

I QUIT MR 305

Chapter 305 Encountering A Rascal

“Mr. Shaffer, your face is more valuable than money,” Isabella playfully teased Seth.

As he walked behind her, Seth casually lifted his chin and said with an air of arrogance,

“Ordinary people like you probably fail to comprehend the weight of our responsibilities.”

Tsk-

Isabella inwardly scoffed. I am attractive as well, but I never make such grandiose statements.

The two bantered all the way, crossing half of the village. They finally arrived at the village square after crossing a small bridge where several stalls were selling various goods.

Being in a remote area, seeing such a small market was much more exciting than encountering a supermarket in the city.

Isabella was delighted. But she didn't forget to look for something important.

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Finally, she found it hidden away and tugged at Seth's sleeve.

"Mr. Shaffer, I found it."

Seth asked, "What?"

Isabella lowered her voice. "Public restroom-"

Seth was speechless.

His face stiffened, and his expression became quite complicated.

Isabella suppressed her laughter as she took out a pack of tissues from her pocket and

handed it to him. "You go ahead. I'll wait for you here."

Seth pursed his thin lips. He glanced at the unattractive public restroom and seemed

somewhat resistant.

Isabella had no choice but to take out a mask from her pocket and put it on Seth

directly.

The strong scent of roses hit his nose. Under normal circumstances, Seth would find it

distasteful, but now it was different. This strong scent forcefully repelled the

unpleasant smells of fish and meat in the market, acting like a lifesaver.

Isabella pushed him, saying, "Go on."

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Seth had nothing to say. Any further hesitation would seem overly pretentious.

He glared at Isabella, still wanting to maintain his composure. "Wait here. Don't wander off."

Isabella nodded. "Okay."

Seth furrowed his brow and headed toward the public restroom.

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she turned around to ask the elderly lady next to her about the price of tomatoes.

As the elderly lady was packing tomatoes for her, she nodded toward the direction Seth had gone. "That is your boyfriend, huh."

Isabella chuckled awkwardly, opting not to deny it. She realized that offering too much explanation in this setting would likely result in more confusion.

The elderly lady sighed, "City boys are so delicate, too."

Isabella stuck out her tongue. This was not a generalization of city men but rather a comment on certain individuals.

She picked up the tomatoes and ventured off to search for oregano leaves. Isabella had in mind to prepare marinara sauce, a recipe she had experimented with in the past.

Passing by stalls offering meat and fish, she contemplated the idea but ultimately dismissed it. She knew well that she lacked the culinary skills to prepare such dishes.

Luckily, she stumbled upon ready-made meatballs-a perfect addition that could be easily cooked with the marinara sauce.

"Sir, I'd like a pound of meatballs."

Isabella stood in front of the stall and called out. The stall owner came out to weigh it for her. With many people around, the process of collecting money and giving change was quite busy.

Suddenly, Isabella felt a hand wrap around her waist.

She turned around abruptly, glaring at the person who touched her.

Indeed, a man stood behind her, with his clothes disheveled, hair unkempt, and a leering expression on his face.

“Hey lady, are you from the city?”

Isabella felt disgusted and instinctively stepped back.

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The stall owner weighed the meatballs and saw that Isabella was being harassed, so he quickly intervened. “Gasly, stop embarrassing yourself. The lady is here to support our businesses.”

The man named Gasly chuckled and shamelessly scanned Isabella. “Stop pretending.

Aren’t you here to check out my aunt’s treasures?”

Isabella was repulsed and turned to take the meatballs from the stall owner, wanting to leave as soon as possible.

However, as soon as she started to move, the man obstructed her way.