

## **I QUIT MR 309**

### Chapter 309 Must You Meddle With My Money?

Isabella, who had been relying on the little money in her pocket, suddenly discovered that Seth had a fortune in his possession. She couldn't stop thinking about this wealth and was determined to obtain it.

If she hadn't been short on money, she wouldn't have hesitated to buy meat at the market in the morning. She was worried about wasting the meat.

However, Seth refused to give in, leaving her no choice but to glare at him and devise a plan in her mind. As the water in the pot began to boil, the tomatoes started to crack.

Isabella took out the tomatoes, placed them in cold water, and proceeded to peel them with her bare hands.

Seth watched from the side, assuming the role of a gentleman who had no intention of assisting.

Isabella, who had initially seen him as a shining example of humanity, now remembered the money and deemed him lazy and unhelpful. She felt very upset! She made a face.

Her movements were rather forceful, and her expression fierce as she peeled the tomatoes.

Seth observed from the side and found it amusing. "Must you meddle with my money?" he asked.

Isabella responded, "I can't afford to. I've only managed a little money, remember?"

Seth chuckled. Isabella took the tomatoes out of the kitchen and busied herself in the main house. Seth followed her, leaning against the door frame and observing her fuss.

He probably believed that she truly knew how to cook and wasn't pretending.

With her back turned to him, Isabella could feel his gaze, which inexplicably made her feel pressured. She had to straighten her back and put on a show. The tomatoes were peeled, mixed with honey, and then directly placed into the jar. Among the items she had brought was medicinal liquor. Isabella poured out the liquor and kept the jar.

"Do you know how expensive this liquor is?" Seth asked.

Isabella rolled her eyes and replied, "I don't know. I've had little to drink."

Seth was momentarily speechless, amused by her sharp tongue that could find a retort

in any situation.

Half of the prepared tomatoes were placed in the transparent jar, appearing red and beautiful. The remaining half was in a large bowl. Isabella began eating directly from the bowl, with no intention of sharing.

Seth clicked his tongue and remarked, "Remember whose money was used to buy those."

Isabella scooped two tomatoes into her mouth, their sweetness causing her to squint her eyes. Suddenly, she put down the bowl and pushed it towards Seth.

Seth raised an eyebrow, not expecting her to be so easygoing. He glanced at the tomatoes, slowly picked up the spoon, and tentatively scooped one. The tomato was both sour and sweet, and without the skin, it was indeed delicious. "I've never seen you make something so decent," Seth commented.

Isabella sighed, "It's not my credit that the food is delicious. The tomatoes cost fifteen dollars a pound. Anyone can make anything good with them."

Seth was amused by her, this mischievous girl who was waiting for him here. He ate several tomatoes in a row, completely unaffected by Isabella's words.

Isabella noticed his swift movements and moved closer protectively. "What are you eating so much for?" she asked.

Seth replied, "I bought them."

"But I made them." Isabella was unhappy, snatched the spoon, and guarded the bowl with both hands, stuffing her mouth until it was bulging before she stopped. She glared, her cheeks puffed out, her expression vivid.

Seth leaned back slightly, savoring the sweetness in his mouth, feeling a sense of strangeness. This woman seemed to have become much cuter in the countryside.

Isabella noticed him observing her and thought there was something on her face. She subconsciously touched her face.

"What's there to touch? I'm just looking at your unattractive face," Seth remarked.

Isabella remained silent.