

Chapter 12 Deal With The Clark Family

"Is that so?" Hiram raised an eyebrow.

"Once, people from the slums tried all means to escape to the city, to avoid being recognized, they cut off their hands to get rid of the lock," Martin added.

Those who were sent to the slums were the most rubbish people. In the eyes of the public, people from that place were not even worthy of being called human.

As soon as people in the city found someone wearing an electronic lock on their wrist, they would report it immediately. And those people from the slums would receive extremely harsh punishment.

Sylvia was well aware of this, so today when she went out, she wore a long-sleeved dress.

"So, with this thing on her wrist, she was condemned to be a dirty ghost in the slums for the rest of her life?" Hiram turned the electronic lock on her wrist, but it didn't turn because it was too tight against her skin. He casually said, "It's too conspicuous. Let's modify it and make it look like a bracelet."

"Yes." Martin nodded, standing there looking confused.

Does this electronic lock really need to be disguised? After all, she stays inside Lilac Land and never goes out. Who would know that the ruthless CEO of the First Consortium is hiding a slum lunatic?

Martin had many questions, but he dared not ask, only weakly asking, "Mr. Hiram, are you going to stay here tonight?"

"Yes," Hiram replied.

"..."

No way.

Stay here?

Just because he hasn't done anything to her before doesn't mean he won't tonight.

Sylvia felt panicked, her mind racing with ideas, when Hiram received a phone call.

He stood there listening, the smile that had been on his lips disappearing instantly, his whole demeanor changing, becoming dark and solemn.

With this change in his expression, the restaurant fell silent as if a tomb.

Martin and Lily both lowered their heads.

"Back to the manor!" Hiram hung up the phone, coldly ordering as he walked out without looking back.

Martin hurriedly followed.

He actually left. Sylvia immediately breathed a sigh of relief, feeling a chill down her spine as she touched the electronic lock on her hand.

This day had been too perilous.

"I was so scared, so scared." Lily sat down beside her, patting her chest, "If Young Master comes to Lilac Land a few more times, I'll lose years off my life."

Lucy came over from the kitchen with soup and saw Hiram had already left, couldn't help but ask, "Why did Young Master leave?"

"He received a phone call, and went back to the manor with a black face," Lily said, looking mysterious, "I bet it's probably Old Mr. King bringing a woman back again that made Young Master so angry."

It had been like this for years.

Upon hearing this, Lucy sighed and put down the soup in her hand, "Old Mr. King, even at his age, still loves playing with women. It's related to Young Master turning out the way he is now."

"That's right. After Young Master's mother passed away, Old Mr. King married her best friend as his new wife, and sent the young miss and newborn young master to live in Lilac Land." Lily sat there, picking up a plate and feeding Sylvia while speaking.

Hiram's mother had already passed away? So, his mother, sister... they're all gone?

Sylvia mechanically ate the food fed by Lily, thinking about Hiram's childish actions towards her while lying in bed, feeling a bit uncomfortable.

Every family has their own difficulties.

But Hiram's matters have nothing to do with her. She needs to find a way to leave Lilac Land and establish herself in the M country as soon as possible.

She feels like Hiram has already seen through everything.

She can't stay any longer.

She must leave.

Late at night, all was quiet.

Lucy and Lily had already gone to sleep.

Sylvia quietly climbed out of bed, tiptoed downstairs into the kitchen, and made herself a cup of tomato juice.

That night, she had been eating barbecue and being fed by Lily, eating so much that she felt stuffed. Plus, she couldn't sleep because of being scared by Hiram, breaking out in a cold sweat.

Taking a sip of the sweet and sour juice, Sylvia instantly felt much more comfortable in her mouth and stomach.

Carrying the cup, she walked into the study. During her days at Lilac Land, Sylvia had already explored the room thoroughly. Even in the darkness, she could walk with ease and smoothly move into the study.

The light in the study was turned on by Sylvia, the room still decorated in a vintage style.

The books on the shelves against the wall were stacked at the top, many of them were professional books on mental illnesses.

Sylvia glanced around and then turned off the light. In the dark, she sat down at the desk, placed the tomato juice, and turned on the computer.

The computer quickly powered up, with no password set, and Sylvia easily accessed it. Her slender fingers danced on the keyboard swiftly.

Soon, a surveillance video appeared on the screen.

It was a surveillance of the Clark family's courtyard.

Today, she visited the Clark family and saw a box in Bella's room filled with some electronic devices that Bella didn't want.

She temporarily modified one of the surveillance cameras in a hurry. Because it was heavy and could easily be discovered at home, she placed it in the flowerbed in the courtyard.

Knowing the Clark family well, she was sure the courtyard would be busy tonight.

As expected, the Clark family's courtyard was lit up on the screen. Bella was sitting on the swing, wearing a lovely off-the-shoulder long dress, beautiful curly hair cascading over one shoulder, her eyes looking ahead with a smug smile on her lips. In her line of sight, Fabian and his wife Jenny stood there.

In the center of the courtyard, a middle-aged woman in a black robe was holding a divination plate, whispering something, then picked up a pen and drew a pattern on the ground.

Soon, the servants brought out several ancient pots, some with fire, some with ice, some with a pile of blades...

The servants arranged the pots according to the pattern.

"..." Sylvia chuckled.

The Clark family believed deeply in magic, thinking that her ghost had returned.

Fabian, Bella, you brought this upon yourselves.

Sylvia minimized the surveillance window, opened a webpage, typed a flurry of keys, and opened the interface of a web call.

She set up a synthesized electronic voice, then dialed all television stations, social media, newspapers, and magazines in N City in one breath.

"Hello, I'm reporting to your company that Congressman Fabian is setting up a malicious spell to curse people and ghosts at home. Hurry over to capture the scene, or your rivals will snatch the headline away."

Sylvia smirked, satisfied, as she spun in her chair, listening to the electronic voice playing on the computer.

Perfect!

After the calls, Sylvia swiftly hung up all the phones, reopened the surveillance video, picked up the cup of tomato juice, and leisurely enjoyed it.

The media had the most acute sense, even if the call came out of nowhere.

Five minutes later, media personnel arrived one after another. A group of sharp-eyed people lurked in the shadows, trying their best to secretly capture the scene in the courtyard, until more and more news people arrived, finally causing a stir.

The witch sat in the center of the formation, holding a cross in her hand, murmuring words.

Bella, sitting on the swing, froze as her smile disappeared.

What was going on?

Fabian, startled, looked outside to see that at some point, the courtyard was packed with people.