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





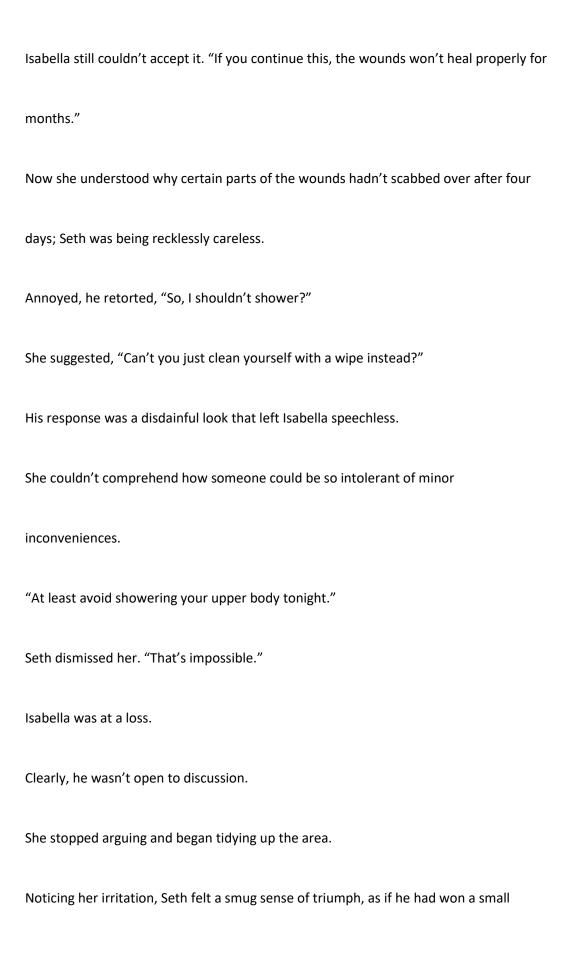
Acknowledging with a sound, she found the instructions tucked inside. She was puzzled. Why would Seth need instructions to change his bandages if he had been visiting the hospital? Has he stopped going recently? While Isabella was lost in thought, Seth started unbuttoning his shirt. Standing aside, she felt an inexplicable nervousness. Her eyes involuntarily followe 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.



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.