

I QUIT MR 224

Chapter 224

Isabella felt her maternal instincts overwhelming her, causing her to be moved by the sight of Seth eating ravioli.

“Mr. Shaffer, rest assured that I will strive to lead Nemotors to greater heights,” Isabella assured Seth with determination, feeling motivated in the middle of the meal.

Seth glanced at her as if she were a fool, not bothering to respond.

Not receiving a response, Isabella awkwardly rubbed her nose and continued eating as if nothing had happened.

She found the ravioli delicious, but Seth merely ate a few pieces, seemingly not enjoying it.

“Is it not good?” Isabella asked.

Seth licked his lips and replied, “I’m full.”

Isabella noticed that he didn’t reach for the napkins beside him. After a moment of thought, she took a handkerchief from her bag and handed it to him.

Seth's gaze fell on the handkerchief, but he didn't take it immediately.

He wasn't a pretentious person, and it wasn't his habit to use handkerchiefs. However, the napkins in the restaurant were not up to his usual standards, so he couldn't bring himself to use them.

"It's clean and unused," Isabella assured him.

She wasn't one to use handkerchiefs often, either. The one in her bag was prepared by Celine, and she didn't expect it to come in handy.

Seth took the handkerchief and quickly wiped the corners of his mouth.

Isabella watched him and reached out to take it back after he was done.

Instead of returning the handkerchief to her, he folded it and put it in his suit pocket before urging her impatiently, "Hurry up and eat."

Isabella responded with an "Oh" and quickly lowered her head, stuffing food into her mouth.

While she ate her food ravenously, as if she was going to swallow the bowl as well, Seth doubted they were eating the same thing. How could she find it so delicious?

“Excuse me, can you pack some ravioli for me?”

“Sure thing!”

Seth muttered, “Glutton.”

His mutter didn’t escape Isabella’s ears, so she secretly rolled her eyes while stuffing food into her mouth.

While the two of them sat in silence, the sound of the restaurant owner making a phone call came from the kitchen. It sounded like a takeaway order.

After a while, the restaurant owner came out, looking embarrassed. “I’m sorry. We accidentally accepted a takeaway order. The customer will pick up the food, so do you think...”

Seth ignored her.

Glancing at Seth’s expression, Isabella instantly had an idea. “It’s alright. Let that customer come in. We’re finishing our meal.”

The restaurant owner breathed a sigh of relief, and with a smiley face, she hurriedly

praised the couple for their good looks.

Isabella felt awkward and didn't say much since explaining would only make it seem

like she was covering something up.

As soon as the restaurant owner left, Seth spoke to her.

"I think you're quite scheming."

Isabella was speechless at that.

Seth sat up straight, his gaze scanning her from top to bottom as if he had seen

through her. "You didn't explain what our relationship was just now. I'm sure the

restaurant owner will spill our relationship to the media as soon as we leave."

He even snorted and sounded very certain, his eyes filled with wariness toward

Isabella.

Seeing that look on his face, Isabella was speechless and burst out laughing on the

spot.

"Mr. Shaffer, you really do... have wild imaginations."

Isabella couldn't tell whether he was joking with her or if he really thought so. He looked

at her with an expression as if he had seen through her and suddenly stopped urging

her to eat, instead adopting a leisurely posture.

Isabella complained inwardly but had to continue putting on a facade. It was mentally draining.

As the two were locked in a silent standoff, there was a noise from outside. A young man wearing a cap entered the restaurant.

Jordan quickly got up to follow him, but Isabella, with her sharp eyes, reminded him,

“It’s okay. Let him in.”

The man didn’t look up until Jordan let go of him. Then, he proceeded to enter the