

I QUIT MR 198

Chapter 198

The east side is yours, and the west side is mine. Is he a preschooler marking down his territory with crayons? How immature, Isabella grumbled internally.

Unfortunately, she had no other choice but to watch as Seth made himself comfortable in his designated area. Since the living arrangements were already settled and she wasn't the owner of the apartment, she could only retreat to her bedroom while remaining on high alert.

She locked the bedroom door and even placed a pile of items near the door to prevent Seth from getting any ideas in the middle of the night.

To her surprise, the next few hours passed by in complete silence. Seth hadn't made a move. Perhaps I'm overthinking things.

However, she could hear noises coming from outside her room when it was nearly midnight. She strained her ears to listen to what he was doing. It seemed that he had gone to the kitchen.

She pursed her lips and thought disdainfully, There's no way he knows how to cook. Well, it doesn't matter. I'm certainly not going to help him out.

Just as she was reveling in her schadenfreude, her phone buzzed.

It was a voice message from Seth. "Get supper ready in 20 minutes."

She was rendered speechless by his audacity. It's already after office hours!

The Isabella Doors are closed!

As she held her phone, she felt a strong urge to pretend she hadn't seen the message.

Unfortunately, he soon sent her a text message.

'Don't you dare pretend that you didn't receive my message. Don't make me knock on your door.

Isabella was at a loss for words once more. She took a deep breath and clenched her hands, reminding herself to stay calm.

Then, she opened the door and stormed out in frustration. Yet, she couldn't find him in the living room.

When she walked into the kitchen, she found a half-empty glass of water on the counter. Nothing else had been touched.

20 minutes was enough time for her to make him a simple pasta dish.

As Isabella seethed in fury, she looked through the cabinets and fridge. She did not find any pasta available in the pantry.

Seth was a very picky eater who usually only ate spaghetti or fusilli. As she was not a great cook, she would be criticized if she tried to cook anything else.

Soon, she started to panic. Nevertheless, she could only squash her anxiety into a little ball as she rummaged through every shelf in the kitchen.

When she looked into the last drawer in the kitchen, she found a bag of flour inside.

Isabella grinned and grabbed it as though the bag of flour was her savior.

Then, she pulled out two eggs so she could make some pancakes.

She was a mediocre chef at best. So, the only food she could make well, aside from pasta, was pancakes.

With that in mind, she mixed the flour with some water and eggs to form a batter. Then, she cooked the pancakes after evenly buttering the pan.

She cooked two pancakes before taking out some savory jam from the fridge. With a flick of her spoon, the pancakes were served in a way that made them look as well-decorated as a dish from a Michelin-starred restaurant.

“Not bad.”

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Isabella had finished just in time. Seth wouldn't have a chance to criticize her.

Then, she carefully carried a plate in each hand to the study room, feeling

proud of her accomplishment. Then, she gently kicked the door with her foot.

“Please open the door, Mr. Shaffer.”

Clack.

The door creaked open.

Seth appeared at the doorway dressed only in a shirt with the collar gaping

wide open, making him look rather relaxed and sensual. He glanced at the

plates in her hand and scowled. "What's this?"

"Pancakes from abroad," she lied with a smile and raised eyebrows.

"Hah," he replied with a scoff. "Do you think I'm a fool?"

"I would never," came Isabella's unhesitant reply. After that, she offered him

the plate. "Try some. It's good."

5/0

Seth had been working throughout the afternoon and had to deal with Erin in

the evening. Hence, he was not in the mood for food and was starving by

now.

Although the greasy-looking pancakes looked unappetizing, they did smell

nice.

He grabbed the plates from her and took a step back. He was going to close the door and leave her outside.

She was caught off guard by that. Nonetheless, she managed to stop the

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door from closing as she had something in mind.

When Isabella had been cooking just now, she realized she wanted to ask him for a favor. If he closed the door on her now, all her effort would be wasted.

Thave something to ask Mr. Shaffer.”

“I don’t want to hear it.”

“It’s very important!” She somehow forced her way in and past him in a rare show of flagrant insubordination.

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Fortunately, Seth simply walked over to sit down on the couch with the plates,

deciding to treat her as though she was invisible.

She licked her lips and swiftly mustered up her courage as she stood there.

Yet, she waited for him to finish eating as she was afraid to rush through her

request.

It seemed that she had made the right bet, as her pancakes were quite