

Chapter 29 Beg For Mercy

The heavy curtains blocked out the bright daylight outside.

Hmm...

Her head hurt.

On the spacious European-style bed, Sylvia wriggled under the soft covers, reaching for her temples, opening her eyes to look at the crystal chandelier above, her mind clouded.

She shouldn't have drunk. She was now living under someone else's roof, and what if drinking caused trouble?

As Sylvia sat up, she suddenly remembered her last memory was at the soccer field. How could she...

She turned her head in shock, only to see the man lying next to her, his narrow eyes closed, his handsome features expressing laziness, his long lashes fluttering slightly, on the verge of waking.

Hiram?

How did he end up here?

"..." Sylvia gasped, about to withdraw, but the man pulled her into his arms, his bare arms embracing her, his long legs pressing her down, rendering her immobile.

"Where are you going?" Hiram slowly opened his narrow eyes, looking at her somewhat groggily, the corners of his eyes slightly upturned.

What happened last night? That was Sylvia's only question now.

Hiram stared at her innocent features, then leaned over to kiss her lips lightly, his voice lazy, "I said, don't run without my orders. If you don't understand, I'll break your legs, got it?"

"..." Sylvia didn't move.

It seemed she couldn't escape this time.

She slowly clenched her fists, calculating the probability of successfully knocking him out and escaping.

But Hiram suddenly smiled at her, "Well, you never understood in the first place."

Huh?

What's going on?

"Get up." Hiram got up from the bed directly, without doing anything to her.

Sylvia was led out of the room by Hiram, wearing a loose nightgown, like a little pet being led by Hiram.

Outside, the sunlight was dazzling.

In the living room, Lily and Lucy were trembling on their knees, their faces pale, devoid of any color.

Martin and several bodyguards stood aside, Martin's voice cold, "I asked you to keep an eye on Miss, but you fell asleep yourselves. Miss ended up at the soccer field hundreds of meters away, drinking from the beer cans in the trash can until she was drunk! If I hadn't happened to be near the soccer field, Miss would have been lost by now!"

"..." The two maids were reprimanded, too scared to utter a word.

"You know damn well Miss has mental issues, and you still can't keep an eye on her properly. If she ever decides to take a dip in the lake, how are you gonna explain that to Mr. Hiram?" Martin scolded again.

Sylvia followed Hiram down the stairs, step by step.

From the words, they thought she went off her rocker, running around the soccer field and picking up beer cans?

It clicked in her mind. There were indeed some beer cans near the trash cans at the soccer field, tossed by spectators. This speculation seemed to make sense.

But...

Sylvia glanced up at the man holding her hand. His back was like a cloud of mystery to her.

He was Hiram King, the president of the First Consortium in the country. Could he really not see through her?

In the living room, seeing Hiram leading Sylvia down, Lily and Lucy practically crawled forward, crying, "Young Master, it's all our fault. We didn't take good care of Miss. Please forgive us this time, we won't do it again."

"Please forgive us this time."

They begged desperately.

Hiram pulled Sylvia to sit on the central sofa. She nestled in his long arms like a vine.

"We'll keep a 24-hour watch on Miss from now on," Lily said, trembling with fear.

Hiram casually placed a hand on Sylvia's shoulder, looking down at the kneeling women with dark eyes. After a moment, he opened his thin lips and said, "She is crazy and doesn't understand human language, so I won't punish her. But you two..."

The two maids hit their heads on the ground in fear.

Hiram leaned back, waved his hand lazily, and said, "Break their legs and throw them out."

As if he were dealing with plants or trees.

"..." Sylvia turned her head in shock. Hiram sat there, his handsome features were striking, resembling a beautiful yet deadly flower, filled with a sinister aura.

"Yes, sir." The two bodyguards didn't hesitate and swung the canes prepared beside them, striking the maids' legs.

"Ouch—"

Lily and Lucy, being older, fell to the ground with a scream, writhing in pain.

Hiram didn't even raise an eyebrow, watching with an indifferent expression.

Sylvia had heard about Hiram's ruthlessness, but today, she witnessed it firsthand.

"Ouch!"

"Young Master, please spare us. We know we were wrong."

Another scream echoed as Lily crawled forward, reaching for Hiram's trousers.

Hiram glanced down, his brows furrowing with annoyance, and kicked her away.

The bodyguards continued to strike without mercy. Martin stood aside, watching silently as if he was used to it.

The maids' screams filled the room, their pant legs rolling up to reveal rapidly bruising skin.

Sylvia's eyes turned cold. Without hesitation, she stood up and rushed forward, kneeling between the maids and shielding them with her arms.

She trembled all over, her eyes darting around in fear, mumbling, "No hitting, no hitting..."

The bodyguards, in the heat of the moment, raised their canes to strike again.

"Ahhh—" Sylvia screamed with all her might, her piercing voice filling the living room, startling the bodyguards into nearly dropping their canes.

Hiram gave his ear a little press at her shouting.

Sylvia clung tightly to the two maids, shaking all over, her pale face filled with fear, like a startled deer.

Lily and Lucy turned to look at her, seeing her terrified and still protecting them, their eyes reddening instantly. "Miss, don't stay here. Be careful not to get hit."

Miss already had mental issues, if she ended up disabled, what would become of her in this lifetime?

Sylvia wouldn't budge.

Martin watched Sylvia's foolish and nervous behavior with disbelief. What was she pretending for? Last night, surrounded by a bunch of people at the Summer Hotel, she didn't even flinch, not a hint of fear in her eyes. And last night, she even forced the two girls to kneel and apologize to her. But now she's acting all weak and helpless.

The two guards were puzzled, looking at Hiram, unsure of what to do next.

Hiram sat on the sofa, one leg crossed over the other, his eyes looking meaningfully at Sylvia. "Looks like my little crazy isn't completely nuts yet. You want to protect them? Too bad, what I say never changes."

Understanding his words, the guards stepped forward to pull Sylvia away.

Sylvia immediately knelt in front of Hiram, grabbing onto his pant leg, pleading with him with tear-filled eyes, murmuring, "Don't hit, don't hit."

Her innocent face looked silly, acting abnormal to the core.

But in her heart, she was thinking she might have to fight, and escape with Lucy and Lily. She couldn't let them get hurt because of her.

Seeing this, a faint smile curved Hiram's lips. He looked at her holding onto his pants leg, a glint of interest in his eyes. "Is this how you beg for mercy?"

"..." How else was she supposed to beg? How does a mentally unstable person beg for mercy?

Sylvia couldn't understand Hiram's meaning, so she kept pleading, pulling at his pants, "Don't hit, don't hit."

Hiram let go of his leg, slowly leaning down towards her, lowering his head, pointing to his cheek, his voice husky. "Got it?"

Got it, my foot. Sylvia cursed silently, lowering her eyes, a flash of murderous intent passing through them.

Seeing her unfazed, Hiram glanced at her sideways, three words slipping from his thin lips, "Keep hitting them."

The guards immediately raised their canes.

Sylvia's hand at her side clenched tightly.

Endure it!

Just a kiss, right?

She gritted her teeth and pecked his cheek quickly before darting away.

After the kiss, Hiram's gaze flickered, staring straight at her, his eyes unusually deep, like a dark blue abyss.

The living room fell into a silence as heavy as death.

Sylvia didn't know what he was looking at, feeling like she was about to collapse.