

## **I Am The One chapter 7 I want them fired!**

"What?"

Henry had never expected Cloyd to be so ruthless.

"He not only looks authoritative, but also very decisive. There's no point in me explaining anything to him. I'm not sure he's going to listen," Henry thought. Nevertheless, he remained calm.

Besides, wasn't this the right moment to test the extent of the power the god Athar had given him?

With such thoughts in mind, Henry clenched his fists slightly.

"If they dare to touch me, I won't hesitate to fight back."

One of the four bodyguards grabbed Henry roughly.

"Kid, who told you to bother our boss's family? You'll have to face the consequences!"

But before he could carry out his intention, Henry noticed a subtle movement in Isabella's fingers. He quickly raised one of his hands.

"Wait! Look at this!" he pointed at the girl.

His words silenced everyone. A moment later, their eyes were fixed on someone lying on the bed.

Naomi immediately broke free of Cloyd's embrace and hurried to the bed. Isabella's eyelids slowly opened and the first person she saw was Naomi.

"Mom..."

Naomi hugged her daughter immediately.

"Forgive me, my love! I couldn't protect you!"

Tears welled up in Naomi's eyes again.

"Mom, what are you saying? You don't have to blame yourself! I'm perfectly fine! I just fell asleep for a little while!"

Naomi hugged her daughter even tighter. Although tears were still streaming from her eyes, a happy smile graced her lips.

Everyone in the room now shared the same feeling.

Henry smiled as he watched Isabella wake up. Unconsciously, he admired the girl's beauty. "Her demeanor and speech are impeccable! This girl is truly flawless!" he thought.

"Mrs. Richardson, now that Miss Isabella is awake, may I take my leave? I have other matters to attend to!"

Having said that, he started to turn towards the door.

But Naomi hurriedly stopped him.

"Young man, please wait a moment!"

Naomi pulled away from Isabella and approached Henry.

"You saved my daughter's life! I can't just forget the kindness you showed us. Tell me, how can we repay you?"

Before Henry could answer, Isabella spoke up.

"Mom, you don't even know his name!" she said with a sweet smile on her lips.

Naomi looked at her daughter in amazement.

"What's with her expression? Does she know this young man?" she wondered.

"Do you know who this young man is?"

Isabella simply smiled. When her eyes fell on Henry, her face suddenly turned red. Isabella lowered her head.

"I can feel what he did to me," she replied quietly.

"What?"

At that moment, everyone could see that Isabella not only knew what Henry had done to her, but also seemed completely untroubled by it.

Cloyd, who had keen instincts, quickly realized what was happening.

"This young man doesn't seem as bad as Murphy accused him of being," he thought.

Cloyd then gave Henry a sharp look and opened his mouth.

"Young man, come with me!"

Cloyd walked out of the room, followed by Henry.

The four bodyguards followed behind.

Cloyd led Henry to a place some distance away from Isabella's hospital room and ordered his bodyguards not to follow.

"I don't know you, and I don't know what happened, but I hope you'll be honest with me. Young man, what's your name? And tell me what you did to my daughter!"

Henry nodded.

"My name is Henry, Henry Matthews. I was passing by when I heard that the best doctors had given up on Miss Isabella. They declared her in a coma, but the truth is, Miss Isabella..."

Henry paused and looked at Cloyd to gauge his reaction.

"Just say it! Whatever it is!"

"Miss Isabella is cursed!"

Cloyd furrowed his brow. "Is what you say true? How do you know?"

Henry was silent for a moment. He couldn't reveal that he had received this knowledge from a god, or Cloyd would find it hard to believe.

"I am a professor of Ancient Cultures at Waterside University. I have read and researched extensively on the subject."

Cloyd stared deeply at Henry.

"A professor at such a young age? Impressive! This young man also seems sincere in what he says," he thought.

"Very well, I'll trust you for now," Cloyd said. Then he reached into his jacket pocket and handed something to Henry.

"I hope this amount won't disappoint you."

When Henry saw the paper in his hand, it was a check for ten million dollars.

What?

This is truly extraordinary!

For a moment, Henry remembered his financial situation.

While the average college professor made nearly half a million dollars a year, he was just an ordinary lecturer.

His annual salary was only ten percent of that amount, and he had to set aside money for rent and other expenses.

Not to mention the debt he incurred for five years of education at Waterside University, which was deducted from his monthly salary.

At his current job, it would take him decades to accumulate such a sum.

Still, Henry shook his head with a smile on his face.

He handed the check back to Cloyd.

"I just wanted to help. I wasn't thinking of a reward. Mr. Richardson, now that everything is settled, may I leave? I have other business to attend to."

Henry's gesture slightly touched Cloyd's heart.

In this day and age, how could there still be people willing to offer such substantial help, especially to a super-rich family that wouldn't hesitate to spend a lot of money?

"No! Henry, please don't misunderstand me," Cloyd's voice softened.

"Our family is not ungrateful. I know that what you've done for my daughter is truly priceless. This is just a small token of our appreciation. If you don't accept it, I won't be able to forgive myself forever! So please accept it!"

Henry thought for a moment and then said, "Mr. Richardson, I'm still not going to take this money. But since you insist, what if I ask you to do one thing for me?"

"Of course! Tell me! Tell me what I can do for you!"

Henry put on a serious face and said, "I want those three doctors fired!"