

## Chapter 4 Memories Of Sister

Hiram lay down beside her, his presence was intimidating, and he gave orders, "Hold me."

"..." Hold you? Damn it! Sylvia silently moved away, but her hand was forcefully grabbed.

"You little lunatic, it's such a bother. You don't understand what I was saying," Hiram said disdainfully, and then he placed her arm on the bed and rested his head on it. After that, he curled up and turned towards her, with one long leg stretched directly over her body.

"..." If it's such a bother, don't ask to be held. Watching him in this wild and unbridled child-like posture, Sylvia couldn't help but roll her eyes in her mind. This sleeping position is truly something..... When his sister passed away, he must have still been a little dim-witted.

"Sis, Father came to see me today," Hiram suddenly stared at her and spoke with a mocking tone, "He asked me for money to play with women, isn't it ridiculous? He plays with women and still wants his son to give him money."

"..."

Hiram leaned on her dependently, "Now I still keep an estate for him to live comfortably. If he continues like this, I will kick him out and let him beg, okay?"

He made it sound like throwing away leftover food that couldn't be finished today. Playing with women, asking his son for money, what kind of family is this?

"When you passed away, I was ten years old, I couldn't give you anything. Now I'm 26 years old, I have everything, but I still can't give you anything," Hiram suddenly laughed bitterly, his gaze turning gloomy, no longer the earlier arrogance and cold-bloodedness.

Sylvia listened with a poker face. Although she didn't know what happened, it sounded regretful. But can he stop pressing on her so heavily? She felt like she was being flattened by his long legs.

"Sis, pat me like you used to when we were kids," Hiram ordered.

"..." Sylvia didn't move.

Hiram reached back and forcibly grabbed the hand that he was using as a pillow, making her pat his back.

Sylvia was speechless. Her hand was almost bent 180 degrees by him. Before her arm broke, she chose to surrender and wrapped her arms around his neck while patting his back.

Her movements were forceful.

Mechanical.

Not at all like a normal person.

She might as well beat him to death.

"That's about right," Hiram seemed satisfied with her performance and leaned even closer to her.

She was wearing his sister's old dress, which had been steamed with flower buds, giving off a calming fragrance. It smelled particularly good. He slowly closed his eyes.

Sylvia continued patting him. This was the first time she had shared a bed with a man. His warm breath lightly brushed against her neck, like a feather tickling her, making her toes curl.

She didn't know how long had passed before Hiram fell silent. She secretly glanced at him and found that he had fallen asleep.

His hair was still slightly damp, his eyes closed, a shadow cast by his well-defined nose, his thin lips pursed. He looked handsome, but when he spoke, it was bloody, and he liked to hold mentally ill patients and reminisce about the past. She really didn't know whether to call him a freak or just nostalgic.

Sylvia's hands were sore from clapping, and when she saw him asleep, she stopped and tried to pull her hand away from his head.

Just as she made a move, Hiram's authoritative voice suddenly exploded, "Keep clapping."

"..." Sylvia wanted to cry.

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The snowflakes floated down, and the entire estate was covered in pure white.

Soon, this purity was shattered.

Screams filled the air.

A young and beautiful girl stood in the courtyard, her eyes filled with crazed murderous intent. She viciously stabbed a fruit knife into the body of a maid, and then pulled it out.

The fresh blood splattered on the white snow like scattered lilac flowers, enchantingly blooming.

The bodies on the ground were scattered in all directions.

The girl stood in the snow, her bloodstained skirt fluttering in the strong wind, playing a mournful tune.

"Sis!" The little boy's cry cut through the snowy night.

The young girl was suddenly awakened, her eyes momentarily dazed. She looked at the bloodstained fruit knife in her hand, then at the scattered bodies on the ground, and belatedly realized what she had done. She hugged her head and screamed hysterically.

"Sis!"

"I killed them." The girl trembled all over, and suddenly seemed to comprehend something. She turned her head to look at her brother standing at the doorway, her eyes filled with deep sadness. She muttered, "It's alright, Hiram, they won't bully you anymore."

The fine snowflakes danced on the girl's shoulders and skirt. She looked up at the falling snow in the sky and smiled softly, a smile so radiant that it was heart-stirring.

"Hiram, the snow is so beautiful..."

"It really is beautiful." She murmured, then slowly raised the knife in her hand and stabbed it into her own chest.

No —

No, this can't happen!

Hiram abruptly opened his eyes, sitting up in bed. The room in front of him was quiet, completely devoid of sound. It wasn't snowing, the weather outside was clear.

It was just a dream. Hiram breathed heavily, his long fingers buried in his hair. This nightmare had plagued him for many years.

After a moment, he looked down at the girl lying on the bed. Sylvia lay there with her eyes closed, her golden hair framing a face that was almost transparently white, with small lips and a small nose. She was a lunatic, yet there was an innocent beauty etched between her features. Like a handful of pure snow, and also like a bright ray of sunlight.

Hiram looked at her, then suddenly leaned down, tightly embracing her, greedily inhaling the faint scent on her body. He sniffed with great strength, and for a long time, he finally emerged from that dream. His gaze began to clear.

Just as he was about to release the girl in his arms, he suddenly realized that his arm was pressing against the breasts of the girl.

Hiram lowered his gaze and saw that her loose neckline had been tugged open, revealing her fair and delicate skin. The neckline was originally a V-neck, but with this embrace, it fully revealed her beauty, leaving several red marks on her fair and tender skin, creating a suggestive image.

Since he had started fantasizing, he didn't hold back and reached out and touched.

It was so soft.

Like jelly.

"..." Hiram stared straight, and his member was erect.

Damn it. Had it been too long since he had been with a woman that he was attracted to a lunatic?

He couldn't continue like this.

Hiram forcefully pushed her away, sitting up on the bed. But that wasn't enough. He reached out and grabbed Sylvia's cheeks, pulling them forcefully to the sides.

Who gave this girl permission to arouse his sexual response?

Clearly, all he wanted was a substitute for his sister.

How dare she sleep so soundly?

"..."

Ouch.

Living on Ash Island for years, she was extremely sensitive and alert. In that split second when he suddenly sat up, she had already woken up, but she pretended to be asleep.

This man is really a freak, sitting up suddenly and pinching her face out of nowhere.

What did her face do to offend him?

Pretend to sleep.

Keep pretending to sleep.

But Hiram's tactics escalated again, as he started pinching her nose.