

After Divorce, She Becomes the Billionaire Heiress

(Sylvia and Cyril) Chapter 131-140

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Chapter 131: Is She Crazy?

For a moment there, Sylvia couldn't help but wonder if Karina was losing her marbles. Their relationship was already on shaky ground to begin with.

Plus, hadn't they covered all this ground before? They had made themselves clear. So, what was the point of continuing this conversation today?

"I think there's really nothing left for us to discuss. Instead of coming to me to rehash old topics, have you thought about how to quickly get out of this mess? Being embroiled in scandals isn't exactly great for your career as an actress. It's practically torpedoed your future, hasn't it?"

For a long time, their relationship had been akin to that of enemies. So, when they spoke, it was like wielding sharp knives, piercing each other's soft spots.

After Sylvia finished speaking, Karina noticeably fell silent, her expression turning sour. But being in a professional setting, there were things she couldn't say, which ended up working in Sylvia's favor.

Knowing Karina had nothing more to say, Sylvia chuckled. "Seems like you've figured it out. If you're here to talk about Cyril, I advise against it. My stance is pretty clear. Don't involve me in your drama anymore."

With that said, Sylvia took out her phone, sent a few messages, and left. After all, there were other things to attend to. She couldn't spend all her time here.

As for Karina, she stood there watching Sylvia leave.

Despite feeling indignant, Karina had to admit that since Sylvia chose to leave and let go of everything with Cyril, Sylvia had changed. She wasn't dwelling on the past anymore; her focus was on the present.

The Sylvia now wasn't the same woman Karina used to disdain. She had become even more impressive, making Karina feel envious.

But just as Sylvia had pointed out, Karina was deeply entangled in scandals now, almost ruining her entire

future.

Especially since she had offended Cyril. If she wanted to stand firm in this industry, regain her previous resources and status, she needed to make some sacrifices.

Realizing this, Karina turned back to her work, ready to continue. However, as soon as she did, she was met with Cyril's somewhat displeased and guarded gaze.

"What were you talking to her about just now?"

Cyril's protective tone caught Karina off guard, leaving her unsure of what to say.

Cyril was indeed a good person. If he cared about you, he would hold your feelings close to his heart. But if you meant nothing to him, nothing you did would faze him.

"Do you think I'd hurt Sylvia? You needn't worry. She's doing better now than you think."

Karina's words pained her deeply. Regardless of her relationship with Sylvia, she was genuinely sincere towards Cyril.

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Unfortunately, things didn't turn out as expected.

Cyril narrowed his eyes slightly, not entirely believing Karina's words.

Over time, he had come to realize that most of the harm Sylvia suffered was a result of his favoritism

towards Karina

While Karina might not directly harm Sylvia, she always found ways to hurt her, something Cyril had never noticed before.

"Whether you harm Sylvia or not, I warn you, if you dare to do anything to hurt her, I'll make you regret it. What you have now isn't easy to come by. Don't ruin everything you've worked so hard for."

"You weren't like this before. Why, now suddenly you feel like you've hurt her and want to make it up to her by destroying everything I have?"

"I won't do such a thing. Regardless, your future is in your own hands. I just don't want her to suffer any more harm."

Cyril didn't want to be ruthless. If Karina couldn't correct her attitude, then he would indeed take some

measures

At this moment, Cyril seemed particularly distant to Karina. She should have noticed that Cyril's feelings towards Sylvia had changed.

"I know I'm not foolish. I know what's best for me now. No need for you to remind me here."

With that said, Karina sidestepped Cyril and returned to her workstation. Other matters were less important now. She just needed to hold onto what she had.

For several days straight, Sylvia found herself bumping into Cyril at her workplace.

It irked her to no end. Had her actions been leaked? Why was Cyril trailing her like nothing was wrong?

Today, Juliette accompanied Sylvia. When their cars reached the city, they noticed a car following them. It was obvious who was inside.

"Do you want to talk to him? He's been following you these days. You two are all over the entertainment headlines. Even the hottest celebrities can't outshine you two."

After all, gossip and entertainment news drew more attention. And when it came to Cyril, who was once divorced and now possibly reconciling, Sylvia was even more intriguing.

Sylvia had seen the entertainment news these past few days.

The more she read, the more absurd it seemed. She and Cyril had nothing going on. How could those scandalous media outlets dare to speculate about them remarrying?

"I've got nothing to say to him. Don't you think if I go to him now, tomorrow's headlines will blow our relationship out of proportion, maybe even claim we've agreed to remarry?"

Juliette pondered for a moment. Sylvia did have a point, but they couldn't let him keep trailing them. It was not only interfering with their work but also preventing Cyril from doing his.

"In that case, there's no need to approach him. But we do need to address those online rumors. They won't affect him much, but they certainly will you."

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Chapter 132 Stay Away from Me

These past couple of days, as they went about their work, it seemed like everyone had their eyes on them

and Juliet felt the same way.

to some extent. Silvia felt uneasy

So, it was no surprise when Juliet uttered those words, asking Silvia to handle the current situation. But clearly, things weren't going to be easily resolved.

Just as she finished speaking, she noticed some movement from the car behind them.

Cyril stepped out of the car and started walking directly toward them, sending shivers down Juliet's spine.

"What do we do?" Juliet knew Silvia was growing increasingly impatient with Cyril and just wanted to get rid of him as much as possible.

So when Cyril approached, Juliet subconsciously wanted the driver to start the car. However, they had already reached their destination and were about to meet with the person in charge. It wouldn't be appropriate to drive away now.

Avoiding the problem wasn't Silvia's style either. These past few days, she had been tolerating Cyril, but today, she had had enough.

"Wait for me here. I'll go sort this out," Silvia said as she got out of the car. Cyril had intended to knock on the door, but seeing Silvia coming down, he paused and took a step back, allowing Silvia to face him directly.

"I've been wanting to talk to you these past few days. That day on set, I saw Karina go to you. But that wasn't my idea. I didn't know she would approach you. Were you upset about it?" Cyril's tone unconsciously carried a hint of pleading and humility, much like a mirror image of how Silvia had once

been.

Silvia paused at Cyril's words, reminiscing about how she used to treat him and realizing how their roles had reversed.

"You're overthinking it. The biggest grievance I've had is marrying you. After divorcing you, I haven't suffered any further grievances. That incident has had no impact on me. There's no need for you to seek me out. But since you're here, I might as well make some things clear. We have no relationship anymore. Remember that. So from now on, I want you to stay away from me. I don't want to be troubled by you anymore, and I don't want to be needlessly dragged into entertainment headlines."

Her tone was cold and calm, once again drawing a clear line between them. This time, she wasn't giving Cyril any face.

“You’re only feeling guilty towards me now. But back then, saving you was my own decision, marrying you was also my own choice. You never betrayed me; you simply neglected me. Whatever I did was my own business. So, you don’t need to lower yourself to face me.”

Cyril felt a pang of anxiety listening to her words. He realized that his recent actions were indeed driven by a desire to make amends, but during this time, he had also come to understand his true feelings.

His feelings towards Silvia weren’t just about making amends; there was something more. He wanted to reconcile with her. But had he been too hasty with his actions?

Had Silvia sensed his intentions and immediately recoiled, wanting to put even more distance between

them?

“In fact, I have many suitors around me. You’re always like this, which is quite bothersome. I want to embrace a new romance, but not with you.”

Cyril’s actions were more driven by guilt, and Silvia knew it. So, she decided to play her trump card.

Cyril froze upon hearing this. Without the baggage of their past, he could now see Silvia in a fairer light.

He realized that Silvia wasn’t just stunning in appearance; her abilities were exceptional as well.

If they hadn’t married but met in the business world, Silvia would undoubtedly have been his most formidable opponent.

Of course, now he deeply admired having encountered such a rival. So, setting aside their past, Silvia was indeed formidable now, and having suitors was entirely normal.

“Since you have suitors, I suppose you wouldn’t mind one more,” Cyril quickly composed himself, realizing that Silvia had suitors was something he had seen before. So why couldn’t he, now as one of those suitors, pursue her openly?

Silvia frowned, and suddenly, a spark of insight flashed through her mind. She followed that spark, but there was nothing there..

However, having been in the entertainment headlines these past few days, Silvia knew exactly where the paparazzi were positioned. Clearly, she was being tracked.

“I don’t mind other suitors, but if that suitor happens to be you, I very much do mind. Let me reiterate: stay away from me!”

If Cyril continued to pursue her like this, she wouldn’t hesitate to use other means to make him back off.

With that said, Silvia tapped on the car window, signaling for Juliet to come out as it was time to get to

work.

Juliet stepped out of the car and glanced at Cyril, who seemed somewhat lost. But she felt no sympathy; instead, she believed Cyril deserved whatever was happening to him now.

“We have a meeting in ten minutes. We need to hurry. Also, my assistant messaged me earlier saying there are reporters nearby. I’ve instructed him to handle it, and tomorrow, I’ll try to keep you off the headlines as much as possible.”

As soon as she stepped out of the car, Juliet immediately briefed Silvia.

Silvia raised an eyebrow. It seemed her earlier feeling was correct; she was indeed being followed by

reporters.

“Alright. When we get back, in the name of Ivan Group, you’ll contact the media outlets that have reported on me. Tell them that if they spread any rumors about me without my consent, I’ll sue them and make

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them face legal consequences.

Previously, due to work, Silvia hadn’t had time to deal with these matters. But now, she was quite displeased and willing to make time to resolve them.

“Understood.” Juliet nodded and continued contacting her assistant to handle the situation while leading

Silvia into the company.

Cyril stood in place, watching Silvia enter the building and effortlessly handle the situation. She was indeed different from before, and these were aspects he had never noticed.

With a pang of bitterness, he wondered how he had been blind to such a gem.

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Chapter 133: Just Hype

The efficiency of Ivan Group was through the roof. Sylvia had just finished discussing matters with Juliet, and boom! The group had already issued a statement, directly warning those entertainment companies

not to cross the line.

Within less than two hours, the group had already warned numerous newspapers privately, and some even found themselves facing lawsuits.

Clearly, that statement was just their final warning. Legal actions were definitely on the horizon.

And guess what? The next day, the internet finally quieted down about Sylvia and Cyril. Sylvia didn't have to endure those heartbreaking comments anymore, nor the rumors about them getting back together.

Someone once told Sylvia that marriage is like a tomb, but she never really believed it. Now that she's out of that "tomb", would she be crazy to step back into it again? That would just be plain foolish.

With Cyril no longer by her side, Sylvia noticed a sudden surge in her work efficiency.

"So, the R&D department mentioned to me that the AI for the medical project is now undergoing its second round of testing. What are your thoughts?"

After the usual morning meeting, Sylvia was on her way back to her office when Bruce snagged her for a chat about the latest developments in artificial intelligence.

The integration of AI with medical projects was one of Ivan Group's major initiatives, and Sylvia was overseeing this project. She had received updates from the R&D department. Though the second round of testing was about to commence, medical projects were different from others because each patient's

case was unique.

"I've already talked to Big Bro about it. His take is that, despite how advanced AI might be, it can't replace human intervention when it comes to matters of life and death. So, while AI can assist initially, ultimately, patients will still need proper medical treatment in hospitals. Therefore, the results of the second testing round won't be indicative of the final outcome."

Bruce nodded along. "It's good that you're thinking this way. Keep a close eye on it. The report for the second testing round will be out in a couple of days. We'll discuss our next steps after that. Also, there's another project. Take a look at this document."

This project had recently landed on Bruce's desk. Sylvia had been handling her current projects excellently, which had solidified her position within the company. But if she could take on a few more significant projects, it would greatly benefit her future within Ivan Group.

The project in her hands was more of a charitable endeavor, not highly profitable but could earn them a lot of goodwill.

"Investing in labs?"

They'd been doing this all along; after all, they needed talent, and investing in labs was the best way to

nurture it.

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"Exactly. Investing in labs, but this time, it's a bit different. We're investing in individuals. If any of them excel in our experimental projects, we can bring them into the company. So, this project serves as our talent pool. It depends on how you see it, but for now, there won't be much immediate profit. However, in the long run, it'll greatly benefit the company's growth and, of course, your career."

"I don't have any major objections to this. But what about the others in the company? Do they have any

issues?"

Sylvia thought it was a pretty good initiative. It would provide them with talent, which was always a plus. But just because she was okay with it didn't mean others would be.

Bruce sighed, pointing to the document. "Take a closer look. This is a personal project, not related to the company. I arranged it for you."

Sylvia understood. Essentially, she'd be funding it, and the talents nurtured would be affiliated with the

company.

"It sounds a bit of a loss, but I suppose it could work."

Sylvia took another look at the document. It seemed like a good project, and if they were going to do it,

they had to get started soon.

“I’m fuming!

Just as Sylvia was about to bring up something else, the office door burst open with force.

Balk stormed in, wearing sunglasses and a mask, clearly furious, He slammed the door shut and flopped

onto the couch.

His sudden entrance left Sylvia and Bruce momentarily stunned.

“Is Karina out of her mind? Cyril’s barely acknowledging her existence, and she shamelessly clings onto me! And her agency has the audacity to claim it’s all just hype? This is outright exploiting me!”

Balk pulled off his mask and sunglasses, tossing them onto the coffee table, as he vented his frustration

to the two.

“And those unethical media outlets! Saying Karina and I aren’t just part of some hype? It’s absurd!

What nonsense! I’m not blind, why would I have anything to do with that woman, Karina!”

Sylvia and Bruce listened, initially confused but instinctively reaching for their phones to figure out why Balk was so enraged.

After a moment of browsing, they understood the reason behind Balk’s fury.

A few days ago, at an awards ceremony, Karina and Balk found themselves inexplicably linked together for publicity. Many online voices were claiming they made a perfect couple.

If it were someone else, Balk might have let it slide, treating it as just another publicity stunt. But it had to be Karina, and he just couldn’t remain calm.

Hence, Balk was beyond angry. Without consulting his agency, he went ahead and lambasted those

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media outlets one by one online. Though his choice of words wasn't exactly polite.

"So, just because of this, you went ahead and cursed out all those media outlets? Karina's side already clarified that it's all just a hype. Your current actions are only stirring up trouble for yourself."

Bruce offered a logical analysis.

Karina's camp had already explained that it was all just a publicity stunt, and yet, the more Balk reacted, the deeper the ties between him and Karina seemed to become.

And Balk's aggressive online responses weren't exactly winning him any favors.

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Chapter 134: Talent Match

Baruk widened his eyes at Bruce's words. Hadn't he looked carefully at what the online news was saying?

"Bro, did you really check what those online rumors are saying? They're saying that Karina and I are a perfect match, like some kind of power couple! That's just insulting, man!"

That was the part Baruk couldn't stomach. He couldn't accept being tied to Karina like that.

"When did my taste plummet so drastically? I mean, Karina? Am I out of my mind? I'm not Cyril, I have

normal taste as a guy!"

Baruk emphasized.

Seeing Baruk fuming. Sylvia couldn't help but chuckle. "Alright, bro, don't stoop to their level. You've practically offended all the media outlets now."

"What's the big deal? Anyway, the media already knows I'm backed by the Ivan Group. Get the company to handle this nonsense. I wasn't keen on using the company or family influence before, but this is too much. How dare they say this about me!"

Yes, this was the first time Baruk wanted to use the company's power to deal with such matters since his

debut.

Bruce raised an eyebrow slightly but didn't say anything, simply turning to Sylvia. If Sylvia agreed, then he

would too.

"No problem, I'll contact the PR department right away to help you sort this out," Sylvia said as she took out her phone to get in touch with the PR team to assist Baruk.

Baruk's anger subsided instantly. Sisters were the best, after all.

"Okay, enough about this. I didn't just come here for my own issues today; I have other matters too."

Baruk looked seriously at Sylvia. "Everywhere I go these days for work, I keep bumping into Cyril. Can you tell me what's going on between you and Cyril? You're not thinking of rekindling things, are you?"

The office fell into silence after he said this. Bruce scrutinized Sylvia with a probing gaze.

Sylvia paused her typing, looking at Baruk incredulously. "Are you crazy, bro? When did I ever imply

wanted to go back to Cyril?"

"Do you know? Cyril's been acting like a different person these days. It's not that obvious, but clearly, he's trying to pull me in. Maybe because he knows we're siblings, he's trying to get to me. So, I need to know where you stand. If you have any thoughts about him, then maybe we should just put a stop to this sibling relationship. If you're not interested, I can help you sort it out."

That was the message Baruk wanted to convey. Sylvia had already suffered a lot because of Cyril before. If she still couldn't see through him...

Baruk would question his sister's judgment.

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After a moment of silence, Sylvia said, "I thought I'd made it pretty clear recently. Didn't expect you guys to get the wrong idea. There's nothing between Cyril and me. You can do whatever you want; you don't need to consider me. And right now, he's mostly filled with guilt towards me. There's nothing else."

“If I had known this earlier, I wouldn’t have bothered saving him. Nearly got you dragged into it. What a waste Anyway, let me handle this. Don’t meet Cyril for a while.”

Baruk earnestly reminded Sylvia. Sylvia felt a bit helpless; when did she meet Cyril? It was always him wanting to meet her.

“Speaking of which, I suddenly remembered Duncan. These past few days after work, I’ve seen him waiting downstairs for you. Looks like he’s trying to pursue you. What do you think?”

The three siblings gathered and began gossiping about Sylvia. Baruk didn’t care about his own rumors, but when it came to his sister’s, he was all ears.

Bruce also looked pensive. Cyril was definitely a no-go, and Duncan was a bit too familiar. But compared to Cyril, Duncan was a decent guy. If Sylvia wanted to be with him, it could work. Plus, in terms of family background, Duncan was slightly below Sylvia, so if they ever decided to get married...

Bruce’s thoughts drifted off, and Sylvia noticed his contemplative expression, knowing he was probably mulling over various scenarios.

So, she immediately reached out and tapped on the table, interrupting Bruce’s thoughts.

“Although I don’t know what’s going on in your mind, big bro, your expression just now seemed off. There’s nothing between Duncan and me. I’ve already told you before. Don’t believe everything you hear.”

Sylvia felt a bit exasperated. They were discussing business, and suddenly, her personal life was dragged

into it.

“I think instead of worrying about my personal life, you guys should focus on your own. So far, both of you are still single. Dad was even asking me yesterday when you two plan to get married.”

Sylvia shifted her gaze to her two brothers, and Bruce and Baruk immediately avoided eye contact, playing dead one after another.

Sylvia couldn’t help but find it amusing. Why did their attitudes change so drastically whenever marriage was mentioned?

“Bro, I’ve sorted things out with the PR department. You can leave it to them. As for Duncan, big bro, can you handle it for me? I’m off to France this afternoon for a business trip. There’s a medical company there I want to inspect. If it looks good, we could consider adding it as a stakeholder for our future medical AI service platform.”

Sylvia stood up, addressing her two brothers. Then she swiftly headed out.

Once Sylvia left, Baruk looked at Bruce. “Big bro, what do you think about Cyril’s recent actions? Don’t you have any thoughts?”

Baruk’s mischievous gaze was too obvious; Bruce couldn’t pretend not to notice.

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“What do you propose we do?”

“Give him a warning.”

Bruce sighed. “Little sis can handle this. She doesn’t need us to worry. If she needs help, she’ll tell us. But since she hasn’t said anything, it means she doesn’t really need our help. Plus, little sis has already shown her stance on Cyril. So, the root of the problem won’t be solved just by us giving a warning. Besides, after all the hardships little sis has endured these years, letting Cyril face some hardships too isn’t a bad thing.”

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Chapter 135: Business Trip

Sylvia’s trip to Country F wasn’t a spur-of-the-moment decision; it had been in the works for quite some time. This time around, she wasn’t just heading to F for that medical company, there were other companies waiting for her to assess the situation.

Plus, she received some fresh news that in F, there’s this smart tech company with remarkable AI capabilities. If they could strike a deal, their projects could really take off.

Sylvia wasn’t traveling alone this time, she had Juliet Ingrid accompanying her. Originally, it was just Juliet tagging along, but upon learning about the trip to F, Ingrid insisted on joining, stating she could help Sylvia settle into the F branch’s environment quickly.

It was obvious to anyone with half an eye that Ingrid was deliberately coming along. Sylvia also wanted to see what Ingrid was up to, so she agreed.

And so, they set off together.

After a dozen hours of flying, they touched down in F.

“Let’s take it easy today, tidy up these materials tomorrow, and the day after, we’ll check out the

subsidiary and then pay visits to those two companies,” was their initial plan.

Originally, Sylvia planned to spend about half a month in F, but with Ingrid’s arrival, she could extend her stay a bit.

Of course, if their trip to F proved fruitful, they could extend it further.

So with ample time on their hands, there was no need to rush into anything else. They had to get themselves settled first before tackling other matters.

The F branch had already sent someone to pick them up and had arranged hotel accommodations. They were driven straight to the hotel. Sylvia hadn’t anticipated bumping into Cyril there.

It had been a few days since they last met, so seeing Cyril again didn’t faze Sylvia. She thought he might come over to chat, but unexpectedly, Cyril just glanced at her, checked in, and headed upstairs with his

entourage.

Juliet was surprised by Cyril’s aloof reaction. She leaned over to Sylvia and whispered, “What’s up? Did you two have a fight? He’s unusually cold; it’s not like him.”

Sylvia couldn’t help but chuckle at Juliet’s remark. Wasn’t a little aloofness better?

Their relationship was what it was. Did Cyril have to keep being overly friendly? Sylvia couldn’t accept that. “I don’t think there’s anything else to it. I just made an offhand comment. You know how Cyril was constantly pursuing you before. Now, suddenly, he’s cold as ice. It’s a bit strange to me. Maybe he’s got something up his sleeve? Do you think our discussions on cooperation have something to do with him? Is he intentionally trying to throw a wrench in your plans?” Juliet’s mind was already conjuring up various scenarios from just a brief encounter. Sylvia couldn’t help but marvel at Juliet’s active imagination.

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“You’re overthinking it. Hardly anyone knows about our trip to F, and it’s not like Cyril has any connection to the companies we’re visiting. How could he know about my itinerary? Cyril being here must be coincidental. Maybe he’s just here on business like us, but luck hasn’t been on his side, ending up in the same hotel,” Sylvia reasoned. Juliet didn’t press further, sensing there might be more to Cyril’s presence.

After checking in, Sylvia instructed the subsidiary’s representatives to meet in two days and then retired to her room for some rest.

Sylvia was a bit weary, but due to jet lag, she found it hard to fall asleep. Glancing at the time, she realized it was almost dinner time. Sylvia thought about calling Juliet to go out for a meal together.

As she stepped out of her room to knock on Juliet's door, the adjacent room's door opened too. Sylvia instinctively turned, locking eyes with Cyril again.

For some reason, Sylvia recalled Juliet's words from downstairs. If once was an accident and twice a coincidence, then Cyril living next door felt more than just that.

They stared at each other for a moment before Sylvia broke the silence. "Are you here on business?"

"Yes, there's some trouble brewing at the company, so I'm here to sort it out," Cyril replied curtly, as if speaking to a stranger, then turned and left swiftly, preoccupied with a phone call.

Watching him leave, Sylvia couldn't shake off the feeling that Cyril's presence here was more than just a coincidence. She hoped he was genuinely here for business and nothing else.

Just as Sylvia was about to knock on Juliet's door, Juliet opened it herself.

"I saw you talking to Cyril just now. Something's definitely fishy about his being here. Anyway, I'm about to hit the hay. Did you need something?" Juliet said.

...I was thinking of going out for dinner together.

"But I'm not hungry. Why don't you go alone? Leave me a midnight snack at the door for when I wake up," Juliet suggested before hugging Sylvia and kissing her cheek, then retreating into her room, thanking her and shutting the door.

Watching the door close, Sylvia couldn't help but feel overwhelmed. That's just how Juliet was.

Since Juliet was off to bed, Sylvia didn't want to push. Dining alone felt a bit lonely, but she didn't intend to invite Ingrid either. So, she pulled out her phone to search for nearby restaurants.

As she reached the lobby via the elevator, she bumped into Cyril again, who seemed to be agitated on the phone, furrowing his brows with an impatient expression.

Things must be quite complicated at his company, Sylvia thought to herself.

The subsidiary had arranged a driver for her, but since she was only going out for dinner, she didn't call for one. Instead, she found her way to a taxi stand using navigation, ready to head out.

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Chapter 136: The Mole

It was around mealtime, and th1/3

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ere were plenty of empty taxis outside the hotel. Sylvia had just hailed one and was about to get in when someone stopped the door from closing. She looked up and saw Cyril.

Without giving Sylvia a chance to speak, Cyril squeezed into the car as well and gave driver an address.

“What are you doing?” Sylvia asked.

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Cyril couldn't possibly be so broke that he couldn't even afford a cab ride and had to freeload with her, right?

But as it turned out, Cyril's destination was the same as Sylvia's.

“There's a mole in the company, and I'm here to deal with it. But it seems it's not just my company; yours seems to have the same problem,” Cyril said, explaining why he had hitched a ride with Sylvia.

Sylvia was taken aback. When she heard the term “mole,” her mind immediately jumped to Inglee. After all, the whole thing about coming to France was Inglee's idea, so there might be a connection

“If there's a mole in your company, why don't you just take a cab yourself? Why tag along with me?” Sylvia asked.

“If I take a cab, it'll draw more attention. They might be on guard. Following you, they won't suspect much. And if you feel I'm causing you trouble, I'll treat you to dinner later as compensation,” Cyril replied with impeccable manners, but Sylvia wasn't having any of it. Dining together would only complicate things further.

“No need. I can afford the cab fare. Consider it payment for the intel you provided,” Sylvia said, closing her eyes, opting not to engage further with Cyril. Having to share a car with him was already irritating enough.

She could feel Cyril’s gaz

could feel Cyril’s gaze on her, intense and affectionate. But Sylvia found it ridiculous. What gave him the right to look at her like that?

Fortunately, their destination wasn’t far. A few minutes later, they arrived. Sylvia got out and glanced around. Through the window of a nearby café, she spotted Inglee, confirming her suspicions.

“I’ve received reliable information that there’s a mole in our company. Though not in top management, they’re in a mid-level position. They’ve been selling company models and

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confidential files to other companies at high prices. I initially suspected your company, but it seems not,” Cyril explained his suspicions, rooted in their strained relationship and that of their respective bosses.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow. Suspecting their company of selling confidential files to hers was quite a leap.

“Any other thoughts?” Sylvia asked.

“Selling to another company or sent by another company,” Cyril calmly shared all his speculations with Sylvia, based on plausible scenarios.

Sylvia nodded. If she were in his shoes, she’d probably make similar assumptions.

“Well, if we both have matters to attend to, I won’t disturb you further. I’ll go see why she’s here,” Sylvia smiled at Cyril before leisurely heading towards the café.

She spotted Inglee, who may or may not have seen her. It was probably Inglee’s first time doing something like this, so she was extra cautious, glancing around frequently but failing to notice Sylvia.

Until Sylvia approached, startling her.

“What are you doing here?” Sylvia asked, disappointed to find only two cups of coffee and their phones on the table. She had hoped for an exchange of information, but apparently, it was nothing of the sort. Cyril also left in another direction.

Seemingly panicked, Inglee hurriedly paid for the coffee and grabbed the man's wrist, intending to leave together. But he kept his eyes fixed on Sylvia, showing reluctance to depart.

Sylvia couldn't ignore the man's gaze, too intense and suggestive to ignore.

"Looks like your friend here isn't keen on leaving. Making a new friend is nice, but I don't appreciate treacherous ones," Sylvia remarked with a smile, making Inglee even paler. She didn't care what the man thought; she dragged him away from the café.

Seeing them leave, Sylvia narrowed her eyes and sneered at the coffee on their table.

She took out her phone, about to report the situation to her big brother, when she noticed a

message from Bruce three minutes ago, warning her about Inglee's recent activities, suspecting her of mischief.

That was a wake-up call. Sylvia clicked her tongue. It wasn't solitude she had found here but

rather trouble.

But considering the man from earlier, their mismatched companionship, and Inglee's

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willingness to humble herself, it was evident there was more to their relationship. Sylvia couldn't be bothered to dwell further; she hadn't expected Inglee to reveal her true colors on the very first day in France. But what came next would surely be even more intriguing.

ur company, why don't you just take a cab yourself? Why tag along with me?" Sylvia asked.

"If I take a cab, it'll draw more attention. They might be on guard. Following you, they won't suspect much. And if you feel I'm causing you trouble, I'll treat you to dinner later as compensation," Cyril replied with impeccable manners, but Sylvia wasn't having any of it. Dining together would only complicate things further.

"No need. I can afford the cab fare. Consider it payment for the intel you provided," Sylvia said, closing her eyes, opting not to engage further with Cyril. Having to share a car with him was already irritating enough.

She could feel Cyril's gaz

could feel Cyril's gaze on her, intense and affectionate. But Sylvia found it ridiculous. What gave him the right to look at her like that?

Fortunately, their destination wasn't far. A few minutes later, they arrived. Sylvia got out and glanced around. Through the window of a nearby café, she spotted Inglee, confirming her suspicions.

"I've received reliable information that there's a mole in our company. Though not in top management, they're in a mid-level position. They've been selling company models and

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confidential files to other companies at high prices. I initially suspected your company, but it seems not," Cyril explained his suspicions, rooted in their strained relationship and that of their respective bosses.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow. Suspecting their company of selling confidential files to hers was quite a leap.

"Any other thoughts?" Sylvia asked.

"Selling to another company or sent by another company," Cyril calmly shared all his speculations with Sylvia, based on plausible scenarios.

Sylvia nodded. If she were in his shoes, she'd probably make similar assumptions.

"Well, if we both have matters to attend to, I won't disturb you further. I'll go see why she's here," Sylvia smiled at Cyril before leisurely heading towards the café.

She spotted Inglee, who may or may not have seen her. It was probably Inglee's first time doing something like this, so she was extra cautious, glancing around frequently but failing to notice Sylvia.

Until Sylvia approached, startling her.

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After strolling around outside for a while, it was almost nine by the time they returned to the hotel. Sylvia was still carrying the late-night snack for Juliet.

Cyril and Sylvia had different agendas, so they split up after leaving the café. But mysteriously, they bumped into each other again after having dinner.

Once they crossed paths, Cyril silently trailed behind Sylvia, refusing to leave no matter what she did.

Sylvia was at her wits' end. Cyril wouldn't budge, so what could she do? She just had to let him tag along.

So, after wandering around a bit more and picking up a few things for Juliet, she headed back to the hotel.

Having a guy follow you around like a shadow really killed the vibe.

Juliet opened the door, looking a bit surprised to see the two of them standing there. How did they end up together again?

“Are you two planning dinner together or something?” she joked.

Sylvia’s expression remained calm as she handed the bag to Juliet and explained, “No, we just ran into each other on the way and got sidetracked by some taffy.”

“Taffy, huh? That’s fitting,” Juliet chuckled inwardly but managed to stifle it.

“Well, anyway, get some rest. Oh, by the way, I got a call from the company here. They want us to come in tomorrow to check things out. So, get some rest early,” Juliet said.

Sylvia frowned. They were supposed to go the day after tomorrow, weren’t they? Oh well, tomorrow would do. She could just schedule it for the afternoon and sleep in.

After exchanging a few more words with Juliet, Sylvia headed back to her room. But she noticed Cyril hadn’t gone to his own room or said anything.

He seemed low-key standing there, but once she noticed, it was pretty annoying.

“Don’t you have something to do?” she asked.

“No, I just wanted to talk to you,” Cyril replied.

Sylvia was speechless. What now? Why did everyone related to Cyril seem to love having chats? First Karina, now Cyril.

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Maybe they thought talking would magically solve all their problems.

“No need to talk. There’s nothing left between us to discuss. Haven’t we talked about this countless times before? We can’t see eye to eye, so there’s nothing more to say,” Sylvia said, too tired to engage with Cyril. After that, she went straight to her room and closed the door.

Having gone to the subsidiary company a day early to assess the situation, everything had been arranged in advance.

Sylvia and Juliet didn't feel entirely satisfied with how things went after leaving the medical

company.

"What's the deal? How do these people get their information? No matter what angle you look at it from, this company isn't suitable for collaboration. The medical company itself is fine, and it has several cooperating hospitals, but their attitude is just too much. If we collaborate with them, we'll have a lot of trouble," Juliet said.

Determining whether to collaborate with a company wasn't just about shared interests; it also depended on the company's culture. Clearly, this company's culture fell short.

Juliet's attitude indirectly reflected Sylvia's thoughts. Sylvia agreed with her.

"The medical equipment from that company seems pretty good. Let the team here gather more information and see if there are any other good medical companies out there. Mainly, we need to gather information on companies competing with this one," Sylvia suggested: Today's trip hadn't yielded much, but who knew what other companies might offer.

"Don't worry, I already talked to the team before we left. They'll gather more information and we should have news in a day or two," Juliet reassured.

"That's good."

Sylvia thought for a moment. If there was any news, she'd have the team at the subsidiary company check it out first. If they couldn't meet the standards, it would be frustrating.

"Oh, and about the tech company we're visiting next, you should pay attention. I just got word this morning that the CEO of that company is friends with Cyril..."

Sylvia was surprised. Why did Cyril's shadow loom over everything they did? Why was he so persistent?

"Friends, huh? How close?"

"From what I've gathered, their relationship seems pretty good. They were college buddies, even roommates. Although they haven't been in touch for years since graduating, officially at least, they do run into each other on business trips. So, they're bound to meet here in F

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country. I just don't know if he knows about your situation with Cyril," Juliet explained.

Juliet showed Sylvia a photo of Cyril's friend on her phone. Sylvia glanced at it but quickly looked away. Despite being with Cyril for so many years, she'd never met this person.

But that was normal. Cyril had no intention of introducing her to his friends, so it wasn't surprising that she hadn't met this one.

"What's his name?"

"Frank Davies. He's a self-made entrepreneur, and his company has been doing pretty well over the years."

Juliet briefed Sylvia on what she'd learned. Sylvia gradually pieced things together. Since he was a self-made entrepreneur, he'd likely maintain a fairer attitude and wouldn't prioritize his relationship with Cyril.

"By the way, wasn't Ingrid with us just now? How did she disappear in the blink of an eye?"

They were about to head to meet Frank, but suddenly, they couldn't find Ingrid.

Sylvia couldn't help but recall that day when she encountered that man. He didn't look particularly outstanding, nor did he seem like an elite worker. He seemed more like a nouveau riche.

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"Don't mind him, let's just head out," Sylvia said dismissively.

Sylvia wasn't keen on bringing Ingrid along anyway. If Ingrid slipped up at this moment, it would be ideal. They could seize the opportunity to dismiss her, saving themselves from any potential trouble down the line.

Juliet nodded in agreement and joined Sylvia in getting into the car, ready to head to the tech company.

When they arrived at the tech company, their host was already waiting at the entrance. Frank's company seemed to be doing quite well. It was said that Sylvia's visit had prompted him to personally greet them.

Waiting outside, Frank greeted Sylvia and Juliet with a smile upon seeing them, introducing them to the company before leading them inside.

Since the company was involved in smart development, heading to the development department revealed many interesting things, both large and small, infused with artificial intelligence, all incredibly intriguing.

“This alarm clock is quite something. Besides its basic function, we’ve integrated artificial intelligence into it. So, the way it wakes you up every morning is quite personalized. If you don’t get up after the first alarm, the second time it might resort to nagging you, or even other tactics, depending on how early or late you wake up.”

Juliet toyed with the alarm clock, setting a time, and soon enough, it started ringing, followed by the AI’s nagging mode.

The AI was indeed relentless, almost never repeating itself for about three minutes and delivering its message rapidly, leaving no room for interruption..

“Oh my goodness, making this thing! It’s like torture, isn’t it? It’s terrifying,” Juliet exclaimed, relieved that she had only set one alarm. With this alarm clock, she wouldn’t fear oversleeping in the mornings anymore.

Frank chuckled before moving them along to a doll. It was evident that this doll was also embedded with an artificial intelligence system.

Resembling a teddy bear, this doll was capable of intelligent conversations with people, more like a nanny-type companion doll.

“This doll is designed for children. Have you considered promoting it?” Sylvia inquired.

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“Of course, we’ve already started promoting it. Currently, we’re in the process of upgrading the system. It’s updated frequently, as technology evolves rapidly. We have to keep updating

to maintain our market share.”

After all, they were in the business of tech development, and staying at the forefront of technology was their main competitive advantage.

Sylvia nodded in understanding. As they explored the development department further, they came across various items, starting with small toys and progressing to larger objects, all incorporating AI systems.

Overall, these AI systems were impressive. Sylvia couldn’t help but compare this company to theirs, recognizing that their technological development was superior. Collaboration wouldn’t be a bad idea if it came to that.

“Recently, our Ivan Group has been considering AI development systems. Do you have any interest in collaborating?” Sylvia asked directly as they exited the development department. Over the years, Frank’s company had indeed partnered with many companies, but most of them weren’t involved in AI.

There were also some tech development companies, with whom they had collaborated on specific projects, but they hadn’t directly integrated their systems.

Frank understood Sylvia’s intention from her words. They wanted to collaborate on development.

“I have no objections, but I need to see if what you’re doing aligns with what we’re doing. If not, even if there’s potential, we may not be able to collaborate.”

“You’re right. Our AI direction mainly focuses on healthcare. Your company’s healthcare AI system seems impressive. We could collaborate deeply on that.”

“To be honest, our company’s upcoming direction isn’t in healthcare. The AI system we’ve developed isn’t perfect yet, and it has only undergone one test. However, if your standards are high, we could share information and collaborate, not to lay their cards on the table.

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“Oh, by the way, a friend of mine is coming over today. His company is also quite good. Why don’t we meet? There might be an opportunity for collaboration,” Frank suggested.

Sylvia and Juliet exchanged a glance. They both knew who Frank was referring to. But, being in his company, they didn’t refuse. Soon enough, they came face to face with Cyril and Ingrid.

Yes, Ingrid was accompanying Cyril. When he saw Sylvia, he seemed uneasy, avoiding eye contact with her.

Sylvia glanced at him briefly before retracting her gaze. Was Ingrid here to meet Cyril today?

“He’s my friend,” Frank said, unaware of the relationship between Cyril and Sylvia. Although they did have some contact privately, Frank was unaware of Cyril’s marriage. He simply thought that pulling Cyril in would make the collaboration between the three parties more stable. But as they faced each other, Frank felt that something was off.

“Um, do you two know each other?” Frank glanced between Cyril and Sylvia, noticing Cyril’s intense gaze fixed on Sylvia, as if he couldn’t look away.

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Frank had known Cyril for so many years, yet he had never seen Cyril lose his cool in front of a woman like this before. Suddenly, Frank found himself intrigued by Sylvia. What kind of person was she to make Cyril take notice like that?

Oh, right, Cyril had recently gone through a divorce, could it be that she was the one he wanted to pursue?

Well, if that was the case, it wouldn’t be so bad.

“Nice to meet you.”

“Don’t know you.”

The two responses were different, and the atmosphere suddenly became a bit awkward.

Frank and Juliette didn’t know what to say. Funny how the more awkward it got, the more it seemed to highlight their relationship, isn’t it?

Frank gave a knowing smile, choosing not to expose their little secret.

Seemed like they had some sort of disagreement or something, but Frank didn’t want to get too involved in their personal matters.

“Please, follow me.”

With most of the people gathered, they should head to the conference room to chat. But Sylvia hadn’t expected Cyril to follow them in.

Seeing Sylvia’s gaze constantly on Cyril, Frank quickly explained, “Well, you see, Cyril is also a shareholder in my company. He’ll be involved in this collaboration we’re discussing. Normally, he wouldn’t be, but he happened to be around these days, so he’s here to take a look. But rest assured, I still have the final say on this matter.”

After hearing this, Sylvia couldn’t quite place her feelings. She just didn’t want to get involved with Cyril, but how come things seemed to be getting more complicated?

Should've seen it coming, Juliette had told her that Cyril and Frank were friends. If they were friends, then having shares in a friend's company wasn't that unusual after all.

When Cyril first appeared, she thought he was here to compete with her.

Turns out it wasn't about competition at all, but about the possibility of becoming partners. Thinking about it, Sylvia felt a bit uneasy.

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"Oh, I see. Your company's technology looks very impressive. Can I ask when you started?"

"It's been quite a while. I was really interested in this field when I was in college. Cyril was my roommate at the time, so he helped me a lot. His assistance played a part in establishing the company, so I consult him on many decisions, as long as they don't violate our principles."

Frank explained.

After listening, Juliette smiled and didn't inquire further. Just now, Frank had said he could decide, but now he was saying he would consult Cyril.

Was that intentional? Clearly, it was to tell them that if they were to collaborate, Cyril would

also be involved.

"But in business, isn't it mainly about prioritizing interests over anything else?" Frank's words had a hint of meaning. Sylvia and Juliette fell silent, what did he mean?

Did he think that because of Cyril, they wouldn't reach this collaboration agreement?

At the beginning, when they discussed this collaboration, Frank didn't act this way. But seeing Cyril and Sylvia together seemed to change his mind.

"You're right. We need to carefully consider suitable matters. After all, it concerns the interests of two companies. We'll be in touch about any further developments."

Sylvia continued Frank's words, also taking the opportunity to excuse themselves.

Frank hesitated, wanting to say something to salvage the situation, but Sylvia and Juliette had already stood up and left, Ingrid following Sylvia out.

When they left, Frank turned to Cyril.

“I’m very willing to cooperate with her. But if this collaboration fails because of you, how will you compensate me?”

“Do you want to cooperate with her?”

Cyril looked at Frank with some surprise, then he understood the meaning behind Frank’s

actions.

“What’s wrong? Is there something wrong with that? That’s Ivan Group. Anyone with a bit of sense wouldn’t refuse such a good opportunity.”

Frank made sense, Cyril didn’t know what to say.

“Of course, what I care about isn’t h

this collaboration. I’m more curious about your

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relationship with her. What exactly is going on between you two? Your gaze at her seems quite intense. If you like her, you should hurry up and pursue her. A girl like her surely has no shortage of admirers.”

Anyone who could secure a position in Ivan Group must be outstanding, especially as a vice president. This only highlighted Sylvia’s capabilities.

With such a status, there must be no shortage of suitors.

Hearing Frank’s words, Cyril was taken aback. “You think there would be many people who like her?”

Frank looked at him strangely. Wasn’t that obvious? Of course, there would be plenty of admirers. Excellent women always attract attention. Wasn’t this a strange thing to say?

“Of course, if you don’t want

don’t want to pursue her, then I’ll go for it. Honestly, she’s a really remarkable person.”

“You also think she’s remarkable? Then why can’t I see it?”

Cyril lowered his head, hiding his true feelings. Frank looked at him, puzzled.

With a woman as outstanding as her, why couldn't Cyril see it? What was going on in his mind?

"Seriously, is there something wrong with your head? You can't see how remarkable she is? Honestly, cooperating with her would only elevate our company. What are you thinking? If everything's fine, I'm quite willing to cooperate with her."

"She probably doesn't want to cooperate with us anymore," Cyril said with a bitter smile.

It was Frank's first meeting with Sylvia, but he already thought she was a very outstanding person. He felt that she deserved to be liked by many people. But all these years, he couldn't see it, and because of his repeated ignorance, Sylvia suffered so much. If it weren't for that, Sylvia might have shone brightly by now.

Of course, if Sylvia were as radiant as she was now, he might not have been able to have her completely like he did before.

It was such a pity. Now, because of his appearance, this collaboration might never happen again.

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Every word Cyril said, Frank understood. But when those words were all strung together, Frank couldn't quite grasp their meaning.

"What do you mean this collaboration won't work out? Weren't things going well just now? Sure, there were some differences, but that didn't mean they couldn't compromise. After all, it was the Ivan Group.

"First, you need to clarify something for me. It's not your first time meeting her, is it? Your reactions just now indicate otherwise. So, if you have some grudge against her, are you, trying to sabotage my company? What's the deal here? And what exactly is your relationship with her? You need to spill it out for me first, let's see if there's any room for salvaging this. "Frank was genuinely anxious.

Losing such a promising collaboration right in front of him was just too disheartening.

Cyril took a deep breath, but the words seemed stuck on his lips.

"What's the deal between you and her?" Frank's impatience was showing. He paced around the office, occasionally running his hand through his hair. The thought of this collaboration falling through made him lose his composure.

“She’s my ex–wife.”

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Frank froze, in shock as he turned to Cyril. Did he hear that right? His ex- wife?

“Wait, wait, hold on. You mean, she’s your ex–wife?”

Frank was now stuttering. Was Cyril and Sylvia’s relationship like that? No wonder Cyril said this collaboration couldn’t proceed. With their history, it was impossible to continue.

As an outsider, he could see how Cyril hadn’t taken his marriage seriously all these years, so Sylvia’s reluctance to continue the collaboration was understandable. But it was frustrating

for him.

After sitting silently for a while, Frank looked up at Cyril with a resentful expression. “So if I tell Sylvia that I have nothing to do with you anymore, and offer to buy back your shares at a high price, would she still want to work with me?”

Cyril remained silent. Frank felt his idea was absurd.

With Sylvia being backed by the entire Ivan Group, finding a new partner wouldn’t be difficult. Although she was leading this venture, Cyril knew she would explore other options

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once she learned about their relationship. So, Frank’s plan wasn’t viable.

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“You said it yourself, Sylvia has the entire Ivan Group behind her. Do you think it’s difficult for them to find a partner? This was her initiative, so she’s more invested. She’ll just move on to another company once she knows about us. So, you might want to reconsider your plan.”

Cyril’s words made sense, but they only fueled Frank’s anger. It was all Cyril’s fault. If it weren’t for him, this situation wouldn’t have arisen.

“Well, then it’s on you. Anyway, I have to figure something out with my colleagues. You better come up with a solution.”

“There’s no solution. I’ll leave now.”

After saying this, Cyril stood up and left, leaving Frank unable to continue the conversation.

Frank had been surprised when Cyril got married, but he had wished him well. However, Cyril hadn't taken his marriage seriously, and various rumors had circulated. If Frank were Sylvia, seeing her husband involved in scandals would surely hurt.

So their current situation was just Cyril reaping what he sowed. Now that Cyril regretted it

and wanted to make amends, Sylvia might not even care anymore.

Thinking about this, Frank couldn't help but sigh. Who would have thought Cyril's romantic life would be so tumultuous?

But as an outsider, he didn't know the true extent of their relationship. If they had a good bond, maybe things could still work out.

After leaving the company, Sylvia and Juliet went straight back to the subsidiary. Ingrid, feeling uneasy for some reason, remained silent throughout the journey, trailing behind Sylvia obediently until they reached the subsidiary.

"You came with Cyril today. What's the deal between you two? Or have you become his mistress now?"

Sylvia's words were sharp, causing Juliet's hands to tremble, spilling some coffee from her

cup.

Juliet looked at Sylvia in disbelief. Was she insane to say something like that?

Suddenly, a sense of crisis welled up in Ingrid's heart. If she dared to say yes, Sylvia might use her authority to fire her. But if she denied it, she wouldn't be able to explain her actions today.

"It's okay if you don't speak. You know, I was looking at the financial statements of the

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subsidiary yesterday and found something interesting. I think you should take a look."

Sylvia took out a document from the table and handed it to Ingrid. It was a record of last quarter's transactions, showing some irregularities. Though it was only a part of the records, it was enough to reveal something fishy.

Ingrid took the document, her face turning pale after reading it. She looked at Sylvia, trembling, unable to utter a word.

"Before you transferred to headquarters, you were stationed in France. The subsidiary's development there wasn't keeping up, which piqued my curiosity. Besides discussing collaboration, I came here to investigate the situation. I never expected to find a rat hiding within the company."

Sylvia's words were harsh. The document revealed that Ingrid and some other employees had been embezzling funds and transferring company assets.

Of course, the "other employees" referred to the finance department.

After uncovering these irregularities, Sylvia didn't rush to take action. She wanted to investigate further because a company wouldn't have such issues without problems in its management. Hence, she intended to scrutinize the management as well.

"Do you have anything to say?" Sylvia stared at Ingrid.

Ingrid felt immense fear. She hadn't expected Sylvia to discover these issues. They had operated seamlessly for years,

and she didn't think they would be caught.