

## **I QUIT MR 138**

### Chapter 138

Seth sat sternly on the side, tilting his head slightly, supporting his temples with just two fingers, and looked at Isabella with a smirk that wasn't quite a smile. "Someone is supporting you now, so your tone has changed."

She frowned, glanced at Gordon beside her, and probably guessed what these two had just said. Facing Seth's gaze, she didn't back down. "If you know someone is backing me up, you should show me more respect in the future."

The hint of a false smile in his eyes instantly froze. Maintaining the same posture, he stared at her intently. After a while, he chuckled. "The person supporting you doesn't mean much to me. Do you think you deserve my respect?"

Seth finished speaking, and Gordon had already stepped forward before Isabella could retort.

“Seth, stop pretending. As long as I’m here, keep your hands off her. You can give it a try.”

She was helpless. She had only wanted to have a conversation but accidentally ignited something. Surprisingly, she couldn’t control the situation.

“You’re foolish.” Seth didn’t even spare a glance for Gordon, straightened up, and looked at the doctor behind Gordon. “Why are you just standing there? Is her leg taken care of?”

The doctor, caught up in observing the commotion, had paused in his actions. When Seth called out to him suddenly, he couldn’t help but feel a bit embarrassed. He quickly lowered his head and resumed his work.

The atmosphere was tense. Isabella’s mind went blank, and even the pain in her leg became numb.

No one said a word. Only Gordon stood assertively, like a protective bird

guarding her chick.

Seth didn't even bother to glance at Gordon, showing impatience to leave, constantly checking the time on his wrist.

Isabella noticed his actions and couldn't help but say, "Mr. Shaffer, if you're too busy, you can go first."

"Do I need your permission to leave?" Seth shot her a disdainful look, sending a sharp gaze in her direction.

She bit her lip, rolled her eyes behind Gordon, and kept silent, choosing not to speak.

After a while, the doctor finished treating her wounds and carefully explained the details. "It's better for you to stay in the hospital for observation."

"I have to stay here?" She frowned, looking at the doctor with confusion. "Is it that serious?"

"This is a steel needle, not an embroidery needle." The doctor's expression

was speechless as he threw the forceps in his hand into alcohol.

Isabella was at a loss for words, silent for a moment. She didn't want to stay in the hospital, yet she was worried that there might be a real problem with her leg. She was in a dilemma.

"What are you thinking? Just stay if you need to." Gordon turned around, directly deciding for her, swiftly taking out a card. "I'll go pay for you."

She found it hard to make a decision, hesitating to speak. However, he didn't wait for her to gather her thoughts and walked out.

She sighed helplessly, raised her head, and again locked eyes with Seth's indifferent gaze. Feeling uneasy, she turned her face away. She didn't want to give him much attention and avoid showing any vulnerability.

Gordon acted quickly, and in no time, he had arranged everything related to the ward.

Isabella initially thought about walking over, but Gordon swooped in, picking her up in one smooth motion, leaving no room for anyone else to intervene.

Seth watched coldly, making no sound, but followed them to the ward.

When Gordon carried her, Isabella felt tense. She refrained from leaning

against him, aware that in Seth's world, she was still considered his property

-perhaps a used one. Being his possession, she believed others shouldn't

defile her.

Meanwhile, Seth stayed quiet the whole time. He was definitely up to