

I QUIT MR 292

Chapter 292

Isabella didn't lie to Seth; she did have a solution, but it was one that Seth found difficult to accept.

After waiting by the roadside for 20 minutes, Seth began to sweat profusely. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead, and his face started to darken.

He was on the verge of exploding, but Isabella remained calm. She even took the time to open a bottle of imported milk and enjoyed the shade under a tree.

Suddenly, Isabella's eyes lit up. She stood up and waved towards the distance, saying, "Uncle!"

As Seth followed her gesture, his breath hitched, and his temples throbbed.

Under the scorching sun, a tractor was approaching from afar, leaving a trail of black smoke and splashing mud. The sight alone made Seth stand up.

Isabella shouted enthusiastically, and the tractor stopped in front of them. The driver was an old man, probably around 70 years old.

“Girl, are you calling me?”

Isabella approached with a box of milk and claimed they were tourists wanting to visit the village.

The old man accepted the milk as he glanced at Seth and immediately understood,

“You’re here to find Mrs. Clinton, aren’t you?”

The rural old man’s accent was a little different, and his sudden mention of “Mrs.” left Isabella confused.

From behind, Seth corrected him lightly, “It’s Mrs. Clinton.”

Isabella caught on and scratched her head with a laugh. She tried to give the old man more money, but he refused.

“You get in the car first. I’ll take you there. That old woman lives quite far away. Every year, foreigners come looking for her, and they all get turned away.”

Turned away...

Isabella felt a chill. She turned to look at Seth, who was staring at the tractor with a serious expression, but he showed no intention of moving.

The old man was enthusiastic. He got out of the car to help them with their luggage, then opened the back door of the small compartment as he invited Isabella and Seth to get in.

The tractor was half-filled with goods, and Isabella could see chicken droppings, probably from a recent delivery of live chickens.

She was nervous, and she intuitively knew that Seth would not get in.

Sure enough, as the old man was about to finish loading the luggage, Seth glared at Isabella, and his eyes expressed a determination to die rather than give in.

Isabella forced a smile as she walked over to Seth and whispered, "We've come this far.

Do you really want to go back empty-handed?"

Seth indeed wanted to turn back now. He had come in person to show his seriousness, but it seemed that even if his father and grandfather were here, the old woman's attitude would be the same.

He must have been influenced by Isabella. His mind was not functioning properly,

which led him into this predicament.

“Don’t be shy. Get in the car!”

The old man waved his hand; he was very straightforward and friendly.

Isabella followed with a laugh, then she grabbed Seth’s arm tightly and pulled him forward.

Seth had his pride and limits. He resisted getting in, but faced with the old man’s friendly face, his upbringing told him not to refuse a kind offer.

Visible excrement from various poultry and livestock made him feel nauseous as he stepped forward.

Most importantly, that d*mn woman, Isabella, got in as if nothing was wrong, forcing him to endure. Otherwise, he would feel like he had lost to her.

Once in the car, there was nowhere to sit. The old man called from the simple driver’s cabin.

“Sit down!”

Begins

Seth was speechless.

The narrow open-top compartment was already full of stuff. There was nowhere to put their feet, and if they sat down, the smell would hit them in the face.

Isabella guessed that Seth was reaching his limit. She quickly found a plastic bag, spread it on the edge of the compartment, and patted it as she said, “Mr. Shaffer, sit here.”