

I QUIT MR 315

Chapter 315 Men Shouldn't Be Spoiled

Isabella opened the door, and there stood Alice, asking them, "Are you still able to go?"

"Yes, we can." Isabella rubbed her eyes and said, "Please wait here for a moment."

Alice didn't say anything. She put down her sickle and sat down on the steps. Isabella turned around and noticed that Seth had already gotten up, but he didn't look well. She hurried to boil some water, cut the pancakes that the old lady had brought, and served them to Seth. As she passed the courtyard gate, she overheard the old lady saying something.

"You spoil him."

Isabella was speechless. Seth probably heard it too, and he looked gloomy while eating the pancakes. After finishing their preparations, the three of them left the house together.

At the end of the wheat field, there was a trishaw. Alice turned around and asked the two of them, "Who's going to ride?"

Silence. Isabella had never ridden before, and Seth was even less likely to have.

“I’ll try,” Isabella raised her hand first.

Alice frowned. “Is your husband useless?”

Isabella felt her face heat up; she waved her hand subconsciously but didn’t know how to explain.

Seth glanced at her, stepped forward, and examined the trishaw from front to back. He sat on it, pulled the handbrake, and smoothly started moving forward.

Isabella couldn’t help but clap her hands, “Impressive!”

The old lady gave her a cold look. “Is this how you usually spoil him?”

Isabella asked, “Huh?”

“What’s so praiseworthy about a man riding a trishaw?” The old lady looked speechless, walked to the side of the trishaw, sat down very efficiently, and then called to Isabella,

“Get on!”

Isabella laughed awkwardly, walked over with a bit of embarrassment, and muttered to herself. Isn’t it impressive to ride a trishaw smoothly for the first time?

Seth sat in front of the trishaw, wearing a gray shirt, which was originally understated and elegant. But when he bent over to release the handbrake and then rode the trishaw forward very skillfully, it instantly made people feel that it wasn't elegant at all.

Isabella wanted to laugh when she saw it, but she was afraid that Seth would be upset and couldn't ride well, so she had to hold back the whole time.

The old lady's wheat field was quite far away and even more desolate than where they lived. At a glance, other people's fields were already planted with different crops, but only the old lady's field was still full of wheat.

It didn't look like much at first glance, and Isabella felt relieved. However, when she picked up the sickle, she was instantly overwhelmed.

The sickle was very heavy, and cutting wheat required strength. Although she also came from a humble background, she had never done farm work before. When she suddenly encountered it, she was stunned on the spot.

She wanted to grit her teeth and persevere, but she used too much force on the first

cut and fell backward, landing on the wheat. Her head was spinning, and she suspected that she had a concussion.

Seth was the closest to her. He dropped his sickle and came over, pulling her up. "If you can't do it, just get up. What are you trying to prove?"

Isabella felt wronged and looked at the wheat behind her, "I didn't expect....."

"Get up." Seth frowned, supporting her waist and carrying her out of the wheat field.

Isabella felt a bit embarrassed and glanced in Alice's direction. The woman in her seventies was more efficient than her. She knew that Seth had injured his arm. If he cut from morning till night, his arm would probably be ruined.

She was anxious that she couldn't help, so when Seth wasn't paying attention, she picked up the sickle again and squatted in the wheat field, cutting one stalk at a time, helping as much as she could.

The wheat field appeared small at first glance, but as they began their work, a feeling of endless despair overwhelmed them. They paused for a break at noon before resuming their labor. Isabella stood up multiple times, noticing Seth's struggle to move his arm