

Chapter 21 Take Off Your Coat

Bella looked at Sylvia with apparent kindness, smiling softly, "Miss, you must have your reasons for being here. I'll have someone pack some food for you to take home, alright?"

That was an insult, treating her like a beggar.

Sylvia smirked, her eyes filled with coldness.

"Bella, you can't be too kind. This scammer will just go to someone else's place next. We can't let her go."

"Yeah, Bella, you're being too kind."

"We can't let this woman off."

Voices rose all around, each adding their opinions.

Bella stood among them, clearly enjoying their praise.

Upstairs in a VIP suite, a lavish party was underway. At a long table covered with a golden tablecloth, men in suits were fawning over the man at the head of the table.

In the dim light, Hiram sat at the head, his face expressionless. His dark shirt accentuated his defined muscles, and his sharp haircut framed an astonishingly handsome face.

A man holding a wine glass offered a toast with a flattering smile, "Mr. Hiram, I toast to you. We all know that in this country, no one can do big business without your approval. Please continue to support us."

Hiram's fingers idly traced the rim of his wine glass, but he showed no intention of picking it up.

The man's face turned awkward as he waited.

"You flatter me while secretly wishing I were dead," Hiram sneered, his eyes scanning everyone present, the atmosphere turning tense.

Everyone looked shocked, "Mr. Hiram, what are you saying?"

"Last time at the night market, I was almost killed by a female assassin. Whoever was behind it should confess now," Hiram said nonchalantly.

Martin, standing nearby holding Hiram's coat, glared at everyone.

"What? Mr. Hiram faced an assassin?"

"How could this happen?"

"Who did it?"

"Mr. Hiram, I've always been loyal to you."

Everyone scrambled to clear their names, feigning shock and innocence.

Hiram slowly stood, his demeanor authoritative, "It's too stuffy in here. I'm going for a walk. When I return, if the person responsible hasn't confessed, I will point them out myself, and the consequences won't be pleasant."

He picked up his wine glass, casually flicking the contents across the table. The deep red wine arced through the air, splattering on the table like blood, leaving everyone in fear.

After spilling the wine, Hiram tossed the glass aside and walked out.

Someone attempted to follow, but Martin blocked them, and then followed Hiram out.

The Summer Hotel had a circular design, and from the winding corridor, one could see the lobby below.

Hiram walked a few steps, then stopped, turning to lean on the railing, and looking down.

The temperature in the Summer Hotel was quite cool.

Martin walked over and draped his thin coat over Hiram's shoulders, noticing his distraction, he followed his gaze downward.

At the entrance of the venue below, there were two large billboards displaying images of Bella, the daughter of the Clark family, as Martin had investigated before. Then he saw a group of well-dressed people gathered at the entrance, surrounding two girls, one of whom seemed to be Bella, and the other...

Martin was shocked and almost had his eyeballs pop out. "Isn't she the Miss from Lilac Land?"

He looked at Hiram, who showed no surprise on his face.

How could this be? Wasn't this woman supposed to be in Lilac Land?

Martin stared at the scene, and under the bright lights, Sylvia stood there with her hands in her pockets, looking calm and composed. There was a faint smile on her face, and her eyes showed no signs of dullness when she was in the Lilac Land.

"She... she's not mentally ill!" Martin was so shocked that he stuttered.

This woman wasn't mentally ill at all! How dare she deceive Mr. Hiram?

Martin was so surprised that his voice became shrill. He turned his head and saw Hiram standing there, still showing no surprise. Suddenly, he understood. "You knew all along?"

"It's too late for you to realize anything now," Hiram snorted coldly.

"..." Martin felt ashamed. He hadn't realized that this woman was pretending to be mentally ill.

Well, in his eyes, she was as good as dead now. Daring to deceive Mr. Hiram would lead to a painful end.

Not hearing any orders from Hiram to go downstairs and catch her, Martin felt puzzled. Could it be that Mr. Hiram wasn't angry that this woman had deceived him?

As Martin looked down, he realized that something was off downstairs.

One woman was arrogantly holding Sylvia's hand, her voice sharp enough for them upstairs to hear clearly. "You can't leave. You must have stolen something. I'm going to check!"

Sylvia stood at the door, her hand firmly grasped by Maggie, causing some pain.

"Let go," Sylvia said, a hint of annoyance in her voice.

"You take off your clothes! I'm going to check if you've stolen anything!" Maggie said loudly, then looked at the people nearby. "Everyone check if you're missing anything. A person who sneaks into the banquet might be here to steal something."

Sylvia looked coldly at Bella's lackey. She was quite diligent. Bella didn't even need to say a word, and her lackey came out to do it for her.

"Why are you wearing such a big coat? You must be hiding something to steal. Take it off," Maggie said menacingly, still holding Sylvia's hand firmly.

"What if I don't?" Sylvia calmly countered.

"If you don't, you won't leave here today. Thief! Scammer!" Maggie glared at her. "Take it off."

"What if I take it off and there's nothing? Will you kneel down and apologize to me?" Sylvia stared coldly at her, still not freeing her hand from Maggie's grip.

"I..." Maggie hesitated.

Seeing this, Bella became annoyed at Maggie's indecisiveness. She was determined to have Sylvia take off her coat, so everyone could see the electronic lock on her wrist. Once revealed, everyone would know that Sylvia came from the slums. And she wouldn't need to do anything herself, Sylvia would be doomed.

With this in mind, Bella reached for her ear, took off her pearl earring, and quietly threw it into the crowd. Then, with a fake cry, she said, "Oh no, my earring's missing! It was a gift from my mother. Can everyone please help me find it?"

Her voice was sweet and pitiful, eliciting sympathy.

Everyone who had been watching Sylvia and Maggie turned to Bella, noticing that one of her earrings was indeed missing.

Hearing this, Maggie became more convinced that Sylvia was the thief and aggressively demanded, "It must be you who stole it! Take it off!"

Some rich men, eyeing Sylvia's slender legs beneath her dress, began to chant mischievously, "Take it off! Take it off!"

Though they looked down on girls of unknown background, they wouldn't miss a chance to see how good her figure was.

"Take it off!"

"Take it off! Take it off! Take it off!"

More and more voices joined in, the crowd cheering in unison.

Seeing that everyone supported her, Maggie felt even bolder and held on to Sylvia. "Take it off! If you don't steal anything, I'll kneel and apologize!"

Everyone here was a well-known member of high society, incapable of doing something as disgraceful as stealing. Except for this suddenly appearing woman, who else could it be?

"You have promised. What about you, Miss Bella?" Sylvia raised her eyes to Bella, who was acting as if she had nothing to do with it, her calm tone laced with provocation.

With that, everyone turned to Bella again.

Standing there, Bella felt uncomfortable under their scrutiny. She forced a smile and said gently, "Miss, everyone just wants to clear this up. Let Maggie search you. If you didn't steal my earring, I'll apologize to you."

"You'll kneel and apologize," Sylvia insisted, not letting her skip the important part.

Bella hesitated for a few seconds before saying, "Fine, I'll kneel and apologize."

After all, once Sylvia took off her coat, the electronic lock on her wrist would shock everyone. No one would care about the theft accusation anymore.

With this thought, Bella confidently pressured Sylvia to remove her coat.

"Did you hear that? Take it off!" Maggie was eager to completely humiliate the woman Richard had brought in, so she reached out to grab the zipper of Sylvia's coat, her nails scraping harshly against Sylvia's neck.

Sylvia's eyes darkened. She grabbed Maggie's hand, twisted it outward, and said coldly, "I'll do it myself."

"Ouch—" Maggie cried out in pain, shocked by Sylvia's strength. She took two steps back and was about to rush at Sylvia again when Sylvia already unzipped her coat.

Maggie immediately widened her eyes.

Bella watched the scene expectantly, barely able to contain her excitement.