

## Revealed 171

### chapter 171

Aldo gaped when Sylvia rolled her eyes at Franklin. She looked impatient and snapped, "Be patient. I'll give one to you someday."

He couldn't believe he'd seen a woman who was bold enough to roll her eyes at the horrible Mr. Maskelyne.

Immediately, Aldo worshiped Sylvia.

Then he noticed Jasper was calm, as if he had been used to it.

Aldo calmed himself down, holding Jenna's hand, heading for his car.

Behind them, Franklin said mellowly, "You promised me. You cannot go back on your word."

"I won't," Sylvia replied in irritation.

"I want it tomorrow."

"I'm busy."

"The day after?"

"You are so fucking annoying, Franklin Maskelyne. Shut up!" Sylvia growled at him.

Franklin buttoned his lip and muttered aggrievedly, "All right. Let me know if you've finished it."

Overhearing their conversation, Aldo was afraid his heart would pop out of his chest.

He wondered if he had misheard anything.

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When they returned downtown, it was past nine in the evening.

Sylvie was so starving that her belly growled. They went to Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

When the lobby manager caught sight of Sylvia, he excitedly showed them the way.

Royal Galaxy Restaurant's business was booming as usual.

Aldo said politely, "Miss Andrews, thank you so much today. Dinner is on me."

Franklin lifted an eyebrow, unwilling to let another man pay for Sylvia. He responded aggressively and bossily, "I'm in charge of Sylvia's bill. Mr. Carson, you should only pay for Jenna's bill."

Aldo looked at Franklin in confusion, wondering if the latter hinted at going dutch with him.

Embarrassed, Sylvia nudged Franklin, and he showed his teeth in pain.

"Ignore him, Mr. Carson. He's kidding."

Franklin retorted unhappily, "No, I'm not."

Sylvia snapped, "Shush!"

Then she beamed at Aldo, "Mr. Carson, Jenna, what would you like to have? Please go ahead to order."

Jenna feared Franklin, but the dishes served in Royal Galaxy Restaurant were delicious. She loved them.

She plucked up all her courage, ordered two of her favorites, and then she ordered another two on Aldo's behalf.

Grazing her head, Sylvia asked, "Any more dishes?"

"No... No, thanks." Jenna blushed slightly, feeling her touch.

She looked at Sylvia in trust and admiration.

Aldo was delighted by the scene, thinking that Sylvia could probably help cure Jenna's autism.

However, Franklin felt annoyed, his face dark. He disliked anyone or anything that distracted Sylvia's attention.

'Just a girl. Why is Sylvia so fond of her? Sylvia even touched her head. Why doesn't she touch mine?'

Franklin's hair shampoo was from an internationally famous brand, and his hair was clean, fragrant, and of good quality.

The dishes were served soon.

Aldo was impressed again. Franklin hardly ate anything but kept picking up food for Sylvia.

Seemingly he was fond of piling the food up on Sylvia's plate.

Sylvia was overeaten, so she had to interrupt Franklin. She rudely poured all the food onto his plate and said expressionlessly, "I'm full. Finish them."

Aldo widened his eyes, swallowing hard.

In fear, Jenna tightened her grip on the knife and fork. Her heart tightened.

She was afraid Franklin would blow up on Sylvia.

However, the man of status smiled, lowering his head to eat the food.

He finished all food from Sylvia's plate, including the bitten and leftovers.

His table manner was excellent. His every movement reminded others of a prince from the oil painting.

'He even didn't resist. He seems so happy to finish Miss Andrews' leftovers and enjoy them.'

Aldo recalled Franklin's gaze on him in the suburbia earlier.

Comparing that image with this man who enjoyed Sylvia's leftovers, he doubted if they were utterly two men, feeling shocked.

Jenna secretly breathed a sigh of relief and withdrew her worried gaze.

They could tell Franklin treated Sylvia differently, as if she was unique to him.

Aldo recalled Mrs. Maskelyne. Thinking of Sylvia's kindness to Jenna, he wondered what Mrs. Maskelyne would do after knowing how Franklin treated Sylvia.

The food made Franklin satisfied. Anything relevant to Sylvia would delight him.

He wasn't blind. Seeing Aldo dote on Jenna by picking food for her frequently, Franklin realized Aldo might have a crush on Jenna.

Lifting an eyebrow, he withdrew his gaze from them. Then it fell on Sylvia's face.

The light from the chandelier made her stunning.

The lobby manager served them two desserts. He darted at Sylvia and Jenna with a warm smile. "Miss Andrews, this young lady looks similar to you. What a coincidence!"

His words made Sylvia slightly taken aback.

She raised her head to check on Jenna.

The latter blushed scarlet after hearing his words. She glanced at Sylvia shyly, bowed her head, and munched her food.

A hint of alert flashed through Aldo's eyes. Aldo studied Sylvia's look and darted at Jenna.

The former was like a blossoming rose, and the latter was like a flower bud.

Their eyes and brows were alike. However, their temperaments were different, so only a few people would think they looked similar to each other.

Franklin secretly disagreed with the lobby manager. How could a timid girl be like Sylvia?

He wondered if the lobby manager was blind.

Sylvia was intrigued. She studied Jenna's blushed face and chuckled jokingly, "If I had such a younger sister, I would spoil her."

Franklin frowned unhappily.

He sat next to Sylvia, but she didn't dote on him.

She even wished to have a younger sister.

Franklin snorted.

After dinner, he gave Sylvia a ride to Pearlhall Villa.

## **chapter 172**

6-7 minutes

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Sylvia entered without sparing a glance at him.

Franklin sat in the Bentley overbearingly, feeling frustrated.

His unhappiness spread in the air. Jasper shivered in fear, sitting in the driver's seat.

Franklin coldly ordered, "Leave."

Jasper breathed out in relief and started the engine.

They didn't know a group of men in black secretly approached Pearlhall Villa after the Bentley left.

The night was deep. At midnight, silence blanketed the villa.

Several trained men intruded on the house.

After they all entered, they were about to separate.

"Pak!"

The villa was lightened brightly all of a sudden.

In silence, the intruders gaped at the woman in black standing in the center of the living room.

She was wearing a black windbreaker, looking mysterious and cruel, emanating a cold aura.

Her long, black hair hung over her shoulders. The hair bang hid her eyes, but they could feel how steely they were.

Sylvia narrowed her eyes under the dazzling light.

She had sat in the dark for a while, so the sudden brightness stimulated her eyes.

Her gaze swept around the intruders.

A ghost of a smile played on her lips. She cast down her eyes.

"Your boss indeed overestimated me. He sent so many people for the assassination."

The man in the lead clenched his fists, wondering about the woman's background.

He could tell she had been waiting for them deliberately.

Sylvia raised her head to look into the eyes of the group leader, who gazed at her without blinking. A cold light flashed through her eyes.

She stared daggers at the man, and the latter flinched in a panic. He withdrew his gaze instantly, his heart thumping. The woman's aura was too strong.

However, Wilson Group paid him generously. He pulled out a pistol, pointing it at Sylvia.

The pistol made him feel secure and calm down. "Sorry, but someone wants to send you to the grave. You can't blame me for treating you rudely."

Sitting on the sofa, Sylvia snorted, "Who do you think you are? You are overconfident."

The man was startled. Then he roared angrily, "I dare you to say that again! Believe it or not. I'll shoot you."

His gang was one of the most famous gangs in Larro, and he was the respected lead.

He didn't expect Sylvia to mock him.

Seething with rage, he grabbed her collar and lifted her up to glare at her fiercely.

No matter how murderous her gaze was, she was a woman, and he would kill her.

Sylvia slightly raised her head, staring daggers at him. "You'd better let go of me," she drawled.

"Bitch! Do you know who I am? I'm gonna teach you a lesson..." Her gaze suffocated the man, who felt angry through embarrassment.

Before he finished his words, a loud bang interrupted him.

All the other men in black gaped at the scene.

Sylvia was lifted by their leader, but instantly, she pressed him to the ground with a single hand.

It had happened so fast that they didn't see how she had moved.

They were shocked by her speed and power and couldn't return to their senses for a long time.

Pinching the man's neck, Sylvia gazed at him coldly. The man couldn't breathe at all.

"Scumbag!" she said icily, tightening her pinch.

She was an expert in the human body, so she accurately pinched the vital part of his neck and tightened her grip. The man's bones cracked, and the sound was extremely crisp in the silent house.

The room fell into dead silence.

Other men in black watched the scene in disbelief.

Sylvia tossed the dead body away and stood up.

Her face was charming, but she looked like a demon from Hell. Her murderous gaze made their hair stand on end.

All men flinched, although they were holding weapons.

The horrible woman could have killed their leader with a pinch.

The dead man was named Nash, one of the most well-known gang leaders in Larro.

He was in the position due to his competence.

Before he pulled the trigger of his pistol, he was killed.

In fear, the rest men in black were soaked in cold sweats and couldn't believe what they'd seen.

They wondered how this woman managed to do it.

Focusing on her, they dared not to blink as they were too frightened.

For the first time, they wished to escape before finishing their mission.

Sylvia frowned at her left hand, relaxing and clenching her fingers repeatedly.

"It's been a long time since my last kill. My left hand became weaker," she muttered, seemingly unhappy about her performance just now.

If it had been before, she could have been faster, more fierce, and more accurate.

Sylvia decided to work out more. Otherwise, she might not enjoy killing her enemies.

When she raised her head, she saw other men in black gaping at her while shivering in fear.

Pointing at Nash's dead body, she snorted, "Want to be like him? Or want to turn yourselves in?"

Her voice brought them back to their senses.

Blood drained from their faces.

"You... You... We... We're paid. We... We must kill you," the deputy leader yelled boldly.

He still hadn't figured out how Sylvia managed to end their leader's life in a blink.

All of them lived dangerous lives, but none could do that.

"So you want to end up like him." Sylvia gazed at him as if he were a corpse.

The deputy leader flinched and swallowed. They had brought many men, so he believed she could be killed if they attacked her together. He prompted in a low voice, "Hurry! Kill her!"

"Too annoying..." Sylvia remarked leisurely, staring at them.

She grazed her black hair. Suddenly, her eyes focused on the deputy leader.

The next second, she rushed to him like an arrow. Enjoying the horrified look on his face, she sneered.

"Your voice is too annoying," she commented icily.

Sylvia lifted her foot and attacked the deputy leader when he was off guard.

Hence, the rest men in black watched him hit the wall behind them, and their mouths dropped open.

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They heard another loud bang.

All of them flinched. Their gazes swept between the deputy leader and Sylvia, realizing the deputy leader had also been injured.

Again, they were amazed by Sylvia's speed, wondering if she was a top martial artist.

The deputy leader was more skilled in fighting than the leader, the most skillful one in their gang.

However, he almost died because of a kick.

His body slid down the wall and fell to the ground.

Unable to stand up, he spat a mouthful of blood.

Sylvia darted at him and asked, "Any bold ones want to fight me? Go ahead."

The rest men shivered in fear, unable to utter a beep.

It was midnight.

The police station of Larro received a call. A robbery in a wealthy neighborhood was reported.

Shortly after, the police car was pulled over at the entrance of Pearlhall Villa.

Several policemen rushed into the house while holding weapons.

Then they saw dozens of men in black squatting in the living room, shivering in fear.

The scene was different from what they'd imagined.

Sylvia looked at the deputy leader, who still spat blood continuously, and checked on the leader's dead body. "They disagreed on sharing the stolen wealth, so they fought against each other. One was killed," she told the chief of the criminal investigation team.

"Are you all right, Miss Andrews?" the chief of the criminal investigation asked, staring at the queen-like woman.

"Of course I am." An evil smile played on her lips. "They are not OK."

Right then, the forensic experts and several policemen started to investigate the scene and identify the dead.

After learning he was a gang leader they had wished to arrest for a long time, they were shocked and yelled, "Captain! He's Nash."

"What?" The leader of the criminal investigation team walked up and recognized the leader. Then he glanced at the dying deputy leader and grinned, "Thank you so much, Miss Andrews. You helped us arrest those scums."

The gang had done countless evil things, including intentional murders, arson, larceny, and robbery. The police wanted to arrest them for a long time but lacked evidence.

The deputy leader murdered many people. Now, he would stay in jail for the rest of his life.

"No! I didn't..." he was about to defend himself and told the police he hadn't killed the leader.

However, he felt a sharp pang in his chest. It hurt so much that he couldn't utter a complete sentence.

At three o'clock in the morning, The official account of the Larro police station posted a tweet on Twitter.

"At midnight, the police resolved a burglary case and caught the criminals. When the criminals shared the stolen goods, they had an internal fight, causing one death and one injury. We'd like to thank Miss

Sylvia Andrews especially. She helped us capture 37 suspects. We reward her for her heroic action with the medal and certificate of honor.”

The following morning, a mighty roar was raised in Larro.

All netizens couldn't help discussing the latest news.

“Holy shit! What happened? It's only been a night. What did I miss?”

“Miss Sylvia Andrews helped the police resolve a criminal case. Again?”

“She helped them rescue the children from the traffickers last time. This time, she helped them capture the burglar. I wonder what she isn't competent in.”

“She should work as a policewoman.”

“She's a stunner with good fighting skills. I worship her!”

“She's an excellent citizen indeed.”

“How incredible!”

Sylvia didn't know anything about the netizens' discussions. She had been too busy to check Twitter. Besides, Sylvia had only slept for a few hours the previous night. In the morning, she went to the studio center of the city hall while still feeling sleepy.

It was the first formal rehearsal. Several government leaders' assistants and secretaries would watch it.

The leaders were waiting to be updated in their offices.

Therefore, Sylvia had to get up no matter how sleepy she was.

She was highly responsible at work. Although she felt upset for lacking sleep, for the sake of Mayor Cody and his wife, she wanted to do the job well.

However, much to her surprise, those actors and actresses stared at her with unconcealed mania and respect.

Sylvia asked, rubbing her sleepy eyes, “What's going on? Are you guys OK?”

Their gazes sickened her.

She often saw Poppy and Romeo stare at her this way. However, hundreds of people gazed at her like this, which was too freaking.

She had goosebumps.

Suddenly, the footsteps approached.

Sylvia heard the respectful voice from the assistant to the mayor. “Mayor Cody, Mr. Hill, this way, please. Miss Andrews is in this studio hall.”

They saw Mayor Cody enter the studio center with the police chief shortly after.



Jenson saw Sylvia standing before the crowd, striding toward her in excitement. Shaking hands with her, he said, "Thank you so much for helping us resolve such a big case, Miss Andrews. You helped us track down the underworld power. We really appreciate your effort."

Then he hinted at his subordinates to present the certificate of honors and award.

He passed them to Sylvia personally, together with the 20,000 dollars cash award.

Sylvia could feel his excitement and kindness.

Covering her mouth, she yawned gracefully.

Jenson instantly asked with concern, "Miss Andrews, you didn't sleep well last night, did you?"

As he spoke, he looked at Cody. "Mayor Cody, may I ask for a day off on her behalf? Miss Andrews had a long night last night."

He sounded like Sylvia was his biological daughter, who stayed up overnight for work.

Mayor Cody smiled. "Of course. Even if you didn't mention, I'd let Sibbie take a rest."

He was pretty easygoing. Others could tell he was close to Sylvia.

Watching the scene, Rosie boiled over with anger and almost collapsed.

Inwardly, she cursed Sylvia. In her opinion, Sylvia had an affair with Mayor Cody, as the latter stared at her so kindly. Rosie was jealous of her beauty.

She was an elite from the Wilson Group. Therefore, she was enraged.

Meanwhile, in the president's office of Wilson Group, there was a mess.

Clark had swept everything from the desk to the floor like crazy.

His eyes were reddish, filled with viciousness, reminding others of a viper.

He cursed icily and fiercely, "Damned bitch! I wonder how lucky you are."

"Mr. Wilson, please calm down." Winter shivered in fear, daring not to move while standing aside.

"You know nothing!" Clark glared at her. From nowhere, he pulled out a whip.

Then he started to whip Winter crazily. "Bitch! Slut!" he cursed.

"Mr. Wilson, I'm your uncle's wife." Winner felt the burning pain in her back.

Lying prone on the ground miserably, she raised her head. Her beautiful face showed no sign of aging. She took good care of her skin, so she still looked like a young woman.

Clark bent over, pinching her chin. "Aunt Winter, I'm quite angry now. There will be certain consequences."

"Mr. Wilson, Sylvia Andrews angered you. Please let go of me." Winter looked at him in fear. She knew what a maniac he was.

Clark was moody, ruthless, and vicious.

However, she didn't expect him to vent his anger on her after losing his mind.

"Bitch! All women are sluts. My mother is, and so are you. Sylvia Andrews is a whore!" Clark raised the whip again like a lunatic. The next second, he whipped Winter again.

Winter wanted to escape, but Clark seemed to read her mind. He positioned himself above her while whipping her fiercely.

The more he whipped Winter, the more excited he became as if he was hitting Sylvia.

His eyes were bloodshot. Watching the open, bleeding wounds on Winter, who kept crying in pain, he was overexcited like a demon from Hell.

Winter's body was covered with blood.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. She kept begging him for mercy, but Clark didn't intend to let go of her.

Suddenly, his big hand tore the clothes off her body.

Clark scanned her up and down greedily, looking like a hopeless psycho with that kind of gaze.

He narrowed his eyes in obsession and madness. "How beautiful!"

Clark tore the broken clothes off her body, torturing her more fiercely. Winter cried in pain, but he became more aroused and tortured her more excitedly.

When he finally let go of her, she was almost dying.

Nestling in his arms weakly, she found Clark gazing at her with a sickening smile. "I didn't expect my uncle's beautiful wife to be a virgin. What a surprise!"

## **chapter 174**

Dizzily, Winter looked up at him. A crystal-clear tear dropped from her eyes.

"The old Mr. Wilson bought me to save your uncle's life," she answered with a smile in self-mockery.

For only 500 thousand dollars, her birth parents had sold her to the Wilson family for a warding-off wedding. Her parents worked as gardeners in the Wilson family's Villa.

A fortune-teller told the Wilson family that Winter could bring fortune to Clark's uncle and their wedding could help him recover. Mylo Wilson gave her parents the money and let her marry his son.

Winter disagreed, but her parents were obsessed with money. They accepted the offer, personally tied her up, and sent her to the bed of Mylo's son.

Others envied her for marrying into the Wilson family, but there was no wedding for her. She just simply became a missus.

However, after so many years, her husband was still paralyzed. Instead of recovering, his situation worsened.

“Mylo Wilson could do anything he wanted.” Clark held her tightly, looking steely.

Lowering his head, he stared at the woman in his arms. His slender fingers wandered on her skin. He muttered, “Don’t worry. I’ll treat you well from now on.”

His obsessed and maniac look stiffened Winter’s body. She dared not to move at all.

She knew she would never escape once the demon tangled with her.

However, as soon as she married into the Wilson family, she had been haunted by the demon and could never escape from it.

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In Mylo’s room in Wilson family’s Villa, a tall, slender figure pushed the door open and entered.

The old man on the bed slightly opened his eyes, staring at his visitor.

His eyes were spiritless.

“Grandpa, how are you doing today?” Clark stood in front of Mylo’s bed, looking down at him. His voice was cold and indifferent.

“I’m very well,” Mylo answered hoarsely.

Clark approached him and whispered, each word a staccato, “I’ll find a top doctor to cure you, Grandpa. Then I’ll watch you be tortured every day and die while struggling in pain.”

“Whatever.” Mylo closed his eyes again indifferently.

Clark burst into laughter, his crazy gaze sending a chill down Mylo’s spine. “Grandpa, you are indeed optimistic. However, I won’t let you die so easily.”

Mylo heaved a sigh, trying to explain to him again. “Clark, I had to make that decision back then. For the prosperity of our family, I had to do it.”

“Mr. Wilson, Mylo Wilson, think I’m a fool?” Clark glared at him fiercely. Suddenly, he pinched his neck. “You sent your daughter-in-law to please those freaks. How dare you whitewash yourself? You made my mother a laughingstock of the upper class. You made my father a cuckold. All for your money. You are their father and father-in-law. You are my grandfather. I do appreciate your deep love for our family.”

“Clark, I had difficulties back then. At that time, our capital chain was broken. Your mother... She took the initiative to please those people to save our family,” Mylo replied, his voice tinged with sorrow.

“How dare you be so shameless even until now!” Clark sneered. “Grandpa, it seems your knees have recovered.”

He held a small hammer, which sparkled icily under the light, looking life-threatening.

His eyes were full of violence. Clark slowly pressed Mylo’s legs with a ferocious smile. “Grandpa, let me crack your knees into smaller pieces then.”

“No! Stop it! You demon! How can I have a grandson like you? Fuck off! Ah!” Mylo cried in pain, gaping at him in horror.

He struggled, wishing to escape. He kept flinching.

However, Clark was too strong for him to break free. The young man raised the hammer and smashed it onto Mylo’s left knee.

Loud bangs were heard in the room.

“Ah!”

It hurt so much that cold sweat oozed on Mylo’s forehead. The pain made his eyes bloodshot and almost pop out.

The fear and pain made his face twist horribly.

“Grandpa, that’s just one knee. You have two.” Clark curled his lips into an evil smile, making Mylo’s hair stand on end.

He raised the hammer again. With other loud bangs, Mylo exclaimed miserably, hearing the cracking sound of his bone.

“Clark Wilson, you’ll die in your boots! I’m your grandfather. How dare you abuse me!”

“You unfilial grandson!”

“How can I have a grandson like you?”

“Your mother is a whore. She’s the Wilson family’s tool. How could she have led such a wealthy life without our family?” Mylo shouted abuse at him.

Pinching his chin hard, Clark snapped, “I dare you to curse her again. Try me! If it weren’t for you and the Wilson family, would she...”

He broke off, gazing at Mylo in hatred. “I’ll let you watch how Wilson Group goes to the dogs. I’ll let you see how your grandchildren end. Everyone in the Wilson family deserves to go to Hell.”

“You! You!”

Mylo was too furious to utter a word. “You son of bitch! You...”

“So what? I’m in charge of Wilson Group now. Haha... Your favorite son has become paralyzed. He’s good for nothing. Your other sons and grandchildren cannot win against me. Just watch, Mylo Wilson. You owe me. You owe my parents.”

Clark shook his chin off. Then he crazily smashed Mylo’s legs with the hammer.

Mylo screamed in pain hoarsely, soaking in a cold sweat. His face was twisted, and he almost fainted.

He trembled all over. His legs hurt too much that he couldn’t feel them gradually.

The sweat made his hair cling to his scalp. Blood drained from his face. Lying on the bed, he was almost dying. He could only look at Clark without being able to do anything.

The proud president of the Wilson family could only pant in pain like a dying dog.

“Kill me! You should kill me!” he prompted hoarsely and weakly. Every single word had used up his strength.

“No. I’ll find you excellent doctors to cure you. Then I’ll smash your legs again and find a second doctor. Grandpa, isn’t the game fun?”

Clark played with the hammer, looking leisurely.

Although his words were cruel, he looked indifferent, as if he were discussing the weather.

“You devil! Kill me!” Mylo exclaimed. He couldn’t bear the pain.

The torture made him live in Hell.

“When my mother was sent to those bastards by you, she must have felt so horrified. She was so weak. I’m sure she was more frightened than you. My father couldn’t rescue her. How desperate he was! Grandpa, those were all because of you. I’ve only returned less than 1% to you.”

With those words, he turned away without sparing a glance at the old man on the bed.

The door was slammed shut.

Mylo lay on the bed weakly, old and ailing.

Every cell in his body hurt.

The pain made him unable to sleep or sober. In a daze, he recalled things that happened more than a dozen years ago.

...

After Clark left the room, he bumped into Winter.

She wore a crimson dress, fully showing her body curve.

She also held a handbag. Seemingly she had just returned from a banquet.

Her fragrance spread in the air.

“Aunt Winter,” Clark greeted her.

His voice paled her face. She stopped mid-step, looking over at him.

“Hi, Clark.”

She recalled the scene in his office earlier that day.

Her face paled and reddened in turn as she panicked.

She dared not look at him, afraid the lunatic would do something horrible again.

“Follow me to the study. I want to talk to you.” After finishing his words, Clark walked toward the study.

Biting her lip, Winter couldn't do anything but follow him.

Clark was strongly self-restrained. In the daytime, he lost control and had sex with Winter, but he didn't regret it. Over the years, Clark had never been like this before, especially treating a woman. He restrained his desire horribly.

However, he had taken Winter, so he decided to restrain himself more.

After entering the study, he passed several letters to Winter. "Aunt Winter, here are some letters. Please help me deal with them. Leave no trace."

"What are they..." Winter glanced at the envelopes, only to find they were all from Evergreen Welfare House.

Evergreen Welfare House was a welfare institution sponsored by the Wilson Group over decades, famous in the industry.

Winter was surprised to see letters from it in such a high-tech era.

"Deal with them." Clark bowed his head, starting to work.

Winter dared not to speak, and she turned away.

After leaving the study, she breathed a sigh of relief, feeling lucky that Clark didn't do anything to her.

She had thought he would do something cruel to her again.

Winter returned to her bedroom. After putting the letters on her desk leisurely, she went to take a bath.

She had experienced such a horrible thing in the daytime. Right after taking a bath, she lay down and fell asleep immediately.

## **chapter 175**

The following morning.

After straightening herself up, Winter left the house and went to work in Wilson Group.

She had utterly forgotten about the letters.

When she returned home after work, she couldn't find them.

...

Sylvia took a day off the previous day.

In the morning, she got up, feeling refreshed. She was delighted to have enough sleep.

Only two days left for the gala of Nation's Day.

She decided to train the actors and actresses more before the show.

Galas of different TV channels had been announced online recently, so the netizens paid much attention to them.

The gala that Sylvia was working for was a show organized by Larro TV station and the city government, so it was extremely eye-catching.

Sylvia's fans trusted and supported her fully.

However, her anti-fans kept mocking her and predicted that her gala would definitely be the worst.

Some TV channels wanted to guarantee their viewing rates, so they created different trending topics and hired paid posters to insult the Larro gala.

Most other TV channels had found a few superstars to raise the viewing rate.

Therefore, some senior officials of the Larro government started to worry.

"Mayor Cody, our gala is going to start soon. Will there be any problems..." The chief of the TV station asked worriedly, rubbing his hands. If the viewing rate became the lowest among all TV stations, he wouldn't receive any bonus but would have his salary and benefits reduced.

Moreover, the TV station would be disgraced again, and its reputation would be tarnished.

People working in media looked upon the reputation significantly.

In the previous year, when a TV station recorded a variety show, they didn't care about the guests' health and safety, causing one guest's death.

Since then, all the netizens had called the TV station "a killing station" and boycotted it. The TV station's reputation was ruined.

Besides, the H Rovirsa government strictly punished them and fired the TV station's chief and senior executives.

No one in the business expected such a matter to happen as a human life had been ended.

Recalling the incident, the chief of the Larro TV Station felt more nervous.

Although no one would die at his gala, he worried about his TV station's reputation. The public would mock them again if their gala became the worst this year.

Also, their audience would be disappointed by them. In the future, the viewing rate of all programs broadcast on their TV channels would also be impacted.

Therefore, this year's gala would be pretty essential.

If the show succeeded, the chief wouldn't be worried about anything in the future.

However, if it didn't, he would face the end of the world.

Mayor Cody looked confident, quite contrary to the chief of the TV station.

"I agree with Mr. Reid. Our gala this year cannot be disappointing again. Shall we contact some superstars or the most popular idols?" a department director suggested.

Mayor Cody waved his hand in refusal and chuckled, "Sibbie will handle all the matters. Please rest assured. Get ready for the show the day after tomorrow."

All other government officials exchanged glances in silence.

They could tell Mayor Cody trusted Sylvia wholeheartedly, wondering if she could really handle everything as well as Mayor Cody declared.

After all, Sylvia was in her twenties and only frequently appeared in Twitter trendings.

Mayor Cody's words worried them more.

...

The night was out. The neon lights of the city were turned on.

After a whole day's rehearsal in the studio center, Mollie felt that she had been worn out.

Standing at the entrance, she didn't see her family's vehicle. Frowning, she called her driver.

However, the driver didn't answer it at all.

Almost all the other actors and actresses had gone home, leaving her at the entrance alone.

She cursed angrily, "Where the heck are you? How dare you let me wait for so long! You won't have any salary this month."

She looked around and was about to hail a taxi.

Suddenly, a black vehicle was pulled over in front of her. She walked aside to bypass it, but two men in black hopped out of the car.

Their faces were hidden behind black masks. Before Mollie realized what they aimed to do, they covered her mouth and dragged her into the vehicle.

The rear door was slammed shut, and the car roared away.

Everything happened in a blink.

Mollie could only let out a little moan while struggling in fear.

A man slapped her. "Move again. I'm gonna skin you alive."

Mollie widened her eyes and stopped, looking around the car helplessly.

She wondered if she had offended anyone and was kidnapped.

Horror and anxiety surged inside her chest.

Mollie couldn't help wondering where her driver had gone and if he had colluded with those kidnapers.

Her mind was jumbled, and she dared not to make any sound.

All she could do was watch and keep calm.

The gala she participated in would be shown to the public the following night. It would also be broadcast by the cooperated live broadcast channels online.



Her modern drama wouldn't be performed smoothly if she was absent. She had been practicing it with other actors and actresses for several days. If so, all their effort would be in vain.

She had never prepared for a program that earnestly and wholeheartedly before.

The thought almost made Mollie burst into tears.

She secretly prayed that her family would notice her missing soon.

Mollie's grandfather was always kind with a good reputation. She thought over everything but failed to figure out who she had offended. She wondered if the Gibson family had annoyed any bigwig accidentally.

'Who is the person behind it? Why did he or she kidnap me? What the heck does the person want?'

While Mollie was lost in thought, the car headed for the suburbia.

A man rudely covered her head with black headgear, so she had no idea what had happened around her.

...

After the driver of the Gibson family gradually woke up, he found himself in an abandoned garbage station with his car. It was remote and dirty, with flies everywhere.

Shaking his dizzy head, he pulled out his phone to check the time. His expression changed dramatically.

## **chapter 176**

"Gosh! It's already nine in the evening. Lady Mollie!"

The driver instantly called Mollie but failed to reach her.

He drove toward the city hall. When he arrived, he only saw the studio hall locked.

The driver dared not delay and immediately returned to Gibson Residence.

The old Mr. Gibson was teasing his parrot. Suddenly Mollie's driver rushed into the living room and asked him anxiously, "Has Lady Mollie returned home, Mr. Gibson?"

"No, she hasn't." The old Mr. Gibson looked confused. "Didn't you go to pick her up?"

"Mr. Gibson, when I was waiting for Lady Mollie at the studio hall, two men wearing black masks broke into the car and knocked me out. When I woke up, I found they had dumped me with the car in an abandoned garbage station," the driver explained anxiously, sweat oozing on his forehead.

"Then I called Lady Mollie but failed to reach her. She hasn't come home yet. I wonder if she's in danger."

If something happened to Mollie, the driver would be fully responsible.

The parrot's snack dropped. The old Mr. Gibson collapsed onto the floor.

His lips trembled, and the blood drained from his face. "What did you say? Is Mollie missing?"

"I guess something has happened to her. Mr. Gibson, we need to look for her," the driver confirmed in a crying tone.

The old Mr. Gibson calmed himself down and returned to his senses.

Immediately, he ordered, "Call Teagan back."

Teagan was Mollie's father.

Then he dialed Mayor Cody's number. Without greeting him, the old Mr. Gibson bluntly asked, "Cody, can you give me the surveillance video of the studio hall? My granddaughter is missing."

His anxious tone startled Mayor Cody. "Missing? How could it be possible?"

The old Mr. Gibson didn't have time to explain to him in detail. "Please give me the surveillance video first. I will call Mr. Hill and let him look for my granddaughter."

He ended the call and dialed the number of the police chief.

After receiving his call, Mr. Hill immediately sent two groups to comb the city for Mollie.

The news was spread.

When Sylvia heard the news from Logan, it was midnight.

While drying her hair, she sipped the lemonade. The news made her pause, a trace of fierceness flashing through her eyes.

"Mollie is missing? Has she been found?"

"Not yet." Logan shook his head.

"Send our men to look for her as well." Sylvia took another sip of the lemonade. "She was my student in performance class for a month. I should help her. Besides, her modern drama must be canceled if she cannot be found.

"OK, Boss." Logan immediately sent several men to help the police.

"By the way, tell Eden to sing Land of Hope and Glory tomorrow night." Sylvia looked stern. "His performance for the National Day Gala must match the gala's theme. I'll never allow him to sing pop songs."

"Oh... OK." Logan's lips twitched. He was impressed that Sylvia wanted a young idol to sing such a serious song.

Five minutes later, Eden received Logan's phone call. "Logan, your boss has gone too far! Why did she appoint me to sing this song? I'm the king of pop."

"You must obey her unless you want to stop your career," Logan answered in jest.

"No way!" Eden refused angrily. He had turned down other TV stations' invitations for Logan's sake.

The Larro TV station paid him the least, and Sylvia even appointed him to sing an old song.

He didn't want to obey her.

Logan drawled, "Well, she'll have more than 100 ways to make you agree. If you don't buy it, have a try."

Eden was rendered speechless.

"Think it over, Eden. It's no harm to be obedient to my boss."

It was past midnight.

Mollie didn't know where she had been taken to as the car didn't stop until almost two hours later.

After the car was parked, two men dragged her down and into a room.

Then the iron door was slammed shut with a loud bang.

The headgear had been taken off her head. However, her arms and legs were all tied up. She couldn't move freely.

A dimmed, yellow wall lamp lit the room. Mollie could tell it was an old, shabby house and saw some spider webs.

The ground was covered with damp rice straws. The room was cold and humid, almost freezing Mollie at the late night.

In fear, she yelled, "Who are you? Why did you kidnap me?"

"What do you want?"

"Please open the door and let me go!"

"My family is rich. I can pay the ransom. Please let me go!"

"Please! I can give you the money. Just name it," she begged.

However, a man roared to reply, "Stop howling! I'm sleeping. Yell again. I'll be the last you see when you can still speak."

Mollie buttoned her lip fearfully, afraid the man would kill her.

It was midnight, and the house should be in a remote area. If the men outside ended her life, she couldn't do anything.

Mollie huddled up in the corner, shivering.

She dared not to move at all.

The damp straws kept reducing her body temperature, making her feel uncomfortable.

Since childhood, she had never suffered like this.

Mollie expected her grandfather to send someone to find and rescue her.

She missed home.

Tears sprung to her eyes, streaming down her cheeks.

...

In the police station, the old Mr. Gibson was too anxious when he waited at home, so he went to the police station for updates.

He was served a high-end green tea but had no mood to drink it.

Mr. Hill also left home and waited at the police station. He consoled the old man, "Miss Gibson will be safe and sound. Please don't worry, Mr. Gibson. I've sent many policemen to comb the city for her. They'll keep us updated on time."

"Mr. Hill, as you know, the Gibson family isn't a big family. I only have two grandchildren, Mollie and Edgar. If something happened to my granddaughter, I wouldn't forgive myself." The old Mr. Gibson looked haggard as if he had become aged overnight, tortured by the fact that his granddaughter was kidnapped.

Mollie was his favorite grandchild, and he had never thought she would be missing one day.

He sighed, "It's a planned kidnapping, evidently. The kidnappers sent the driver away before kidnapping my granddaughter."

They had watched the surveillance video countless times.

Seeing his granddaughter be dragged into the car by two sturdy men, the old Mr. Gibson felt heartbroken.

"Rest assured, Mr. Gibson. We will find your granddaughter," Mr. Hill could only console him.

...

In the Wilson family's Villa, upon hearing Winter's words, Clark smiled triumphantly.

An evil look appeared on his face. "Sylvia Andrews, I wonder how your modern drama will be performed tomorrow. Want to make the Wright family your backer, huh? You'd better dream on!"

Since having sex with him last time, Winter had feared him by instinct.

She echoed in a low voice, "Clark, you've made a wise move."

"I'm going to watch Sylvia Andrews be disdained by the public. I'll push her into the abyss step by step. How dare the bitch provoke me! She deserves to be punished. People who think themselves clever are stupid."

Clark picked up his coffee mug and took a sip, enjoying the bitterness of the black coffee.

He narrowed his gaze, reminding Winter of a viper enjoying his meal.

The scene was horrible.

Winter swallowed. "OK. Please excuse me."

She was about to turn away.

"I dare you to leave this room without my permission," Clark threatened her coldly.

His voice sent a chill down her spine. Winter stiffened, her fingers frozen on the doorknob.

She heard footsteps behind her and almost felt his approaching scent.

Clark wrapped his arms around her slender waist from the back, pressing his chin on her shoulder intimately.

"Do you miss me, Aunt Winter?"

Fear surged in Winter's eyes. She stammered in a trembling voice, "Stop it, Clark. We're home. Others will find it."

"Aunt Winter, I tried to resist and repress it, but I failed."

"I want you. You know I'm always self-restrained. Unfortunately, I decided to follow my instinct."

"And you are the gate to the way of my release," he muttered on her lips.

## **chapter 177**

Winter's eyes were filled with despair.

Sylvia didn't sleep. Staying in her bedroom in Pearlhall Villa, she was typing on the keyboard of her laptop.

Her fingers repeatedly danced like flying butterflies.

She hacked into the surveillance system of the studio hall and viewed the video. Then she hacked into the transportation surveillance system to trace the black car that had taken Mollie away.

After the car went out of town, she tracked it down along the route.

There were fewer cameras on the ring road outside the town, but she still found some traces.

Her men followed her orders, chasing the black vehicle as fast as possible.

Meanwhile, Sylvia held her laptop on the first floor.

Shortly after, a white Land Rover rushed into the night.

...

Mollie dared not to sleep, huddling up in the corner.

After the night became deep, she was frozen by the low temperature and dampness from the ground.

The dead silence broke her down.

She huddled stiffly without moving a bit.

All of a sudden, there was a loud creak on the iron door.

Mollie was frightened, glaring at the door on alert.

A fat man with a strong suntan walked to her, ferociously looking at her up and down.

“What a beauty!”

His sour breath with the strong alcohol smell sickened Mollie, who almost vomited.

She paled and gazed at him. “W-What do you want?”

“My boss told me not to lay a finger on you. It’ll be a pity if I don’t.” The man wanted to squat in front of her, but his fat belly stopped him. He sat on the ground and lost his balance.

The next second, he pounced on Mollie.

Huddling in the corner, Mollie was pressed by the fat man immediately.

The back of her head hit the wall, and the pain made her almost faint.

However, her arms and legs had been tied up, so she couldn’t struggle or escape.

She rubbed against her wrist, trying to break free, but it didn’t work.

The fat man’s stink overwhelmed her.

Mollie held her breath. Before she cried out for help, the fat man started pecking her neck.

“Fuck off! Stop it!”

“Help! Help!”

“Pak!” The fat man slapped her across her face violently. Her cheek instantly reddened and swelled up with an evident palm print.

“Stop yelling, bitch! I’m gonna teach you a lesson.”

As he spoke, he started to strip himself.

Mollie shook her head vigorously. “No! Please don’t! I’m from a noble family. I can give you as much money as you like. Stop it!”

Her heart almost stopped beating.

Tears rolled down her cheeks. “Please! Please let go of me!”

“I don’t want money. After you’re set free in two days, I cannot have a chance anymore.” The fat man glared at her while battling against drunkenness. Then he wanted to tear Mollie’s clothes off.

Mollie closed her eyes in despair and couldn’t help weeping.

She wondered if she would be humiliated today.

She was the daughter of the Gibson family, and her grandfather used to be the most famous command officer in the country. However, she would be harassed by such a disgusting bastard.

The thoughts upset her. In despair, she burst into tears.

However, her sobs aroused the man's desire for conquering.

"No matter how hard you cry, no one's gonna save you tonight."

Suddenly, with a loud bang, the iron door was kicked open.

The fat man was shocked.

Subconsciously, he turned to check on the door, only to find a tall, slender woman in a black outfit and military boots.

"You..." Before he uttered a complete sentence, the woman kicked his chest.

He flew away like a broken garbage sack and fell to the ground.

Blood oozed from his nose and mouth, and the smell spread in the air.

Sylvia darted at the man yelling in pain, and remarked indifferently, "What a loser!"

Her tone was gentle and leisurely, but her words sounded cruel.

"Which one of your hands touched her? It'll become useless from now on."

Her words made the fat man glare at her in disbelief.

The woman in black stood there leisurely, emanating an icy and strong aura.

Cold sweat oozed on the fat man's back.

He couldn't help wondering who the woman was.

"Why are you silent? Scared?"

Sylvia walked toward him step by step, playing with a sharp dagger.

Before the fat man replied, the dagger was stabbed into his palm. His blood was sprayed onto the wall.

Sylvia pulled it out the next second.

When the man thought it was the end of torture, the dagger was stabbed into his palm again.

The pain made his sweat and tears stream down. The fat man begged, "It hurts! It hurts! Please let go of me."

However, Sylvia seemed to be interested in the game.

She stabbed his hand several times. Looking at his badly mutilated hands, she clicked her tongue and shook her head. "What a loser! You even cannot tolerate such mild pain."

A playful smile touched her lips. Then Sylvia walked toward Mollie, who was too shocked to continue sobbing.

She gazed at Sylvia as if this was their first time meeting each other.

She couldn't believe it was Sylvia who had rescued her.

Mollie had imagined being rescued by the police, her grandfather, or her father. However, she had never expected Sylvia to save her in the end.

The woman walking to her looked powerful and cold, reminding her of an iceberg.

She was utterly different from Sylvia Andrews Mollie had known earlier.

Sylvia wasn't as patient as when facing the actors and actresses but looked like a female general.

However, she looked so stunning that Mollie could hardly take her gaze off her.

At this moment, Sylvia looked gorgeous and aggressive with a strong aura that Mollie only wanted to be obedient to her.

After gazing at her in a daze for a while, Mollie muttered, "Why are you here, Miss Andrews?"

Sylvia arched her eyebrow and helped her untie the ropes. "If I'm not here, how will you perform tomorrow?"

She lowered her eyes, her eyelashes covering them.

Although Sylvia was untying the ropes, Mollie had to admit Sylvia did it elegantly.

Sylvia wasn't a charming woman only but also an alpha female.

There were fights outside the house, along with men's cries in pain.

## **chapter 178**

Shortly after, they heard the police sirens.

Mollie's heart finally fell back to her chest.

She felt secure when standing beside Sylvia and greatly liked the cozy feeling.

When Sylvia broke in, Mollie thought she had seen a savior or a celestial being.

In a trance, she followed Sylvia out of the room, watched a group of men in black keep several kidnappers in control, and saw the groups of policemen.

Mollie felt as if a lifetime had passed.

'Are those men in black Miss Andrew's bodyguards? Did they capture the kidnappers?'

Sylvia had even arrived earlier than the police.

Mollie was startled when realizing it.

Her mouth dropped open, her mind wandering.

When she finally returned to her senses, she found that she had already arrived at the police station.

"Are you all right, Mollie?"

A familiar voice made Mollie snap out of her head.



Seeing her grandfather waiting anxiously, she couldn't help shedding tears again.

"Grandpa!"

She threw herself into his arms and burst into tears.

Fortunately, Sylvia arrived on time. Or she would be harassed by that bastard.

That was indeed good luck in misfortune.

Sylvia left right after sending her to the police station.

She flicked her hand, and those well-trained men in black sat in several black luxury cars.

When the vehicles left the police station, it was a big scene, which attracted all the policemen.

They wondered who the woman in the lead was and how she could have made so many competent men obey her.

...

"Miss Andrews has saved you?" After hearing his granddaughter's words, the old Mr. Gibson couldn't keep calm because of his returned granddaughter and the young lady who had rescued her.

Mr. Hill was also shocked.

"Miss Andrews is really an excellent citizen who always helps our police drive out the rascals and protect the people. I presented her a reward on the police's behalf only two days ago."

It seemed he would need to thank her again.

"You are right. She's an outstanding woman!" Mollie echoed excitedly, cupping her chin with both hands.

The scene where Sylvia kicked away the rascal reappeared in her mind. How amazing!

Suddenly, she looked at her grandfather solemnly. "Grandpa, I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" the old Mr. Gibson stared at her lovingly. Even if she wanted the stars or the Moon, he would try his best to make her wish come true.

"I want to serve in the military. I want to start from the entry level. I cannot continue working for the municipal government anymore. It's too idle. I want to be a useful, valuable person."

Mollie glinted at her grandfather. "I'm the only child in our family who enjoys such a good life. I don't deserve it. I must be like Edgar to contribute to my country. I want to be as outstanding as Miss Andrews."

Edgar Gibson was her younger brother. After graduating from a military university, he stayed in the military and became a colonel.

The old Mr. Gibson had been shocked and anxious countless tonight.

However, his granddaughter's words shocked him the most.

Mollie had been spoiled since childhood. Although born into a military family with braveness, she had never wanted to join the army.

In the past, the old Mr. Gibson and Teagan had planned to send her to the military.

They didn't expect her to make significant contributions, but it would benefit her life.

However, Mollie would rather die than join the army, so they had to give up the idea.

Much to the old Mr. Gibson's surprise, she proactively requested to serve in the military all of a sudden.

The old Mr. Gibson was too shocked to answer.

After a while, he found his tongue and reminded her, "Why don't you think twice, Mollie?"

"Grandpa, I used to be too willful and arrogant. In the future, I must learn from Miss Andrews. She's my idol now. I will try my best to become a woman like her. She's excellent, stunning, and independent, with many achievements in her life. I don't like my meaningless life at present," Mollie answered solemnly and sincerely.

When Sylvia broke in and rescued her, Mollie felt her heart thumping.

She also wanted to be like Sylvia to become a light to lead others.

At this moment, no one knew Mollie would become an excellent commander in the army in the future.

Right then, the policeman in charge of this case entered the room. "Excuse me, the old Mr. Gibson, Mr. Hill. Those kidnapers only said they wanted the ransom because they lacked money."

"It's not true. If they had only wanted the ransom, they'd have called my grandfather long ago," Mollie disagreed, frowning. "The fat man with a strong suntan was drunk. He said I would be set free in two days. I believe there must be something else behind this case."

She was the victim, so the policemen listened to her carefully.

Mr. Hill replied to the policeman, "Keep on interrogating them. We must get the truth. How dare they kidnap Miss Gibson aboveboard! We must find the manipulator."

After finishing filing the case, Mollie followed her grandfather home.

...

The dawn broke the day.

Sylvia hacked into the police station's system and browsed through the filed case documents.

Those kidnapers didn't contact the victim's family for the ransom, except for the fat man who wanted to harass Mollie.

When Sylvia and her men broke in, other kidnapers were sleeping soundly, and one was on patrol.

The kidnapping case looked weird.

Usually, the kidnapers would seek money or murder the hostage.

Sylvia wondered what purpose they had.

'Mollie would be set free in two days...'

After closing the file, Sylvia took a shower.

The National Day Gala would be put on the following day, so she must have plenty of sleep.

When Sylvia woke up, it was four o'clock in the afternoon.

She fumbled for her phone on the nightstand, seeing several missed calls.

They were from William and other mentors.

Sylvia tapped open Facebook and saw their messages with several from the actresses.

She dialed William's number first. "Hello, William."

Upon hearing her hoarse voice, William lifted an eyebrow. "Hello, Miss Andrews. Are you still sleeping?"

"I just woke up. What's the matter?" Sylvia narrowed her eyes, her mind still jumbled.

"We've arrived at the studio hall for the last rehearsal. Miss Andrews, do you have any other suggestions?"

"Can you wait for me for 30 minutes? I'll be right there." Sylvia ended the call.

She got up after replying to others' messages.

In a few minutes, she finished straightening herself up. Then she applied the moisturizer to her face.

Sylvia picked up her handbag and left her room.

When she arrived on the first floor, she saw piles of gifts in the living room.

Looking baffled, she asked Vaield and Mark, who were munching potato chips while watching TV, "Why are there so many gifts?"

## **chapter 179**

Mark looked up at Sylvia, his eyes lighting up. He immediately rushed to her after tossing away the potato chip bag. "Boss, those gifts are from the Gibson family."

"The Gibson family?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows.

Her charm took Mark's breath away.

"Exactly. Boss, you've saved their lady, so the old Mr. Gibson is grateful for you. He sent the piles of gifts and gave every one of us a cash award," Vaield echoed, sitting with his legs crossed.

"Cash award?" Sylvia was amused.

"Right. His men thanked us again and again." Vaield munched the potato chips happily.

“All right. Keep it. Thank you all for your hard work last night.” Sylvia nodded in agreement. “The gala will start at seven tonight. Remember to go to the city hall with your teammates. Here are the tickets for you.”

Sylvia pulled out dozens of tickets and put them on the coffee table.

“How generous! That’s a lot,” Mark praised in amazement.

“I’m the general director of the gala. Just a piece of cake.” Sylvia arched her eyebrow and turned away. “See you later. Remember to dress up. You can’t disgrace me. Understand?”

“No worries, Boss. We will.” Mark and Valid put on flattering smiles, walking her out of the villa.

They didn’t return to the house until watching Sylvia’s Land Rover vanish.

Then they exchanged glances and yelled, “Oops! We forgot something.”

“We forgot to report the Andrews Construction’s matter to her.”

“Let’s inform her later.”

“Tomorrow will be better. The National Day Gala won’t end until midnight.”

“All right.”

Therefore, the twins continued to watch TV while having snacks.

...

When Sylvia arrived at the studio hall, all actors and actresses were practicing.

After glancing around, she didn’t see Mollie.

Sylvia kept calm, pressing her lips together.

When others saw her, they greeted her.

Sylvia nodded at them in response. Then she said to William and the other three mentors, “Sorry, but Mollie might not join the show tonight. Something must have happened to her family. I can’t get in touch with her.”

“You can’t get in touch with her?” William asked in surprise.

“No, I can’t,” Sylvia replied, “I lost in touch with her since last night. Her modern drama will be canceled. Let’s figure out a replacement program.”

“Miss Andrews, why don’t we find a famous idol to replace her drama.” Sylvia’s words brought a trace of excitement in Rosie’s eyes, which flashed and vanished too fast.

However, Sylvia captured it.

Casting down her eyes, she refused anxiously, “No way! None of them joined our rehearsal. I wonder if he or she can perform well. If our gala failed, I wouldn’t be able to bear the consequences.”

Rosie wore a red dress today, feeling more complacent when seeing the anxiety on her face. She patted Sylvia's shoulder and said, slightly sounding gloating, "Miss Andrews, please don't worry. Probably Mollie will arrive later. After all, her drama is an important program in the gala."

"I'll discuss it with the mentors," Sylvia said. Then she told others, "Keep up with your good work. The gala will start at seven sharp. Let's present them with the best show. All right?"

"Yes, Miss Andrews," all people answered loudly.

Then Sylvia led the mentors backstage.

The backstage was quiet, with only props and costumes.

No one else was there.

Sylvia's ever-so-calm face was covered by anxiety. "Do you have any good idea, William? The gala will start soon, but an actress is missing."

"Let me see, Miss Andrews. Please don't worry." William started thinking hard.

The other mentors consoled Sylvia, "If there's no replacement, we can dance or sing. Let's make the gala successful."

"The modern drama is pretty meaningful and mocks some current social phenomena. What should we do now?" Sylvia asked in depression. "How can I rest assured? It's the effort of all of us in the past few weeks."

She panicked and looked helpless. Occasionally, her gaze swept around the box of props nearby.

She captured a trembling corner of a dress. It was red.

A ghost of a smile touched her lips.

'Eavesdropping on us, huh?'

Therefore, Sylvia acted more seriously. "Forget it. If there's no other choice, I'll perform. I can play the piano."

"Miss Andrews, if you'll perform, what about other actors and actresses of this modern drama? I'm afraid they'll be unhappy," William reminded her.

"What else can I do?" Sylvia seemed more anxious. "Nothing works. Will our gala be ruined then?"

The corner of the red dress trembled slightly and then disappeared.

Sylvia snorted. After changing her expression, she said to the mentors calmly, "Thanks for your cooperation earlier."

"What?"

"Pardon me?"

"Miss Andrews, are you all right? What do you mean by our cooperation?"

“We have a spy in the actresses. I was acting earlier. Mollie will definitely arrive on time. Please don’t worry.” Sylvia added in anger, “Someone wants to ruin our gala, and I will never make his wish come true.”

“Are you serious, Miss Andrews? How could it be possible?” William was shocked and asked.

“Yes. Please keep it secret for the time being. Pretend that Mollie will be absent.” With those words, Sylvia left backstage with the mentors.

‘Want to ruin my effort? You wish!’

Ten minutes to seven in the evening.

The audience followed the staff members to enter the hall.

The front two rows had high-end round tables on which desserts and dishes were served.

Besides that, each seat was appointed to a person whose name was written on a name card. All the guests were bigwigs in Larro.

Mayor Cody was sitting at the center table next to other senior government officials.

The elites of the Larro government sat at the tables on either side of the middle one.

All the senior officials were assigned to sit in the first row.

Business tycoons and bigwigs from the art and entertainment industries were assigned to sit in the second row.

Behind the second row were two rows of empty seats instead of round tables. After that, chairs were placed like those in an amphitheater.

The empty seats were reserved for the actors and actresses who had completed their performances.

Right then, the stage was empty.

Almost all of the audience had arrived, and so did Vaild, Mark, and their teammates. Sylvia gave them tickets to sit in the center, which was supposed to be with the best views.

Representing Longevity Pharmaceuticals, Logan sat at a round table in the second row.

Paul and Romeo sat next to him. Coincidentally, Clark was at the same table.

## **chapter 180**

They leisurely greeted each other and then kept silent.

Romeo was an exception, though.

He was too excited.

“Paul, will my goddess perform later? All the netizens pay attention to the gala. Some of them want her to fail.”

“Paul, I’ll cheer for her later.

“Paul...”

“Shut up!” Paul growled and glared at him. “The government leaders are sitting in the front rows. Stop talking nonsense.”

Romeo curled his lips and dared not to utter a beep.

One minute to seven o’clock.

All the audience had arrived in the hall.

An empty seat was eye-catching on the table in the center of the first row. The name on the name card was Franklin Maskelyne.

A deputy mayor remarked, “It seems Mr. Maskelyne will be absent today again.”

All people knew that Franklin wasn’t fond of such an occasion. Last time, when he broke his rules to attend a charity banquet, many people were shocked.

None expected him to attend the gala. It was almost seven o’clock.

Once the gala started, the entrance would be shut, and no one would be allowed to enter.

“Mr. Maskelyne is too busy. He’s a president and a crew commander. How could he be able to come here?” The chief of the TV station echoed.

Right after he finished his words, there was an uproar at the entrance.

The audience looked over, only to see a tall, sturdy man in a crew commander’s uniform holding his cap and striding toward the round table.

“Mr-Mr. Maskelyne?” The chief of the TV station was startled. Hurriedly, he stood up and greeted Franklin, “It’s a great honor to have you here, Mr. Maskelyne.”

Franklin slightly nodded at him in response.

He had just gotten off the flight and rushed here as soon as possible.

Fortunately, he wasn’t late.

Jasper’s heart finally dropped back to his chest. Franklin drove in person to arrive at the gala on time. He had run on three red lights. Finally, he entered the hall at the last minute.

Jasper was freaked out.

Franklin put his cap on the table and sat down.

Only then did the other audience return to their senses, greeting Franklin respectfully.

“Good evening, Mr. Maskelyne.”

“Mr. Maskelyne, it’s a pleasure to have you here.”

“Long time no see, Mr. Maskelyne.”

Sitting at a round table on the second row, Clark watched the scene sullenly. The Wilson family still couldn't be compared to the Maskelyne family, which annoyed him.

Paul and Logan kept calm, especially Paul. The Maskelyne family and the Kennedy family didn't get along, but due to the friendship between James and Romeo, the relationship between the two families made significant progress.

The credits should all go to Sylvia.

Suddenly, James and Romeo enjoyed hanging out together.

At seven, the light in the hall gradually dimmed.

Two emcees went to the stage, one male and one female.

They were famous DJs working for Larro TV station.

After a short opening speech, the female emcee announced excitedly, "Next, let's welcome Eden West, our famous king of pop, to sing Land of Hope and Glory."

After the emcees went offstage, the audience was still stunned.

"Eden West?"

"Eden West is singing for kick-off?"

"Land of Hope and Glory? It was composed by Edward Elgar, and the lyrics were written by A-C-Benson."

"Exactly! I love Land of Hope and Glory. It's a good song with deep meanings. But Eden West is a pop singer. Isn't it weird for him to sing such a song?"

"Can he sing it well? I don't think he matches this song's style."

All the audience discussed with each other in low voices.

The bigwigs in the front two rows were shocked.

The chief of the TV station pressed Mayor Cody's arms and requested, "M-Mayor Cody, can you pinch me? I must be dreaming."

"Calm down. Just Eden West." Mayor Cody didn't pay much attention to the entertainment business, so he couldn't understand why the chief was so excited.

The chief said with excitement, "Eden West! He means the viewing rate, let alone that he's the king of pop. My goodness! Miss Andrews didn't promote the gala with Eden West's fame. It's such an excellent chance. Why didn't she use it?"

The chief complained about Sylvia in depression after calming down.

If Sylvia had hyped up the gala's news using Eden West's fame, their gala would have become eye-catching. He wouldn't have been worried about the viewing rate.

Mayor Cody beamed at him. "Sibbie didn't want to hype up the gala's news. After you've finished watching her show, you'll know her reason without doing it."



He recalled Sylvia's response when she first agreed to direct the gala. 'If I hype up the National Day Gala by using Keturah Brown's fame, the viewing rate of this year can be guaranteed. How about next year? We should focus on the gala's quality. We must attract the audience by the quality.'

She was Keturah Brown, more influential than Eden, but she was unwilling to use it to hype up the gala, let alone rely on Eden's fame.

Sitting at the round table, Franklin overheard their conversation clearly.

He picked up a glass of water and sipped. "She disdained to do so."

Others were taken aback, wondering if Franklin was defending Sylvia.

'Why did Mr. Maskelyne defend Sylvia Andrews? He's never involved in such trifles, has he? How could a man of status like Mr. Maskelyne know the gala's general director?'

They only dared to ask inwardly.

When the music played, Eden walked onstage in a black tuxedo. He dressed up formally, looking maturer and more elegant than usual, utterly different from his style in his personal concerts.

He had a lovely face, and his current dress assigned him unique charm.

A lot of the audience in the hall were his fans.

Hence, his fans screamed deafeningly when he started singing the first line.

"Eden, my honey!"

"Ah! Eden is so handsome!"

"My idol! My love!"

"I want to take his pictures. Oh, I'll record his singing."