

Chapter 23 The Young Family

"My last name is Young," Sylvia said calmly.

Last name Young? Why mention it?

Isn't she supposed to mention Mr. Hiram to save her?

Martin was stunned and couldn't help but stop, then he looked at Hiram, whose smile had frozen.

Suddenly, Martin felt a chilling cold emanating from the entire corridor.

At the entrance of the venue downstairs, Maggie heard this and couldn't help but sneer, "Your last name is Young, so what? What, is having this last name something extraordinary?"

Bella wanted to laugh.

Is Sylvia going to say she's Barbecue Young again?

Ridiculous, does she think she can escape from here with a fake identity?

"Miss, aren't you aware that the big boss of the Summer Hotel also has the last name Young?" Sylvia stood there and chuckled lightly, her fingers lightly brushing over her dress, calm and composed.

"The boss has the last name Young... What does that have to do with you..." Maggie subconsciously retorted, then stopped abruptly when she saw the shocked expressions on the people next to her.

What does she mean? Is she a descendant of the Young family?

The Young family is an ancient family with a history of several hundred years, located on the southern border of M country, and the only brand known nationwide is the extremely arrogant Summer Hotel.

Its background was not to be underestimated by anyone. It was said that the Young family's wealth rivaled that of a country, almost omnipotent in the border areas.

Bella looked at Sylvia in disbelief, "Do you dare to claim you're from the Young family?"

Is Sylvia out of her mind? Does she think she can just fabricate a new identity and not go back to the slums?

Sylvia stood there, looking calmly at Bella, showing no signs of guilt.

"No, look, her dress is in Melissa's style. A common girl doesn't have the qualifications to wear Melissa's clothes," someone whispered nearby.

"Could it be a high-quality imitation?"

"Impossible, the stitching and craftsmanship don't look like a high-quality imitation at all."

"Could she really be from the Young family?"

"I said her demeanor doesn't seem like an ordinary person. We just asked her to take off her clothes earlier, isn't that..."

As people talked, they became increasingly uneasy, stepping back in fear that Sylvia would remember their faces and seek revenge.

These wealthy kids, who usually acted arrogantly, couldn't even afford to book a room at Summer Hotel. How could they dare to offend the Young family behind Summer Hotel?

These idiots, scaring themselves with their own speculations.

Bella wanted to curse at these people. She put on a sophisticated attitude and smiled, "So, are you claiming to be a descendant of the Young family? Perfect, this is the Young family's Summer Hotel. Maggie, go get the manager and let him identify whether there's such a young lady from the Young family."

Sylvia, you brought this upon yourself. What's the point of pretending to be from the Young family? Do you think it's easy to fake it?

"The manager's rank isn't high enough. Get the person with the most authority at Summer Hotel," Sylvia said coldly, without any fear in her eyes.

After speaking, Sylvia turned and walked into the venue.

Upstairs, Martin watched in bewilderment. "Mr. Hiram, could she really be from the Young family?"

After all, he hadn't found out Sylvia's specific identity yet.

"The Young family in this generation doesn't have any daughters," Hiram said coldly.

Before, his father had entertained the idea of marrying him to the Young family, but later found out that the Young family in this generation didn't have any daughters.

Martin was shocked to hear this. "Then why would she dare to tell such a lie?"

This lie was too easy to expose.

At his words, Hiram snorted coldly. "If she dares to lie, she'll have to deal with it herself. What does it have to do with me?"

With that, Hiram turned and walked away, obviously in a bad mood.

Martin felt that Hiram's current displeasure was purely because Miss Sylvia dared to tell such a massive lie without mentioning him.

Martin followed along silently.

Suddenly, Hiram stopped and looked back at him with a cold glance. "Why are you following?"

"..." Martin was puzzled.

He was Mr. Hiram's assistant, if not following Mr. Hiram, who else should he follow?

"Keep an eye on her. If she's missing a single hair, you won't need to appear in front of me anymore," Hiram said with a stern face before leaving.

"..." Martin felt more lost than ever before.

Wasn't Mr. Hiram unhappy because of Miss Sylvia? Why did he still ask him to help her?

He couldn't understand.

Mr. Hiram's thoughts were truly too complex.

In the romantic and magnificent venue filled with flowers, there was no longer the atmosphere of a birthday banquet.

People stood together whispering, all guessing whether Sylvia was really a descendant of the Young family.

Sylvia stood nonchalantly.

Bella, on the other hand, was confident.

Martin discreetly mingled among the guests, observing the situation.

After a while, someone rushed in from outside, followed by a large number of security guards who quickly took control of the entire venue.

Shortly after, a middle-aged man in a suit emerged from behind the guests. He appeared to be the person with the most authority at Summer Hotel. With a stern expression, he said, "I've received a report that someone here is impersonating a Young family member. Who is it?"

Bella folded her arms, smiling as she stepped aside and glanced at Sylvia. "Mr. Simon, take a look. Is this young lady from the Young family?"

Hearing this, Mr. Simon looked at Sylvia with a hostile gaze and said coldly, "What a joke! The Young family usually stays in the south and wouldn't come to N City. I haven't heard a thing about it. How dare you impersonate a Young family member? Do you have a death wish?"

Sylvia stood there, twirling the bracelet on her hand. Her voice was calm and unhurried, "I'm not a member of the Young family. I'm the lifesaver of Philip Young."

Philip Young, the current head of the Young family.

Mr. Simon laughed outright at her words. "You're getting more and more ridiculous. Claiming to be Mr. Philip's lifesaver now? Guards, take this fraud away!"

Several security guards rushed forward at his command.

"Try touching me and see what happens," Sylvia said lazily, her gaze full of arrogance.

"Stop pretending!" Mr. Simon glared at her and moved to seize her himself.

Martin watched from the crowd, frowning and about to step forward when he saw Sylvia, standing next to the six-tiered cake, leisurely pick up the delicate Barbie doll on top and throw it to the ground in front of Mr. Simon.

"Bang."

The Barbie doll hit the ground, breaking apart violently.

"Why did you smash my doll?" Bella screamed, forgetting all elegance. This doll was made to look like her, and Bella felt as if her head was about to explode. Sylvia did it on purpose!

Mr. Simon was furious and was about to lash out when Sylvia, standing there with a half-smile, said, "Mr. Simon, if I were you, I'd call Philip Young to play it safe. Otherwise, you might risk your career over this."

"My career is none of your—" Mr. Simon started to shout but then froze.

The Young family was always mysterious, and the outside world didn't even know which generation they were on or the names of the family members. How did this girl know Philip Young's name so easily?

He hadn't even considered it before.

Could it be...?

Mr. Huang stared at her, noticing her calm and confident demeanor. He took a deep breath and decided to take out his phone. He didn't have the contact number for the head of the Young family but called a high-level assistant within the family.

"Tell Philip Young that I'm here to collect on a life-saving favor," Sylvia said, looking at him with a composed expression as she continued to twirl her bracelet.

Mr. Simon stared at her, confused, but repeated the message into the phone. Listening to the voice on the other end, his expression suddenly changed.