

I QUIT MR 210

Chapter 210

At three in the morning, Seth leaned on the kitchen counter, trying to shake off the darkness in front of his eyes. He looked down at the contents of the bowl, and his vision went dark again. He had followed Isabella's instructions exactly by mixing water, eggs, and flour, but something felt wrong. It was solid when he grabbed it with his hand but turned into liquid when he stirred it lightly. It was like a fluid that defied the Laws of Newton!

"Seth, are you finished?" A voice from outside the kitchen urged him.

Seth took a deep breath, thinking he might as well just cook it. After all, given how intoxicated Isabella was, she might not even eat it. He had never seriously cooked before, and he had never touched any of the appliances in the kitchen. From the gas to the seasonings, he searched everything on the Internet.

Fortunately, he managed to successfully light the fire. He looked down at the strange liquid in the bowl with an uneasy feeling. Smoke started to rise from the pan, and he

figured it was time to add the mixture. Without hesitation, he poured the entire bowl of liquid into the pot.

With a sizzle, the entire kitchen filled with smoke, and, for the first time, Seth realized how dangerous a kitchen could be. He didn't dare to linger, pouring half a bowl of water into the pan checking its state.

The pan quieted down, and his heart sank because it was filled with something dark and disgusting.

"Seth?" Isabella's voice floated in like a curse.

Staring at the black mass, Seth scooped out the contents of the pan, which he didn't dare to taste. When he came out of the kitchen, he nervously turned off the living room light. The surroundings were dimly lit, with only a faint light and a bit of moonlight, and it was very quiet.

Isabella sat at the dining table, innocently holding her fork. "Let's eat."

With a frown, he placed the plate on the table. Due to the lack of light, it was hard to see

what was on the plate.

Isabella blinked. "Is this a pancake?"

"Um..." He felt guilty, worried that she would play a trick and make

first. That would be a disaster.

"It looks pretty good." Isabella nodded.

Seth frowned, suspecting that she had poured herself some more alcohol, and opened

his mouth to tell her not to eat it and he would call someone to deliver food instead.

But Isabella didn't care. She looked serious, picked up something from the plate with

her fork, and put it in her mouth without hesitation.

Instinctively, he reached out to stop her, but she was too quick for him, and he watched

helplessly as she chewed the food carefully as if she had no sense of taste. "Don't eat it

if it's not good."

"No." Isabella shook her head and swallowed the food in her mouth. "We must respect

other people's hard work." She took a deep breath, turned to him, and said, "I

understand. If I don't finish it, you'll feel bad."

Seth thought to himself, What does she mean? It's just some food. What's there to feel

bad about?

Just as he was thinking this, she started to mumble, "Are you a pig? How could you cook such a terrible thing? How

did your parents raise you?" Taken aback, Seth turned

to look at her as she raised a finger, her eyes wandering aimlessly. "You can't talk like

that. It's impolite. It will make people sad."

Seth clenched his jaw, and an image flashed through his mind. It was the first year

Isabella joined the company. He had quickly won her over, but then he took her for

granted and didn't treat her like a woman at all, making her do everything.

Once, after a heavy drinking session at a dinner party, he came home angry because of