

After Divorce, She Becomes the Billionaire Heiress

(Sylvia and Cyril) Chapter 71-80

Released on May 2, 2024

Chapter 71 Making Her Comply

Cyril's assistant, named Jack, usually helped handle business affairs and occasionally dealt with Bonnie's requests as well. After all, Bonnie was Cyril's sister, and despite any disappointment he might have felt, Cyril couldn't completely ignore his sister's welfare.

During the meeting, aware that Bonnie had come to see him and wanting to prevent any mischief, Cyril had called Jack in to keep an eye on her.

Bonnie looked at Jack with hopeful eyes. "Jack, there's something I need help with. Make it happen and I'll make sure my brother gives you a raise."

She was confident about Jack's assistance, whatever the task, she knew he would find a way. She needed to understand which charity gala Sylvia was planning to attend, whether or not she could also go, and what her role would be—an array of details best learned from a direct

source,

Hearing Bonnie's request, Jack felt a headache coming on. He had helped Cyril resolve several of Bonnie's past issues, and each time, the trouble seemed to grow exponentially. After sorting out each of her messes, it felt like he aged seven or eight years. Now, hearing her ask for another favor, Jack's head ached in anticipation.

Swallowing hard, Jack put on an awkward face, unsure of how to proceed without the boss's permission.

"I'm not sure how to help here, Bonnie. Without the boss's orders, it's not appropriate for me to get involved. Why don't you ask him directly? Some things are easier for him to handle," he cautiously tried to deflect.

Bonnie's expression darkened upon seeing Jack's reluctance. She glared at him and threatened, "Oh really? If you won't help me, I'll just tell my brother to fire you!"

Jack, however, wasn't perturbed by her threat. If he really could be fired that easily, he wouldn't have worked at Cyril's side for so long, and he was confident he could land an even

place where. Perhaps it was time Bonnie learned a lesson?

"I'll- it again—if you need my help, you should discuss it with the boss. As long as he agrees, I have no objections," Jack maintained his stance.

"I simply want to ask you something, is it necessary to go over your head to my brother?" Bonnie chided. "He mentioned attending a charity gala – does he need a date for it? Can I go with him? As his date?"

Realizing she still needed Jack's assistance, Bonnie swallowed her fury, softening her tone

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she addressed him again.

Jack initially thought Bonnie was going to ask him to do something outrageous again, but it turns out she just wanted information about the charity gala. It wasn't too much trouble, although he wasn't quite sure about the details of bringing a date.

"Generally, you can bring a date to a charity gala, but the boss never seemed interested in attending such events before, so I'm not sure if he plans to bring Liberty this time. If you're looking to attend, you might want to check directly with the boss. I think he'd be open to it."

Jack spoke earnestly. As long as Bonnie didn't stir up trouble for Cyril, there shouldn't be a problem, but that was a big 'if'.

Bonnie pondered for a moment before nodding. "I heard Sylvia's also attending. What's his role there? It must cost a bit, and with Sylvia's current situation, I doubt he'd chip in much."

What Bonnie really meant was that Sylvia couldn't afford it. She imagined how

embarrassing it would be for him at the gala—if he even got in—and she found the thought amusing.

"That, I don't know," Jack replied cautiously. "It's his business, not mine. The boss hasn't been keeping tabs on Sylvia. If you need specific details, you might want to ask the boss."

Mentioning Sylvia put Jack on guard. He knew all too well what Bonnie and Michelle were capable of, having seen Sylvia on the receiving end of their bullying

Bonnie rolled her eyes in exasperation. "To think you've been my brother's assistant for so long and know so little. Never mind, I never needed to ask you anyway. I just want to make Sylvia behave."

Although Jack didn't take Bonnie's attitude to heart, her words did resonate with him. First, she mentioned making Sylvia behave, then the gala. Putting two and two together, Jack had a hunch she was up to no good, and it troubled him.

Feeling a sense of urgency, he made an excuse to leave Bonnie, pondering whether to inform the boss. Ordinarily, such matters wouldn't warrant bothering Cyril, but he feared Bonnie

nighme unmanageable trouble.

At the moment's thought, Jack decided to tell Cyril. He approached the conference room and, without regard for the ongoing meeting, whispered to Cyril the details of his conversation with Bonnie and his suspicions, which were well-informed based on his understanding of Bonnie's character.

Cyril's face darkened visibly after hearing Jack's concerns, leaving everyone else in the conference room wondering what had happened to change his mood so suddenly

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"I've got it," Cyril said, his voice low. "Keep an eye on Bonnie in my office. Until my meeting's over, she doesn't go anywhere."

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Chapter 72 I Didn't Do Anything

During the second half of the meeting, Cyril's mood was noticeably sour, leaving his colleagues curious but wary to question him. Everyone behaved, particularly those who had considered challenging him, thinking better of it given his dark expression.

"Let's conclude today's meeting. Any other issues? If not, you can go about your work," Cyril announced as the meeting wrapped up.

No one dared to provoke Cyril further, so, despite having questions, they all shook their heads, quickly preparing to make their exit.

"Good, if there are no issues, get back to work."

Cyril stood up first, with Jack obediently following. They hurried back to their office at top speed.

Upon returning, Cyril was greeted by the sight of Bonnie lounging in his chair, casually applying nail polish. Her nonchalance triggered a wave of irritation in Cyril, who snatched the polish from her hands and threw it to the floor with such swiftness that Bonnie didn't even have time to react.

“What the heck, brother? What are you doing?” Bonnie couldn’t comprehend the sudden change. She hadn’t done anything wrong, just waited for him, and here he was tossing her belongings aside. It felt like an overreaction.

“Ever since Sylvia’s divorce, you’ve been against me. What, not getting the superiority you craved from Sylvia, so now you come to bother me?” Cyril hadn’t been that angry until he heard Bonnie’s response. Out of reflex, his hand shot out and struck Bonnie across the face.

The slap was neither gentle nor restrained, twisting her face to the side. Jack had never anticipated the day Cyril would physically discipline his sister.

Cyril, regaining his composure after the slap, looked down at his palm in disbelief, surprised he’d actually hit his sister. However, he felt the act wasn’t entirely out of place.

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“It seems you’ve lost all sense abroad. Don’t you know what should and shouldn’t be done ro? If I had known you’d turn out this way, I never would’ve sent you overseas in the

te. You’re not the sister I knew!”

Bonnie, pressing her hand against her reddened cheek, looked at her brother with scornful disbelief.

“Do you not see what has become of your own sister? Let me tell you, the way I am today is your doing. Why did you even marry Sylvia? If you hadn’t, none of this would have

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happened. Sylvia kept slapping my face again and again, and you let him!”

Her words were so outlandishly misplaced that Cyril couldn’t recall a time when Sylvia had ever laid a hand on Bonnie,

Throughout their marriage, although Cyril had his reservations about Sylvia, he was certain of one thing: Sylvia’s character was not the type to mistreat Bonnie. It was much more likely that Bonnie was the one making Sylvia’s life difficult.

“Whether you bullied Sylvia or Sylvia bullied you, you know the truth. And let me make this clear—you can forget about attending the gala. You’re thinking of striking at Sylvia, but look at yourself first. Besides, Sylvia and I no longer have any connection. He has no reason to tolerate your behavior any longer. You think you can mess with him and

get away with it? If you cause trouble, I won't hesitate to discipline you on behalf of our late father."

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Cyril had a sinking feeling. If he continued to turn a blind eye to his sister's actions, she would only escalate her drama—potentially beyond control.

Bonnie couldn't believe what she was witnessing. She hadn't done anything yet, and already her brother was coming at her with threats.

"I honestly hadn't planned to do anything to him. But with what you just said, if I don't, it would be a disservice to myself after taking a slap from you today. No matter how you try to stop me, I will make Sylvia pay. He's always targeted me, and now I have no intention of letting him off easy!"

Cyril was furious but hesitated as he raised his hand. Bonnie stepped forward defiantly, looking up at him with stubborn eyes.

"Are you going to hit me over Sylvia again? Go ahead, I'm not afraid. I might as well not even have a brother at this point. What does it matter? It's not like you've been gentle with me these past years."

If Bonnie persisted in her defiance, Cyril knew he wouldn't strike her. Yet, her words cut deep, and he was genuinely distressed.

"Why? If Sylvia did something wrong, you could have told me. Even if he were still my husband, I would never condone his misdeeds. Why must you act this way? Don't you see

just creating problems for yourself but for our family as well?" 2

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Cyril had begun to calm down, longing to understand what was truly going on in his sister's

mind.

Yet Bonnie turned away, refusing to look at him. She thought about her disdain for Sylvia—a mere status symbol, in her eyes. Sylvia, of humble origin, always carried an air of pride around them—for what reason? Plus, the activities Sylvia had engaged in while married to

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Cyril were less than honorable. So what if Bonnie wanted to shake Sylvia up a bit? She didn't Cyril seemed fixated on them. see any fault in her actions, bu

"I just don't like him. I hate him. Do I need a reason for that? I can't articulate it, I just don't like the sight of him, and I will act on it. If you're willing to fight for him, then go ahead and hit me."

Released on May 2, 2024

Chapter 73 The Grand Entrance

Cyril was at a loss for words after hearing Bonnie's rant. He genuinely hadn't expected his sister to speak so bluntly.

"I'm here trying to have a reasonable discussion with you. All I want to know is why you have such animosity towards Sylvia, and not just you—Mom, too..."

"That's enough. You've divorced Sylvia, and the two of you have no connection anymore. Can we leave these issues behind? Even if you're trying to understand the whole situation, are you intending to take Sylvia back? It's too late for that!"

Bonnie's emotional dam broke, and she lashed out at Cyril before storming out of the office. Jack, concerned, hesitated between going after her and staying with his visibly upset boss.

"Boss..."

" he began, but Cyril was already immersed in his thoughts, wrestling with why Bonnie was aggressively targeting Sylvia. He knew he hadn't let go and was hellbent on confronting Sylvia about it. With the charity gala approaching, he felt compelled to find a way to warn Sylvia, perhaps as a form of penance.

"Forget about her for now. We need to make sure someone watches her at the gala. Don't let her do anything drastic. Also, try to get in touch with Sylvia and give him a heads-up. If he wants to take the warning, fine. If not, we'll just increase security."

Cyril dreaded the potential complications Bonnie might create, her knack for stirring up trouble weighing heavily on him.

Jack quickly agreed to do as asked but couldn't help thinking it wouldn't be so easy to resolve. He knew Sylvia's personality had undergone great changes recently, and even if nothing happened, Sylvia would not let Bonnie off lightly, especially with their

conflicts.

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Time flew by, and the day of the charity gala arrived. The event was hosted by a prominent consortium aiming to bolster its reputation, drawing many high-profile guests.

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d with Bruce. Juliet, too, was supposed to come along but as a representative of her family, she would make a separate appearance.

Walking to the gala with Bruce by her arm, Sylvia was surrounded by guests eager to greet Bruce, although nobody openly inquired about Sylvia's identity. They were unsure of the nature of the relationship between Sylvia and Bruce and didn't want to risk a faux pas. Some things were better left unsaid.

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"I was wondering who would make the grand entrance tonight, and it turns out to be you." Indeed, Bruce and Sylvia were the ones drawing attention, though slightly behind schedule. Sylvia had failed to find the right pair of shoes before leaving home, causing a brief delay while choosing a new pair. Other than that, there were no significant hold-ups.

The Evan family was bound to attract attention due to their extraordinary stature, so when Sylvia and Bruce made their grand entrance towards the end of the evening, many eyes were drawn to them. Cyril noticed them but decided to wait for an opportune moment to approach Sylvia, as the issue between his sister and Sylvia had yet to transpire, and his involvement would be merely precautionary.

Cyril stood by, observing Sylvia converse with the surrounding businessmen, exuding a sun-like radiance. She displayed a confidence, elegance, and generosity that Cyril had never seen in her before. He was taken aback by the transformation and wondered what could have triggered such a change in Sylvia.

Once the mingling wound down, Cyril found his chance to speak with Sylvia. Sylvia was busy on her phone, handling work matters. It was evident that her life had become hectic but fulfilling, making her distinct from her past self. Sylvia, now intriguing and eye-catching, would not go unnoticed.

Even in the short distance Cyril walked over, he could tell that at least ten people were watching Sylvia.

"It's been a while. The last time I saw you was in that magazine shoot I did to help Jessica out. I heard sales were pretty good, so congratulations," Cyril started, using their last collaboration as an opener, unaware that it was a sensitive topic Sylvia would rather avoid. "Thanks, but no need for congratulations. I didn't even want to do that

shoot with you. Why are you here? Is there something you need?" Sylvia was skeptical about their interaction, certain that Cyril must have a specific reason to seek her out post-divorce.

Cyril looked hesitant and somewhat embarrassed. The fact that no incidents had occurred yet and he didn't know Bonnie's intentions made this approach feel awkward. However, he had to address the situation.

"Well, it seems my sister may be planning something against you, but I'm not sure what it st wanted to warn you," Cyril confessed, truly feeling uncomfortable with his

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Sylvia paused, prised by the warning. “Your sister is planning something against me? What will she go?”

Released on May 3, 2024

Chapter 74 Taking a Gamble

Cyril’s face flushed with both embarrassment and uncertainty. He had no inkling what sort of scandalous act his sister might be planning, but he felt it was imperative to intervene.

“I don’t know exactly what she’s planning against you, but by coming here today, I’m sure she’s up to no good. Consider this a warning. Whether you believe me or not is up to you,” said Cyril, having said his piece and leaving the ball in Sylvia’s court.

Sylvia seemed slightly incredulous, questioning if Cyril had approached him solely to convey this vague caution. He knew Bonnie too well, and he doubted Cyril had any concrete notion of her potential schemes.

“You don’t know what she might do, but I’m all too aware. How about we make a wager? Let’s bet on whether your sister plans to ruin my reputation today,” Sylvia proposed, which left Cyril taken aback. He understood that Bonnie could be extreme in her actions, but to bring someone to the brink of ruin seemed far-fetched.

Sylvia noticed every nuance in Cyril’s expression. Over the years, he had become adept at reading Cyril—every movement, every subtle sign, without ever misinterpreting them. It puzzled Sylvia that he could still pick up on Cyril’s emotional shifts with such immediacy. Though they were no longer connected, his body’s instinctive responses made it impossible to fake indifference. Sylvia sensed Cyril’s repulsion to the idea of Bonnie causing serious

harm.

The realization that Cyril would naturally side with his sister, considering Sylvia a stranger, wasn’t surprising. Cyril’s apparent willingness to warn Sylvia was likely out of nostalgia for past affections rather than genuine concern.

“So, you’re coming to me with this because you believe she won’t actually do anything to me,” Sylvia inhaled deeply, suppressing the bitterness emerging within. It made no sense to dwell on it. Cyril favoring his kin was natural, and Sylvia admitted he would do the same if roles were reversed.

Cyril neither nodded nor shook his head. Truthfully, he had no idea if Bonnie was capable of such vindictiveness, yet he harbored a hope that she wouldn’t ruin her own life.

“You need to understand something, Cyril. You don’t want Bonnie’s life destroyed, but that’s contingent on her not derailing it herself. Since you brought me this warning, all I can

say

is thank you. As for the rest, I’ll handle it. However, if Bonnie does cross the line, don’t think for a second that I won’t retaliate. The degree of my response, well, you’ll just have to wait and see,” Sylvia responded with a firm resolve.

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Grateful for the warning, Sylvia was willing to give Cyril the benefit of the doubt, but she wanted to make it clear that her warning was based solely on what Cyril had offered.

After speaking with Cyril, Sylvia took her belongings and left. She knew any planned actions from Bonnie wouldn’t just be empty threats. She moved to a more secluded

corner and sent a text message to Bruce to inform him. Bruce's face was grave when he arrived.

"Cyril actually warned you today? Should we do something in advance?" Bruce was suggesting that if Bonnie was planning something, perhaps they should nip it in the bud instead of waiting for things to escalate, which could harm Sylvia's reputation.

Sylvia shook her head. "No, I want to see what she's capable of. If she's ready to strike, I want to know how far she'll go."

Bruce understood that Sylvia had made up her mind; she was determined to make Bonnie pay a price. Armed with foreknowledge, they could prepare themselves.

Bruce nodded and discreetly arranged for additional security on his phone. It was crucial to protect Sylvia regardless of what Bonnie might attempt.

While Sylvia was pondering Bonnie's possible actions, a server approached with several glasses of champagne, likely tense from doing something like this for the first time. Asking if Sylvia wanted any, it was clear that the server's approach was unusual—normal servers wouldn't personally offer drinks when there was a table laden with beverages nearby.

Cyril watched as Sylvia accepted a glass of champagne with a nod, prompting the server to visibly relax and move away, just as they passed Cyril, who was scowling.

Sylvia held the glass without drinking, sensing eyes upon her—resentful eyes that had been following her. With a small smile, she glanced in Cyril's direction and took two sips of the champagne, right in front of him.

I couldn't pin down his feelings, but there was an uncomfortable taste in his mouth seeing Sylvia take those sips.

After downing the drink, Sylvia placed the glass on the table and headed outside. She grabbed some napkins from another table; the champagne she had sipped had never been swallowed and was promptly spat out the moment she turned her back.

After disposing of the content, Sylvia rushed to the restroom to clear her throat. She had no idea what kind of substance might have been mixed into that drink, and taking any chances with her health was out of the question.

Released on May 3, 2024

Chapter 75 Vulnerable and Helpless

From the second floor, Bonnie witnessed with satisfaction as Sylvia finally drank the champagne. Knowing that Cyril was also at the event, she immediately arranged for

someone to monitor his actions.

As for herself, she quickly followed the direction Sylvia had gone. She had to make sure everything unfolded as planned since today might be her last chance to ruin Sylvia.

However, to Bonnie's surprise, as she approached Sylvia, they both coincidentally headed towards the restroom at the same time. Caught off guard, Sylvia hesitated for a second and then dramatically collapsed to the floor.

Bonnie, unaware of the severity of the situation, thought the drug had taken effect upon seeing Sylvia on the ground. She hastily pulled out her phone and summoned the people she had arranged beforehand. But little did she know that Bruce had already turned those very people, meaning they would only take Sylvia somewhere safe and wouldn't help Bonnie with her scheme.

"As we planned, take Sylvia upstairs and make sure to take those pictures. I want her scandalous photos to circulate throughout the entire event!" Bonnie had enlisted five strong men to capture the compromising footage, intending to disgrace Sylvia publicly.

Even if Sylvia didn't care about the chaos, the judging looks and whispered comments from the crowd would be as sharp as daggers, wounding her reputation.

"The job will get done, but we need the payment first," one of the men stated boldly. "This woman came with a big shot, someone we cannot afford to mess with. We'll need to skip town immediately after the job, so you better transfer the money now. If something goes wrong, we need to get out fast."

Eomie was annoyed at their insistence on receiving the payment first, but the thought of crossing Bruce made her apprehensive.

"I sent you a deposit before we started, and I promised the remaining million after the job's done. If you insist on getting the money now, I'll transfer half of what I promised."

She hastily transferred \$500,000 to them on her phone, and upon confirming the receipt, the men breathed a sigh of relief and proceeded to carry Sylvia upstairs.

To detach herself from the pending deed, Bonnie didn't follow them. Instead, she made her way downstairs, mingling and greeting both acquaintances and strangers. Her aim was to establish an alibi by ensuring people knew what she was doing at that precise moment, thus eliminating her from any suspicion.

Chapter 75 Vulnerable and Helpines

“Miss Bonnie, your brother is upstairs. He’s asking for you,” a server approached Bonnie with a respectful demeanor, showing no sign of anything amiss.

Bonnie felt a surge of anxiety. She hadn’t told Cyril about her plan, and she knew he would be furious if he found out. “I understand,” she said, “I will follow you up.”

After excusing herself from her companion, she followed the server upstairs. But as they turned the corner on the second floor, several men suddenly rushed at her, covering her mouth and nose.

Bonnie recognized these men; they were the very ones she had instructed to take care of Sylvia. But why were they here now?

“Do you have any idea how close I came to death because of you? That man isn’t someone you can mess with. How dare you lay a hand on his woman; you’re getting what you deserve!

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They dragged her, ignoring her struggle, towards the hotel room originally intended for Sylvia. Bonnie’s body shook with fear as she realized that whatever she had planned for Sylvia might now happen to her.

Despite her desperate attempts to break free, she was no match for the group of men who tossed her into the room. As Bonnie tried to escape, she heard a familiar female voice.

“Why run? Isn’t this what you prepared for me? Now that I’ve turned the tables, aren’t you happy?”

Hearing Sylvia’s voice, Bonnie was immobilized in shock. She turned to see a glamorous Sylvia sitting on a couch, two drinks before her—one touched, one untouched.

“People might assume you’re weak and helpless, but how could someone truly vulnerable do what you planned? I was warned about your intentions. Now, what do you think I’ll do next?”

Controlled and cornered, Sylvia, holding a champagne glass, approached Bonnie, who was terrified by the sight of the glass.

“Let’s have you experience what you intended for me, see just how interesting it will be,” Sylvia said, forcing Bonnie’s mouth open and pouring the champagne in.

Bonnie didn't want to swallow the tainted drink, thrashing against the grip of the men who held her head, causing her to tear up from the pain. But Sylvia was indifferent—she had endured much more suffering than this and was not about to let Bonnie off easy.

Without any lessons learned, Bonnie would likely continue her ways, potentially seeking revenge again. After all, some people's hearts are just that dark.

Chapter 75 Vulnerable and Helpless

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After the drink was forced down, someone covered her mouth before she could spit it out. Sylvia, with a hint of disgust, stepped back, watching Bonnie and said, "This is all your own doing your preparation. Aren't you willing to taste your creation? Don't worry, I won't go as far as you, I won't broadcast the video publicly. I'll just send it to your brother's inbox, let him see for himself what kind of person you really are."

Released on May 3, 2024

Chapter 76 Don't Go Too Far

Tears streamed uncontrollably down Bonnie's face; she had never imagined that Sylvia could be so ruthless. She knew well the substance she had prepared—all too well. She had effects made her panic internally; she didn't need to think hard to know the pain she would endure. All she wanted was for Sylvia to be ruined, not for her own downfall. She struggled fiercely, but it was to no avail. The men she recognized, whom she had sent to deal with Sylvia, now turned against her.

intended it for Sylvia, not herself, and the thought of suffering It

"Do you know how close I came to death because of you? How dare you touch his woman; you deserve what's coming to you!" As they spoke, they ignored her resistance and dragged her into the room prepared for Sylvia.

Bonnie shivered from head to toe, suddenly fearing that the fate she had consigned to Sylvia would now be hers. She thrashed with all her might, yet how could she stand against four or five men? They shoved her into the room with ease.

Coughing and clawing at her throat on the ground, Bonnie tried to expel the drink she had been forced to ingest. "Stop struggling. Did you ever think such a thing could happen to you when you planned it for me? This is retribution. Now, enjoy it," Sylvia watched from above with a cold smile and then walked out, as the men prepared to carry out their part.

"You keep away from me, stay back!" Bonnie pleaded as the men drew closer, overwhelming her with terror.

As Sylvia walked further away and the men closed in, Bonnie lived the saying about lifting a stone only to drop it on one's own feet. "Sylvia, you won't have a good end either! If you do this to me, I will not let

I will not let you off!"

Stopping at the door, Sylvia turned at the sound of Bonnie's voice. Bonnie glared at her. "You'll never win back my brother's heart by doing this. He doesn't care about you!"

"You deserve to be dumped by my brother. Did you think marrying him would make it all better? Because of your actions, you two will be finished!"

Sylvia couldn't help but laugh. "You've got it all wrong. First off, I don't want your brother. Secondly, a man who can't manage his own affairs and wavers in love isn't worth my time. If we're apart, that would make me happy. As for letting me off, let's see if I let you off."

Sylvia then instructed the men, "Don't waste any more time. Whatever she wanted you to do to me,

do it to her instead."

With those last words, Sylvia exited, leaving the screams of Bonnie cut off by the closed door.

Just a few steps after leaving, Sylvia's wrist was abruptly grabbed. Turning her head impatiently, she saw that it was Cyril and Jonathan holding her back. Jonathan didn't really understand why he was there, just following behind Cyril, but he sensed something off about the room Sylvia had exited- had he not been mistaken, he thought he heard Bonnie's screams coming from inside.

"You might be going a bit too far with this," Cyril said, gripping Sylvia's wrist firmly, his voice trembling with disbelief at her ruthlessness.

Sylvia met Cyril's gaze steadily, as if looking at a stranger, which only increased his discomfort. After a stalemate, Sylvia spoke first. "You seem to have misunderstood. First, I don't think I've gone too far, and second, why would I do anything if it wasn't for your sister's actions against me? I'm not as heartless as your sister—to record such videos. I'm merely teaching her a lesson."

She then turned to Jonathan. "If you're sincerely worried about me going too far, you should go in and stop it, rather than conversing with me here."

Confused, Jonathan pieced together that Bonnie had planned something for Sylvia, but Sylvia had turned the tables. “Are you saying Bonnie’s inside? What have you done to her? No wonder we’re not on the same page!”

Annoyed, Jonathan rushed to the door and started ramming it with his shoulder, but the door was too sturdy for him to break open on his own.

Unmoved, Sylvia watched them for a moment before walking away. Whatever would happen next was beyond her control. At least from the beginning, her intention was not to ruin Bonnie utterly; all she wanted was to give her a lesson and make her realize that causing trouble for Sylvia was a bad idea.

As Sylvia drifted further away, Jonathan grew more desperate. “Stop eyeing that woman and help your sister! How could she go so far? And even if Bonnie hasn’t been seriously hurt, what she’s doing to her is wrong!”

Cyril snapped out of his daze at Jonathan’s words, reached the door, and hesitated with his key card in hand.

“What are you hesitating for? She’s your own sister!”

Jonathan snatched the key card from Cyril’s hand, opened the door with a beep, and stormed in. To his surprise, he found Bonnie tied to a chair—her clothes slightly askew, but not overly harmed. The three men who had been loudly playing poker quieted down.

Bonnie’s tears kept falling as she struggled upon hearing them enter. Recognizing Jonathan,

her eyes lit up, and she began to fight her bonds more fiercely.

The scene was not as Jonathan had imagined. He was taken aback momentarily, then he hurried over to untie Bonnie. “Don’t be afraid, I’m here with your brother. We won’t let you be hurt. I’ll make him find Sylvia; she went too far. How could she treat you like this?”

Bonnie, sobbing, nodded vigorously. She had been so frightened by the men that she couldn’t even form a coherent sentence.

Cyril entered the room quietly after Jonathan, slowly taking in the sight before him, his gaze finally resting on the three men continuing their card game.

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“Don’t look at me like that. It’s not like we wanted to do this. We’re just doing a job cause the pay is good. Your little sister gave us 300 grand to kidnap a lady and ruin her. But then, that lady turned out to be richer she gave us two million.”

Previously, Sylvia had told them that if they ever got caught, they should just come clean

right away.

One of the men started talking, and the other two chimed in immediately.

“Yeah, we told her two million. She made it clear we just needed to give the lady a scare, tie her up, make her feel hopeless and desperate. We did nothing else – see, we’ve just been sitting here playing cards.”

“Man, whoever this lady is from your family, she’s ice–cold wanting to wreck someone and then play the footage on loop on that big screen. I tell ya, we’d steer clear of a woman like that.”

As the three men divulged the truth, Bonnie’s face grew paler. By the time they had finished, Sylvia and Jonathan had the full picture, and Bonnie was completely bloodless.

Jonathan stared at Bonnie in shock.

Even though Bonnie was Cyril’s sister, Jonathan had always treated her as his little sister as

well. To find out his ‘little sister’ was capable of such venom was hard to stomach.

Bonnie was untied, her hands shaking as she stood up and lunged for Cyril. But Cyril sidestepped, letting her fall to the ground.

“It’s not what it looks like, Bro! You’ve got to believe me. They’re lying! I didn’t plan any of this. I just wanted to teach Sylvia a lesson, I swear. I didn’t mean to destroy her.”

Bonnie was terrified, knowing all too well the kind of man her brother was. If Cyril believed the story, she was done for.

Cyril looked down at Bonnie, making no move to help her up.

He turned to the men, a memory sparking in his mind.

“I’ve seen you guys before, two years ago, at my place. You came for her then, didn’t you?”

As Cyril spoke, Bonnie shook even more, using the wall to pull herself up but not daring to reach for her brother. Jonathan was confused, unable to connect how Cyril knew these men.

The three men hesitated, then remembered and nodded.

“Yeah, that’s right. We did see you before. She paid us back then too. She wanted us to make trouble for a woman- not exactly payback, just pure hassle. We messed up her house, scared her, sent her dead animals for days. But man, that lady was tough. She didn’t cry or fuss, just calmly called the cops.”

As they recounted the past, Cyril’s expression darkened.

Sylvia was far from unshaken during that time. She would often call Cyril, her voice cracking with tears, begging him to come back and keep her company because she was truly frightened. She told him about the things being thrown into the house to scare her.

How had Cyril responded back then? He had dismissed her concerns, telling Sylvia to stop playing games and just keep doing what she was supposed to do, without any wild expectations. He never considered that while he thought Sylvia was just making excuses for him to come home, she was actually enduring an immense psychological torment.

Cyril’s gaze upon Bonnie was icy as he realized he had thought Sylvia was lying, but all these events were connected to his own sister, orchestrated by her hand.

“Anything you want to say?” Cyril’s calm voice was a sign that he was on the edge of anger, and Bonnie knew better than to push him further.

She shook her head frantically, “Bro, listen to me, it’s not what it looks like! I never did anything to Sylvia. I’ve never met these guys before and I certainly never paid them any money. For real!”

“The nerve of this woman to deny it! Look, when you paid us, we recorded it. Don’t believe us? We can play the recording right now. Don’t throw us under the bus; we have a reputation to uphold in our line of work!”

“Yeah, it was you who told us to scare that woman so bad she’d want to leave her home. We just did what you asked. You should’ve seen her; she was so scared she couldn’t sleep for days.”

Cyril was extremely uncomfortable with this third-party confirmation. He couldn’t bear to think of how Sylvia must have felt at that time alone in that big house with people purposefully frightening her.

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Now Jonathan understood; these men were old acquaintances, although Bonnie could've been more careful not to leave traces that could have implicated her.

"You can't blame Bonnie entirely, after all, we all know what kind of person you are. She went through a lot to marry you. It was just a small lesson, nothing more. Look at Sylvia now, she's doing just fine. And Bonnie... if we hadn't intervened, who knows what might've happened?"

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Jonathan didn't hesitate tearing Sylvia down.

Cyril remembered having heard similar remarks from Jonathan before, but today, they sounded especially grating.

The three men were not pleased.

"We're professionals; we do what we're paid for, nothing more. She didn't go to the extremes you did, destroying someone's life. And someone with such a vicious heart, we'd be fools to cross her it could ruin the rest of our lives!"

They maintained their innocence, afraid of Bonnie's potential ruthlessness that might not even spare the three of them.

In the hotel room, Cyril's expression turned more and more impassive, but those who knew him were aware that behind the calm facade, a storm of rage was brewing.

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Chapter 78 Boolding Forgiveness

The charity gala was more than halfway through, and Bruce had had a hefty sum for a few items, earning applause from the entire crowd. Yet, he was a bit worried about Sylvia. When he saw her return unharmed, he breathed a sigh of relief.

"If you hadn't come back soon, I would've sent someone to look for you. How did everything go?"

Sylvia grinned at Bruce. The emotional storm had passed the moment she saw her brother. She couldn't dwell on the past forever, using old wounds to torture herself. Wasn't that just asking for trouble?

"It's pretty much handled. I wasn't trying to hurt anyone, just teach him a lesson to stop having such crooked ideas about me,"

Sylvia knew full well that what she had done this time was not too harsh. If he had any real intentions of getting back at her, there would surely be another time, But, this was an

opportunity to let Cyril know that his sister

was under control instead of causing Sylvia trouble "As not a good person either and to keep her

Bruce glanced at Sylvia, aware of what his sister was likely thinking, She didn't want to go overboard today, but it also seemed like she hadn't considered how much others had done

for her.

"At the auction, there was a ruby necklace that I thought looked pretty nice, I want you to check it out later, see if it suits you. If you like it, keep it. If not, we can just keep it at the house, maybe for your future wedding."

Bruce's comment made Sylvia laugh despite herself.

"I haven't thought about the future yet, and here you are planning my dowry."

"You never know, you might meet someone good. But let's focus, the auction isn't over yet. See if there's anything else you like."

Bruce deftly changed the subject, casually mentioning a dowry, yet hoping Sylvia wouldn't enter what he considered the 'tomb' of marriage again.

Sylvia laughed and settled next to Bruce, seriously eyeing the remaining auction items. When something caught her fancy, she didn't hesitate to bid.

Cyril had instructed someone to take Bonnie home.

Chapter 78 Seeking Forgiveness

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Sylvia knew full well that what she had done this time was not too harsh. If he had any real intentions of getting back at her, there would surely be another time. But, this was an opportunity to let Cyril know that his sister was not a good person either and to keep her under control instead of causing Sylvia trouble.

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Before sending Bonnie away, he demanded she find time to apologize to Sylvia – sincerely. If Sylvia couldn’t forgive her, then Bonnie wouldn’t need to stay. She should prepare to leave the country.

Bonnie was defiant deep down; bowing to Sylvia was absolutely out of the question. But after the day’s debacle, she didn’t dare defy Cyril while he was angry. Another misstep and she might not get a chance to apologize at all, instead being sent straight overseas.

“If you can’t get her forgiveness, don’t bother coming back in this lifetime. I’ll act as if I never had a sister,” Cyril said determinedly.

To say Cyril wasn’t pained by his sister’s situation would be a lie. He never imagined she would turn out this way and still couldn’t figure out where it had all gone wrong.

Bonnie left red-faced without a word, escorted by the bodyguard. She was determined not to apologize to Sylvia, even if it meant never returning.

Cyril watched her go, knowing too well she wouldn’t simply comply. He also needed to apologize to Sylvia. Even if he hadn’t known about the past events, they had hurt Sylvia.

“How can you treat Bonnie like that? To be honest, I don’t think Bonnie’s wrong. I wouldn’t give Sylvia the time of day either.” Jonathan interfered. He couldn’t stand it any longer.

Whatever had happened in the past was past, and it wasn’t as if Sylvia was harmed, was it? And the fact that Sylvia had been so determined to marry Cyril, even by manipulation, was enough to anger him. He didn’t see anything wrong with what Bonnie did.

Cyril’s face darkened at Jonathan’s words. “Why?”

Caught off guard by the question, Jonathan was at a loss. He just didn’t feel Sylvia deserved any better.

“Weren’t you reluctant when you married her? So why question it now? I thought I was just venting on your behalf.”

Jonathan truly believed he was in the right. However, considering the tough years Cyril had been through in his marriage, he thought he was just letting off steam for his friend. And Sylvia’s daily airs and graces irritated him to no end.

“Has she done anything bad?” Cyril persisted.

Jonathan wanted to list Sylvia’s transgressions, but found himself at a loss for words. Thinking it over, he couldn’t recall Sylvia doing anything especially wrong. In fact, she had been quietly staying at home in recent years, and though initially challenging with Cyril, she had ended up beyond reproach. Thinking harder, Jonathan could only remember questionable things that Michelle and Bonnie had done.

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The more he reflected on it, the less sense his grievances made.

“No, it’s not about her doing anything bad. I just don’t like her, okay? You saw how she married you to achieve her goal, and she’s been playing her part all these years. Now the

act’s over.

Jonathan blurted out a shaky justification, immediately sensing the weakness in his argument. Being bullied without striking back wasn’t an option, and considering past events, Sylvia’s patience seemed saintly.

“It’s just... she deliberately released all that dirt on me, and I simply can’t stand her. Anyway, you should stop asking; if you keep on, I’ll just keep thinking she’s no good.”

He was really scraping the barrel, unable to point to any concrete fault in Sylvia and unsure how to proceed.

After a moment of silence, they reached the door, and Cyril spoke up suddenly, “So, she hasn’t actually done anything to upset you over the years? It’s just that you don’t like her, so you’ve been targeting her all along, right? Even now, if we hadn’t found out she was being bullied, you wouldn’t feel any sympathy, would you?”

Cyril’s words left Jonathan speechless. He’d never seen Cyril defend Sylvia like this before. Now, with Cyril’s staunch defense of her, Jonathan didn’t know how to respond.

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“I don’t mean it like that. The past is the past, and now is now, we’ve got to keep them separate. Plus, you can’t deny that Sylvia did use underhanded methods to marry you back then. You know this yourself,” Jonathan insisted, unwilling to accept any blame and definitely not acknowledging any wrongdoing on his part. In his eyes, Cyril seemed let down by everything that had happened.

“And about today’s incident – Sylvia wasn’t really harmed, was she? And since she discovered the plot in advance, why are you being so harsh with Bonnie? Don’t you see that you’re overreacting? We’ve never been on the same path. If we’re not, we shouldn’t force ourselves to walk together.”

More confident in his logic, Jonathan felt that since they had never been aligned with Sylvia, why should he care about this situation?

However, Cyril felt a bitter taste in his mouth hearing Jonathan’s words. Perhaps he had previously believed he and Sylvia were not on the same path, thus his indifference towards her, but even so, he had never thought about divorcing her.

“Just go home,” Cyril said, unable to articulate the jumbled discomfort in his chest. It was as if something he had long ignored was now revealed as vitally important to him.

He turned and left briskly, leaving Jonathan dumbfounded in his wake.

“Where are you going? Weren’t we here for the charity gala tonight? And don’t you have several partnerships to secure here? What about them if you leave?”

“There are things to take care of at the company. We’ll discuss the partnerships later.

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Currently in a sour mood, Cyril could hardly bring himself to think about those deals when he felt like he was losing much more valuable things.

Grinding his teeth in frustration, Jonathan remained, knowing he hadn’t said anything wrong. But with Cyril gone, despite his desire to leave, he begrudgingly turned back, thinking about the deals Cyril was close to finalizing. It felt like he owed Cyril.

Cyril did not head back to the company; instead, he returned to the marital home. Since the divorce, he had spent most of his time in the apartment near his office and had not returned until now. Stepping inside, he noticed how different the arrangements were from when he had initially left.

Back in the day, this place was just an empty space that Cyril had bought rather thoughtlessly. Sylvia, however, had decorated it beautifully, creating a warm and cozy

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environment, even if she had taken many items with her when she left.

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He recalled how Sylvia had spent a week choosing the sofa, diligently considering both material and comfort. During their early marriage, Sylvia was genuinely happy engaging personally in every detail of the house, even valuing his opinion, which he sadly had paid no

mind to.

Eventually, he had grown annoyed with Sylvia, feeling pestered by her persistent

aspirations and his own responsibility. So he left, only to return six months later, oblivious to the changes she had made. Now, realizing how much care Sylvia had put into making their home, he understood all too late.

The moment had passed, and recognition had come far too late.

Cyril sat on the sofa, thinking about how he had always been too busy with work, preferring to stay near the office rather than come home. Sylvia must have sat here too, waiting for him. What were her feelings like then? He couldn't understand. The more he pondered, the more stifled he felt.

He hesitated before taking out his phone and opening Sylvia's contact. Since their divorce, she had refused to take his calls. It was the same now. As expected, the call went unanswered; she had long since blocked his number. The only chance he had to talk to her would be a chance encounter in public, but those encounters seldom went well.

Putting down his phone in defeat, Cyril felt for the first time that his life was in disarray.

Meanwhile, Sylvia was returning home in high spirits, having found several items she liked at the auction.

"You always make it seem like the house owes you something," Bruce observed, noting Sylvia's spending habits. It wasn't the amount of money that concerned him; instead, he wondered if she had been too constrained all these years.

"I don't understand why you chose that path initially. You left a life of comfort for hardship and didn't gain much from it," Bruce said, speaking of such matters rarely. Hearing him, Sylvia suddenly lost interest in the jewels she had bid on.

"Big brother, it was indeed a mistake on my part. Let's not dwell on it forever, or our second brother will have a field day scolding me later," Sylvia responded, thinking she'd better not let her second brother see her new jewelry, or he'd use it as another reason to lecture her.

Bruce sighed and affectionately ruffled her hair. "I'm just concerned about you. Anyway, now that you're back, let's pretend that none of that ever happened. Oh, and the twins will be back soon. I heard they're planning to start some small business ventures. Would you be interested in joining them for a bit of fun?"

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"No way, they're always getting into some mischief. Plus, I haven't even got a handle on the company's affairs yet. I don't want to start dabbling in small distractions. Let me get a full grasp on our family's business first. And you know very well Duncan's intentions. not mix those

up with business."

Just thinking about it gave Sylvia a headache. How had her good friend become so complicated?

I dare

With a twinkle in his eyes, Bruce replied, "I thought you never noticed. Duncan may be a bit younger, but he's a decent guy. Still, we're not going to consider anything like that now. No worries. If you're not keen, let's not dwell on it. Just focus on enjoying our second brother's concert; he has prepared a lot of surprises for you."

Released on May 4, 2024

Chapter 80 Sending Flowers

Early in the morning, Sylvia was discussing the day's schedule with Juliet, when Ingrid barged into the room without even knocking. This action agitated Sylvia, who commented, "Ever heard of knocking?"

Caught off guard by Sylvia's directness, Ingrid's face flushed with embarrassment, "I just forgot to knock. Is it worth making such a big deal about it? I'll remember next time. Now, look at this," Ingrid said dismissively as she tossed some documents on the table and turned to leave.

But as Ingrid took a few steps, the documents hit her back and then fell to the floor. Sylvia had given Ingrid an indifferent glance but hadn't paid any attention since. The sound of the documents hitting the ground turned the office eerily silent, with Juliet and Sylvia too engrossed in their work to bother looking up.

"Don't go too far. Just because you're sitting in the vice president's seat doesn't make you any better!" Ingrid spat out.

"oy don't you try being vice

Juliet couldn't hold back. "Quite the accomplishment, isn't it? president then? If you're not capable, stop whining here!" she retorted.

In Ingrid's view, the VP position was meant to be hers until Sylvia swooped in and snatched it away, which was a bitter pill to swallow.

"We'll see how long you can keep that position. Just having good looks won't cement your place. Lack of expertise, and you'll be ousted anyway!" Ingrid ranted before storming out without bothering with the documents.

Sylvia ignored the papers on the floor, and if Sylvia didn't care, Juliet certainly wasn't going to bother with them. It wasn't until Jack entered and saw the fallen documents

that he picked them up, unsure if it would've been better just to leave them on the ground.

"Vice President, you have a lunch appointment with the manager of Giri Company soon. It's about time to head out," Jack informed Sylvia.

Sylvia nodded, gathered her things, and was about to leave when she spotted Ingrid also preparing to accompany them. She gave Ingrid an extra look.

What are you staring at? I've told you, don't think you're above everyone else just for having some charm. In the end, it's real capability that matters. That's the biggest difference between you and me," Ingrid said with a hint of gloating.

Sylvia remained silent as Ingrid thought Sylvia's silence was an admission of defeat, believing that she'd secure the partnership this time and finally have the chance to bring Sylvia down.

They set off, with Ingrid taking her own car, while the other three shared another vehicle. Soon, they arrived at the restaurant they had booked.

As they reached the restaurant, Sylvia halted. She started to wonder if she was choosing the wrong times to go out since she seemed to run into Cyril over time. And it wasn't just any meeting – Cyril was there with the manager of Girl Company, and they appeared to be getting along quite well,

"Hello Sylvia, this is my good friend. We were classmates overseas, and after running into each other this year, I invited them to join us for lunch, I hope you don't mind?" Henry said, introducing his friend,

What could Sylvia say to that? She smiled and shook her head. "We're not discussing business today, so it's like making a new friend,"

Sylvia's demeanor was such that she seemed not to acknowledge Cyril at all. Cyril, wanting to greet her, couldn't well continue after her statement, so he simply nodded a hello,

But Sylvia acted as if she didn't even notice his nod, settling into her seat.

Once Sylvia sat down, everyone else followed suit, including Henry, the general manager of Gilli Company, who presented her with a dazzling bouquet of roses. Sylvia was taken aback. It was surprising enough to receive flowers, but roses were particularly suggestive.

“The last time I saw you, I was impressed by your demeanor. During our time discussing the partnership, I’ve discovered you’re a very capable woman, and I’d like to get to know you better,” Henry confessed, not hiding his true feelings,

Sylvia paused for a moment before laughing. “Thank you, but there’s something you might not know. I recently got divorced and am not currently interested in romance. So, these roses might not be the most suitable for me. If you feel bad about it, perhaps my assistant Juliet would appreciate your bouquet.”

With that, she shifted the focus to Juliet, who reacted by playfully pinching Sylvia under the table. In response, Sylvia gave Juliet’s hand a firm pat, all done without showing any reaction above the table.

“These flowers really are lovely, I’ll share them with our office colleagues. Thank you, Henry,” Juliet said, standing up to graciously accept the flowers and placing them to the side, sparing Henry further embarrassment.

“I apologize for not being aware of your situation. I’ve caused you trouble, but I still hope that maybe there’s a chance for us to develop something more in the future,” Henry added.

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Sylvia offered only a smile, without a direct response. Ingrid, meanwhile, clearly struggled to watch the exchange in silence.

“She’s quite busy with her career, having recently become the VP. If she got into a relationship now, it could distract her from her responsibilities. Henry, you shouldn’t let your own interests delay others,” Ingrid said with a backhanded tone, although no one called her out on it.

Now Henry felt even more awkward. He didn’t quite understand why Ingrid was tagging along, but since he had brought Cyril, having Sylvia bring someone didn’t seem so strange.

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