

### Chapter 3 You Belong To Me

Martin walked in from outside and, upon hearing the words, looked deeply at Sylvia for a long time before sighing and saying, "Yeah, she's just like Miss Claire. Even when she was ill, Miss Claire would be calm and quiet, even when she walked, she was graceful."

"She died at the age of 21." As he said this, Hiram's voice became particularly dark, as if suppressing some emotions.

"The young lady has already undergone a regular medical examination, and there is no infectious disease or aggressiveness. It's safe for you to be with her, but still be cautious," Martin reported. "Also, her identity couldn't be found."

"It doesn't matter. What kind of identity does a substitute need?" Hiram snorted disdainfully.

"..." It seems that the probability of being an old lover is higher.

What's going on here? When a lover with schizophrenia dies, does he find a 21-year-old mentally ill person as a replacement for emotional companionship?

Damn it!

So, she can only be a substitute for her entire life? Before for Bella and now for this man in front of her.

Sylvia cursed a series of dirty words in her mind.

Hiram sat in front of her and casually took off his coat, throwing it aside, and coldly commanded, "You can leave first. I want to take a nap here."

"Yes." Martin lowered his head, took two steps back, and then turned and walked out.

Huh? What does he mean by taking a nap? What's going on?

As she was wondering, Hiram suddenly raised his hand and patted her face as if petting a pet. He stared at her, the corners of his eyes lifting, lazy and provocative, "Remember, from today onwards, you belong to me."

"..." Sylvia suddenly felt a boundless chill.

What does it mean to belong to him? What does he mean by that statement?

She immediately became nervous.

Hiram sat in front of her, and his slender fingers began to unbutton the buttons with dexterity, revealing a distinctive muscle definition, and perfectly sculpted abs, without an ounce of fat, nor overly muscular.

"..." Oh no. Undressing in front of a mentally disturbed "patient," isn't he some kind of pervert? Please don't undress.

Suddenly, Hiram stood up, his hand resting on his waist where his belt was, and with a flick of his fingertips, the belt was removed.

Sylvia's breath hitched. Please don't undress anymore!

As if hearing her internal roar, Hiram really didn't undress any further. He merely held the shirt in his hand, turned around, and walked toward the bathroom.

Once the bathroom door was closed, Sylvia immediately stood up from the sofa. She needed to escape from this place.

She walked to the window and took a glance outside. In the courtyard, several bodyguards were still standing there, with gleaming pistols on their waists.

So bad!

Sylvia was stressed out. When she was on Ash Island, there were no laws or moral restraints, and many people couldn't resist their physical desires and engaged in random affairs, but they never dared to target her.

She really didn't expect that the president of the top conglomerate would have a hidden fetish for mentally ill people.

It's unbelievable!

She can't leave through the front entrance.

Sylvia looked around the mansion, searching for a room, and reached out to open the window. She looked down and from this angle, jumping onto the perimeter wall and then down was not difficult. The challenging part was not making any noise so that she wouldn't be immediately caught.

Forget it, just give it a try.

Sylvia gritted her teeth and used both hands and feet to climb up to the window. Just as she climbed up, she heard low, approaching footsteps from outside the door.

Why is he showering so quickly? Sylvia looked in shock toward the door. The footsteps grew closer and closer...

She had to slide down from the window and shut it.

Footsteps stopped at the door.

Sylvia didn't have time to think and sat on the nearby bed, pretending to be blankly biting her nails.

"You ran here!" A dark and displeased voice echoed in the room.

Sylvia didn't lift her head, her gaze darting past the crystal figurine beside her. Three years ago, she stabbed the crotch of that old man, so stabbing this man wouldn't make much difference. With that thought, her heart settled.

The devil's footsteps gradually approached her. The scent of men's body wash enveloped him, and a white bathrobe caught her eye.

Sylvia swallowed and slowly lifted her head.

Even with a vacant gaze, it couldn't hide the fact that she had beautiful eyes, vacant yet innocent, like a blank sheet of paper.

Hiram stood in front of her, his eyes fixed on her. Short wet hair dripped down his handsome face, and slowly dropped onto his prominent collarbone, disappearing into the half-open bathrobe, exuding sensuality that was almost overwhelming for an adult man.

"Dare to run without my command, and I'll break your legs, understand?" He suddenly bent down, his handsome face almost touching hers, staring at her, a wicked curve forming on his thin lips. He was smiling, but he exuded a dominant threatening aura that made one's hair stand on end.

She could assert that he definitely wasn't joking. She stiffly recoiled backward, but Hiram closed in, his hands pressing against her sides, trapping her in his embrace.

"..." Sylvia held her breath and shifted her buttocks to the side, inching towards the crystal figurine.

"Heh, I forgot, you're a psycho, even if I tell you, you wouldn't understand." He suddenly sneered, his gaze falling on her rosy lips, his long lashes casting shadows as he slowly lowered his head.

Come! Fight to the death. Sylvia reached for the figurine.

Ten inches.

Five inches.

Two inches.

There it was.

Her wrist was suddenly grabbed by the man, his hot touch with moisture burned her skin, startling Sylvia almost jumping off the bed.

Oh no! Sylvia gritted her teeth, ready to push the man away, but a dry towel was suddenly stuffed into her hand, and the man in front of her said, "Help me dry my hair, sis." His eyebrow raised, a hint of devilish charm, incredibly sexy.

"..." W-What? What's going on? Drying hair? Sis? What does he want her to do?

Sylvia was confused and didn't dare to show it. She could only continue to look dazed.

Seeing her indifferent reaction, Hiram's eyes darkened, probably disappointed by not getting the desired response from her. Then, he grabbed her hand and roughly dried his own hair with it.

Sylvia ended up with water droplets splashing on her face.

His palm was scorching hot, like fire.

After drying, Hiram tossed the towel aside, tightly grabbing her delicate hand and tracing her fingers absentmindedly, casually saying, "Listen, I'll only teach you once. If I ask you to dry my hair next time and you refuse, I'll cut off each of your pretty fingers and feed them to the dogs."

"..." What a pervert! Sylvia cursed silently in her mind while her brain tried to analyze the situation rationally.

So, the person who died was his sister? She was a replacement for his deceased sister, which was somewhat better. Being a replacement for a sister was better than being a replacement for an old lover, after all, one can't sleep with a sibling, but one can with a lover.

After touching her finger, Hiram waved his big hand and ruthlessly pushed her onto the bed.

Sylvia lay stiffly on the bed. What is he going to do now?