

Chapter 28 Your Man

A group of stray cats and dogs brightened up at the sight, rushing over regardless, some even pouncing for food and directly attacking the guards.

"Where did these wild dogs come from?"

"Ouch, they're biting me!"

Screams echoed one after another.

Sylvia glanced at them indifferently, then turned and walked away briskly, leaving the pile of trackers behind.

Instead of going back to Lilac Land, Sylvia went to a nearby open-air soccer field.

The field was large, with rows of seats now empty, illuminated only by a circle of streetlights, casting a lonely atmosphere over the deserted pitch.

Sylvia sat down in one of the seats, placing the plastic bag in her hand on the nearby seat and taking out a can of beer.

Today was not only Bella's birthday, but also hers.

According to the Clark family, when they found her, she had a note with her birthdate, even down to the hour, exactly the same as Bella's.

Every year on Bella's birthday, the Clark family would throw a big party for her. But as an adopted daughter, Sylvia couldn't expect too much, only sneaking a piece of Bella's birthday cake in her room quietly.

Today, she finally crashed Bella's birthday party. But she still didn't get to eat her own birthday cake.

"Sylvia, the road ahead is long. Here's to your 21st birthday with beer instead of cake. Happy Birthday!" Sylvia raised her beer can and shouted into the chilly, damp, empty air.

After shouting, she laughed at her foolishness, tilted her head back, and chugged the beer down.

A can of beer quickly ran dry.

Sylvia was a good girl before eighteen, never having drunk alcohol, and spent three years in the slums without the means to drink, so she didn't know that beer had such a strong aftertaste.

She soon felt a bit disoriented, leaning back with her hands on the chair's backrests, looking up at the pitch-black night sky. The moon hid behind the dark clouds, and there wasn't even a single star to accompany her.

It really was lonely.

Sylvia chuckled at herself, then grabbed another can and started drinking again.

One can after another.

Eventually, she couldn't drink anymore, so she lifted her legs onto the cold seat, leaned her head against the backrest, and half-closed her eyes, feeling dizzy.

Heavy footsteps descended the stone steps in the middle of the seats and stopped behind her.

Sylvia didn't even bother.

A man in a black coat sat down behind her, his eyes slightly raised, expressionless as he looked at her flushed face from the alcohol.

"Sylvia Clark?" he ventured.

In her daze, Sylvia felt someone talking to her and casually responded, "Hmm?"

Her murmured tone was alluring.

It was indeed her name.

Suddenly, she turned her head, resting her chin on the backrest, and looked at him with misty eyes, "And who are you?"

Couldn't even recognize after drinking?

Hiram sat there, looking at the girl in front of him.

With her innocent face tinged with drunkenness, she exuded a hint of charm, staring straight at him. She wore the long dress and high heels he bought for her, and the bracelet he ordered to be made for her, stunningly beautiful.

Hiram looked at her, his gaze almost eerie, his throat tight, his Adam's apple bobbing twice.

The next moment, he leaned towards her slowly, his big hand pressing on her forehead, then slowly sliding down, his slender fingers stroking her neck.

His fingertips gently caressed her neck, his eyes deep and unfathomable, his thin lips slightly parted as he asked, "Do you have any unclear relationship with Richard James?"

After coming out of the Summer Hotel elevator, Martin told him that man was the third young master of the James Family Group, Richard James.

Hiram asked, his voice magnetic, his tone calm, but his slender fingers were already gripping her delicate neck.

As long as she answered yes, he couldn't guarantee what he would do.

"Richard what?"

"Richard James." He pronounced the name word by word, his five fingers tightening even more.

Just one move, her delicate neck would break in his hands.

"Richard who? I don't know." Sylvia looked at the deep creases on his raised eyelids, feeling confused. He was very sexy!

Very good. He liked her answer.

Hiram smirked, his hand on her neck shifting from a grip to a light stroke. He looked down at her clear eyes. "You just asked me who I am, now I'm telling you."

"Yeah, who are you?" Sylvia truly didn't recognize him.

"Your man."

After saying that, Hiram grabbed the back of her head with one hand, lowered his head, and covered her lips with his, kissing her dominantly and forcefully.

Her mouth was full of the bitter taste of beer, but it was addictive to him as if it were laced with opium flowers.

Originally intending to just taste it lightly, Hiram couldn't let go after this kiss, kissing her lips more wantonly, as if trying to swallow everything about her.

Sylvia stared at his sharp features blankly, feeling like she should resist, but it didn't seem that bad.

His lips were cool and comforting.

Unconsciously, Sylvia licked her lips, inviting a more intense response.

Eventually, she felt her neck ache from the kisses and struggled to break free.

Hiram sat behind her, his breath uneven, eyes fixed on her, his thumb brushing over his lips. His eyes held a predatory glint.

She was the one. Hiram heard the voice in his head.

Sylvia sat in front, less contemplative than him. After a while, she turned to rest her chin on the back of the chair, looking at him. "You said you're my friend. Don't you want to wish me a happy birthday?"

"I'm your man," Hiram replied, displeased.

What friend?

"Let's forget it," Sylvia shrugged, turning away and grabbing another beer, struggling to open it.

"Do you ever think about your birthday?" Hiram looked at her slender back and slowly pursed his lips.

"Um," Sylvia mumbled discontentedly.

Hiram's gaze darkened.

Soon, the lights around the soccer field began to flicker.

One sports car after another arrived at the periphery, their lights all pointing in one direction. From above, the soccer field looked like it was surrounded by a huge circle of light.

The people from the cars came out, each holding large fireworks, placing them in a circle around the perimeter in unison.

"Ignite," Hiram's low, magnetic voice sounded against the phone.

"Boom—"

Deafening explosions rang out.

Sylvia, inside the soccer field, was startled, her beer can falling to the ground. Her intoxicated eyes were suddenly pierced by the white light.

"..." Sylvia raised her head in astonishment, seeing countless silver fireworks flying into the sky, lighting up the night with a dazzling array of colors.

"Boom, boom."

The fireworks continued to explode, forming various shapes in the night sky, alternating between gold and silver, illuminating the entire sky. So beautiful.

"Boom."

Another explosion.

The night sky above the soccer field spelled out "Happy Birthday Sylvia" in countless silver fireworks, continuing to shine.

Sylvia looked up, almost mesmerized.

"Is it beautiful?" Hiram sat behind her, watching her.

"It's beautiful," Sylvia nodded, then seriously added, "Looks like someone nearby shares my birthday and has the same name."

Quite a coincidence.

Sylvia, intoxicated by the beer, didn't realize the fireworks were for her. She thought someone at the soccer field was celebrating, and she just happened to see it.

"That's for you," Hiram said, somewhat annoyed, his handsome profile contrasting with the changing fireworks. "As long as you stay with me, behave, I'll give you anything you want."

Sylvia didn't listen at all, just muttered, "That's nice. This person is really lucky. They didn't shield Bella from disaster, and there are people to set off fireworks for her."

Unlike her, there was no one to set off fireworks for her, and no one to carry her home.

"..." Hiram's face darkened a bit.

He didn't bother to say anything more, just sat behind her and watched the fireworks together.

For a long time, there was no sound.

Hiram tilted his head forward, only to see her already leaning back in the chair, asleep, her eyes tightly closed, long lashes casting faint shadows on her small face, which changed color intermittently under the fireworks.

The next moment, Martin approached with the bodyguards from the shadows.

"Mr. Hiram, it's late. Are we going back?" Martin asked, holding a man's coat in his hand.

"Let's go back," Hiram stood up.

Martin immediately unfolded the coat to help him put it on, but Hiram took it from him, strode over with long legs, and draped the coat over the sleeping Sylvia, lifting her from the seat.

Martin was shocked. Mr. Hiram, who was usually temperamental, actually cared for someone like this? Giving her a coat and carrying her?