

### Chapter 3 Extraordinary Intelligence

Isabelle came out of her room.

"Isabelle, come and eat." Isabelle's father, William, had prepared her bowl and chopsticks.

The living room was bare, devoid of any valuable items. The dusty light bulb emitted a faint glow.

A family of five gathered around a small, worm-eating square table. Isabelle sat in a corner spot.

Ethan kept his head down and ate his meal. When Isabelle joined them, he silently moved his chair aside, giving plump Isabelle more room and taking a seat at the edge of the table.

"You must be feeling better after a good sleep. Eat up." William added some meat to her bowl and said with a hint of shame, "We can't afford to keep you in the hospital any longer. Rest well at home before going back to school. I'll buy a chicken tomorrow to make soup for you."

"With her poor grades, it doesn't matter whether she goes to school or not. The teachers probably hope she doesn't show up," Layla sneered.

"Layla! Isabelle is your sister. How can you speak like that?" William scolded angrily.

"Why are you yelling? What did Layla say wrong? I really don't know what's in her brain. She even scored five or ten points. I've been completely embarrassed by her. And she's even dating at such a young age. She's not ashamed at all." Eleanor's words grew more heated as she spoke.

Not satisfied with scolding Isabelle, she turned her anger towards William. "Do you know how your relatives laugh at me? How did I end up marrying such a useless man like you? All your brothers were extremely poor back then, but now they all drive cars and live in new houses. Only you, still living in this old house with your wife and children, are using the old appliances your brothers don't want anymore. If you were a bit more ambitious, your son wouldn't be limping. I really regret marrying you."

Facing his wife's complaints, William kept his head down and said nothing. His face aged more than his peers due to overwork, flushed with shame.

Ethan continued to eat calmly, seemingly numb to the familiar scene. However, he gripped his chopsticks tighter when he heard the word "limping."

"You really don't care, do you? Our parents are arguing because of you, and you're just sitting there watching TV. You're hopeless. I can't believe I have a sister like you." Layla glared at Isabelle and made the situation worse.

As expected, Isabelle received an almost resentful glare from Eleanor.

However, Isabelle shifted her gaze from the TV to Layla with a blank expression.

Her gaze was as cold as ice.

"What's with that look? Did I say something wrong?" Layla felt something was off about Isabelle since she returned from the hospital. Usually, she would just lower her head, shrink her neck, and be too scared to eat. She wouldn't dare look at her like this.

Did she hit her head and damage her brain?

"You little br\*t, how dare you glare at your sister. Finish your meal quickly and wash the dishes. I get angry just looking at you." After scolding Isabelle, Eleanor picked up her bowl to eat.

Isabelle glanced at Eleanor. She didn't want to argue with them at this moment.

She turned her attention back to the TV.

The TV was old and has been used for many years. The model was long outdated.

The news was reporting on a major explosion in Brookhaven.

A cold light flashed in Isabelle's eyes.

Dark Shadow, I, Blood Shadow, will settle this score sooner or later!

She put down her chopsticks and stood up to return to her room.

"Oh, you're eating so little today. Don't you usually eat three bowls?" Layla glanced at Isabelle's bowl and mocked it.

Eleanor ordered Isabelle, "Wash the dishes before you return to your room."

"Isabelle just had a bad fall yesterday. She can't wash dishes. Layla, Ethan, you guys do it," William said gruffly.

Layla replied, "But I don't know how to wash the dishes." Then she muttered, "She fell on her head, not her hands. She usually does the washing."

"Layla and Ethan still have homework to do. What if their grades drop? Every New Year, when we sit with our relatives, they brag about their cars and houses. We can only be proud of Layla and Ethan's grades." After Eleanor finished speaking, she urged Isabelle to wash the dishes.

Isabelle stood at the entrance of the living room and looked at Eleanor. Her eyes narrowed slightly, as if she was restraining something.

She was not known for her good temper. The rumours of her ruthless nature were not exaggerated or unfounded.

If Eleanor and Layla dared to say another word, she couldn't guarantee she wouldn't lose her temper.

Just then, Ethan finished eating and quietly cleaned up the dishes and chopsticks.

"Put that down. Why did you wash it? Go back to your room and do your homework." Eleanor would never let her son do such chores. She always left the housework to Isabelle.

Isabelle worked tirelessly every day, yet her meal portion remained the same.

Ethan ignored Eleanor. He picked up the dishes and went to wash them.

Layla frowned slightly, not approving but too lazy to lecture her taciturn brother. She got up and returned to her room. She had no idea how she had narrowly escaped a "storm."

Eleanor glared at Isabelle. She went to the kitchen to chase her son back to his room and she washed the dishes herself.

After sleeping for a day, Isabelle's physical and mental state had somewhat recovered. She walked around the yard to inspect the place where the family lived.

The old house was inherited from two generations before. Although it was dilapidated, it was large enough, with a courtyard, walls, and a separate kitchen.

A sweet-scented osmanthus tree was planted in the courtyard.

There were several rooms initially occupied by a large family. Later, William's brothers made some money and moved out, leaving them behind.

Ethan came out of the kitchen and glanced at Isabelle in the yard. Their eyes met for a moment. Then he limped back to his room.

Isabelle watched his back and followed him.

Ethan took out a difficult math problem he had copied from the internet yesterday. He frowned and sat at his desk, continuing to solve the problem.

Suddenly, he felt a presence. He looked up and saw Isabelle leaning against his door frame with her arms folded, appearing out of nowhere.

A large figure blocked his doorway completely.

This was the first time Isabelle had entered his room. Usually, she would retreat to her room when she returned from school, regardless of the time, except for doing housework.

Ethan noticed that his sister seemed different today.

Isabelle walked over and glanced at his notebook. She raised her eyebrow and asked, "You can't solve it?"

Ethan looked at her in silence.

Isabelle took his pen and began writing in his notebook without hesitation.

Before Ethan could react, his notebook had been filled with her writing. The challenging question that was beyond the syllabus had been solved.

It was solved perfectly!

The steps were clear and unique.

After reading it, Ethan felt as if he had been enlightened. His face even turned slightly red with excitement.

After the initial surprise, he looked at Isabelle in disbelief and asked, "How did you do it?"

This was the first sentence her so-called brother had ever said to her.

"Isn't this simple problem solvable by anyone with hands?" Isabelle replied sincerely.

Ethan said, "This is a university-level question I found online."

He was in his second year of high school, one grade below Isabelle and Layla.

Isabelle responded, "So what?"

Ethan stared suspiciously at the unusually intelligent Isabelle and said, "You usually score five or ten points. The highest you've ever scored is twenty-five. Besides choosing ABCD in multiple-choice questions, you could only write out a word, 'solutions'."

With her level of intelligence, how could she possibly solve it?

Having inherited the original owner's memories, Blood Shadow knew how foolish the original owner had been.

Isabelle scoffed without hesitation, "Writing out 'solutions' is just a way not to embarrass them. Such questions are simply a waste of time and ink."

Ethan couldn't believe it and asked, "So, were you just pretending all this time?"