

I QUIT MR 302

Chapter 302

Seth abruptly stood up, catching Isabella off guard and causing her to momentarily forget to stand up herself.

He positioned himself by the bed, his tone sharp and accusatory. "Aren't you getting up? You're acting as if I've wronged you. Who are you putting on a show for?"

Isabella remained silent.

She propped herself up from the bed and glanced at him, silently hoping that he would someday lose his voice.

Unexpectedly, Seth, who had just been out of control, now changed his demeanor and patted Isabella's leg. "Roll over."

Not daring to provoke him, Isabella quickly complied, pressing herself against the wall.

Seth diverted his gaze, casually taking a seat on the bed.

There was a significant distance between them. Isabella, without even a blanket, felt an inexplicable heat lingering on her body from their intense encounter moments ago.

An eerie silence enveloped the room.

Isabella turned her back to Seth, her gaze fixed blankly on the wall.

Seth closed his eyes, feeling uncomfortably warm himself.

In that fleeting moment just now, he had considered pushing things further with

Isabella, prepared to take significant risks.

However, Isabella's words served as a stark reminder to him that such a course of

action would be like retracing the steps of five years ago.

Even if Isabella was motivated by money, he could offer more. But the whole endeavor

seemed pointless.

He regretted not preventing her resignation in the first place.

This inexplicable desire left him a bit bewildered, not just about Isabella but perhaps

because he hadn't been with a woman for a long time.

He decided to contemplate it more thoroughly once back in the city.

Similarly, he turned his back to Isabella. A touch of irritation lingered.

Upon hearing the movement, Isabella felt slightly more at ease as she managed to

close her eyes.

As time passed, sleep eluded her, but hunger did not.

They had barely eaten mashed potatoes for dinner. Following the meal, she drank plenty of water, making her feel full at the time. However, as time passed, the hunger became increasingly unbearable.

Recalling the chips and chocolate bars in her bag, Isabella slowly got up.

The person next to her remained silent, seemingly asleep.

Perfect. I don't need to share it with him, especially since I transferred the money to him last night.

Carefully, she crawled out of bed, making no noise.

After putting on her shoes and getting out of bed, she glanced back at Seth. His eyes were closed, his brows relaxed; he seemed to be sound asleep.

Hoping he would have a nightmare, Isabella rolled her eyes at the man, turned around, and left the room.

Her bag was in the living room. She gently opened it, revealing the snacks inside-chips and chocolate bars.

She retrieved her snacks and savored them, relishing the taste.

During the day, she had pretended to be energetic to encourage Seth. Now that she was alone, she could finally relax.

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As she enjoyed her treat, memories of her past childhood hardships surged.

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This village was too remote and impoverished. Although she had experienced hardship since childhood, she had only encountered such an environment when she was four or five years old.

Her mood improved significantly after having the snacks.

It would be even better if I had a glass of water. As Isabella thought this, she turned around.

Ah-!

She was startled by the dark eyes behind her and let out a scream, almost falling on her

butt.

Seth leaned against the door frame, his gaze meeting hers. "Not sharing with me?"

Isabella swallowed, tightly holding onto her food. "I brought it here myself."

Seth snorted heavily. He walked closer and attempted to snatch it from her.

Isabella dodged, glaring at him. "I gave you money!"

You ungrateful woman!

Seth lifted his chin, confidently retorting, "You live in my house. I've provided you with

everything. Did I ever ask you for money?"