

## **I QUIT MR 257**

### Chapter 257

Isabella had intended to rush in and help Seth up, but she did so too quickly and failed to notice the water on the bathroom floor.

As she stepped forward with her front foot, her back foot slipped.

With a series of chaotic noises, Isabella fell to the ground, grimacing in pain, now.

face-to-face with Seth.

“And here I thought I could rely on you to take care of me,” Seth chimed in.

Isabella was genuinely in pain, silently cursing Seth for not warning her.

Seth added, “You ran so fast that I didn’t even have a chance to stop you.”

The two locked eyes, and Seth was unable to get up and help himself. Isabella had to endure the pain, prop herself up on the door, and stand up.

She went out and changed into a pair of non-slip slippers, limping back to Seth’s side.

Seth grabbed her without considering whether she could bear his weight and once.

again leaned on her for support.

Isabella caught a whiff of the strong mint scent on his breath, likely from excessive use of mouthwash after vomiting.

She settled him by the bed, sweating and panting. She told him, "The doctor said if you're feeling very unwell, they can come over and give you an injection."

"No need," Seth replied, frowning.

Seth raised his hand and impatiently brushed hers off his forehead, his face long and sullen.

"Alright, vomiting checked. Shouldn't you go back to your room now?" he asked.

She responded, "Given the current situation, you'll probably vomit more than once."

He glared at her.

Isabella shrugged. "Or you could have someone come and give you a special injection."

Seth showed irritation on his face. "I said no need."

She sighed, adjusted the room temperature, and then resumed her previous position.

He leaned against the headboard, furrowing his brows as he pretended to sleep, his

She was right; the aftereffects of the anesthesia were not minor, and the vomiting

earlier was just the beginning.

For the next half an hour, Seth was tossed between the bathroom and the bed.

Two bottles of mouthwash were emptied, and the bathroom resembled a battlefield with water everywhere.

76%

It wasn't until midnight that the vomiting finally ceased, but Seth's temperature started fluctuating again, and he became drowsy as soon as he closed his eyes.

Isabella couldn't sit still any longer. She took the opportunity to call the doctor while Seth was asleep.

Close to one in the morning, the doctor arrived to administer an injection to reduce Seth's fever

After seeing the doctor off, she went to the kitchen to prepare some vegetable bean soup and returned to the room to check on Seth..

Seth lay on the bed, very still, while Isabella sat by his side, maintaining silence.

“Bad people don’t die easily. With your luck, you’re not going to die,” she muttered under her breath as she leaned back, her hair unconsciously falling across the bedsheet in front of Seth.

Since Seth couldn’t hear her, Isabella spoke without restraint. “If it weren’t for the legal consequences, I would end your life while you’re sick.”

She looked up at the ceiling and sighed. “With such a privileged background, how did you end up like this?”

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Isabella smacked her lips. Why am I talking to myself?

She stood up, intending to check the wound on Seth’s back. The doctor had instructed her to change the dressing.

His back was expertly bandaged. Isabella was already sweating as she tore open a corner.

She leaned on one hand in front of Seth, catching a glimpse of the wound. Her face

involuntarily cringed at the sight.

Suddenly, Seth, unsure if he was awake or not, raised his arm and unexpectedly

pressed it against her waist.

Isabella exclaimed and immediately tried to retreat.

Instead of releasing Isabella, he forcefully pulled her closer into his embrace.

Isabella tumbled onto the bed. Ignoring everything else, she cried out, "Seth!"

"Shh..."

Seth propped himself up halfway, squinting at her face.

\* 76%

Isabella couldn't tell if he was pretending or drowsy. She didn't even dare to breathe.

"Let go of me first."

She spoke cautiously, but Seth suddenly leaned down.

His forehead rested on the pillow next to her cheek. All he had to do was turn his face

and he could easily kiss her cheek.

Isabella felt her heart pounding in her chest; each beat felt as if it might leap out of her

throat.

She heard him take a deep breath, as if inhaling the scent of her hair.

“It smells like roses.”

Isabella was puzzled, then she heard him say, “Isabella’s silly fragrance.”

As soon as his words left his lips, he abruptly moved his body away, lying on his back

next to her.

She blinked at the ceiling, utterly bewildered by the illogical turn of events.

Yet, the person beside her breathed evenly, seemingly fast asleep.