

Chapter 24 That's My Seat

After a moment, the call was transferred, and Mr. Philip himself came on the line.

Mr. Simon turned to look at Sylvia, his gaze filled with disbelief. After a long pause, he stiffly said, "Miss, Mr. Philip would like to video call you."

The entire room erupted in shock.

Bella stood there, her mind reeling with confusion.

"Sure," Sylvia said, glancing at Bella again. "But no one here is allowed to leave."

The birthday party wasn't over yet.

"Understood. I'll have the security guards surround the venue right away." Mr. Simon didn't dare to take any chances and immediately had the security team encircle the birthday party area.

The crowd was astonished, exchanging bewildered glances.

What's going on?

Bella was completely confused. What was happening? Did Mr. Simon actually believe Sylvia's nonsense?

Mr. Simon escorted Sylvia into what was originally Bella's dressing room. A large projection screen was lowered, and a video call was set up. Mr. Simon and his people then withdrew, leaving Sylvia alone in the dressing room.

The lights gradually dimmed, and the projection screen brightened, revealing a luxurious study. A young, handsome man in his thirties sat behind a desk—it was Philip Young, the head of the Young family.

As soon as he saw her, Philip laughed heartily, "I knew it was you, Sylvia. You really left Ash Island."

The Young family was extremely secretive to the outside world, but internally, they had constant power struggles.

Last year, Philip was nearly drowned by a plot from his uncles and was saved by Sylvia when he was on the brink of death.

The slums were mostly filled with the elderly, the weak, and the disabled, with no resources whatsoever. Philip, accustomed to a life of luxury, would have died if not for Sylvia's care.

Later, on the isolated Ash Island, it was Sylvia who assembled a satellite phone for him, allowing him to contact his allies and return to the Young family to reclaim his position and eliminate his enemies.

Thus, Sylvia had saved his life.

Sylvia stood in front of the dressing table, which was covered in Bella's makeup products. She casually picked up a lipstick, broke it, and tossed it into the trash can without even glancing at the man on the screen. "I told you, I would leave Ash Island sooner or later."

Hearing this, Philip felt a pang of guilt. He stood up from his desk and respectfully bowed his hands together in an old-fashioned gesture. "Sylvia, you saved my life, but I couldn't save you from the slums. I am really sorry!"

He was genuinely remorseful.

In the various regions of M Country, different powers held sway. The Young family controlled the southern inland border, but Ash Island was a border island under the highest national jurisdiction.

People marked with electronic locks in Ash Island had a tough time getting out.

The Young family, adhering to their principle of neutrality, couldn't openly rescue Sylvia without overstepping their bounds. They had tried secretive methods to help her escape, but all had been thwarted.

Sylvia placed a bottle of makeup remover in the nearby trash can, glanced at him indifferently, and said, "I don't blame you. You don't need to feel guilty."

She still had that quirky, lazy demeanor, indifferent, and never particularly respectful or disdainful of anyone. She never thought of relying on anyone but herself.

Philip was used to her attitude and didn't mind. He sat back down at his desk, carefully observing Sylvia. Noticing her now healthy and beautiful appearance, he couldn't help but ask curiously, "How did you manage to escape? Didn't the people of Ash Island cry out when you left?"

Sylvia had spent three years on Ash Island.

Over the three years, Sylvia had become the backbone of the slum people. After she left, how would those people survive?

Hearing this, a sharp look flashed in Sylvia's eyes, and her voice turned cold, "If I stayed, they'd still be jumping into the sea or slitting their wrists."

That place had no resources, and everyone lived lives worse than death. If it weren't for her deep hatred for the Clark family, she wouldn't have survived either.

Philip sighed, resting his head on one hand, "True. Only if you establish yourself in M Country can you hope to eventually rescue those people in the slum. The hope of Ash Island rests on you alone."

Sylvia opened a bottle of Chanel perfume and sniffed it. She tossed it aside. "Alright, enough about that."

Worried that the topic might be too heavy for her, Philip smiled and said, "Now that you've escaped, you're just a regular person and won't be under such strict control. I can finally repay my debt to you. I'll send someone to N City to get you. Whatever you want, I'll give it to you."

Philip was filled with gratitude toward Sylvia. Except for things that involved the overall interests of the Young family, he would fulfill her every wish.

"I'm afraid not." Sylvia chuckled softly, sweeping all the random makeup products on the vanity into the trash.

"Why not?" Philip asked, puzzled.

Standing in the dim light, Sylvia looked at him with clear eyes and said slowly, "I've gotten entangled with Hiram."

Philip's face changed drastically, and he stood up from the desk, "What? How did you get involved with such a powerful man?"

As if she had a choice. "He's the one who got me off Ash Island," Sylvia said coolly.

Philip was even more shocked. He slowly sat back down, "So that's how you got out. Only Hiram has the power to openly bring someone out of Ash Island in M Country. Is he helping you?"

"He just sees me as a stand-in," Sylvia replied, sweeping the last of the makeup products into the trash. Then she took a small cake from the table and started eating. "What do you know about Hiram?"

The Young family was known for their intelligence network.

"He's a rare and ruthless character," Philip said. "His father, Norton King, was a formidable figure back in the day, but Hiram pointed a gun at him and took him down. Now his father just rots away in the King family estate. If he can do that to his own father, what do you think he'd do to others?"

Sylvia paused mid-bite of the cake. From what Philip said, it seemed he also didn't dare to cross Hiram. She couldn't count on the Young family to help her escape from Hiram.

Oh well.

She'd have to rely on herself.

Sylvia swallowed the cake. "There's also talk of some hereditary disease in the King family, but such a big, powerful family wouldn't let that kind of secret slip out, so I'm not sure. It's not that important," Philip continued, looking worried. "The important thing is, are you friends or foes with him?"

That was crucial for her safety.

"For now, we're getting along. The future? Who knows?" Sylvia said. She couldn't figure Hiram out. Her best bet was still to find a way to safely leave Lilac Land.

"Well..." Philip wanted to help her, so he said, "Sylvia, with your skills, escaping from Hiram shouldn't be too hard. Once you escape, come to the border, to the Young family's territory. I can protect you from Hiram for a while."

If he sent someone to N City to save her, it would be like declaring war on Hiram. Hiram had immense power, and while Philip didn't care about his own life, he couldn't risk his entire family.

"My revenge isn't finished yet, so I can't go to the border," Sylvia replied. She needed to stay where the Clark family was and cause them chaos.

"Sylvia, I..." Philip felt guilty again. Despite his vast family resources, he couldn't save her from danger.

"I'll handle my own issues. You owe me a debt for saving your life, and today you can repay it," Sylvia said, clapping her hands as she stood up from the couch. She demanded her due without a trace of hesitation.

Philip laughed, unoffended. He admired Sylvia's straightforward nature—honest and direct, never pretending.

Bella and the others waited in place.

Maggie clasped her hands together, muttering, "Please, let her not be Philip's savior. Please, please."

It seemed impossible. Sylvia had spent three years in the slums, a miserable place. How could she be Philip's savior?

As everyone speculated, Sylvia finally emerged.

Martin, mingling with the crowd, watched as she approached. Her dress, embroidered with lilacs, swayed with her movements, looking as if delicate flowers were blooming around her, exuding romance.

Mr. Simon followed her, bent at the waist, as if he wanted to lay down a red carpet for her every step.

Seeing this, everyone understood. Sylvia had told the truth. She really was Mr. Philip's savior—a debt of gratitude that granted her significant influence if she went to the border.

Sylvia sat down on the chair in front of the six-tiered cake, the chair originally meant for Bella, decorated like a princess throne.

Bella was furious. Not only had Sylvia broken her Barbie doll, but now she was sitting in her seat. The nerve!

Maggie and the others didn't dare approach.

Bella, unable to hold back, coldly said to Sylvia, "That's my seat."