

## I QUIT MR 376

### Chapter 376

At ten o'clock in the evening, Seth hurriedly drove home, his face stoic, and approached the front door of the main house, gradually slowing down his steps. He took a deep breath, trying to appear more relaxed.

"Hurry up, Bella has lost a lot of blood!"

"Mrs. Shaffer, it's alright. It's just a minor cut."

Upon entering the house, chaos greeted him in the living room. A maid rushed past him, holding a gauze soaked in blood.

"Master Seth," the maid greeted him, and the busy crowd suddenly noticed his presence.

Erin's face lit up with joy. She didn't even put down the gauze in her hand as she hurried to her son's side. "Seth!"

Seth responded indifferently, following the gaze of the crowd to the couch. Isabella had her hand wrapped in gauze, her face pale. When she noticed his gaze, she lifted her

head, her expression slightly strained.

No one spoke, creating an awkward atmosphere. The butler sighed and stepped

forward to explain the situation. "The lady was preparing fruit tea, and Miss Symons

was helping to cut the watermelon, but she accidentally..."

"Even cutting a watermelon can lead to an injury," Seth casually commented, but when

he caught a glimpse of Isabella's suppressed scowl, he swallowed the rest of his words.

He stood in front of the couch, unsure whether to go upstairs directly or stay. There

was nothing for him to say at the moment.

Fortunately, Erin was not deterred by his cold demeanor. She pulled him to the side.

"The fruit tea is only halfway done, but it's still drinkable." She chattered on,

conveniently guiding Seth to the dining table

A servant brought a crystal teapot filled with

Seth glanced at it, his gaze sweeping over th

Isabella. Looking at the pot of fruit tea, he wa

Most importantly, the negative energy he bro

lingered. The way that woman looked at him

uncomfortable all over.

“Try it.” Erin didn’t notice his unusual mood. D

thought Seth wouldn’t want to see her for at

expect him to return as soon as he heard Isal

Seth’s gaze fell on the tea in front of him. He

fruits in the pot a couple of times. There wer

mangoes to him.

Of these two women, one probably forgot about his mango allergy, and the other

probably couldn’t wait to feed him mangoes. Both were untrustworthy.

“There are no mangoes,” Isabella guessed his thoughts from his expression and

couldn’t help but remind him.

Seth hummed nonchalantly, reluctantly picked up the tea in front of him, and took a sip.

It was sour and sweet and not so bad. He didn’t take another sip, placed the cup down,

and stood up. "Don't make it again in the future."

Isabella pursed her lips. She didn't feel anything, but she guessed Erin would be upset.

However, Erin's expression remained unchanged. She nodded vigorously, "Okay, I'll

prepare something else for you next time!"

This expression made Isabella think of a word. Bootlicker. Tsk. She suddenly felt a

sense of balance. Even his own mother didn't hold any importance in front of Seth. It

wasn't a big deal if Seth showed her some coldness from time to time.

Seth walked past her and went upstairs without looking back. Isabella sniffed lightly,

catching a strong scent of alcohol on him. And a hint... of rose perfume.

"Bella, have a drink too." While lost in her thoughts, Erin brought a cup of tea to her