

I QUIT MR 336

Chapter 336 Her Fish Died

At eight o'clock in the evening, Seth changed into fresh clothes and walked out of his room with a stern expression. It was only when he entered the living room that he realized Isabella had not returned. He felt annoyed, thinking that Isabella was starting to overstep her boundaries. Just because she had gone to the countryside with him, she seemed to believe she could do whatever she pleased.

Turning around twice, he suddenly noticed the fish tank at the entrance. The two fish that should have been lively inside were now floating lifelessly, belly-up.

It suddenly dawned on him that he had unplugged the power source earlier and forgotten to plug it back in after taking a shower. Isabella had put in a lot of effort to raise those fish. He vividly remembered that day when she had flirted with him and then hidden in her room, refusing to come out.

Now, the two unsightly fish were dead. If Isabella comes back... If she does, will he have to explain to her?

He glanced at the dead fish with cold eyes, casually turned the power back on, and

thought that maybe the fish were as cunning as Isabella, playing dead. After several

attempts, the two fish still couldn't turn over, floating belly-up.

He could ignore everything else, but that woman had recently learned to cry. What if

she came back and found the fish dead and started crying, making a scene, or even

threatening to harm herself? Mr. Shaffer felt annoyed, standing in front of the fish tank

in silence for a moment.

Ten minutes later, he made a call to Jordan. "Get two state banquet chefs over here,

now."

Isabella spoke impulsively and then realized she couldn't take it back.

Corey didn't even touch the cake. He rented a motorcycle and drove her to the outskirts

directly. When they arrived at the entrance of the sanatorium, Corey didn't go in. He

stared at the door plate for a while, then sat down by the roadside. "I can't go in."

Isabella was still holding the cake, looking at the boy with his head down, feeling a bit

uneasy. "Can your mom answer the phone?"

Corey wiped his face with both hands, his smile somewhat desolate. "She has people watching her every move, and she probably doesn't even know how to use a phone now."

Isabella was shocked, thinking that the Compton Family was too cruel. They were slowly driving a person insane. She sat down next to Corey, placed the cake on a higher curb, and carefully opened it. "Then let's light a candle outside, and I'll sing you a birthday song."

Corey lifted his head, his beautiful eyes squinting slightly as he stared at Isabella. "Bella, are you this kind to everyone?"

Isabella shrugged. "You're overthinking it. I just see that you're young."

"Young?" Corey raised an eyebrow and reached around Isabella's waist.

Isabella was startled, about to move away, but realized he was reaching for the small candle behind her.

Corey unwrapped the candle while speaking in a slow tone. "I'm already twenty-one."

Isabella sighed. "So young, I'm truly envious."

Corey's lips curled up as he inserted the candles one by one, then lit them with a lighter.