

I QUIT MR 298

Chapter 298 The Beginning Of Seth's Adventure

Isabella opened her mouth, but before she could speak, a hoarse chuckle came from behind her, startling her.

At the entrance of the small courtyard, an old lady wearing a cross-collared robe appeared. She looked as if she had just taken a bath, her appearance very refreshing.

Apart from the signs of aging on her face, her hair was still raven, and her eyes were bright.

Earlier, Isabella didn't get a clear look at Alice's face. But now, she was confident that the person standing before her was Alice.

Alice carried a red bag in her hand, along with a seemingly old-looking electric kettle.

"I'm not the kind of person who doesn't repay others for their kindness," she said while waving the items at Isabella. Then, she casually placed them by the door. Without saying anything more, she turned around and left.

Seth dropped the bottle of coke in his hand. He intended to chase after Alice, but

Isabella grabbed his sleeve, stopping him.

Then, Isabella ran over to check the contents of the bag. There was a small quilt inside, which she speculated was for them to use at night.

As for the electric kettle, she figured they could use it to heat bath water.

“We’re here to look for Mrs. Clinton.” Seth was speechless. He didn’t understand why

Isabella was so happy.

Isabella nodded. “I know. But even if you stop Mrs. Clinton, she won’t give you

the

gemstone directly.”

Seth was at a loss for words.

After taking the items back to the main house, Isabella went to check the “post-disaster situation” in the kitchen. It wasn’t too serious, with just some blackened areas and traces of coke spray. It only required cleaning to restore its functionality.

She checked the time, turned to Seth, and said, “I’ll heat some water. You can take a

bath.”

“How do I bathe in this place?” Seth asked.

It wasn't that he was being fussy. The whole situation was simply beyond his knowledge.

Isabella snapped her fingers. “I checked earlier. There is a big wooden tub in the house.

Fill it with hot water. Voila! You can take your bath.”

Once again, her words left Seth speechless.

What a terrifying way of life! Yet, this woman can talk about it so calmly.

Glancing at the pitch-black kitchen, he seriously had the urge to turn around and grab his phone to make a call. However, some words just couldn't escape his lips when he caught sight of Isabella's sparkling eyes.

Seeing that he showed no objection, Isabella went into the house and boiled some water. Then, she cleaned the kitchen while waiting.

Meanwhile, Seth stood by and watched. He couldn't believe he was unable to help.

When the water was ready, Isabella washed the wooden tub before filling it with hot

water. After that, she called Seth in to bathe.

Seth couldn't help but frown when he saw her wiping her sweat. "You bathe first."

Upon hearing that, Isabella subconsciously thought he was unhappy about something.

Therefore, she asked carefully, "Do you think it's not clean?"

Seth pursed his lips. "No."

"Why don't you bathe then?"

"You bathe first, then I'll bathe," the man said coldly. Not giving Isabella a chance to

continue speaking, he walked straight out of the courtyard.

Isabella stood still, feeling a little surprised. Immediately afterward, she figured it made sense.

I must say-the Shaffer Family has done a great job in educating their younger

generations. Although Seth is domineering and dictatorial, he has boundaries in certain

areas. He probably feels it's ungentlemanly to be taken care of by a woman. That's why

he's annoyed.

Thinking of this, Isabella poked her head out of the house. "Mr. Shaffer, can you watch

the door for me?"

Seth glanced to the side and noticed a figure peering out of the darkened window of the house across the courtyard. Without uttering a word, he turned his attention to the expansive wheat field in front of the house.

Isabella retreated indoors, closed the completely useless and broken door, undressed, and settled into the bathtub.

Her weariness from a long day of hard work gradually dissipated, leaving her with a sense of comfort that tempted her to close her eyes. However, Isabella refrained from indulging in a lengthy bath.

She rose from the tub and dressed herself. Since the room was poorly lit, she had no choice but to rely on the flashlight on her phone, which provided a faint glow.