

I QUIT MR 352

Chapter 352 Class Conflict

Isabella had completely forgotten about it. The subsequent events had been so infuriating that they had overshadowed the incident where Seth had taken advantage of her. When Seth brought it up, she was caught off guard.

Squinting his eyes, Seth looked at her mockingly.

“I couldn’t resist at the time, so I just went for it,” he said nonchalantly.

Isabella tightly gripped the ointment cap, causing it to crack open slightly.

She paused and put the ointment back into the bag.

“Dariel hugged Natasha, Leonard can hug Mandy, and you hugged me. There’s really issue with that,” she finished slowly, her voice devoid of emotion.

The playful glint in Seth’s eyes slowly faded as he stared at Isabella’s profile, carefully considering her words. He snorted. “Are you mocking me?”

“Not at all. I’m just being clear about where I stand.” Isabella turned her back to him and said indifferently, “You men aren’t foolish. You know which women you can toy with.

Hug if you want to hug, kiss if you want to kiss. What consequences could there be?"

Her tone was calm, but suddenly, she changed the subject, "The problem is that I don't come from a privileged background. I can't be like Miss Cline and the others, who can sit on an equal footing with you guys just by sitting down."

When she mentioned equal footing, her voice unconsciously lowered, revealing a faint resentment that she couldn't hide.

Seth sat behind her, his thin lips tightly pressed together. He hadn't intended to provoke a class conflict. He had just wanted to tease her a little in a moment of impulsiveness, but he hadn't expected the conversation to take such a turn and step on a landmine.

The atmosphere cooled down, and neither of them could find anything to say. After a long while, Seth exhaled impatiently, feeling a bit annoyed. "Did Corey send you back?"

Isabella responded softly.

Seth turned his face and glanced at the woman not far away, asking indifferently, "What do you think of him?"

Isabella leaned on the coffee table and answered truthfully, "I don't know, probably... not

bad.”

Seth chuckled, his laughter continuous and clearly mocking.

Isabella felt a bit unhappy and turned around, “Isn’t that the case?”

He was the younger brother of her good friend. He couldn’t have offended him, could

he?

Seth licked his lips, leaned over, and motioned for Isabella to come closer.

Isabella was a bit puzzled. She slowly leaned over but didn’t dare to get too close.

Seth stretched out his hand, his fingers spread out and placed it in front of Isabella.

“Take a look.”

Isabella looked at his hand. His fingers were long, and his knuckles were distinct. They

looked quite nice.

Seth shook his palm, “Can’t you see?”

Isabella looked closely again and noticed a small wound in his palm.

“Is this it?” She pointed with her finger,

Seth nodded.

Isabella was confused, not understanding what he meant.

“When I was twelve, I got this injury at the Compton Residence. A thumbtack pierced it.” Seth explained.

Isabella found it strange. The Shaffer Family and the Compton Family were close, and

Seth was the only son of the Shaffer Family. Even at the Compton Residence, he should have been well protected. How could he have gotten such an injury?

Seth leaned in, observing Isabella’s expression, before slowly speaking.

“Guess who did it?”

Isabella thought for a moment, “C-Corey?”

Seth raised an eyebrow and nodded.

Isabella looked away, a bit speechless, “It was just a kid accidentally hurting you.” Is it necessary to remember it for so many years?

Seth’s face darkened, his narrative tone almost gone, and he even felt like choking

Isabella a bit.

Isabella noticed his change in expression, cleared her throat, and asked, “How did he do
it?”