

## **I QUIT MR 249**

### Chapter 249 That's Not His Child

The unexpected incident involving Seth left everyone in shock, and he regained consciousness just as abruptly. The onlookers observed the CPR process without any inappropriate thoughts. Whispers began to circulate as soon as the doctors lifted him onto the stretcher, especially when Gordon rushed into the crowd with a gloomy expression, picked up Isabella from the ground, and silently returned to their room.

Still in shock from the intense scene, Isabella sat on the bed in a daze until he shouted,

“Why did you have to be the one to give him CPR?!”

Isabella frowned, surprised that this was his first question. “It was urgent.”

“Don’t give me that. Corey knows what to do. Why didn’t he do it?” He was so angry that his chest heaved. He took a sip from his water cup, then threw it on the ground, cursing under his breath.

She instinctively felt that he was being unreasonable but paused when she heard his last sentence. That’s right. The situation was so urgent that Corey shouldn’t have had

any concerns and should have done it himself to save time.

“He was drowning. It wasn’t an act.” She only thought of Seth’s condition and

immediately dismissed the fleeting thought.

Gordon was at a loss for words. He couldn’t argue with that. After all, no one would joke

about their life. He paced back and forth, feeling very upset. He didn’t want to take his

anger out on Isabella, as everyone saw that it was Caitlin who forcibly dragged her to

the scene.

If Isabella had hesitated and tried to refuse, she probably would have been verbally

attacked.

He sighed and glanced at her. “You rest. I’ll take a break.” He had always treated Isabella

with care. It was rare for him to be so cold and harsh; even more peculiar for him to

storm out of the room.

Helpless, Isabella rubbed her temples and calmed down as several images flashed

through her mind. When she bent down to give Seth mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, he

suddenly opened his eyes, which were wet and naturally defensive, albeit lacking

intimidation due to his near-drowning state.

The cold sensation on her lips didn't register at the time, but now, it felt real, as if she was still in that scene. How bothersome.

She ran her fingers through her hair and reached for her phone without any energy.

Before she could unlock it, a call came in. It was Nicolas.

Isabella assumed he was rushing over to look after Seth and decided to answer the call after some thought. "Isabella, what's the situation over there?"

She explained the general situation. "He should be fine now."

He sighed, sounding anxious. "Isabella, why didn't you stop Mr. Shaffer? His back injury is so severe. Even if he's saved now, it could get infected."

She was frustrated. "I couldn't stop him."

"Well, you could've tried harder. Aren't we paid to cater to their whims?" Nicolas rarely spoke from a high position, then added, "I just got in touch with Selena here. She insists on keeping that old man's child and is trying to pin it on Mr. Shaffer, who's already

unlucky enough.”

Isabella was confused. “What old man?” As soon as she finished speaking, she jumped

from the bed, fighting off dizziness. “The child isn’t Seth’s?”

Nicolas exclaimed in surprise, “My goodness. How can the child possibly be Mr.

Shaffer’s?”

She was speechless.

He continued, “That child is Mr. Lime’s from Sixteen Days. It was the night Mr. Shaffer

went to see you and left Selena alone at the hotel.”

Isabella was still stunned, her mind spinning as she vaguely remembered the timeline.

The night she set a trap for Lara, Seth did appear suddenly, and Selena was nowhere to

be seen.

“Isabella?” Nicolas called out again.

She sat on the bed, her emotions swirling. “I-I’m listening.”

“I have to wait for Selena to be out of the operating room. It’ll be a while before I can get

there. Can you keep an eye on Mr. Shaffer for me?”

Isabella hesitated to speak but stopped herself. "I..."

How could she keep an eye on him? Just a few days ago, she had slapped Seth in the face, and now, she couldn't even have a conversation with him. However, Nicolas didn't seem to care and said a few more words before abruptly ending the call.

Feeling helpless, Isabella sat by the window and forcefully tapped her head several times, recalling Seth's reaction on the phone. He had given her a hint, but she had made an assumption based on her own perspective and accused him directly. He had protected her from the soup, and she had... repaid his kindness with ingratitude?

She was already reluctant to owe anyone any favors, and now it had become more than just a simple favor. Her mind was in chaos, and she couldn't sit still. As a result, she opened the door and headed towards Seth's room.

After asking the front desk for his room number, she followed the sounds and traced their source. The entire fourth floor had been booked, so there were only a few medical staff coming and going. The corridor was empty.

She tiptoed over, gradually approaching Seth's room as faint voices could be heard from the adjacent room.

"You're quite audacious. Aren't you afraid something might happen?"

"I've been diving abroad for four or five years. I'm pretty confident about this. Don't you

trust me, Dariel?"

"I was terrified at that time. If something happened to Seth, wouldn't I be implicated as well?"

The two male voices were easily recognizable as Corey and Dariel.