

The Queen of The Slums

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Chapter 1 Leave The Slums

Ash Island, at the border of M country, was a deserted island and a slum. Helpless and abandoned elderly, severely disabled individuals, and the mentally ill were all thrown onto this island to fend for themselves. There was no internet, no electricity, and no supplies for daily life. There were no laws, no control. It was a living hell.

The gloomy sky cast a dark blanket over the island.

Under a dying old tree, a young girl huddled on the ground, wrapped in a tattered white dress that barely covered her frail body. Her long hair framed a pale and terrifying face, stained with traces of blood.

Sylvia Clark chewed on her nails, her deep blue eyes staring ahead with calm indifference.

People ran naked, and others jumped into the sea, attempting to escape. Some couldn't bear it and silently used sharpened stones to cut their wrists. Such scenes were not uncommon since Sylvia was abandoned here three years ago by the Clark family.

She was the adopted daughter of the Clark family.

Three years ago, she learned that the Clark family adopted her based on a fortune-teller's prediction. Their biological daughter, Bella Clark, was born with a difficult fate. She was plagued with illness and misfortune throughout her childhood. The fortune teller predicted that she would suffer a great calamity at the age of eighteen and then die in a foreign land.

The only way for Bella to escape this unjust fate was to find someone born on the same day, month, and year as her and take the burden of her destiny. Sylvia was the one chosen to bear it.

In her childhood, the Clark family would make her take various medications that caused continuous pain. When she turned eighteen, the Clark family forced her to get engaged to an elderly man. She resisted with all her might and stabbed the nearly sixty-year-old man with a fruit knife but couldn't escape. Shortly after, the Clark family sent her to Ash Island.

In the blink of an eye, three years had passed.

Sylvia had no idea when she would die in a foreign land as desired by the Clark family.

Whirr, whirr, whirr!

Suddenly, the sound of helicopters filled the sky.

Sylvia looked up and saw dozens of aircraft hovering over the island, their propellers piercing through the eardrums with immense force.

What's happening?

The planes landed by the seaside, and a group of mentally disturbed individuals rushed towards them, trying to climb aboard like a pack of zombies attacking a city.

Bang.

Bang.

Bang.

After a series of deafening gunshots, the birds and animals scattered, and people fell one by one, their foreheads pierced with bloody holes.

Someone screamed.

From a distance, a group of well-dressed men with guns in their hands could be seen.

Sylvia slowly tightened her body, her cherry lips pressed together. Had the government finally decided to destroy them all? Was she going to die?

If so, what was the point of her existence in this world? Was it really just to save Bella from calamity?

She refused, truly refused.

She wanted to survive. She wanted revenge!

"Mr. Hiram, the shacks on this side are further from the center of the slums and mostly inhabited by mentally ill people. They have been driven to the seaside by the more normal ones. The death rate here reaches fifty percent annually."

Two columns of armed men walked into a patch of yellowed trees.

Sylvia sat stiffly under a tree, a rifle barrel pointed in her direction. It felt as if she were the next doomed soul.

Her gaze lowered, and she saw a pair of shiny pointed shoes stepping on the fallen leaves, making a crisp sound as they passed in front of her. Suddenly, the sound of the leaves being crushed stopped abruptly, and the shoes changed direction towards her.

The owner of the shoes faced her directly. His gaze fell upon her. Sylvia instantly felt an overwhelming sense of oppression that suffocated her.

"Is she one of the mentally ill?"

The man's deep, cool voice carried an inherent nobility, a sense of superiority that penetrated deeply, resonating from her skull to her entire body.

As soon as the words fell, Sylvia's hand was grabbed, revealing the electronic locking device on her delicate wrist. Inside was the identity information of everyone sent to the island.

To meet the criteria for inclusion in the slums, Sylvia was assigned by the Clark family as a mentally disabled wanderer.

Someone scanned it with a phone and reported, "Mr. Hiram, she is mentally ill."

"Give me the specific information."

"She was sent here three years ago. She's 21 years old this year, with no specific identification information. She appears to be a homeless woman, diagnosed with schizophrenia."

"21 years old."

The man repeated the number, his tone dark and disdainful. "A woman like her, who should have been in the slums since birth. Why was she only discovered and sent here at the age of 18."

"..."

What does it mean to have been in the slums since birth? What bullshit reasoning is that?

Sylvia lowered her head, continuing to pretend to have a mental disorder.

The pair of shoes walked step by step towards her, and the straight line of the man's trousers began to twist and deform. He squatted down in front of her, the corners of his black coat brushing against the yellow leaves on the ground.

In the next second, her chin was firmly gripped and lifted. Sylvia winced in pain, her gaze colliding with a pair of cold, stern eyes. Her breathing halted.

The man before her appeared to be around twenty-five or twenty-six years old, with sharp short hair framing a very handsome face. His skin was snow-white, his features sculpted and sharp. He had very thin lips, giving off a chilling sensation when viewed alone.

He stared at her with an examining gaze, his arrogance insufferable.

Sylvia saw her impassive self reflected in his eyes. Spending too long on the island had turned her into an expressionless person. All her emotions roared within her body, never showing on her face.

The intense eye contact lasted for three minutes.

Indeed, in the entire country of M, there were not many who dared to hold his gaze for so long without flinching.

The girl in front of him had an extremely innocent face, with scratches on her face, possibly from branches or the like. The deep wounds added a touch of innocent bloodthirsty beauty, making anyone who saw it skip a beat.

Even being firmly held by him, she didn't make a fuss, didn't throw a fit, and didn't go crazy. A glint of interest flashed in Hiram King's deep brown eyes.

Interesting.

The people around with guns stood quietly on the side, ready to shoot any patient who approached without mercy.

Suddenly, Hiram tapped her face and stood up. "It's her."