

Chapter 10 Unique Taste

Sylvia was startled by the gun against her head, she tugged at her lips, and in a hoarse voice, whispered, "I know you are Mr. Hiram. With someone as great as Mr. Hiram around, us small folks will surely be safe."

"Oh, is that so?" Hiram chuckled meaningfully.

Sylvia was not sure if he believed it or not.

The gun twirled coolly at his fingertips before he retracted it and tossed it to Martin. "Go to Lilac Land."

Finally, he left.

Sylvia lifted her duckbill cap and glanced at Hiram's retreating figure.

The lights of the night market were colorful and chaotic, casting a hellish demon-like illusion on Hiram's tall figure.

Sylvia's legs suddenly felt weak.

This man was too terrifying.

Wait.

Lilac Land?

He's going to Lilac Land?

Sylvia's mind went blank. If he goes back now and finds out she's not there, will she be wanted by him?

Oh, no!

Even if she can hide, it will be even harder to survive being wanted, not to mention seeking revenge against the Clark family.

She couldn't put herself in such a terrible situation.

What to do?

Sylvia watched the team of bodyguards follow Hiram and Martin as they left, biting her nails, a glint in her eyes.

She swiftly darted behind a stall. Bending low, she agilely ran from behind the stall, ahead of the group, fleeing the night market.

Outside, eight super luxury cars were parked arrogantly. The drivers got out in unison, waiting by the car doors.

Quietly and stealthily, Sylvia crept past them, opened the trunk of a car without attracting attention, and slipped inside before closing the trunk. Only then did she relax slightly.

Following Hiram's car back to Lilac Land, there was still a glimmer of hope.

"Mr. Hiram, please get in the car." Outside, Martin walked ahead, opened the door of one of the cars, and stood respectfully to the side.

Hiram wiped his hands, which had just fired a gun, with a hot towel as he walked to the car door.

His gaze suddenly fixed before he glanced sideways, a subtle curve appearing on his thin lips. "I'll take that car."

Martin was stunned. Why suddenly change cars?

"Of course." Martin didn't dare to question and hurried over to open the car door for Hiram.

Curled up in the dark trunk, Sylvia felt like she was about to collapse when she heard the sound of Hiram getting in.

This was her first time sneaking out of Lilac Land today, encountering Hiram at the night market. She had managed to hide in the trunk of the car that Hiram happened to choose.

Her luck was truly invincible.

Luckily, the people in the car didn't notice her presence as the car slowly started moving.

"Mr. Hiram, give me a chance to make amends, I'll find another woman for you." Martin, sitting on the passenger seat, turned to look back at Hiram in the back.

Hiram lounged in the center of the back seat, looking relaxed yet sharp. His handsome face was not angry but fierce as he said, "Don't find someone like tonight's again, too pretentious."

Sylvia huddled in the trunk, not daring to move a muscle.

"This time, I'll make sure to find someone that satisfies you." Martin cautiously observed Hiram's expression, "Do you have any specific preferences, like gentle, good figure, or passionate?"

Upon hearing this, Hiram turned his face to glance towards the direction of the trunk behind him, a hint of darkness in his eyes, "Someone with mental problems."

"Ah?" Martin froze.

"..." Sylvia widened her eyes upon hearing this. This guy's preferences are truly unique, could this be the top-secret of a prominent figure in the M country?"

Hiram slowly withdrew his gaze, looking down at the tattoo on the back of his hand, his fingertips brushing over the wolf's ear, his voice low and sinister, "I find myself having more physical desires for the woman in Lilac Land than the one tonight."

"..." Sylvia was shocked, her eyes widened.

What did he mean by that?

The woman in his mouth should not be Lucy or Lily, right?

But she's supposed to be a replacement for his deceased sister, how could he...

Martin, sitting in the car, was also shocked to hear this, sitting in his seat for a while before awkwardly saying, "Mr. Hiram, your taste is truly unique." He actually liked a woman with mental illness?!

Upon hearing this, Hiram chuckled softly, "Do you think I should sleep with her? But if I do, I won't be able to continue using her as a substitute anymore."

"Ah?" Martin was a bit confused, when did Mr. Hiram become so indecisive?

"..." Sylvia listened intently for Hiram's decision, but after waiting for a while, there was only silence.

Hiram didn't speak again. This left her holding her breath, in a state of suspense. Sylvia curled up in the trunk, not moving.

Hiram, please, be a human being, don't be too twisted.

Sylvia calculated the driving time, and the car stopped as expected.

"Mr. Hiram, we're here," Martin got out of the car to open the door for Hiram. He was also waiting for Hiram's answer, but since Hiram didn't say anything, he didn't dare to ask more.

"Mm." Hiram bent down to get out of the car, his shoes hitting the ground, his coat fluttering in the wind.

Sylvia carefully listened to the sound of footsteps receding, feeling around in the trunk.

When the time was right, she pushed out, then pushed the seat forward, climbed out of the trunk, and carefully uprighted the seat, pushing the door open a little to squeeze out.

She rolled on the spot, rolling out of the car to look towards Lilac Land.

Hiram was already standing at the entrance.

Martin and the bodyguards were standing by his side.

The gate slowly opened, and the mansion was in front of them.

Sylvia held her breath, sneaking to the side like a wisp of smoke, unnoticed.

Hiram stood nonchalantly, lazily watching the gate open, without turning his head.

The courtyard light was dim, casting a warm hue on the wall of lilac flowers.

Hiram rubbed his wolf tattoo on his hand, his thin lips curved in a smirk, and then he walked inside.

In the mansion's living room, two middle-aged maids were barely waking up, sitting on the sofa looking dazed.

How did they fall asleep?

They must have been too tired from looking after the lunatic these past few days and didn't get enough rest.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps outside could be heard.

The two hurriedly stood up, and as they looked up, they saw Hiram striding in.

Lucy and Lily both froze in place, quickly bowing and bending, "Young Master, you're here." Wasn't it said that he wasn't coming back today?

"Yeah," Hiram casually replied, his voice low and magnetic, "Where is she?"

The 'she' referred to was obvious.

The two maids panicked and glanced at each other, if the Young Master found out they were sleeping during work hours, they would surely not be forgiven.

Lily was the first to react, pretending to be calm, "Miss felt tired in the afternoon and is still sleeping now."

"Yeah," Hiram nodded, turning to walk towards the stairs.

Lucy grabbed Lily, very anxious, lowering her voice, "How could you say such things in front of Young Master?" Talking nonsense could get them killed.

"Miss did indeed go to sleep early, if she's still asleep now, then it's not nonsense, care to bet?" Whispering to her, Lily couldn't just directly admit to negligence.

"True," Lucy didn't have a better idea.

The shiny black dress shoes made heavy sounds as they stepped on the solid wood stairs, resounding with a firm and imposing presence.

The man walked upstairs step by step, unbuttoning his sapphire cufflinks elegantly, every movement exuding elegance intertwined with an unshakeable sense of superiority.

"..." The two maids stood below, looking up nervously, their hands shaking involuntarily.

Hiram ascended the stairs, heading towards Sylvia's room.

As he reached the door, he pushed it open.

The room was pitch black, eerily quiet, not even a sound of breathing, as if no one was there.