

## **I QUIT MR 303**

### Chapter 303

Isabella was momentarily speechless. However, she quickly straightened her back and said, "I was supposed to give you some, but you offended me just now, so I don't want to give you any."

Seth tugged at the corner of his mouth, walking over with an obviously unfriendly smile and snatched the chips.

"If I can't have the chips, I'll eat you on the spot!"

Isabella felt frustrated.

This wasn't what she had expected. Even though the countryside was her territory, it seemed like Seth was still in charge.

She bit into her chocolate bar and moved to the side. Her cheeks puffed up in anger, and the sound of her chewing was particularly loud.

The moonlight slipped into the room, allowing Seth to see the details of her face when he turned his head.

Her cheeks were puffed up, making her inexplicably cute and more appealing than usual.

With that thought, he couldn't help but reach out and pinch her cheek, releasing it immediately after.

Isabella was stunned. She turned her head in confusion, her mouth still full of food.

Seth didn't care and continued to stuff chips into his mouth.

Isabella stared at him.

Seth took a sip of water and said arrogantly, "What are you looking at? If you keep staring, I'll pinch you again."

Isabella snorted through her nose and snatched the chips back. "Then stop eating my chips."

Seth clicked his tongue, hooking his arm around her neck to suppress her movements and snatched the chips back. "You're getting out of hand."

Isabella was gloomy and threatened, "I won't help you tomorrow."

Seth laughed and couldn't help but pinch the face of the person in his arms again. "Do

you think you're very capable now?"

Isabella gritted her teeth, struggling with all her might. She grabbed the remaining two chocolate bars and jumped two meters away from Seth.

She turned her back to the darkness, and Seth's eyes shifted. He made a ghostly sound to scare her. "Guess what's behind you?"

Isabella scoffed, "You're so childish."

She wasn't scared at all. When she was four or five years old, she dared to run into the yard to chase away the weasels that were stealing chickens.

She moved away from the door and squatted at the bedroom door to enjoy her chocolate bars.

Seth raised an eyebrow. "Are you that brave?"

Isabella bit into her food and mocked, "We grew up in poverty. We can't be compared to those affluent heirs like you. We've seen everything."

Seth chuckled lightly as he put down the half bag of chips left. He clapped his hands.

“You grew up in poverty, but you can’t cook?”

Isabella was speechless.

After a while, she opened her mouth, a bit at a loss for words. “Even if I’m poor, I still

have my mom. She can cook.”

“Did your mom go to college with you?”

Isabella retorted, “There’s a cafeteria in college.”

Seth frowned. When he was about to mention work, he remembered that there was

also a cafeteria at the company.

Isabella swallowed the last bite of her chocolate bar. Upon watching Seth’s expression,

she slowly moved her feet, then quickly took away the half bag of chips in front of him.

Seth showed a disgusted expression. “Were you reincarnated from a starving ghost?”

Isabella ignored him and stuffed chips into her mouth in large handfuls.

She had initially planned to take the opportunity to bond with Seth and, incidentally,

assist him in dealing with Alice. After all, she had to bring the gem back. Now,

considering the situation, she was hoping that Seth would reach his limit and return to

the city tomorrow.

Seth got up and walked toward Isabella.

He reached out and pressed Isabella's head. "Think of a way to get Alice's gem."

Isabella was speechless.

Listen to him. Does he have any conscience?

She shook her head irritably. "I'm not smart enough to figure it out."

Seth let out a light chuckle, his height still towering over Isabella even though he was

half-squatting. "There's a reward waiting for you if you can solve it."

Isabella raised her gaze. "Is it money?"

Seth couldn't help but furrow his brow. "Don't you have any other dreams or ambitions?"

Isabella pouted. "No."