

I QUIT MR 253

Chapter 253 A Paiful Seth

The people inside were unaware of the events unfolding outside. Isabella urgently called Jordan, asking him to come immediately. True to his reputation, he arrived with a group of people in less than ten minutes.

For ten minutes, she had been supporting Seth, her legs almost giving out. When Jordan arrived, she got into the car with him. Instead of sitting close to her, Seth sat on

the side, his body radiating heat.

She thought he must be out of his mind, going out and causing trouble while he was sick, as if he was playing with someone else's life. The entire journey was silent. When they arrived at the hospital, they were greeted by the same doctors from a few days ago.

"How could he go into the water? The ocean, no less!" The attending doctor, who had been respectful all this while, changed his expression when he saw the condition of

Seth's back.

Isabella leaned over to take a look and felt a wave of nausea. She was about to make a face when Seth caught her in the act. Thus, she awkwardly tugged at the corner of her mouth and quietly moved outside the hospital room.

Meanwhile, Jordan was standing at the door. When he saw her come out, he cleared.

his throat. Sensing he had something to say, she stopped and immediately heard his.

words. "Mr. Shaffer rarely gets hurt."

No kidding. He's treated like a delicate baby. Who could harm him?

"Except when he was a child," he added.

She was taken aback. "He got hurt often as a child?"

He shrugged. "Back then, we used to decide who would suffer with Mr. Shaffer based on who lost a bet."

"Looks like you were the unlucky one."

Jordan took a deep breath, seemingly very emotional, and glanced into the room.

"Madam has been at home these past two days, and Mr. Shaffer doesn't want to

return.

Isabella was puzzled, not understanding the connection.

The doctor came out of the room, his face looking grim. "We need to treat the wound.

We have to go into the operating room."

"He needs surgery?" She was shocked.

"It's not exactly surgery. It just needs to be done in a sterile environment." The doctor

sighed repeatedly, then looked at Isabella and Jordan. "We understand Mr. Shaffer's

temper, but you can't afford to let him have his way. Otherwise, this will turn into a big

problem."

The two remained silent.

The doctor wrote a prescription, asked Jordan to get the medicine, and told Isabella to

push Seth to the operating room.

She had been quite resentful toward him, but after learning in the afternoon that he

was not the father of Selena's child and needed medical treatment, her resentment was

temporarily overshadowed by guilt and sympathy.

She walked into the hospital room and found Seth shirtless, his back covered in a mess

of ointment, looking terrible. He was hanging his head low, probably feeling too

uncomfortable to even lift it despite hearing a noise.

The nurse pushed in a wheelchair, and Isabella gently patted his shoulder. “Mr. Shaffer”

Seth frowned slightly and looked up. His pitch-black pupils were still deliberately fierce,

but his eyes were filled with bloodshot veins, and with the beads of sweat on his

forehead, that fierceness twisted into frustration.

At that moment, she sighed inwardly, softened her tone, and took the initiative to

support his body. The man was not polite at all, putting half of his body weight on her.

Isabella gritted her teeth, didn’t make a sound, and managed to move Seth onto the

wheelchair by herself. She breathed a sigh of relief and pushed him toward the

outpatient operating room.

Soon, they exited the elevator and stopped at the entrance of the operating room.

Before the man was pushed in, he grabbed her hand and asked, “Do you know how

much I've suffered this time?"

She pursed her lips. "I know."

The man grunted heavily.

She sighed. "I will never forget your kindness, Mr. Shaffer."

He snorted lightly and let go of her hand.

Straightening up, Isabella then handed the wheelchair to the nurse. She watched as he proceeded into the operating room, knowing it was just a minor operation and there was no danger. She wasn't nervous, just a little uneasy.

Seth was right. The suffering he had endured this time was all because of her. She had stubbornly provoked Nemotors, and when things went wrong, she had encouraged him to confront them. When they were chased by the Zimmers, he had driven the car into them. When Yandell splashed oil soup on them, he had "sacrificed himself for others."

While her mind was in turmoil, her phone rang. It was Natasha asking about her location. She glanced at the red light of the operating room and said, "I'm with Seth."

He's in the operating room."

Natasha was surprised. "That jerk finally got what he deserved?"

Isabella was left speechless by that statement. If it were any other time, she would

have been cheering, but she couldn't bring herself to be happy in that moment.

Meanwhile, Natasha didn't care about Seth, as her tone was gossipy. "Not long after

you left, the prince found his Cinderella."

Isabella was stunned. "He did?"

"Yes, and it's someone you know." Natasha smacked her lips, her tone teasing. "Seems

like her name is... Freya?"

"Freya Houghton?" Isabella frowned.

Natasha continued, "The prince found Cinderella by the scent of her shampoo. Can you

believe that?"

"Unbelievable..." said Isabella.