I QUIT MR 312

Chapter 312 Is He Truly A Fool?

Isabella had overestimated her culinary skills. Yesterday, she had cooked rice that was

only half-cooked, and today, she had turned it into porridge.

As Seth passed by the kitchen door, he mockingly remarked without any courtesy,

"Such talent."

Isabella became so angry that she moved a stool and sat directly in front of the pot,

intending to consume the porridge until she was full, refusing to give any to Seth. Little

did she expect that Seth would go out and return with buns and snacks, showing no

intention of sharing them with her.

D*mn him! In frustration, she drank half a pot of porridge, and with every movement she

made, she could hear the sound of water sloshing in her stomach.

Seth emerged from the room, chewing on a bun, and spoke in a tone as if he was

instructing a maid. "Heat up some water."

Isabella truly wanted to splash the remaining porridge in the pot on his face, but reason

prevailed, and she held back her frustration and heated up the water. When she entered

with the kettle, she discovered that Seth had already prepared the bath and was waiting

for her to pour the water in.

The heated water was actually for Seth's bath, which was heartbreaking. After pouring

the hot water and turning around, she found that Seth was no longer in the main room.

Isabella was confused. When she went out, she saw Seth standing at the door, enjoying

the breeze. "Mr. Shaffer, it's ready."

Seth turned around and glanced at her, saying, "Then why aren't you hurrying?"

Isabella was stunned, "Me first?"

"What else?"

Hmph, who needs your kindness? I was the one who heated the water. Isabella

muttered under her breath, but the anger in her chest dissipated quite a bit. She turned

around, closed the shabby door, and undressed. As usual, she turned on the flashlight,

quickly finished her bath, and felt much more comfortable afterward.

Seth didn't ask her to serve him; he heated the water himself and took care of his

personal matters. A day passed in vain, with no progress at all, and they had to lie on

the same bed, staring at each other. When Isabella lay down, she let out a long sigh.

Seth was sitting at the head of the bed, working. Hearing her sigh, he couldn't help but

chuckle. "Do you feel useless?"

Isabella pouted, "Not really. I can't think of a solution, and neither can you."

"If we truly can't figure it out, then we should leave," Seth suddenly said.

Isabella was surprised and propped herself up. "You're not planning to fight to the end?"

From what she knew of Seth, once he decided on something, he would pursue it

relentlessly.

"There are no guarantees when it comes to matters of the heart. Who can ensure

success?" Seth turned his face, his tone calm. "Bryan lost his life getting that stone. At

Alice's age, she doesn't lack money. She only has a little bit of nostalgia. How could she

easily give it up?"

Isabella clicked her tongue, feeling somewhat helpless. "Then… we shouldn't have

come in the first place."

Seth understood what she meant and casually said, "We're just giving it a try."

Isabella was speechless. She lay down again but couldn't help but search for

information on Bryan and the gem.

Bryan was a renowned jewel hunter who had mined and collected countless treasures

in his lifetime. He died in 1986 at the age of 38 while searching for sapphires in an old

mining area.

The official information only provided a few details about the person, but there were

detailed records about the gems. Isabella frowned as she finished reading and stared

blankly at her phone. "This guy is truly foolish."

Seth glanced at her. "It's just faith. Don't speak nonsense if you don't understand it."

Isabella snorted, "Didn't he have faith before he got married? For a stone, he

disregarded his own safety and left all the sorrow to a woman. He's irresponsible!"

Seth was taken aback by her sudden outburst of passion. He paused for a moment,

contemplating how to defend Bryan.

Just then, a commotion erupted outside, accompanied by the piercing screams of the