

## **I QUIT MR 289**

### Chapter 289

Seth seemed displeased, but he didn't dare to act impulsively. Supermarkets were beyond his realm of understanding. He didn't like venturing into unfamiliar territories without first testing the waters.

He grabbed Isabella's arm and gruffly said, "You lead the way."

Isabella blinked when she heard the deliberate harshness in his tone. She couldn't help but find it amusing.

Suppressing her laughter, she nudged Seth with her elbow.

"Don't worry, just follow me."

Seth was speechless.

Isabella had initially wanted to witness Seth making a fool of himself. She guessed that he had never been to a supermarket in his 20 years of life and was bound to make a mistake.

However, since they entered the supermarket, Seth had been closely following her and

did not take any unnecessary steps or utter any unnecessary words as he simply observed everything.

She purposely asked Seth to buy some spices, certain that he wouldn't know to weigh them first. But Seth held the spices and threw them into the cart with a disgruntled expression.

"Are you planning to give this inferior product to someone who treats top-grade gems like stones?"

Isabella thought to herself, Indeed, I can't treat this guy like an ordinary person. Even though he had never been to a supermarket, he knew how to learn by observing, and he didn't make any mistakes.

She picked up the spices and found that they were actually well-chosen, which surprised her.

"Did you pick these?"

Seth crossed his arms and lifted his chin. "The lady there helped me choose."

Isabella was at a loss for words.

Well, being good-looking was a kind of skill, too. She had to admit that this guy had a face that any woman would love.

She pushed the cart forward and headed toward the tea and snacks section.

Seth followed behind and asked coldly, "Do you have a plan?"

Isabella casually picked up a pack of honey dates and put them in the cart. "What plan?"

"I've bought things for the elderly before."

Seth replied, "It's just you and your mom in your family. Which elderly person have you bought things for?"

Isabella answered, "The old men and women in the nursing home. I wanted to bribe them to be friends with my mom."

Seth was silent for a moment and looked at the items in the cart. Although he felt that was inappropriate, he didn't voice his thoughts.

Isabella stopped and propped her chin in thought, "Bryan died in Africa, but he and his wife had been living in Germany. I wonder if the old lady likes chocolate."

Seth glanced at her. "You're giving chocolate to an almost 80-year-old woman?"

Isabella asked, "What's wrong with being 80? I love Pop-Tarts now, and I'll still eat them when I'm 80."

Seth was speechless and walked ahead.

Isabella followed with the cart as she reminded Seth, "The chocolates are in the snack section."

Seth said, "Supermarket chocolate won't impress someone who's had top-grade handmade chocolate."

Isabella paused and realized he was right.

"I'll have someone prepare it. Let's buy other things." Seth walked ahead with his hands in his pockets.

Isabella followed like a little maid as he pushed the cart and chased after him.

They roamed the entire supermarket and eventually ended up in the snack section.

Isabella's eyes lit up, and without waiting for Seth to move, she dove in.

After a shopping spree, the cart was filled to the brim.

Seth came over and stopped her as he picked up an item from the cart. He questioned,

“Pop-Tarts, are these also for Mrs. Gosling?”

Isabella swallowed. “Maybe she loves Pop-Tarts as much as I do?”

Seth replied, “Huh.”

Isabella, thick-skinned, snatched the Pop-Tarts from Seth’s hand and grabbed two  
sausages.

“Mr. Shaffer, if you want to win by surprise, you have to innovate. Trust me.”

Seth said, “The old lady’s ancestral home is in the south of the city. Even if she likes

Pop-Tarts, it won’t be the strawberry milkshake flavor.”

Isabella snapped her fingers, acknowledging the correctness of Seth’s statement.

Upon uttering those words, she reached out and took another flavor of Pop-Tarts.

Seth was left speechless, unable to respond.