

Chapter 27 Admire Her

In a suite at the top of the Summer Hotel.

A man, identified as the mastermind behind a recent night market attack, lay on the ground, bloodied and barely conscious. His blood-soaked shirt clung to his body.

A rectangular dining table was still set with delicacies, now tainted by the scent of blood.

A group of high-profile individuals, each successful in their own fields, huddled against the walls, too frightened to move.

Hiram never held back when it came to handling things. Forcing them to witness the man's fate was a clear warning, but none of them dared to cross Hiram.

At the dining table, Hiram sat lazily in a high-backed chair, one leg crossed over the other. He looked as relaxed as if he were in a refined setting enjoying coffee and flowers, rather than in a place reeking of blood. His long fingers held a phone, and he was watching short videos.

All the videos showed Sylvia's actions at the venue just now.

His eyes darkened. He hadn't expected the young girl he casually picked up from the slums to handle things so impressively.

Hiram suddenly stood up and walked out, still watching video after video on his phone.

Martin followed him out of the suite, walking down the hallway and studying Hiram's expression. "Mr. Hiram, do you admire her?"

"Admire her?" Hiram put away his phone and shot him a cold glance. "Admire a fool who insists on playing games in such a complicated way?"

You're just mad that Miss Sylvia didn't use your name directly, right? Martin thought to himself. He could actually understand Miss Sylvia; she was acting crazy right now. If she brought up Hiram's name, she'd need verification, and who knows what her fate would be if it reached Hiram.

As Hiram walked ahead, he casually tossed his phone back. "Send me all the photos and videos."

Martin quickly caught the phone. "Yes, sir."

So, you don't admire her? Then why do you need the photos and videos?

"After you send them, delete everything from your phone. Not a single photo left."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Hiram's possessiveness was acting up again. Martin rolled his eyes and suddenly remembered something. "By the way, Mr. Hiram, it's strange. How did Miss Sylvia become Philip Young's savior?"

How many faces did she have? One moment she was a slum dweller, the next a revenge-seeker against the Clark family, and now she was a savior to the Young family.

"Find out within three days." Hiram's voice was low, indicating he wanted to know the details as well.

"..." Martin wanted to slap himself. Why did he keep getting himself more work?

A lavishly decorated elevator appeared before them. Martin stepped forward and pressed the button.

"Why didn't you tell me this important detail earlier?" an urgent voice called out.

Martin turned to see a young man in a white dress suit hurrying towards them with a driver-like figure in tow.

It was Richard James. He had been working in his hotel room when his driver knocked on the door, informing him of the chaos at the venue. He immediately rushed out to see what had happened.

He stood behind Hiram, waiting for the elevator. The driver explained, "Mr. Richard, I was waiting by the car when I saw Congressman Fabian carrying Miss Bella out. That's when I realized something had happened and ran to find you. I only know the venue was trashed; I don't know the details."

"Bella is already gone?" Richard frowned, then asked instinctively, "What about Sylvia? Did you see Sylvia?"

If the venue was trashed, was Sylvia hurt?

"Ding—"

As he finished speaking, the elevator doors slowly opened.

Hiram stood there, one hand in his pocket, a flash of coldness in his eyes. He lifted his leg and walked into the elevator.

The driver behind him was still puzzled, "Sylvia? Mr. Richard, who are you talking about?"

Who's Sylvia?

"Forget it, I can't explain it to you. I'll go find her downstairs." Richard was very worried about the delicate Sylvia and wanted to enter the elevator, when suddenly a cold, murderous light fell on him.

Startled, Richard looked up and met Hiram's gaze.

The elevator had plenty of space, but Hiram stubbornly stood in the center, refusing to make room, extremely arrogant.

Unreasonably, Richard felt the pressure on his shoulders increase.

Martin sensed the air growing heavy and cautiously squeezed into the elevator by the door.

Richard stepped in, barely setting foot in the elevator.

"It's full," Hiram said coldly, his voice icy and his eyes fixed on him, clearly unfriendly.

This man bore ill will toward him. Almost instantly, Richard felt it. He looked at Hiram, feeling a strange familiarity with his face.

The driver beside him protested, "Full? There's plenty of space left in the elevator!"

At these words, a scornful curve formed on Hiram's thin lips as he remained standing, unmoved.

Seeing this, Martin immediately understood, looking coldly at Richard and the driver. "Mr. Hiram says it's full, so it's full."

"How come you guys aren't playing by the rules?" The driver was exasperated.

Who do they think they are?

"Rules?" Martin sneered. "Then you better go back and find out what the rules are in M country."

The name of Hiram King just meant rules.

"Who do you dare to be so arrogant—"

The driver was about to reason with them when Richard quickly intervened, politely saying, "Mr. Hiram, we'll wait for the next one." Richard recognized him.

"And be reasonable." Martin chuckled, pressing the elevator button.

The doors slowly closed.

Richard stood there, shivering, not for any other reason but because Hiram in the elevator kept staring at him until the doors were completely shut.

"Mr. Richard? Why did you let them off? You're the third young master of the James Family Group." The driver couldn't understand why he let them off.

In N City, seldom people dare to offend the James family.

"He's Hiram King," Richard said only his name, leaving out any further introduction.

"What?" The driver was stunned.

The man just now was the all-powerful, ruthless Hiram King, who kills without blinking?

Soon, the driver's legs went weak.

Richard, however, was puzzled. He didn't know Hiram, so why did Hiram look at him like that?

Not far from the hotel, Sylvia saw Fabian carrying Bella out of the hotel. Bella was in a sorry state, leaning against him, draped in his suit jacket.

Sylvia glanced at them and wryly smirked.

Some people are just lucky to have someone protect them and take them home no matter how difficult they are.

She turned and walked away.

On the quiet street at night, only the streetlights provided warmth.

Sylvia walked in her long dress, the cool night air keeping her alert.

A car followed her, neither too close nor too far away.

Sylvia could tell even with her toes that Fabian still had doubts about her identity and had people following her.

She smirked, turned, and walked into a 24-hour convenience store, coming out with a big bag of snacks. Then she turned into a dimly lit alley nearby.

Cars couldn't follow her into the alley, but soon, there were faint footsteps at night.

Sylvia walked to a few large trash bins in the alley and mimicked a cat's "meow". Several pairs of sharp, gleaming eyes immediately emerged from beside the trash bins, and even two stray cats popped out from inside.

She stood there, tearing open a bag of fish snacks and sprinkling them on the ground. Several dirty stray cats immediately rushed out to snatch the food.

"Take your time, no rush." Sylvia smiled, tearing open a few pieces of ham.

Nearby stray dogs also rushed out, competing and biting each other, difficult to separate.

It was just like when she was in the slums, living like cats and dogs.

Clearly, a bit of food wasn't enough for them. The stray cats and dogs stood there, grinding their teeth, staring straight at the bag in her hand with cold glints in their eyes.

When it seemed like the right moment, Sylvia grabbed a handful of food and threw it into the alley, saying, "There you go!"

The food landed all over the tracking guards.