

## Chapter 2 Rebirth, Isabelle Jenkins

Norward City.

In a modest ward of the affiliated hospital.

"My daughter suffered a concussion from a fall, and your school is only willing to pay this much? What if she develops any long-term effects and can't continue her studies? Her life would be ruined. Who will take responsibility for that?! I'm telling you, if you don't pay at least fifteen thousand dollars today, we'll meet at the police station. I'll ensure everyone knows how your school handles these situations and that your school can't continue to operate."

"Mrs. Jenkins, can you please be reasonable? Your daughter is not a young child who needs constant supervision from teachers. Besides, your daughter fell down the stairs because she is overweight. The responsibility lies entirely with her. The school has done its best by paying half of the medical expenses.

"Your daughter's academic performance is poor. She is at the bottom of the class and lacks the motivation to improve. Moreover, she negatively impacts other students' studies. Students have complained to me more than once. A few days ago, she even started dating and brought breakfast to a male student, seriously damaging the school's atmosphere. That boy's parents have come to me."

With her hands on her hips, Eleanor Dawson said shrewishly, "So, you're saying that your school doesn't want to pay, right?"

The argument escalated.

Suddenly, a cold voice interrupted, "Shut up, all of you!"

Eleanor and her husband, the homeroom teacher, and the head teacher fell silent, looking at the overweight girl on the hospital bed.

Blood Shadow sat up from the bed and pressed her aching temples. The frail bed creaked under her movement.

The intense pain spread from the back of her head to her entire body, causing her to frown and adjust slowly.

Suddenly, Blood Shadow sensed something. Her massaging motion suddenly stopped. The next moment, she widened her eyes.

She didn't die?

She quickly scanned the ward. Her gaze fell on the four ordinary-looking people standing at the foot of her bed.

"Who are you?"

Blood Shadow's eyes narrowed when she spoke. This was not her voice. She immediately touched her throat but noticed the thick arm she had raised.

She furrowed her brow deeply.

What's going on?

The four people were stunned in response to her question.

Eleanor directly rushed at the teacher and made a fuss. She said, "Look at what my daughter has become. Your school only pays a small amount for medical expenses. You're simply inhuman and heartless!"

The homeroom teacher, a man in his forties wearing black glasses, was flustered. He replied, "Mrs. Jenkins, please calm down."

"Isabelle, I'm your dad. Don't you recognise me?"

"Isabelle, don't scare me. Are you still not fully awake? Take a good look at who we are."

However, the girl just stared at her thick arm.

At that moment, the TV reported, "A solitary island in Brookhaven exploded at 7.10 this morning ..."

Blood Shadow looked at the TV.

Before she could react, a flood of memories that didn't belong to her suddenly poured in, causing her to furrow her brow.

Eleanor was causing a fuss with the homeroom teacher over money while her husband and the head teacher expressed concern.

Her head was throbbing with pain. She couldn't bear it any longer and said, "All of you, please get out!"

"Stop making noise. Isabelle just woke up. Let her rest. If there's anything, let's talk outside." Isabelle's father finally stood up and called the incessantly loud Eleanor out of the ward.

The ward finally quieted down. Blood Shadow maintained an extraordinary calm and smelled the faint scent of disinfectant in the air.

Eleanor's loud voice echoed in the corridor outside.

Blood Shadow entered the bathroom and spent more than ten minutes looking at her unfamiliar face in the mirror. Her features were quite clear. Although her body was fat, her face was not too chubby, and her skin was fair and radiant.

If she lost weight, she would look pretty good.

"Isabelle."

After a while, the girl said that name in front of the mirror.

This name seemed to have a connection to her.

A soul rebirth?

This was not difficult to accept, as she had already witnessed many strange things.

After just standing for ten minutes, her body already felt strained. Her legs were weak, not only because of the impact on her head but also due to the lack of exercise, resulting in physical weakness.

Blood Shadow wanted to know how this body managed to be both bulky and frail.

What a pity. Her body, as strong as an iron wall, was blown to pieces. After years of intense training, it became food for the fish in the ocean in the end.

Blood Shadow closed her eyes. When she opened her eyes again, she had fully embraced this new body and identity.

Isabelle.

It sounded good. It's much more human than Blood Shadow.

She returned to the ward. The corridor outside was quiet. The doctor entered and brought the medical record to check on her. "Are you Isabelle?"

She lifted her bright eyes and responded, "Yes, that's me."

Taragon City, the Harris Residence.

In a study room decorated in a low-key yet luxurious manner, a man sat at his desk with a document in front of him.

"What a pity," that man murmured.

His voice was deep and magnetic, tinged with regret.

A moment later, he sighed again. "Such a waste of a genius." This time, his lament was more straightforward.

His gaze fell on the document. The name on it was "Blood Shadow."

This elusive genius assassin, whose gender was unknown to many, had most of her information displayed in front of this man.

Isabelle spent a night in the hospital and was urged by her mother, Eleanor, to go home early the following day.

"Quickly change your clothes, and let's go home. The school only slightly compensated us, and we can't afford your hospital bills."

Eleanor tossed the clothes she brought to Isabelle and constantly complained about the meagre compensation.

Isabelle's eyes were cold as she sat motionless on the hospital bed.

"Hurry up, what are you waiting for? I have to go to work soon. Will you make up for it if I'm late and they deduct my pay?"

She always talks about money.

Blood Shadow thought about how she had taken over Isabelle's body. She decided to tolerate this harsh and cheap mother.

After leaving the hospital, Eleanor left her and gave her thirty cents for the bus fare. She handed her the keys and went to work.

Relying on the original owner's memory, Isabelle returned to her home. Before she entered the residential area, she ran into a handsome boy.

That boy, who wore a blue and white school uniform, was full of youthful energy but a bit thin and silent.

Although Eleanor was mean, she possessed a remarkable beauty that contributed to her proud and arrogant demeanour.

The boy standing before her had inherited Eleanor's genes.

When that boy saw Isabelle, he stopped for a while. His gaze shifted to the bandage wrapped around her head.

Isabelle also observed him closely.

Perhaps the previous Isabelle had grown accustomed to being submissive and avoiding eye contact, so her behaviour made the boy frown in surprise.

He approached her, and Isabelle noticed a slight limp in his left foot.

Ethan didn't say a word, but as he passed by her, he handed her the object before continuing to school with his backpack.

Isabelle looked at the bun in her hand.

Her younger brother didn't inherit their mother's harsh nature.

A concussion is not a minor issue, and the doctor disagreed with Isabelle's discharge. However, Eleanor was too stingy to pay for the hospital stay. So, upon returning home, Isabelle did nothing but go straight to bed and sleep.

She slept until darkness fell.

"Fat pig, you truly are a pig reincarnated. All you do is eat and sleep all day. Why don't you just drop dead?"

When Isabelle opened her eyes, she saw Layla standing by her bed, glaring at her with disgust and hatred.

"What are you staring at? Get up and eat. Do you need someone to call you, even for a meal? Even a disabled person is more useful than you!" Layla said, turning to leave without wanting to spend another second in the room.

With such looks and character, she was indeed a spitting image of Eleanor.

Isabelle sat up and realised this family was quite abnormal, especially her supposed younger sister, Layla.

Isabelle, who had inherited the memories of the previous owner, knew all too well the extent of the bullying she had endured from this "loving sister."

She is young but has a wicked heart. She truly needed to be taught a lesson!