

Chapter 9 His Gaze Fixed On Her

Just as Sylvia saw a glimmer of hope, her shoulder was suddenly grabbed. Startled, she heard Martin's voice, "We're not clearing out vendors like you. Go back to your usual business and grill some delicious food."

"..."

Vendors?

Sylvia was momentarily stunned. When she lowered her head, she saw the words "Smoke BBQ" embroidered on her clothes.

In her urgency, she had put on the stall's uniform.

Sylvia sighed, and Martin continued, "Make sure you use the cleanest and freshest ingredients in your shop. If anything goes wrong, I guarantee you won't see the sun tomorrow."

Using the gentlest tone to deliver the harshest words.

"..."

"Go on."

Martin glanced at her, wondering if this woman's brain was functioning properly.

Sylvia could only nod and turn back to the barbecue stall. She had been worried about being exposed by the owner of Smoke BBQ, but the stall was deserted.

It seemed like the boss was scared off by the grand commotion.

Well, that worked for her.

She would just have to see how things go before deciding on the next step.

Sylvia walked back to the barbecue stall, grabbed two skewers of meat, and threw them on the grill, pretending to grill them.

Soon, the entire street was cleared out, leaving only the night market stalls on both sides.

Every stall had two bodyguards standing in front of them.

Tables, chairs and the ground were instantly cleaned and disinfected, and elegant tablecloths were laid out.

"Mr. Hiram, my friends all say I'm weird, not interested in designer bags or jewelry, just love coming to the street food market." A very soft voice of a woman who suddenly came.

Sylvia couldn't help but look up and saw two people walking towards them not far away.

The man was really tall, more than six foot three, his long coat couldn't hide his long legs and arms, and his face was flawlessly handsome, with a sharpness between his eyebrows, exuding a strong aura, unmistakably Hiram.

The woman dressed very revealingly was clinging to him like she had no bones, almost completely hanging on his arm.

Sylvia doubted if she was a disabled person.

So, Hiram was bringing a woman to eat street food.

Of all the places, they had to sit down at Sylvia's table.

The woman sat across from Hiram, her voice dripping with sweetness, "Mr. Hiram, do you think I'm weird too? But I think places like this are so lively. Jewelry and designer bags are too cold, like you, Mr. Hiram, always working in skyscrapers, you should come down to earth more often."

"..."

Sylvia was getting chills down her spine, her scalp was tingling.

Do all guys like girls who act like that?

She peeked and saw the woman under the table take off her high heels, and her toes teasingly climbing up Hiram's leg.

Hiram lazily sat at the table, spinning his valuable watch on his hand. He sensed the movement on his leg, and glanced at the woman in front of him, his thin lips forming a wickedly mocking smile...

"What are you rubbing against? Do you want me to fuck you right here?"

"..."

Sylvia was speechless, this was certainly an awkward sight.

Are these two planning to have sex right here and now?

Meanwhile, the woman, instead of feeling Hiram's disapproval, took his words as a hint. Blushing coyly, she rubbed her foot more vigorously, climbing along his thigh towards his private parts, "Mr. Hiram, you are so mean..."

You are so shameless. Sylvia thought to herself.

Suddenly, Martin leaned in, "Is the barbecue ready? Serve some."

With so many other stands around, why focus on her alone?

"..." Sylvia helplessly put the grilled meat on the plate, sprinkled some random seasonings, and then lowered her head to carry the plate outside.

She hoped not to be recognized.

When she slightly raised her head, she noticed that the woman had somehow climbed onto the table, reclining provocatively, pulling down her V-neck more and more, biting her red lips coquettishly with a seductive expression.

Hiram sat there, staring straight at that woman.

Slowly, he raised his hand and touched the woman's thigh through her red skirt.

The bodyguards all stood back-to-back, morally choosing to ignore the situation.

As the desires of the two reached their peak, Sylvia quickly approached, placed the food plate on the side of the table, and began to retreat.

"Wait." Hiram suddenly called out to her, his gaze fixed on her.

"..." Startled, Sylvia swallowed nervously, held her breath, and buried her face lower.

Had she been recognized?

Unable to see Hiram's current expression, the feeling of being stared at made her feel more suffocated than ever before.

After a long moment, Hiram's gaze shifted away.

Sylvia quickly raised her eyes and saw Hiram's hand withdrawing from the woman's leg, his voice sinister yet sexy, "You said you wanted to eat, so eat."

Hearing this, the woman glared at Sylvia resentfully, "Did I ask you to deliver the food?"

She just delivered the food at that exact moment, ruining her plan.

The woman, feeling indignant, half-laid there. She then gently hooked her slender fingers around Hiram's neck, leaned in with her red lips, and a seductive look, "Mr. Hiram, right now I just want to taste you..."

Upon hearing this, Hiram suddenly stood up and grabbed the woman's red dress, giving it a swift lift.

Was it about to get X-rated?

Before Sylvia could avert her gaze, the woman was flipped over and flew out.

"Whoosh."

A perfect arc.

The plate flew out as well.

The nearest Sylvia silently reached out and caught a few skewers of savory meat mid-air.

All the bodyguards turned their heads.

"Bang."

The woman crashed heavily to the ground, her face pale from the fall, her red skirt lifted to her waist, a gun holster strapped to her milky-white thigh.

At that moment, the holster was empty.

Hiram held a sleek black woman's handgun in his hand.

The woman, terrified, scrambled to her feet and reached for the gun.

"Bang."

Hiram stood calmly in front of the table, flicked his hand sideways, and without even looking, cleanly fired a shot.

The woman was shot in the heart, blood splattered, and she collapsed lifeless on the ground.

The entire process took no more than 30 seconds.

The scene swiftly turned from a flirtatious encounter to a crime scene.

Hiram didn't even raise an eyebrow, as if he wasn't the one who pulled the trigger.

"Oh! Oh!" The vendors at the night market screamed in fear.

Sylvia, accustomed to poker face, remained still at first sight of the scene, standing straight without moving. It was only when she heard the screams and sounds of people fleeing that she realized her reaction was not quite normal. But trying to join in the screams seemed forced. So, she continued standing, with her head lowered, trying to diminish her presence.

"Martin," Hiram spoke up.

Martin, with a dark expression, approached with his head down.

Hiram lowered the gun in his hand, coldly glared at Martin, and sneered, "You're quite talented, bringing a killer to me. If I hadn't acted quickly, would you be my assistant in the underworld?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hiram, it was my mistake for not being careful. I brought this kind of woman to you, I deserve to die," Martin said, voice trembling.

Hiram retorted, "Don't worry, your life will be taken when the time comes."

"Bring the woman back for interrogation and find out who's behind the attempt on my life," Hiram ordered.

"Yes, Mr. Hiram," Martin replied with fear and obedience.

"Pointless, let's go back," Hiram said somewhat resignedly, turning away.

Sylvia breathed a sigh of relief, her tension not yet fully released, when suddenly the pointed men's shoes in her line of sight made a turn.

"..." She shivered.

Hiram stood in front of her, looking at the woman in uniform, wearing a hat and mask. He slowly raised the gun in his hand, pressing it against her forehead, his deep, magnetic voice tinged with humor, "You, as a vendor, have quite the nerve. Aren't you afraid?"