

I QUIT MR 55

Chapter 55

After they came into the lounge, Isabella remembered something, and she looked at Seth. "You can't leave that place now, Mr. Shaffer." If Mr. Gosling wakes up, the first impression would work in our favor. We can't let someone else take that chance away.

Seth sat down and massaged his forehead. He quietly said, "He's not an idiot.

You think waiting for him for hours would tip anything in their favor?"

Isabella couldn't argue. Things were getting a little icy, but Nicolas came in with the doctor in time, and Isabella heaved a sigh of relief.

The doctor looked at Isabella's ankle, and he clicked his tongue. "Why'd you drag it out for so long? This is serious."

Isabella smiled and lied, "I had something urgent."

And then Seth gave her a look.

"Nothing's more important than your health. Can't do anything without good

health.” The doctor sighed and wrote down a prescription, then he told

Nicolas to get the meds.

Seth was still seated. Curtly, he asked, “Complications?”

The doctor looked at him and politely said, “Won’t leave any complications,

but if left untreated, she’ll be susceptible to more sprains. It’ll end up being a

big problem if she sprains her ankle too much.”

Seth pursed his lips, and then he looked at Isabella’s ankle.

Isabella’s heart thumped furiously. She hoped the doctor would make an

ankle sprain sound terminal. That’d give her more leeway when she wanted

to ask for a favor from Seth.

Once the doctor was gone, Seth asked, “How’d you find Shawn?”

Isabella’s leg was hung in the air, and she leaned backward in a weird

position. Even talking was strenuous. “I went through a lot of stuff, but I

couldn’t find any way to contact him. Keyword search led me to a janitor’s

resume. Said she took care of him once, and I got his number from her.”

Seth leaned back and crossed his arms. He praised, "Not a total moron, I see."

Isabella licked her lips. She wanted to make the process sound as arduous as possible, but Seth suddenly asked, "So why's he willing to come?"

"Huh?" Isabella paused for a moment, and then she snapped out of it. "Oh, he was at Lawdom. Ollie and I went to his place and dragged him out of bed."

Seth frowned. "What did you two do?"

Isabella averted her gaze. "Um, we might've climbed over his courtyard's wall."

Seth looked at her swollen ankle and sighed. "So, you hurt your ankle a second time because of that?"

Isabella nodded. "Good thing his house is only a two-story unit, or it'd have been bad for me."

Seth looked at her and took back his praising tone. "You could've asked Ollie to make the climb."

Isabella said, "He did. His shirt was stuck to a branch, and he almost couldn't make it back down.

That idiot. Seth narrowed his eyes and kept looking at Isabella. "Shawn's a haughty guy. How'd you convince him?"

Isabella moved her arms and sighed. "Doctors are kind. He came once made things clear for him."

Seth chortled, his eyes filled with scorn. "Someone held a knife against his neck back in Ansel, and he still wouldn't save the people he didn't want to.

You call him kind?"

Isabella bit her lip and mused over that statement. "So, you mean..."

"It's obvious he wants to woo you," Seth interrupted.

Isabella's eyes went wide, and she turned around to look at Seth. She pulled her ankle. "You're reading too much into it. We only talked a little. He doesn't know me, and I don't know him."

"You went to a conference two years ago. That was about the time he came

back.” Seth looked at her coldly.

Isabella cursed him silently. Now you have a good memory. You talk too much. Just skip the formalities and say, ‘I owe you one.’

Seth looked at her. Thinking she was nervous, he harrumphed. “He’s ten years older than you and was married once.”

Isabella thought he was mad, and she sighed. She tried her best to be polite.

“I have no other intention, Mr. Shaffer. Whether he was married or not is none of my business. I know he’s out of my league.”

Seth crossed his arms and looked at Isabella’s profile. He said harshly, “Just saying you should stay away from those you shouldn’t get too close to. He didn’t give his ex-wife a cent after the divorce.”

Isabella said nothing more. She thought Seth was getting more riled up every time she spoke. At this rate, they couldn’t get back to the negotiation about the favor he owed her.

Seth took her silence as a silent tantrum, and he harrumphed.

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Nicolas came back with the pills, and he noticed that the air felt weird. He carefully told them what to do with the pills and asked if Isabella needed his help.

Seth shot him an icy look. "She hurt her ankle, not her hands."

Isabella gritted her teeth and put on a smile. She blinked at Nicolas. "I'll do it myself."

Nicolas could feel Seth staring at him. He grabbed some tools for Isabella and left her and Seth alone.

Isabella dealt with her sprained ankle, thinking about how she could bring the conversation back to the favor he owed. "Are you going to take the license to develop the mountain all for yourself?"

Seth closed his eyes, refusing to talk to her. He leaned on the chair, resting his eyes.

Isabella looked at the wall and rolled her eyes. She continued, "This is a sensitive topic. It won't be good for you if you take everything for yourself."

Seth was still annoyed. Coolly, he said, "None of your business."

Ugh.