

After Divorce, She Becomes the Billionaire Heiress

(Sylvia and Cyril) Chapter 111-120

Released on May 11, 2024

Chapter 111 Humiliation

The sibling duo's performance on stage had everyone completely stunned and overflowing with joy. They all wished that Sylvia could join every concert of Blake's, but they knew that was a wishful thinking. Sylvia hadn't planned to come up and sing. It was Blake who insisted repeatedly.

With no other option, Sylvia agreed to come up and sing a couple of songs before stepping down. What she didn't expect was that her brother's fans would be so warm and enthusiastic that after hearing two songs, they even clamored for more.

So, the siblings sang two more songs, again harmonizing perfectly together. Even without any rehearsal and with just acapella, their connection was unmistakable. Those two songs, sung without any instrumental backing, sounded even more extraordinary sung by them.

Sylvia had crafted the lyrics and music specifically for Blake, elevating these classic songs to new heights with their shared rendition.

After finishing, Sylvia intended to leave the stage, ignoring the fans' calls for an encore, What kind of joke would it be to upstage her brother at his own concert?

Once Sylvia had left, some fans were still grumbling. They had adored Blake, but after Sylvia's spellbinding performance that evening, some were ready to switch idols. Suddenly, Blake seemed "just okay" in comparison. Despite being a global superstar, Sylvia's abilities as a songwriter, composer, and singer seemed just as impressive. They fancied that if Sylvia launched a singing career, she might even

outshine Blake.

In their excitement over Sylvia, the fans had forgotten Blake's own talent. Although Sylvia was the genius behind many of the songs, Blake had also created some masterpieces himself. Unfortunately, at the moment, the fans only had eyes for Sylvia, leaving no room for Blake.

But Blake wasn't upset. On the contrary, he was thrilled that his little sister was so well-loved by the fans. Seeing her welcomed so warmly as she left the stage made him truly happy for her.

"All right, all right," Blake said after Sylvia's exit, amusing the crowd. "Thank you for showing so much love for my sister. But let's not forget, she's the heir to our family

business. If she were to debut as a singer, who would run our company? We'd have to take to the streets!"

It was unusual for Blake to joke with the audience, but with Sylvia there, he was full of jest. The crowd was even more eager for Sylvia to stay on stage a bit longer.

They were used to a very different Blake—a bit grumpy with his biting wit, ready to snap at anyone who crossed his path. Only today did they see the softer side he showed towards Sylvia.

Having shared a light moment/the crowd looked forward to Blake's next set. But instead of continuing the concert, he teased them with news of something else.

"I'm sure you've noticed," Blake continued on stage, "apart from the unique performance we had today with a special guest, there's someone else who was invited to join us."

It was then that the fans suddenly remembered. Amidst the excitement of Sylvia's Impromptu

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performance, they had overlooked the official guest performer of the evening.

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The audience was fervently trying to recall who that invited guest was. Some were even scrolling through their phones, but people seated in the front row knew exactly what Blake had in mind for today.

"I knew it," Miranda chattered excitedly, rubbing her hands together. "Their whole family has a knack for surprises. After that resounding slap in the face to Cyril and his folks at the birthday bash, it looks like. Katrina's set to be the next 'star' of the show. Can't wait to see what happens!"

There was an air of anticipation among the crowd. Some fans, having checked their messages, already knew who the expected guest was, and frankly, were a bit resistant to the idea. Although they hadn't been at Sylvia's birthday party, they had seen enough online to know about the beef between Sylvia and Katrina.

And so, when Blake was about to announce the official guest, Katrina was nowhere near eager to take the stage. She feared it would be a spectacular embarrassment, vastly worse than the last time. The thought

alone was unbearable.

Blake didn't care if she was ready to face it or not; he turned stone-faced.

“How come the person who shamelessly insisted on coming to my concert won’t step up to the stage? Are you scared because of the wrong you did to my sister? Oh, I must be wrong. Surely someone who could shamelessly lure Cyril wouldn’t be afraid to show their face now!”

The crowd gasped upon hearing Blake’s words—were they really supposed to hear this?

Katrina, standing offstage, had gone pale. She hadn’t expected Blake to dishonor her publicly. Despite her international fame, why was she being treated like this?

“If I were you,” Blake continued, his tone ice–cold, “knowing my connection with Sylvia, I would’ve thought about paying off the penalty fee rather than showing up. You should’ve known that I wouldn’t let you leave here without facing consequences. Consider how you tormented my sister because you’re about to find out how payback feels.”

Blake’s message was crystal clear to everyone: this guest wasn’t invited for honor but for a very public

humiliation.

Katrina, close to tears, felt genuinely wronged now—not like earlier, when she had only been faking. She truly hadn’t known about Blake and Sylvia’s relationship, and upon discovering it, she did want to pull out of their agreement but couldn’t afford the astronomical compensation fee.

After all, she had begged to be part of this concert—it was not by Blake’s invitation. She had hoped to stick around and reap some benefits, but now it was impossible to stay.

Not only could she not stay, but her reputation was also about to go down the drain.

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Chapter 112 Selfishness

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When the fans realized that Katrina was the person scheduled to appear, their anger surged to its peak. Their affection for Blake also extended to Sylvia, and knowing the extent of her mistreatment, not a single person could sit still. They began chanting Katrina’s name, hurling insults at her.

Already uncertain about how to take the stage, Katrina was further bewildered by their chants. She stood there, biting her lip, wishing she could just turn and leave, but the thought of the exorbitant penalty fees she’d face left her stuck in place. If only she had never gotten involved in that mess.

“Seems like Katrina isn’t too keen on coming up here, but no matter, tell the legal department that she’s breached the contract. We’ll proceed according to the agreement,” Blake said, and the crowd understood. From the start, Blake had never intended to give Katrina a platform. All he wanted was to make her pay, in

a different sense.

Hearing his words, Katrina’s head spun, her knees gave out, and she collapsed to the floor. She couldn’t believe the man on stage, basking in the adoration of thousands under the spotlight, could speak such

frigid words.

He had said they’d follow the contract to the letter. Under those terms, she was ruined—she’d have to pay

an astronomical breach of contract penalty.

Katrina seethed with rage, pinning all blame on Sylvia. If it weren’t for Sylvia’s interference, none of this would have happened. All her woes, she was convinced, sprang from Sylvia. She wouldn’t let Sylvia get

off easily!

With gritted teeth, she resolved to face the situation head-on. She’d try to mitigate the disastrous financial penalty, deciding she had to step up, regardless of the cost.

Just as she was about to move, the next song started, completely different from the one she was supposed to join. Katrina turned pale, instantly realizing this was a targeted move against her. She didn’t get far before her own agent pulled her away, slapping her across the face.

“I thought you could be of some help, but you’ve only caused chaos,” her agent berated her. “Do you have any idea how much effort I put into connecting with Blake? And you ended up ruining it all!”

With her face swelling from the slap, Katrina turned incredulously to look at her agent, the person she had relied upon for smooth sailing throughout the years, never expecting he’d raise a hand against her.

“Don’t act so high and mighty,” he snapped. “The higher-ups have already given up on you. Just come abroad with me, but know that doing so means the end of your career. Start thinking about your next steps.

The agent spoke truly; he was thoroughly fed up with Katrina, who acted like a spoiled heiress, displaying arrogance without the talent to back it up, and getting into trouble at

every turn. Had it not been for certain backers, the agent would have washed his hands of her a long time ago. And now, after being abandoned by all, the last thing he intended to do was show her any kindness.

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With those final words, the agent left, showing no what Katrina was thinking or going through. Katrina, feeling lost and dejected, left the concert and stood outside, unsure of her next move.

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She knew that everything she had today was because Cyril had been supporting her. Without him, she'd never have made it this far. But with the agent revealing that her backer had dropped her, it was clear Cyril had given up on her.

"You can't stay in the country anymore. It's best you go abroad; it'll be beneficial for what comes next," Cyril said without watching the concert anymore. Sylvia had left the event, and he saw no reason to stay. He had come out, pondering other matters that needed resolution.

Tears streamed down Katrina's face as she saw Cyril. She stared at him intently, wanting to ask why he

was doing this to her, but the words were stuck in her throat.

"All the things you did to Sylvia could have been ignored if you just stayed abroad and never came back.

If you do return, I'll settle every new and old grievance with you," Cyril stated.

Katrina's tears fell uncontrollably as Cyril looked like a stranger to her—someone she had never known.

"What do you mean by new and old grievances? What have I done to Sylvia? I just sent some photos, and you knew about it but never stopped me. Now you want to pin this on me—you are truly disgusting. I'll tell

you, you're the most selfish person in the world!" Katrina said with bitter laughter. Everyone thought she

was wrong, overbearing.

But in her view, as excessive as her actions might have been, she was openly pursuing her own desires.

Cyril was different -he knew what he had done, yet he stood by and let everything happen without ever trying to help Sylvia. And now he was defending her in front of Katrina—what did that make of him and of

her?

“Did you realize you liked her after the divorce? What were you doing before that? She loved you so much, gave up everything to be by your side. She swallowed all the bitterness from the way others treated her. and now you feel indebted to her—what about before?” Katrina’s questions left Cyril speechless. His

sense of debt was now too late; the hurt he’d caused couldn’t be remedied even if he wanted to make

amends.

“What happens between me and her is our business, and it has nothing to do with you anymore. Perhaps.

you should spend your time figuring out how to survive abroad instead,” Cyril said, ready to leave. But as he turned to walk away, Katrina grabbed his sleeve, her hands trembling.

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Chapter 113 Dewitt Returns

“How could you never feel even the slightest bit for me after all these years?” Katrina stubbornly wanted to know. If Cyril had never felt anything for her, then all she had done was a cruel joke.

But Cyril didn’t respond, just pulling away from her grasp and walking faster, leaving her behind. His reaction spoke volumes to Katrina; from start to finish, he’d never had any feelings for her. Everything she felt was just a delusion.

Crushed, Katrina watched Cyril leave and then crumbled to the ground, succumbing to her tears. She had

lost everything—her career, her life was in ruins. Kneeling on the ground in tears, she looked back at the noisy concert arena and squinted her eyes. Fine, since Sylvia had taken everything from her, she wouldn’t let Sylvia off easily either.

She would make sure Sylvia suffered, even if everything Sylvia had was beyond Katrina's reach. She wouldn't let Sylvia go that easily.

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At the airport, as the plane landed, a man with golden hair walked out, pushing back his glasses and

stepping into the sunlight, his coat tailored perfectly to his frame. A handsome face that made women around him take pause. Many wanted to approach him, but they were held back by his untouchable aura.

Checking the time on his phone, he quickened his pace, expecting his older brother to be waiting outside. However, stepping out, he saw no familiar face, which puzzled him. That's when his phone rang; it was his

second brother, Blake.

"Sorry, Dewitt, I was supposed to pick you up, but something came up at the agency, and I had to run. Our

oldest said he arranged a driver for you; can you see them?"

Dewitt looked around, no assistant was in sight. It seemed his eldest brother had forgotten about his

return.

"Did you tell brother about my arrival today?" Dewitt asked on the phone.

"He already knew, didn't he? Why would I need to tell him?"

Silence fell between them as they both realized that neither had informed their eldest brother of Dewitt's

return.

"Never mind, I'll just grab a cab home. By the way, is our little sister at home?"

Dewitt worked in a lab abroad. Despite keeping a low profile, his reputation was widely known internationally. He decided to return home upon hearing that his family was gathered and to take a break from his overseas endeavors.

Besides resting, he planned to open a lab in his homeland. The foreign lab was great, but not his own, and he faced too many restrictions. He desired to do more, hence his decision to develop his career back home.

It seemed that only Blake among his family members knew of his return. Rather than notifying the others,

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Dewitt decided to take a cab. En route, his phone suddenly rang, and the number on the screen brought a soft smile to his face—he was aware of the situation between Cyril and Sylvia.

Even though Cyril was unaware of their connection, Dewitt would still entertain him for Sylvia's sake.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, Mr. Dewitt. I know you're busy with your experiments, but I have a request I hope you can fulfill. My sister has been in a car accident, and the doctors are saying they can't save her hand. I hope you can come and operate on her. As for the price, just name it, and I'll pay whatever you ask," came Cyril's anxious voice from the other end of the phone. Dewitt paused for a moment. Cyril's sister would be his sister-in-law, so if that was the case, he felt it was within his capacity to help.

"I just landed back in the country. Send me the address, and I'll come right over," Dewitt replied.

"Thank you."

After hanging up, Cyril promptly sent the hospital's address to Dewitt. Without hesitation, Dewitt caught a cab and headed to the hospital.

Arriving at the hospital, Cyril was already waiting at the entrance. He quickly led Dewitt inside while explaining the situation. Bonnie had been involved in an accident that day, and someone had intentionally rammed into her car on the overpass, causing her to lose consciousness instantly.

Now in the hospital, a delay in her arrival meant her right hand could potentially be left with lifelong disabilities. However, with Dewitt's help, perhaps that wouldn't be the case.

Dewitt nodded after hearing the details, and with a slight push of his glasses, he said, "Don't worry. I'll go.

and operate on her right aw

The delay isn't too long, and the surgery is just a bit more intricate, meaning it might be more troublesome. A normal surgeon probably couldn't handle it."

Though Dewitt had primarily been working in the lab in recent years, he had also established himself as a genius doctor. His surgical skills were exceptional, but not many had the clout to call upon him to operate, so his reputation as a surgeon wasn't widely known.

Cyril knew of Dewitt because a few years back, after his own accident, it was Dewitt who had performed surgery and saved his legs. They kept in touch, and this time after some hesitation, Cyril decided to reach

out to Dewitt.

After a brief exchange with Cyril, Dewitt entered the operating room, arranged by Cyril, ready to begin the

procedure.

Jonathan arrived a bit later, just as Dewitt was entering the OR. "How's it going? You said you got a

reliable doctor; where is he?"

"He's already inside. The doctor is the same one who operated on me that day. He happened to be

returning to the country today and came straight here," Cyril explained.

Jonathan was well aware of Cyril's past ordeal and understood that having that doctor's assistance was invaluable. Relieved, he exhaled deeply, content that as long as Bonnie was in good hands, all would be Exwell.

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Chapter 114 Check the Net!

The surgery lasted a grueling eight hours. Dewitt had just returned from a long-haul flight when he was whisked into the marathon operation, leaving him visibly drained as he emerged from the OR with a pale

complexion.

"How are you feeling?" Cyril initially wanted to inquire about his sister's condition but seeing Dewitt's pallor, he immediately shifted his concern onto him, Dewitt smiled weakly but assured him he was fine.

“Rest easy, I’m alright, and your sister will be okay too. She’ll need to recuperate peacefully for a while, and the doctors here can handle her aftercare. I’ll be heading back now, but if you need anything else, feel

free to give me a call.”

With a friendly smile to Cyril, Dewitt said his goodbyes and prepared to leave. Cyril wanted to show his

gratitude to Dewitt, perhaps invite him for a meal, but seeing Dewitt’s exhaustion, he decided to wait until

Dewitt had adequately recovered.

After the whole ordeal, it was already nighttime when Dewitt finally arrived home. The family was all there, except for him.

“You’ve got to be kidding, where have you been all afternoon? The big guy was about to send out a search

party for you,” Blake scolded his younger brother with affection, looping an arm around Dewitt’s neck and ushering him to sit down.

Despite his fatigue, Dewitt was elated to see his family, especially his sister Sylvia, whom he had not seen in years. Ignoring Blake’s chatter, he gently removed Blake’s hand from his shoulder and walked over to Sylvia, embracing her tightly.

“It’s good to see you’re doing well,” he said warmly.

When Sylvia had gotten married, Dewitt was abroad. Although he had operated on Cyril and knew he was

a good man, Dewitt had been reluctant about their marriage but had respected Sylvia’s decision. Now, seeing her happy back at home brought him joy, and Sylvia was thrilled to be reunited with her brother

after so long.

“Where’d you get to this afternoon? I’ve been trying to call you,” Sylvia asked curiously. Knowing of her

third brother’s return, she had immediately tried calling him, but every call went unanswered, and she had

no idea what Dewitt had been up to.

Dewitt felt a bit embarrassed, as it seemed that no one had informed Sylvia of his arrival, intending it to be a little surprise for her.

“This afternoon, I was performing a surgery, so it’s normal that you wouldn’t know I was back. Don’t worry about me, I’m fine. Oh, by the way, do you want to go see your sister-in-law about the accident?” Dewitt suddenly remembered to inform Sylvia about Bonnie’s situation.

But as he finished speaking, the whole family fell silent, surprised by the mention of Sylvia’s sister-in-law. They all looked to Stanford, knowing if Sylvia did have a sister-in-law, it had to be connected to him

somehow.

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“Why are you all looking at me?” Stanford protested. “As far as I’m aware, our mother only had you three kids; there’s no one else, so don’t jump to conclusions.”

“It’s not our fault for being confused,” Balk retorted. “We just don’t know where this ‘sister’ came from.”

Dewitt explained to his confused family, “I was talking about Cyril’s sister. She was involved in a car accident today, and I performed surgery on her, which is why I was delayed. Since you were related to him, shouldn’t you visit her to see how she’s doing?”

In Dewitt’s view, Sylvia, having been part of the family, should naturally want to check on Bonnie. But the mention of Bonnie caused a collective sour expression, especially from Bruce, who typically mastered the art of hiding his emotions in his role overseeing the family business.

“You performed surgery?” Sylvia was unaware of Bonnie’s accident, and Dewitt’s involvement was news

to her.

Sensing that something was amiss, Dewitt grew anxious. “Yes, a few years back, I did surgery on Cyril, so when he called asking for help, I had just landed and went straight there. Did I do something wrong?”

Sylvia opened her mouth to reassure her brother that he hadn’t erred, but she remembered that as she and Cyril were divorced, there was no obligation for Dewitt to perform the surgery.

“Bruce, didn’t you have internet access in the lab?” Balk’s vexation with Dewitt was evident. He always knew Dewitt was laser-focused on his experiments, often to the exclusion of all else.

“Do I need the internet for something?” Dewitt was genuinely perplexed; his long research hours left little time for browsing online.

Bruce approached and patted Dewitt on the shoulder, “Since you’re back, you should go online and catch up with what happened.”

Their insistence made Dewitt sense that he had missed something significant. He immediately pulled out his phone and Googled Cyril’s name. Numerous articles about the divorce between Cyril and Sylvia filled the screen. Dewitt scanned the headlines, shocked at the news of their separation.

With eyes wide in disbelief, it dawned on him that he had been out of the loop for so long. Now that Cyril and Sylvia were no longer together, why he had agreed to operate on Bonnie at all!

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Chapter 115 A Drastic Measure

After reading the news online, Dewitt’s face instantly took on a look of extreme difficulty. Digging a scalpel out of his pocket, he unconsciously began fiddling with it, sending the entire family into a state of

shock.

“What are you doing, Dewitt’s?” Sylvia asked, noticing the scalpel in his hand and sensing something awry. Why had he taken out a scalpel? More importantly, why did he carry one around all the time, even on a plane?

Realizing the gravity of what he held, Dewitt set the scalpel on the table and addressed his family, “Would it be okay if I just ruined Cyril’s legs and dismantled Bonnie’s arm?” After all, he had been the one to fix Cyril’s legs and Bonnie’s arm in the past, so taking them back shouldn’t be problematic, right?

The family was speechless, so they all looked to Sylvia, waiting for her reaction. She sighed, “I have no connection to them anymore; there’s no need for you to do this. I know you’re hurting for me, but these actions won’t do any good.”

Despite feeling irked that Dewitt had operated on Bonnie, Sylvia didn’t want to linger on the past. She had severed ties with Cyril and was ready to let the matter rest as charity.

Yet Dewitt was adamant, “Given all that Bonnie and Cyril’s inaction have done over the years, I won’t let them off the hook so easily. Rest assured, sis, I’ll make things right for you. He was hit by a car, right? And his arm is supposed to recover? Well, not if I have anything to say about it!”

Though Dewitt was a doctor and engaged in medical research for the good of humanity, he wasn’t someone to mess with. In fact, his temperament was a bit extreme, and when provoked, he wouldn’t stop

until he’d made his point. If he said he was going to get even with Cyril and Bonnie, there was no doubt

they were in for it. After all, it’s never wise to offend a doctor, for sooner or later, you might find yourself at their mercy.

Fuming more and more, Dewitt couldn’t stomach that in trying to help Sylvia, he ended up aiding Cyril, whom he considered despicable in his treatment of her. And so, Dewitt resolved that today was the day he’d ruin his work on Bonnie’s arm.

As he got up and hastened outside without even having dinner, his family realized something was seriously wrong. They rushed to stop him but were sternly rebuffed.

“There’s no need for any of you to follow me. I know what needs to be done, and I won’t cause any trouble for you. I just intend to take back what I’ve done,” Dewitt declared with earnestness.

Bruce grabbed his hand tightly, unable to believe what he was hearing. Not cause any trouble? Dewitt talked about taking back what he’d given—those were limbs, legs, and arms. If he actually took those back, wouldn’t that be causing a major commotion?

As Dewitt’s family tried to stop him, his phone rang. With some irritation, he checked and found it was Cyril calling. The timing of the call was bitterly ironic, interrupting just as Dewitt’s anger reached a fever pitch.

“Mr. Dewitt, I’m truly grateful for what you’ve done for my sister. The doctors have said the operation was

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a success, and she should recover fully with some rest. When you have time, I’d like to take you out for a meal to express my gratitude for saving her, now and in the past.”

“No need,” Dewitt replied coldly. “If you really want to thank me for saving your lives, then ju your leg and your sister’s arm. I regret saving you both.”

just give me

Cyril was taken aback by the harsh contrast from the Dewitt he knew. "Mr. Dewitt, is there some misunderstanding between us? Before this, we-

"There's no misunderstanding. I saved you because my sister asked me to, and now, I helped you because of her as well. Now that you and she have no relationship and your family has treated her so badly, do you really think there's any misunderstanding? Sorry, but there's none. Either you can send me the limbs, or I will come and take them myself."

The threat left Cyril stunned. Only after Dewitt hung up did Cyril realize that Dewitt was Sylvia's brother and that it was she who'd asked Dewitt to save him when everyone believed his legs were beyond hope.

His mind reeled, never having known the extent of what Sylvia had done for him, and he could understand why Dewitt was so furious. If the roles were reversed, he would probably be more enraged than Dewitt

was now.

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"You have one day to consider, and I hope you'll give me a satisfactory answer tomorrow. If not, once I'm

over the jet lag, you can expect my retribution."

After Dewitt ended the call without giving Cyril a chance to respond, the family was left sighing in

disbelief.

"Sis is right, let's just consider this charity," Bruce admitted. "If we've cut ties with Cyril, his fate doesn't concern us; with all the things he's done, he'll face karma sooner or later."

Bruce had not anticipated Dewitt's stance, and now Dewitt seemed resolved to exact revenge by taking Cyril and Bonnie's limbs.

Dewitt looked firmly at Bruce. "Future karma is in the future. I demand they pay now. Since they've wronged my sister, it's not weird for me, as her brother, to seek revenge, right?"

Weird, no. But his idea of revenge seemed almost equivalent to taking their lives.

Sylvia remained silent as her phone suddenly rang, capturing the room's attention. She hesitated at seeing Cyril calling but decided to answer, considering the recent altercation.

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Chapter 116 Why Didn't You Tell Me?

After Sylvia had divorced Cyril, she had blocked his number, determined to cut all ties with him. However, as there was still a business cooperation between their companies, Cyril found a way to circumvent the block and contact her directly. Sylvia suspected that Cyril had called her from the number she knew well, thinking that perhaps he was desperate or concerned that she would not pick up a call from an unknown

number.

Upon answering the call, her voice chilled, "What do you want?"

"I've just spoken with Mr. Dewitt, and he told me he is your brother. Is this true?" Cyril's voice sounded urgent, clearly shaken by what Dewitt told him earlier, prompting him to call and verify the truth.

Sylvia remained silent, listening to his question, and suddenly found his ignorance slightly amusing. Why should she tell him? Why was it any of his business who her brother was, and why was he even calling? Was he questioning her?

"Don't assume I don't know what you're thinking. Why didn't you tell me about this? And that your brother saved me; you knew all along. I've always been grateful to the person who saved me, but why didn't you say it was you?"

Cyril couldn't place his feelings, shocked upon realizing the relationship between Dewitt and Sylvia while on the phone with Dewitt. It illuminated why Dewitt had been the surgeon to save him, despite it seeming impossible to have Dewitt called at that time. Who else but Sylvia would have the power to ask him to save Cyril's life?

"Mr. Cyril, you seem to have misunderstood something. First of all, it wasn't me who operated on you, so I'm not the person you should be thanking. If you insist on

expressing gratitude, thank my brother instead. The only reason he saved you was to repay a debt of rescue, which I have now repaid, so there is nothing between us anymore. If my brother had known we were no longer related, he would never have come.”

Sylvia’s voice was calm as she clarified the past to Cyril, leaving him with a bitter taste. He realized that Sylvia’s words implied she no longer wished to be entangled with him in any way. But how could he act as if these events never happened? If it weren’t for Sylvia, he wouldn’t even be able to walk. He owed her far too much, yet she wanted none of it to do with him.

What Cyril couldn’t understand was Sylvia’s mention of having rescued him once, when he had no memory of such an event.

Cyril was genuinely troubled. “You just mentioned I owed you a debt previously, but I have no recollection of it. Could you tell me what happened? No matter what, I am indebted to you and would like to express my gratitude.”

Sylvia heard the stirring of guilt in his voice. He seemed earnest in his desire to offer thanks, regardless of the state of their relationship. Yet when she remained silent after his request, she wondered if there was any point in dredging up the past. It seemed meaningless to do so.

‘There’s no need to dwell on it,” Sylvia finally replied. “What happened is in the past. Consider it as if it never occurred. There’s no need to thank me either; let’s just stop here.”

Chapter 116 Why Didn’t You Tell Me?!

“But it won’t stop here,” Cyril Insisted. “You should tell me, and regardless of what you said today, I will

remember it...”

Before Cyril could continue, Sylvia cut the call short, not interested in indulging his rambling. Hanging up the phone, the family looked at her with a hint of oddness in their eyes.

“I thought you had cut off all contact with him. I didn’t expect you to take his call.”

“It was a call to the company line,” Sylvia said, annoyed. “If I didn’t answer, he would keep calling; it’s just less trouble this way.”

Sylvia was internally vexed. Answering the call meant she might need to work out a way to permanently dodge Cyril in the future to avoid getting entangled again and facing further headaches.

The family resumed their meal quietly, enjoying dinner despite Dewitt's unease. He was particularly uncomfortable after inadvertently aiding someone who had wronged his sister. "Why didn't you guys tell me about this earlier? Don't you know I'm upset? I won't be able to sleep tonight. I have to get rid of that arm; otherwise, I won't be able to rest."

Dewitt was now fixated on the idea of removing the arm he had repaired, repulsed by the thought of his work being used for someone antithetical to his sister. He had intended to help her, not someone else, and the realization was gnawing at him.

"Who's to blame for this?" Balk replied agitatedly. "If you had kept up with the news, you'd know. I thought you rushed back after seeing what was happening online, but it turns out you were clueless. So what exactly brought you

back

Indeed, the family was still in the dark about his reasons for returning.

"I came back to work here," Dewitt explained. "I was uncomfortable in the lab abroad, so I'm planning to set up my own here. Since Sylvia is working on artificial intelligence, I thought maybe I could integrate my medical expertise with AI."

That was something many people were seeking online, and he hoped this might be a way to assist Sylvia.

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Chapter 117 How to Repay What's Owed to Her

After all his adventures abroad, Dewitt had no idea about the storms of drama that had raged at home. When his sister Sylvia playfully chided him for being too engrossed in his work to take her feelings into account, Dewitt was taken aback, his cheeks turning a shade of red.

"Sylvia, honey, I swear I'm back this time to set things right. They've crossed the line," he firmly told his sister, who couldn't help but laugh at his earnestness.

"Now, Dewitt, don't sweat it! You've been super busy, and the surgery was practically a charity act for their family—it's no biggie," Sylvia said, brushing off the incident with her characteristic grace.

But Dewitt couldn't let it go. "Charity? That implies there's something in return. We got nothing but grief from them, and I'm not letting them off the hook this easily. Trust your big brother; I've got this covered."

Everyone else exchanged wary glances. They trust just about anyone over Dewitt—he's the type to go to lengths when wronged. Bruce felt compelled to remind him, "You're representing the Ivans family and your sister here, man. Try not to go overboard."

Dewitt brushed off the concern. "I can handle this, really. Just sit back and leave it to me."

His insistence only raised their anxiety. Letting Dewitt loose was often asking for trouble, but holding him

back might be worse.

Meanwhile, Cyril, having just been hung up on, sat in a daze outside the hospital room without the will to step in. He was overwhelmed, trying to wrap his head around Sylvia's casual dismissal of the situation and the fact that Dewitt, the renowned scientist, was her brother.

Jonathan joined Cyril shortly after, equally concerned to see him so out of sorts, especially since it was Bonnie who had been hurt. "I called Sylvia, and... she's willing to let everything slide. Did you know? Dewitt

is her big brother."

Cyril raised his head, looking completely lost. "You're kidding me, right?" Jonathan was taken aback. The truth was undeniable—the Ivans owed Sylvia too much.

"How could that be? Dewitt's been overseas all these years. If he were her brother, why didn't he come back earlier? And why would he perform surgery on Bonnie, given the Ivans' attitude toward you?"

Cyril's disbelief mirrored the shock anyone would feel when the veils of the past were lifted, revealing the

debts of the heart that were long overdue.

Jonathan was at a loss, knowing that each of Sylvia's brothers was more formidable than the last, especially Dewitt. If Dewitt was indeed her brother, why would he choose today of all days to perform the

surgery?

Cyril's bitter smile said it all. "I called to thank him, you know. Invited him to dinner. But Dewitt refused my thanks and—would you believe it—he said he might as well take back the limbs he fixed!"

It dawned on Cyril that Dewitt had only now realized that his relationship with Sylvia wasn't what it used to be and that she had faced unfairness. He was certain Dewitt's harsh words and actions were all for

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Sylvia's sake.

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Jonathan's attempt at comfort was cut short by Cyril's acknowledgment of his own misdoings. "It's my fault. His anger is justified."

What could Cyril do? He could only accept the situation as it was.

"You know, Jonathan," Cyril pondered aloud, "how do I even start to repay what I owe? Sylvia always talks about repaying me for saving her life, but I can't remember doing anything for her. And now she wants to repay me when it's clear that I owe her so much more."

As an observer, Jonathan could see the shift in Sylvia's feelings toward Cyril and Cyril's emotional rollercoaster in response to Sylvia.

"I don't know how you plan to repay your debts, but one thing is clear—you can't measure who owes who anymore. Maybe you should just talk to Sylvia, be honest. She'd understand."

"There's no need to console me," Cyril replied, head bowed. "Do you think I don't know how Sylvia feels?"

She won't forgive me again. And truly, I owe her more than I can ever repay.

For the first time, Cyril acknowledged he had wronged Sylvia, admitting that he shouldn't have neglected her at home to face his family's mistreatment alone. He'd underestimated her once, but had told his

family plainly that divorce was out of the question after marrying Sylvia.

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Chapter 118 Too Late to Stop Him

As Cyril reflected on the past years, he felt an overwhelming sadness. He sighed, realizing that if he wanted to make amends, he'd have to try his best, but whether Sylvia would accept his efforts was another matter entirely.

Following Bonnie's accident, Cyril had intended to be by her side, but the revelation about Dewitt had changed everything. Now, he couldn't bring himself to care for Bonnie, who had to face the consequences of her own actions.

When Michelle arrived at the hospital, she found Bonnie furiously lashing out in her room, slamming

things onto the table in a rage.

"Why? Why won't my brother help me? He says I owe someone a favor, but I've never asked him for

anything!"

Bonnie was upset, expecting leniency from her brother after her mishap. Yet, he seemed indifferent to her plight, even believing she was indebted to others. No one had begged Dewitt to operate on her.

"Enough already! Do you realize how renowned the surgeon who operated on you is? Your brother's legs were saved by him. If it weren't for him, do you think you could sit here and throw a tantrum?"

Michelle was furious. Her daughter was severely injured, and her son seemed to abandon them—although he had stayed during the surgery, he had been absent since. Bonnie was still Cyril's sister; he should at

least show some concern.

After Michelle's scolding, Bonnie felt wronged and confused.

"Mom, are you blaming me? I didn't want any of this to happen. The accident was just that—an accident. Why won't my brother talk to me anymore? The way he looked at me today, it's like I did something wrong.

"Let it be. Don't worry about what your brother thinks. You should feel lucky to have had such a skilled doctor operate on you. Your brother has his hands full with the company lately, and I'll find a nurse to care for you. I'm going to see what he's so busy with at the office."

Michelle was exhausted. Her daughter was acting out like a shrew when she should be resting and recovering peacefully. Why was Bonnie so intent on seeing Cyril?

Cyril's work was demanding enough without adding family drama, though he was reluctant to say so. The

company was his main priority.

Bonnie, realizing the futility of arguing, fell silent. She knew she was supposed to go.
if it weren't

for the accident, she would've been long gone by now.

After a brief talk, Michelle left for the office to find Cyril, who was still avoiding her calls—likely over their argument about Sylvia.

ly still upset

Michelle didn't feel she had done anything wrong. Sylvia had spent a lot of money to marry her son- wasn't she after something? And now, even after the divorce, Cyril was angry with her because of Sylvia.

Chapter 118 Too Late to Stop Him

Her son had lost all perspective.

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Forsaking another call, Michelle headed straight to the company to confront Cyril. Little did she know that shortly after she left the hospital room, a new figure slipped in—it was none other than Dewitt.

Bonnie didn't recognize Dewitt when he entered the room dressed in a white lab coat. Assuming he was a doctor from the hospital, and frustrated from the scolding she just received from Michelle, Bonnie directed her anger towards Dewitt.

"My arm is killing me! You people said you'd give me pain meds. Why haven't I received anything? Is this hospital planning to shut down or what?" she snapped at him.

Dewitt looked at her with disdain. "Foolish girl, don't you realize I'm the one who saved your life? If you want to keep that arm, you better start showing some respect. Keep up this pointless chatter, and I might just take that arm off!"

Dewitt had come only to check on this person he had never met before, only to discover she was nothing

but trouble.

Bonnie, stunned by his threat, quickly turned even angrier. "It's all because of you! My brother called and said he wouldn't come to see me because of you, pushing me to recover and then leave the country. Why should I go? You don't believe my arm will heal? Go ahead, try to remove it. Let's see if you can walk out of here unscathed. My brother wouldn't let you off the hook!"

“Using your brother to threaten me, how unfortunate for you. Those legs of his were saved by me as well. I take your arm off today, and I might as well ruin his legs too. Both of you are worthless!” Dewitt advanced step by step, and Bonnie, who had never been threatened this way before, began to feel a sudden wave of

fear.

She trembled, seeing his hand reach out towards her. “What are you doing? What do you want? Don’t you

believe I’ll call for help?”

“Go ahead, call. Scream. Let’s see if anyone will bother to help you,” Dewitt sneered. The hospital was partially owned by his company, so he could do whatever he pleased without interference, and this time, he had come alone, unnoticed. He was all set to disassemble her arm without causing a stir.

“Ah!!!”

Sylvia rushed to the hospital room as soon as she heard the news, but it was too late; she couldn’t stop

Dewitt in time.

Arriving at the room, she saw Dewitt walk out calmly, wiping his hands nonchalantly as if nothing had happened. But Sylvia knew her brother all too well; that expression meant he had definitely taken Bonnie’s

arm off.

Bonnie’s scream had echoed throughout the entire floor. Sylvia, having run towards the source of the noise as fast as she could, was still just one step too late.

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Chapter 119 Once Expected

“Sister, surely you don’t blame me for doing something terrible, do you? I just wanted to teach her a lesson. If she heals properly, she can still use her arm... just not as nimbly as before,” Dewitt said with a gentle smile, which oddly seemed like a devil’s whisper.

Sylvia knew she was too late. She had been keeping tabs on Dewitt for days, fearing he might do something drastic. Now that it had indeed happened, she didn’t know what to say.

*So, are you planning to remove Cyril’s legs next?”

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“Of course,” Dewitt replied. “I healed Cyril’s legs back then, and now it’s time I take them back. Since he treated you poorly, I will not let him off. When I operated on him, he vowed to never let down his wife. And since he has wronged you, why should I keep my promise? Clearly, he hasn’t kept his.”

This was Dewitt’s greatest source of anger. When he first operated on Cyril, Cyril was unaware of Dewitt’s relation to Sylvia and had quietly mentioned being good to his wife. But looking at how things turned out, Dewitt felt betrayed.

Sylvia was at a loss, her brother, once an angel clad in white, now more akin to a demon claiming souls.

“But I’ve already said I’d put the past behind us, to consider it my repayment for him saving my life. You

know that...”

“What sort of repayment have you not already made? Marrying him, withstanding his family’s

mistreatment he owes you much more than you owe him. Besides, your debt is with Cyril. What does

Bonnie have to do with it?”

Dewitt had no interest in Sylvia’s explanations; his mind was made up, and nothing could be undone.

“What are you two doing?”

Cyril approached, carrying a box. Upon seeing Sylvia and Dewitt arguing at the door, he was puzzled about their quarrel.

Dewitt’s mood soured when he saw Cyril, and he suddenly wielded a scalpel, advancing towards Cyril. Sylvia, plagued with a headache, quickly stepped in to stop

Dewitt.

“I apologize; we were wrong today. I promise to make this up to you, but let’s leave it at that for now.

We’re going.”

Although enraged, Dewitt hesitated, not wanting to hurt Sylvia with the scalpel in his hand or make her lose face. Reluctantly, he packed up his things and left with Sylvia.

However, as he passed Cyril, Dewitt shot him a dark look filled with warning.

“Today you’re lucky, but remember, your luck won’t last forever!”

Chilled by Dewitt’s words, Cyril rushed into Bonnie’s room and was met by her wails of pain, sobbing

bitterly.

He promptly pressed the call button for help.

Chapter 110 Orice Expected

Bonnie cried out to her brother, “It’s all because of that ‘great’ doctor you recommended. Look what he did to my arm; he threatened to take your legs too. What kind of doctor does this? Why did he do this to me after performing surgery? I want him to pay, Brother, you can’t just let this go!”

Cyril looked at Bonnie with a stoic expression, feeling that the sister he knew had become a stranger to

him.

“Why did you have to do these things? Dewitt is not unreasonable by nature. It was your actions that

provoked him. I told you to behave, I told you to go abroad, and you didn’t listen. Who do you think is to blame for what happened?”

“Are you even my brother? Look at the state I’m in! You’re defending him instead of me. He took off my arm. If he knew how to perform surgery, why would he do this?”

“He operated on you for Sylvia’s sake and yours. I want to know the truth about what led to this.”

When Cyril and Sylvia were about to get married, Sylvia unexpectedly said she no longer wanted a wedding. At the time, Cyril thought Sylvia was blaming him for changing their plans so suddenly. Returning to their marital home recently, he found fragments of a wedding dress—a dress Sylvia had designed and made herself, only for it to be destroyed by Bonnie. That was the real reason Sylvia called off the wedding—a truth that Cyril had been oblivious to until now.

Realizing that her brother had discovered the truth, Bonnie went pale and began to cry.

“Cyril, what are you implying? yo

want to marry you!”

think this has something to do with me? But she was the one who didn’t

With her excuse hanging in the air, Cyril slapped Bonnie across the face.

“Didn’t I always say, when I married her, that I’d never even consider a divorce? But what have you all done to her over the years? You think I’m unaware? Bonnie, no matter the state of your arm, you’re out.

Don’t ever come back.”

Cyril was done caring about the troubles Bonnie might have faced abroad. She had made her own choices, and now, she had to face the consequences alone.

Growing up, Cyril was raised by his maternal grandparents, while Bonnie was raised with Michelle, resulting in very different upbringings and personalities. Their sibling bond was tenuous at best, and Cyril felt little affection; even if Bonnie met her end abroad, he suspected he would feel hardly any reaction at

all.

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Chapter 120 Why Are You Here?

Bonnie was genuinely terrified. Without anyone to look after her abroad, how long could she survive, especially after stirring up such trouble without informing her family? Why else would she have returned to her home country?

“You can’t just send me abroad. Mom won’t allow it. I’ve just managed to come back; there’s no way I’m leaving again. Are you trying to keep the family wealth to yourself? I’ll have you know I’m Mom’s child too. Whatever you have, I have a share in it!”

After hearing these words, any last shred of pity Cyril had for Bonnie vanished. He looked down at his sister with a sudden, cold laugh.

“Do you honestly think you have any claim to these things? I’ll have you know the company was bankrupt when I took over. It cost me a fortune to buy it out. The company is mine now, as is the money. I gave you what I did purely because we share blood. Without that, do you think you’d have the audacity to stand before me and make demands?”

Cyril was ready to cut ties even with his own mother if only it weren't for the potential market repercussions and the stability of his company.

"Bonnie, do not test my patience any further. It's limited. If you're unwilling to leave on your own terms, then don't blame me for being ruthless."

Cyril would likely have let Bonnie leave without further ado if she did so quietly. But if she continued to defy him, she'd have no one else to blame for the consequences.

Realization washed over Bonnie's pale face; Cyril was dead serious. If she didn't comply, he wouldn't hesitate to act against her.

"And as for your arm, you brought it upon yourself."

After these final words, Cyril turned and left without another glance.

It seemed he only came to see if Bonnie was still alive; beyond that, she was of no concern to him.

Alone and shaking, Bonnie waited until Cyril had left the room before desperately grabbing her phone to call Michelle, only to find the line unreachable. Fear gripped her as she imagined being left to fend for

herself.

Exiting the hospital room, Cyril immediately went looking for Sylvia. He needed to clear up misunderstandings and reveal the truth about the past.

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As he stepped outside, he saw Sylvia and Dewitt talking in the garden, seemingly at an impasse. Hesitating briefly, Cyril decided to approach them and speak his mind.

"You really went too far today. Didn't we agree already? To consider this a charitable act. There was no need for what you did, and Bonnie and I don't have such big conflicts," Sylvia said, clearly upset.

"Whether there's a conflict or not isn't for you to say. I act on what I see. If you hadn't shown up today, I would never have let Cyril off the hook so easily. After how he treated you, you still speak for him. That life

Chapter 120 Why Are You He

-saving debt should have been settled long ago!"

"Dewitt..."

“Have you been blaming yourself all these years because you think our father died trying to save you? I’ve Investigated, Sylvio. The incident with our father was an accident. You were at risk, and while saving his own son, he happened to save you too. Even if you hadn’t been there, he would have died trying to save

his son!

You don’t need to carry this burden. You’ve done enough, been kind to him, wanting to repay that debt. You saved him five years ago on that yacht; you’re the one who called me to perform the surgery. I did the surgery, but you know how he’s treated you since then, don’t you?”

Dewitt had always been indulgent with Sylvia, but when she was hurt, his indulgence turned into a lethal weapon—not aimed at Sylvia, but certainly at Cyril.

Cyril, nearing them just in time to hear their conversation, was stunned. His father had died when he was ten, saving him and a little girl—an act Cyril always believed was mainly for his sake, but he never knew that little girl was Sylvia. And the yacht incident five years ago, which he suspected might have been Sylvia but was told it was Karina.

Now, he realized how foolish he’d been.

His mind buzzed, unsure of what to say, when Dewitt noticed him and roared furiously, “Why are you here? What are you doing here? Do you want to hurt my sister again?”

“I’m sorry…” was all Cyril could manage to say.

Indeed, his father had saved Sylvia by chance, but Sylvia had more than repaid the debt with her actions. Yet, Cyril had hurt her time and again.

Hearing Cyril’s apology and seeing his expression, Sylvia paused. She didn’t need his guilt. All she’d done was to ease her conscience, knowing well that she was only saved incidentally. That incidental rescue granted her the life she led now, and she was grateful to Cyril. She’d wanted to repay him, but along the way, that debt of gratitude had turned into love. Now, she was disappointed.

“There’s nothing more between us. You don’t need to say these things,” Sylvia said firmly, straightening her posture. The past was past, the debts paid, and it was time for them to walk separate paths without any further contact.

But upon hearing Sylvia’s dismissal, Cyril panicked. It wasn’t supposed to be like this!