

Chapter 11 The World's Number One Hacker, X

After Isabelle finished ordering, she looked up to see Ethan staring at her instead of the menu. She turned her head and asked the waiter to bring an English menu for Ethan.

"No need."

The items on the menu were too expensive for Ethan.

Isabelle didn't insist, and she handed the menu back to the waiter. "Just serve two portions with what I ordered."

After the waiter left, Isabelle placed the newly purchased laptop on the table and opened it.

Dressed in expensive new clothes and shoes and sitting in a comfortable chair in front of a huge glass dining table under a beautiful chandelier, Ethan felt uncomfortable all over. He didn't know what to do. Therefore, he started a conversation with Isabelle, "Have you eaten in places like this before?"

"More or less."

The places she went to were either seven-star or private Fleoburg kitchens. This was her first time in a star hotel in a small place like Norward City.

"So, the menu was in Fleoburgian, right? When did you learn Fleoburgian?"

"Self-taught to pass the time."

Isabelle was busy with something. Ethan saw her hands dance on the keyboard. Her eyes filled with a seriousness he had never seen before. She exuded a kind of indescribable, overbearing momentum.

Ethan curiously walked over.

When he saw her computer screen, he exclaimed in surprise, "What is this?"

The screen was filled with data. As Isabelle's fingers moved on the keyboard, the data seemed to come to life and jump quickly. This scene reminded Ethan of the powerful and mysterious hackers portrayed in dramas. He found it fascinating.

Blood Shadow was the ace of the world's number-one assassin organisation. Meanwhile, she also had another identity that made her peers look up to her and made countless business tycoons and high-ranking officials both shocked and afraid—the world's number one hacker, X.

In just a few minutes, Isabelle had created a security system, implanted a location tracker in her computer and phone, and set up a firewall.

Although Ethan thought it was amazing, he was a layman and couldn't understand how powerful this bunch of data was.

Any professional would know that the standard of the security system she casually created was beyond the reach of many peers in the industry. It would fetch a sky-high price if sold to any company in need.

After Isabelle finished, she saw Ethan staring at her screen without blinking. She raised an eyebrow and asked, "Interested?"

Ethan stared at her blankly. After a while, he nodded stupidly and said, "Yeah."

Perhaps every boy has a fascination with mysterious and powerful hackers.

"If you want to learn, I can teach you."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

The waiter came in with the food cart.

Ethan looked at the unfamiliar food on the table, not knowing where to start. So he followed Isabelle's example of using a knife and fork.

Isabelle noticed and asked the waiter for a spoon.

The waiter asked, "Do you want to decant the wine now?"

Isabelle had also ordered a bottle of red wine.

Isabelle confirmed, "Yes."

After the wine was decanted, she asked, "Want some?"

Ethan shook his head. Isabelle held a wine glass, and her swirling motion was the same as that of those aristocrats on TV.

Isabelle took a sip and then left it aside.

It didn't seem to taste good.

As Ethan ate the food he had never tasted before, his eyes were on Isabelle. His thoughts were drifting. Her face and voice were clearly his sister, he wondered why there was such a big difference.

Sitting at the dining table, Isabelle had an indescribable sense of nobleness and grace about her. Her temperament made people overlook her plump body. Ethan knew what was different, her sister had confidence and calmness that she didn't have before.

When it was time to pay, Ethan was so shocked by the number the waiter quoted that he accidentally knocked over the spoon on the plate.

How much?

12,000 dollars?

Are they losing their mind?

Seeing Isabelle fork out her card to pay without second thought, Ethan hurriedly said, "Why is it so expensive? Is there a mistake?"

The food looked expensive, but he didn't find it tasty. The hotel location was bustling, the place was magnificent, the tableware was so exquisite that it exuded a sense of wealth, and the service was impeccable, but the price couldn't be that outrageous, could it?

Even though they had spent nearly 15,000 dollars previously, those were brand-name clothes and shoes, which he could accept with a grit of his teeth.

But this food ... Ethan couldn't accept it.

He usually couldn't bear to buy a pastry for over twenty cents, only willing to eat vegetables to save money.

This price was enough to feed his family for three years.

This food wasn't exactly a food, it was probably more expensive than gold.

"The foie gras and black truffles in our hotel are air-freighted from France, and this red wine is from Lutril. Actually, it's mainly this bottle of wine that's expensive," the waiter said with a smile as he tallied up Ethan's bill.

Ethan asked, "How much?"

"7,500 dollars."

7,500 dollars for a bottle of wine? Ethan gasped as he looked at the bottle of wine that Isabelle had only sipped once and never touched again. He recalled the cheap liquor his father drank every day.

Isabelle repeatedly shattered Ethan's worldview in just one morning.

In his limited understanding, driving a car worth over ten thousand, living in a neighborhood with fountains, and wearing brand-name clothes worth hundreds were signs of wealth.

He finally realized at this point that wealth was not on the same level as luxury.

From the moment he left the hotel to the moment he got into a cab, Ethan was lost in thought. Suddenly, he remembered something.

Isabelle raised her eyebrows slightly, looking at Ethan, who was stunned.

"It's nothing," Ethan said, shaking his head.

He appeared calm on the outside, but his heart was bleeding.

He remembered the foie gras and caviar that he had only eaten two bites of because he found the taste strange. He was dumbfounded when he heard the price and forgot to ask for a takeout!

If he had known how expensive the food was, he would have forced himself to swallow it.

And that bottle of red wine—just thinking about it made him breathless.

"This is such a waste," Ethan couldn't help but whine.

Just as Ethan couldn't understand Isabelle's spending habits, Isabelle, who used to spend lavishly, couldn't quite understand Ethan's dramatic reaction.

As for the bottle of wine just now, if it weren't for the fact that she had other uses for her money, she would have found a bottle of wine of that price too astringent, even for mouthwash.

"Get accustomed to it already," Isabelle responded.

Ethan didn't fully comprehend.

What did she imply? Would there be such alarming expenditures in the future?

Their father laboured at a construction site and had lunch there. Their mother worked in a factory and had lunch there.

Layla was probably out playing with her friends.

When the siblings arrived home, there was nobody there, so they each went to their respective rooms.

Isabelle took out her phone and dialed a number.

Shortly after, the largest traditional apothecary shop in Taragon City received a call.

The young apprentice who answered the call immediately went to the tea room to fetch Mr. Garth upon picking up the call.

Mr. Garth took the phone and was surprised upon hearing what the caller wanted.

"How did you know I had it? You sound like a teenage girl."

"A friend recommended it."

"Which friend?"

"I can't disclose that at the moment. I'll transfer the deposit to your account later. I'll come to Taragon City to pick it up in two weeks. Perhaps then I can answer your question." After reaching an agreement with the other party, Isabelle hung up the phone.

She then transferred 105,000 dollars to the designated account.

As the money was transferred out, her account balance returned to zero.

Isabelle didn't dwell on the money. She wanted to rest, but she dreamt about her time being held captive in a dark underground laboratory in Brookhaven.

The inhumane experiments, the organisation's exploitation and deception, betrayal and abandonment, and finally the bomb she personally detonated.

Layla's piercing voice woke Isabelle up.