

I QUIT MR 153

Chapter 153

Isabella's first thought was that Seth had returned when she saw the door open, but it was a nurse who entered. She felt a mix of surprise and confusion, appearing polite but slow-witted at the same time. "Is there something wrong?"

The nurse looked into the room and said, "Director Witt sent me to check if you're able to buy food on your own. The hospital provides meals for patients."

Isabella was tongue-tied and slow to respond. "..."

"The gentleman who was here earlier has been gone for a while, so Director Witt sent me," the nurse said suggestively.

1/6

Isabella felt helpless, unsure whether to appreciate the doctor's consideration or complain about the nosiness of the doctors and nurses.

Sighing, she decided to focus on her appetite first. “Thank you. Please order a meal for me. I don’t have any dietary restrictions.”

After giving her an “OK” hand signal, the nurse closed the door, and silence

2/6

returned to the ward. Isabella leaned against the headboard of the bed and stared at the shredded paper in the bin.

She couldn’t help but miss the food from Eataly. She used to go there often with Natasha, but they hadn’t been there recently due to their busy schedules. The taste of the food lingered in her mouth, making everything else seem bland in comparison.

Furthermore, the hospital food was mostly flavorless, and her taste buds were weakened from not eating all day. She forced herself to eat something, but her stomach couldn’t handle it and started to ache again. In the middle of the night, she had to call the doctor twice and received a scolding.

“What’s wrong with your boyfriend? I know he’s Seth Shaffer, but this is not

how a boyfriend should behave, even if he's rich. If he continues treating you like this, find another boyfriend."

While enduring the gastric pain, Isabella felt both puzzled and amused by the doctor's advice. She clenched her jaw, remaining silent and curled up in bed, waiting for the pain to subside.

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Her mind was in turmoil, but she didn't dare to fall into a deep sleep, worried about the reverse flow of blood from the IV drip. So she stayed vigilant throughout the night until dawn, when the IV drip finally finished. When the doctor came to remove the needle, he rambled on and even asked if she had any hidden reasons.

3/6

Speechless, Isabella pretended to be asleep in the end. After the doctor left,

the ward returned to its previous pin-drop silence, with only the soft whirring of the air-conditioning audible.

She let out a deep breath, releasing all her frustrations, and coaxed herself to sleep. She didn't know how long it had been, but her mind finally found serenity.

Claymont Hills, the old Shaffer residence.

In the spacious traditional living room, the floor was covered in broken porcelain, and Lara knelt on the floor with disheveled hair, looking pale from crying.

On the couch with a teakwood frame, Spencer, dressed in an ironed

4/6

button-down shirt, sat with his back straight. He frowned, staring intensely at his youngest daughter as she complained, feeling frustrated and angry.

"He still hasn't arrived?" Spencer asked in a strong voice, sounding nothing

like an old man.

The bodyguards outside glanced at each other, trying to get someone else to answer. In the end, the leader stepped forward helplessly. “Mr. Seth is driving and should be here soon.”

Spencer responded with a deep grunt, revealing none of his emotions. His lips were tightly pursed, and every movement he made was a more advanced version of Seth’s.

However, Lara was not satisfied that Spencer didn’t lose his temper. “Dad, you have to do something about this for me. Otherwise, I’ll be too embarrassed to