

Chapter 6 Marry The Strongest Man

Sylvia stood there, her gaze shifting from the door to the swing bench in the courtyard.

That day, Bella sat on it elegantly, wearing a pricey designer dress and playing with her phone. Annoyed by her cries, Bella gestured for the bodyguard to bring Sylvia in front of her and kicked her chin with sharp heels.

"Sylvia, I didn't want you to interfere so early, but Richard loves you. He gave you love letters and confessed his feelings, pursuing you relentlessly." Bella said in a casual tone, "Look at your face, don't men adore this innocent-looking vixen like you?"

With that, Bella lifted her foot and slashed it across Sylvia's face.

Sylvia fell to the ground.

At that moment, Sylvia didn't resist, she only begged. She ignored the blood traces on her face and cried, pleading to Bella, "Bella, we're sisters, we grew up together..."

"Sisters? You think you're worthy?" Bella looked at her with disdain, "Sylvia, you're just an abandoned child, the Clarke family took care of you for eighteen years, it's time for you to repay. Being able to shield me from calamity is your blessing."

"Bella..."

Bella sat on the beautiful swing, no longer paying attention to her but looking at her father. "Dad, tell William to record everything when handling the matter. I'll show the video to Richard and see if he still thinks this bitch is cute and innocent."

"Alright, whatever you want." Fabian pampered his daughter.

Sylvia could never forget how Fabian and Bella talked about her as if she were a mere cat or dog.

Gathering herself, Sylvia circumvented the high walls and made her way to the back, climbing up a broad-leaved tree. She quickly climbed the tree, took a deep breath, leaped onto the wall on her tiptoes, and landed gracefully. Her dress swirled, forming a beautiful circle.

Perfect landing.

Sylvia smirked and, guided by memory, sneaked into the grand mansion through the back door.

As she entered, Sylvia noticed that the Clarke family had remodeled and made the mansion even more magnificent. A centuries-old antique vase stood next to the solid wood staircase.

It seemed that over these three years, Fabian's fortunes had only grown.

Fabian was a senator, but a senator who only listened to the dictates of corporations. She wondered which unscrupulous corporation he had teamed up with this time, soaring higher and higher.

The vast mansion was silent, with the sound of the maids coming from the kitchen.

Sylvia quietly approached a room close to the nanny's quarters and pushed the door open. This used to be her room.

To her surprise, as soon as she entered, Sylvia found herself face to face with a large dog.

The dog, squinting its eyes, immediately revealed a menacing look, trembling and ready to bark.

Sylvia quickly squatted halfway down, picked up a dog toy from the side, and shook it, making a gesture with a grim expression.

"..."

The fierce dog looked at her and suddenly lowered its eyes, wagging its tail at her in submission.

Seeing this, Sylvia proudly curled her lips.

On Ash Island, most people lacked self-help abilities. God closed the door on them, but left a window open. Some of them had a special side before losing their self-sufficiency. In these past three years, she had learned many skills from others, including climbing trees, martial arts, and animal training.

Sylvia took some dog food from the side and sprinkled it into the dog bowl, rubbing its head. The large dog obediently lowered its head and began eating.

Sylvia looked around and realized that her old room had been turned into a dog house. The Clark family truly despised her from the bottom of their hearts.

Sylvia moved aside a dog tent, squatted down, and ran her fingers along the wall. Counting a few inches from the bottom, she pressed lightly, and a brick suddenly popped out.

Setting the brick aside, she took out a wooden box from the hidden compartment, dusted it off, and opened it. Inside were some items she had saved before, as well as money she earned from doing crafts and homework for classmates, along with a button that was placed in her cradle when she was abandoned.

From a young age, Sylvia knew that she was not the biological daughter of the Clark family, and she was grateful for their adoption. So, she always accommodated Bella in every way.

She was like Bella's little maid, always obedient to Bella's commands and demands.

Every time she earned some extra money, Bella disliked it and forced her to give it to her. That's why Sylvia didn't have much saved up. But it was more than enough for transportation fare.

Sylvia placed the brick back and made the wall look seamless again.

She hugged the wooden box to her chest and surveyed the dog house. The sunlight shone on her fair and innocent face, but a trace of cunning flashed in her eyes.

Having come all this way, she had to leave a little "present" for her family.

15 minutes later.

Sylvia left the Clark family with the wooden box, got back into a taxi, and said as she paid, "Sir, can you please take me to the most famous street for street food?"

After spending three years in that wretched place on Ash Island, she was craving the delicious food outside. Today, she was determined to eat her fill!

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Nightfall.

The intricately designed iron gate of the Clarke family's mansion slowly opened, and two luxury cars drove in from the outside.

The servants rushed forward to open the doors, and the first to step out were Fabian Clark and his wife, Jenny.

Fabian, in his prime, stepped out confidently, dressed in a sharp suit and polished shoes, even the wrinkles around his eyes seemed to carry a sense of pride.

Jenny walked beside him, graceful and gentle.

"Dad, Mom, you're back at this hour too?"

In the other car, a young girl stepped out, wearing a college-style green sweater paired with a skirt, revealing her slender legs, and rushed into Jenny's arms like a little bird.

It was Bella, the beloved daughter of the Clark family.

"Why are you back so late? Isn't school over much earlier?"

Jenny smiled warmly, holding Bella's hand as they walked inside.

Fabian strode into the brightly lit foyer, took off his suit, and handed it to the servant, then sat down on the leather sofa and leaned back, looking at Bella. "I heard you went to the King Family Group today?"

"Yeah, but unfortunately, I didn't see Hiram King. However, the person who received me was my fan. He said he would try his best to arrange a meeting with Hiram for me."

Bella sat down, wrapping her arm around Jenny's, her face full of confidence and charm.

At 21, she was a junior at N City University, with 80 million followers on the hottest video app in M country. Her voice was sweet, her singing beautiful, praised by the public as a voice of nature.

However, she was not satisfied with just being an internet celebrity. She actively engaged in charity work, using Fabian's connections to persuade some financial groups to donate money and goods.

Though she had not yet graduated, her positive image was already well known.

Next, she planned to take advantage of her youth and beauty to find a man who matched her.

Fabian had introduced her to some young masters of financial groups, but she wasn't interested. If Bella were to marry, she wanted to marry the strongest man in the country, that is — Hiram of the first financial group.