

## **I QUIT MR 364**

### Chapter 364 His Mother Was Difficult To Deal With

Isabella received a warning from the nurse about a distressing incident that had occurred in the living room. "She attempted to harm herself by slitting her wrists, but we managed to intervene in time. The wound doesn't appear to be deep, but we are hesitant to enter the room for fear that she might harm herself again."

Standing at the door, Isabella felt a sense of seriousness and uncertainty. She knocked on the door and called out, "Madam?"

"Go away!"

Isabella was speechless. The woman's voice sounded strong, indicating that she might be alright.

"Even if the wound isn't severe, continuous bleeding can still lead to complications," the nurse whispered.

Running her fingers through her hair, Isabella asked the nurse, "Does she have any specific requests?"

The two nurses exchanged glances and replied, "She wants to see Seth!"

Isabella was once again speechless. Does she really need to push herself to the brink

just to see her son?

The voice of the old butler came from outside, and as Isabella turned her head, she saw

the butler tossing a key to her. He whispered, "Just go in."

Twitching the corner of her mouth, Isabella picked up the key from the ground a

couldn't comprehend why she was assigned such a difficult task. She quietly inse

the key, being careful not to make any noise. Slowly turning the doorknob, she only

opened a small crack, and the heat from inside rushed out. She frowned and slipped

through the crack swiftly.

The room was filled with fog, making it impossible to see anyone. After waiting for a

while, her vision finally adjusted to the surroundings. Walking on the wet floor, she

vaguely saw a human figure immersed in the spacious bathtub.

The woman was slender, and despite being nearly fifty, her skin was still smooth and

tight. Isabella couldn't see her face, but she was certain that it must be

well-maintained. "Seth..."

Isabella heard a faint murmur and felt a bit uneasy. "Mrs. Shaffer?"

The person in the bathtub paused, then turned around abruptly, her face filled with

horror behind the fog. "Who are you?"

Isabella stopped and replied, "I am Isabella."

"Isabella..." The woman sniffed and retreated back into the bathtub. "Where's my Seth?"

Isabella squatted down and spoke in a soothing tone, "He's on his way here."

The woman lowered her head and casually submerged her wrist into the water.

Immediately, the water turned red. Isabella was terrified, and without thinking, she

rushed over and grabbed the woman's arm.

The woman immediately began to struggle, crying and calling for Seth in a flirtatious

voice, not at all resembling a fifty-year-old woman. Isabella didn't have time to think,

and with a surge of strength from somewhere, she managed to pull the woman out of

the bathtub.

Erin sat on the floor, completely stunned by the sudden turn of events. “You’re so strong...”

Isabella was a bit speechless. She grabbed a towel and pressed it against Erin’s wrist.

“Let’s get out of here, and you get dressed. Seth will be back soon.” In her urgency, she

subconsciously didn’t refer to him as Mr. Shaffer.

Erin closed her mouth and sat there motionless, as if waiting to be carried. Isabella sighed, “I can’t carry you.”

“I’m not even 90 pounds.”

Isabella said nothing.

Erin glanced at her, pouted, and said softly, “Just give it a try.”

Isabella’s temple twitched violently, “I really...” Just as she was about to refuse, the woman immediately started sniffing. “I’ll give it a try.”

“Good.”

Isabella rolled her eyes. No wonder Seth has issues. His parents aren’t your regular

folks. She stood up, stretched her muscles, and attempted to lift Erin.

Erin was indeed not heavy, but the floor was too slippery. Just as Isabella lifted Erin, her

feet suddenly slipped!