

Chapter 18 Flower Soil

Back at Lilac Land, Sylvia took advantage of the night to move the wooden box she had buried to a spot further by the lake, preparing to take it with her when she left the next day.

To ensure she had the energy and spirit for her escape, Sylvia stole two sleeping pills from Lucy, helping herself to a good night's sleep to recharge.

She did sleep well.

When she woke up, it was already 11 AM.

OK.

Time to get to work.

Sylvia rubbed her shoulders and sat up in bed. Just as she was about to get out, the door suddenly opened.

She immediately put on a vacant expression, her beautiful eyes staring unfocusedly ahead, playing the part of a simpleton.

"Miss, you're awake."

Lily walked over to the bed with a smile, reaching out to smooth her messy hair. Her fingers were warm and slightly rough. "You slept really deeply. Young Master has been waiting for you for a long time. It's rare to see him so patient with someone."

"..."

Hiram was here?

Sylvia immediately felt troubled; she hadn't planned on acting like a lunatic trying to escape in front of that man.

"Come on, let me dress you." Lily treated her like a child, finding a white lace dress from the closet and helping her put it on. She pulled her into the bathroom to teach her how to brush her teeth.

As soon as Sylvia started brushing, Lily was moved, thinking she had taught her, "Miss, you're so smart, you can brush your teeth by yourself now."

"..."

Lily, you sure know how to flatter people.

After brushing her teeth, Lily brought her to the vanity to comb her hair, shape her eyebrows a bit, and apply some simple skincare products. She praised, "Miss, let's dress up a little. Young Master will be happy to see you looking nice."

"..."

Was she Hiram's sugar baby now? And she had to look pretty too?

Once they were done, Lily led Sylvia out of the room and down the stairs.

The windows in the living room were open, and the scent of lilacs filled the air.

A man sat on a European-style sofa, legs stretched out, leaning forward casually. He wore a crisp white shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, revealing his perfectly toned arms. He held a game controller in his hands, his long fingers deftly manipulating it.

His profile was strikingly handsome.

The sound of the game battle came from the TV.

It was Hiram.

He was playing video games.

Martin stood nearby in a suit, reporting business matters.

Hiram occasionally responded while playing, "That price won't do, keep lowering it."

"Lower it more? It's already very low," Martin said, puzzled.

"How will it rebound if we don't lower it?" Hiram said lightly, his blue eyes never leaving the game screen.

"I'm just worried the shareholders won't know whether to sell or invest more," Martin said. Having such a capricious CEO in the First Consortium in M Country was nerve-wracking for the shareholders.

"I don't care if they drop dead, as long as we make money," Hiram said indifferently.

"Understood." Martin didn't dare to argue and continued his report, "Also, about Secretary Allen turning to serve the CEO of WD..."

Hiram sneered, "I gave him power and a high bonus, and he turned to someone else. Do I need to teach you how to deal with such trash?"

Out of the corner of his eye, Hiram saw something and looked up. He saw Sylvia standing on the stairs in a pure white lace dress, her bare shoulders exposed, her vacant eyes unable to hide her innate purity.

Hiram stared at her for a moment, then crooked his finger at her like calling a pet, "Come here."

Sylvia, naturally, didn't respond. Lily pulled her down the stairs and pushed her in front of Hiram with a smile.

Hiram grabbed her slender wrist and pulled her onto his lap, encircling her with one arm, and resumed his game, his chin resting against the side of her forehead, his blue eyes fixed on the screen.

"..."

Sylvia was about to explode.

What was the meaning of sitting on his lap?

Forget it, forget it. As soon as he left, she would escape from here. Just bear with it a little longer.

Sylvia forced herself to endure, but Hiram didn't let her off. He shoved the controller into her hands, then guided her hands to control it, chuckling, "Your hands are so small?"

Her hands felt like a child's in his palm.

His deep, magnetic voice was almost against her ear, like fine threads of electricity piercing straight into her brain, making her momentarily disoriented.

Seeing that Hiram was more interested in teaching her how to play the game, Martin wisely put away his files and stepped aside.

Sylvia felt completely uncomfortable being held by Hiram, her hands being toyed with by him, sometimes pressing her index finger, then pushing her thumb...

His palm was scorching hot, making her feel like she was burning up.

"Bang!"

Hiram suddenly tightened his grip around her, murmuring a husky sound close to her ear, both ambiguous and intense.

Sylvia's heart pounded fiercely, and she almost jumped off his lap. She looked up and realized it was just a victory in the game; he was mimicking the final explosion sound effect.

Pervert.

What a total pervert.

Sylvia thought to herself.

Hiram, holding her, started a new game.

Lucy walked in from outside, carefully holding a few lilac branches she had clipped.

Hiram glanced at them, his voice cold, "Why did you cut those flowers?"

Lucy didn't expect Hiram to care about such a small matter and immediately panicked. She lowered her head and timidly replied, "Young Master, these flowers had climbed over the wall and didn't look nice, so I cut them to make a decoration for Miss to enjoy."

Hiram had already said that it was fine for the lilacs to grow anywhere in Lilac Land but not outside.

Hearing this, Sylvia, sitting on Hiram's lap, could clearly feel the man's aura darken suddenly.

"Smack!"

Hiram threw the controller aside and said coldly, "Why is there always something or someone trying to overstep their bounds every year? People, flowers, it's all the same."

All this over a few lilac branches? Wasn't that an overreaction?

"..."

Lucy stood there with her head down, not daring to speak.

"If it's already outside the wall, does it deserve to stay intact?" Hiram's tone was as cold as ice. "Mash them into a pulp and throw them in the trash, right here."

"Yes, Young Master."

Lucy didn't dare to disobey, hurriedly placing the lilac branches on the coffee table in front of Hiram, then fetched a small stone mortar, squatting down to pound the lilacs inside it vigorously.

Thud, thud, thud.

Each pound felt like it was hitting Sylvia's head.

Hiram's control freak nature was terrifying; a few lilac branches growing outside the wall were considered betrayal, deserving a gruesome end.

What about her then...

Suddenly, a scorching palm pressed on her head.

Hiram looked down at her, his finger brushing her chin, a dark, obsessive glint in his eyes, lips curving into a sinister smile, "Good girl, don't even think about betraying me. I feed you, clothe you, and if you dare to run away, I will..."

He suddenly stopped mid-sentence.

"..."

Sylvia felt a chill down her spine. What would he do?

Hiram pinched her chin, staring at her closely, his lips almost touching her nose, his breath brushing her face, each word dripping with malice, "I'll bury you under the lilac vines as flower compost."

"..."

Sylvia's eyelids twitched.

"Don't think you can hide anywhere. In M Country, there's no one I can't find if I want to," Hiram said, his eyes full of overbearing menace.