

Chapter 14 She Was Recognized

"No," Martin said firmly.

"Many people in this world hate me," Hiram said.

"Yes, there are many who hate you. But I believe that before you die, you will send those people to the deepest pits of hell first." Martin said seriously, standing straight.

"Well said!" Hiram said arrogantly, standing up from the sofa, buttoning up his collar again, slightly opening his thin lips, and saying word by word, "No one can shatter me, Hiram, into pieces, and similarly, the pets I've raised won't be messed with by anyone else."

With that, Hiram turned and walked away.

Martin stood in place, looking confused.

Has Mr. Hiram recently kept pets?

How come he didn't know?

Over the night, Bella was on the verge of going crazy.

She sat on the bed in her beautiful silk pajamas, opened her Twitter account, and was bombarded with a flood of negative comments. Some comments were so vicious that they were unbearable to read.

[Angel face, devil's heart, disgusting.]

[Setting up such a malicious formation at home, not even sparing the ghosts, must have done something sinful.]

[Bella, go die.]

Previously, her Twitter account was only praised by otaku fans.

Bella was so angry that her beautiful face was twisted.

She threw her cell phone onto the bed.

"Bang!"

A loud noise.

Startled, Bella jumped off the bed. With a glance, she saw a rotten egg splashed on her window.

These netizens are really...

Annoyed, Bella rushed outside.

Downstairs, Fabian sat with a grim face, and Jenny looked restless.

"Dad, what's going on? Suddenly, it seems like people from all over the country are criticizing us!" Bella ran over.

"I've issued a statement, shifting the blame to that witch, saying we just wanted to pray for blessings, mistakenly trusting that witch." Fabian sat there with a serious face, "And I also spent quite a bit of money on those media outlets. But I don't know why the news is gaining momentum instead of dying down. It seems like someone is deliberately targeting us behind the scenes."

"It must be your competitors, Dad," Bella said.

Competing between congressmen can be particularly fierce due to differing positions.

"I think so too," Fabian's face looked grim. "A bunch of people kicking me while I'm down."

Jenny sat on the side, watching the father and daughter, her face pale, and meekly said, "Fabian, Bella, don't you think it's Sylvia's ghost causing all this? The witch was making the formation at our home, how did we suddenly attract so much media attention? We didn't leak any information ourselves. How about we honor the deceased Sylvia and ask her to leave us alone?"

"I'm not going to honor Sylvia. Forget about that." Bella was getting really annoyed, and couldn't help but give Jenny a disapproving look.

"Okay, now's not the time for all this. We need to figure out how to resolve the situation." Fabian was sitting there, tapping his fingers with a ring on the armrest of the sofa.

After a moment, he looked at Bella with a serious expression, "Bella, it's up to you now. Your image has always been good before. I'll arrange a press conference for you.

You go in front of the public and plead, saying this was all just a misunderstanding caused by the false witch. You also need to find those wealthy guys who support you, have them vouch for you, and prove how kind you are."

"Find those wealthy guys? Are you asking me to be a social butterfly?" Bella was a bit reluctant. Her current goal is Hiram King, she didn't want to make her personal life too messy.

"If you can get Hiram to support you, this matter will be resolved directly, and I won't have to worry," Fabian looked at her, "But does Hiram even care about you now?"

"..." Bella was speechless, unable to say a word.

Damn it, everything was going wrong. The King Family Group had actually rejected her invitation directly, so she couldn't even see Hiram. She bit her lip in anger, thinking about the negative reviews online, and the eggs thrown at her outside. She could only compromise, "Understood, I will find someone to prove my character."

"If this doesn't work, you'll have to figure out a way to win Richard James's support, use the engagement with the James family to cover this news," Fabian said, suddenly remembering something and asked, "You didn't break up with Richard, did you?"

"No, the situation with Hiram isn't clear yet, how could I easily toss aside Richard as a backup plan," Bella said shrewdly.

Her target was Hiram, anyway. If she settled for Richard just because of this news, she would really be unwilling.

It's all Sylvia's fault. Even in death, she had to cause trouble.

Lilac Land.

Sylvia sat at the long table by the window, wearing a light green midi skirt with sleeveless sleeves, revealing her fair and slender arms.

Outside the open window, the wall was covered with blooming lilacs, casting shadows of the green leaves on the ground, swaying in the wind, filling the room with a fragrant aroma.

She raised her left hand, the cold electronic lock on her wrist was nowhere to be seen, replaced by a translucent bracelet.

That craftsman Martin found was really skilled, managing to cleverly wrap the electronic lock with special material, making it look like a valuable jade bracelet, complementing her skin beautifully.

"Miss really likes this bracelet, huh?" Lily and Lucy trimmed the flower branches beside her, smiling at Sylvia.

Of course, she does.

Now she won't have to worry about being recognized as a slum-dweller when she goes out, making things a lot easier.

Hiram inadvertently did her a big favor.

As night fell, Lily and Lucy had their routine and went to sleep early after finishing their day's work.

The night air was cold, and Sylvia wanted to find some crisp clothes to wear, but as a substitute, she only had Hiram's sister's clothes to wear.

The lady's clothes were indeed beautiful, but they were all dresses.

Sylvia rummaged through the massive wardrobe and finally reluctantly chose a cream-white wide-sleeved shirt as a windbreaker, put on a pair of sunglasses, and called a taxi straight to Rainbow Mall.

Today was the day she was going to meet that silver-haired man for fake documents.

At 9 o'clock in the evening, Rainbow Mall was brightly lit and bustling.

In the café on the tenth floor, elegant music was playing, a handsome young man sat by the floor-to-ceiling glass, politely placing a sugar cube in his coffee cup, and then pushing it toward the girl sitting in front of him.

"Alright, Bella, all the news is just a passing fad. Netizens will move on after a while."

Bella sat weakly on the sofa, looking at the man in front of her with grateful, slightly reddened eyes, "Richard, thank goodness for you. If you hadn't spoken up for me in front of the media, I wouldn't know how to get through this."

The man was the third young master of the James Family Group, Richard James, who had pursued Sylvia in the past and had been with Bella for three years now.

Though she said these words, deep down Bella was thinking if she had Hiram by her side, she wouldn't have to cry pitifully in front of the media and seek help to prove her kindness. One word from Hiram, and then no media in M country would dare tarnish her name.

"Don't say that. I'm your boyfriend, who else would I help if not you." Richard said gently.

He was the third young master of the James Family, not a very important figure in the family. Bella's dependence made him feel needed and gave him a sense of manly strength.

Upon hearing this, Bella stood up moved, walked over and sat down beside him, hugging his arm, "Thank you, Richard."

Richard reached out and embraced her, hesitating for a few seconds before saying, "By the way, I heard that Nick and Primo spoke up for you in front of the media? Did you... ask them for help?"

"How could that be." Bella leaned against him coquettishly, "They offered to speak up for me themselves. I was actually quite embarrassed."

In fact, she had gone to them and sweet-talked them into helping her, and they even took advantage of her a bit.

"Oh, I see," Richard believed her without a doubt and relaxed, "In the future, try to avoid contact with those people, they are all playboys with questionable behavior."

"I know, if it wasn't for fundraising, I wouldn't have approached them before." Bella smiled at him, sincerely saying, "Richard, I am completely dedicated to you."

Her gaze was so affectionate that Richard was moved, he reached out and caressed her face, "Don't worry, once you graduate from college, I'll marry."

"Okay." Bella playfully leaned on his shoulder, picked up a cup of coffee, gently stirring the cream inside, her eyes drifting to the glass window, the smile in her beautiful eyes disappeared, replaced by a hint of disdain.

Marry her? Who cares?

After this incident, she understood, that she must marry the most powerful man, so when the whole world criticizes her, she won't panic.

With this in mind, as she looked outside, the escalator slowly rose.

A tall, slender young woman appeared in her sight, with perfect proportions, wearing a light green dress paired with a cream shirt, not a designer label of the season but exuding a lazy and elegant charm, her blond long hair contrasting with her snow-white neck.

It is a woman who knows how to dress.

Next time, she should try dressing like that too, instead of always using student outfits to portray innocence.

Thinking like this, the woman had already reached the top, glanced around as if searching for something, and then took off her sunglasses, revealing an extremely pure face.

"..."

Bella's eyes widened suddenly, as if struck by lightning.