

## Chapter 2 The Terrifying Hiram

Someone stood nearby and respectfully handed Hiram a clean towel. "Mr. Hiram, don't you want to look around and choose? There are many mentally ill people in the slums."

"No need." Hiram took the towel and leisurely wiped his elegant and slender hands, as if he were delicately cleaning a piece of artwork.

Afterward, he casually threw the towel on the ground and walked away. The others immediately followed.

Sylvia was pulled up from the ground by people, with one person on each side, guiding her forward. She didn't protest; under so many gun barrels, any struggle would be futile.

She heard the person on her right curiously ask, "Assistant Martin, why did we have to come to the slums to pick a mentally ill patient?"

The young man known as Assistant Martin walked ahead, chuckled at the question, and said, "You dare to inquire about Mr. Hiram's affairs? Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

It was just a casual remark. But the questioner immediately fell silent, not daring to utter another word, as if the two words "Mr. Hiram" were a deadly curse.

Mr. Hiram?

Who exactly was this significant figure? To pick her up and take her back?

In other words, they wouldn't kill her; she would be able to leave this island alive?

As the group walked forward in silence, no one noticed the glimmer of rebirth in the eyes of the girl being taken away.

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On the peculiar rooftops of the shanty houses in the distance, several heads gathered together, watching the scene unfold.

"It's strange. With Sylvia's skills, she could easily disarm and kill a few people to protect herself. Why did Sylvia willingly let them take her away?" A boy in his teens leaned over the edge of the rooftop, wearing a faded patient gown, his face filled with confusion as he stared in the direction of the helicopter.

"First, Sylvia wants to leave here too badly." Someone answered.

"And what's the second reason?" the young boy continued to ask.

"The second reason is that Sylvia is smart; she knows not to mess with the man who took her, that's Hiram King."

One person stood on the rooftop, gazing out at the ocean. Sylvia had already been taken onto the helicopter. "If one day you can also leave Ash Island, it's best to steer clear of the man named Hiram King; he's even harder to deal with than the King of Hell."

"Oh," the young boy exclaimed, as if suddenly understanding, but then furrowed his brow. "But Sylvia will have nothing when she goes out, how will she survive?"

At those words, the person let out a low laugh. Sylvia had spent three years on Ash Island, on the verge of becoming the queen of the slums. How could such a person not survive? The ones who should be worried... are probably the people who abandoned Sylvia here all those years ago.

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Lush lilacs climb up tall fences, surrounding a vintage European-style mansion.

It was Lilac Land.

The sun shone on the courtyard, showcasing the beautiful flowers swaying in the breeze.

Sylvia sat huddled on the second-floor balcony on a woven vine swing, biting her nails. When the swing reached its highest point, she could see the entire lilac garden. Ever since being taken from Ash Island, she had been confined here, with two middle-aged maids taking care of her.

She had no idea how Mr. Hiram planned to deal with her. With no money or identity, she had no choice but to wait and see.

Behind her, the two maids chatted as they trimmed the lilac branches crawling up to the balcony.

"I heard that when the driver, Tony, made a slight mistake with the brakes, Young Master kicked him on the spot. Poor guy ended up in the hospital half-disabled."

"That's nothing. Last time, I saw the Master himself come begging for funds, only to be humiliated by the Young Master. He couldn't even face anyone afterward."

"Oh, ever since Young Master took over the company, he's become more ruthless."

Sylvia swung on the swing, trying to piece together some information about Mr. Hiram from the maids' conversations over the past few days.

Hiram, 26 years old, is the eldest son of the prominent King family in the city. Last year, he stormed into his father's study with a gun, forcing him to hand over the company business. Since then, Hiram had taken over completely, exhibiting a ruthless and decisive manner. He got rid of many older staff members, restructured his core team, and rapidly became the most powerful conglomerate in the country.

There were a lot of people who got rich by relying on him, and there were also many people who hated him so much that they repeatedly attempted to assassinate him.

Those who made mistakes by his side would meet a gruesome death, and those who opposed him would meet an even more terrible fate.

Even if it was his little brother who was kidnapped, he could calmly watch as his brother's fingers were ruthlessly chopped off, and still find amusement, unaffected by any threats.

There was no doubt that he was a ruthless man with immense power. The thought of how terrifying he truly was was too unsettling to dwell on.

"Now I find that it's not bad that we were assigned to Lilac Land. We only have to take care of a young girl. Yes, she might have some mental issues, but she's quiet and doesn't cause any trouble. It's quite a worry-free job," one of the maids said, patting her chest.

"Exactly," the other maid agreed, turning to look at Sylvia, who was already flying through the air on the swing like a kite without strings fluttering in the wind.

The maids were suddenly startled, wide-eyed, and speechless with fear.

The front gate of the courtyard was pushed open from the outside. Several bodyguards entered first, standing at the entrance and bowing respectfully. A tall figure cast a shadow on the ground as Hiram stepped into Lilac Land expressionlessly. After walking a few steps, a dark figure descended from the sky.

The bodyguards immediately drew their guns and rushed over.

Instinctively, Hiram raised his hand and the fragile girl fell into his arms. The impact made him take a step back, his clothes fluttering, tracing an arc in mid-air.

Flower petals fell from the walls.

He lowered his head and looked down at the person in his arms with a dark gaze. The girl was dressed in thin pajamas, curled up against his chest, her fair face showing no signs of fear from the fall. Her big eyes stared blankly at him. She bit her nails, her thumb full of bite marks.

"Hey there, Miss! You sure are a crazy one, swings aren't meant to be played like that, you know!" Two maids rushed out of the mansion, and upon seeing Hiram, their faces turned pale as they stood there trembling. "Young... Young Master..."

"..." Sylvia quietly and obediently bit her nails.

She didn't have a mental illness. However, until she figured out the purpose of being brought out of Ash Island, she had to show some symptoms to survive. Otherwise, if that merciless Mr. Hiram caught her pretending, who knows what tragic fate awaits her?

After spending three years in the slums, she knew better than anyone how to survive.

But it was really strange, Hiram actually held her, and not only held her, but didn't immediately throw her to the ground. She was ready to be thrown onto the ground and be left with a broken bone.

"Is this how you take care of Miss?" A cold and displeased voice resounded above Sylvia's head.

In the next second, Hiram lifted his leg and kicked one of the maids, sending her sprawling to the ground, his eyes filled with viciousness and malevolence to the extreme.

The maid lay on the ground, too afraid to get up or make excuses, only able to apologize profusely, "I'm sorry, Young Master, I'm sorry, it's our negligence."

"Don't let me see these two useless wastes again!" Every word Hiram spoke was filled with disgust.

"Yes, I'll fire them immediately." A voice came from beside her.

Sylvia remembered that voice, it was Assistant Martin.

Hiram withdrew his gaze with a stern face, holding Sylvia and walking back inside.

Martin looked at Hiram's indifferent back and then turned his gaze to the group of bodyguards, "In the future, when Mr. Hiram comes, you guys stay here and don't need to greet him inside the building."

"Yes." The bodyguards all responded in unison, their voices deafening.

Sylvia's ears perked up as she heard those words.

In the future, when Mr. Hiram comes... So, she will continue to be placed here? Why? What does the CEO of a big corporation want with a mental patient like her?

Sylvia bit her nails, unable to figure it out.

Hiram carried her into the mansion and placed her on the couch in the foyer. He took off his coat and sat on the coffee table in front of her. That's when Sylvia noticed the vividly portrayed wolf head tattooed on the back of his right hand. It looked fierce and untamed.

He reached out his slender hand and gripped her chin, forcing her to lift her head for him to examine. His brown eyes stared directly into hers, filled with malice and devoid of any kindness.

Sylvia remained expressionless, afraid to show any emotions.

It wasn't until her chin felt like it was about to break that Hiram finally let go of her, his voice deep and severe, "You sure do resemble her."

Resemble who?

An enemy?

Or an old lover?