

Chapter 10 Luxury Spending

Ethan hesitated to touch such an expensive item. He carefully examined it to confirm that it was a genuine phone, not a dummy. He asked, "Where did you get it?"

"I bought it."

"Where did you get so much money?"

"I have more." Isabelle raised her hand and showed another phone.

Ethan's eyes widened.

Each of these phones costs nearly 1,500 dollars. It's not something affordable for ordinary wage earners. His sister was a poor student, yet she had bought two phones at once.

3,000 dollars was a sum their family couldn't save, even by scrimping and saving for a year.

"Where did you get the money?"

He wondered did she steal or rob it from others like a gangster?

But those gangsters only rob students. A few hundred a day was considered good income. How could she make so much money from robbing others?

Isabelle explained, "I didn't steal or rob. It's all legitimate. Use it without worry. If it breaks, I'll buy you another one."

Ethan gazed at Isabelle. Her face was both familiar and strangely different to him. A sense of trust welled up inside him, possibly sparked by the clamour etched on Isabelle's face or her drastic changes. Or perhaps he was fully convinced that Isabelle's previous naivety and incompetence had been an act.

"Okay."

Ethan's reaction over the phone was too dramatic, right?

If Isabelle's brother knew about her assets, wouldn't he faint from shock? Not to mention her assets, just showing him the remaining 147,000 dollars in her account would probably make his jaw drop.

"I'll take you shopping tomorrow." After saying this, Isabelle grabbed her new phone and went back to her room.

Ethan carefully took the phone out of the box and held it in his hand for a while. He was so excited that his hands were somewhat stiff. He then remembered to take the SIM card out of his old phone and carefully put it into the new one.

The moment he turned on the phone, Ethan's heartbeat accelerated, and his breathing became heavier. He felt like he was dreaming.

Such an expensive item was something he could never hope for. He wouldn't dare accept it, even if it was given to him by his relatives. But now he was holding it in his hand. This phone belonged to him. It was given to him by his sister, who had been scolded by their mother for being useless for over a decade.

The next day was the weekend.

After her morning run, Isabelle changed her clothes and called Ethan to go shopping with her.

"Did you study late last night?" Noticing Ethan's dark circles, Isabelle casually asked.

Ethan responded somewhat evasively, "Yes."

He didn't want Isabelle to know that he was so excited that he couldn't sleep all night.

Ethan carefully put his new phone into his pocket as if it was a treasure, pretending not to care too much. Isabelle didn't expose him.

Ethan followed Isabelle out and asked, "You said you were going to take me shopping yesterday. What are we buying? Do you still have money?"

"What are you guys doing? Did mom give you money?" Layla, with her sharp ears, heard Ethan's words from her room and immediately ran out to ask.

Ever since Isabelle fell and came back from the hospital, she had changed into a different person. Inexplicably, Isabelle's relationship with Ethan had improved.

Layla cannot bear to see this.

Isabelle ignored her and headed to the yard without stopping.

Afraid that Layla would tattletale to their parents, Ethan thought for a moment and replied, "No."

"Hmph." Layla rolled her eyes and couldn't be bothered by them, thinking that they couldn't have any money.

Isabelle took Ethan to have a casual breakfast, then brought him to the largest mall in Norward City.

Ethan hesitated at the entrance of the mall. Seeing Isabelle striding in, he followed.

This was the first time Ethan had ever been to such a place.

He was wearing clothes that he had bought from the bazaar over the past six months, and with his limping left foot, he felt out of place here. Ethan followed behind Isabelle with his head bowed. He tried not to look around to make himself seem less nervous. He wanted to call out to Isabelle several times but chose to follow her trustingly.

It wasn't until Isabelle led him into the men's department store and told the well-dressed shop assistant, "Find him some clothes."

Ethan came back to his senses and was shocked that his sister was buying clothes for him.

"This one is not bad." Isabelle reached out, picked up a casual outfit nearby, and shoved it into Ethan's hand. She instructed, "Try it on."

Ethan went into the fitting room in a daze. When he came out wearing the third outfit and wanted to ask something, he saw Isabelle standing at the cash register, flashing a card he was not unfamiliar with. She said, "Swipe this card."

Ethan looked in her direction in shock.

"The total is 2,800 dollars, please enter your password." The shop assistant handed over the card machine with both hands.

Payment Successful.'

Ethan's eyes widened in shock.

Isabelle put away her card and looked at Ethan. "Just put this outfit on and go." She then told the shop assistant, "Help him cut off the tags."

Dressed in new clothes and carrying two bags in his hand, Ethan followed Isabelle in a daze. His old clothes were discarded by the sales assistant at Isabelle's request. Initially, he had planned to wear them until next year.

Isabelle said, "Pick whichever style you like."

Before Ethan could recover from the shock of spending thousands of dollars, Isabelle had already led him to the shoe section. Upon hearing this, Ethan looked up to see a dazzling array of designer shoes.

More than half of his classmates wore designer shoes, changing them every now and then. He didn't recognize the brands and wasn't interested in them, but his classmates would often talk about them in his presence.

Even the less well-off students in his class wore shoes that cost dozens of dollars. Only he wore shoes that cost less than ten dollars. It was cheap, but he couldn't afford to replace them, even if his feet had outgrown them.

Seeing Ethan carrying bags and wearing designer clothes, the sales assistant sharply brought two pairs of shoes to him and enthusiastically offered to help him try them on.

"I ... I can do it myself," Ethan said.

He refused the assistant and sat down on the sofa.

Looking down at his own worn-out shoes, then at the beautiful, expensive new shoes in the sales assistant's hands, he felt his face heat up.

While changing out his shoes, Ethan subtly turned his body, not wanting anyone to see his left foot.

Ethan quickly finished trying on the shoes. Before he could refuse or say anything else, Isabelle had already taken out her card.

The two pairs of shoes cost approximately 4,000 dollars, even more expensive than the clothes.

Upon hearing the words 'Payment Successful' again, Ethan's heart thumped ferociously and he lost control of his expression.

After shopping for Ethan, Isabelle went on to purchase some clothes and shoes for herself, all of which she had Ethan carry.

The items in his hands amounted to nearly 15,000 dollars. Holding them, Ethan felt as if he were clutching 15,000 dollars in cash. He gripped them tightly for fear of being robbed.

After leaving the store, Isabelle bought a laptop.

Only then did she leave the mall, accompanied by Ethan.

Compared with the time he entered and exited the mall, Ethan had been through two contrasting emotions.

Instead of heading straight home, Isabelle took him to the most luxurious five-star hotel in Norward City.

"Why are we here?" Ethan looked at the glided words that wrote 'Glorious International Hotel', and he quickly halted Isabelle, who was about to enter.

"We're here to dine," Isabelle said, walking straight in.

"But ..." He could only follow.

Isabelle directly requested a private room on the top floor.

Isabelle said, "Order whatever you like."

Taking the menu from the waiter, Ethan's face turned serious and conflicted as he opened it.

It was all in Fleoburgian, a language he didn't understand. The only thing he recognised was the price.

Although he was usually oblivious to the world outside, as a resident of Norward City, he was aware of this hotel.

Whenever a classmate came here for a family gathering, it would be the talk of the class for days.

He had heard that the food here was exorbitantly priced, with even a simple vegetable dish costing hundreds. The meat and seafood were even more expensive, with a few dishes easily costing as much as his family's monthly income. Even the menu was gold-plated, with a design and materials that were far from simple.

Ethan never imagined that he would be able to dine here one day.

Quietly closing the menu, Ethan wanted to say something to Isabelle but saw her flipping through the menu, ordering in fluent Fleoburgian.

Ethan was stunned to hear Isabelle casually speak in Fleoburgian. How did he not know his sister could speak Fleoburgian?

And what were all these things she was ordering—foie gras, caviar, black truffle? What were they?