

I QUIT MR 331

Chapter 331 An Invitation Upon Return

Isabella returned to Harmony Residence, utterly exhausted. She collapsed onto the bed, her mind still in turmoil. Her body had returned, but her soul remained in Southern City, She wiped her face and fell into a deep sleep.

She arrived home around nine in the morning and slept until three in the afternoon, during which numerous messages appeared. Her vision was still blurry. She held her phone and stared at it for a while before realizing the messages were from Corey.

“Bella, it’s my birthday. Would you like to hang out?”

Isabella was taken aback. She sat up and replied, “Are you inviting me to your birthday party?”

“I had a fight with my brother and don’t feel like throwing a party.”

Upon Return

Isabella ran her fingers through her hair, considering whether to refuse. This kid was Patrick’s brother, and she didn’t want to get too involved with him.

As she hesitated, a voice message from Corey came through.

Upon opening it, she heard a muffled voice from the other end, filled with frustration and a hint of grievance.

“Patrick beat me up. I don’t want others to laugh at me.”

Isabella sighed. “Then I might end up laughing at you too.”

“No, you won’t. You’re scared of me.”

Isabella was speechless. This kid was... straightforward. She sat on the edge of the bed, her mind in chaos. She had forgotten to close the door to her room. Looking into the living room, it was quiet; even the sunlight was too languid to shine in.

She needed to gather herself, or it would affect her work. With that thought, she sent a Voice message. “Alright, where shall we meet?”

“World Trade, it’s lively there.”

Kids indeed recover quickly from their moods. Just a moment ago, his voice was gloomy. But as soon as she agreed, his voice perked up. Isabella sighed, got up, and started to get ready. Standing in front of the mirror, she noticed her complexion was as pale as a ghost. No wonder Bloom had noticed. She patted her face, took a shower, and applied some light makeup.

While choosing her clothes, she hesitated. Normally, she would wear long-sleeved shirts and pants, but seeing Bloom today made her feel inexplicably upset. She was only twenty-five, so why live like an old woman? With that thought, she decided a white shirt and denim shorts that she had kept at the bottom of her wardrobe.

After getting ready and looking at herself in the mirror again, she felt much better.

It was almost four o'clock. She stepped outside, the temperature was just right, and the air was fresh. Most importantly, she didn't have to face Seth anymore, which made her feel relaxed. She bounced down the stairs, feeling younger.

She deliberately drove out. When she passed the main gate, the electronic security system announced her license plate number, which didn't seem too ridiculous to her.

She was supposed to meet Corey at four twenty. When she arrived, there weren't many people around, and she didn't see Corey anywhere.

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She ordered a milk tea and sat in the mall, waiting. The air conditioning was low, making her feel a bit cold. As she rubbed her arms, a Pikachu suddenly appeared. It was fluffy all over. Isabella couldn't help but want to touch it, but she guessed it was heading to the children's area, so she could only watch it with her eyes.

However, the next second, Pikachu changed direction and sat down next to her.

Isabella was surprised and delighted. She took a big sip of her milk tea and sneaked several glances at it.

Shahswaar Driver

She didn't watch many cartoons when she was a child, so she only knew this character was called Pikachu. A few years ago, a movie came out, and people around her started calling it a yellow mouse, which she thought was cute.

Just as she was secretly delighted, Pikachu suddenly stood up, pulled a jacket off a nearby mannequin, and handed it to her. Isabella, holding her milk tea, was completely stunned.