

## I QUIT MR 226

### Chapter 226

As Isabella embodied a typical independent personality, she was always reluctant to owe anyone anything. When she first joined the company, Seth merely did her a small favor, and she couldn't help but fall into his hands. Today, she felt as if her world was about to crumble when she suddenly found herself owing Seth a great favor.

The doctor and nurses were constantly going in and out of the room, and since she was forbidden to enter, she could only watch as the nurses carried things in and out.

The yellow and red gauze on the emesis basin created an unsettling sight.

Earlier, she had dared to yell at the doctor, but now, she hesitated. After much contemplation, she eventually ran after the doctor and inquired about Seth's condition.

"His wound will inevitably leave a scar, but no worries. You can reduce the scar's appearance later," the doctor replied casually. However, Isabella felt an immense increase in pressure. She knew Seth well. Even though he appeared indifferent to his appearance, he was actually very particular and proud.

During their five years together, she had never dared to bite or scratch Seth. When she was feeling emotional, she would only bite herself at best.

Once, she accidentally scratched his back, and he gave her the cold shoulder for a week. Because of that, she could tell how much Seth cared about his appearance.

Now that he had a scar covering half of his back, she felt that her situation was no different than experiencing a catastrophe.

Isabella paced back and forth outside the room as she waited for the doctor and nurses to settle everything inside. The hands on her watch had already passed 11 p.m.

Jordan opened the door and glanced at her. "Miss Symons, you can go back first."

Isabella shook her head. "Can I go in and have a look?"

Upon hearing that, Jordan wore a troubled expression. Then, he came out and left the door ajar.

"It's better if you go back first. You know how Mr. Shaffer is. He's in a bad mood right now.

His statement was considerably thoughtful as he subtly hinted to Isabella not to stick

around and become a scapegoat.

If it were others, they would have escaped by now. Yet, Isabella was stubborn.

She stood still while glancing inside the ward through the crack in the door. "Don't tell

Mr. Shaffer then. I'll just wait outside. I won't go in and bother him."

Jordan was a bit surprised. This lady usually doesn't seem too eager to get close to Mr.

Shaffer. Yet, she's taking the initiative at such an inappropriate time.

Thinking of this, he praised Isabella inwardly. His tone, too, grew a lot gentler. "I'll get a

room for you. You can rest next door."

Isabella was momentarily stunned. "That won't be necessary."

"It's fine. We're not in a public hospital. There aren't so many rules."

With that, Jordan didn't say much and went straight to the front desk.

Meanwhile, Isabella stood outside. She sneaked a peek into the room, but the lights

inside had been turned off. As a result, she couldn't see anything at all.

She felt slightly disappointed and anxious, followed by a wave of guilt.

Soon, Jordan returned. As expected, he got Isabella the room beside Seth's.

Reluctantly, Isabella sat down in the room. However, she wasn't sleepy at all. She was still wearing Seth's coat, which carried both Seth's scent and the scent of the ravioli restaurant. As the two scents fused, they created a peculiar atmosphere.

If he hadn't taken off his coat, the ravioli wouldn't have come into direct contact with his skin.

Isabella was filled with regret as she covered her face and stubbornly thought,

Everything would have been fine if I hadn't listened to Celine tonight and had chosen a coat myself.

As a matter of fact, she resented Selena a little. The consequences of this disaster wouldn't have been so severe if Selena hadn't messed with my cloak.

A mix of emotions surged as she sat on the edge of the bed. She stayed motionless for long time.

Around midnight, the clock on the wall rang, and faint voices sounded outside.

Soon, someone knocked on the door.

Isabella instantly snapped back to reality. Instinctively thinking something was wrong with Seth, she hurriedly opened the door.

After opening the door, she saw Jordan standing outside with two teary-eyed nurses behind him.

“Miss Symons, we may need your help.”

“Do tell,” Isabella said without the slightest hesitation.

Glancing at the nurses behind him, Jordan elaborated slightly helplessly, “Mr. Shaffer was halfway through his medication, but he complained the nurses used too much force and drove them out.”