

### Chapter 13 She Is Not A Homeless Woman

"Get the witch inside! Quickly! Move the formation! Remove it!"

The servants rushed out in a panic to clean up the mess.

Bella hesitated, realizing the situation was bad. She turned and ran inside, shielding her face with her hands to avoid being photographed.

Ding—

Ding ding—

New news alerts popped up one after another in the bottom corner of the computer screen.

["Congressman Fabian sets up malevolent ancient spell formation at home, suspected curse aimed at competitors."]

["Setting up malevolent formation at home, Bella's charitable angel image hard to maintain?"]

These media outlets certainly knew how to grab attention with their headlines.

Great! Sylvia finished her tomato juice, then stretched lazily. It was good, she could finally have a peaceful night's sleep.

Tomorrow's news would surely be thrilling.

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The King family owns the estate that has been rated as the world's number-one mansion.

The area occupied by the King family is unparalleled in America, with some saying it is equivalent to half a city.

From afar, with security guards standing guard, one could see exotic flowers and grasses everywhere, from a white marble bridge leading through the majestic castle stretching for miles. The facilities such as helipads, parking lots, private golf courses, ski resorts, and more were all complete, highlighting the extravagance and grandeur.

As the first rays of sunlight fell on a corner of the castle, the servants were already dressed and ready to start their work.

Martin arrived at the King family, passing through the splendid hall, taking the elevator upstairs, and walking forward.

Hiram's door was tightly closed, and the butler, accompanied by the maids, was waiting at the door, all bowing respectfully, not daring to make a sound in fear of disturbing the rest inside.

Upon seeing Martin, everyone simply nodded in acknowledgment.

The door was suddenly opened from inside.

Hiram appeared at the doorway, his white robe not tightly fastened, revealing a seductive chest, with his short hair slightly tousled.

Seeing a group of people standing in front of the door, his expression was not pleasant, eyes tinged with gloom.

"Young Master." The butler immediately stepped forward, serving carefully, "Would you like to pick something here or in the dressing room?"

Several maids rolled out movable clothing racks, displaying various styles of men's clothing for selection.

Hiram glanced coldly, his eyes landing on a black suit.

The butler swiftly took down the matching pieces without him needing to say a word.

Hiram walked inside, followed by the butler and Martin, while the maids remained outside.

Hiram put on a shirt and pants, his long fingers fastening the buttons. The butler unfurled the suit in his hands and helped Hiram into it.

"Young Master." The butler knelt again to help him put on his leather shoes, speaking while doing so with a determined tone, "Old Mr. King asked me to tell you that he promises to stop fooling around with women, please give him another chance, don't be too harsh on his expenses."

Upon hearing this, Hiram, with an unpleasant expression, kicked the butler to the ground.

Martin watched in silence.

The butler, well aware of Hiram's temper, quickly stood up and moved aside, not daring to utter a word.

Working in this household, constantly walking a fine line between Young Master and his father Old Mr. King, he also felt on the verge of a breakdown. He had no choice but to relay Old Mr. King's words to Hiram.

Hiram stood there, his eyes turning a shade bluer with anger, glaring at him with a dark and icy gaze, almost gritting his teeth, "Tell him, the King family was built by my mother single-handedly. If he dares bring another woman back, I will personally cut his member!"

"Yes, yes." The butler hurriedly backed away.

Hiram stood there, his face darkening to the extreme, pulling at his collar forcefully, unbuttoning a few buttons to allow himself to breathe easier, "Damn it, nothing ever goes right."

Within the conglomerate, a bunch of old stubborn men were always plotting how to overthrow him, and back at the estate, there was always a pile of troublesome matters.

"Mr. Hiram, you didn't sleep well last night?" Martin noticed the bloodshot eyes.

"In this place, do you think I can sleep well?" Hiram's expression was grim as he sat down nearby.

He would rather stay at Lilac Land, where there were fewer people and things were simpler.

"Mr. Hiram, you asked me to look into the background of that young lady at Lilac Land, and I found some information," Martin spoke.

It was strange because before, Hiram had said a stand-in didn't need an identity and couldn't be bothered to look into it, but last night he suddenly wanted him to thoroughly investigate.

Based on the intuition he had developed over the years of following Hiram, Martin realized that Mr. Hiram was definitely interested in this silly and naive woman.

But, she was not a normal woman.

What did Mr. Hiram see in her?

Upon hearing this, Hiram's eyes darkened, and he said firmly, "She is not a homeless woman."

Martin was surprised at how Hiram had figured it out, and hesitated before saying, "That's right. I had to dig deep to find out that Fabian Clark had someone send her to the slums back then. But there was no information about her on the Clark family's records, so I need to continue investigating why Fabian would send an 18-year-old girl to such a place."

According to the laws of M country, not all mentally ill people are sent to the slums. It had to be someone who was completely alone and destitute, and it was the responsibility of the relevant departments in country M to send them to the slums.

There must be something wrong with sending someone to the slums in a roundabout way. Real homeless women are not worth such trouble.

"Fabian Clark?" Hiram raised an eyebrow.

"He's a congressman who came to our conglomerate last quarter, wanting more support from you, Mr. Hiram." Martin reported, "His daughter Bella is a well-known internet celebrity, helping him gain a lot of support. Miss Bella has been coming to the conglomerate these days, wanting to meet you and asking for donations to Africa. I had someone turn her down."

Hiram had no interest in the Clark family's affairs and said, "Continue the investigation, I want to know her origins."

The "her" naturally referred to the young lady at Lilac Land.

Seeing Hiram's impatience with the Clark family's matters, Martin put the newspaper in his hand aside, "I understand."

Hiram noticed his actions and asked with an unpleased expression, "What are you hiding?"

"It's news about the Clark family, causing quite a stir. I thought you wouldn't be interested." Martin handed him the newspaper.

Hiram grabbed it, flipped it open, and saw a big photo on the front page, showing a courtyard set up with a formation, a woman sitting in the middle with eyes closed and mouth open, as if reciting a spell.

[In the middle of the night, Congressman Fabian set up a ghost-burying formation at home, the formation is malicious and fierce.]

"A ghost-burying formation?" Hiram said coldly.

"It's all superstition." Martin, not interested in such formations, said, "I heard that this formation is extremely malicious, it can send the ghost to the deepest pits of hell, endure torture and suffering before dispersing its soul forever, never to be reincarnated."

"Which ghost did the Clark family want to send to its doom?" Hiram asked, looking at the newspaper.

"I contacted several media outlets, and only one reporter said that he vaguely heard the witch mutter a name." Martin paused and said the name, "Sylvia Clark."

At these words, a hint of depth flashed in Hiram's eyes, his thin lips moved slightly, "Sylvia Clark."

He pronounced these two words with a hint of ambiguity and tenderness.

He just uttered a name, but Martin inexplicably found it thrilling.

After a moment, Hiram suddenly smirked self-mockingly, "Martin, do you think if I died one day, someone would want to send me to the deepest pits of hell as well?"