

## Chapter 8 She Wasn't Weak

Sylvia grabbed a piece of BBQ, and she chomped down a big bite.

The spicy sauce paired with the tender grilled meat, the layers of flavor exploded in her mouth, incredibly delicious.

This taste was much better than randomly roasting and eating snakes on Ash Island.

Sylvia ate contentedly, thinking of the words—worthwhile in the living world.

Upon careful consideration, when people lived in the world, solutions always outnumbered difficulties. She was sure she could find a way to survive independently in the country and safely leave Lilac Land.

She couldn't stay by Hiram's side for long.

Being a substitute was okay, but she was afraid that one day she might be found pretending to be mentally ill. Given Hiram's merciless attitude towards those people on Ash Island, she might end up with a bullet waiting for her.

Or worse, she might be tortured.

That man, he wouldn't hesitate to use any means.

"Andy, the IDs your family makes are so amazing, even the immortals couldn't tell if they're real!"

"Hey, look, it's an interview with Bella."

At a nearby table, people dressed in a clearly collegiate manner were chatting enthusiastically while eating barbecue.

Sylvia followed their gaze towards the TV set perched in mid-air outside the barbecue stall, where Bella's stunning face appeared on the screen.

Sylvia took a bite of the meat, watching coldly.

"Bella, after a month of hard work, you've finally secured a donation from the James Family Group for African children. Do you have anything to say about this?" the reporter handed her the microphone.

Bella stood on camera in her N City University uniform, her light makeup making her look like a picture of youthful collagen.

N City University.

That used to be Sylvia's dream school, but after turning eighteen, she never dreamt again.

Bella modestly smiled, "Please don't say that, as if it's all my merit. In fact, the James Family Group has always been engaged in charity. I just saw how much the African children were suffering, unable to afford education, so I just lent a hand."

"Bella, it's been said that you're studying fashion design at university, are you planning to start your own brand in the future?" the reporter asked.

"I certainly hope to have my own brand someday, but it's important to stay grounded and take it one step at a time. Balancing studies and charity work is my current priority." Facing the camera, Bella smiled innocently and sincerely, setting an example for contemporary youth in every word.

"Wow, what about your love life? Heard there were plenty of guys chasing after you at school. Even Richard, one of the James Family Group's heirs, publicly said a couple of days ago that he really clicked with you. Is there some good news?" the reporter persisted.

Upon hearing this, Bella shyly smiled, "Nah, we are just friends. Don't exaggerate in your writing, or else get ready for a lawsuit, okay?"

Bella winked at the camera and made a playful gun gesture, utterly adorable.

In the group of reporters, some men even let out excited sounds, feeling charmed.

Well, looks like Bella's been doing pretty well these past three years, just like Fabian.

Meanwhile, the table of college students exploded with chatter. One guy with silver streaks in his hair exclaimed, "Damn, I've been classmates with Bella for two years, how come I still can't get her into bed?"

Get Bella into bed? What a lack of taste!

Sylvia sneered coldly and continued eating her food.

"Hey, Andy, check out that girl over there," someone said.

As they all turned to look at the incessantly gossiping silver-haired guy, they saw a girl in a plain long dress sitting at the table, demure and quiet, her features was pure.

In front of her was a large plate of grilled meat, ribs, layers of beef, lamb... the table couldn't even hold it all.

She ate gracefully, oblivious to the surroundings.

Soon, a mountain of empty plates piled up beside her.

She could really eat.

The silver-haired guy licked his lips, "Huh, if I can't get Bella, this one will do."

With that, he tossed aside his fork and strode over to Sylvia, striking what he thought was a cool pose, "Can't finish all that by yourself, huh? Let me help you, girl?"

Sylvia, wearing disposable gloves, had just finished off a spicy rib when she heard him. She glanced at him indifferently, "Trying to hit on me?"

At her words, the silver-haired guy's tablemates erupted into cheers and jeers.

His eyes lit up as he immediately sat down next to her, getting close and reaching out to touch her shoulder, "You're feisty, huh? How about I take you to experience a massage in a five-star hotel bathtub later?"

"..." Sylvia raised an eyebrow, not angry, just smiling faintly.

She calmly took off her gloves, and seeing this, the silver-haired guy thought she agreed and puckered his lips to kiss her fair face.

Suddenly, his face was met with a resounding slap.

The next moment, his fingers were bent backward by Sylvia, forcefully pressed onto the table.

Sylvia smiled as she grabbed a fork and stabbed it into his hand.

Sorry, she wasn't the weak Sylvia from three years ago anymore.

"Ouch—"

The silver-haired guy screamed in pain, trying to break free but utterly powerless. Looking at the girl in front of him, he saw her lips curved into a serene smile, her features still pure and innocent.

Uh oh.

Picked a fight with someone not to be trifled with.

"What are you doing?" His friends rushed over to the scene.

"Don't come over." Sylvia's voice was lazy, but she gripped the fork even harder, pressing it down.

The tip of the fork gradually pierced through the silver-haired guy's skin, blood oozing from his hand.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, sis, not... Miss, Miss!"

The silver-haired guy watched as she forcefully stabbed the fork down, as if trying to pierce through the palm of his hand, and suddenly his soul almost left his body.

"Do you know where you went wrong?" Sylvia glanced at him casually, her tone as if she were chatting with him.

"I shouldn't have teased you just now... I was wrong..." The silver-haired guy was crying now.

"No, you're wrong because your eyes have a problem, you need to see an optometrist, understand?" In Hiram's words, trying to hit on her wasn't a big deal, but saying he could only settle for her because he couldn't get Bella, that's where he went wrong.

As she spoke, the pressure from her hand increased.

"Oh? Oh!" The silver-haired guy dumbfoundedly screamed in pain again.

This woman really didn't hold back.

"I overheard you guys talking, your family makes fake IDs. Can forge any kind of ID?" Sylvia asked.

"Uh? Yeah." The silver-haired guy looked at her in confusion.

What was she planning, was she going to be a do-gooder and expose his family?

Sylvia stood there for a moment, then said, "Make me an ID."

Her tone left no room for negotiation.

"You want a fake ID?" The silver-haired guy stared at her in bewilderment, "Why does a young girl like you want a fake one... okay okay okay! Miss, I'll make it for you!"

Sylvia casually held the fork and pushed it deeper into his flesh, causing the silver-haired guy to turn pale with pain.

"Female, 21 years old, birthday is June 26th, make up whatever else you want." Sylvia picked up a piece of beef and started eating it, while idly turning the fork in his hand.

The silver-haired guy trembled with pain, "Stop turning it, Miss, it hurts... w-w-what about the name, do I make that up too?"

The name.

Sylvia glanced around with her blue eyes, then looked down at the steaming, fragrant barbecue in front of her, and said seriously, "Barbecue Young."

After saying that, Sylvia snatched his phone and quickly took a picture of herself for use as an ID.

"Huh?" The silver-haired guy was completely confused.

How could such an innocent-looking girl have such a name?

"What, you got a problem?" Sylvia asked coldly.

"No no no, Miss, your name is perfect, it's got everything!" The silver-haired guy was in so much pain he was about to faint, how could he dare to argue with her?

"In five days, at 9 p.m., on the 9th floor of Rainbow Mall, hand over the ID card to me. If you don't show up..."

Sylvia paused here, smiled at him, then pulled out the fork and took his phone from his pocket, and said word by word, "You'll be dead."

The phone was a trading item.

The silver-haired guy screamed in pain several times, "I-I'll be there, I swear, I, Andy, will be there!"

"That's good." Sylvia didn't care much, "Settle the bill for my table and leave."

"Yes, Miss, okay, Miss." The silver-haired guy bowed with his bleeding hand and stepped back.

Sylvia was a bit happy, just right, and saved herself some money for the meal, so she raised her hand and said, "Boss, bring me another ten pounds of grilled meat!"

Sylvia was happily eating when suddenly there was a commotion from afar.

She ignored it, and then she saw a group of men in suits and leather shoes walking towards them, each with a gun at their waist, shouting coldly, "Everyone leave immediately, we're shutting this place down! We've rented out the entire street!"

Rent out a whole street for street food?

The world of the rich was truly incomprehensible.

Sylvia couldn't bear to leave the food on the table in front of her, so she walked up to the barbecue stall and asked, "Give me a few takeaway boxes."

As she spoke, she glanced to the side and suddenly saw a refined man in a gray suit standing behind a group of men.

Martin.

Hiram's assistant.

Did Hiram rent out the whole place?

She was doomed.

Wasn't he the CEO of the top financial conglomerate in M country? Shouldn't he be frequenting six-star places?

Why would he come to this kind of street food joint?

Sylvia immediately forgot about the takeaway and grabbed a hat and a disposable mask lying on the barbecue stall, then grabbed a piece of clothing hanging nearby and put it on.

She zipped it all the way up.

Once done, Sylvia lowered her head and followed the crowd being cleared out.

She felt Martin getting closer and closer, unable to help holding her breath.

He's coming... he's coming!