

I QUIT MR 152

Chapter 152

Approaching 9.00PM in the emergency room, the nurses were preparing for a shift change. Suddenly, they saw a man, as handsome as a Greek god, hastily approaching with a corpse in his arms.

“Sir, you-”

“Get a doctor!” Before the nurse could finish, Seth shouted.

The young nurse was startled and quickly went out, asking, “From which department?”

Seth was dumbfounded. He assessed the injuries that Isabella had suffered since the morning, from head to toe. Each injury required a different medical specialty.

At least a consultation with the hospital director was necessary.

His expression was stern, and the nurse could tell it was serious. Without waiting for him to speak, she turned and rushed to the director’s office.

Mr. Shaffer, Please Help Buy Some Food

“Director Witt, there’s a seriously ill patient!”

Under the suit, Isabella blinked, her thoughts oddly clear.

She opened her mouth and, with the last bit of strength, said, “Mr. Shaffer, please don’t take away the suit later. I don’t want to be embarrassed.”

Seth was dumbfounded.

At 11.00PM, the doctor finished administering the IV to Isabella and jokingly said, “If you had come a bit later in this condition, it would have made headlines.”

Isabella forced a smile, her throat dry, unable to speak.

By the window in the hospital room, Seth furrowed his brow. He had been standing there for nearly half an hour.

While Isabella was being examined and receiving the IV, he only stood there.

The nurse had to go through the admission procedures for Isabella.

“Doesn’t she need medicine?” As the doctor packed up to leave, Seth, who

had been standing in the background the whole time, suddenly spoke.

“Medicine?” The doctor’s eyes behind his glasses flashed with

speechlessness. He pushed his glasses up his nose and took a pen and

paper from his pocket, saying, “Well, I suppose I can prescribe something.”

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Lying on the bed, Isabella estimated that the doctor would prescribe some

blood-nourishing medicine. After all, she wasn’t originally sick; she had simply

fainted from hunger.

The doctor skillfully wrote on the paper, tore it off, and handed it to Seth. “Go

get the medication.”

Finally, Seth did not stand idly. He reached out and took the prescription.

Seeing the doctor leave, Isabella couldn’t help but prop herself up halfway.

“Mr. Shaffer, you don’t need to trouble yourself. I’ll go after the IV is finished.”

Seth ignored her, scanning the prescription from top to bottom with a

complex expression./

Curious, Isabella asked, "What's on the prescription?"

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"So talkative, huh? Why don't we skip the IV? You can leave after you pluck off

the needle." Seth intentionally spoke sarcastically, mocking Isabella for

talking too much.

Isabella pouted, reflecting for the umpteenth time that she should maintain a

cold distance from Seth.

With a casual toss, Seth tore the prescription and threw it into the trash bin.

Hands in his pockets, he walked straight out of the room.

With a click, the door closed.

Gritting her teeth, Isabella sat up. Stealthily, she climbed down from the bed

and skillfully picked out all the torn pieces of paper from the trash bin. As she

did, she complained about Seth's behavior. The prescription wasn't a trade

secret. There was no need to tear it into confetti.

She managed to retrieve all the paper pieces, but each piece only had one or two words.

The only complete one read “cheese.”

Isabella was confused. What kind of medicine was called cheese? She blinked, sat down with difficulty, and pieced together the prescription according to the shapes of the torn pieces.

If it were a usual day, with Isabella’s capability, she could have finished it in less than three minutes.

Unfortunately, her intelligence was impaired, and even focusing for a short while gave her a headache. What would usually take three minutes ended up