

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 251

At Carson's villa, Aldo stared at the butler angrily. "Where did Jenna go? Why is there blood on the floor?"

"Mr. Carson... After you left, I took the servant to the supermarket for shopping. I don't know what happened. I have no idea where she went."

Hearing that Jenna was missing, the butler was also anxious.

"Look, you must find her! Now go hire thirty bodyguards for me. You must find her even if you have to scour the whole city!"

Aldo felt a headache.

"Yes, Mr. Carson, I am on it."

Sylvia rubbed brows wearily, "Mr. Carson, is there any place Jenna likes to go? Have you looked for it? What important things do you have today? Do you have to go out?"

Jenna and Sylvia didn't know each other very well, but somehow Sylvia couldn't help but worry about Jenna. When she thought of that beautiful young girl might be hurt, she couldn't help feeling sad.

This feeling was very strange.

"She usually goes out with me. She has never gone out alone. She gets sick from time to time..." Aldo didn't say any more.

His eyes turned red as he spoke.

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have left today."

He took a deep breath, with self-blame and guilt on his face. "My mother forced me to go on a blind date. I went to reject that woman, and I only stayed for a few minutes... I... I made it very clear to her that I have fallen in love with someone else."

"Mr. Carson!" Sylvia interrupted him, her face indescribably serious, "If you like Jenna, protect her well. Don't let her get hurt."

Sylvia glanced at Aldo with cold eyes, "From what you said, your mother doesn't like Jenna. Have you ever thought about... After you left, maybe your mother came here."

Hearing what Sylvia said, Aldo couldn't believe it. He subconsciously retorted, "How is it possible? My mother wouldn't hurt Jenna behind my back, would she? Jenna is just a little girl. No matter how much my mother doesn't like her, she won't..."

Sylvia quickly grasped the point, her face became sullener, "Your mother doesn't like her. So, you don't know if your mother will do crazy things, right? Take me to see your mother now."

"My mother? Why? I don't think this is a good idea. She doesn't know you at all." Aldo hesitated. Sylvia raised her cold eyes, and at that moment, Aldo seemed to see Franklin in a daze.

She was the same cold and menacing as Franklin.

He withheld all his words after seeing Sylvia's cold stares.

Twenty minutes later, several black cars were parked in front of the mansion of the Carson family.

A tall and slender woman came out of the Land Rover. The woman was dressed in all black, looking like a demon from hell. A man in black got out of the car, opened an umbrella, and raised it over her head.

The woman waved her hand, and all the men in black immediately divided into two rows and rushed into the house. Mrs. Carson had been restless all day.

She couldn't believe that she stabbed the needles in Jenna's face.

From time to time, she looked at her hands. How did she make such crazy moves? "If

Aldo knew... He cared so much about Jenna. Would he hate me?"

"No!"

"He won't know."

But what if the little bitch told him?

Mrs. Carson felt very upset.

She waited all day for Aldo's reprimand. But instead, Mrs. Chan called to mock her.

She was thinking about Jenna's matter, and she wasn't in the mood to argue with Mrs. Chan, so she hung up the phone after hearing some complaints from Mrs. Chan.

Aldo's father, who was watching TV, looked at Mrs. Carson beside him, "What's wrong with you today?" A hint of impatience flashed across Mrs. Carson's face. She said impatiently, "Nothing!"

"Are you sure?" Aldo's father frowned.

She had been weird.

"What could it be? Mrs. Chan called me and I'm upset," Mrs. Carson said and sat down on the sofa.

However, as soon as she sat down, two rows of black-clothed men suddenly rushed into the living room. She was so startled that she almost fell off the sofa.

She screamed, "Who are you? Why did you break into my house?"

Aldo's father was calmer than her. He stood up from the sofa and looked at these men, "Who are you? Which big shot did our family offend?"

There was a suffocating silence in the air, only the rustling of rain outside the door could be heard.

"No one. I just want to ask Mrs. Carson if she has been to Aldo's villa this morning."

A cold voice came from the sound of rain, then, a tall figure stepped into the living room.

What a face!

She was as beautiful as a fairy with exquisite facial features.

Aldo's father had experienced a lot of ups and downs. He looked at Sylvia but couldn't figure out who she was. Sylvia looked elegant, but the strong vibe around her was extremely frightening.

It made him, a man over fifty years old, tremble uncontrollably.

Mrs. Carson looked at Sylvia with a pale face. She could tell that the visitors were not friendly.

Yet Mrs. Carson gritted her teeth and refused to admit it.

"Miss, what are you talking about? I don't understand. Normally, I won't go to my son's villa unless necessary."

Sylvia sneered, "Really?"

Mrs. Carson pretended to be calm, "I don't like bothering him."

"Jenna suffers from autism, and she doesn't have any friends, why did she disappear for no reason? Mrs. Carson, don't you know anything?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows, looking at Mrs. Carson who was stubborn to admit her mistake.

Mrs. Carson and Aldo kind of looked alike, but unlike Aldo who was a man of integrity, Mrs. Carson was pretty petty. Her eyes were evasive. She was lying.

Was she treating Sylvia as a three-year-old child that was easily fooled?

Mrs. Carson shouted in shock, "Oh my God! Jenna is missing? Why didn't Aldo tell me and his father?"

"Jenna is missing?" Aldo's father was also a little surprised. He had seen Jenna a few times, and she seemed to be a very quiet and pretty girl.

He didn't like her living with Aldo, but at the same time, he felt sorry for her. He knew she was an orphan.

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Aldo's father never hurt Jenna. He didn't expect Jenna to be missing.

He subconsciously glanced at his wife, and suddenly understood why she had been restless all day. Intuition told him that this must have something to do with her.

Mrs. Carson had a terrible idea. Jenna was missing, so Aldo didn't know that she had hurt Jenna. That was great. She wished that Jenna would never come back.

In this way, Aldo would never know what she had done.

If Aldo could get married, soon she would have grandchildren.

She thought she was hiding well, but Sylvia had noticed her facial expression changes.

"Mrs. Carson, you don't want to tell the truth. It's okay, I like punishing liars." Sylvia clapped her hands. Immediately, two black men stepped in carrying a glass box about 3 feet wide.

The box was filled with poisonous scorpions.

Each scorpion had large pincers as if it was going to clamp people's skin fiercely at any time and insert the venom. Mrs. Carson looked at the box, Her well-kept face paled.

She had never seen so many poisonous scorpions that her heart almost stopped beating.

"Take them away! Who are you? Why did you come to my house to make trouble? I'm going to call the police!" "The society is governed by a system of laws! The police will arrest you for trespassing and lynching!"

She couldn't help but

shout. The entire

room fell silent.

All the servants were controlled by Sylvia's men.

She looked at Mrs. Carson with a sneer, "If you don't tell the truth, these scorpions will have fun with you. Would you like to give it a shot?"

"No, you crazy woman, who are you?" Mrs. Carson glared at Sylvia.

Aldo's father had a good temper but at this moment, he was angry too. "Miss, how did we offend you? Why are you doing this to my wife?"

Sylvia lowered her head, her voice as cold as ice. "You don't deserve to know my name. I just want to know where is

Jenna." "I don't know where she went." Mrs. Carson kept shaking her head, "You asked the wrong person."

"It seems that you won't tell the truth."

As soon as Sylvia said that, two men in black immediately stepped forward, grabbed Mrs. Carson, and pressed her into the scorpion's glass box.

Mrs. Carson's face was pale. She screamed, "No! No!"

"Mom!" At this moment, Aldo rushed over. "Miss Andrews, what are you doing? She is my mother!"

"It's because she's your mother that I'm asking her." Sylvia looked at Aldo and then motioned for her subordinates to continue.

The two men in black held down Mrs. Carson firmly. Seeing that her face was about to touch the biggest poisonous scorpion, she shouted, "Aldo, save me! Save me!"

"Miss Andrews, please let my mother go." Aldo didn't expect Sylvia to be so

ruthless. He now regretted letting Sylvia stay with Jenna.

Mrs. Carson thought that the Carson family was respectable in Larro, and Sylvia wouldn't dare to do anything

to her. But she had underestimated Sylvia's ruthlessness!

Her eyes widened, staring in horror at the poisonous scorpion that was about to attack her with its pincers, howling

desperately! Her mind went blank because of the fear.

"This is my turf! How dare you make trouble! You... who are you! The Carsons have never offended anyone, but you are bullying my wife like this. You are ruining our reputation in the city!" Aldo's father roared angrily, his chest heaving with anger. He couldn't believe that a young girl dared threaten his wife in his house.

"Dad..." Aldo wanted to speak but was interrupted by Aldo's father. "Stand aside!"

He pointed at Sylvia and said snappishly, "Let go of my wife now, otherwise, I'll make you

regret it." He was masterful both in the company and at home.

He had never been threatened or ignored that way.

He couldn't stand seeing his wife being treated like that.

Sylvia glanced at Aldo's father, "I just want to know where Jenna is."

"Miss Andrews, I don't think my mother has anything to do with Jenna's disappearance," Aldo said anxiously, striding towards the glass box, trying to save Mrs. Carson.

But the men in black stopped him.

"Mr. Carson, everything will be solved if your mother tells the truth. Or, are you not worried about Jenna at all?" Sylvia sighed, "It seems that Mrs. Carson won't confess unless I show evidence."

She waved her hand. Mark immediately handed over a laptop, she opened it

slowly. She showed the computer screen to Aldo and Aldo's father.

"These are places Mrs. Carson has been today. She left home early in the morning. Instead of having her chauffeur send her to Aldo's villa, she hailed a taxi."

Aldo and Aldo's father looked at the computer

screen. The screen displayed where Mrs.

Carson went today.

Aldo's father looked shocked. He was usually calm. But at that moment, he stared at Sylvia in disbelief, "Where did you get it?"

"It's easy to find where a rich lady went." Sylvia smiled, her beautiful face full of sarcasm, "If Jenna hadn't disappeared at an intersection without traffic video surveillance. Do you think I would still be sitting here?"

Aldo's chest trembled slightly. "What are you talking about? Did Jenna disappear at an intersection with no surveillance camera? It rained cats and dogs. If something happened to her, I would never forgive myself."

Sylvia ignored Aldo. In her mind, Aldo was no longer a good man, but a scumbag.

Her red lips parted slightly, and then she said something shocking, "So, Mrs. Carson, can you tell me what you did to Jenna?"

Mrs. Carson was so frightened that she broke out in cold sweat and her clothes were soaked. Her hair was sticking to her cheeks with sweat. She wasn't caught in the heavy rain, but it was as if she had just been fished out of the rain.

Frightened by the poisonous scorpion, she was unable to utter a word. After a while, she said, "I... scolded her. I guess she can't bear it and run away!"

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"It seems that you won't tell the truth, Mrs. Carson." Sylvia waved her hand. The two strong men in black immediately pressed Mrs. Carson into the glass box again!

"Don't! No! Aldo, save me!" Mrs. Carson had just breathed a sigh of relief when she was pressed onto the box again. A suffocating feeling once again attacked her.

She screamed. The screaming echoed through the living room.

Aldo was angry and anxious, yet he could not defeat these men in black. He angrily said to Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, I know that you care about Jenna, that's why you forced my mother like this. But she has made no big mistakes, and you are in no position to punish her so mercilessly?"

"Mercilessly? I forced your mother?" Sylvia sneered. "There is blood on the floor of your living room, and your mother looks good now, So the blood is 100% Jenna's! Listen, Jenna studied piano with me for a few days. As her mentor, I'll seek justice for her."

"Mom, what exactly did you do to Jenna? If you say it, Miss Andrews will let you go." Aldo was anxious.

He didn't believe that his mother did anything to hurt Jenna, and at the same time felt sorry for his mother.

But on the other hand, he was worried about Jenna, afraid that she would be bullied by bad people, and afraid that something would happen to her.

He was so anxious that he couldn't sit still.

He no longer looked like the proud captain of

firefighters. At this time, he was caught in a

predicament.

"I didn't do anything... I didn't do it." Mrs. Carson shook her head and said

weakly. She didn't want to tell Aldo what she did to Jenna.

She didn't want her son to hate her for the rest of his life. That slut was too important for her son. She had kept the secret until now. If she said it now, then all the suffering she suffered would be in vain.

Mrs. Carson no longer looked like the noble lady. Her hair was messy. Her clothes were wet and sticky to her body. She slumped on the ground, weak.

"Miss, although you are Jenna's teacher, I gotta tell you, since the moment Jenna was brought back by my son, she has been provided for by the Carson family. I indeed went to Aldo's villa, but it doesn't mean that I am responsible for Jenna's disappearance." Mrs. Carson looked at Aldo with tears in her eyes, although she was speaking to Sylvia. But her eyes fixated on Aldo.

"Although I don't like her, she has been raised by us for so many years. How can I hurt her?" After speaking, she cried even more sadly.

She looked like a victim.

Aldo couldn't help squatting beside her and hugging her in his arms. "Mom, don't cry. We'll find Jenna and she will be fine."

"I... I have no other wishes. I just want my son to get married and have children. I'm just an ordinary mother. I wanted Jenna to move back to live with us after Aldo has a girlfriend. She didn't want to, so I scolded her. Did I do something wrong? I did everything for this family!"

Mrs. Carson burst into tears.

Aldo's father felt sorry for his wife. "Miss Andrews, you came here and made a big fuss today. We won't just let it slide so easily."

Mrs. Carson pushed Aldo away. She stood in front of Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, if you still don't believe me today, then I'll just jump into this glass box!"

As she spoke, she almost used all her strength to jump.

Before anyone could stop her, Mrs. Carson jumped into the glass box.

The poisonous scorpions pierced hard into the skin of her ankle, and poisonous dark blood gushed out immediately. Sylvia squinted at the scene.

She just realized that Mrs. Carson was such a decisive woman!

But she still felt that things were not that simple. If Mrs. Carson was innocent, where did the blood come from? Whose blood was it?

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The two men of the Carson family hurriedly dragged Mrs. Carson out of the glass box. But it was too late, she had been poisoned. Black blood kept

gushing out from the wound.

With her last bit of strength, Mrs. Carson asked Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, do you believe me now?"

"Mrs. Carson, you are impressed." Sylvia glanced at Mark who then walked up to the Carsons and handed a medicine bottle to Aldo, "This is the antidote. Your mother will be cured within three days after taking it."

"Mrs. Carson, you'd better not let me down. I'll believe you today." Sylvia got up, and her cold eyes fell on the three of the Carsons, "Since I didn't get any information, And Mrs. Carson proved her innocence in such a decisive way. Building A in Stormview Estate is yours."

Then, she threw a bunch of keys into Aldo's hands.

Did she give them a building? What background did she have?

Sylvia lowered her eyes and smiled, but her eyes were not smiling. "If I find that Mrs. Carson lied today, I'm sorry, not only will I take back this building, but you guys will pay for much more than that."

With that, she turned to leave.

The tall man immediately held up the umbrella and followed up.

The well-trained men in black carried the glass box as silently as when they came, disappearing into the rain. Mrs. Carson closed her eyes, breathed a sigh of relief, and soon blacked out.

"Mom! Mom! Aldo quickly carried her to the couch and called the family doctor.

Aldo's father trembled and held Mrs. Carson's hand, "How did we provoke this woman? Aldo, who is she?"

Aldo hung up the phone, sighed, and said, "Dad, I just know her name is Sylvia Andrews, and she has a good relationship with Franklin. It seems that she is also close to Mayor Cody. She choreographed and directed the National Day Gala some time ago which become a rating winner."

"This woman is very impressed. We must find out her background." Aldo's father had hatred in his eyes. "Sylvia, you humiliated my wife today. Do you think I will forgive you just for this building?"

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At the entrance of Pearlhall Villa, Franklin waited for Sylvia all day. He asked his men to keep a close eye on all the vehicles passing by. But Sylvia didn't come back.

He had been guarding here since last night. Pearlhall Villa was empty. There weren't even any bodyguards.

Franklin got upset.

He sat in the Bentley, looking out the window at the heavy rain.

His eyes were full of disappointment. His chiseled face was sharp, "Go find where she is."

"Sylvia, no matter where you are hiding, even if you are at the ends of the earth, I will find

you." After informing the subordinates, Jasper asked, "Mr. Maskelyne, shall we go back

now?"

They'd been here for a day and a night. Franklin hadn't even had a drop of

water. Even if he was worried about Sylvia, he shouldn't torture himself like this.

Franklin frowned, his handsome face darkening, "Let's go back to Towner

Villa." Since she was not here, there was no point staying there.

The black Bentley made a U-turn.

Just then, dozens of luxury cars stopped in front of Pearlhall Villa. A tall man stepped down from the white Land Rover in the lead, holding a woman in his arms. The woman was holding his neck tightly with both hands.

Franklin took a deep breath and pursed his

lips. He stared coldly at the man and woman.

She allowed another man to hold her like

that? Damn it!

In the pouring rain, Mark hugged Sylvia who had passed out on the way back, and his eyes fell on her pale cheeks in

distress. She passed out after stepping out of the Carson mansion.

Jenna had nothing to do with Sylvia; he didn't understand why Sylvia would look for Jenna in person even though she was in such poor health. She had even offended the Carson family.

He couldn't help sighing and then strode towards the hall of the villa.

Just then, a slender and tall figure stood in front of him. Franklin stared sharply at Sylvia in Mark's arms. His handsome jaw was tense. He said in a cold voice, "Only I can hold her."

As he spoke, he stretched out his arms and snatched Sylvia from Mark's arms.

Mark looked at his empty arms. It took him a while to come back to his senses. "Mr. Maskelyne? Why are you here?"

Sylvia was cold all over, and suddenly she felt warmth as if she was heated by a stove.

She wanted to absorb more heat. She wrapped her hands around the man's

waist. She could feel the man's broad and firm chest, as well as his strong

heartbeat.

It was so reassuring... so

familiar... She soon fell into a

deeper sleep.

A trace of tenderness appeared in Franklin's eyes as he looked at her delicate face. But after a moment, he looked away.

Looking straight at Mark, he said with an extremely intimidating voice, "She has been poisoned."

Mark's heart contracted. Under Franklin's perceptive gaze, Mark failed to utter a word.

"My guess is true." Mark's reaction confirmed Franklin's guess.

He carried Sylvia to the hall.

Even though his shoulders and hair were soaked by the heavy rain, the hair of the woman in his arms was not wet at

all. He went upstairs carefully, put her on the big soft bed, and stared at her with gentle and doting eyes.

He gently held the woman's hand wearing transparent

gloves. The dark mark on her palm made him very sad.

His gaze moved up and he found the black mark had spread to the top of her arm. Her fair arm was now as black as ink.

Franklin's thin lips were tightly pursed, and pain appeared in his deep-set eyes. He couldn't imagine how much pain Sylvia was enduring.

She had endured so much by herself.

He silently rolled down her sleeves and put the gloves back on her hands again.

Franklin went into the bathroom and took a quick bath.

Then he lay down on the bed and held her in his arms.

The smell that belonged to him was manly and charming.

Sylvia snuggled into his arms, sleeping

soundly. His arms were reassuring and very

warm.

Franklin couldn't sleep. At some point, he closed his

eyes. Sylvia was awakened by the roar of the man

beside her.

She opened her eyes and looked at Franklin beside her with closed eyes and a grimace at the dim yellow lamp in the room.

She couldn't help frowning.

Why was he in her

bed? "No! Don't!

Don't!" "Sister, sister!"

He had a nightmare.

Sylvia took some tissues from the bedside and wiped the cold sweat off his forehead.

But before she touched him, he suddenly opened his eyes, which were cold and

bloodthirsty. His face seemed to be covered with frost. He had an expression of a demon.

Sylvia raised her eyebrows, "Franklin, did you have a nightmare?"

Franklin's eyes were bloodshot. It took him a while to close his eyes. Soon, he opened them again, and said, "I'm sorry, did I scare you?"

For some reason, he dreamed about the

past. "No. Why are you here?" Sylvia

peered at him.

Franklin took a deep breath and went to take a

bath. Lying on the bed again, he gradually calmed

down.

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"I dreamed of my sister." He stretched out his arms and took Sylvia into his arms, "I haven't dreamed of her in years." "You have a sister?"

Sylvia always thought that he only had two siblings, James and Poppy.

"Yes, that year I went on a trip to the countryside with my sister, but we were lost. And worst still, we met traffickers. Then a little girl saved us. She was very strong and witty. She was very young but she knew how to make toy cannons. She blew the traffickers with cannons and untied my sister and me. Unluckily, the cannons were not powerful enough and the traffickers soon woke up. Then they chased us, and my sister fell off a cliff."

Franklin stroked Sylvia's long hair, his voice was deep and hoarse. He was telling her a memory that he would never want to recall.

Sylvia looked at him with a tilted head. She didn't expect Franklin to tell her his secret. Everybody had

secrets that they didn't want people to know.

She was not a very curious person. She didn't like to inquire about other people's privacy.

But at this moment, she decided to ask for further information about it. So, she asked, "And then? Did you find your sister?"

"No, she died." Franklin's gaze was dark and painful as he stared blankly at the ceiling, "The little girl who saved me hid me in a cave, then she went to lure the traffickers away. She said she was very familiar with the mountains, so she would be fine. I can never forget the moment when she smiled back at me. Her smile so pure and clear."

"I didn't know that you had such an experience when you were a child. Fortunately, you were saved by the little girl." Sylvia was a little confused. For some reason, some pieces of memories suddenly flashed in her mind when Franklin told the story.

Deep mountains, forests...

Before she could think further about it, she heard Franklin say, "Then I fell asleep in the cave and my parents came to find me. But I never saw the little girl again. Since then, I have been looking for her."

"Have you found her yet?"

"Yes, and she is Tiffany, but...she is no longer the kind and brave little girl she used to be." Franklin closed his eyes regretfully, "My sister was declared dead. For so many years, she has been a thorn in my heart. If I had held my sister's hand at that time, she would not have died."

"You were a child at the time, and her death was not your fault." Sylvia couldn't help holding Franklin's big palm, "It was an accident."

"Witnessing my sister's death was a great blow to me." Franklin's eyes were scarlet, and the great pain came over him, making it difficult for him to breathe. He lost control of his emotions.

He could hardly control the turbulent depression in his chest. He stood up suddenly and slammed his fist hard against the wall. It seemed that

only in this way could he vent all the anger, depression, and pain in his chest!

Sylvia was taken aback by the noise.

She jumped out of bed and grabbed the man's bloody fist, "Franklin, you're crazy!" "This is Pearlhall

Villa, not your home! Sober up."

Franklin's handsome face looked wild. His hair was scattered on his forehead. The anxiety and emptiness in his heart drove him fiercely.

"Let go!"

"Franklin, don't let negative emotions control you, Franklin, wake up!" He roared like a

trapped beast, "Go away!"

She suddenly realized that he was having his mania.

Sylvia reached out and hugged his waist tightly. This was the first time she had soberly faced Franklin's attack of mania.

"Let me go!" Franklin pinched her chin with great force. His deep eyes no longer looked gentle. Instead, he looked irritable, and angry, like a bloodthirsty monster.

Seeing the furious man, Sylvia was anxious and angry. Franklin had lost his mind. He wouldn't listen to whatever she said. There was a hint of anxiety in her watery eyes. She didn't know what to do.

The furious man had great strength. His hand that grabbed her chin was like iron pliers. It hurt her so much!

Her jaw was about to be crushed. Without thinking much, she stood on tiptoe, and kissed him.

Sylvia's familiar fragrance came into Franklin's nose. A kind of electric charge seemed to surge through every particle of his body.

"Franklin, wake up."

Franklin heard Sylvia whispering in his ear as he smelled the light fragrance of her body. For some reason, he felt something that could anesthetize his brain gradually flow out. Almost all of his sanity, which was manipulated by emotions, had been eroded.

However, hearing the woman whispering, Franklin felt as if his heart had been hit by a stone.

Franklin's tense body gradually stiffened, and his cold and manic expression was strange and terrifying. His gaze was gloomy. He looked like a monster crawling out of a horror movie.

Sylvia stood in front of him silently. Franklin's eyes were so indifferent and cold. That seemed to be his true self.

Time seemed to freeze.

They could only hear each other's breathing. Seeing Franklin's eyes getting more and more ferocious, Sylvia couldn't help but close her eyes and kiss his lips again.

If kissing him could sober him up, then she didn't mind kissing him again and again!

Franklin pushed Sylvia away. He looked exhausted, half leaning against the wall with a pained look on his face. He felt that his brain was messed up.

He lost control of himself and wanted to let out all his emotions.

He bit his lower lip, and blood gushed out.

"Franklin, wake up, don't be manipulated by all those negative emotions." Sylvia fell to the ground after the push. Franklin almost used all his strength.

He was stronger than her in martial arts. So, after being pushed by him like this, Sylvia's tailbone hurt, and her face turned pale. But she gritted her teeth and stood up from the ground, slowly approaching Franklin.

Franklin was usually ruthless and seldom had mood swings. So, people always thought that he was cold.

However, Sylvia knew that he had his stories. He didn't suffer from the mania for no reason. Everything had a cause. She didn't have the time to guess whether it was the death of his sister, or something else, that had broken him down. She stood in front of Franklin. He looked at her coldly. "Get out!"

She suddenly reached out her hand with a glove, pinched the man's tense jaw, met his cold and ferocious eyes, and said in a masterful tone slowly, "Franklin, I order you to be sober! Look at me, I am Sylvia, your wife!"

She felt the violent aura emanating from him, which was enough to destroy everything, but she ignored it. She began to unbutton the man's clothes with a calm expression.

But her trembling hands gave her nervousness away.

Franklin was strong, and self-disciplined, with excellent physical fitness and unfathomable martial arts.

Just now he just pushed her, she could hardly bear it. If he did anything violent to her in a fit, she would die. However, there was always an inner voice telling her that if she left him, he would fall into a darker abyss.

For the first time, Sylvia wanted to approach Franklin. And for the first time, she found that she couldn't leave him, but... she didn't have much time left.

Her nose twitched. It shouldn't take much effort to undo the buttons. But it took her a long time. The more trembling her hands were, the harder it was to do it.

A piece of flesh was almost torn off Franklin's lips, and a trace of sobriety appeared in his throbbing brain. His eyes were half-closed as if he couldn't see the woman in front of him clearly. He whispered as if he was dreaming, "Sylvia, darling."

He was attacked by mania again. He must be.

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He couldn't hurt Sylvia.

He stretched out his hands and subconsciously wanted to hug her, but the next second, he violently pushed her away again, using less strength.

"Go, go away!"

Sylvia looked at Franklin. Blood oozed from his lips and dripped down to the floor.

"Go! Didn't you hear me?" Franklin raised his hand and was about to push her further away when Sylvia caught his wrist. She stared at him, "Franklin! Wake up. I'm Sylvia!"

"Sweetie... Go away!" The pain came to him again and Franklin screamed in pain.

He roared like a trapped beast and punched his fist into the wall again. There was the smell of blood in the air. His black shirt had been torn, showing his chest. Sylvia could see his muscles.

Pain and mania caused him to bite his palm as if this was the only way to ease his pain. Sylvia looked at him in madness and shuddered.

He would rather hurt himself than hurt her...

No, she couldn't watch him hurt himself and do nothing.

Sylvia quickly walked to the drawer and began to find her silver needles. She had just used them the day before yesterday. Why couldn't she find them now?

"Are you looking for this?"

Suddenly, Franklin's voice sounded behind her.

Sylvia turned to look at him in surprise and saw her bag of silver needles in his hand. She

was stunned, "You... Why did you take my needles?"

"You expect me to do nothing after you stung me?" Franklin said with blood in his mouth.

His eyes glinted with viciousness, and he looked at Sylvia as if he was looking at a dead person. Sylvia felt very uncomfortable. When did Franklin steal her silver needles?

"Franklin? You have regained your wits?"

"You have a pretty face, but unfortunately, you are nothing but a tool to be used." What on earth was he talking about?

Sylvia took a deep breath. When she was about to lose her temper, she gritted her teeth and thought to herself. Franklin was sick, she couldn't reason with a sick person, could she?

Although she didn't have her silver needles now, she had something else.

Franklin sneered. "Are you so obsessed with men, unbuttoning my shirt? It seemed that he had a terrible taste for women." Sylvia

looked at Franklin in front of her. He was covered in blood with a wicked expression. He looked different than usual. He looked

nothing like Franklin Maskelyne she knew.

It was as if he had changed into a completely different man. She glanced at him, "Can you tell me who you are?"

"Would you let me fuck you if I told you?" Franklin approached her step by step until their bodies clung. Sylvia began to feel uneasy and had a bad feeling.

Did Franklin have any other diseases? No, it

was impossible!

The idea flustered her and she had to confirm it, "Are you Franklin?"

"Of course." Franklin fixed his eyes on her and suddenly chuckled. He carried her up and tossed her onto the bed.

Then, he got on top of her and Sylvia could hardly move. With a wicked smile, he said, "You wanted to seduce me, didn't you? Come on."

Sylvia had to admit that he was as handsome as always even after he turned into a pervert. But it

didn't mean she would give in.

"I'm sorry. I don't sleep with men other than Franklin, even if you are living inside him!" She

gave a charming smile and glanced out of the window.

She put her arms around Franklin's neck and fixed him.

The next second, before Franklin realized it, he was shot by a string of liquid. With

his eyes widened, he passed out and fell down the bed.

Logan jumped in through the window and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Sylvia, how was my shooting skill?"

"You didn't disappoint me," Sylvia praised.

At that moment, Mark and Vaild pushed the door open and walked in. "Sylvia, what's wrong with Franklin? Was he out of his mind?"

"It was his mania," Sylvia answered, "Get him in bed."

Logan, Mark, and Vaild had been waiting outside and they had heard the noises. They

had been waiting for an opportunity.

When Sylvia glanced at him through the window just now, she decided to lead Franklin on so that Logan could shoot him. That string of liquid was anesthetic.

It wouldn't hurt him.

"His mania was scary. It was terrifying." Logan had been observing everything on the tree just now and seeing how Franklin looked.

Not even Sylvia could fight him when he was out of his mind. "It

was my fault. I shouldn't have asked him that question."

Sylvia felt a bit tired after the fuss. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she asked, "Is there any news about Jenna?" "No.

We couldn't find her. It seems that she has disappeared." Vaild shook his head.

"Somehow, I felt close to her as if she was my younger sister." Sylvia sighed. "I hope she's safe and sound." "It

hurts..."

Lying in bed, the girl slowly opened her eyes.

With her mind blank, Jenna stared at the ceiling. Where was

she?

She looked around the room and felt it was strange.

The room was simply decorated and there was a vase near the bedside table in which there were a few sunflowers. There was

a new closet opposite the bed. It was pink.

Even the curtains were pink and decorated with some stars. It was

a girl's bedroom, obviously.

She sat up in bed.

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Chapter 257

Jenna found that even the bed was pink and there was a big heart-shaped pattern in the middle of the bed sheet. She had never stayed in a room with so much pink.

All of a sudden, she felt pain in her cheek, which reminded her of what had happened. "My face..." She got out of bed and staggered towards the bathroom.

However, as soon as she opened the bathroom door, she found a man wiping his body with a pink bath towel, naked. "Ah!"

Jenna screamed

Brayden, who had just finished taking a shower, was stunned. He quickly came to himself and wrapped himself in the bathrobe.

A while later, staring at the man in front of her, who had a masculine figure, Jenna was still in shock. It was obvious that he exercised regularly as she saw his eight packs.

She couldn't help flushing and didn't know where to look.

It was the first time she had seen a naked strange man at such a close distance. Although he looked funny in a pink bathrobe, Jenna wasn't in the mood to laugh at all.

She was so embarrassed that she wanted to run away.

Brayden was also awkward. It was all his mother's fault. The bathrobes in this room were all in small size and they could hardly cover him.

His legs were still naked.

He didn't expect that Jenna, who had been in a coma, would suddenly wake up during his shower. He couldn't help blushing, for this might be the most embarrassing moment for him.

But it seemed that the girl was even more embarrassed than he was.

He calmed himself down and tried to explain, "The faucet in my room doesn't work, so I came to your room to take a bath. I didn't mean to do anything else..."

Jenna dared not look at him, with her head lowered. She couldn't help recalling what she had just seen. His body

and... His giant private part...

She had never seen a man's penis before. Jenna covered her face with her hands.

Just as the two of them were embarrassed, the door was pushed open.

Mrs. Wright came in and asked nervously, "What happened? Is everything alright?" When she saw what was in the room, she widened her eyes and punched Brayden.

"What are you doing in that pink bathrobe? Why are you here? What did you want to do?" Brayden felt aggrieved and said, "Mom... The faucet in my room doesn't work..."

Mrs. Wright didn't feel sorry at all when she saw the palm mark on Brayden's chest. "You could have showered in my room. Why did you come here?"

"You and dad were in your bathroom just now..." Brayden looked at her with a knowing expression. Mrs. Wright's face flushed. Did her son see her making out with her husband just now?

She was embarrassed.

But she kept his composure and said, "I don't care! Get out of here and get dressed before you come in!" Brayden snorted, turned around, and left.

After he left, Mrs. Wright turned to look at Jenna in bed.

The wound on the right side of Jenna's face had scabbed, but it was still red and swollen. The left side of her face was as beautiful as ever.

Jenna had been feeling upset, but after seeing the interesting interaction between Mrs. Wright and Brayden, she felt a little better.

But the aching wound on the right side of her face kept reminding her of what had happened.

Mrs. Wright sat down beside her and gently took her hand. Jenna subconsciously withdrew her hand. She lowered her head to avoid making eye contact with Mrs.

Wright.

Mrs. Wright had noticed her resistance, but she didn't feel offended at all. Instead, in a gentle voice, she said, "I don't know your name, girl. Can you tell me where your home is? We will send you home."

Home...

Jenna was suddenly in a trance. Did she have a home? The world was a big place, but she had no home in it. She

had thought that her uncle's home was her home. However, reality kept reminding her that it was not.

She was just an orphan, with no mother and no father.

"Don't worry, girl. We are not bad people. You have slept for two whole days; my son saved you and brought you here." Mrs. Wright patiently looked at Jenna who kept silent. "Was your face hurt by someone?"

Her face... She must look very ugly and scary right now.

Tears welled up in her eyes. She sat there without saying a word.

Mrs. Wright sighed with resignation, "Girl, no matter what you have encountered, there will always be a way out. You should be hungry now. I will go cook something for you."

With that, she left the room.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Wright came to Jenna's room again with a tray, on which a few delicate dishes were placed. "I cooked these, but I don't know if you will like them or not."

Jenna stared at the homemade dishes. She could smell the fragrance of the food.

She seemed to remember that someone had cooked these dishes for her before, but who was it? Who was it?

Jenna couldn't remember it.

She originally had no appetite, but after seeing these dishes, she picked up the spoon. She tried the soup and felt it familiar as if she had had it when

she was young.

But she was quite sure that she did not know the lady in front of her. Then, why would she feel her cooking familiar?

Mrs. Wright looked gratified when she saw Jenna eating, "Have some more and you will recover faster." She looked tender as if she was looking at her daughter.

She seemed to be used to Jenna's silence and said, "I have always dreamed of having a daughter, but unfortunately, I never have one. If you don't want to tell me where your home is, you can stay here. We have enough food and room for you. And if you change your mind and want to go home, I will ask my son to send you home."

Jenna was still silently eating.

Mrs. Wright kindly looked at her sympathetically. Jenna had been disfigured. She wondered who was so cruel to do this to her.

She didn't want to go home. Maybe it was someone close to her who had hurt her. Mrs. Wright had always been sensible, so she didn't ask any further questions.

After Jenna finished eating, she put the plate away. "Have some rest. If you are bored, you can go downstairs and take a walk in the garden."

Jenna sat there, stunned. When she left home, she didn't bring her phone or a penny with her.

She felt warmed being nicely treated by this lady and her son.

She opened her mouth and wanted to thank Mrs. Wright, but she found that she could not say anything. She couldn't utter a word.

After a few tries, Jenna gave up.

She could only watch Mrs. Wright leave in disappointment. Her eyes were red, and tears welled up in them again.

Panic suddenly overwhelmed her. What if she had lost her ability to speak? How was she going to live? Time passed quickly.

It was getting dark.

Jenna bit her lip, got out of bed, opened the door of the room, and was greeted by a narrow corridor ending with the stairs. The house was much smaller than Aldo's, but it looked warm

and cozy.

She walked to the staircase.

Before she walked downstairs, she heard Mrs. Wright's voice coming from downstairs, "The doctor said there might be a scar left on her face. The needle had been in her face for too long and

exposed in the rain, it might never be healed."

"So, she has been disfigured?" Brayden's shocked voice sounded. Jenna was stunned.

Disfigured? Forever?

Sadness clutched at her heart. She could hardly breathe.

Disfigured? How was she supposed to go back to Aldo with a disfigured face? No!

No!

God never favored her...

She did not know how she had returned to the room. She lay there in a trance. If only she could be in her own world alone with the piano.

How nice this was. Jenna slowly smiled and gently closed her eyes.

Mom... The distant bell rang again. It was so quiet in the church that one could only hear the prayers. How quiet! It was so quiet that she could only hear her sister's laughter.

Her sister liked to laugh so much, as Jenna remembered.

Her sister was so smart and so happy. Jenna wondered why she only loved snowflakes and how many shapes of snowflakes there were.

Her sister told her that it was because she was a romantic.

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Chapter 258

Suddenly, the picture in Jenna's mind changed.

A vicious middle-aged woman holding dozens of silver needles walked up to her with a ferocious face!

"Ah!"

Jenna sat up in bed, with her eyes opened wide.

There was a wall lamp turned on in the room, and she had got sweat all over her forehead.

She had dreamed of her mother and her sister...

Her sister? Did she have a sister? That girl smiled so gently in her dreams.

She couldn't remember anything of the past before she was taken home by Aldo.

She also dreamed of that terrible woman.

Tears streamed down her cheeks.

She touched her cheek.

The dozens of pinholes caused by needles had scabbed. She didn't care much about her face before, but now, she couldn't imagine how Aldo would react if he saw her face.

He wouldn't like her anymore, right?

She had become so ugly now and she didn't deserve to be around him anymore.

Her face... Pain and despair came over her. She wanted to tear off her face so that she would never see the scars!

The door of the room suddenly opened from the outside.

Brayden walked in and was stunned, "What's wrong? I heard your cry just now."

Jenna looked at him with her tearful eyes and saw the worried look on his face.

Thinking of his naked body, she blushed somehow.

The moment she saw Brayden here, she started to feel better.

Brayden's face turned slightly red under her gaze.

Although he was usually a talkative person, he had seldom gotten along with women.

In particular, he was seen naked by her... Forget it, it didn't cause him any harm. He thought to himself.

But somehow, his heart beat faster. He heard from his mother that the girl couldn't talk. Was she a

mute? She was crying pitifully.

This was the first time in Brayden's life to try and make a girl happy. He took out from his pocket a lollipop and handed it over to Jenna. "This is for you."

Jenna stared at the lollipop in front of her and suddenly recalled something that seemed to have been buried deep in her memory.

A little boy brought a lollipop to a little girl every day, and he whispered to her, "Don't tell your sister. She's scared! She will scold me for giving you a lollipop and causing holes in your teeth!"

Who were the little boy and little girl?

Elder sister... Did she have a sister? Were her past memories coming back to her?

Jenna suddenly stared at Brayden's handsome face in wide-eyed shock.

Brayden had been holding the lollipop. Seeing that she didn't take it, he asked, embarrassed, "You don't like lollipops? Then... I will eat it myself."

He was about to eat it himself when Jenna stopped him and took it from

him. "I. I want it."

Her timid voice suddenly sounded and Brayden was shocked.

He widened his eyes and asked in shock, "You can talk?"

"Yes." Jenna tore open the package and put the lollipop into her mouth. The sweetness immediately filled her

mouth. It seemed that the sweetness had dissipated the bitterness inside her.

Her voice was gentle and low, probably because she hadn't spoken for several days, it was slightly hoarse.

But Brayden liked her voice.

He had never dated any girls. Seeing her eating the lollipop with her cheek bulging and big eyes blinking, he thought she looked cute.

Then, he couldn't help but begin to feel pity for her. If she was not disfigured, she would look beautiful.

God, she was so lovely!

Jenna wiped her tears and kept eating her lollipop.

She was focused on it.

It was the first time Brayden had ever seen anyone eating a lollipop so attentively.

It was silent in the room. Jenna did not speak, and Brayden did not know what to say.

He was seated for a while, and seeing that Jenna had stopped crying, he stood up and said, "I'm going back to my room, and... My room is next door. Ask me if you need me."

Jenna nodded, stood up, and followed him.

Brayden was confused.

Why was she following him?

But he was too embarrassed to ask. He glanced at her from time to time and suddenly blushed.

Just now, they were both sitting there and he didn't see it, but now that they were both standing up, he found that from his height, he could see her body under the nightdress from the collar.

Her skin was fair and her breasts...

He couldn't think straight anymore and as he walked...

He bumped into the door.

He stepped back subconsciously and then bumped into Jenna who followed him. The two fell to the ground.

Brayden was on top of her as they fell.

Jenna had been in a coma and in bed for days. She was weak and couldn't stand the weight of such a tall man.

Therefore, she passed out.

She didn't expect this at all. She just wanted to walk him out.

Brayden's head hit the floor the moment he fell to the ground and felt dizzy in his head.

He clenched his teeth to get off of Jenna, and as soon as he moved away, he passed out as well.

The next morning, Mrs. Wright made breakfast and went upstairs to deliver the food to Jenna in a good mood, humming a song.

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Chapter 259

Yesterday, Jenna ate up the dishes she cooked for her, so she didn't let the servant cook today.

Mrs. Wright held the tray and looked at her carefully prepared breakfast, in a light mood.

She had always dreamed of having a daughter, but back then, her husband and she didn't have enough money to raise two children.

And now, with Jenna's arrival here, she felt as if she was given a daughter she never had.

The room Jenna was staying in was decorated by her alone and she bought everything in pink.

She knocked on the door and it was quiet inside as usual.

How poor the girl was! She couldn't speak.

Mrs. Wright gently pushed open the door of the room...

With a clang, the tray fell to the ground, and the food spilled all over the ground.

"Ah! What are you doing?"

She screamed so loud that everyone in the house could hear her.

"Brayden! You brat! What did you do?"

Hearing the noise, Brayden frowned and slowly opened his eyes, stretched out his left hand, and rubbed his aching head.

He looked at Mrs. Wright, who was standing before him with her hands on her hips and an angry look on her face.

After a while, he recalled everything from last night.

It seemed that he bumped into the door, hit his head, and passed out.

Despite his aching head, he was about to sit up, when he found that there seemed to be something soft under his right palm.

He looked over and widened his eyes.

His right palm was on Jenna's breast!

He sat up immediately.

"Mom, it's not what you think... I can explain it!"

"Brayden, you had better give me a reasonable explanation, otherwise..." Mrs. Wright slapped Brayden on the head. She hit him right where he had been hit last night and Brayden could not help but cry out, "It hurts!"

Just then, Jenna, lying on the ground, slowly opened her eyes. The loose pink pajamas were on her slender body. She looked like the Sleeping Beauty who had just woken up.

She looked at Brayden and Mrs. Wright and asked in confusion, tilting her head, "Why are you... in my room?"

Brayden looked down and saw her tilting her head with a confused look on her face, his heart beating fast. She looked adorable!

He could not help but swallow, his Adam's apple bobbed up and down. She was so lovely even with the scabs on her face. How he wanted to pinch her lovely face!

"You can talk?" Mrs. Wright widened her eyes and she was so surprised that she almost shed tears. She hugged Jenna and said, "Girl, you are finally willing to talk? I thought that you..."

Mrs. Wright's hug was so warm.

Jenna had never felt such warmth from any elders other than her mother when she was a child. She couldn't help but blush. "I... I..."

She was too nervous to finish a sentence.

Mrs. Wright seemed to have understood that Jenna was nervous. She smiled and let go of the latter. "The food has spilled. I will make a new breakfast for you. Will you go wash up before coming downstairs to eat, girl?"

Jenna nodded again and saw Mrs. Wright smiling brighter. Before leaving, Mrs. Wright grabbed Brayden's ear, and said to him in a stern voice, "Come out with me!"

She looked completely different than just now.

Brayden pouted, aggrieved.

After washing up, Jenna wore her pink pajamas again. She hesitated for a while before she got up her courage to step out of the room.

Her original clothes were gone and she didn't know who else would be downstairs. She didn't know if wearing pajamas was appropriate.

When she opened the door of the room, Brayden stood at the door and smiled at her. Jenna seemed to see shyness on his face, but why was he shy?

"My mom has bought a lot of new clothes in the wardrobe for you."

With that, he turned around and left.

Did he wait here just to tell her this?

Jenna bit her lip, went back to the room to open the wardrobe, and saw clothes on the inside which were in different styles but all pink. She could tell that the clothes were all expensive.

The lady seemed to love pink very much.

She picked a pink dress with flower patterns on it, and then looked at the pink room in which everything was pink, even the socks she was wearing.

She suddenly had a guess. Did that lady decorate the room?

Although she found the overall pink tone in the room strange, she somehow felt warm inside.

Brayden was wearing blush as he walked downstairs. He was too embarrassed to look at Jenna now and he could still remember the soft touch of her breast.

Although he had explained to his mother, Mrs. Wright looked at him with undisguised disdain.

"I'm telling you, if you dare to hurt her, I will kill you!" Mrs. Wright warned him as she cooked breakfast.

"Mom, I have told you! It was all a misunderstanding!" Brayden pouted.

Mrs. Wright glared at him. "Why are you standing there? Come and take the egg out!"

Brayden picked up the plate of fried eggs while looking depressed and walked out. As soon as he turned around, he heard Mrs. Wright say, "Why can't you bring the milk out along?"

Why was his mother so rude to him?

As soon as he turned around, he saw Jenna walking downstairs.

She wore a pink dress, framing her figure. Although she was slender, she had a body curve.

Brayden, who had just been scolded by Mrs. Wright, blushed again because he couldn't help but look at her breasts again. He almost couldn't hold the plate.

Jenna looked at him curiously. His face was so red!

Last night, she passed out as soon as he hit the door and then hit her.

But she was too embarrassed to mention it.

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Chapter 260

Therefore, Jenna could only pretend as if nothing had happened. She walked past Brayden and walked into the kitchen.

Mrs. Wright was taking the porridge out when she saw Jenna walk into the kitchen in a well-behaved manner. She helped take the pumpkin pie out.

Mrs. Wright was moved.

How sweet she was! How could someone have the heart to hurt such a sweet little girl?

Jenna was so much sweeter than her son who was a troublemaker.

When Mayor Cody walked out and saw Jenna, he was stunned and then smiled at her, "Are you feeling better?"

Seeing Mayor Cody, Jenna didn't know what to do and lowered her head.

There was someone else living here?

She had a natural fear of strangers.

"Mayor Cody, you scared her." Mrs. Wright walked out with the porridge. "Come, girl. Sit next to me."

At the breakfast table, Mrs. Wright introduced her family to Jenna.

Only then did she know that the man who gave her the lollipop last night was called Brayden Wright.

"I'm... I'm Jenna..." Jenna said in a low voice.

Mrs. Wright picked up food for her and said, "What a beautiful name! Do you like the clothes I bought for you?"

Jenna thought of all those pink clothes. She clearly felt the warmth and kindness of the Wright family.

So, she nodded hard in reply.

"I like them very much. Thank you. Mrs. Wright."

Mrs. Wright smiled brightly. "From now on, you can live with us. I happen to be in lack of a company."

Jenna didn't refuse.

Anyway, she couldn't go back to Aldo's villa now with her disfigured face.

Thinking of Aldo, she felt heartbroken.

Mrs. Carson raised Aldo up, so she didn't want to let Aldo be in a dilemma about whether to choose Mrs. Carson or her. After all, she was just a girl adopted by Aldo.

She couldn't imagine how heartbreaking it would be if Aldo chose Mrs. Carson and abandoned her. But just the imagination could make her hard to breathe.

If she was to face that, she'd rather leave and escape.

She was alone in her own world, just like snowflakes that might seem to be in a group but only had one shape.

She had made up her mind that she would sneak into Aldo's villa when she recovered to get her ID and her savings. Her savings over the years should be enough for her to buy a small apartment.

She couldn't live in someone else's house forever. She had known how it felt like to depend on others for a living.

She would earn a living on her own in the future.

In the hospital, Sylvia sat there in her grandma's ward and was peeling an apple for her.

She had been busy lately. She was either at fashion shows or searching for Jenna while developing an antidote.

She seldom had any spare time.

"Grandma, I may not be able to visit you often from now on," Sylvia cut the apple, put them on a plate, and handed the plate to Kira.

Kira looked at her, surprised. She had recovered well recently and the doctor said she would be able to leave the hospital soon.

"What happened, Sibbie?"

Sylvia didn't intend to tell Kira about her being poisoned.

"Nothing. I just got something to do."

Her grandma wouldn't be able to help anyway, so she would rather save her grandma from worries.

"I am an old lady now. I just hope my kids and grandkids could be around," Kira ate a piece of apple and said after hesitation, "Sibbie, I want to ask you for help."

"Go ahead, grandma."

"Your dad... No matter what, he's your father and people make mistakes. Sylvia, I beg you. Help him out of jail. I heard that being prisoned was torment. Your dad has never gone through any hardship..."

At the thought that her son was suffering in jail, Kira felt bad and couldn't even eat or sleep.

Sylvia frowned and looked helpless. "Grandma, he has committed crimes and he's being punished by the law. I didn't create the law and I can't get him out."

"How about Mr. Maskelyne? He's a powerful man. Your father didn't kill anyone. He should be able to get out," Kira was anxious and said, "Should I go beg Mr. Maskelyne?"

"Grandma, Franklin can't help him. He has committed crimes." Sylvia didn't know how to reason with Kira.

Kira grew angry. Sylvia had seldom come to see her recently and she had been thinking that Sylvia was avoiding her.

And Sylvia's reaction confirmed her guess.

Sylvia didn't intend to help Otto!

But Otto was her son, her hope of life!

She said unhappily, "Sibbie, you are going too far. You are his daughter and he raised you! How could you sit here and do nothing while your dad's suffering in jail? You should get him out. It's your obligation as his daughter. I have been taking care of you since your mother died. For my sake, you should do me this favor, don't you think so?"

Sylvia couldn't believe what she had heard.

Was this her grandma who always doted on her?

Kira was being partial to her son, who had committed crimes, instead of her granddaughter, who had saved her from her son's torture.

Did Kira think her son had done nothing wrong?

Did Kira think Otto was in jail now because she didn't help him out?

"Grandma, he's the one who has committed crimes, not me. How could you say that? You raised me and I will repay you for the rest of my life, but dad is a criminal now! I am not a judge and I don't make the law!"

Kira was so angry that she shed tears. "I raised you up and I didn't expect you to turn into an ungrateful person! No matter what, he's your dad and your family! How could you be so cruel to him! If I had known you would become like this, I wouldn't have been that good to you!"

Sylvia felt hurt.

These words came from her grandma, who raised her and protected her when she was a child.

She had always thought that Kira was her closest family. She was kept in the dark when Otto and Skyla tortured Kira and she had been feeling guilty for not being there earlier.

But now, she was hurt because Kira chose to trust Otto blindly and conditionally.