

# **After Divorce, She Becomes the Billionaire Heiress ( Sylvia and Cyril ) Chapter 101-110**

Released on May 9, 2024

## Chapter 101 Matters of Status

Jonathan flipped the invitation over in his hand

‘merous times, still feeling bewildered by the unexpected development. It was unusual enough that the Ivan family was organizing a birthday party, but for it to be for their elusive daughter made it even more curious.

“Hadn’t there been talk that the Ivan family was planning to hand over all their assets to the youngest daughter? The grand scale of this birthday party must be related to that,” he pondered aloud. Although this rumor had circulated throughout high society, most considered it far-fetched, given the three sons in the Ivan family. But now it seemed this might be the only explanation for the extravagance of the event.

“If that’s true, I should prepare something special. If I could build a relationship with the Ivan family’s youngest daughter, wouldn’t my own family stand a chance at a partnership?” Jonathan’s mind raced at the thought. After all, an alliance with the Ivan family was coveted by many.

Cyril glanced at Jonathan, knowing his thoughts were shared by many. However, there was one crucial consideration: whether a girl born into such wealth was just a figurehead or truly capable.

“If you’re looking for a shortcut, I can only wish you success. Everyone wants it, but not everyone can achieve it,” Cyril remarked, deliberately provoking thought. His words carried weight, prompting a heavy sigh from Jonathan, who felt a sting at the reality of the situation.

“It’s better to think of your own strategies than to rely on such dubious methods, which are unlikely to work,” Cyril advised finally.

Jonathan nodded, though it seemed like there were few alternatives.

Time flew by, and the day of the birthday banquet arrived. The invitation list included nearly every notable family, underscoring just how seriously the Ivan family considered this occasion. Hosting such an event for their youngest daughter signified that she must hold an especially cherished place within the family.

Sylvia had planned to accompany her brothers but ended up arriving alone due to some last-minute business at the company. As she approached the venue, she saw someone waiting for

her at the entrance. It was Duncan.

His eyes lit up when he saw Sylvia, and he greeted her with a broad smile as he walked over.

Sylvia, adjusting her dress, inquired, "What are you doing here?"

"Juliet was supposed to wait for you here, but she got called away by her family. She asked me to wait for you instead. She mentioned the brother has arranged a surprise for you and didn't want you to get lost, so here I am," Duncan explained, albeit the reason seeming a little contrived. Regardless, Sylvia didn't call him out on it.

"Oh, I see. Well, let's head in together," Sylvia suggested.

As they walked to the entrance, no one barred their path, evidently recognizing them. But just as they were about to enter, they were stopped by none other than Bonnie.

Holding the invitation that had been scrutinized numerous times, Jonathan was still astounded. It was a rarity for the Ivan family to be organizing a birthday party, let alone for their secluded young daughter.

"Weren't there rumors that the Ivan family was planning to transfer all their assets to their youngest daughter? If they're putting on such a grand birthday event, it is probably for that reason," he mused. While most considered this gossip to be just that—gossip—given the extent of the celebration, it seemed like an adequate explanation.

"If that's the case, then what kind of gift should I prepare? Establishing a connection with the Ivan family's youngest daughter might lead to future collaborations, wouldn't it?" Jonathan's mind raced with the possibilities, eager at the prospect of an alliance with such a

powerful family.

Cyril glanced at Jonathan, knowing that this notion must be occurring to many others as well. However, one question lingered: how capable was this daughter, born into such

affluence?

"If you're seeking a shortcut, then I wish you luck. But remember, everyone wants the easy path, and not everyone succeeds," Cyril said pointedly, his words resonating with a sobering reality that made Jonathan sigh deeply.

"Instead of fussing about collaborating with the Ivan family, why not consider other strategies? Relying on underhanded means will get you nowhere," Cyril added as a final piece of advice.

Nodding, Jonathan realized that aside from this potential opportunity, there weren't many options left.

As the birthday banquet drew near, the Ivan family's invitation list included virtually every distinguished lineage—one could easily see the significance of this event. That they were

throwing such a magnificent party for their daughter only stoked everyone's curiosity and speculation about her true status.

Sylvia planned to attend with her brothers, br

—

'ast-minute snag at the company meant

she arrived alone. She was greeted at the entrance by Duncan.

"Why are you here?" Sylvia inquired, adjusting her attire.

"Juliet was supposed to meet you, but family obligations pulled her away. She asked me to wait for you instead. Your brother mentioned a surprise he's prepared for you, and didn't want you to get lost. So here I am," Duncan explained, though his excuse seemed less than genuine. Nevertheless, Sylvia didn't challenge him.

"Alright, let's go in together," Sylvia suggested as they proceeded toward the entrance without any obstruction. Everyone seemed to recognize the pair.

But just as they were about to step in, they were halted by none other than Bonnie—who had no invitation and awaited Cyril to gain entry. She was irked to see Sylvia walk in unchallenged while she had to wait.

you

"What class do you belong to, thinking you can come here today? What business do you have here? It's sickening to see people like you loitering around," Bonnie snarled, unleashing harsh words upon Sylvia. Duncan was about to confront Bonnie when Sylvia stopped him.

"What class I am and whether I can enter, what should it matter to you? Can you enter as freely as I can? If not, then I suggest you keep your mouth shut." With that, Sylvia led Duncan inside, leaving Bonnie fuming in place. She felt everyone's scrutinizing eyes upon her, adding insult to injury.

Blaming Sylvia for her predicament, Bonnie suspected Sylvia must have ingratiated herself with someone even more powerful to flaunt her access. But who could compare to the Ivan family's influence?

Standing there embarrassed, Bonnie readily followed Cyril when he finally arrived- business at the company had delayed him, and the indirect result of his late arrival vexed

Bonnie to near madness.

"Why have you just arrived? Do you know Sylvia came in with another man? What's there for her to show off? Without relying on men, she wouldn't have been able to step foot into a banquet like this," Bonnie complained bitterly to her brother, exaggerating the story she

recounted to him.

Cyril, hearing this, briefly pictured Duncan's face. "Don't worry so much. Let's just go inside," he urged, pushing the notion out of his mind. Sylvia accompanying whomever enters had

nothing to do with him.

Disappointed by her brother's lack of support, Bonnie knew better than to let her temper loose at this moment. She composed herself and followed Cyril into the venue, stepping into the lavishly decorated space that screamed announce. Every adornment was a testament to the Ivan family's wealth.

"Aren't they going overboard with just a little birthday party?" Bonnie's envy was palpable; her own celebrations had never come close to this level. But there was little she could do- the host was the Ivan family's youngest daughter, after all.

Released on May 9, 2024

Chapter 102 A Public Display

Cyril glanced at his sister Bonnie but said no before heading over to his business partners after a brief warning to her. Bonnie followed suit, feeling somewhat bored on her own. After being introduced to the partners as Cyril's sister, she watched him get engrossed in other matters.

They mingled through the crowd, greeting almost everyone, and Bonnie soon felt tired. She sat down to rest just as Sylvia emerged. Sylvia had come down to greet her friends, though she was still waiting for Bruce to bring some jewelry, so she took the opportunity to check out the event.

To her surprise, she encountered Bonnie before running into her friends Juliet and the others. Sylvia and Bonnie didn't get along, and sitting beside Bonnie were several young ladies who shared Bonnie's shock at seeing Sylvia there.

"Apparently, any Tom, Dick, or Harry can enter this place. This is the Ivan family's birthday feast for their young daughter, you know. Who do you think you are, flaunting your associations with other men? Even if you're the Ivan family's vice president, so what? Stop thinking you're entitled to things that aren't meant for you," Bonnie sniped at her, alluding to the known tension between Sylvia and Cyril from their past marriage, the details of which remained murky to outsiders.

Ignoring Bonnie's comments, Sylvia focused on her own business. After all, she had taken precautions to handle the earlier troubles by inviting the media. She wanted to finally resolve all the big issues surrounding her.

Their conversation was soon interrupted by the arrival of the media, who had zoned in on Sylvia and Bonnie and hurried over with their cameras at the ready. Bonnie, spotting the media, couldn't help but feel a gleeful smugness as she looked down on Sylvia.

"Don't think I don't know what you're plotting, using other men's power to win back my brother. Let me tell you, it was only out of compulsion that my brother married you to begin with, and he certainly won't be fooled by you again," Bonnie declared, making a scandalous allegation that left the onlookers stunned and skeptical of Sylvia's character.

"And while you were married to my brother, you were always trying to please us, weren't you? Cooking, cleaning—acting like a maid. Don't fool yourself; your groveling got you nowhere then, and it certainly won't work now. In our eyes, you're no different from the help," Bonnie continued, shocking everyone further.

Sympathetic glances were cast Sylvia's way as people reflected on how she was perceived during her marriage—a period when she was undervalued by the family. No one imagined

the disregard was so profound.

At this moment, Juliet and others happened by, infuriated by Bonnie's vitriol. Juliet impulsively tossed the contents of her wine glass at Bonnie.

"Ah!" Bonnie, caught off guard, was drenched in red wine, letting out a shriek from the surprise.

Bonnie spat vitriol at Sylvia, who calmly took it all in silence as her friends at her side seemed unable to hold back any longer. Miranda, in particular, delivered a swift kick to Bonnie, who hadn't expected physical retaliation to such a degree.

Bonnie's companions quickly helped her up as she looked disheveled and flustered by the altercation.

"Don't overstep your bounds! Dare to touch me and see if you aren't thrown out of here," Bonnie threatened, attempting to reclaim the high ground despite the humiliation she felt at the hands—or feet—of the group.

Miranda scoffed, "What kind of people does your family raise to be like this? Comparing you to my brother is an insult."

Sylvia, finding herself in the awkward situation of witnessing this exchange, felt it was getting out of hand.

"What's your point?" Bonnie retorted. "Why not ask Sylvia what she thinks? To get married to my brother, she would've gone so far as to bed him. Doesn't she find herself disgusting for that?"

Previously, such accusations against Sylvia might have been dismissed as slanderous ramblings, but after witnessing her intimate meal with the Ivans, many found it difficult to disregard Bonnie's claims now.

"Bonnie!" The voice that silenced her was filled with suppressed rage. She turned to see Cyril, her brother, whose eyes were reddened with anger.

Bonnie shifted her gaze, unable to confront him.

Cyril was livid, having never expected his sister to stoop to such lows. He took a few steps closer to Sylvia, struggling to suppress his emotions.

"Everything Bonnie just said—"

Throughout their marriage, Cyril had maintained an air of indifference toward Sylvia, never once inquiring about her well-being or acknowledging the difficulties she faced at home. Even when whispers of Sylvia's plight reached his ears, he remained silent, feeling it was what she deserved for marrying him through deceit.

Released on May 9, 2024

Chapter 103 On a Pedestal

elf aloof from Sylvia, showing as much

Throughout their marriage, Cyril always held warmth as a winter in Alaska. He never asked how her day was or if the cloudy moods at home rained on her parade. Even

when gossip about Sylvia's tough times whispered in the wind, he stayed silent, figuring she got what she signed up for when she tricked her way into marrying him.

But after the ink dried on their divorce papers, Cyril's mind started to buzz with second thoughts. He knew the real story behind their wedding better than anyone. Sure, Sylvia had come to him with a marriage proposition and a promise to lend him a hand. Still, the stories swirling around painted her as a desperate bride, which couldn't be farther from the truth.

In Cyril's eyes, Sylvia wanted to help, but her methods were as messy as a kid's room. That's why he'd always kept her at arm's length—using her to tick off his own boxes and nothing more. She hadn't asked for a single penny after the split. He thought it was just another one of her ploys, a tactic to win him back. But today, after hearing what Bonnie had spilled, he started to question everything.

"Do you have any idea what I went through after marrying you? You knew what was happening, but you let it all happen, just to see me pushed around by your family. Now the truth's out, and you can't handle it, huh?" Sylvia's life with the Cyrils had been as rough as a cactus garden. Everyone thought they could step on her, and she was done pretending Cyril was innocent.

"When we got married, you used me just as much to escape your own mess. I left with dignity, making no scene. And don't think I won't stand up for myself," Sylvia said with that trademark calm in her voice. "And if you can't keep your sister's sharp tongue in check, I won't hesitate to have someone teach her a lesson."

It was a head-scratcher, really. The Cyrils were big league, a powerhouse of a family. They'd hit financial skids before Cyril took the reins and saved them from nosediving into bankruptcy. But raising a daughter to throw tantrums like a toddler in a candy store? That wasn't part of the playbook.

And it wasn't just Bonnie causing a stir. Michelle, raised in a mansion with maids and money, had started out as smart as a whip. Somewhere along the line, though, she'd turned into a firecracker, snappy and unreasonable just like her niece.

Taking a long breath, Cyril looked at Bonnie like he was seeing her clearly for the first time, realizing she had crossed a line.

"Fly back overseas tomorrow. I'll have someone keep an eye on you. Stop making a spectacle

of yourself," he said, his words stinging sharper than a slap.

But Bonnie's pride was prickled. "You think I'm being embarrassing? Aren't you the one who let all this slide? You were just as unwilling to marry Sylvia as I was to welcome



her. Everything we did to her, you knew about it. ... ad her days were, you must have known. Why are you throwing me under the bus now?"

As the siblings turned on each other like a soap opera showdown, the media was having a field day. Reporters buzzed around like bees, snapping photos and rolling video, their recorders catching every word. These juicy bits would hit the headlines the next day, their ticket to the big leagues.

Cyril's face was clouded with anger. He never plotted any harm against Sylvia; that was just the twisted fiction his family imagined. "I never planned to get divorced when I got married. But how did you and the others fan the flames? Should I lay it all out for you?"

His patience with Sylvia had been worn thin, whittled away by the constant dripping of Bonnie and Michelle's poison in his ear. Looking back, he couldn't believe how foolish he'd been to trust their venom over the truth.

Sylvia had had enough of watching the sibling spat. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted Bruce making his way through the crowd. With a quiet word to her friends, she headed upstairs.

As Sylvia ascended the staircase, the party buzzed with anticipation. The start of the birthday bash was ticking closer. Juliet and Miranda shot Cyril and his sister a curious look.

"This is a birthday celebration, and you two are messing it up," they remarked before pulling away, eager to distance themselves from the drama.

Cyril's tolerance for Bonnie had its limits, and she had scraped the last bit clean today.

"Tomorrow, you're going abroad. If I hear any whisper that you're slacking off, I'll cut you off. Your allowance, gone. And don't even think about coming back," he warned. Blood may be thicker than water, but it seemed there wasn't much of it to begin with between them. Cyril was a businessman at heart—if his sister was nothing but trouble, he had no problem sending her to a place where she couldn't cause any.

Bonnie could see the caution in Cyril's eyes and quivered, shocked at how sternly he was treating her. She was afraid to speak up; she didn't want to go abroad, to be away from everything and monitored at all times.

Cyril, however, didn't care about what she wanted. His decision was as solid as concrete- Bonnie was leaving, no turning back.

The chatter and clinking glasses hushed as Bruce descended the staircase, a smile lighting

up his face. The party was about to begin.



“Thank you all for joining us at my sister’s birthday celebration,” he announced warmly. ” As you all know, the heir to the Ivan family is my sister. Without further ado, let me bring her out.”

Applause rippled through the room as Bark stepped out, leading someone by the hand. When the pair appeared, the crowd caught their breath—it was Sylvia. Her appearance, known only to a few insiders, left the rest staggered, especially Cyril and Bonnie, who watched in disbelief.

Sylvia, once seen as unreachable as the stars, was now shining right before them as the cherished Ivan heiress.

Released on May 9, 2024

Chapter 104 Clearing the Air

1/3

Chapter 104 Clearing the Air

Bark and Sylvia standing together caught everyone off guard. Nobody had pegged Sylvia as the Ivan family’s youngest daughter, the little girl who had never stepped into the spotlight. The room was buzzing with disbelief. Some glanced at Cyril, well aware of his past marriage to Sylvia. With this revelation, it seemed Cyril was the one who had reached for the stars in marrying her.

There was a hint of mocking in the way people looked at him now.

Cyril remained silent, his gaze locked on Sylvia who shone like the sun atop the grand staircase. To him, she became the only person in the room, an enchanting presence that made the world fade to a quiet hum.

Sylvia felt the intensity of a gaze and turned her head slightly, locking eyes with Cyril before quickly looking away. What was the point of him looking at her like that now?

As Sylvia and Bark made their way down to join Bruce, the crowd was abuzz with curiosity

about their true connection.

“Originally, my father planned to be here today, but he had to handle some urgent business at the company. So he asked my younger brother and little sister to step in first. Please bear with us a moment longer,” Bruce addressed the crowd, satisfaction in his nod as he dropped a bombshell that sent ripples through the gathering.

People were stunned to learn that Bark was also an Ivan, having carved out a name for himself in the entertainment world independently of his powerful family background. It was clear now that the Ivan family valued Sylvia tremendously, for them to reveal Bark's identity alongside hers.

After a short while, Stanford finally hurried down the stairs, apologizing for the wait, his rush visible to everyone.

"My apologies, everyone, for keeping you waiting. Had to sort out a little snag. Today is all my about celebrating my daughter's birthday. I wanted you all to meet my little girl. As for son, you already know him, so no need for introductions. And about that story that circulated online, I want to set the record straight once and for all. Our family went out for dinner, and someone snapped a photo, spinning all kinds of nasty tales. We understand the confusion about our family's relationship, so we'll let it slide. But from now on, we expect the media to get their facts straight before broadcasting stories," Stanford said with a warm smile that carried an undertone of warning and threat to the media in attendance. They had all covered the story he mentioned, and their hearts lodged in their throats.

#### Chapter 104 Clearing the Air

2/3

Luckily for them, the Ivans didn't pursue the matter further. A collective sigh of relief whispered through the crowd, knowing full well that one more peep could mean disaster for them all.

Stanford took pride in introducing Sylvia to everyone. The pride in his eyes was unmissable. In his heart, Sylvia was the best daughter anyone could ask for. As for past troubles, he figured it was best to leave those unmentioned—they were just bad for the heart.

Rumors had buzzed that the Ivan Group's reins would eventually land in Sylvia's capable hands, but no one really believed it until now. Some had schemed, but seeing how Bruce and Bark stood by Sylvia made it clear the siblings were tight-knit. It seemed the only option was to play by the rules and build a solid relationship with the Ivans, hoping for future cooperation.

Sylvia was like a brilliant gem amongst the crowd, even more respected now that her true identity had been revealed. The admiration and reverence for her became palpable, with people instinctively lowering their own status in her presence.

Her way of speaking didn't change despite their shifted attitudes; she stayed as poised and gracious as ever.

Cyril, meanwhile, stood shell-shocked. Jonathan nudged him, equally taken aback by the news. Before, Jonathan had felt Sylvia was from a different world, inferior to them. Now it became painfully clear—it was they who didn't belong in her world.

“Bro, did you know about this?” Jonathan asked Cyril, who shook his head, coming back to

his senses.

Would things have turned out differently if he had known about Sylvia's true identity from the beginning? But speculating on the past was pointless now. Even if he had known, would their relationship have been any different? He wasn't sure.

In reality, Cyril had resented Sylvia's status after their marriage; it felt like an

inconvenience. From the get-go, he felt she wasn't his equal, which led to many subsequent

troubles.

Whether it was his neglect or various other issues, at the core, it was because he felt she didn't measure up to him. He was once the golden boy, his family noble, even though they met with hard times. Through his own efforts, he helped the family rise again. He even started his own company from scratch before merging it with the family business, paving a bright future for himself. That's why he often dismissed others and didn't value those around him.

It was only now, seeing Sylvia's prestigious standing, that he realized just how foolish he'd

Chapter 104 Clearing the Air

been all along,

3/3

“You've been married to her for years, and you didn't know about her background? She was your wife, after all. The way she married you, was it really as manipulative as you thought?” Jonathan questioned.

Released on May 9, 2024

Chapter 105 Like a Joke

Hearing Jonathan's words, Cyril snapped back to reality, his eyes filling with bewilderment. "Wasn't it you who said Sylvia married me using all sorts of underhanded tactics? Why the change of heart now?"

Jonathan, slightly taken aback, replied, "No, I mean, if it's Sylvia we're talking about, then we've got it all wrong. Please, she's the younger daughter of the Ivan family. To put it bluntly, do all of our fortunes combined even stack up to theirs? Maybe she married you just because she liked you."

"C'mon, Jonathan, you're being hypocritical," Cyril scoffed. "You're talking about her like she's a whole different person from before. Your tune would be completely different if her identity wasn't known."

Jonathan looked a bit sheepish; he hadn't wanted to come across that way. But thinking back, if Sylvia had been a nobody, then sure, she'd have had to put in a lot of effort to marry Cyril. Now knowing she was the protected young daughter of the Ivan clan, it hardly made sense she would stoop to deception.

"I did say some nasty things in the past, but look at it now. If Sylvia didn't actually like why would she go through all that trouble?"

you,

Different people, different statuses, led to entirely different conclusions. Cyril felt like a joke at that moment. Sylvia's status was lofty and complicated; why would she need to resort to such measures unless she did, in fact, have feelings for him?

"What does it matter if she is the daughter of the Ivan clan?" Bonnie couldn't take it anymore. Sylvia, the woman she once looked down upon, had transformed into the esteemed Ivan scion. How could Bonnie accept that? She used to boss Sylvia around, sending her to cook, to clean; treating her like a servant was standard. She thought Sylvia deserved it for tricking her way into their family. But now she was told Sylvia's status was higher than

her own.

Jonathan wasn't pleased with Bonnie's outburst. "Are you crazy? I didn't say anything when Cyril married Sylvia. It was you who kept yapping about her not being good enough for him. Without your constant nagging, I wouldn't have given it another thought. There's obviously more to that story."

"And now you say there's an issue. Why didn't you say something before?" Bonnie retorted, her voice laced with scorn. "You're just changing your tune now because of her status. If you had said this earlier, I might have thought better of you. Now, it's just laughable!"

## Chapter 105 Like a Joke

2/2

Bonnie was disgusted with the flip-flopping, pandering based on someone's standing. And when she had been kicking someone who was down, Jonathan wasn't any better than her.

"Well, even if you want to make it up to her now, it's pointless," Bonnie sneered. "Sylvia won't care about your so-called niceness!"

Bonnie was fuming. After a fierce shout at Cyril, she spun on her heels and stormed off, leaving the crowd shaken by her outburst. They couldn't help but feel a twinge of melancholy, thinking about how they had once looked down on Sylvia, only to be the ones struggling to accept her new status.

Even Jonathan was having regrets. If he had known about Sylvia's true identity before, he would've never acted the way he did. Looking back now, he realized his actions were quite laughable.

"So,

what are you going to do now? Have you thought about getting back together with her? I mean, I doubt it's likely, but if she still has feelings for you..."

"Let's just drop that topic," Cyril cut him off, "Sylvia and I are done. We're divorced and that's the end of it. All I feel towards her now is remorse."

Ever since their divorce, Cyril had been aware that his behavior had been harmful. He wanted to make amends, to offer Sylvia what he thought she deserved, but what could he possibly give her now that she lacked nothing?

Cyril's silence left Jonathan at a loss for words. They'd all done Sylvia wrong without knowing her truth.

"So, what should we do now? Should we leave? People are giving us weird looks."

—

"Do you

find their stares odd? Have you ever considered that Sylvia endured much worse over the years?" Cyril suddenly found empathy for what Sylvia might have gone through he had only faced people's reactions after her identity had been revealed. Sylvia, on the other hand, had been on the receiving end of cold shoulders and unfair treatment for

without voicing a single complaint or using her status to press down on anyone. In that regard, he couldn't hold a candle to her.

years

Jonathan opened his mouth but found no words. He thought today's Cyril seemed like a stranger. The old Cyril would not have acknowledged their wrongs. Before, he could barely recognize his own faults—now, Sylvia's status had undoubtedly shaken him.

The truth about Sylvia was indeed shocking, and Jonathan didn't know how to face her anymore, especially after everything they'd put her through. He worried that she might harbor a grudge, one she'd be fully justified to hold onto.

Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 106 Like a Joke

Sylvia never spoke to Cyril from beginning to end, even as the birthday party drew to a close. Everyone gradually dispersed, leaving Cyril silent and observant, his gaze fixed on Sylvia as she mingled and conversed with the other guests. He could never have imagined a day when her status would shift so dramatically. He had never genuinely looked at Sylvia, engaged in real conversation, let alone nurtured a connection with her. He had simply felt a duty to remain in their marriage, to be responsible, even if it meant staying together without love for the rest of his life.

Yet, now as he watched her, he realized his feelings had evolved. Divorce had brought into sharp relief Sylvia's true character; she was vivacious like the sun itself. Her talent had steered the company to greater heights—she was capable and impressive, but he had never truly seen her that way. She had been within his reach once, yet there was no effort to treasure her. As the gap between them widened, only when it became too great did he realize the extent of his grievous mistakes.

Regret was pointless now. They were no longer connected, and even if Cyril wanted to make amends, Sylvia would unlikely grant him another chance. A sense of desolation took hold of him as he rose and began to head out. But he had barely taken a few steps before alarmed screams from the backyard reached his ears—screams that sounded strikingly like Bonnie

and Katrina.

His heart lurched, and he hurried towards the commotion.

After only a couple of steps, Jonathan intercepted him, intent on speaking to Sylvia but finding no opportune moment. Upon seeing Cyril, Jonathan grabbed his arm and they raced

forward.

“Cyril, something’s happened! Your sister and Katrina are going at it. They’ve created a huge scene outside—there are a lot of spectators, and Bark is there too.”

Such a debacle on the host’s property was more than just an embarrassment.

Upon arrival, Cyril realized this situation couldn’t be chalked up to just causing a scene—Bonnie and Katrina were physically fighting, pulling hair and kicking at each other. The sight brought on a headache he didn’t need, and Jonathan was beside himself with worry.

“I was about to pull them apart when they started to fight back fiercely. I got kicked out of the fray—you can even see their footprints on my shirt,” he said. “What should we do, Cyril? If this keeps up, we’ll be the laughingstock of the year, not to mention your divorce from Sylvia—Ivan family’s already displeased. You saw how they looked at us today: like we’re unworthy. If we don’t settle this now, none of us will escape unscathed tonight.”

Jonathan was dead serious. Cyril understood the gravity of the situation, hence the deep frown as he pondered over a solution. But resolving such a mess was not going to be easy.

“What on earth is going on? Why would they pick a fight like this out of the blue? And Katrina—she shouldn’t have been able to get in here,” Cyril muttered, confusion lacing his

tone.

Jonathan hesitated at Cyril’s questions, “Weren’t you the one who brought Katrina over? She told me you invited her, so I just brought her in. I had no idea they’d end up causing such a scene.”

“When have I ever brought Katrina to this kind of event? Don’t you know better?” Cyril massaged his temples in frustration. It was clear to him that bringing her was a bad idea from the start, but now that she was here amidst this turmoil, there was little else to do but try to handle the situation swiftly.

Jonathan realized his mistake too late. Sylvia’s birthday party was hardly the place for a scene like this, given her standing with the Ivans. The two women obviously didn’t get along, and Cyril wouldn’t be foolish enough to invite such trouble—bringing Bonnie was embarrassing enough without adding Katrina to the mix.

Feeling like the sword of Damocles was dangling over his head, Jonathan dreaded the fallout from his error. “What should I do? Could I end up on the blacklist for this?”



While Cyril was contemplating a solution, he caught sight of Bark smirking at the disgraceful display. An idea—a far-fetched but faintly possible one—flashed through his

mind. “If I remember correctly, Katrina is supposed to take part in Bark’s concert. Could it be that Bark invited her tonight?”

Despite its plausibility, Jonathan doubted that theory and shook his head. Yet, with no other likely reasons apparent, they stuck with it for the moment. It wasn’t the time for speculation

anyway.

Cyril moved forward immediately and managed to pull the two women apart from their tussle, with Jonathan reluctantly assisting, wary of the disgrace.

you

think

Once the two were separated, Bonnie unleashed a tirade against Katrina. “Who do you are? All you do is cling to my brother. Do you think I haven’t noticed? I despised Sylvia because I thought she wedded my brother using dirty tricks. But you? You’re no better. Already engaged and still obsessing over my brother. I’ve never seen anyone as shameless as you. Showing up here tonight, with drugs, planning to trap my brother—you’re utterly disgraceful.”

Through Bonnie’s words, the situation became clear. Katrina felt her status slipping and

3/3

cooked up a plan to secure a lifeline by ensnaring Cyril. She had come prepared with drugs, but Bonnie caught her before she could act.

Furious and ready to leave, Bonnie had noticed Katrina sneaking around and decided to investigate, only to discover her plotting.

11 Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Released on May 10, 2024

Chapter 107 Seeking an Answer

Though Bonnie might have her foolish moments, she knew there were certain lines not to be crossed; creating a scene like this was one of them. Their behavior today was embarrassing enough, continuing to make a spectacle of themselves would only worsen the situation. Bonnie realized Katrina was up to no good and intended to put a stop to

it—only to discover Katrina harboring impure intentions towards her brother. In her attempt to thwart Katrina’s plan, things escalated to blows.

Now, Bonnie wished to simply move past this disaster, but it seemed too late—the chaos had already

unfurled.

Katrina, adjusting her attire, hadn’t foreseen how her life as an actress would lead to such a disgraceful

public row. She had indeed entered the premises owing to Bark’s invitation, but never intended things to

spiral as they had.

“Do you have any proof I was going to drug your brother?” Katrina challenged with a hint of panic.

“You ask for proof?” Bonnie scoffed. “The drug you were holding is the same as what’s in my hand. If you’re so confident, let’s go get it tested and see if you’ve done anything foul to my brother!”

Catching this exchange, Katrina’s eyes darted anxiously for Bark, but he was nowhere to be found. The

confusion continued to grow until Bruce and Sylvia approached.

Both were aware of Bark’s machinations and felt a sense of helplessness at the pandemonium he had

caused in their own home—it was humiliating.

Bruce spoke first, halting the turmoil. “I’m not sure what’s causing all this commotion at our house. Is

there something you need help with?”

All eyes turned to Sylvia and Bruce, waiting to see their reaction to the incident—particularly Sylvia’s, given her indirect involvement.

Unexpectedly, Sylvia remained coolly detached as if she were an outsider, simply observing the drama

unfold.

“I’m sorry for the disturbance. We were in the wrong, and I’ll make sure to give you an explanation,” Cyril stated, acknowledging their mistake and accepting the responsibility to address it.

Bruce’s demeanor, typically amiable with others, frostily shifted when it came to Cyril. His expression soured, and he was noticeably curt in his response.

“If you’re planning to give us an explanation, then I expect it won’t just be for tonight’s issue. There are many things you need to clarify for us. Are you really prepared to do that?” Bruce asked, making it clear the current situation wasn’t the only problem on the table.

Hearing Bruce’s pointed words, Cyril understood that the issue of his marriage to Sylvia was being singled

out.

“Bruce, what’s past is past. There’s no point clinging to it and making mountains out of molehills. Let’s let Cyril handle this situation. After all, it involves his sister and that woman,” Sylvia said dismissively,

#### Chapte 107 Seeking an Answer

knowing all too well the media’s eagerness to spread sensational news. The Ivan family couldn’t afford such scandal, so she didn’t want the incident leaked. Regardless, the Ivan family wouldn’t be tarnished by

it, as the incident had nothing to do with them directly. But Sylvia had noticed that complications seemed

to follow any connection with Cyril—avoiding trouble was preferable.

When the gathered media heard Sylvia’s request, they knew their hopes of explosive coverage were dashed. If Sylvia was against spreading the news, what could they do? When she spoke, it was as if she

spoke for the Ivan family as a whole.

With an annoyed huff, Bruce turned and walked away with Sylvia, effectively washing their hands of the

messy event.

Witnesses hadn’t expected the situation to deteriorate to such an extent and now looked at Cyril with a

mix of disdain and pity. He could have had a comfortable life with Sylvia and maybe even a connection to

the Ivan family, but it was clear now that he had squandered those chances.

After taking a deep breath, Cyril knew it was time to remove Bonnie and Katrina from the premises to

avoid further trouble.

“It’s all because of her that we’re in this mess. Don’t let her off easily. Have the company blackball her; she’s done nothing worthwhile right up to today,” Bonnie seethed, recalling her initial disdain for Sylvia. Yet, even her previous grievances with Sylvia paled in comparison to today’s embarrassment.

“Do you think you’ve handled today well? Go home, reflect on your behavior, and don’t step foot outside for a month,” Cyril reprimanded his sister, his frustration and headache growing. Today’s unresolved issues already weighed heavy on him, and the thought of facing the fallout from the many business connections at the event made his head throb.

“Take those two back; I need to talk with Sylvia.”

Cyril left without another word, not bothering with further explanations.

Jonathan stood dumbfounded. Why seek out Sylvia now? What could Cyril possibly want to say to her?

Cyril needed an answer from Sylvia herself. With her stature, she could have easily clarified the circumstances of their past. Yet, Sylvia had remained silent, not offering a word in her defense. He had always believed Sylvia incapable of the things she was accused of, but her silence was deafening.

Did this mean Sylvia had erred too? If Cyril had mistakes to account for, should Sylvia not share the blame for how things turned out?

Released on May 10, 2024

## Chapter 108 Self–Consolation

As Cyril returned to the venue, Sylvia was just emerging from the crowd, apparently about to leave. Her chauffeur had already opened the car door for her, waiting for her to get in. After a brief pause and a glance at Cyril, Sylvia resolutely settled into the vehicle.

“Wait a second,” Cyril called out, drawing on an unknown reserve of strength. Sylvia stopped, aware that Cyril had come looking for her and that he must have something to

discuss. Rather than drag things out, she decided it would be better to address whatever was on his mind at once.

“You wait outside,” Sylvia instructed her driver, shutting the door and preparing to face Cyril.

Cyril hurried over, questions flooding his thoughts. He wanted to ask Sylvia why she had hidden her true self, why she hadn’t revealed the reality behind their past, and why she never spoke up about the injustices she faced—could it be that one word from her could have saved their marriage?

“Do you have something to say? If so, please be quick about it—I have a conference to get to soon.”

Sylvia glanced at the time, reminding Cyril of her tight schedule.

Cyril, who had mentally rehearsed a litany of questions, suddenly found himself speechless. Despite

having convinced himself that a simple misunderstanding had clouded their relationship, confronting

Sylvia’s brisk demeanor made him realize there had never been any substantial conflicts or confusion to

unravel between them. Any misunderstandings were his alone, born from a failure to see the truth.

“We’ve been married for years. Why didn’t you ever reveal your identity? If you had, maybe things wouldn’t

have ended up like this.”

Sylvia’s initial reaction was stunned silence, but then she burst into a mocking laugh, her eyes filled with

both derision and irritation.

“Mr. Cyril, you’re mistaken about one thing. I never intentionally hid my identity. My only aim was to keep our relationship untainted. It seems, however, that you have persistently overlooked me; had you paid

attention, you might have seen the truth.”

In all her years married to Cyril, Sylvia had never actively concealed her background. She believed that as

husband and wife, Cyril would inevitably learn of her true status. So what was the point in hiding it?

With that realization, any notion of reconciliation faded. Sylvia had long accepted her feelings for Cyril

and her decision to move on—a decision that now struck her as a mere self-consolation, a realization

that Cyril was only now beginning to grapple with himself.

If only Cyril had been more observant, more willing to notice, he would have seen the truth. But it was clear to Sylvia that she had overthought things—Cyril had never truly cared for her, so her identity,

whether revealed or concealed, would have made no difference in the end.

“You know what your actions right now resemble? They’re like a form of self-deception,” Sylvia retorted. “You speak of compensating me, but have you ever asked if I want compensation? You say you owe me, yet from start to finish, you’ve never acknowledged your mistakes. Your supposed debt is nothing but an excuse for yourself. I don’t think there’s anything left to discuss between us.”

Chapte 108 Sell Consolation

Sylvia understood the real reason behind Cyril’s visit: his attempts at reconciliation were self-serving, spurred by a belated realization of the truth. But what could he rectify now? Had he been aware and willing to address the matters from the beginning, why would there be a need for such dramatic acts of

contrition now?

“I’m sorry for my debts to you over the years. I never intended for us to divorce. Marriage is for life, and since the day we wed, I never thought about ending it. If we had only been honest with each other...”

“Enough,” Sylvia cut him short. “If you wanted honesty, why didn’t you ever tell me about your relationship with Katrina? Maybe if you had, none of this would have happened.

Sylvia interrupted him, her voice firm and her face blank with disbelief at the absurdity of his words. According to him, he could do no wrong, which only compounded the injustice she suffered over the

years.

“Today’s party must have made it clear to you; everyone thought you were out of your league with me, and they were right. I will act as if I never heard what you just said. From now on, let’s act as if we don’t know each other. I won’t waste any more time on you or get entangled in any way,” Sylvia declared, resolute in

her decision.

She wanted nothing more to do with Cyril, fearing that any further engagement would only lead to her own suffering. Cyril, pale-faced and stunned, hadn’t expected such a definitive rejection from Sylvia.

“After today, make sure you keep your people in line. Don’t let them make a scene in front of me again,” Sylvia instructed coldly. “I put up with a lot in the past, and I’ve done nothing today only out of respect for what little we once shared. But if you push me, we are nothing.”

Sylvia’s final words hung heavy as she stepped into the car without looking back at Cyril. Her resolve was clear; she no longer wished to be part of his life. Cyril watched her drive away, a sensation of loss overwhelming the hurt inside. In the end, it was he who owed Sylvia.

Unfortunately for him, Sylvia was no longer willing to speak more than necessary, and his efforts today only served to sever their last ties. Whatever bond they had was now broken, all because he failed to see the missteps that had led them to this moment.

Released on May 10, 2024

## Chapter 109 Siblings Share the Stage

After a month of anticipation, Bark’s concert finally arrived. The day before, he announced a list featuring a mysterious guest, igniting curiosity as no one knew who it could be. It was the first time Bark teased the appearance of a surprise act, prompting speculation about whether it might be Sylvia or someone else.

Despite theories, the answer remained elusive—only the concert day would reveal the mysterious guest. Ticket sales for the sought-after concert sold out in under three minutes, a testament to Bark’s immense popularity.

On the day of the concert, the venue was filled to the brim with excited fans. When Bark, in full makeup, took the stage, cheers erupted. His appealing voice and striking looks—a trademark of the Ivan family—had fans screaming with delight.

Bark soaked in the adulation, performing five songs back-to-back, each one elevating the crowd’s energy

to a fever pitch.



“Last night, I posted a list with a special guest for today’s concert. I believe you are all aware that I have a sister, and unfortunately, there have been those who looked down on her with disdain and sullied her name with their thoughts,” Bark told the audience, asserting his sister’s innocence and hitting back at

slanderers.

In his world, his sister can do no wrong. It’s Cyril who’s made mistakes. So he has always been standing before his fans unabashedly, defending Sylvia.

Fans appreciated Bark’s loyalty. They empathized with his hurt over relationship rumors, which turned into praise for Sylvia once her kinship with Bark was revealed. Online criticism of Sylvia’s marriage to Cyril gradually flipped, suggesting that he had married above his station. The narrative had changed completely.

Cyril had endured online ridicule, but for him and Sylvia, these comments were inconsequential. They both seemed indifferent to the chatter.

“Okay, now that we’ve addressed that topic, let’s move on to something else,” Bark continued, calming the energetic crowd, ready to reveal the mysterious guest who everyone now suspected was Sylvia.

As the announcement approached, the crowd’s anticipation grew. What started as guesses was now almost a certainty—Sylvia was expected to join her brother on stage.

Before Bark could finish his introduction, the crowd erupted into thunderous chants of “Sylvia! Sylvia! Sylvia!” The audience had already guessed that Sylvia was the mysterious guest.

Taken aback by their reaction, Bark couldn’t help but laugh at their premature discovery. Since the cat

Meanwhile, those in the first row couldn’t help but cover their was out of the bag, he decided to go with is

ears amidst the fans’ overwhelming enthusiasm.

“Even though we all guessed Sylvia would be here, this crowd’s energy is something else! I feel like my ears are about to give in under the assault,” someone commented.

“I saw Sylvia’s outfit and styling for today, and, oh my, absolute perfection. I’m sure anyone would have

trouble moving on after loving eyes on her, another whispered with a knowing nod toward Duncan.

Everyone knew Duncan had a soft spot for Sylvie, so it was no surprise he showed up in his most debonair suit and perfectly groomed hair, ready to impress her. Miranda, Duncan's sister, didn't seem too keen on sustaining her brother's crush. Instead, she ribbed him, suggesting he might stand a better chance staying in Sylvia's friend zone than trying to woo her.

be

"to that really the support get from my own sister? Don't you realize how happy it would make you if I brought Sylvia home?" Duncan replied, exasperated at the lack of sisterly solidarity, despite being twins.

Ketty playfully wrapped an arm around Duncan's neck, jokingly tightening her grip when he protested her teasing. "Cut it out!" she warned. "Don't make things awkward between your sister and Sylvia, or else you'll have me to answer to."

"Quiet down, look, Sylvia's coming out now!" Catherine interrupted, bundled up as if to hide from sight, with sunglasses and a mask as though afraid to go unnoticed. People saw Catherine and, though unspoken, quickly shared photos online, sending social media into a frenzy.

As everyone turned their attention to the stage at Catherine's signal, they indeed saw Sylvia stepping out. Her appearance was nothing short of stunning. Naturally beautiful, with the poise and grace of someone groomed for the spotlight from a young age, she captured everyone's attention the moment she stood on

stage.

Sylvia was dressed in a long black gown that lent her a bewitching, glamorous aura.

Released on May 11, 2024

Chapter 110 Brother Sings, Sister Composes

Balk always carried himself with a carefree swagger in front of others, but when Sylvia appeared, his smile spoke volumes about how much he cherished his sister. His face lit up with happiness as Sylvia stepped forward, placing her hand in his. The siblings captured the audience's attention upon their entrance, with cheers and screams welcoming them.

The fans, once again, erupted with enthusiasm, certain that it had to be Sylvia coming today. The sight of Balk and Sylvia together stirred up excitement.

"I know you all are aware that my sister is the future head of our family," Balk announced, beaming with pride. "But this is the first concert I've hosted since revealing my identity, so of course, she's here to support me. The next song is my signature hit,

composed and written by my sister. Oh, and by the way, most of my songs are actually created by her. What can I say? I'm just lucky to have such a talented sis."

As he boasted about Sylvia, the audience couldn't help but be a bit envious of Balk. Anyone with a sister like Sylvia would be proud to show her off everywhere they went.

The people sitting in the front row rolled their eyes; they'd always known the Ivans cherished Sylvia immensely. However, they hadn't experienced such relentless boasting about her before.

They were also surprised to learn that many of Balk's songs had been crafted by Sylvia. It was quite the revelation. They'd always recognized Balk as a musical prodigy, but the idea that Sylvia could compose and write songs was a pleasant shock.

The excitement was palpable as the intro music started. Balk had reached the pinnacle of success from the moment he debuted, with his first song sweeping the charts. That track laid the foundation for his career, and subsequent albums and singles only elevated his stardom. Within just three years, he'd swept all the major awards, and by his fifth year, he'd secured his spot as the undisputed king of pop. And now, eight years into his career, his status was monumental.

But it turned out that most of the songs had been Sylvia's work all along. The Ivans siblings' combined brilliance left the audience in awe, with some fans even tearfully murmuring about the "duo of the century" -Sylvia composing and Balk singing was nothing short of a divine union.

"Imagine if Sylvia didn't take over the family business but instead debuted alongside Balk as a duo. Could they be even more successful?" Catherine pondered aloud, chin in hand, to her companion, Kelly,

Kelly raised an eyebrow and nodded in agreement. Both Sylvia and Balk were talented and capable. Even without relying on their family name, they could make waves in the entertainment industry.

"You know how formidable their family is," Kelly responded. "If Sylvia chose to join the entertainment

business instead of taking over the family business, I doubt we'd even hear about Balk. Knowing him, he'd gladly give up everything—the title of king of pop included—just to give the best to his sister."

Kelly's assessment was spot on, everyone thought. That's just how Balk was; he would undoubtedly give Sylvia the very best of what he had.

As Sylvia and Balk sang together, the atmosphere in the venue soared to new heights once more. Amidst the excitement and cheers, no one noticed a solitary figure sitting motionless in the stands, enveloped in

silence. That person was Cyril.

He must be crazy, he thought, for leaving behind a pile of work just to attend this concert. It was the first time he truly realized how multifaceted Sylvia's talents were. He had only seen her sharp, hurtful side after her divorce, and now he recognized her gifts ran deeper and were far mightier than he had imagined:

Not only was Sylvia graceful in song and dance, but she also had a talent for writing and composing. Standing there next to Balk on that stage, she looked as if she was born to be in the spotlight, a star meant to be adored by all.

The excitement among the audience grew; they shifted from shouting Balk's name to chanting Sylvia's. That's when Cyril understood that no matter where Sylvia was, she would always shine brightly. Regardless of her status or position, she had the power to be the most dazzling presence in any crowd.

Sadly, Cyril had been oblivious to this all along, never taking it seriously until now. Realizing his own outrageous oversight, he felt a pang of regret.

As the audience cheered, some noticed the peculiar man in the stands, not speaking, not even standing. They sneakily took pictures and posted them online, commenting on the one calm individual amongst the tumultuous enthusiasm for Balk's concert. Some speculated that he sat there heartbroken, as if deliberately seeking solace at the concert. Once netizens recognized the side profile, the whispers began, "Isn't that Cyril?"

On the same night when Sylvia and Balk created a historic onstage union, Cyril found himself at the concert venue, stirring up all sorts of wild theories amongst the internet crowd. Some said Cyril came seeking reconciliation, while others guessed he might regret the divorce from Sylvia.

Whatever the theories, it was certain that his presence at this event was likely related to a wounded heart.

Cyril was unaware of the online chatter. Seated in the stands, he didn't have the clearest view of the stage, but for some reason, he could see every gesture Sylvia made as if he were right beside her. Watching her shine so brightly on stage, Cyril could feel his heartbeat speeding up.

No one can resist the allure of someone who sparkles. Cyril admitted to himself that he had felt a certain fondness for Sylvia before, a feeling that had gradually worn away. But

now, as he watched her become the radiant focus of everyone's attention, he could sense that old affection slowly rekindling.