

## **I QUIT MR 368**

### Chapter 368 Seth Is Furious

Seth's steps came to an abrupt halt as a horrifying odor reached his nostrils. His eyes widened as he stared at Isabella.

"What's that smell?"

Isabella, holding her takeout, sidestepped like a crab, using her bowl of assam laksa as a shield, and quickly moved past Seth. When she reached the stairs, she turned around and dashed up to the second floor.

Seth was left dumbfounded, unable to utter a word. On the second floor, Isabella entered Erin's room, patting her chest in relief. That was close.

"Seth doesn't like this," Erin whispered.

Isabella shrugged. It's a good thing he doesn't, or I would have been in trouble. She out the food, arranged it neatly, and then helped Erin sit down to eat.

Erin had only injured her wrist, but she had lost a lot of blood and looked extremely pale. She struggled to get off the bed, and upon seeing the table full of food, she

became melancholic again. "I wish Seth was here to eat with me."

Isabella couldn't help but roll her eyes. Forget it, it's impossible. To him, this food is no different from something rotten. She handed Erin a set of cutlery. "Eat up and rest a bit afterward."

Erin puffed her cheeks and took a few bites of the laksa, and her mood improved significantly. She even invited Isabella to eat with her.

As Isabella ate, she observed Erin. In just over an hour, Erin had gone through several emotions, making it hard to tell if she was normal.

While she was observing, Erin suddenly looked up. "I'm not crazy."

Isabella looked away. The room was filled with the sound of slurping noodles.

Isabella was on edge. Erin was an actress from a middle-class family. Her meeting with Morgan was like a Cinderella story, a legendary tale among the previous generation of actresses. What had happened to make things so bad between them that even Seth was reluctant to see his own mother?

"Did Seth have dinner, my dear girl?" Erin suddenly asked.

Isabella held her forehead. "Mrs. Symons, I am not his—"

Erin pouted.

Isabella sighed. "I don't know."

"Why don't you go ask him?"

D\*mn it, I saved your life, and now you're putting me in a difficult situation. Going to see

Seth now was like walking into a death trap.

"Men who work hard often have stomach problems, and Seth is no exception. He rushed back and definitely didn't have dinner." Erin put down her cutlery, looking worried and unable to eat.

Isabella glanced into her bowl. It was empty. And you call yourself his mother.

Just as she was about to dodge the issue, Erin got up, grabbed her arm, and pushed her out, pleading softly, "Please, check on Seth."

Isabella was exasperated. She went to the washroom to rinse her mouth first, making sure the smell was gone before she left. As soon as she stepped out, Erin closed the

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room's door, cutting off her only escape route. She wiped her face and resignedly headed downstairs.

Seth was sitting alone on the couch, surrounded by debris. It was a mess. Hearing the noise, he looked up at the stairs, and his lips tightened.

Isabella stopped in her tracks defensively, making a peace sign. "Mr. Shaffer, can I finish what I have to say first?"

"I'd be more comfortable if you just dropped dead."

Isabella sighed, obediently apologized, and then showed some concern. "You haven't had dinner. Is your stomach bothering you?"

Seth glanced at her, seeing right through her. "Stop the act. Weren't you trying to poison me with mangoes earlier today?"

Isabella was quiet.