

## I QUIT MR 295

### Chapter 295 What Did You Call Me?

Initially, Seth hadn't planned to stay in the countryside for long. However, Isabella's words did make him hesitate. Since I'm already here, it's only natural that I encounter some problems. Besides, it's out of character for me to turn back now because of minor challenges like this. But of course, living in a yard overrun with weeds isn't my preference either.

Truth be told, Isabella had already thought it through when she made her suggestion.

They would rent the empty house next to Alice's and start by being her neighbors.

"Miss, you're just wasting time," the old man sighed, firmly stating it was impossible.

Still, Isabella insisted, "Could you do us a favor and take this money to the village chief?

Consider it our rent."

The old man was easygoing. He waved his hand and added, "No need to rent. No one

lives in that house. You can stay if you want. Just be prepared to be bitten by

mosquitoes at night."

Probably thinking these young folks were foolish, the old man immediately lost his mood to chat with them after saying that. He simply reminded them to head to the village to buy daily necessities before driving off on his tractor.

Seth, who stood beside Isabella, frowned as she made her suggestion. Once the old man left, he started to feel something was amiss.

Their surroundings were empty, with only him and Isabella. For Seth, this was no different than surviving in the wilderness.

On the contrary, Isabella didn't find it difficult as she grew up in hardships. Without waiting for Seth to move, she began tidying up the things Alice had thrown out and headed for the house next door.

"Mr. Shaffer, we can live here!" The woman's excited voice came from behind.

Seth facepalmed himself. At this moment, he felt that the road ahead was bleak. In fact, he, who rarely had thoughts of wavering had his mind filled with escape plans now.

Start by being neighbors? Only a fool would come up with that idea. How the hell does

Isabella come up with it?

Could it be that we're going to live here for the rest of our lives if Mrs. Klinton doesn't give in?

"Mr. Shaffer, can you give me a hand?"

"Mr. Shaffer?"

One after another, Isabella's voice echoed from inside the house. As Seth listened to her voice, he felt she didn't understand their current situation at all.

His continuous lack of response angered Isabella.

"Seth Shaffer!"

Huh?

Slightly surprised, Seth turned around and saw Isabella standing at the yard gate with her hands on her hips.

"Can you stop acting so superior at a time like this? Can you at least lend a hand?"

Fantastic! It's just our first day, and she's already talking to me in the wrong tone.

Seth snorted, took a few steps closer, and stood at the yard gate. Even with Isabella standing on the steps, she was only at eye level with him.

“What did you call me?”

Isabella remained silent.

Then, she wiped her face and explained, “You’ve been ignoring me.”

Seth reached around to the back of Isabella’s head and yanked her ponytail braid hard.

“Do not think you can be arrogant simply because this is your territory. I can make a call and be back in the city immediately.”

“So, you’re giving up then,” Isabella said resolutely while holding her braid.

At once, Seth was tongue-tied.

Isabella knew him too well. Some things are Seth’s weak spots; a single poke can set him off.

He has always been the top among his peers and rarely encounters moments of failure.

So, asking him to give up is simply harder than reaching heaven.

As expected, the two were at a stalemate for three seconds before Seth pushed

Isabella aside and walked into the yard himself.

Seeing this, Isabella immediately followed him in and continuously introduced the environment to Seth.

“I believe someone has recently resided here. I assume this location serves as a temporary dwelling for wheat harvesters. Despite that, the house is still relatively tidy.”

Seth paid no attention to her rambling. He entered the house and surveyed his surroundings. All he experienced was an intense pulsating sensation in his temples.

Alright, so the flooring is composed of concrete. Additionally, there is a mat with perforations and a bed with discolored legs. Air conditioning is out of the question.

This place doesn't even have a fan.

Currently, it is approaching noon, the hottest time of the day. Nevertheless, the house is dim and teeming with mosquitoes and flying insects. Come nightfall, anyone staying here will undoubtedly become a blood source for these mosquitoes.