

Chapter 12 You Can Call the Cop

Layla screamed, "Fat pig, open the door. Did you hear me? Open the door."

"You're afraid of me now, huh? Hiding inside won't help you. Open the door, or I'll beat you to death."

Layla was banging on the door, shouting at the top of her lungs.

Isabelle suddenly opened the door from inside. Layla was leaning against the door with one foot and almost fell head over heels when the door opened abruptly.

She steadied herself, fuming with rage. She cursed Isabelle internally but didn't utter a word because there was something more important to deal with.

When Isabelle opened the door, she almost couldn't hold herself back from strangling Layla. The whole family was standing outside. Therefore, she barely held back her urges and swept her cold gaze over them.

Impatience and irritation were written all over her face, as if warning these people to be careful with their words.

But they had no idea how serious the situation was.

Upon seeing her daughter, Eleanor immediately scolded, "Rascal! You finally have the nerve to come out."

Her demeanour and gaze were one where she wanted to devour Isabelle.

She was holding the new clothes Isabelle had bought for Ethan. If it weren't for Layla telling her that the clothes were incredibly expensive, costing a few thousand dollars for a piece, she would have thrown them in Isabelle's face.

"Ever since you were born, I knew you were a jinx. But I didn't expect you to be so bold as to break the law. It's one thing for you to steal, but you even dragged your younger brother down."

Eleanor glared at her fiercely and demanded, "Tell me, where did you steal the money from? Whose money did you steal? If you don't confess, I'll beat you to death."

Eleanor then started to scan the room for a stick to beat Isabelle.

Fortunately, William intervened and said, "Don't hit her yet. Ethan said the money wasn't stolen. You have to listen to what the child has to say."

"If she didn't steal it, do you think someone else would give it to her? I don't know you have such a wealthy relative." Eleanor agitatedly pointed at the new clothes, shoes, and phone on the living room table.

"Why didn't you give me or your father some of the money? William Jenkins, you can protect this rascal, but if you harm my son, I'll fight you to the death. Do you believe this?"

"All of these things add up to at least six to seven thousand. Guess how many years you'll be sentenced to?" Layla added fuel to the fire.

William was scared and didn't know what to do.

He had just come home from the construction site and hadn't quite figured out what was going on. The clothes and shoes looked expensive, but he thought they could only cost a few hundred at most. He knew about the phone, the foreman at the construction site had the same one, which cost nearly 1,500 thousand, more than his two months' salary.

Now hearing Layla claim all these added up to a few thousand, William felt like it was the end of the world.

"I told you that Isabelle didn't steal the money." Ethan stood at the back, gritting his teeth and reddened eyes, as he defended his sister.

He wanted to help Isabelle, but he didn't know where she got so much money from, so he couldn't even explain.

He had just been doing his homework in his room when Layla came back from shopping with her friends and showed off her new dress to him. Then she noticed his new clothes and shoes.

Layla questioned, "If it's not stolen, where did it come from? Could she be a working girl with that look on her?"

"Layla, how can you talk like that? She's your sister!" William glared at Layla.

Layla pouted and noticed something else. "Oh, you even bought a computer." She had been looking into Isabelle's room since she opened the door.

She thought that since her sister had bought so many things for Ethan, she must have bought more for herself. Sure enough, she found something.

"You think you can hide it from me? Get out of my way." Layla tried to push Isabelle aside and rushed in to get the computer.

But the moment she touched Isabelle, her wrist was grabbed and twisted. She screamed in pain.

"Who do you think you are to question me?" Isabelle's eyes were cold. Her demeanour was cold and irritable.

She was suppressing her murderous intent.

If it weren't for the original owner of the body, the moment Eleanor opened her mouth, Isabelle wouldn't have given her a chance to speak.

"Mom, help me! She's going to break my hand."

"You rascal! Let go of Layla now."

Isabelle twisted Layla's arm and threw her at Eleanor, who was about to hit her. The two collided and fell to the ground, causing quite a commotion.

"You rascal, how dare you hit your mother? This sin of yours is punished by God." Eleanor fell heavily. She was used to bullying others at the factory, not the other way around. Moreover, it was her daughter who bullied her.

She sat down on the ground and threw a tantrum, "William, you've raised a good daughter. If she has the nerve to hit me today, she'll hit you tomorrow."

Isabelle walked out of the room. She bent down and snatched the clothes from Eleanor's hand, handing them to Ethan without even raising her eyes.

She looked coldly at the mother and daughter sitting on the ground. Her face was expressionless.

"I've been tolerating both of you for the sake of dad and Ethan. Don't challenge my patience anymore. From today on, it's best to keep your mouths shut when you see me, or I won't mind helping you do so."

She then turned to Layla and stated, "Since you're curious about where my money comes from, go ahead and call the cop."

"But let me remind you, if I'm not arrested, I'll definitely have you locked up for defamation."

"You should believe that I have the ability to do so."

Having said that, she ignored the group and retreated to her room.

Eleanor sat on the ground in a daze. Her mind filled with Isabelle's chilling, bloodthirsty gaze, which sent a shiver down her spine.

Only Ethan remained relatively calm.

He had known about Isabelle's change for a while, but her attitude towards their mother still surprised him.

Layla had heard rumors at school about a campus belle who tried to corner Isabelle in the bathroom but ended up at a disadvantage, but she didn't believe it.

Until just now, when she thought about Isabelle's unusual behaviour these days.

This trash had truly changed.

Ethan gathered his belongings from the table and headed back to his room. After taking a few steps, he paused and stated, "Isabelle didn't steal money or engage in any shameful activities. She earned that money by coding on the computer."

This marked the first instance of Ethan lying. He knew that Isabelle did not require his defense, but he still wished to protect her from baseless suspicions and malicious intent.

Before long, Eleanor resumed causing a commotion, throwing a tantrum in her room, and cursing Isabelle as an ingrate. If it were not for William restraining her, she would likely have sought out Isabelle.

Layla pretended to console her mother, but secretly stirred up trouble. She refused to believe that trash like Isabelle could earn such a substantial amount of money.

However, Isabelle had confidently challenged her to involve the cop. Although she would not admit it, she had transitioned from gloating over Isabelle's misfortune to enviousness.

Suddenly, Isabelle's door swung open. It caused both the mother and daughter to fall silent upon hearing the noise.

William went out to investigate, and he discovered that Isabelle had left the house.

He wanted to call out to her but ultimately lowered his raised hand.

Meanwhile, at the base of a mountain on the outskirts of Norward City, a group of young people had gathered. They were excited. Their lively chatter was accompanied by the roaring sound of engines, creating a bustling scene at the mountain's base.

Isabelle stepped out of the cab, hands in pockets, and casually joined the group.

"Danny! Danny! Danny!"

They chanted enthusiastically.

They positioned themselves on either side of the road. A banner hung at the finish line, and there were several convertible sports cars parked nearby.

A recently completed mountain road had transformed into a racetrack for these rich kids to enjoy themselves.