

## **I QUIT MR 311**

### Chapter 311 The Atmosphere Turns Sour Again

The day passed quickly. Isabella kept herself occupied throughout the day, and it wasn't until dusk that she encountered Alice once more. Alice presented them with a jar of pickles, adhering to the principle of reciprocity, neither owing nor taking advantage.

Just as they were about to leave, Alice suddenly asked Isabella, "Are you free tomorrow?"

Isabella was excited and promptly replied, "Yes, I am."

"I need to hire two people to harvest wheat," Alice stated.

Isabella nodded without hesitation. "Don't worry, we'll accompany you tomorrow morning."

With her hands behind her back, Alice glanced at Seth, who remained well-dressed even in the countryside, and smiled mysteriously. "Why go so far for a mere piece of broken stone?" She seemed to sigh, then turned around and slowly walked towards her own courtyard.

Isabella made a mental note to research some information when she got back.

However, as soon as she stepped inside, she saw Seth looking at her with a peculiar smile, playing with her phone in his hand.

Seth remarked, "You've been busy all day. You must be tired."

Isabella walked over and retrieved her phone with a smile. "It's just socializing, all for the sake of the company."

The smile on Seth's face gradually faded, and he returned his gaze to his notebook, his expression blank. Isabella felt a bit uncertain, unable to determine if he was angry, but he seemed somewhat upset. She sat down with her phone, thinking that Seth wouldn't be so petty; they were just chatting for a while.

"Patrick cares a lot about that person. If you don't want to put your life at risk, stay away from him," Seth suddenly said coldly.

Isabella was taken aback, realizing he was referring to Corey. She opened her mouth, wanting to say that they didn't interact much.

Seth stared at the notebook screen and said indifferently, "Don't think you're different

from others just because you're a bit attractive. With your intelligence, that guy can manipulate you as easily as playing with a kitten or a puppy."

Isabella felt uneasy hearing this, as if she was intentionally getting close to Corey.

"You're overthinking it. I'm not acquainted with Corey," Isabella responded.

"He wouldn't have sent you fish if you weren't acquainted." Seth looked up.

Isabella explained, "It's just a couple of fish."

"Worth thirty grand. Is it that insignificant to you?" Seth retorted.

Isabella was speechless. She wanted to explain the situation at the time; it wasn't easy to refuse Corey. But as the words reached her lips, she felt that an explanation was unnecessary. She lowered her head, feeling a bit sulky. "I will buy a gift to give back to him."

"If you continue with this, you two will become acquainted," Seth continued, not seeming to want to drop the subject, and there was a hint of mockery in his tone.

Isabella grew annoyed. Why couldn't this man understand? She closed her notebook

with a snap and stood in front of Seth. Seth asked, "Are you angry?"

Isabella replied, "It's getting dark; I need to cook!"

Seth was speechless.

Isabella forcefully grabbed a handful of rice, her movements so vigorous that her elbow

nearly hit Seth's face multiple times. Seth was equally displeased. He packed up his

notebook and went to the other side to work. Both of them were sulking, refusing to

give the other a friendly glance.

Isabella went to the kitchen alone without calling Seth to light the fire. She had

principles. She stubbornly lit the fire herself, then hurried back and forth, tending to

both the rice in the pot and the fire in the stove.

Seth was in the main house, typing furiously on the keyboard. Isabella could hear the

noise coming from the kitchen. Isabella rolled her eyes, deciding not to call him to eat