

I QUIT MR 270

Chapter 270 Life Continues, Recklessness Persists

Seth and Isabella sat before plates of pasta topped with an egg. Seth eyed his plate, showing a hint of surprise.

It actually looks appetizing.

Isabella felt a hint of pride, thinking she could finally overcome her reputation as a “kitchen disaster.”

He picked up his fork and speared a few strands of pasta, tasting them thoughtfully.

Meanwhile, Isabella did not start eating and covertly observed Seth instead.

The moment the pasta hit his taste buds, a subtle frown creased his forehead.

A wave of worry washed over her, and she tentatively asked, “What’s wrong?”

Visibly struggling to swallow the mouthful, he finally put down his fork. “Are you sure

this pasta is cooked?”

it

Isabella recalled the process of cooking the pasta, feeling a twinge of guilt. She pick

up a strand of pasta and broke it open.

The inside was unmistakably raw.

With an awkward chuckle, she reassured Seth. "Give me a moment."

She then dashed to the kitchen.

He watched as Isabella returned with two small pot lids-one for her plate and one for

his.

"Don't worry.

It'll cook through with a bit of braising."

Seth could only stare, thinking, This is pasta, not instant noodles!

Nevertheless, he decided it was futile to comment. Her culinary skills we

mildly, nonexistent.

Meanwhile, Isabella sat calmly with a fork poised at her mouth, waiting for the pasta to

"cook."

It's just noodles. How different can it be?

As they waited, she tried to engage Seth in a conversation about work, hoping to glean

some insights.

However, he closed his eyes and feigned sleep, clearly uninterested.

Isabella continued for a while but eventually noticed his lack of response, falling silent

awkwardly.

Mr. Shaffer, how's your injury?"?

Seth dryly replied, "Thanks to you, I'm not dead

She twitched the corner of her mouth. "Oh... Okay!"

Her voice rose too high, and her throat started straining. She quickly stood up to fetch

Seth's medication.

His back injury was severe. Along with topical treatments, he required a range of oral

medications.

Isabella emerged with the medicine box, flipping through its somewhat disorganized

contents.

With his back turned to her, he mentioned, "Jordan left instructions."

Acknowledging with a sound, she found the instructions tucked inside.

She was puzzled. Why would Seth need instructions to change his bandages if he had been visiting the hospital? Has he stopped going recently?

While Isabella was lost in thought, Seth started unbuttoning his shirt.

Standing aside, she felt an inexplicable nervousness. Her eyes involuntarily followed his movements, button by button, until his shirt was undone.

He removed his shirt and revealed the injuries on his back.

The bandages were off and exposed two large, faintly scabbed wounds with some areas still bleeding.

Observing the wounds, Isabella sensed something amiss. The treatment appeared uneven and rough, not the work of a professional.

“I’ll clean it first, then apply the medicine.”

Seth responded indifferently.

She prepared the items from the box. With care, she gently cleaned the wounds with alcohol swabs before meticulously applying various medicines.

Throughout the process, he remained stoic and did not make a sound, his expression unreadable.

After Isabella finished applying the medicine, he hastily put his shirt back on, not waiting for the medication to dry.

She was taken aback by Seth's rush before remembering something.

"What about when you shower?"

He looked at her, puzzled. "Can't you shower?"

Upon realizing his intentions, Isabella gasped. "Are you showering directly on those wounds?"

Seth remained silent.

She held the medical supplies, unsure of how to respond. She knew that exposing wounds to water could lead to infection, yet he seemed unconcerned.

"Sea water can cause infection, but rinsing with clean water and drying quickly isn't a problem," he casually replied to address her concerns.

Isabella still couldn't accept it. "If you continue this, the wounds won't heal properly for months."

Now she understood why certain parts of the wounds hadn't scabbed over after four days; Seth was being recklessly careless.

Annoyed, he retorted, "So, I shouldn't shower?"

She suggested, "Can't you just clean yourself with a wipe instead?"

His response was a disdainful look that left Isabella speechless.

She couldn't comprehend how someone could be so intolerant of minor inconveniences.

"At least avoid showering your upper body tonight."

Seth dismissed her. "That's impossible."

Isabella was at a loss.

Clearly, he wasn't open to discussion.

She stopped arguing and began tidying up the area.

Noticing her irritation, Seth felt a smug sense of triumph, as if he had won a small

battle.

Isabella returned the medical supplies to his room. Meanwhile, the pasta seemed

unaffected by their earlier interruption, as if it had been patiently waiting under its lid.