

I QUIT MR 296

Chapter 296

“Resilience has always been my greatest strength throughout my life. Mr. Shaffer, give me an afternoon, and I’ll tidy up this place,” Isabella confidently boasted. Without waiting for Seth’s response, she hurried off to a store at the village entrance to buy essential daily necessities.

No matter how particular Seth was, he refused to be taken care of by a woman. As Isabella was halfway through her return journey, she spotted Seth coming to pick her up with a cold expression.

He took the items from her hands with a frown and trotted back.

Observing this, Isabella raised an eyebrow. Just as she was about to thank him, Seth interrupted, “Don’t talk. Conserve your energy,

Airight then.

Once they were back in the courtyard, Seth first inspected the electrical circuits in the yard, ensuring there were no issues so that they could at least plug in the newly

purchased electric fan.

As for Isabella, she took charge of cleaning. She wiped every inch of the bed before

lighting mosquito coils in every corner.

The harder she worked, the more Seth could tolerate. Like a child trying to outdo others,

he pushed his fussiness to the limit again and again.

Still, although everything was fine, there was one thing Isabella never dared to mention.

Glancing around, she realized that there was actually no toilet.

I absolutely can't bring this up at the moment. Otherwise, Seth will definitely get angry

and leave on the spot.

As she pondered this, Seth, who got choked by dust, turned around and caught Isabella

rolling her eyes.

"What bad idea are you contemplating again?"

Isabella smiled as she replied, "No, I'm not. I'm just thinking about what to have for

dinner."

Upon hearing that, Seth glanced at his watch and was surprised when he discovered it

was actually past 3 p.m. We haven't eaten anything since we got off the plane. Now

that Isabella has mentioned dinner, I am indeed feeling hungry.

Among the food items we brought, we left all the ready-to-eat ones with Mrs. Clinton.

As for the remaining ones, they all need preparation. Unfortunately, the woman I

brought with me is a nuisance in the kitchen and can't be relied upon.

"I'll go to the store at the village entrance and buy some potatoes. Then, I'll purchase

Placeit Mockups & Design

some prepared food to bring back," Isabella whispered her plan.

Seth frowned, thinking she might as well just buy pasta. After all, he didn't believe

Isabella could cook anything decent with the makeshift stove in the kitchen.

To his dismay, Isabella moved too swiftly. She clutched the money and ran out like a

child engrossed in pretend play.

After a while, she returned. Standing in the yard, she shouted aloud, "Mr. Shaffer, can

you help me light the fire later?"

Seth was speechless as he thought, No wonder my eyelid had been twitching. It was indeed a warning.

At once, he dropped the broom, stepped outside, walked to the kitchen entrance, and scanned around. This stove seems to have been left unused for a long time. Clearly, it's abandoned.

"You sit at the back. Then, use a lighter to ignite the hay. After that, just add so firewood and keep an eye on the fire," Isabella instructed him on the spot.

Seth eyed her askance and said coldly, "I'm not an idiot."

Isabella pouted. "Well, you have never played pretend before."

As expected, this woman is pretending.

"Hurry up and start the fire. I'm almost done washing the potatoes," Isabella urged.

At this point, Seth didn't want to talk anymore. He carefully went behind the stove and lit the fire, as explained by Isabella.

It wasn't difficult, so he ignited it with ease.

Isabella seemed to have no problem carrying out her end of the task either. She added

the water and the potatoes before covering the pot.

Despite this, Seth still couldn't feel at ease and watched with a frown throughout the process.

Isabella had also purchased some pre-made food during her trip to the village. Once she placed them all on the table, she concluded that tonight's dinner didn't look too bad.

However, Seth had no appetite. No matter how hungry he was, his stomach had a minimum tolerance level. He couldn't help it, as the greasy pre-made food was seriously beyond what he could accept.

The temperature near the stove was too high. After starting the fire, he didn't stay for long before going out.

Meanwhile, Isabella kept her eyes on the pot, her eyes shimmering. When the time was