

I QUIT MR 378

Chapter 378 He Must Be Insane

Isabella was convinced that Seth must be out of his mind; otherwise, he wouldn't be doing such absurd things. She felt her body being lifted into the air, truly being held by a man. The faint scent of roses, mixed with a slight hint of alcohol, was so intoxicating that her brain almost disintegrated on the spot.

Seth carried her out of Erin's room and walked to his own room but stopped at the door.

Most of his drunkenness had worn off, but his current behavior was somewhat beyond.

his own imagination, leaving him in a state of indecision.

His mind was in a battle, but his body had taken a step ahead. He opened the door,

walked through the darkness, and placed Isabella on the empty, spacious bed.

The surroundings were very quiet, with only the faint sound of the air conditioner

blowing. Isabella dared not move, maintaining the posture in which Seth had placed

her on the bed.

Seth sat down beside her, staring intently into her eyes, his gaze penetrating. A few

hours ago, through the darkness, he had also confirmed at first glance that the woman was Isabella.

But as soon as he got close, his body immediately produced a rejection mechanism. He was a bit annoyed by this behavior, and looking at Isabella, he also felt a bit depressed.

He raised his hand and lightly slapped Isabella's face.

The woman frowned, exhaled, and turned over with a bit of impatience. Humph, she even had a temper. "You sleep like a log."

You're the one who sleeps like a log. Isabella turned her back to the man, secretly rolled her eyes, and then quickly closed them.

Seth sat on the edge of the bed, making several sounds of impatience. Isabella didn't understand what he wanted to do, so she could only maintain a tense state.

In fact, Seth himself didn't know what he wanted to do. He had certain thoughts about Isabella, but now that she was sound asleep, those thoughts had mostly subsided.

Most importantly, when he was at the Goldland Lounge, his first reaction was that the woman lying next to him was Isabella, and that joy was still lingering in his mind. What

on earth was going on? This uncontrollable feeling was making him irritable.

They were at a stalemate. Isabella almost couldn't help but open her eyes, but thinking about what they would say if she did, she held back.

After a while, Seth suddenly got up and picked her up again. Isabella was confused, and her heartbeat couldn't help but speed up. Seth carried her out of the room and surprisingly walked back to Erin's room, putting her back down.

Erin was excited and looked surprised when she saw her being returned untouched.

"Son, what's going on?" He didn't even touch her.

Seth's thin lips were tightly pursed into a line; he glanced at his mother and said in a deep voice, "Go to sleep."

Erin pouted, couldn't help but lean over and ask, "Can't get it up?"

Isabella was speechless.

Seth glared at his mother with cold eyes and said menacingly, "If you don't sleep, don't hide here anymore."

Erin snorted and lay down next to Isabella. Seth stood in place, staring at Isabella's face

for a while, and then turned around after a moment. Hearing the door close, Isabella

couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

Erin muttered softly beside her, "He took you out and did nothing. Is Seth crazy?"

Isabella's temples throbbed, and she admired Erin's level of motherhood. After a while,

Erin was quiet, and Isabella kept her eyes closed but couldn't sleep. What on earth was

Seth thinking, carrying her to his room in the middle of the night and then carrying her

back?

Is he out of his mind?