

## **I QUIT MR 297**

### Chapter 297

Upon hearing the surprised sound, Seth, who stood by the door, turned around to see Isabella mashing the boiled potatoes and scooping a large portion of the mashed potatoes with a spatula. Her eyes sparkled with happiness as she looked towards him.

“Mr. Shaffer, it worked!”

However, Seth thought Isabella was being silly. What is there to be happy about?

She wasn't even this excited when I took her to acquire TY International years ago. But now, she smiles so hard that her eyes turn crescent-like. Also, there seems to be an unnoticeable dimple on the right side of her cheeks now that I take a good look.

How have I never noticed it before despite being together for five years?

He stood there with a solemn expression, seemingly contemplating something important.

Isabella didn't bother guessing. She found two plates, served the mashed potatoes, walked towards the main house, and called Seth for dinner.

A slight evening breeze blew in as the sun set and the temperature dropped, creating a much more comfortable mood than at noon.

Seth dragged his heavy steps, sat opposite Isabella, and scanned the items on the table.

Then, he opened his mouth and propped his forehead with his hand.

Although he had been frowning throughout the day, he had never shown such an obnoxious look.

When Isabella saw this, she was momentarily taken aback. After that, she suddenly burst into laughter.

In an instant, Seth straightened up and asked with a serious expression, "What's so funny?"

Isabella wiped her face. Still, she couldn't hold back her laughter and explained intermittently, "Don't you feel like we're on some life-switching reality show?"

Upon hearing that, Seth furrowed his brows tightly. He looked both puzzled and thoughtful.

Assuming he didn't understand what she meant, Isabella explained, "I once came across such a reality show on TV. The production team would send a group of unruly city kids to the countryside to face harsh reality."

"I'm sure no one would stop me if I were to give you a harsh reality check right now,"

Seth replied

Isabella pouted. "Mr. Shaffer, seeing that we're already at this point, you can be a little nicer to me."

She tapped the plate and continued, "At least can cook."

Unlike you, who are useless.

Seth didn't need to guess to know what she was thinking. He snorted, lowered his head, and scooped a spoonful of the mashed potatoes into his mouth in a huff.

Isabella leaned in and asked, "How is it?"

Seth tried to have a good taste of it and then burst into laughter the next second.

As he cast Isabella a mocking gaze, he first swallowed the food in his mouth and then

asked, "Why don't you try it?"

Having a bad feeling, Isabella carefully scooped a spoonful of the mashed potatoes in her mouth and chewed slowly.

Yuck! The mashed potatoes taste weird!

Just as she was about to spit it out, Seth, who sat across from her, spoke, "I lit the fire. I dare you to disrespect my hard work."

Isabella grimaced and forcefully swallowed the mashed potatoes in her mouth.

Upon seeing this, Seth crossed his arms in triumph. "You're quite skillful, indeed. After all, not everyone can make unpalatable mashed potatoes such as this."

Displeased, Isabella turned her head around, rolled her eyes at him, and muttered about his pettiness.

As she raised her eyes, the light outside caught her attention.

"Mr. Shaffer, something seems to have happened."

Seth followed her gaze and looked over. Then, he immediately rose to his feet and ran towards the outside.

Isabella followed him out. Indeed, she saw a fire in the kitchen.

“Water! Water!!”

Needless to say, most women would scream when they encountered certain

dangerous situations, especially when there were men around.

Isabella’s brain wasn’t functioning properly either. Therefore, her initial reaction was to

search for water.

Seth quickly pulled her away by her arm and rushed into the main house, retrieving a

bottle of coke from their supplies.

When Isabella saw him grabbing the coke, she thought he had lost his mind.

However, Seth unscrewed the bottle cap, pressed the opening with his thumb, and

vigorously shook it. Then, he released a small opening.

The coke sprayed out rapidly with a force similar to that of a fire extinguisher.

Since the fire in the kitchen was not large, it was extinguished before all of the coke

was sprayed out.

Isabella stood behind Seth, completely astonished.

Can we really put out a fire with coke?!