

Chapter 22 It Was Just A Bracelet

Under everyone's gaze, Sylvia swiftly unzipped her coat and shrugged it off.

She was wearing a knee-length cream-colored tulle dress that complemented her fair skin. Once the coat was off, the skirt that had been gathered at her waist flowed down, transforming the knee-length dress into a floor-length evening gown.

The dress had intricate embroidery of lilacs from the chest down, with branches and blossoms looking incredibly lifelike, as if a lilac plant had been sewn into the fabric.

The exquisite embroidery extended to the hem of the skirt, which swayed slightly, making it seem as though the flower petals were blooming, a sight of enchanting beauty.

Under the lights, this scene stunned everyone.

So beautiful.

Sylvia's slender, tall figure and pure, delicate features made her glow in this dress, blinding everyone with her radiance.

Bella stood nearby, her own gown instantly seeming worthless in comparison.

"..."

Everyone fell silent.

Maggie stared at Sylvia in shock. Where did she get such a beautiful dress?

Upstairs, Martin watched Sylvia's transformation in awe. "I never thought she could look so stunning in an evening gown," he remarked.

As soon as he spoke, a cold glare was directed at him.

Martin turned and saw Hiram's eyes, icy and filled with a murderous glint, staring at him. Hiram's face was as cold as ice. "Oh? You're admiring her beauty?"

"..." Why was he looking at him so hostilely?

Martin, intimidated by Hiram's gaze, felt a chill run down his neck. He quickly lowered his head and stepped back, not daring to look at Sylvia again.

At the entrance of the venue downstairs, Sylvia handed her coat to Maggie, raising an eyebrow. "Weren't you going to search me? Check and see if anyone's earrings or bracelets are in my possession."

"..." Maggie, stunned, forgot to take the coat. She couldn't believe how much more beautiful Sylvia suddenly looked.

"Or do you want me to take off this dress too?" Sylvia asked sarcastically.

"..." Maggie stiffened, forcing herself to respond, "Take it off if you dare!"

If she stripped down completely, it would be Sylvia who would lose face.

"Fine, but you'll have to help me with it," Sylvia said, smiling provocatively. "Come over and take it off. If you don't find what you're looking for, I'll sue you and tell the media a bunch of rich kids forced me to undress."

"..." Maggie was at a loss for words.

Dresses like this were tight-fitting; the most one could hide was something small in the skirt, but Sylvia had altered the gown to be half-short beforehand. If she had hidden anything, it would have fallen out when the skirt dropped.

Even if Sylvia stripped now, nothing would be found. Instead, if she spread the word to the media, Maggie and everyone else's reputations would be ruined.

Realizing this, Maggie hesitated and didn't move forward.

Bella, snapping out of her daze, looked at Sylvia's wrist, seeing a white lace ribbon. The ribbon wasn't flat but seemed to have something underneath.

Still hiding something.

Bella, desperate, decided to take matters into her own hands. She stepped forward to grab Sylvia's wrist and untie the lace.

"What are you doing?" Sylvia pushed her away.

Bella stumbled backward, nearly falling, but someone caught her just in time.

Sylvia stood there with a cold smile. "Miss Bella, how amusing. Do you really think my lace ribbon can hide your earring?"

Everyone else looked curiously at Bella.

Regaining her composure, Bella addressed the crowd, "I just heard a rumor that the police are searching for a girl who escaped from the slums. Her age and appearance match this lady."

"What? An escapee from the slums?"

Hearing this, everyone reacted as if hearing about a contagious virus. They stepped back several paces and covered their noses, as if Sylvia carried a foul odor.

Maggie, shocked, quickly threw the coat to the ground, almost in tears.

She had actually touched someone from the slums. She felt like dying.

Someone had a realization, "Right, people from the slums all have electronic locks on their hands. Bella must have wanted to see if she had that lock on her hand, right?"

At these words, everyone's gaze once again focused on Sylvia's hand.

That's right. The lace ribbon was tied too deliberately, and there's no such way of tying it. It's too strange.

Sylvia stood there, looking at everyone avoiding her, and sneered at Bella. "Miss Bella, you're really interesting. First, you call me a thief, then you say I came from the slums. What exactly are you trying to do?"

Bella had waited too long for this moment, and she couldn't wait any longer. So, she rushed over and, catching Sylvia off guard, ripped off the lace ribbon on her wrist—

"Is it to see if she's from the slums!"

The ribbon floated away from Sylvia's fair wrist.

On her wrist was a translucent jade bracelet, which looked especially moist against her skin.

"..."

The scene was momentarily stifflingly quiet.

Bella's fingers were tightly wound around the lace ribbon as she stared blankly at the bracelet on Sylvia's hand, her eyes almost popping out of her head. "It's impossible! This can't be!"

Her voice cracked.

Bella didn't care about anything else; she approached Sylvia excitedly, grabbing her hand and examining it in disbelief. "How is this possible? Where's the electronic lock from the slums?"

How could Sylvia not have the electronic lock from the slums? Regular people can't possibly break it.

Onlookers gaped at her in bewilderment, not understanding why Bella suddenly became so agitated.

Sylvia wrested her hand free from Bella's grip and, with a flick of her wrist, slapped Bella across the face.

"Smack!"

Clear and crisp.

The crowd erupted into murmurs.

Bella held her face, looking up at Sylvia in shock. "You dare to hit me?"

She was too stunned to even retaliate.

Sylvia, who had always been a weakling in front of her, actually dared to strike her today. For a moment, Bella was more surprised than angry.

"If I want to hit you, I'll hit you. Do I need to file a report first?" Sylvia sneered.

"..." Maggie stood aside, staring at Sylvia in shock. Was this woman crazy? She dared to hit the daughter of Congressman Fabian?

She quickly shouted, "Call security! Call security!"

Hearing this, Bella's eyes welled up with tears, and she looked at Sylvia with a face full of grievances. "Miss, I have no grievances with you. You came to my party without an invitation. I just wanted to verify something. Was it necessary for you to hit me?"

This soft voice instantly touched the hearts of many wealthy men who had originally wanted to just watch from the sidelines.

Some who had originally intended to just watch now stepped forward to scold Sylvia, "How dare you hit her?"

"Too much! Where did this wild thing come from?"

"Grab her! Grab her!"

Upstairs, Hiram had been watching the show, his expression unchanged, his gaze always on that white figure.

This dress really did look good on her.

Martin couldn't help but sneak a peek downstairs. These rich men practically wanted to devour Sylvia.

As for her, why did she go and provoke this group of people alone? Any one of them here could handle a slum dweller like her on their own. Without Mr. Hiram's protection, she's nothing.

Martin observed Hiram's expression, noticing that he didn't seem to dislike Sylvia. He couldn't help but ask tentatively, "Mr. Hiram, should I go down..."

"No need," Hiram observed from the sidelines. "Let's see how she handles it herself."

"Okay."

Martin nodded and continued to watch the situation unfold downstairs.

Sylvia was surrounded by everyone, Maggie was aggressive, and Bella looked aggrieved with red eyes.

One wealthy man, who usually behaved badly, took the opportunity to grab Sylvia's wrist, "Dare to hit someone at the Summer Hotel? Come on, I'll take you to the police station!"

As he spoke, he reached out his hand to touch her.

When his fingers were about to touch her waist, Hiram's eyes narrowed, a hint of cruelty appeared on his handsome face, and the veins on the hands holding the armrests bulged.

Sylvia calmly blocked him, her voice cold, "You believe it or not, if you touch me today, your family's company will disappear from M country tomorrow."

Her gaze wasn't fierce, it even showed a lazy demeanor, but there was an aura that was hard to disbelieve.

The wealthy man subconsciously withdrew his hand and then realized that his behavior was too timid. He sneered, "You're so full of yourself. Who are you? Can you make my family's company disappear?"

"I'm nothing. It's just that the background behind me might be something you can't afford, even if you all put your resources together." Sylvia said casually.

Martin, watching everything from upstairs, couldn't help but say, "Mr. Hiram, she's probably trying to show off using your name."

As he spoke, Martin realized he had spoken too much again and was about to apologize when he saw Hiram standing there, a rare hint of satisfaction in his usually gloomy demeanor.

"..."

Martin thought he might have misread it. Shouldn't the reaction be satisfaction now?

He was once again confused.

What exactly was Mr. Hiram thinking?

"She thinks she's clever, just by mentioning my name, she thinks she's done. How can anyone believe without evidence?" Hiram chuckled lowly and then looked at Martin, "You go down and find the right time to testify for her."

Otherwise, Sylvia wouldn't be able to leave this place today.

He had originally just wanted to watch the show, but since she mentioned his name, he would help her out.

"Yes, sir," Martin was about to go down when he heard a sharp female voice from below.

"What background do you have? What background do you think you have?"