

I QUIT MR 255

Chapter 255

Seth was struggling fiercely, his face turning red. Isabella thought he was being stubborn, so she increased her force, insisting that he swallow the medicine.

Both sides were at a stalemate, their eyes bloodshot, their mental states twisted into a life-or-death struggle. Finally, he closed his eyes and stopped moving.

Unbeknownst to her, the man had fainted from anger. She breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the joy of victory, and withdrew her hand, patting his cheek. "Just take the medicine and stop making a fuss.

Seth didn't respond. Isabella thought for a moment, feeling that something was wrong so she slapped him harder a couple of times. "Seth?

Did I suffocate him to death?

Instantly, she checked his breathing, which was normal, and then his pulse, which was also normal. It seemed he wasn't dead, but she became nervous, nevertheless. She thought for a moment, then pinched his philtrum hard!

Hmm!

With a muffled grunt, he suddenly opened his eyes, delighting her. The next second, though, he closed his eyes again.

At that point, Isabella was at a loss. She tried slapping his face, and Seth started breathing heavily, unlike before when he didn't respond. She patted her chest, comforting herself. As long as he isn't dead.

After all the fuss, she was sweaty and exhausted, and she collapsed on the edge of the bed. His heavy breathing echoed in her ears, reminding her he was still alive.

She turned to look at him and muttered, "This is unbelievable."

Considering their relationship, it was strange to be in this situation. She closed her eyes, then pushed herself up from the edge of the bed. Once she was sure he was asleep, she decided to go to her room to take a bath.

It was almost 10 p.m., and she had to act quickly. She took a quick shower, rinsing off the shampoo after only a few scrubs. After coming out of the bathroom, she changed into a new set of clothes and even put on a coat, wrapping herself up tightly.

Men and women should maintain a distance, especially considering her sensitive.

relationship with Seth. To avoid any misunderstandings, she had to be careful. She

zipped up her coat and breathed a sigh of relief, but before she could leave, she heard a

noise outside.

Seth!

Isabella hurried out the door and ran to his room.

By the bed, Seth was sitting on the floor, his hair wet, his eyes blank yet fierce. He had

just fallen off the bed and had even knocked over the water on the bed. Seeing that,

she held her forehead, uncertainly stepping in. "Mr. Shaffer?"

He looked up, his brows furrowed in displeasure, staring at her without a word. She

guessed he was delirious from the fever, so she bravely approached and helped him

back onto the bed.

Indeed, the man was confused, staring at her for a long time before finally

remembering that this was the Isabella he despised the most. "What are you doing

here?"

Unbelievable.

She grinned. "Returning a favor."

He gave her a wary look. "Not seeking revenge?"

She straightened up. "Mr. Shaffer, would you harm your benefactor?"

His eyes were red, and he said coldly, "Ordinary people wouldn't, but you're different.

You're wild."

She was speechless. You think so highly of me.

She took a tissue and went to wipe the water off Seth's hair, but he instinctively avoided

her. As such, she waved the tissue in her hand. "Your hair, let me dry it." He leaned back

in, not resisting her help. After carefully drying his hair, she asked him, "Is there

anything you'd like to eat?"

He said, "You make it sound like you can cook anything I want. Apart from cup noodles,

you can't even make a pancake, right?"

Upon hearing that, she clenched her teeth and thought this jerk knew her too well.

Every time she attempted to make pancakes, it was a matter of luck. The ratio of the egg batter was purely based on intuition, and it was only by chance that she succeeded last time.

“I can prepare congee.”

“Why don’t you just say you can boil water?”

In response, Isabella tossed the tissue in her hand and placed her hands on her hips. “If you continue to argue with me like this, it won’t be me who suffers in the end.”

“Fetch my phone,” he said coldly, clearly intending to order food.

She argued, “Jordan and the others need rest. They can’t be at your beck and call, can they?”

He sneered, displaying a contemptuous expression. “Don’t you know about working shifts?”

She was speechless and shrugged. “Then find it yourself. It’s not my responsibility.”

Seth glared at her, his bloodshot eyes filled with astonishment. Has this woman

become so audacious in just a few minutes?

“How about some congee? I make it quite well, and I can also give pancakes a few more attempts.”

“Why should I be your test subject?”

“Please, please, be my test subject.”

He took a deep breath.

Regardless of his thoughts, Isabella did not want to exhaust herself or allow him to eat recklessly. In case he fell ill from consuming something bad, she would have to take care of him for a few more days.

The man crossed his arms and lifted his chin. “Only because you begged.”

That statement made her roll her eyes.