

## **I QUIT MR 367**

Chapter 367 Some Assam Laksa For Erin

Isabella was taken aback and quickly glanced around to ensure that no one else was present. She pointed at herself and asked, "Me?"

Erin nodded in response.

Isabella let out a dry laugh, thinking that there must be a terrible misunderstanding, and waved her hand dismissively. "You've misunderstood. I'm just a subordinate of Mr. Shaffer."

Erin pursed her lips and lay back down.

"You think I'm an idiot," Erin said, staring at the ceiling.

Isabella was confused. "No..."

"Then why are you treating me like a fool?" Erin's gaze remained fixed on the ceiling.

Isabella clicked her tongue, feeling quite helpless. "I didn't deceive you."

"No subordinate of his would do that to him."

Isabella sighed and leaned back, feeling helpless. "You should know, when I took action

just now, I was prepared to die.” Who knew your son was so ruthless? He even endured it just to avoid seeing you.

Erin probably also sensed her thoughts. She sniffed, her voice becoming slightly tearful.

Isabella turned her head and looked at the woman who was at least 20 years younger than herself. “Why are you willing to hurt yourself just to see him?”

Erin turned her face away. “What do you mean ‘just’? Wouldn’t a mother go crazy if she couldn’t see her son?”

Isabella was at a loss for words; the logic was sound, but it still sounded shocking. She knew Seth fairly well; the situation just now definitely arose because of his deep estrangement from Erin. Otherwise, he would’ve come inside the residence without any reluctance.

She suddenly remembered that Seth had moved to Harmony Residence a while ago, probably to avoid Erin. This mother and son pair had some kind of estrangement, to the point where even seeing each other had become a luxury.

Erin quieted down; she didn't dare to go out, and there was silence for a while. After

about ten minutes, Erin turned her face again and said to Isabella, "Isabella, I'm

Isabella felt a headache coming on at these three words, and she turned to look at

woman on the bed. "What would you like to eat?"

"Fried bacon roll, fried calamari, assam laksa..

Isabella raised an eyebrow and turned to look at her. "You eat assam laksa?"

Erin nodded, licking her lips. "I really want to eat some."

Isabella smacked her lips. She also felt a bit hungry. She looked outside. It was so quiet;

Seth should not be outside anymore.

Erin suggested, "Let's order takeout."

Isabella took out her phone, worried that this area was not within the delivery range, but

surprisingly, there was delivery. Overjoyed, she quickly handed her phone to Er

the two of them huddled together to look at the menu.

Erin seemed like a split personality; twenty minutes ago, she was desperate, but now

she was able to hold her phone and order food like crazy.

Isabella placed a big order worth sixty dollars, feeling mixed emotions swelling within

her. Having assam laksa with Seth's mother. The thought of it feels surreal.

Time passed, but when it was the designated time, the delivery guy didn't call her. She

called back, and the delivery guy said it had been delivered. Was it intercepted?

She thought for a moment and decided to go out and check.

Erin reminded her, "Be careful."

Isabella waved her hand, crouched down, and walked out. There was no one outside; all

the servants had been sent away. Isabella peeked down and saw a large bag of takeout

on the coffee table. She tiptoed down, made sure no one was around, and quickly ran

over to take the takeout.

"Ordering takeout at my house. The audacity." A chilly voice came from nowhere.

Isabella shivered, slowly turned around, and sure enough, she met a pair of pitch-black

eyes.

Seth crossed his arms, one corner of his lips lifted, squeezing out a twisted smile, and

walked from under the stairs towards Isabella.

Isabella held the takeout bag, hesitated briefly, and then swiftly opened it.