

I QUIT MR 38

Chapter 38

Isabella was slammed into the table lamp, and the medicine almost flew out of her hand. After that fit

Seth threw, he started breathing heavily like a drowning person gasping for air.

She closed her eyes as she restrained her fury and looked at Dariel. "Help me."

Dariel wanted to ask how, but Isabella had put the medicine on the nightstand. She then went onto the bed and sat astride Seth.

Damn, Even a veteran like Seth was howling in his mind. Selena, the bumpkin, was rooted at the doorway, too scared to move.

Aggravated by Isabella's actions, Seth struggled and tried to hit her. Dariel was a dependable man

in these circumstances. Before Seth could land a
blow on her, Dariel hastily rushed over and pinned
his hands down.

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She heaved a sigh of relief and gave Dariel a
contorted smile. "Thanks." However, by the time she
turned around, her face was deadpan. She
grabbed the medicine, leaned down, and pried
open Seth's mouth by force.

Seth's mind cleared for a moment. So, he hissed in
fury, "I-Isabella!"

She felt a chill run down her spine. She regretted
doing this impulsively, but then she thought it was
gratifying to get back at Seth like this. Although she
felt conflicted, she didn't hesitate the least bit. Once

she shoved the medicine into Seth's mouth, she ensured he chugged the water down, not caring if her rough actions would choke him.

Seth was forced on his back in the first place. Thus, even though she was pouring water down his throat slowly... It would still be hard for him to swallow, let alone chug it all down. Therefore, it was to no one's surprise that he started coughing violently.

She pressed down on his mouth. She told Dariel it was to stop the pill from getting coughed back up, but she really just wanted to use this opportunity to torture Seth.

Of course, Dariel knew that. Yet, he said nothing

about it. He truly didn't care that the methods to

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ensure Seth's life were extreme as long as the man

survived the ordeal. He did so many stupid things,

so he deserves this.

Eventually, Seth swallowed the pill, but Isabella

didn't get off of him right away. In all honesty, she

felt tired after working so hard.

The club's doctor was dragged to the room only to

be met with something that shocked him to the

core. "Um..."

"Don't worry. He'll live." Isabella moved away from

Seth and gave the doctor a polite smile.

The doctor looked at the unconscious Seth and

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quickly went to him, holding his medical kit. "The allergic reaction's not obvious. What kind of pill did you give him?"

"Apainos," said Isabella.

The doctor heaved a sigh of relief. "Then, it should be fine. Apainos is a rare drug. It's more than enough to cure this level of allergic reaction."

"You sure he's fine?" Dariel was concerned as he shot a look at Isabella. "Sure he doesn't need to be hospitalized?"

Evil doesn't go down that easily. Great evil like him won't be killed by some measly mango juice.

"He should wake in a few moments," estimated the

doctor. In other words, Seth didn't have to be hospitalized.

Dariel held down his belt and heaved a sigh of relief. "We'll wait, then." He waved and asked everyone to take a seat in the lounge.

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Isabella wanted to escape, but she found no openings. She was worried Seth might come after her after he woke up.

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Once things had settled down, Dariel took a seat on the settee and sized Selena up. "How did it happen?"

It was just a bit of drinking."

Selena was on the edge of the settee. Her hands were clasped together, and she kept shaking her

head. "I have no idea. He said he wanted

something to drink, so I made one."

Isabella picked up the empty glass on the coffee

table and held it under her nose. She tasted a slight

mango scent.. "Concentrated mango juice." She

looked at Selena solemnly.

Selena stared at her as she cried, "What's wrong?"

Isabella put the glass down. "I thought I-"

Before she could finish her sentence, a moan came

from the bedroom. The doctor hurried back, and

everyone followed him.

Seth looked green, but he managed to push

himself up, though barely. He was leaning against

the back of the bed with his collar open wide and

was breathing heavily. When he saw Isabella, he
shot her an icy look. Coldly, he said, "What did you
do to me?"

Isabella wanted to roll her eyes. What did I do to
you? I saved your life.

Dariel clicked his tongue. "Have some conscience.

She loves you so much that she has even brought
your meds everywhere she goes. You'd have died if
that wasn't the case."

Isabella glared at Dariel. "Dariel!" I do not love him!

Keeping the meds on me at all times is just a habit I
got from my old job. I just forgot to throw it away!

Seth coughed violently, and he glanced at Isabella
before harrumphing arrogantly. "So, I should thank
you, then?"

“There’s no need for that.” Isabella raised her chin

as she said nonchalantly, “Just keep an eye out

next time, and don’t take anything that has mango

in it.” I hope I’m not there if this happens again. In

fact, I hope he drinks more of the juice and dies,

Isabella cursed silently.

Seth wasn’t looking too happy, either. He was

staring at Isabella. His throat was still prickly from

her chugging the water down his mouth.

Just as the atmosphere was getting awkward, it

was interrupted by a sob. Selena was at the

doorway, crying. “I’m sorry. This is my fault. I had no

idea you were allergic to mangoes, Mr. Shaffer.”