

## **I QUIT MR 395**

### Chapter 395

The door slammed shut, causing Isabella to tremble and lose all her strength, collapsing to the ground. After experiencing a roller coaster of emotions, she felt uncomfortable, alternating between feeling hot and cold.

As she stared at the ceiling, trembling, the fear that Corey had suppressed resurfaced.

The sensation of being wrapped up by a giant python made her shiver uncontrollably.

Suddenly, Louis' gaze, which she had long forgotten, reappeared before her eyes.

She didn't want to argue with Seth. His sudden appearance felt like a rescue to her.

However, his words were harsh, and she couldn't bear it. Filled with resentment, she let

it all out when she saw Seth's face. Now, he had left without a word, slamming

on his way out. She had no idea what he meant. She curled up, shivering.

After a while, there was a gentle knock on the door. "Miss Symons?" a female voice

Isabella struggled to open her eyes, took a breath, and turned around. It was a female

attendant. "Mr. Jordan said there's a call for you."

Isabella was puzzled, struggling to keep her eyes open. "Bring it here."

The attendant approached and placed the phone next to Isabella's ear.

"Hello?"

"My dear girl!" Erin's urgent voice burst out from the phone.

Isabella responded, "What do you need?"

"Has Seth come to you? How is his injury? Quickly take a picture for me!"

Isabella was stunned, "Injury?"

"Yes, Seth is injured, but he acted so strangely. He wanted to leave as soon as he answered the phone this afternoon. He must have gone to find you, right? It's all Morgan's fault, causing Seth to get hurt."

On the phone, Erin kept talking. Isabella had a splitting headache. Recalling Seth's face just now, she noticed his bloodshot eyes, thinking he was just too angry. Now, thinking about it, his complexion did seem off.

She got out of bed, grabbed a bathrobe, and stumbled into the bathroom to change out of her wet clothes. The phone was on speaker, and Erin was still talking.

“Seth just had surgery the day before yesterday. The doctor said he needs to be hospitalized for at least two months.”

Two months... What kind of injury is that? Isabella hurriedly changed into the bathro

She had no other clothes to wear and couldn't find her shoes.

Without thinking too much, she walked out of the room barefoot. The corridor was empty, but as soon as she stepped out, she noticed the presence of bodyguards.

Jordan was the first to notice her. His eyes lit up, and he quickly approached. “Miss Symons.”

“Where is Seth?”

“Follow me.”

Jordan noticed that Isabella wasn't wearing shoes, but he didn't mention it. After all, worse Isabella looked, the better it might be for Seth's therapeutic effect.

Isabella was usually good at reading people, but after the phone call just now, she didn't even have the energy to observe Jordan.

She followed Jordan, stopping in front of the presidential suite at the end of the

corridor. As the door was pushed open, a strong smell of blood hit her.

Her pupils contracted, and the moment she looked inside, she saw the bloody hole in

the man's arm. The bright red color filled her vision, causing her to gasp.

That was... a gunshot wound.

Jordan cleared his throat. Seth, who had his eyes closed, heard the noise and

impatiently opened his eyes, glancing in the direction of the door.

The woman was only wearing a bathrobe, revealing a section of her white legs, and she

didn't even have shoes on. He frowned. "What are you doing running out here?"