

I QUIT MR 351

Chapter 351

The voice message played back and forth three or four times, leaving Isabella in a daze as she looked up at Seth. Expressionless, Seth took back his phone and then tossed a small box in front of Isabella. Before Isabella could ask him anything, he picked up his coat and headed out of the room, saying, "Come find me when you're done."

Isabella was puzzled. She opened the small box and found a pair of earrings and a small note inside.

Isabella, I apologize. Bloom and I cheated last night, but it wasn't meant to target you...

The earrings are from Perou, brought back by Bloom. If you don't mind, please accept them as our apology."

The note was signed by Courtney. Isabella held the box, caught off guard. She didn't know where this apology came from. Courtney's might be voluntary, but what about Dariel? She didn't believe Dariel would willingly record such an apology. So, how did Seth get it?

Her mind was in turmoil, and she held the items in her hand without moving for a long time. There was the sound of a door opening and closing outside. She guessed Seth had gone back to his room to take a shower.

She got off the bed, changed into her own coat, and didn't dare to take a shower immediately. Instead, she obediently sat in the living room waiting for Seth. From a moral standpoint, tonight's incident was not Seth's fault. He didn't need to bring her this apology. But he did...

Her mind was in chaos, and she couldn't figure it out even after thinking for a long time.

Ten minutes later, there was the sound of a door opening behind her.

Seth, wearing a bathrobe and drying his hair with a towel, sat down casually across from Isabella. Just as Isabella was about to speak, his phone rang again. He casually answered the call and exchanged a few words with the person on the other end.

Seth's expression was indifferent, but it wasn't his usual perfunctory and cold demeanor. "Glad you made it home. Uh-huh... See you tomorrow."

Isabella watched his expression, guessing who the caller might be.

Seth hung up the phone, tossed the towel aside, and went back to his room. When he came out, he had a bag in his hand. He tossed the bag in front of Isabella, leaving her stunned once again.

“I brought you something. It’s not too much to ask you to help me apply some medicine, is it?”

Isabella opened the bag and saw several ointments inside. They appeared to be unbranded products, only labeled at the bottom, most likely for scar removal. She looked up, and Seth had already untied the belt of his bathrobe and casually took off the upper half.

Isabella averted her gaze, took the ointment, and moved to the man’s back, scanning the wounds on his back. The scabs were almost all gone, and the newly grown skin underneath was pink, looking slightly mismatched with his original skin tone.

“Why don’t you do rehabilitation?”

Seth straightened up and joked, “The Zimmers’ compensation hasn’t arrived yet. I can’t

afford it.”

Isabella was speechless. She pursed her lips, opened the ointment box, and applied the ointment to the new skin with a cotton swab.

There were four boxes in total, and she had to apply each one separately, which took a bit longer. From her angle, she could see Seth’s entire back. If he turned slightly, she could see his perfect side profile.

There was no conversation between them. The atmosphere was not awkward but rather reminiscent of their time in the countryside. After applying the medicine, Seth silently dressed while Isabella knelt in front of the couch, tidying up.

She was only wearing a coat, and although it was tightly wrapped, one could still see the vague outline underneath.

Seth leaned against the couch, his eyes darkly scanning her up and down. “I thought you would question me.”

Isabella paused. “What?”