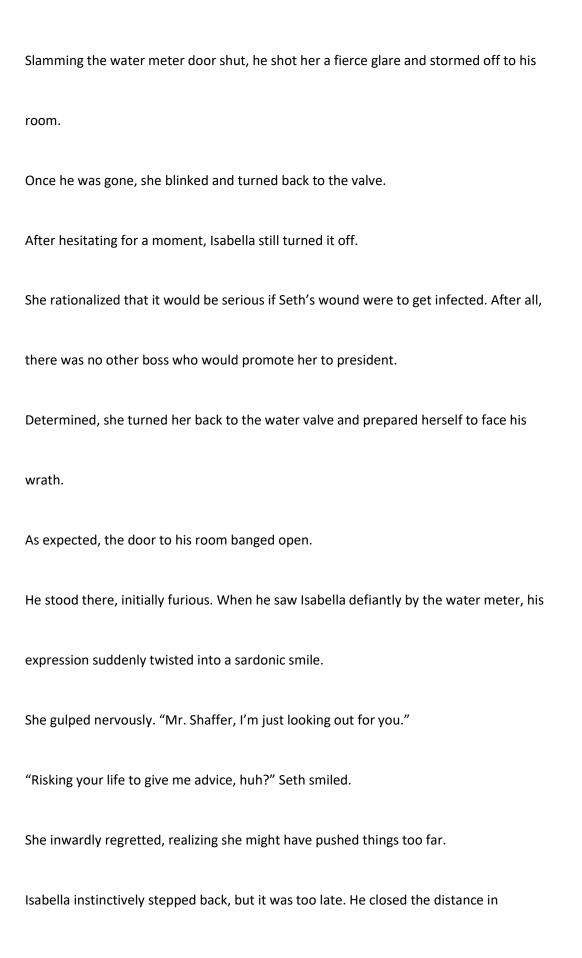
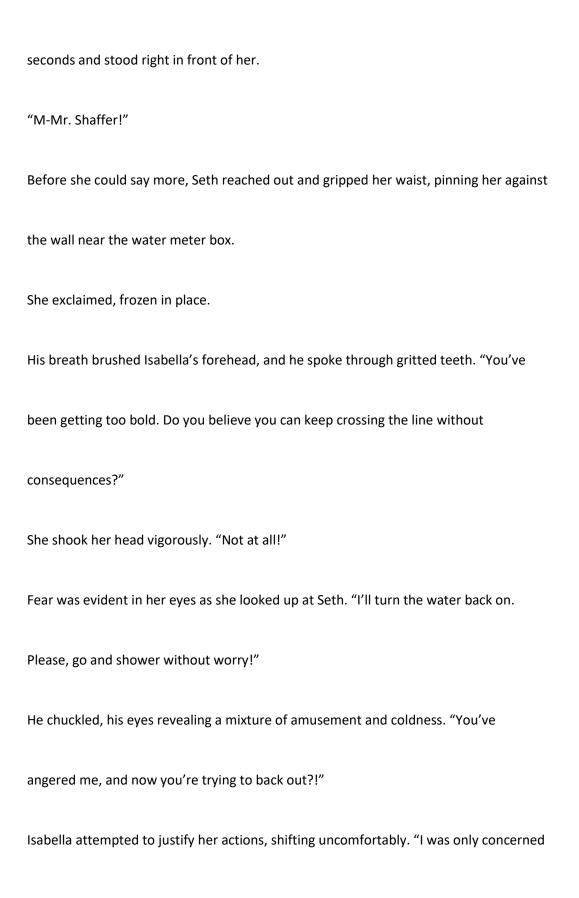
I QUIT MR 271

Chapter 271 Even The Trustworthy Man Is Hard To De
In an unexpected twist, pasta, like all types of noodles, can indeed be cooked through
braising.
Seth was displeased with his soggy pasta, while Isabella was quite satisfied as it was
just what she needed for her sore throat.
Their moods were starkly different as they finished their late-night meal in silence.
After finishing his meal, he set down his utensils and went straight back to his room,
presumably with the intention of taking a risky shower.
With a few hums, she turned off the water supply to his room as soon as he shut his
door.
Go ahead and try taking a shower now.
Isabella then propped up her legs and lounged on the couch to digest.
Presumably undressing, Seth did not immediately notice the lack of water.
Five minutes later.









about your health. My approach may have been incorrect, but my intention was good."

He scoffed. "It seems more like you want to die!"

She recoiled slightly. "No, I value my life."

As Seth observed her subtle retreat, his frown deepened. His anger subsided, but his

Isabella managed a forced smile. "Please, let me go. I... I'll turn on the water valve now."

"No need." His tone changed, and his gaze lingered on her face. "I'm no longer in the

mood for a bath."

displeasure remained.

She swallowed hard, her throat aching. "In that case-

"What's the point of taking a bath?" Seth suddenly laughed, his eyes shining with an

ambiguous emotion as they traveled from her neck to her collarbone.

Feeling the weight of his gaze, Isabella tensed. A shiver ran down her spine, and she

found herself unable to find the right words.

He then released a hand, gently lifting her chin to face him. "Isabella, is this your way of

seeking my attention? By causing trouble?"

She was confused.

What in the world are you thinking?