

## **I QUIT MR 308**

### Chapter 308 Men Should Relinquish Financial Control

As Isabella finished her tirade, Seth emerged from the end of the wheat field. She quickly stood up and ran over to him, only to find that he was carrying two bags.

Cherry tomatoes and... a large bag of pizza dough.

“Did you go to buy cherry tomatoes?” she asked.

He tossed both bags to her and walked forward with his hands in his pockets.

Isabella held the items, both surprised and amazed. Seth actually went to buy them.

She couldn't find the right word for a moment, but she found it quite refreshing.

With the items in hand, she followed him, her mood uplifted all the way.

Seth returned to the main house and saw the sliced bread on the table. He casually took a piece and put it in his mouth.

Isabella watched him finish a piece. He looked fine, and then he took another piece. It seemed he could accept it. She took the cherry tomatoes to the kitchen, quickly washed them, and then returned to the main house to look for honey.

Sure enough, the old lady had only left snacks. Even the box of honey was throw

Candied tomatoes needed to be peeled, so they needed to be boiled first. Isabella

glanced at Seth, "Mr. Shaffer, could you help me light the fire?"

Her experience with lighting a fire yesterday was not very good, and she was worried

that Seth would refuse.

Seth was leaning back in his chair, stuffing a piece of bread into his mouth, chewing

slowly.

He glanced at Isabella, saw her bright eyes staring at him, and couldn't help but twitc

the corners of his mouth. "If the food you make is too terrible, you'd better commit

seppuku promptly." After saying that, he clapped his hands and got up to walk into the

kitchen.

Isabella followed him with a smile.

Seth, who had long lost his humanity, suddenly showed a glimmer of it, and she

thought it was wonderful.

In the kitchen, Seth quickly lit the fire, his movements very skilled. Isabella boiled the

water and then put the cherry tomatoes in the pot. Seth had never seen anyone cook cherry tomatoes before, and at first glance, he thought it was an unusual dish and couldn't help but remind her, "If you dare to waste these tomatoes, the money will be deducted from your bonus."

Upon hearing this, Isabella immediately sensed something was wrong, "How much did they cost?"

Seth snorted and casually said, "Thirty dollars."

"Thirty dollars?" Isabella was shocked, looking at the tomatoes in the pot, "These are tomatoes! Not durians!"

Seth clicked his tongue, "What's the fuss? It's not easy to buy tomatoes in the countryside."

Isabella was speechless. She initially thought the villagers were simple, but now it seemed that there were also many cunning people. Only a fool like Seth would spend thirty dollars on two pounds of cherry tomatoes. She thought for a moment, then

looked up at Seth again, "Where did you get the cash?"

Seth frowned and coughed lightly, "It's not strange that I have money."

Isabella put down the spoon, hands on her hips, "Mr. Shaffer, this is not very

of you." He was actually hiding money.

Seth said, "Any guy worth his salt has money with them." He wasn't a fool. Knowing th

this place was remote, he had stuffed a dozen bills in his pocket before going out.

Isabella reached out, "Give it to me."

Seth looked at her incredulously, "Why should I?"

Isabella said, "If you keep it, this money definitely won't last."

Seth was not happy. He had kindly gone to buy tomatoes, so surely, he wouldn't have

give up the rest of the money as well. "No."

Isabella said, "I'm just keeping it safe." It's just a little cash. You're so stingy.

Seth had a line he wouldn't let anyone cross. A man's pocket should have money. There

were only a few bills in total, so handing them all over would be bad.

"You've only managed a little money before, and you want to take over my finances?"

Dream on.”

Isabella was speechless.