

I QUIT MR 335

Chapter 335

Seth dismissed Bloom and decided to drive to Harmony Residence himself. Initially, he had planned to call Isabella, but as he was about to dial, he couldn't help but scoff. If that foolish woman wanted to court death, he was content to watch her suffer. There was no need to warn her. With this thought, he pressed the accelerator to the floor. Although he had been living in Harmony Residence for quite some time, every time he entered, either Isabella or Jordan Roth was there with him. Pushing open the door, the room was eerily quiet, instantly fueling his anger. With a bang, the fish in the fish tank next to him suddenly collided with the tank.

Seth approached with a cold expression and, without hesitation, unplugged the power. A little lack of oxygen wouldn't kill them. Even if they died, they were just two fish. With this thought, he averted his gaze and went straight back to his room.

After taking a shower, his body felt fatigued. He lay down and closed his eyes, but something felt off. After sharing a bed with Isabella for a week, lying down alone suddenly made him feel a bit empty. The image of Isabella removing Corey's headgear

flashed through his mind. He snorted coldly and impatiently closed his eyes.

Isabella followed Corey to make a porcelain doll, which they then handed over to the shop for baking. The shop informed them that it would not be ready until the following day.

"I'll come and pick it up tomorrow," Isabella volunteered.

Corey didn't refuse and took her upstairs for dinner. The cake had already been ordered.

Isabella was enjoying herself, and after sitting down, she felt the urge to buy another gift for Corey. Otherwise, she couldn't shake the feeling of it being inappropriate.

Corey sat across from her, propping his chin with one hand, his eyes filled with languor.

Isabella looked up, about to ask about his preferences, and inadvertently noticed the sadness in his eyes. "Are you unhappy?"

Corey tugged at the corner of his mouth and casually replied, "No."

Isabella pondered for a moment and said, "You can talk to me about it."

Corey crossed his arms in front of him, gazing out the window. Outside, the sky was gradually darkening, and the lights had already been turned on. "I wonder how she spends today. It's my birthday."

Isabella was taken aback, not immediately realizing who he was referring to. After thinking for a moment, she guessed that Corey was talking about his mother. She felt a bit awkward and didn't know how to approach the topic. "She must have celebrated too."

Corey laughed, leaning back, and reluctantly licked his lips. "How can she celebrate when she can't even leave the house?"

Isabella paused. "Is she sick?"

"She's in the sanatorium," Corey casually replied, but his discomfort was evident in his eyes. "The old man locked her up there, not allowing her to leave."

Isabella wasn't particularly interested in the secrets of the wealthy, but when it came to his mother, she couldn't help but sympathize. From a moral standpoint, Corey's mother was the mistress, and she shouldn't feel sympathy.

But the word 'mother' struck a chord with her reminding her of Victoria in the sanatorium. She ignored her moral compass for a moment.

"I begged my brother for a long time, and he finally moved her to a sanatorium in the suburbs, where no one knows. But I promised my brother that I wouldn't go see her." He spoke calmly, but his gaze was fixed on the road beside him, not on Isabella.

Isabella felt a dryness in her throat, an indescribable discomfort. "What about sneaking a peek from outside?" She didn't think much, and her words came out before her brain could catch up.

As soon as her words left her mouth, Corey turned his head, his voice hoarse as he said, "Would you accompany me?"

Isabella was stunned, unsure of how to respond. Reason told her that she shouldn't get

involved in this mess.