

I QUIT MR 353

Chapter 353 Even Seth Has Been Tricked

Normally, Seth would have turned his back without a word, but today, he had an agenda, so he had to speak up. His gaze fell on Isabella's hand resting in front of her, clenched into a fist. "Corey was six years old when he returned home, and he looked particularly adorable."

Isabella could imagine that he must have been adored by everyone.

Seth spread his palm upwards and said quietly, "The first time we met, Patrick was not at home. I encountered him at the front door, and he was being carried down from the car by the Comptons' butler."

Isabella listened attentively.

Seth's gaze lingered on his hand, his tone indifferent, "He had never seen' Patrick and mistook me for him."

He narrated step by step, effortlessly transporting people back to that afternoon. A six-year-old child, so beautifully crafted, could captivate even those who didn't have a

fondness for children with his smile.

“He said to me, ‘Hello, Patrick, and then extended his hand to me.”

As Seth spoke, he extended his hand to Isabella. Isabella was so engrossed in the story

that she subconsciously reached out to shake his hand. Suddenly, Seth grabbed her.

Isabella let out a cry of surprise, feeling a sharp pain in her palm, and quickly withdrew

her hand.

She hadn’t noticed that Seth had placed a toothpick in her palm at some point, and

pricked her the moment they shook hands. Looking up, she met Seth’s intense gaz

Isabella snapped back to reality, holding her hand in a daze. “How is that possible? H

was only six.”

A six-year-old child, concealing a tack in his palm, attempted to harm his brother, whom

he was meeting for the first time. No one would believe it, especially when looking into

Corey’s eyes.

Seth leaned back, his expression mocking. “Exactly, no one would believe it, so even

though I was pricked, I was still scolded when I got home.”

Isabella was dumbfounded, "Who scolded you?"

"The old man thought I was trying to take revenge for Patrick, attempting to harm that little devil, but ended up hurting myself."

Isabella was speechless. That was quite tragic. She sat on the ground, unsure of how to comment on this matter. Seth had no reason to frame Corey, but she couldn't figure out what she had that was worth Corey's scheming.

As she hesitated, Seth leaned over again, grabbing her chin with one hand. "His kindness towards you now is just like his smile towards me when he first saw me. As long as you let your guard down..." He increased the pressure on his hand, warning Isabella, "Then you can expect to be pricked."

Isabella stepped back slightly, pouting and rubbing her chin.

Seth gave her a glance, "Don't believe me?"

Isabella got up with the help of the coffee table and replied, "He pricked you because he thought you were Patrick. The butler who took him out of the car couldn't have been

pricked.”

Seth said nothing. He took a deep breath, looking at Isabella as if she were foolish,

“Your thinking is flawed again.”

Isabella raised her hand and continued to ask, “If Corey has such a big problem, why

does Patrick spoil him so much?”

“How would I know? Maybe he’s mentally ill?”

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Isabella pondered. How could he possibly get along so well with you if he wasn’t

mentally ill? She took a step back and said lightly, “Thank you for sharing your story. I

will keep my distance from Corey, but I also have my own judgment. I won’t form my

opinion of a person based on just one story.”

Seth’s face turned cold, his thin lips pressed into a straight line.

Isabella added, “The Zimmers are already going through legal proceedings, so my

safety issue should be resolved. I plan to move out of here tomorrow.”