

Chapter 6 The Mysterious Man

Mike happened to overhear the conversation and frowned. Then he turned to look at Isabelle, wondering if she was playing any tricks to get his attention. However, no matter what tricks she played, they would all be in vain.

Throughout the class, Ethan was somewhat distracted. His mind was filled with the scene of Isabelle grabbing the boy's collar and forcing him to apologize. Ethan was secretly excited.

After class, a few boys gathered around.

"Ethan, is that fat girl from Senior 3 Class 3 your sister? Really? How come we've never heard you mention that you have such a fat sister?"

"If your sister eats so much, your family must be well off, right? Why don't they have money to treat your foot? Are your parents biased?"

"I think his sister ate all of the money for his treatment. Just look at their clothes and shoes. She probably ate their family into poverty. Haha!"

Ethan sat in his seat and clenched his fists tightly.

"Hey, are you guys really siblings? How come you're so good at studying and your sister is so bad? I heard she only gets five or ten points on her tests. I could score more than that with my eyes closed."

Ethan almost broke the skin of his palm.

"Hey, how can you say that? You should say that if you put the answer sheet on the ground and step on it, you could get four or five right. How did your sister get such a low score? Haha!"

"My sister is not stupid!" Ethan could not stand it anymore and raised his head.

"Well, she's not stupid. She's idiotic! Haha!" The boys laughed and walked away.

Ethan's face turned red. It was unknown whether it was from anger or embarrassment.

Isabelle sat in her seat, lost in thought.

She did not even have a cell phone, so she needed to get some money first.

She could not do a lot of things without money.

After thinking about it, she realised that all the ways she could get money were somewhat on the edge of legality.

The teacher was lecturing passionately, and when he saw Isabelle staring out the window in a daze, he was immediately displeased.

"Isabelle?"

"Isabelle!"

The teacher was furious that Isabelle was not responding to him. "Some people, even with their poor family and personal conditions, refuse to strive to improve themselves and will only waste time and life. Not only do they affect the whole class, but they also drag down the overall performance. They are simply pests of the class."

"Are you talking about me?" Isabelle turned her head.

All eyes in the class were on Isabelle. Who else could he be talking about?

"It's good that you're self-aware. Come up and solve this." The teacher tapped the blackboard, and without waiting for Isabelle's response, he sneered, "Forget it, just sit down. Your brain can't comprehend this anyway."

Isabelle stood up.

"What are you doing? Do you really think you can do it? Hurry back to your seat and don't waste everyone's time."

"Teacher, just let her. If she's not afraid of embarrassing herself, why should we?" The students all wanted to watch Isabelle make a fool of herself.

Isabelle ignored them. Then she walked to the podium, picked up a piece of chalk, and started writing.

Unlike Isabelle's beautiful handwriting, Blood Shadow's writing was crisp and decisive. It had vigorous and graceful strokes, and her penmanship was ten times nicer than the teacher's.

Under the astonished gaze of everyone, Isabelle filled the blackboard with solutions, which were even simpler and easier to understand than what the teacher had taught in class. The steps to solve the problem were clear and concise. At this moment, the crowd waiting to see her make a fool of herself slowly fell silent and they were all looking at Isabelle in disbelief.

The teacher stared at the blackboard and adjusted his glasses.

As the last stroke fell, Isabelle threw the chalk down and said to the teacher, "Since you're a teacher, you should have better inner quality."

Then, she returned to her seat.

The teacher was left speechless, his face flushed.

After a while, he said, "It's just blind luck!"

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After the self-study session in the evening, Ethan thought Isabelle would wait for him, but she did not.

When she was almost home, she saw Ethan walking in front of her, limping. Considering how he was called a cripple at school today, it was clear that Ethan was bullied at school no less than she was as a fat girl.

Unfortunately, she does not have any money or silver needles now. Otherwise, she would not mind treating her brother's foot.

Isabelle quickened her pace to catch up with Ethan.

When Ethan saw her, he glanced at her and then turned his head away.

Isabelle did not mind. The two of them did not talk a lot anyway.

"Are you going to take the college entrance examination seriously?" Ethan suddenly asked.

"Of course." How could she, Blood Shadow, be at the bottom?

When they got home, Isabelle changed her clothes and was about to go out for a night run when Eleanor asked her to wash the dishes.

Eleanor would leave the dishes in the evening and she would usually wait for Isabelle to wash them after she came back from self-study.

Isabelle turned to glance at her and then ignored her.

"You ungrateful girl!" Eleanor cursed in anger.

Ethan put down his school bag and silently went into the kitchen to wash the dishes.

As she stepped out of the front door, Isabelle could still hear Eleanor yelling at her son to go back to his room to do his homework and grumbling while she washed the dishes.

Isabelle had been controlling her diet and persisting in running every morning and evening. The results were astonishing after just a few days. She had slimmed down noticeably and even her chin had become sharper.

Her meal card was out of money, so Isabelle decided to skip dinner altogether. She did not plan to ask Eleanor for money because she was unsure if she could control her temper amidst Eleanor's constant grumbling.

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After her evening run and a shower, she went back to her room to sleep. At the same time, she would wonder about where she could quickly get some money.

Suddenly, Isabelle's ears twitched.

Immediately, she rolled out of bed in response.

A group of outsiders had intruded into the urban village shrouded in darkness.

A man, clutching his gunshot wound, was darting around the old residential area, fleeing for his life.

Then she stumbled and fell to the ground.

The people behind him had not caught up yet, so the man took a brief rest.

Under the moonlight, Isabelle crossed the front hall and appeared in the courtyard.

It was late April, so the sweet osmanthus in the courtyard was in full bloom, filling the air with its fragrance.

The man, disregarding his image, slumped against the wall. His abdomen was stained with blood and his breathing was erratic.

Suddenly, the man sensed something and abruptly looked up as the door of the house swung open.

Upon catching sight of the man's face, Isabelle raised an eyebrow.

He seemed familiar.

She quickly searched her memory and successfully identified the man from a wealth of information.

Isabelle then stepped out of the courtyard and crouched down.

Clutching his abdomen, the man gasped, "Go back inside if you don't want to die."

To his surprise, the fat girl asked calmly, "Do you need help?"

The man looked at her in astonishment but at the same time, he remained cautious.

"You're not critically wounded, so you won't die. Although I can't guarantee that if the bleeding doesn't stop within half an hour," Isabelle said, glancing nonchalantly at his injury.

A series of orderly footsteps approached, clearly belonging to well-trained individuals.

Isabelle had exceptional hearing, and the man heard it too. Therefore, he immediately became highly alert.

However, to the man's surprise, Isabelle remained remarkably calm. She took a pen from the man's suit pocket and, under his puzzled and wary gaze, used it to roll up his sleeve to reveal a small section of his wrist. She was acting as if she found the blood on his hand repulsive.

After that, Isabelle wrote a series of numbers on the man's arm with the pen.

Then she capped the pen and returned it to its original place.

Isabelle said, "Enter through here and exit through the back door. If you survive, don't forget to transfer money to my account."

The man stared at Isabelle.

However, before he could ponder further, the footsteps of the pursuers grew closer. So, he struggled to his feet and entered Isabelle's courtyard.

Just as he departed, several men dressed in black arrived.