

I QUIT MR 228

Chapter 228

About half an hour had passed, and someone gently knocked on the window of the ward. Knowing who it was, Isabella quietly went outside.

The bodyguard had bought various types of food, all of which were exquisite and delicious-looking take-outs from The Red House.

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Isabella set up a small table by the bed and arranged the food on it, one by one, before waking Seth up.

Seth opened his eyes, his brows furrowed tightly, still looking displeased.

By then, Isabella had filled a bowl of soup. Realizing there was no place to put it, she simply held it herself.

Topless, Seth propped himself up and glanced at everything on the table, looking uninterested.

He casually took a few bites and then stopped.

Immediately, Isabella handed him the soup. "Try this bowl of mushroom soup.

Seth glanced at it. His lips curled up haughtily as he said, "It's still steaming. Are you trying to scald my tongue?"

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Upon hearing that, Isabella choked a little. After that, she immediately rummaged.

through the takeaway bag before turning her head in surprise. "There are ice cubes!"

Seth ignored her, but Isabella didn't mind. She just did her own thing, and once she repaid the favor, she wouldn't feel guilty anymore.

She put three to four ice cubes into the soup and felt the temperature with her hand.

"It should be drinkable now.

Keeping a cold expression, Seth lifted the spoon in his hand and scooped a spoonful of the soup. He merely brought the spoon to his mouth and tasted it with his lips before immediately exclaiming, "It's cold!"

Isabella was speechless.

Even though she could probably sense that Seth was finding fault with her on purpose,

she wasn't in the mood to get angry because she felt that it was normal for him to throw a little tantrum, considering the wound on his back.

She took a disposable spoon from the side, looked up at Seth, and asked, "Can I take a sip to test the temperature?"

Seth didn't respond.

Understanding his point, Isabella scooped a spoonful and tasted it. Indeed, it wasn't that warm.

Then, she looked at the side. Upon seeing that there was still some hot soup left, she figured she could add a little bit.

Just as she was about to turn around, Seth suddenly raised his hand and immediately snatched the soup from her.

His movements were too fast, so Isabella didn't have time to react. Subconsciously, she put the spoon she had used to taste the soup into the bowl.

Holding the bowl, Seth tilted his head back, drank half of it, and said irritably,

“Incompetent.”

Isabella bit her lip and didn't retort.

She stood aside, looking somewhat awkward now that her hands were empty.

Seth didn't care about Isabella's feelings. He simply took a few bites of different foods and then began to show his displeasure.

Fortunately, there were specially prepared seasoning packets on the side. As soon as he commented on the taste, Isabella immediately started to adjust it to his liking.

By the time Seth finally finished eating, Isabella secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

It was almost 3 a.m., and it was time to change the dressing again.

Since Seth was annoyed by the fuss, he wouldn't let Isabella touch him at all.

Tired, Isabella spoke gently as if she was coaxing a child, “I'll be quick. It'll only take a moment. After that, you can sleep right away.

Seth snorted, “You took twenty-six minutes the first time.”

Isabella held up her finger and swore, “This time, it will only take ten minutes.”

“No.” Seth pursed his lips, adamantly refused, and then lay down.

Isabella stood by the bed with her hands on her hips, thinking calmly for a moment.

Immediately afterward, she walked around the bed, took her phone, and returned to where Seth was lying.

She squatted down, turned on the phone camera, and aimed it at Seth's bare upper body and somewhat pitiful-looking face.

Click!

At once, a strong flash lit up the room.