

Chapter 11 Hiram's Test

Hiram raised his hand to turn on the light, flooding the room with bright light. In the purely European-style bedroom, a neatly laid blue blanket on the large bed had a slight bump.

A young girl was lying quietly, her hands folded on the blanket, wearing a pure white nightgown.

Hiram walked to the bedside, seeing the girl's blonde hair slightly messy, her fair face calm, her eyes tightly closed, long eyelashes casting a shadow, breathing steady, lips lightly pursed, enticingly pink.

"Still sleeping." Hiram's gaze deepened, he lifted the bedsheets and sat on the edge of the bed, reaching to pinch her cute nose.

After a moment.

The girl struggled to breathe, instinctively moving, then slowly opened her eyes drowsily.

She had a pair of beautiful eyes, deep like the ocean, and sparkling like precious jewels, but they always looked dull when looking at people.

Then he pinched her nose.

She was bound to be choked by him sooner or later.

Sylvia forced herself to calm down after jumping into the backyard and handily climbing up to the second floor. She sat up in bed, staring blankly at him.

"Awake?" Hiram's smirk curled, "If you're awake, come have dinner with me."

Who wants to be with you?! Sylvia sat there, looking dumbfounded, and before she knew it, her arm was pulled by Hiram.

The next moment, her whole body hung on his shoulder, and Hiram just carried her out like that.

"!!!"

Sylvia was stunned. What kind of man is this?

Her head hung down, feeling a bit blood rushed, very uncomfortable.

After thinking for a moment, Sylvia decided to play crazy and silly, smiling foolishly while trying to struggle out.

Smack!

Hiram's hand landed on her round, perky buttocks, his voice wickedly penetrating, "A woman messing around with a man is a hint, I won't care if you're nuts or not."

His big hand felt like it was on fire, this touch, more flirtatious than painful.

"..."

Just thinking about what he said in the car made Sylvia dizzy, she squirmed a bit but didn't move around much after that, trying hard to control her breathing, cursing him in her heart.

Hiram carried her into the restaurant all the way.

Martin froze in place at the sight of Hiram carrying her in. What was going on?

The restaurant was set with vintage French dining tables, and as soon as Sylvia was set down, she saw delicate lilac flowers imprinted on the glossy crockery in front of her.

Hiram sat down across from her, his deep eyes looking at her meaningfully. She sat there, lowering her head, with her white bubble sleeves brushing against the table edge, looking especially demure.

It was very quiet in the restaurant.

Lucy and Lily quickly prepared dinner and brought it over, setting a portion in front of both Hiram and Sylvia.

Hiram picked up his knife and fork, and when he saw Sylvia not moving, he raised an eyebrow.

Martin realized what was happening and glared at Lily, "How is she eating normally?"

"She's okay with eating, just occasionally a bit messy," Lily replied, gently nudging Sylvia, "Miss, let's eat."

She had just eaten so much barbecue, how could she eat more now?

However, this was also a good opportunity.

After being nudged several times by Lily, Sylvia picked up the silver spoon in a childish manner, scooped up a big spoonful, and stuffed it into her mouth, filling her entire oral cavity, cheeks bulging out.

She chewed randomly without swallowing, the food falling "plop plop" from her mouth, dropping on the table, dropping on her clothes.

It seems he likes women with issues, let's see how much you like that.

"..." Martin stood on the side, his face shaking, almost wanting to grab a tissue to cover her gaping mouth.

She is a pretty girl. What a waste!

As Hiram sat across from her, his eyes watched her with interest, his thin lips curving slightly, his fingertips skillfully and handsomely spinning the fork, "So cute."

"Pfft—" Sylvia couldn't hold it in, spraying food all over.

Some even landed in the dishes in front of Hiram.

"..."

Martin stood on the side, almost feeling sick. Mr. Hiram was acting strange today. Is this also considered cute? Shouldn't Lucy and Lily be called alluring?

"Young Master, I'm sorry. I'll get you a replacement right away." Lucy hurried to change Hiram's utensils.

Lily wiped Sylvia's mouth, looking apologetically at Hiram, "Young Master, maybe we should have Miss eat outside. It might affect your appetite."

"..." Sylvia pretended to act stupid. Yes, please let her leave, she can't stand this pervert Hiram.

Does this man have a misunderstanding about the word "cute"?

"No need." Hiram took the hot towel handed to him by Martin and wiped his hands.

Seeing this, Lily didn't say anything more, afraid Sylvia would ruin Hiram's mood again, and simply picked up the plate and spoon to feed her, spoonful by spoonful into her mouth.

"What does she like to eat?" Hiram sat lazily watching Sylvia eat.

She had dull eyes, a vacant face, eating mechanically.

Lily stood there and cautiously replied, "Miss is not picky about food. Whatever we make, she eats."

"Oh really?" Hiram raised his eyebrows suggestively, "But she can't be too indiscriminate either, like not eating junk food like barbecue."

His gaze was deep.

Sylvia's scalp tingled as she listened.

What's the point of bringing up barbecue? Did he recognize her at the night market?

Lily, unaware of her inner turmoil, couldn't help but laugh at the words, "Young Master, you are joking. Although we may not match the top chefs of the King family in culinary skills, we are very careful in handling food, paying attention to dietary health, so how can we let Miss eat things like barbecue?"

Sylvia bit on her food, feeling a chill run down her spine.

Was Hiram testing her or just talking casually?

Hiram stood up from his chair and walked step by step towards Sylvia.

Lily was forced to retreat to the side, looking puzzled. She saw Hiram standing behind Sylvia, one hand resting on the back of the chair. He leaned down slowly, his handsome face close to her ear, lifting her chin with one hand and blowing ambiguously into her ear, his voice husky.

"That's fine. What my people eat or not eat, I call the shots."

"If she doesn't behave, at eats recklessly, the consequences will be serious, understand, hmm?"

He said slowly and calmly, with the warmth of his lips flowing into her ear, with lingeringly seductive tones, filled with a sense of threat.

Sylvia shivered. He must have recognized her.

Showdown!

She was about to stand up when Martin said from the side, "Mr. Hiram, she doesn't understand. It's not worth your effort to teach her, let Lily and Lucy take care of the diet."

Martin knew Hiram was possessive and controlling, no one could touch his things, but he didn't expect him to be the same with this woman.

Hiram looked down at her expressionless face, pressing his finger in the soft dimple below her lips, his eyes becoming deeper, as if seeing through everything.

Suddenly, he smiled, "You're right, how can a lunatic understand."

"..." Sylvia couldn't quite figure out what Hiram's true intentions were behind his words.

If he didn't recognize her, why would he say such things in front of her inexplicably; if he recognized her at the night market, he had no reason not to expose her.

Forget it, stay calm in the face of change.

Hiram picked up Sylvia's fair hand and held it in his palm, a silver electronic lock adorning her delicate wrist, "Can this thing be unlocked?"

Martin looked over and replied, "This type of electronic lock is made of special materials, very hard. It can't be opened without special tools, and those tools are purchased by the Presidential Palace, ordinary people can't get them."