

Chapter 5 Returned To The Clark Family

Sylvia endured it, but eventually couldn't breathe, so she opened her eyes and looked at him, "Um..."

She didn't resist, just looked at him, with long curled lashes and a hint of moisture in her eyes, they appeared both vacant and innocent. Her long hair spread on the bed like seaweed. Her voice was soft and sleepy, like a little kitten.

Hiram's breath hitched, his chest itching from her gaze and voice, wishing to tear off her dress right away.

Damn it. He can't take it anymore! Hiram let go of her abruptly, turned around, and got off the bed. He didn't even bother to put on slippers and left the room barefoot, fleeing as if he had seen a ghost.

Finally, he's gone. It hurts so much. Sylvia rubbed her nose, got off the bed, and walked out quietly. She followed him to the stairs and hid behind an antique vase, peering down.

In the living room, Martin stood there with his hands holding a brand new men's coat.

Hiram, with a cold face, spread his arms and put on a white shirt, his movements smooth and handsome.

"Today, a few senators were speaking nonsense in front of the media, accusing you of manipulating the economy of M country and trying to destroy it," Martin said, his voice subdued, not daring to provoke his boss.

"I'm indeed manipulating, but they're wrong to say that," Hiram sneered evilly, "Get rid of them."

Four words, casually spoken.

"Understood." Martin lowered his head. After Hiram finished putting on the shirt, Martin respectfully stepped forward and helped him put on the coat. "The presidential palace wants to connect with you."

"No need to bother." Hiram put on the coat, towering over Martin by half a head. With long hands and legs, exuding a strong aura.

Suddenly, Hiram seemed to think of something and turned his gaze to Martin, "Find me a woman." He wanted to release some frustration through sleeping with a woman.

"Huh? What kind of woman?" Martin was taken aback.

Hiram looked at him with a gaze that seemed to say 'are you stupid', "Clean, adult, willing, got it?"

"Yes, Mr. Hiram." Only then did Martin realize what kind of woman Hiram wanted. He lowered his head hastily, feeling awkward. Strangely, Mr. Hiram came to see a substitute for his sister, and after seeing her, he asked for a woman. The logic... something seems off.

Martin couldn't help but look up towards the direction upstairs.

Sylvia hurriedly hid herself, furrowing her brows and biting her lip, feeling that the logic was indeed strange.

After a while, Hiram finally left with Martin.

Lilac Land was just a small villa, not even close to being a mansion. Hiram didn't live here.

Soon, new maids arrived - Lucy and Lily.

Having learned from past mistakes, these two were extra cautious around Sylvia, afraid that she might suddenly go crazy and do something out of the ordinary.

But Sylvia remained dull, silent all day. Occasionally, when she went crazy, she would just smile foolishly at herself in the mirror. Therefore, the two maids gradually loosened their guard.

Once Sylvia figured out that Hiram was just using her as a substitute, she was ready to bounce from this place.

It's not like she wanted to escape, since there's food, drinks, and people taking care of her here. In fact, she couldn't survive if she didn't stay here.

But she needed to find time to leave and see the world she hadn't seen in three years, as well as her long-lost "family."

Sitting on the couch, Sylvia thought about this and her gaze turned cold.

"Young Master hasn't come for a few days. I wonder if he will come today?" Lucy wiped the sofa behind Sylvia and said.

Naturally, she wasn't speaking to Sylvia. Lily, who was kneeling on the floor and cleaning, responded, "He probably won't. I heard that Young Master is attending a banquet in the neighboring city today and won't have time to come back to N City, let alone here."

Hiram won't come. Great! Sylvia's spirit lifted, and she suddenly stood up from the sofa, hopping like a rabbit. One hop, one silly laugh; two hops, two silly laughs...

"..." Lucy and Lily were dumbfounded, they looked at Sylvia's actions and both instinctively assumed that Sylvia had gone crazy again.

Sylvia began hopping around between the two maid rooms.

Lily followed her closely, worried. Right under Lily's watchful eye, Sylvia swiftly stole Lucy's sleep aid medication.

"I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm a little butterfly, I'm a little bee..."

Getting a bit tired from hopping, Sylvia started running with arms flailing, traversing through the large mansion until she reached the kitchen.

"Hey, Miss, the kitchen is not a playground." Lily quickly intervened. "Come on, let's go outside."

"I want to collect honey! I want to collect honey!" Sylvia shouted and struggled, accidentally knocking into the countertop nearby.

Lily hurriedly grabbed her, but Sylvia's eyes glinted as she took advantage of the distraction and smoothly dropped the medication into a nearby water bottle. Unnoticed and undetected.

After finishing these tasks, she pretended to be led outside by Lily.

An hour later. The entire mansion was unusually quiet, not a sound to be heard.

Sylvia walked out of the room and saw Lucy and Lily both slumped against the wall, deeply asleep. She approached them, moved them to the couch, and covered them with blankets.

With the dosage of this medication, they would sleep for five hours without any issues.

All done! Sylvia smirked, clapped her hands, and walked outside. She closed the door behind her and then locked the gates of the courtyard. She looked up at the azure sky and took a deep breath.

This was what freedom felt like.

A taxi pulled up by the road. Sylvia resolutely hailed it, got in, and gave an address. "No. 66 Park Ave. How long will it take to get there?" She needed to return here before the two maids woke up. This address, she would never forget even if she spent three years in the slums.

"If there's no traffic, it'll take an hour. Shall we go?" The driver glanced back at her.

"Yes," Sylvia replied. An hour-long journey was acceptable.

Throughout the drive, Sylvia's eyes were fixed on the window.

Not having set foot in this place for three years, she realized how much N City had changed. New skyscrapers had risen. Every scene seemed unfamiliar.

The car stopped in front of a luxurious private villa. The driver said, "Miss, that'll be 80 dollars, thank you."

No response.

The driver turned to look and saw the girl sitting in the back seat, as if she hadn't heard his words at all. Her blue eyes were fixed on the mansion outside the window, her innocent face exuding an icy coldness.

"Miss? Is this your home?" The driver casually asked.

Sylvia smiled with a hint of mockery. "The home of my enemies."

"..." The driver was taken aback.

"Just kidding." Sylvia didn't want to scare the driver and calmly said, "Can you wait for me for 10 minutes? I don't have any money with me; I'll go get it now."

"Of course, no problem." The driver nodded.

Sylvia opened the car door, got out, and stood by the roadside, looking up at the closed ornate iron gate. Her skirt swayed in the gentle breeze.

The floodgates of memories suddenly opened, pouring out like water.

"Dad, I'm begging you, I'm begging you, I'm your daughter too, I will succeed, I will repay the Clark family, please don't send me away, please..."

"At this point, I'm not scared to speak my mind, Sylvia. You were brought into the Clark family to protect Bella from harm! You'll have to sleep with that old man, even if you don't want to!"

Right in front of this iron gate, she had kneeled before Fabian Clark, gripping his hand and desperately pleading with him not to send her to that old man.

Her humility only earned her a harsh dose of reality from Fabian.