

## **I QUIT MR 339**

### Chapter 339 The Rich Man's Trick Of Shifting Blame

Isabella finished her late-night snack with a heavy heart, observing Seth all the w

He remained calm as if he didn't take the fish incident to heart. She sighed quietly,

thanked Seth after finishing her meal, and then returned to her room with her bag.

In the kitchen, the assistant was helping the chef clean up, whispering, "That fish was

clearly already dead..."

The chef glanced at his apprentice and said, "Don't talk too much."

The assistant remained silent.

Rich people are really strange. It's just two fish, but they made the poor chef take the

blame.

the bedroom, as soon as Isabella entered the room, she collapsed on the small

couch, her hands resting on her bulging stomach. She looked up at the ceiling and

sighed. Seth was acting a bit strange today, but she couldn't pinpoint what was odd.

A message came through on her phone. She picked it up and glanced at it. It was

Mandy.

'Miss Symons, you haven't forgotten about me, have you?'

Isabella quickly made a call, which was promptly answered.

Mandy's familiar sweet voice came through, charming and melodious, sending shivers down one's spine.

"I'm already in Imperia. Can I see you tomorrow?"

Isabella was delighted and replied, "Of course, I'll treat you to a meal."

There were important things coming up for Nemotors, and Mandy's visit was a good thing.

On the other end of the phone, Mandy spoke softly and had a few more words w

Isabella.

They agreed on a place and then hung up.

Isabella stretched her arms and yawned. She wanted to go out for a drink, but she worried about Seth outside. After hesitating for a while, she decided not to go. For some reason, she just found Seth annoying and didn't want to deal with him.

Since getting off the plane in the morning, the atmosphere between them was off. It was like before, yet not quite the same. She walked around the room a couple of times to digest the food. By midnight, there was no movement outside, so she prepared to rest. As soon as she lay down, she subconsciously left space for someone else. When she realized what she was doing, she couldn't help but slap her forehead.

What a fool! What was she doing? Seth was in the next room. She moved to the middle of the bed, her hands spread out. The space around her was large, and it should have been comfortable, but it just didn't feel right.

During the five years with Seth, although they had been intimate, they didn't share a bed often. Either she would leave on her own, or Seth would get up to take a shower and then go to the study to work. On the rare occasions they slept together, they would be busy all night until they were both exhausted and fell asleep.

Like in the countryside, lying down together at a set time and slowly falling asleep was simply impossible. Indeed, habits are a terrifying thing.

Sleep! She told herself many times in her mind until exhaustion took over, and she unknowingly drifted off to sleep.

Next door, Seth started a video conference, but his mind was not on the screen.

Various people were speaking non-stop in his earpiece. He responded indifferently until the meeting ended. Someone plucked up the courage to ask about the result of the plan.

“Modify part 3, the rest is approved.” After saying that, he didn’t give the planner a chance to speak and closed the communication channel. His finger lightly slid on the keyboard, unintentionally moving to the surveillance option.

In the camera, Isabella’s room door was tightly closed. Clearly, she was already resting.

He hummed lightly without leaving a trace and forcefully closed his laptop. She seemed to have no psychological pressure at all, falling asleep so easily.

Thinking about this, he couldn’t help but feel a bit irritable. He picked up his phone, thought for a moment, found Isabella’s account, and quickly made some changes.