

## **I QUIT MR 227**

### Chapter 227

The burning sensation on his back had subsided, and Seth felt much more at ease. He

lay still with his back turned towards Isabella, being unusually obedient.

Isabella was meticulous throughout the process. At the same time, she tried to be as

efficient as possible to avoid disturbing Seth's rest.

She felt guilty and her emotions were stirred further when she saw the burst blisters on

Seth's back. She racked her brain for ways to repay this favor.

Applying the medicine was a tedious process that needed to be done every two

nours

After the first application, Isabella had no intention of leaving.

With his back turned to her, Seth remained silent for a long time before finally saying,

"Leave."

Feeling powerless, Isabella sighed and said softly, "You should sleep. I'll stay and

change your medicine."

“I can’t sleep with the sound of your breathing,” Seth said.

Immediately, Isabella opened a drawer, grabbed a mask, and put it on. “Can you still hear my breathing?”

Seth remained silent.

Isabella propped her chin on her hands and lay down like a little puppy. She was determined to take good care of Seth tonight, no matter what he said.

For her, repaying a personal favor was undoubtedly the most difficult of all favors.

85%

Seth could guess her intentions without even opening his eyes, which explained why he was annoyed and wanted to give her a hard time.

The room was quiet, with only the occasional sound of footsteps from outside.

Isabella fought against her sleepiness. She constantly calculated the time in her head.

However, there was a limit to a human’s energy. Furthermore, she had been on edge all night. Therefore, drowsiness came rushing in when things abruptly quieted down.

Just before she started to doze off, she instinctively grabbed the edge of Seth’s pants,

ready to assist him if needed.

Seth suddenly moved just as she was about to fall asleep.

Feeling her arm move, Isabella immediately sat up and stared blankly ahead.

Seth struggled to sit up. When he turned his head around, he saw Isabella's dazed expression.

After letting out a snort, he added, "And you're supposed to take care of me. Judging by how deeply you sleep, no one would even know if I died in my sleep."

Isabella licked her lips, feeling a little embarrassed. Then, she stood up. "What do you need?"

Seth asked sarcastically, "Going to the bathroom. Are you going to help me with that, too?"

As Isabella didn't grasp the hidden meaning behind his words, she nodded immediately.

"Sure. I can help."

"Huh," Seth replied with a mocking tone.

Isabella paused for a while. Sensing the teasing tone in his voice, she looked up to meet his eyes.

In the surrounding darkness, his eyes were surprisingly bright. A hint of mischief flashed in his pupils as his gaze swept over Isabella's face.

Isabella realized something was off, and her cheeks involuntarily heated up. "I meant to say that I can help you get there.

"My legs aren't broken," Seth said.

As he spoke, he swung his legs off the bed and stood up smoothly.

However, as he bent over, he inadvertently strained his back wound and let out a hiss of pain as expected.

Isabella was alarmed, and she promptly went to support him. "Be careful."

Annoyed, Seth glared at her. "This is all your fault."

Isabella was at a loss for words. Even if Seth hadn't said it, she knew she was to blame for tonight's events.

For once, she didn't retort, looking as meek as a young wife, Seth snorted and went to

the bathroom with a frown.

Isabella waited outside the door. Deep down, she reflected on her actions and thought about how to apologize to Seth.

The sound of running water came from the bathroom. Seth came out without sparing

Isabella a glance and lay down again with a cold expression.