

## **I QUIT MR 398**

### Chapter 398 Cheekiness Can Be Problematic

“Is it too much to ask for a kiss after all the effort I’ve put in for you?” Jordan, standing at the door, rolled his eyes upon hearing his young master’s words. “You should take up a communication class,” he thought.

Seeing the atmosphere inside the room about to change, he quickly knocked on the door with his constantly ringing phone. “Get out!” Ah, the sound of dissatisfaction.

Jordan braced himself and entered, deliberately avoiding the gaze of Isabella, who was kneeling nearby. “Master Seth, Ms. Years is calling.”

His words had barely fallen when Isabella’s expression changed. Seth noticed the redness on Isabella’s face visibly receding at a rapid pace and her displeasure skyrocketing. He knew what Isabella was thinking. “Hang up.”

“Yes.” Seeing Jordan actually hang up the phone, Isabella was a bit puzzled. “Master Seth, the doctor is still here, so should we have Miss Symons checked?” Jordan asked again.

Seth frowned, glancing at Isabella's complexion. She had consumed drugged milk tea.

Although the quantity was small, it was harmful. "Get up yourself."

Isabella pouted, struggling to stand up with the support of the floor. Seth instinctively

wanted to help her, but she was strong enough to turn and walk away on her own.

Fine, tough girl. Suppose that's what you want. His irritation was immediately apparent

on his face.

Watching Isabella quickly walk out, Jordan felt a surge of frustration again, hoping

Miss Symons could also take a course on reading the room. "Master Seth, Mr. Com

has taken Corey away."

Seth's eyes were cold, and he frowned as he straightened his shirt. "He knows what

explanation he owes me."

Jordan nodded, wisely retreating to the side. Isabella had gone next door, probably for a

long examination. Seth looked 'unhappy, ready to smash something at any moment.

Jordan certainly didn't want to be the target of his anger.

Next door, Isabella had her blood drawn by the doctor and underwent a basic

examination. By the time everything was done, it was almost midnight, but she felt no

sleepiness. Thinking of Mandy and Alex, she went to find Seth again.

Seeing her anxious face, Seth didn't say a word. She seemed to care a lot about her

newly met friends.

Isabella, seeing him silent, could only look at Jordan. "Ms. Sue was drugged in the

bathroom and is now in the hospital. She's fine. Miss Young is with her."

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief. She was the one who brought them out. If something

happened to Mandy, she would never forgive herself. After asking, Seth still didn't

respond. Never mind, she decided to leave.

Just as she was about to turn around, Seth's gaze turned cold.

Jordan was speechless and quickly spoke up, "Miss Symons, would you like to spend

the night here?"

Isabella paused, thought for a moment, and asked, "Are you returning to Imperia

tomorrow?"

“Yes.”

Isabella hesitated, then said, “I want to visit my mother. It might take some time.”

Seth said, “Who told you I was going to take you with me?”

Jordan was speechless. Master Seth, please shut up.

Isabella was taken aback, feeling a bit depressed. “I have money. I can afford a

high-speed train ticket.”

Seth said nothing. The atmosphere turned tense again.

Isabella didn’t want to stay in this room any longer. She gritted her teeth and walked

out.

Seth sat on the edge of the bed, his fists clenched.

Jordan’s eyes darted around quickly, and he wisely called out to Isabella. “Miss Sy

have you... had dinner yet?”

Isabella was confused.

Seth frowned, casting a deep gaze at Jordan. “Does it matter to you if she starves to

death?”