

I QUIT MR 159

Chapter 159

Seth burst out of the room, kicking the door open in anger.

With Seth's intimidating presence gone, Isabella finally relaxed, leaning weakly against the headboard.

As she calmed down, she noticed her palms were damp with cold sweat. She had lost control of herself-she had poured a bowl of soup over Seth's head.

She slapped her forehead and scolded herself in annoyance.

Seth never returned after that, and there was no explanation. He left Isabella to dwell on her thoughts in the ward.

At 8.00PM, the doctor came to check on her, and she requested to be

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discharged.

The doctor scolded her a bit and prescribed a bunch of medicines. “Young lady, your health is your most valuable asset.”

Isabella listened, feeling a pang of bitterness. She valued her life too; it was life’s pressures that had driven her to this point.

She packed her things and slowly made her way to the pharmacy to collect her medications.

In the queue, two nearby nurses were whispering to each other.

“Mr. Larson from the third ward is so difficult to please. He’s been causing trouble since he was admitted yesterday.”

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“People like him are the worst. He looks down on the conditions of our hospital. He might as well go to a private hospital.”

“His injury isn’t even serious, yet he insists on Dr. Witt performing the surgery.”

Isabella casually eavesdropped, grabbed her medication, and hurried away

while keeping an eye out for Christopher, the troublemaker.

She wore a mask as she stepped into the elevator, where only another

woman was present. The woman was well-dressed and moved to the side

when Isabella entered.

As the elevator doors closed, the woman began talking on the phone.

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“All right. I’ve already bought it. It’s all your favorite food. I personally bought

them for you. Christopher, you’re being unreasonable!”

She went from being sweet as honey one moment to angry as a volcano the

next.

Isabella smirked as she observed quietly. Just moments ago, she overheard

nurses complaining about Christopher, and now she encountered his

girlfriend in the elevator. What a strange coincidence.

When the elevator doors opened, the woman, still fuming, continued to

berate Christopher, who was on the other end of the line.

Isabella quickly got out of the elevator, eager to distance herself from the

heated atmosphere.

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Her phone rang again when she reached the first floor. It was a call from

Gordon.

She suddenly remembered that he had been stopped by Dariel yesterday,

and she wasn't sure what had happened afterward.

She answered the call as she walked, and Gordon's voice immediately came

through.

"Isabella, where are you? What happened? What did that jerk do to you?!"

Her lips twitched. "Everything's fine. I just spent one night in the hospital."

"What?" Gordon sounded incredulous.

She didn't want to go into details, so she redirected the conversation before

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he could ask more questions.

"What about you? Where are you?"

As expected, Gordon got sidetracked, and he immediately launched into a

series of curses.

"That scoundrel, Dariel, called my father, and I've been confined at home

since last night!"

Isabella blinked, surprised by Dariel's tactics. She felt like laughing but

thought it would be inappropriate. So, she restrained herself.

Once Gordon was done venting, she tried to console him. "Take a couple of

days off. How about I treat you to dinner when you're free?"

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Despite being on the phone, his mood remained foul, as if he was seething

with rage. Despite Isabella's best attempts to calm him, his emotions

remained unsettled.

"Wait for me. I'll be out tomorrow, and they'll pay for this!"

She couldn't help but feel amused. His threatening tone sounded no different

from a child throwing a tantrum.

Isabella continued to soothe Gordon a bit more. Once a cab arrived, she

quickly seized the opportunity to end the call.

Inside the cab, the driver asked for the destination. Isabella thought for a

moment and decided it would be better to check the situation at the

company first.