I QUIT MR 400

Chapter 400 Some Emotions He Knows All Too Well

"There's a plane," Isabella suddenly exclaimed.

Seth snapped back to reality, following her gaze, and casually asked, "Are you

interested in planes?"

Isabella blinked, giving him a skeptical look.

She thought to herself, Is he clueless? She closed her mouth and continued to gaze

outside. Time passed, and the porridge was ready, but Isabella had fallen asleep.

Jordan stood by, watching Seth rise and walk over to where Isabella was sitting.

"Master Seth," he said.

Just as he spoke, Seth turned around and gave him a cold glance. Jordan closed his

mouth, his gaze sweeping over Seth's arm as a reminder to take care of his injury.

Seth hesitated for a moment, then bent down and effortlessly lifted Isabella from her

chair. A sleeping woman was always more compliant and pleasing to the eye. He gently

placed her down and glanced at Jordan.

Jordan's mouth twitched, and he quickly retreated. The surroundings fell silent. Seth

walked to the other side of the bed and lay down.

He covered Isabella with a blanket and lay down next to her.

The faint sound of breathing filled his ears. Turning his head, Isabella's face was clos

at hand. He couldn't help but raise his hand, pinching Isabella's nose, stroking her ha

and playing with her ears.

His movements were gentle but also quite presumptuous. The corners of his lips, subtl

lifted, but he quickly restrained himself, his expression unnaturally fading.

He withdrew his hand, forcing himself not to look at the person next to him. Closing his

eyes, a wave of irritation suddenly washed over him, mixed with many emotions he

knew all too well. When he opened his eyes again, it was as if someone else had seen

through his thoughts.

This feeling was very uncomfortable, especially when the person next to him was

sleeping so soundly. He grunted heavily and closed his eyes again.

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At six o'clock in the morning, Isabella woke up first, turning her head in confusion to

find Seth lying next to her.

She gasped and quickly sat up straight. He wasn't covered with a blanket and was

wearing the same clothes she remembered.

She herself was still in her bathrobe, not having moved at all. Straightening her clothe

Isabella silently got out of bed, opened the door, and found that there were still people

Outside guarding the place.

She retreated back into the room and called the front desk from the bathroom to have

her wet clothes from yesterday washed and dried. By the time the clothes were

delivered, Seth was still asleep.

She quietly went out to get the clothes, then retreated to the bathroom to change.

Outside, Seth's sleep was actually quite light. He heard Isabella's movements, but he

didn't open

his eyes.

Isabella closed the glass door and locked it, causing him to let out a soft hum. She'

very capable, but she's quite cautious. He had seen everything and wouldn't peek at

her.

He got up irritably, instinctively treading lightly. As he passed the bathroom door, he

suddenly stopped.

The door was frosted, and with the light on inside, he could see the general outline of

the interior from outside. He clicked his tongue.

Isabella moved quickly, but her clothes seemed to be stuck, and she spent a long time

fiddling with them while naked.

Seth's expression was serious, but his feet didn't move. "Do you need scissors?"

Inside the bathroom, Isabella, who was pulling at a thread, suddenly stopped. She

blinked at the mirror, turned her head to look at the door, and vaguely saw the

silhouette of someone outside. Her face heated up slightly, and she quickly took two

steps back. "No need!"

Seth snorted, covering his mouth with his hand and opening it slightly. She was so

suspicious, and he was just trying to help her

He stood still, and in a short while, Isabella came out dressed, her hand unnaturally

pressing against her back, her expression a bit strange.

"Is something wrong?"

"No."

Isabella moved to the side, making way for him.

Seth gave her a glance, his tone commanding as he said, "Turn around."