

# **After Divorce, She Becomes the Billionaire Heiress ( Sylvia and Cyril ) Chapter 61-70**

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## Chapter 61 I Want It

Linda pointed out the direction to the central hall, and Sylvia nodded her thanks. Though they hadn't explained what brought them there, encountering such an enthusiastic little fan made both Sylvia and Juliet happy. After a quick look, they decided to focus on their primary task—knowing that the buzz of the event couldn't be settled just by their presence, they didn't linger, valuing their own time over the spectacle.

Their inspection didn't reveal anything out of the ordinary, aside from the fact that today's exceptional event made usual operations challenging. Still, they knew that it was precisely these times that demanded foresight and precautions.

Having completed their rounds, Sylvia and Juliet found a spot to compile their observations into a report for the upcoming meeting. While they understood the day's exceptions, they pondered how the mall would handle everyday issues.

"Today's showcase might last three hours, followed by a meeting—it feels a bit rushed, doesn't it?" Juliet glanced at the makeshift stage where Brock was performing. His every note seemed to unleash waves of excitement, a testament to his importance to the fans.

Sylvia turned away from the spectacle, playfully berating her brother in her thoughts. "Forget him. He's acting like a complete show-off," she remarked dryly, eliciting laughter from Juliet.

"You're lucky he can't do anything about your teasing right now. If he could... well, let's just say he probably wouldn't be too pleased," Juliet said with a grin.

Sylvia just shrugged, well aware that she'd never dare to tease him like this to his face.

After discussing their findings, Juliet caught sight of a claw machine nearby, but this one was unique—it required playing a dance game to win prizes. She was clearly enthused but lacked the coordination to give it a go herself, so her eyes inevitably turned to Sylvia.

Sylvia knew exactly what her friend was thinking—they'd grown up together, after all. For all of Juliet's talents, coordination was not among them. Despite their parents enrolling her in various dance classes, her instructors would invariably send her back with a message to its futility. Now, Juliet's hopeful eyes pleaded wordlessly for Sylvia's aid.

“Please, I really want it,” she begged with a look so pitiful it could soften the hardest of hearts.

Sylvia tried to resist, feeling the activity was too childish and fearing it might tarnish her professional image. But Juliet’s imploring gaze eventually won over. “Alright, but just this once. Next time, just buy it. You have plenty of money, and you’d probably save if you didn’t keep getting me to win these things,” she conceded, draping her coat over her arm and heading to the dance game.

“You don’t get it. Buying takes away the fun, it’s the thrill of winning them that counts,” Juliet argued.

“But you’re not the one winning.” Sylvia pointed out with a smirk, fully aware of Juliet’s lack of response to that contingent reality.

Realizing she had no comeback, Juliet shot Sylvia a glare that only made her laugh harder. It was all in

good fun between friends.

“Alright, enough joking. Which one do you want? Sylvia asked, arriving at the dance game and turning to Juliet for her choice.

Juliet couldn’t decide—she wanted every single one. Sylvia understood, realizing this meant she’d be dedicating the entire afternoon to this venture.

“Well, if it means that much to you,” she sighed. “I’ll try, just this once—and there won’t be a second time.”

Sylvia’s acquiescence sent waves of excitement through Juliet. As Sylvia approached the machine, it was deserted; everyone was captivated by Brock’s performance. The attendant barely glanced Sylvia’s way, taking her money with disinterest before returning attention to the stage.

Sylvia tossed in her coins and steeled herself for the challenge, not expecting the game to launch with a song of stratospheric difficulty. Despite her best efforts, the first round ended in dismal failure.

The abysmal score plunged both Sylvia and Juliet into silence, Juliet tentatively suggested, “Maybe we should call it quits?”

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Chapter 62 Are You Regretting It?

Sylvia wasn't happy when Juliette playfully suggested she might not be up for the challenge. "What are you talking about?" Sylvia scoffed. There's nothing I can't handle. Just wait, you want all those stuffed animals, right? Just watch me win them for you in no time."

The Ivans were known for their tenacity; they wouldn't quit no matter what, seen in how Sylvia insisted on marrying Cyril despite everyone's objections, driven by her deep love for him and her determination to

have no regrets.

But now, Sylvia sometimes wondered if she had made a mistake.

Stepping up to the dance game for the first time in three years, Sylvia

trustworthy. After marrying Cyril, she

had set aside her passions to be an ordinary housewife, only to realize she had done herself a disservice. She used to be great at games like this, but now, even that seemed to have slipped away.

Determined, Sylvia started with a simple song to warm up. As the music flowed through her, she began to move more confidently, her past skills igniting once again. Soon enough, she was ready to tackle a more challenging track.

Standing on the dance platform, Sylvia was the center of attention. It wasn't just the game she was good at; her grace and agility made it look like a performance rather than a simple attempt at hitting the right steps. Onlookers couldn't help but be drawn towards her, some were even distracted from watching Bark, the main performer, as they watched Sylvia move.

Sylvia had been a dancer from a young age, and it showed in her coordination and rhythm. And as more people gathered around her, the excitement grew.

Juliette, unable to contain her excitement, started recording Sylvia with her phone, completely in awe. She had wondered if Sylvia would still be as good after all these years, but it was clear she hadn't lost her touch. After all, Sylvia had won the plush toy Juliette had wanted.

Hugging Sylvia tightly, Juliette exclaimed, "You're amazing! Every year I've wanted to bring you along to win these prizes, and now you're finally back to help me again!"

There was a bit of guilt in Sylvia's heart for neglecting her friend for so long, but now, she was filled with regret and a resolve to make amends. But wasn't it too late? All that had passed couldn't be undone.

“Come on, there are four more toys to win. If you want them all, just watch me,” Sylvia said, tapping Juliette lightly on her shoulder. Juliette jumped for joy and hugged Sylvia even tighter.

Sylvia returned to the game, filled with fierce confidence. She knew nothing was beyond her reach.

Upstairs, Cyril watched from the railing, his gaze fixed on Sylvia. He was mesmerized by this side of her that he had never known. He realized that during their three years of marriage, Sylvia had been playing down her true self to please him. Now, seeing her in her element – vibrant, dynamic, alive – Cyril felt

something stir in his heart.

Karina, who was with Cyril, felt ignored and fumed silently, biting her lip. She couldn't understand why

Sylvia always seemed to steal Cyril's attention. She had worked so hard to get Cyril to come out with her,

and yet here he was, captivated by his wife.

“Are you regretting it now?”

Upon hearing those words. Cyril cast a glance at Karina, who was shadowing him, and remained silent. As his gaze settled back onto Sylvia, his fascination seemed to wane. He realized he may not know Sylvia as well as he thought.

If he truly understood her, he would have known that she was quite skilled at these sorts of games. Yet, throughout their three-year marriage, Sylvia never indulged in them, and he was oblivious to her prowess.

Watching Sylvia now, radiant and captivating on the dance platform, Cyril suddenly realized that over the years of their marriage, she had concealed her talents. Seeing the real Sylvia, seeing her shine in her element stirred feelings within him feelings he hadn't known he had for the vibrant woman he had married.

Karina, noticing Cyril's indifference to her presence, fumed with annoyance. Clenching her teeth, she fixated on Sylvia below. It irked her how Sylvia's presence seemed to linger like a stubborn shadow. It had taken so much effort to coax Cyril out for a day of shopping – to get him alone with her and now, he was captivated once again by Sylvia.

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Chapter 63 A Different Appearance

Karina's heart seethed with frustration. How could the man she tried so hard to win over be charmed so effortlessly by Sylvia? Why did Sylvia seem to obtain everything she desired so easily, while Karina's own cherished wishes remained unattainable? She couldn't swallow her pride over this injustice.

Karina didn't see herself as inferior to Sylvia, so why did Cyril always only have eyes for Sylvia, and not for

her?

"If you truly regret what happened, then why don't you just win her back?" Karina said with a purpose, knowing it would provoke a reaction from Cyril. "I'm sure she would take you back in a heartbeat. She wanted your marriage so badly she tried every trick in the book, and if you wanted to, she would definitely choose to marry you again."

Cyril's expression changed visibly as Karina spoke. "Are you trying to upset me with those words? If so, I advise you to save your energy and stop wasting time on such talk."

Cyril was no fool; he could read between the lines of Karina's insinuations. But Cyril's pride was wounded by the memory of the underhanded things Sylvia had done to marry him. How could someone as proud as he admit to being manipulated into marriage?

He believed that marriage should be a choice, not a scheme, which was partly why he had been so dismissive towards Sylvia during their marriage—he had always felt trapped, believing it was not a happy union, and disliking the feeling immensely.

But after their divorce, Cyril began realizing things weren't quite as he had perceived. He had never truly understood what Sylvia went through during their marriage, nor had he recognized the light she carried within her. Now, looking back, he saw how outrageous his obliviousness had been.

Left speechless by Cyril's piercing gaze, Karina realized her words had backfired; she had only meant to divert his attention from another woman. She succeeded, but not in the way she had hoped—Cyril had no further interest in gazing at Sylvia, nor in keeping Karina's company.

"Are you leaving? Bark is here today, and I was hoping you'd speak to him with me," Karina said, a hint of desperation in her voice. For the first time, Cyril felt repulsed by her urgency.

Once he had been lenient towards Karina, but it was never really about her—it was about other people, and she seemed to have misconstrued her own importance.

"I understand the effort you've put into linking up with Bark, and I know what's really on your mind. If you want to stay, keep it honest and avoid angering me further. You know

the consequences if you provoke me,” Cyril warned her, not waiting to see her reaction before heading downstairs.

He wanted to ask Sylvia why she had never shown the same radiance and joy during their marriage that she clearly displayed now. If only she had been real to him sooner, things would have been different.

Even now, Cyril had never acknowledged any fault in his actions, always believing it was Sylvia who had failed to reveal her true feelings. If she had been open, he thought, their marriage might not have turned out as it did.

Descending from the upper floor, Cyril arrived just as Sylvia had finished dancing. Juliette was ecstatic, clutching the plush toys Sylvia had won for her with joy. Sylvia, now wearing her jacket, exuded a presence that made others hesitate to approach despite their previous eagerness to speak to her. Without the blazer, Sylvia appeared approachable and beautiful; with it on, she commanded an air of authority.

Sylvia didn’t care about the thoughts of those around her, she could feel their gazes and deliberately projected a bit of her inner strength to distance herself.

Intending to find the manager with Juliette, Sylvia paused when she saw Cyril approaching them. His expression was earnest as he stood before her. Although they were divorced, it didn’t mean they couldn’t speak when they crossed paths.

Seeing Cyril again, Sylvia felt her emotions slowly settling. “I saw you dancing from upstairs. You’re really different, not at all like the person I knew before,” Cyril remarked with a certain intensity.

Sylvia paused, then nodded slightly. “What’s your point?”

Cyril started to speak but was cut off by Sylvia, “You seem to be mistaken about something. Our relationship has always been different. Even if I had shown you this side of me before, you still wouldn’t have given me a second glance. Our relationship wouldn’t have changed just because of one person’s transformation. From beginning to end, as long as you refused to move forward, we were destined to remain in the same place.”

After the divorce, Sylvia had reflected on herself and their union. One person was too proactive while the other remained stagnant—and that was where the issue lay.

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Chapter 64 Magazine Cover

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The Ivans' company was doing incredibly well, not just in real estate development but in various lines of business. In short, they ventured into any industry that promised profits something other companies could hardly sustain,

But the Ivans had both the power and money. Whatever industry they desired to dabble in was a matter of their fancy, owning not one but two media companies in the entertainment industry. Typically, matters related to these subsidiaries wouldn't reach the headquarters, but early one morning, Juliette came to Sylvia with issues from both companies in hand.

"These things are naturally handled by those below. Why bring it to me? I have enough responsibilities. If I have to deal with every little problem from the subsidiaries, I'll work myself to death," Sylvia complained.

While these media companies fell under their corporate umbrella, they weren't Sylvia's strong suit, so they had dedicated individuals managing them. There was no need for Sylvia to take on these issues.

Juliette understood this as well but wouldn't have come to Sylvia if it weren't a special situation. Sitting seriously before Sylvia, she said, "You must have forgotten, there's someone in the company who's always been against you, right? These issues were dug up intentionally by them, and the people below can't handle it, so they've come to you. And you know, the subsidiaries' earnings are substantial, albeit not comparable to headquarters."

Now Sylvia understood. Someone was deliberately creating trouble for her by placing these documents on her desk. After carefully reviewing them, Sylvia couldn't help but laugh.

"What, is this some kind of joke? Just because two brand ambassadors left? Just find two new ones, and it's solved. Does such a trivial matter really warrant my attention?"

Juliette had had the same initial reaction as Sylvia. Losing two brand ambassadors didn't seem like a big deal; the company could find replacements. But after digging deeper, Juliette found that for some reason, their companies were being blacklisted within the industry. Apart from their signed artists, almost no one was willing to work with them.

This had never happened before, and Sylvia was stunned. "Someone must be targeting us specifically

then."

"Absolutely. And I've looked into it – the instigator is a major player in the film and television industry. For them, taking aim at us like this is easy."

They were established giants, their connections unparalleled by Sylvia and Juliette's subsidiaries.

Juliette couldn't fathom what their companies had done to warrant being blacklisted. Sylvia thought for a moment and then suggested, "Luke, my brother's assistant, could easily handle this if we call him over."

Juliette's mouth twitched in disbelief. "Are you joking? Luke is your brother's right-hand man, and if I'm not mistaken, he's helped resolve untold issues. You really think your brother would be happy to send Luke over to assist you?",

Sylvia pondered for a moment before shaking her head. "I don't know, that's why you should go talk to

him. He certainly wouldn't agree if I asked.

"What are you thinking? Your brother would refuse even if I asked!"

Juliette wasn't keen on getting involved in this thankless task, fearing it could backfire on her. But Sylvia said nothing, merely waiting and watching Juliette in silence until the office phone suddenly rang, interrupting their standoff

After hanging up, Sylvia donned her jacket and announced, "Let's go to the subsidiary and see what's going on," beckoning Juliette to follow.

As they reached the lobby, they saw Luke waiting with a car. Now it made sense why Sylvia had reacted so oddly; Luke had been preparing to join them.

"You're saying your brother actually agreed to let Luke come over to help with this?" Juliette whispered.

"Of course. If he doesn't handle this for me, who will?"

To Sylvia, it made no difference; eventually, she would lead the company, and perhaps her brother would still need to be involved. If in the meantime Luke could assist, all the better.

Formalities exchanged, Luke drove them to the subsidiary, where everyone was stressed about the upcoming magazine cover shoot. The contracted artist had backed out at the last minute, leaving them scrambling for a suitable replacement.

En route, Sylvia was briefed on the situation. The upcoming cover shoot was to be conducted by a renowned photographer, which was supposed to be a key selling point. However, their rivals had exploited this, and their intended cover artist pulled out as a result.



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## Chapter 65 A Perfect Match

This time, the master photographer they've brought in is Jessica. She's insanely talented, getting her so shoot is usually super expensive. Plus, she's picky about her models. The biggest problem they have on into is that they can't find the right celeb model for her to shoot this time

To lure Jessica into shooting this magazine cover, the company has shelled out some serious cash Everything was all set, and then, at the last minute, they hit a snag—the celeb model dropped out if we don't fix this, there goes our money down the drain.

And it's not just about the money. Their reputations on the line too. If they mess this up, not only Jessica but other photographers might not want to work with them anymore.

That's why folks at the subsidiary are freaking out. They reported it up to headquarters, and headquarters sent none other than Sylvia to handle this mess.

After going through the details, Sylvia had a good bead on who Jessica was, but she knew she had to see for herself what was going on.

But get this: when Sylvia arrived at the subsidiary, she ran into Cyril. Since their last casual mall run—in over two weeks ago, they hadn't crossed paths at all. Things have been smooth. But Cyril knew the Ivans family business was making big moves—snatching up three projects recently, one of which was right out of his hands. It ate at him, knowing they were out of his league.

Expecting someone else to take over the situation, Cyril was surprised to see Sylvia there. And with Sylvia were her best friend and Bruce's assistant. Cyril had always known Sylvia and Bruce were tight, but the appearance of the assistant for such a supposedly minor issue seemed out of the ordinary

And then there was Luke, Bruce's right-hand man, now at Sylvia's side—definitely fishy.

Sylvia didn't give Cyril a second glance as she approached the manager, who had been notified by the head office about the incoming fixer.

He knew Luke. They had met at last year's company gala, so he greeted him with familiarity. But Luke clarified that Sylvia, the company's vice president, was the one in charge. He was just there to support her.

Sylvia, brief nod and all business, asked to meet with Jessica straight away. As she walked past Cyril, the manager brought up that Cyril was Jessica's good pal and that she insisted on him being the male model If she was to collaborate. Now, with the

female celeb a no-show, the manager was at a loss since Cyril's status made him a tricky figure to navigate around.

The manager, savvy in entertainment politics, sensed the tension in the air and felt a need to explain.

V Meeting Jessica, Sylvia found a woman full of funk and punk—a style that screamed rebel girl rather than

world-famous photographer. But that was Jessica's charm,

Jessica was nearly at her wit's end, finding today's shoot in jeopardy. She was on the cusp of storming off when she heard headquarters was sending someone to save the day. Curiosity piqued, she stayed to see what the headquarters exec would do.

What Jessica didn't expect was to be smitten the instar Sylvia walived in

“Oh my gosh, you're gorgeous! is this who headquarters ser to for things? Excellent You're gonna be the model for this issue, and in fly off the shelves! Get dressed, we're starting now! Oh, and you've met your co-model, right? The super handsome guy outside, Cyril? Known him for years. You two together perfect

match!\*

Jessica was clueless that Sylvia was there to solve the problem, not to model. But Jessica figured Sylvia's looks would make this shoot incredible, already envisioning the success

Caught up in the moment, Jessica dragged Sylvia off to prep for the shoot. Everyone was taken aback: Sylvia, Luke, and Juliet—all speechless.

Cyril, meanwhile, had overheard the offer. He wanted to protest but found himself silently longing for the chance to partner with Sylvia in front of the camera.

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## Chapter 66 Divorced But Still a Stunning Pair

Thrown into the deep end without a chance to say no, Sylvia was hustled by Jessica into the makeup chair and wardrobe like a duck to water. Once in the outfit, Sylvia looked like it was made just for her Jessica was delighted, and everyone else was wowed.

“My word, you look incredible!” Juliet gaped, never having imagined Sylvia could look this stunning. Yet, something felt off knowing Sylvia's partner for the shoot wasn't some male heartthrob, but Cyril.

Hearing this, Jessica, who had just walked in with a puzzled look, asked, “Why wouldn’t it be suitable for Sylvia and Cyril to do the shoot together? Aren’t you a celeb too, Sylvia? Or are you choosy with your partners? You two look absolutely perfect together. Trust me, I’ve shot so many pairs, and I’ve never seen a duo as perfect as you two. Did you two know each other before?”

Sylvia had been swept up in the rush since her arrival, with no time to clarify anything with Jessica until now. Sylvia finally said, “It seems you never asked if I was here to find a solution for you or become the solution myself.”

Jessica appeared lost. To her, both options simply meant resolving the problem.

Sylvia explained, “I’m here from headquarters to find a solution, not to provide one by stepping in. And as for your comment, we’re divorced—have you ever heard of ex-spouses posing together for such a shoot?”

Not wanting to hide anything since her relationship history with Cyril was out there for anyone curious enough to look, Sylvia made it clear she wasn’t the solution Jessica was hoping for.

Jessica gasped, realizing he’d mixed up roles. She just thought Sylvia was the ideal fit for the theme, and after seeing many female celebs fail to measure up to Cyril’s look, none had satisfied him—until Sylvia

walked in.

With Sylvia looking just right and eager to not let this chance slip by, Jessica playfully said, “If you’re here to resolve a problem, as long as it gets resolved, that’s all that matters, right? And what does it matter if you’re divorced? You both look perfect together—a divorced pair who are still completely stunning

together.”

Jessica, unaware of their history, just saw a match made in heaven and hoped they’d work together. To her, they were a photogenic pair that seemed a shame to have parted ways—forget the emotional stuff;

she was all about the visuals.

Sylvia and Juliet were at a loss for words, perplexed by Jessica’s bold attitude.

“Alright then, let’s get started. When we begin shooting, just relax and don’t think about your past. I’ll make y sure you look fabulous,” Jessica told Sylvia, whisking her away to the set to start a new round of photos.

Although she had other matters to address, Sylvia's current task was to finish this magazine shoot. After years of marriage with hardly any closeness, it was ironic that a magazine shoot was what brought them together so intimately.

When Cyril found out he'd be pairing with Sylvia for the day's shoot, he felt a rush of nervousness, unsure how to face her. It was crucial for him to be at his best around her. Yet, Sylvia appeared calm, unaffected

by their history.

During the shoot, Sylvia's natural poise shone through, while Cyril repeatedly fumbled—after all, he was not a professional, just someone Jessica had roped in to help after doing him a favor in the past. He hadn't expected to encounter Sylvia here.

In the end, Jessica was thrilled with the shoot, despite Cyril's less-than-perfect performance. As an observer, he could see Cyril still held feelings for Sylvia, hinting at a potential reconciliation, despite the

divorce.

As insiders, Jessica and Luke were dumbfounded, having no clue how the situation unfolded into this scenario. After shooting for several hours, Jessica was more than satisfied, convinced the magazine was going to be a hit and break past the industry's barriers.

"Goodness, I can't believe how things turned out. You and Cyril end up as magazine shoot partners, and by the time I process it, you're done! Cyril's gaze on you was so strange," Juliet remarked, still trying to make sense of it all.

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## Chapter 67 Who's the Better One

Juliet wasn't kidding when she said something about Cyril's reactions being odd. Honestly, she was as baffled as anyone about how things had spiraled, but she had kept an eye on Cyril, and his responses to Sylvia were way out of the ordinary

It was like he had changed into a different person after the divorce. Today, it seemed he wanted to chat with Sylvia time and again but she was giving him the cold shoulder, leaving Cyril's words stuck in his

throat.

"Strange or not, let's figure out what's going down first," Sylvia decided.

She sought out the manager to get the lowdown on the situation. Turns out the blacklist thing was mainly because their rivals were stirring up trouble. Sylvia figured it wasn't too big of a deal. If their opponents were exploiting their weak points, it meant there were indeed areas they needed to clean up.

"But really, how many celebs are squeaky clean? Our company's better than most, but compared to the big fish we're up against, we've got our work cut out for us, confided the manager.

After thinking it over, Sylvia replied, "Well, you said it yourself, not everyone in this biz is spotless. So let's dig up some dirt on them. If they've done something shady, you guys can find out. Once you've got solid proof, hand it over to the authorities. Oh, and you might want to go public about your connection to

headquarters"

After all, the subsidiary had made good profits for the company, so of course, Sylvia was willing to help them set up some money-making opportunities

Hearing Sylvia's plan, the manager's eyes went wide. He had thought about it before but taking on the rivals wasn't easy. Now with Sylvia green-lighting the exposure of their connection to the main office, the obstacles didn't seem so huge.

He was thrilled and assured her he could handle it. He also checked if the magazine with Sylvia and Cyril could actually hit the stands, if not, he'd need to pivot fast.

"Why couldn't it be released? Of course, it can go out," Sylvia affirmed.

Although she hadn't anticipated teaming up with Cyril, they'd done it for the money, and that was what

counted.

With a nod, the manager promised to hop on it and started organizing the next steps.

After the wild ride of the magazine shoot, Cyril seemed to catch a wind of opportunity. He was pinging Sylvia with messages and emails left and right, sticking to her like glu

Juliet lost count of how many times she'd intercepted these emails for Sylvia. What was Cyril thinking? He used to barely acknowledge Sylvia, and now he was the one chasing after her.

"Can't you give him something else to do?" Sylvia wished Cyril would just move on. They were over; there wasn't any reason to keep in touch she wasn't up for being just friends."

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Cyril was actually dying to know how Sylvin had so quickly climbed to the position of vice president. His recent encounters made him realize how little he actually knew about her. He wanted to understand Sylvia anew, although he insisted there was no other motive behind it. Others, however, saw it differently. Which is why he kept reaching out, never receiving a single reply to his emails or text messages.

“Man, you did a magazine shoot with Sylvin behind my back? Do you have any idea how much buzz this caused? Nobody expected you to pose with your ex-wife! Everyone knew about Cyril and Sylvia’s past. Their rocky marriage made the news of the magazine spread shocking.

Cyril remained unnervingly calm, “So what?” he retorted, leaving Jonathan speechless.

“Dude, do you know Katrina reached out to me this morning?” blurted Jonathan. “She’s asking what’s going on between you and Sylvia. Everyone’s freaking out online about the photo spread. They think you two should get back together.”

In truth, they did look perfect in the photos. Jonathan, who knew the real score, doubted a reunion was on the cards considering how awkward things had become.

Cyril stayed silent, a gesture Jonathan interpreted as telling.

“You’re not actually considering getting back with Sylvia, are you? You might be open to the idea, but I seriously doubt Sylvia is. Oh, and, by the way, after your magazine went viral this morning, Bark released a childhood photo of him and Sylvia, outright asking who’s better: him or you.”

Jonathan whipped out his phone and pulled up Bark’s post. Cyril’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“What did you say?”

“See for yourself.”

Taking Jonathan’s phone, Cyril saw the photo Bark posted—a young Bark with his arm around Sylvia, who was hugging him tightly, both of them smiling at the camera like happy teenagers.

Clenching the phone, Cyril thought, when the heck was this? How did he not know about it? Sylvia knew Bark since childhood? First it was Bruce, and now Bark. How many more men did Sylvia have unclear relationships with? And Bark’s post was a clear shot at him he was challenging Cyril!

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## Chapter 68 What's Her Story

“What were you thinking? Everyone’s dying to know. How do you go from being Cyril’s wife to getting all cozy with Bark? You know the guy has major clout. You gotta explain this, don’t you?”

After work, Sylvin was ready to head home and relax, but her friends intercepted her, intent on quizzing her about the current drama that had everyone glued to their screens.

Feeling hopeless in the face of their questioning, Sylvia didn’t know how to respond. Kelli’s eager expression made things worse; Sylvia was the one in hot water, yet her friends were thriving on the gossip,

“Not only your brother but now Catherine’s posted an old photo of you two on her profile,” Juliet said, showing the post on her phone to Sylvia, who just felt a headache coming

a on.

Passing the phone to Kelli, who looked intrigued, she remarked, “This is getting juicy. Now everyone’s even more curious about who you really are. Singer, actress... What next? We’ll find out you’re the heir to the Ivans family empire?”

Sylvia sighed deeply. “That’s exactly why I don’t want my real identity out there. See the kind of attention a small matter gets on the internet? Now Cyril and I are being linked together again just because of the magazine. If I knew I’d get dragged into all this hassle later, I wouldn’t have done the shoot at all.”

“Your family owns Crown Entertainment, right? They’re big shots in the industry. Do you really need to go through all this for some small subsidiary?” Kelli reasoned.

Sylvia knew about her family’s other entertainment company, that there was no need for such a sacrifice. But her willingness to go to such lengths wasn’t for the subsidiary’s sake—it was for Jessica.

“Jessica, sure, I’ve heard of him. He’s a force in photography, has his own style and skills. If you got involved with Cyril just for Jessica, then it’s just tough luck. But if you’re seriously thinking about hooking

up.” Kelli half-joked, half-

up with Cyril again, I might just have to throw my drink in your face to wake you serious.

All Sylvia could do was laugh dryly, wondering what she could possibly do. If it weren't for Jessica, she wouldn't give Cyril a second look, let alone collaborate with him.

"Look, none of that's the point," Juliet interrupted. "The real issue is your brother is steamed up over this. Better charm him back to a good mood, alright? And Catherine's on her way over—we should skedaddle before she arrives. Her influence is every bit as strong as your brother's."

Juliet remembered a time they went out with Catherine. Even though Catherine was incognito that day, she was still recognized as soon as she stepped out. That whole day they couldn't do anything fun; it was all about dodging Catherine's fans. They left in daylight and didn't get home till late at night it was a real thriller of a day.

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Now, hearing Catherine was on her way, they were excited but also a little nervous—those fans of hers. could be intense.

"Maybe we should take off before it gets crazy here. If Catherine gets spotted, none of us will get away," especially not you, Sylvia," Juliet suggested, eyeing the door.

Chapter 63 What's Her Story.

Sylvia, stuck in the whirlwind of rumors, feared being dragged further into the fray. How would she manage if things got even more tangled up?

"You all thinking about ditching me, huh? I'm telling you, I'm already here, and nobody's going anywhere!" announced Catherine, appearing just as they were contemplating their escape. Clearly peeved at the thought of being abandoned, she wasn't letting them off the hook.

Caught red-handed, they felt a tad awkward, still worried about Catherine's fans, but as long as they didn't swarm in, they were fine.

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"I was overseas filming when I heard you got divorced from that dog of a man. Here's my divorce gift for you congratulations on finally getting your head straight," Catherine said, handing over a hefty gift box to Sylvia, who almost didn't catch it.

Opening the box, Sylvia's mouth twitched—this wasn't exactly what you'd call a reliable gift. Inside were stacks of Catherine's personal magazines, showcasing interviews and profiles, along with entertainment gossip on various male celebrities that Sylvia knew and didn't—tall, strong, handsome, rich, poor, good, bad guys, you name it.

It was like a who's who of the showbiz world. Sylvia had an ominous feeling about it.



“What’s the idea behind this? Are you suggesting I pick someone out from this?” Sylvia placed the box down, skeptical about any of these being a good choice.

Catherine nodded and sat beside Sylvia, thumbing through the profiles. “Do you have any idea how much work I put into this for you? Trust me, I’ve never shown this to anyone else. It’s all very discreet, useful- and I wouldn’t harm you. These are all good options, all privately vetted, all clean. If one’s not enough, feel free to pick a few more. I won’t judge.”

Her words stunned everyone. They always knew Catherine was bold, but this was next-level. Juliet and Kelli couldn’t help but glance at Sylvia—who could manage that?

With her small frame, handling even one could be a stretch.

Released on May 1, 2024

Chapter 69 Are you living together?!

Sylvia couldn’t take the glances any longer. She set down the hefty gift box on the table, then turned to face her friends seriously

“Can you please stop looking at me like that? Whatever’s going on, it has nothing to do with me. I wouldn’t do something like that,” she protested

What a joke. She had just freed herself from one man, and now she was supposed to tangle with another? She cherished her solo life—running a business, making her own money. Why on earth did she have to get involved with another guy? She wasn’t crazy.

Besides, even if she wanted to find someone new, she was sure her family, especially Bark, wouldn’t agree. Bark was still fuming about her marriage, if she pursued another relationship, he’d probably lose it.

“I do appreciate the gifts, even though they’re not really helpful to me,” Sylvia said with a nod of thanks to Catherine, who watched her in disbelief. “But I think you should keep them. Most of these guys seem more your type, so I won’t take them.”

Sighing, Sylvia pushed the box back toward Catherine.

Catherine looked at her disdainfully. “Don’t you know how to enjoy the finer things? People beg me for just a glance at these magazines. I’m giving you enough to admire my unbeatable beauty every day, and you’re not even interested. And these men I’ve handpicked for you—how can you dismiss them without even a look? Don’t be so ungrateful!”

Sylvia was at a loss for words. They all knew Catherine was a bit narcissistic, but besides that quirk, she was alright—a little too full of herself sometimes, which had caused its fair share of laughs.

They had all started on the wrong foot, particularly Kelli, who couldn't stand Catherine's vanity and had clashed with her more than once. It got to the point where they even came to blows until Sylvia and Juliet finally stepped in to break it up.

That incident had somehow led to them all becoming good friends, hanging out together ever since, their relations growing ever stronger.

"If you're really set on giving this stuff to me, go talk to my brothers first. If they don't object, then I'll keep it," Sylvia suggested, neatly passing the buck to her older siblings, assuming they wouldn't approve either.

Catherine rolled her eyes in exasperation. "Can't you be independent without using your brothers as a shield? Forget it. If you don't want them, I'll keep it for myself."

Snatching the box back up, Catherine rummaged through it and pulled out two red velvet boxes,

them to Sylvia.

tossing

"I knew you wouldn't care about all that stuff, so I got you something more your style," Catherine told Sylvia as she handed her the boxes. "Here are the rubies you've always liked, and this sapphire ring I recently got feels just right for you. Brought them both for you."

Opening the velvet boxes, Sylvia was instantly amazed. Catherine really did have an eye for beauty. The

Chapter 69 Are you fring togetherte

rubies were stunning, and the sapphire ring was absolutely fitting.

"I heard the twins are coming back soon, and it's gonna be even liveller. We should all get together for at meal then," Catherine sald, lounging comfortably. Their bond was from childhood, no need for pretenses

with each other.

"That sounds great. If I'm not mistaken, York has had a crush on you since school, right? But your older brothers guarded you so closely he never stood a chance. Maybe now's a good time to give him a shot- someone we all know well," Kelli chimed in,

nudging Sylvia playfully. Ever since Sylvia's divorce, Kelli couldn't resist teasing her about it, though it was all in good fun.

Sylvia could only laugh dryly. "If you think it's such a good idea, why don't you try it?"

"Me? No way," scoffed Kelli. "I'm more into the gentlemanly types, like your third brother. He's the real

knight in shining armor in my eyes."

Hearing Kelli's words, Sylvia didn't know whether to laugh or groan. Her friends seemed to have staked their claims on all three of her brothers—one charmed by the eldest, one intrigued by the second, and now Kelli pining for the third.

Surrounded by her closest friends, Sylvia found herself at a loss for words at this sisters' gathering, which was meant to celebrate Catherine's successful return from a movie shoot, supposedly about to receive a major award that would boost her career. They were all thrilled for her, enjoying the celebratory night.

They partied until dawn before deciding to head their separate ways. Catherine, being a celebrity, left first but soon realized she had left her car keys back at the private room. She called Kelli, who was still around and quickly retrieved the keys to reunite them with Catherine. Little did they know, a sneaky paparazzo caught a snapshot of Kelli and Catherine sharing a ride back to Catherine's place spark speculation.

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– a photo that would

As for Sylvia and Juliet, they took a separate car, planning to go to work together the next day.

The next morning, the story of Kelli and Catherine riding together and the possibility of them cohabiting went viral online. Although others might be confused, Sylvia and Juliet knew the truth behind the photos. They looked at the snap for a good while and then shared a resigned chuckle.

"Maybe it's time for Kelli to grow his hair back," suggested Juliet. "This is the second time people have questioned his gender. If this keeps up, fans might start throwing eggs."

Fanatics did crazy things when it came to their idols. If they got angry enough, who knew what they might do to Kelli? It was a scenario both Sylvia and Juliet hoped to avoid at all costs.

Released on May 2, 2024

## Chapter 70 Setting Her Up

What a joke, Kelly would never let her hair grow out—that's just not her. But you know what? This situation is a bit unexpected. I guess we should let Catherine explain it. It's pretty weird."

If these two know about the rumor, then surely the other two involved in the scandal must too. Kelly got up bright and early only to be just about knocked over by this piece of gossip. First came Sylvia, and now Catherine—is she really so easily suspected?

Fuming, she took a direct approach and posted a photo: it was a group shot from yesterday where she deliberately blurred out Juliet. After all, since Sylvia had already been outed, there was no need to drag

Juliet into this mess too.

That's when everyone realized just how well-connected Sylvia was, and who would've guessed she was buddies with a movie star like Catherine?

Shortly after Kelly posted her photo, Catherine stepped out to clear the air, teasingly claiming that last night was just a friendly neighborhood committee meeting gone rogue with poor Kelly caught in the crossfire. Her taunting brought on a barrage of angry replies from Kelly right in the comments section.

Now, everyone knew these folks were all tight-knit. Sylvia's deep cover surprised many, but seeing how they rallied around her only made them adore Sylvia even more.

Sylvia, having read the latest, went back to her business without much fuss.

Bonnie saw the news too, and let's just say objects may have flown across the room in a fit of rage. Bonnie had long wanted to make a splash in showbiz, but big bro had put his foot down, clipping her wings before she could take flight.

She once shared her frustrations with Sylvia, who cautioned her that the glitter of showbiz wasn't all it seemed and advised her to keep it real and stay put at home. And now to learn that Sylvia and Catherine were besties? That was a hard pill for Bonnie to swallow.

"He's doing this on purpose, isn't he?" Bonnie seethed. "He never wanted me to stir up trouble on his friends' turf in showbiz. That's why he never wanted me in!"

Bonnie's room took the brunt of her temper before she stormed down to rant to Michelle. It was news to Michelle, too—he was shocked. Sylvia wasn't just indifferent; he was friends with the big shots.

Michelle was fuming partly in sympathy. If Sylvia had just lent a hand, with Catherine's clout in the industry, Bonnie could have easily found her footing and maybe be basking in stardom by now.

"I knew it! When he married into this family, it was never for anything good. He's always had his eyes on my brother's fortune. Sure, he played it cool at the split, all carefree without a peep about money. Look at him, devoting all his craft and conniving to chase his own ambitions! And now we find out he's chummy with so many? After all that pretense of just being an 'ordinary guy'? He's just full of it, isn't he!"

Michelle, too, was upset and took Bonnie into her arms.

"Don't be mad, honey. We'll think of something. We cannot let Sylvia get away with this!"

Bonnie was seeing red, too upset to care for her mother's comfort. She briskly freed herself from Michelle's arms, stood aside, and said, heatedly:

How do you suggest we don't let him have it his way? I'll never let him off the hook, but I don't even have a chance to get to him right now. And my brother? He's got nothing but eyes for Sylvia—used to even fight with me over him. What am I supposed to do?

Michelle felt even more for her only daughter, blaming Sylvia for all the wrongs. If only Sylvia had been willing to help, none of this would be happening.

"Honey, don't get all worked up. Listen to me, as long as we are determined, nothing is impossible. Don't you have lots of friends? Plus, your brother's connections could come in handy. Let's figure out where Sylvia will show up, and we can give him a piece of our mind."

Bonnie hardly grasped the implications of Michelle's words, her mind racing with thoughts of vengeance. She wanted to craft the cruelest revenge possible, to show Sylvia the severity of the wounds he had

inflicted.

"How do we set him up, now that he's..."

Mid-rant, Bonnie remembered a recent visit to her brother. Cyril had mentioned attending a charity gala which Sylvia was also going to, pondering whether to consider collaborating with him. Bonnie had been livid at the idea of her brother working with Sylvia but now saw a golden opportunity to teach Sylvia a

lesson.

“I’ve got it!” Bonnie perked up instantly, and while Michelle wasn’t sure what her daughter had in mind, seeing Bonnie happy made her happy too.

“I’ll go find my brother right now.”

With a devious sparkle in her eye, Bonnie hurried out. Michelle said nothing, trusting her daughter’s judgement, and watched as Bonnie rushed off in a flurry. Once alone, Michelle instructed the household staff to clean the place top to bottom. After all, Sylvia was actually not too shabby at keeping the house spick and span, and that had been free housekeeping they’d lost.

Michelle regretted not making more of Sylvia’s tenure. Now, even the memory of a clean house seemed insufficient. Michelle pondered this but never considered Sylvia’s perspective, focusing solely on what benefitted her, uncaring of others.

Meanwhile, Bonnie, flustered and anxious to see her brother, didn’t know the musings in her mother’s mind. Eager to find Cyril, she arrived at the company only to find him in a meeting. So, she sat and waited in his office, anguishing over the delay.