

Chapter 7 George Harris

When the men dressed in black arrived, Isabelle, a former assassin, detected a familiar scent emanating from them, which unexpectedly evoked a sense of nostalgia within her.

Of course, she was referring to the aura of death that they carried.

Just that.

These individuals were not even qualified to join Dark Shadow, let alone be worthy of her recognition.

"Have you seen a man pass by here?" The leader of the group concealed his gun and asked Isabelle in a cold tone.

Isabelle turned her shoulder to them and idly scraped the dirt with her foot, as if she was playing with mud.

The rainy season was nearly over, so there had been frequent but light rain recently, leaving the ground perpetually damp.

Outside the Jenkins family's courtyard wall, there was no paved road, only a dirt path. Therefore, a thick layer of soil had been piled up at the base of the wall to reinforce it.

Isabelle leisurely scraped the soil with her foot, burying the man's bloodstains right under the noses of the men in black.

The men caught a whiff of the fragrance of osmanthus in the air mixed with the scent of blood, which heightened their suspicion of Isabelle.

Just as they were about to question her, the fat girl raised her hand and pointed in a direction. "He went that way."

The men in black glanced at Isabelle. Though doubtful, they still hastily went after the man.

Isabelle retreated into the courtyard, closed the door, and went back to sleep.

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After escaping through the back door of the Jenkins Residence, Sam was promptly picked up by his family, who rushed over to get him. After receiving medical treatment for his wounds, they hurriedly returned to Taragon City overnight.

Harris Residence, Taragon City.

Sam resided in the southeast courtyard of the Harris Residence. Upon entering the main gate, he went straight upstairs to change his clothes before meeting his uncle.

However, as soon as he changed, he found his uncle already seated on the sofa in the hall downstairs. His long legs were crossed as he waited for Sam.

"Uncle George." Sam approached his uncle in a respectful manner.

It was already dawn on the second day. The man on the sofa had a handsome face. His custom-made grey pinstripe suit bestowed upon him an air of nobility and restraint. Furthermore, his powerful aura commanded respect, making all the subordinates in the hall and Sam himself feel slightly intimidated.

The man was George Harris, the current head of the Harris family.

He was the youngest son of the retired Mr. Harris.

Although he was respectfully addressed as Uncle George by the younger generation of the family, he was only twenty-nine years old.

"Uncle George, why did you come here in person?" Sam felt a chill down his spine. Since he had failed the mission, he dared not meet his uncle's gaze.

"It's my fault for being useless. I couldn't even handle such a small task. Not only did I lose the goods, but I also got myself into this mess." Sam was filled with regret.

When his uncle was his age, he was already capable of handling things on his own and could effortlessly control every situation. Everyone who saw his uncle would respectfully call him Mr. George, but when it came to him ...

"I'll accept my punishment when it's daylight." Sam lowered his head even further.

George's voice was indifferent and low. "You are a member of the Harris family, not a bodyguard or an assassin. Hence, it's natural that you can't excel in all aspects of your first mission. It's fine as long as you're not hurt."

George was always lenient with the younger generation.

Having said that, he slowly looked up at Sam. "How are your injuries?"

Sam quickly replied, "They didn't hit any vital organs. They have removed the bullet so I'll be fine after a few days of rest."

When Sam covered his bandaged abdomen, the string of numbers on his arm caught George's attention. "What's that?"

George thought it was some important information that Sam had brought back.

Sam looked down. He had been very careful when he was cleaning the blood from his hands for fear of washing off these numbers.

Upon hearing his uncle's question, he quickly explained, "The goods were stolen in the suburbs of Norward City. After that, I was saved by a young girl when I was in a critical situation. She's the one who left me her bank account."

"Oh, a young girl?" George did not seem interested so he only responded casually.

"Yes, she seemed to be a student. She also said that if I survived, I should transfer money to her account." Sam was deeply impressed by the bold and composed girl.

"Do you need help?"

"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."

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

Sam remembered every word Isabelle had said to him, as well as how she took a pen from his pocket to write down her account number.

She was indeed a very special girl.

"I've already sent people to pursue the stolen goods so we won't lose them. Rest well. When those individuals are captured, you can decide what you want to do with them." George stood up to leave.

After pondering for a moment, Sam caught up with George when he saw that he was about to exit through the main gate. "Uncle George, I ... I want to go to Norward City again to personally express my gratitude to that girl."

"It's up to you." George continued walking, but after a few steps, he stopped and reminded her, "But you should know that you're a Harris and how many people are secretly watching you. Norward City is so small, so your grand gestures could cause trouble for her. Also, she has clearly stated her preferred method of gratitude, so why make unnecessary moves?"

"Yes, I understand. Thank you for the reminder, Uncle George." Sam sounded somewhat regretful.

George replied, "You don't need to go to the office for the time being. Stay home and recover from your injuries."

Sam said, "I'll be fine."

George said, "If you can't sit still, try to find a doctor who can take over your grandfather's surgery, or at least find a method to alleviate his condition."

Sam replied, "Alright."

With Blood Shadow's death, they all knew that the old man's illness was nearly incurable.

After bidding farewell to George, Sam went upstairs and stared at the account number he had written down on a piece of paper for a long time.

How much should he transfer?

His life was invaluable, but she was still a student. Would giving her too much money at once frighten her? Would it have negative consequences and cause her trouble?

After all, no matter how courageous she was, she was still a teenager.

She probably would not be able to handle billions or hundreds of millions of dollars.

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When Isabelle woke up, she went for her usual morning run and then left the house with her school bag.

Ethan was waiting for her at the door.

"Here." Ethan handed her 7 dollars.

Isabelle raised an eyebrow but did not take it. Instead, she questioned him with her eyes.

"You mentioned that your meal card was out of money," Ethan explained.

After considering it for a moment, Isabelle accepted the money. As she looked at the 7 dollars in her hand, she felt an urge to laugh. She, who used to get everything she wanted and have all the money in the world, was now relying on the 7 dollars given by her little brother to get by.

Isabelle asked, "Where did you get this?"

Ethan answered, "I told Mom that my meal card was out of money."

Isabelle asked again, "What will you do now that you've given this to me?"

Ethan, "I still have about 3 dollars left on my meal card."

So Isabelle slung her school bag over her shoulder, put her hands in her pockets, and followed Ethan. She asked, "How did you know my meal card was out of money?"

"You used to ask Mom for money to top it up once a week, but it's been more than a week and I haven't seen you ask her," Ethan explained.

Isabelle did not say anything, but looked down at the worn-out sneakers on Ethan's feet. She thought to herself that her little brother was truly kind-hearted.

As Nella stood upstairs at Norward High, she observed Isabelle leisurely walking to school with a malicious glint in her eyes.

"Have you found them?" Nella asked her follower.

"Don't worry. By tonight, that fat pig will learn the consequences of offending us." The follower, who was drenched yesterday, said it viciously. She was already eager to witness Isabelle begging for mercy.

"Hmph." Nella crossed her arms and snorted coldly. How dare that fat pig intimidate her. She's truly asking for trouble.