

I QUIT MR 256

Chapter 256 Rod

Seth had 1

and made a pot of chicken noodle soup using both

to the excellent cooking equipment, the outcome was

“Do you w

He replied

of pancakes was a failure. However, for the second batch,

She

water and eggs she used, resulting in a successful

He glanced at

her success. When he saw the pancakes and chicken

:riticize them but couldn't find anything to complain about.

Isabella cleared thi

wall. “If everything

arving, and there was food! It would be good loood enough if he

effect of local anes

Se

d, unsu

for some reason, the atmosphere was greatas great.

Isabella Isab

09:20 Sat, Jan 20

256 Roce-scented Shampoo

ieSetiabab two bowls of chicken noodle soup and finished all the pancakes.

Dolyouovawantumore?" Isabella asked.

le replied hahave another bowl of chicken noodle soup."

he shook her headad.titink that's enough food for the night."

e glanced at her and as lostted/Why?"

abella cleared the dishes, rememoed the minitable, and glanced at the clock on the

all. "If everything goes as planinedeyb you might experience vomiting as a common side

ffect of local anesthesia.”

leth frowned, unsure of what she meantint.

o

pabella explained, “I spoke with the doctori Morotimiting as a common side effect of le

anesthesia.

He was already feeling uncomfortable in his stomach. After she mentioned that, he felt.

even more nauseous and dizzy, almost causing him to vomit.

He clenched his fist with one hand, tapped his knuckles on his forehead, and felt the

burning heat.

“Give me a glass of ice water.”

Isabella thought he was crazy to want to drink ice water while he had a fever.

“I’ll pour you some warm water,” she said.

Seth shot her a glance, thinking she was interfering and nagging.

her quickly so they could avoid being

around each other.

Seth took a sip of the warm water Isabella had given him but refused to drink any more.

He casually placed it on the bedside table.

“It’s eleven o’clock at night. Don’t you think it’s time to go back to your room?” he asked.

She took a chair and sat across from him. “I’ll wait here until you vomit.”

He frowned. Her words didn’t sound like concern but more like a curse.

Observing Isabella’s preparedness, he scornfully glanced at her attire and turned his face away.

A few minutes later, he asked, “What scent is in your shampoo? It’s giving me a headache.”

“Rose,” Isabella responded, blinking.

Hearing that, Seth furrowed his brows and wanted to turn on the fan but suddenly remembered Corey’s words when he heard the word ‘rose.’

“I remember the scent of her shampoo.”

“It’s rose.”

His gaze tightened, focusing on Isabella’s face.

“So, you also went to the sauna last night.”

Isabella was an open person. She could connect many things with just a few sentences. She hesitated for a moment, then said, “Yes, I did, but there was a power outage halfway through.”

She initially thought he was responsible, but now it seemed like he was unaware.

“The power went out, then what?” Seth’s face was expressionless, his tone cold.

Isabella spoke casually, not revealing anything unusual. “Then I followed the crowd out.”

As she spoke, she brushed the loose hair from her cheeks and softly stated, “Is the scent too strong? It’s my first time using it, and I thought it was quite good.”

If it’s her first time using it, then the person from last night wasn’t her.

Seth’s gaze lingered for a few seconds, then moved away. He leaned back and closed his eyes, quietly resting.

Isabella let out a sigh of relief, glad that she had only used rose shampoo occasionally

They returned to their silent state.

She went to her room to get her notebook and flipped through the information on

Nemotors.

Seth leaned against the headboard, tormented by fatigue and dizziness. He couldn't

sleep at all.

Isabella was right. The anesthesia did have a lingering effect, and it was gradually

intensifying, making him feel endless exhaustion.

“Isabella.”

She heard his voice and quickly looked up. “What's wrong?”

Frowning, he replied, “Come here.”

Isabella didn't hesitate. She wasn't afraid of Seth in his current state.

When she reached the bedside, Seth suddenly lay down on his side, closing his eyes.

“Could you give me a head massage?”

Isabella understood. He was feeling dizzy and wanted her to rub his temples.

She took a seat by the bed, her height allowing her hands to comfortably reach his head. She gently pressed her fingertips against Seth's temples, moving them back and forth.

His brow furrowed even deeper, and his breathing became more restless, so perhaps it wasn't helping.

Isabella placed her hand on his forehead, but his fever hadn't noticeably decreased.

Isabella sneered. It's his own fault for insisting on going home, so why blame me?

She didn't argue, but the next second, Seth suddenly opened his eyes and quickly sat up from the bed.

Isabella was startled, and before she could ask, Seth had already stepped down and headed straight for the bathroom.

The postoperative reaction, though delayed, had arrived.

Isabella wanted to go in, but Seth barked, "Stay away!"

Immediately after, a bout of retching ensued,

Isabella stood at the door, picturing the scene inside, and then Seth turned on all the faucets in the bathroom.

The sound of the water was so loud that she could no longer hear the retching.

Even in this state, Seth was concerned about his reputation, showing his refinement.

Isabella rolled her eyes internally as she paced back and forth in the room, finally deciding to step outside and call the doctor.

Just as she finished the call, a voice came from the room again. "Isabella!"

Hastily returning, she pulled open the bathroom door only to find Seth shirtless, sitting on the marble floor with a ghastly complexion, looking completely drained.