

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 291

The agent nodded and felt it a pity to waste the dinner he bought. "Poppy drank the water, passed out, and was kidnapped by them. But why did they kidnap Poppy?"

Eden frowned. "Who put the drug into the water?"

"I have been working in the industry for years and I think we'd better not make it big. Let's wait and see what happens next," the agent said.

"Shouldn't we call the police?" Eden felt that they should call the police and let the police deal with it. "We should. But we have to do it quietly and not let anyone else know it," the agent said in a low voice. The three then set out for the police department.

It was already late at night after they came out of it.

Poppy had calmed down. She had never experienced such a thing before.

"Thank you for saving me," she said, "I will treat you to dinner to make it up for the food."

"You are welcome. It feels good to be a real hero for once," Eden patted her on the shoulder. "Let's go back to the hotel and wait for news from the police."

After going back, Poppy couldn't sleep for a long time. Who were the men who hurt her? And why did they hurt her? The stars in the sky were shining and the moon hanging up above was bright.

A black Bentley slowly stopped at the door of the Pearlhall Villa.

Franklin got out of it and walked towards the villa.

A melodious sound came to his ears all of a sudden.

Franklin stopped walking.

He stood there and listened quietly.

It was until the end of the music that he continued walking.

In the piano room, Sylvia revised and modified the song she had composed. She didn't think it was perfect enough.

"I have never heard this before. What's it called?"

Suddenly, a husky and flirtatious voice sounded.

Sylvia turned her head and saw Franklin with a cup of milk. Why was he here? She smiled, "I composed it for the movie." Franklin

walked up to her with the milk and handed it to her. Sylvia took a sip. "Put it on the table."

"Sweetie, how is the old Evans Evans now?" Franklin asked, thinking of the headline news he read today.

Sylvia's fingers on the piano froze. He came to ask about the old Evans, Tiffany's grandpa.

She turned to look at him, "Since you are so worried, you should go ask Tiffany yourself." Franklin was amused by her words somehow.

He smiled and looked charming.

He approached Sylvia and gently kissed her on the lips. "Why? Are you jealous?" Sylvia sneered, "Jealous? Why should I be jealous?"

She seemed angry.

Franklin hurriedly said, "Sweetie, I was just wondering why he asked you out today."

"I have no idea. Perhaps the Evans family knows more than me. You'd better go ask Tiffany now," Sylvia said, losing the mood to compose, "You should leave now. I'm going to bed soon."

As she passed by Franklin, her wrist was grabbed by him. His palm was warm.

Sylvia frowned and said, "Let go!"

Instead of letting go, Franklin grabbed her hand even tighter.

Sylvia was getting angrier.

She struggled hard.

Franklin pressed her against the wall and forced her to look him in the eyes.

Sylvia was pissed and kicked him.

Franklin was kicked in his shin. He could have dodged, but he didn't. It hurt.

His face changed, but he still did not intend to let her go.

"Sweetie, just admit it, you are jealous. It is so hard for you to admit that you care about me?"

Sylvia frowned. "Franklin, I'm not jealous."

Franklin fixed his eyes on her and said, "You are so stubborn. You got angry." Sylvia sneered, "Why should I get angry? I don't get angry easily."

Franklin's eyes suddenly turned red.

He dragged her into his arms and hugged her tightly.

He then said in a hoarse voice, "Sweetie, thank you... This day has finally come..."

What was wrong with him?

Sylvia gritted her teeth.

It was hard for her to breathe being held so tightly.

But Franklin was still excited. "I have never known you would get jealous of other women for my sake... I had thought this day may never come..."

Sylvia, who had been annoyed, calmed down after hearing his humble tone of voice. She was stunned.

Franklin who was always proud got touched because of her jealousy of other women. It was so shocking.

Sylvia's mind went blank.

She lowered her eyes and didn't know how to respond. She

didn't move or say anything.

Was Franklin a masochist?

Franklin held her tightly, Sylvia tried to push him but failed to get out of his embrace. She frowned, "Franklin... Let go... I can't breathe."

Hearing her words, Franklin quickly let go of her.

He looked down at Sylvia in his arms and was still excited.

"Sweetie, I love you." He held Sylvia's cheeks, "Promise me, no matter what happens in the future, trust me. You can always rely on me, you don't always have to pretend to be tough. I will always be your backing."

With that, he kissed her on her forehead. Sylvia

had mixed feelings.

Rely on him... Her backing... She had never thought of relying on him or taking him as her backing. She

said nothing and slowly closed her eyes.

It was a sunny day today, but the next day, it started to drizzle.

Sylvia stood by the window, looking out at the rain.

Then, after a short while, she heard noises behind her.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 292

Franklin hugged her from behind. "What are you looking at?" "It's raining."

Franklin smelled the fragrance that belonged to her and felt fascinated. How good would it be if he could wake up and see her every day? "Are you going to the hospital? I'll drive you."

"Yeah. I need to check on the old Evans." Sylvia nodded. Somehow, she thought there was more to the accident. They walked downstairs after washing up.

Vaild and Mark were sitting in the living room and saw them.

They were surprised, but they held back the urge to ask questions.

Vaild reported to Sylvia, "It was a drunk driver and the police didn't get anything from him. He said he was just drunk and didn't see the old Evans."

"But it showed in the surveillance video that he had been parking there as if waiting for the old Evans. When the old Evans came, he immediately started the truck and crashed into it."

"So, he had a motive?" Sylvia interrupted them, "Use the lie detector and investigate his background." "Got it."

Mark and Vaild didn't say anything more. They focused

on having their breakfast. Franklin frowned.

He was a little displeased when he saw Mark and Vaild just now. Sylvia

had been living with several men under the same roof.

But just now, he seemed to have a strange idea.

These men... They seemed to be working for Sylvia. Was there

something more that Sylvia hadn't told him?

Franklin observed her and saw her eating breakfast with composure. She

seemed to be used to it.

"Why are you looking at me? You don't like your food?" Sylvia glanced at him. Franklin

smiled, "You're beautiful."

Sylvia blushed and rolled her eyes at him. Then she picked up a donut for him, "Eat!" She

looked a bit shy, which amused Franklin.

Vaild and Mark looked at each other and they were green with envy after seeing the intimacy between Franklin and Sylvia. The

Bentley was running in the rain.

The rain hit the windshield, making rustling sounds.

When the car arrived at the hospital, Sylvia got out of it and felt cool.

When she was about to leave, Franklin grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms. Sylvia sat on his thighs.

"I'm flying to Lleiaga today and won't come back till tomorrow night. Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye?" Franklin said in her ear.

Sylvia couldn't help blushing again. She found that Franklin had been strangely seductive these days. She

turned to kiss him on the cheek with somewhat embarrassment.

She had seldom done such things that women in love did. Before they got

divorced, she had pretended to love him.

Franklin shook his head in dissatisfaction. "Sweetie, that's not what I meant."

"I kissed you! Let go of me!" Sylvia tried to prize open Franklin's hands on her waist. "You

didn't do it right. Let's try again." Franklin pursed his lips.

Sylvia blushed again and didn't want to waste more time on him. Showing PDA

was not her style at all.

Therefore, she immediately closed her eyes and pecked him on the lips. Seeing her

like this, Franklin couldn't help but want to keep teasing her. She was so adorable.

Thinking of the fact that he couldn't see her for two days, he didn't want to let go. But Sylvia

didn't seem to feel that way at all.

It made him a little upset.

But Franklin didn't want to push her.

Moreover, this time, he had other things to do in Lleiaga this time.

Thinking of this, Franklin smiled and let her go. "Wait for me to come back." "Take care."

Sylvia nodded and finally was freed.

When Franklin was about to close the door and ask Jasper to drive, suddenly, Sylvia, who had gotten out of the car, turned around and kissed him on his lips again. Her lips were so soft and sweet.

Before Franklin could realize what had happened, he heard her say with a smile, "Just a kiss to remind you of me. Goodbye." Franklin's heart beat fast in his chest.

He looked up at her in shock and saw her standing there with such a charming smile. How he

wanted to stay here with her forever! He didn't want to go anywhere else.

Bang!

Sylvia had closed the door for them.

Jasper started the car and drove away while Franklin was still thinking about the kiss. He

couldn't forget it now.

How nice it felt! How sweet!

In the Evans family's Villa. In Neve's

room.

Tiffany opened the door anxiously and with fear, entered the room, and said to Neve, who was wearing makeup, "Mom, did grandpa's car accident have anything to do with you?"

Neve was putting on eyeliner and was stunned upon hearing this.

She glared at Tiffany, irritated, "What nonsense are you talking about? Didn't you see me putting on eyeliner? I didn't do anything."

"Mom... The car accident was really strange." Tiffany sat down by the bed. "If Dad knew you had something to do with it, he would be angry. Mom, you really didn't do it?"

"I said I didn't! Why? You don't believe it?" Neve wiped the eyeliner she had put on and did it again. Tiffany

suspected it might be Neve, but she had no evidence.

But she felt much better hearing that it was not her.

Her own mother should not lie to her. They had been supporting each other in this family for so many years. It seemed

that the car accident had nothing to do with her.

It would be terrible if it was Neve and the police found it. The

consequences were unimaginable.

Although she wanted to be the heir of the Evans family, she wouldn't want to hurt her grandfather for it. She was

not capable of murdering someone.

"Hurry up and get changed. We are going to see Grandpa," Tiffany said to Neve.

Neve continued to put on her makeup, "He's in the ICU, there's no point in visiting him."

"But... What would everyone else in the family think if we didn't go visit him?" Tiffany wanted to keep her image as a loving granddaughter.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 293

They didn't arrive at the hospital until it was noon.

Unexpectedly, they saw that Sylvia was standing at the door of the ICU.

"How fake is she?" Neve curled her lips and was pissed at the thought that Sylvia was Monica's daughter. She didn't intend to tell Sylvia about it.

The rest of the Evans family had only speculated on it. No one had said anything about it to Sylvia.

Moreover, no one in the family liked Monica and none of them wanted to see anyone related to her.

Everyone shared a tacit understanding.

Sylvia didn't even look at Neve.

She was chatting with the attending doctor.

"He's alright now with multiple body fractures... Is there any brain damage?" Sylvia asked in a low voice.

Brain damage was the worst scenario.

At the minimum, a concussion was caused and at worst a brain death began. So,

she couldn't take it lightly.

"We have done three CTs for him since yesterday and they have shown no abnormalities in his brain," the attending doctor respectfully sent the examination report to Sylvia.

"Why are the Evans family so brainless? Dr. Sylvia is a renowned doctor who has recently had a lecture at a famous medical school. Why do the Evans family look down upon her?" the attending doctor thought unhappily.

If it weren't for the fact that Sylvia attached great importance to the old Evans' treatment, the attending doctor really wanted to go talk some senses into the Evans.

"Keep watching him. If there is nothing amiss in 24 hours, he could be transferred to the general ward." Sylvia handed the report back to her.

Then, she sat down on the bench.

The Evans were sitting opposite her.

"Golden Restaurant is a nice place. Let's go there."

"We have to go there for Tiffany's future. I heard that Mr. Big Shot loves the food there."

"Okay. Golden Restaurant then. Eddie, you know the manager of Golden Restaurant, don't you? Make a reservation now." Neve urged Eddie.

Eddie took out his phone reluctantly and called someone. Sylvia

turned a deaf ear to them. Just then, her phone rang. She

frowned and glanced at the Caller ID.

She put her phone back in her pocket.

After Eddie made a reservation, the Evans family left.

"We can't get into the ICU anyway. It's a waste of time staying here."

"Ask the nurse to call us if there's something."

Golden Restaurant was big and quaintly decorated. Sylvia

walked in and began to look for Greenlake Room. "Sylvia?"

She was about to ask the lobby manager where Greenlake Room was when she suddenly heard a familiar voice surprise.

Sylvia looked up and saw a group of familiar people standing not far away from her.

It was the Evans family, who she had just met in the hospital.

In addition to the Evans family, there was also a middle-aged man dressed in a traditional suit, his arms being held by a middle-aged woman in a formal dress.

The man looked noble and well-read. Although middle-aged, he looked gentle. The woman was elegant, some of her hair gray already. She was wearing a pearl necklace and a burgundy dress.

They were also looking at her.

They seemed to be curious about who she was. The

Evans family wondered why Sylvia was here.

Neve arched his eyebrows and said with disdain, "Did you overhear our conversation? Is that why you came?"

Sylvia glanced at Neve and was about to say something.

At that moment, the manager came over and Eddie immediately showed a smile and greeted the manager, "Mr. Walker."

Mr. Walker didn't say a word. He walked past Eddie to Sylvia, "You must be Miss Andrews. Let me take you to Greenlake Room."

"Thanks."

Sylvia followed Mr. Walker and left. She did

not say a word to the Evans. The smile on

Eddie's face froze.

She was indeed as arrogant as her mother!

Under the gazes of the Evans, Sylvia walked into Greenlake Room. The

Evans were all in astonishment.

Greenlake Room was the top-level box here.

It was very hard to get a reservation for Greenlake Room. It required more than money. Connections also mattered.

They had only got a reservation here because Eddie knew the manager here. But the private box they reserved was nothing compared to Greenlake Room.

What was happening?

Tiffany had been holding Neve's hand and there was jealousy in her eyes as she stared in the direction of Greenlake Room, "Mom, Sylvia is just a doctor. How could she get into Greenlake Room? Did she hook up with some rich man?"

She suddenly realized something and covered her mouth and looked apologetic. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it..."

Sylvia would slap her in the face if she heard it.

The Evans family all looked embarrassed.

But because there were outsiders around, they had to force smiles. In

Greenlake Room.

Sylvia opened the door and saw several men around the table.

The man sitting in the host's seat looked handsome with a strong vibe.

"Isaac, when did you come back?"

Sylvia stood there and looked at Isaac.

She hadn't seen him for four years and he had grown even more mature and charming.

"Sibbie, would you never come to me if I didn't go to you?" Isaac smiled at her viciously and patted the seat next to her, "Come sit next to me."

Sylvia obediently walked over and sat down beside him.

Just when she was about to put down the bag, Isaac suddenly clapped his hands. The

door of the box was opened and a lot of men in black uniforms walked in.

Each one of them was holding a beautifully-packaged gift box in his hand.

They stood before Sylvia.

Greenlake Room covered a huge space and was decorated luxuriously. The room was large enough to fill so many people.

Sylvia had a headache.

He always entertained her so lavishly!

This was exactly the reason she didn't want to see him.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 294

"Isaac, can we not do this every time?" Sylvia didn't know whether to laugh

or cry. "Those are all for you." Isaac crossed his legs with a lazy smile on

his face.

After he finished his words, the men in black opened the boxes in unison.

There was a diamond ring, necklace, bracelet, painting, and even a knife and

so on. They were all expensive.

Sylvia sighed, "Just say it. What do you want from

me?" "You are as smart as ever, Syl," Isaac said,

chuckling.

He got close to her. "Don't be in such a rush. My secretary will send it to your e-

mail." Sylvia curled her lips.

Isaac picked up a shrimp for her. "Come. The food here is

good." As he started eating, the other men sitting at the table

started, too.

They had all been working for Isaac for years and knew how much he doted on

Sylvia. Therefore, they dared not start eating before he did.

While eating, Isaac asked about Sylvia's life.

Sylvia was very patient.

They hadn't seen each other for many years.

Although sometimes, on the phone, she would feel a bit awkward somehow, when they met in real life, she found that they were as close as ever.

"You got married?" Isaac frowned when he heard her.

Although he had already investigated Sylvia's marriage and divorce, he couldn't help feeling unhappy hearing it from

her. He felt as if his belongings had been stolen.

"I've divorced," Sylvia looked at him, "Are you angry because I didn't tell you about my

marriage?" "Of course. I take you as my sister. I won't let go of whoever bullies you," Isaac

said coldly.

A man had stolen Sylvia and occupied her for four years?

At this thought, Isaac had an impulse to skin Sylvia's ex-husband alive.

"Stop this," Sylvia patted him on the shoulder and changed the subject, "How long are you going to stay this

time?" "How long do you want me to stay?" Isaac asked with a smile. It was hard to tell what was on his

mind.

Sylvia arched her eyebrows, "Why ask me? Stay for as long as you

want." In the box where the Evans family was.

Tiffany had been absent-minded, thinking about running into Sylvia just

now. Neve had talked to her several times but she hadn't listened.

Luckily, the old Evans was friends with Mr. and Mrs. Odom, who had agreed to help her get into International Piano Competition.

She wasn't qualified for it, but the old Evans might not make it this time and Mr. and Mrs. Odom felt sorry for the Evans family, which was why they had agreed to help Tiffany get qualified.

"We will go visit Mr. Evans in the hospital after the meal."

"You don't have to. He's in the ICU, he won't be able to talk to you," Neve said, she pretended to wipe her tears, "How are we going to live without him?"

After dinner, the Evans family was going to see Mr. and Mrs. Odom off. As soon as they came out of the ward, they met

Sylvia. She wore a simple black-and-white shirt with a pair of black pants.

Even though she was simply dressed, she looked

beautiful. Tiffany also saw Sylvia.

She said in surprise, "Sylvia?"

In addition to Sylvia, she also saw several men around her. The man standing next to her was tall and handsome, with a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

Mrs. Odom had been talking to Neve but stopped when she looked up.

She grabbed Mr. Odom's sleeve and they walked up to Isaac. "Mr. Carr, what a

coincidence!" Mr. Carr?

The Evans family were all stunned.

Was the man from the Carr family they were thinking about?

The Carr family was one of the most prominent families in Larro.

Because the Evans family hadn't had any excellent youngsters in the family in recent years, it was going down and out. It couldn't be compared to families like the Carr family, the Maskelyne family, or the Wilson family.

Very few people had met the old Carr before, but everyone knew his son, who was running Carr Group, the agency for all luxury brands in the country.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Odom were with wide connections in the music industry, they acted nobly in front of Carr

Group. Carr Group owned the five most popular fashion magazines in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Odom dared not offend the Carr family. They had a lot of artists that needed their resources.

All of a sudden, they thought of the fact that Tiffany seemed to have been banned by Isaac from buying all the luxury brands in HRovirsa.

It had caused a sensation.

Mr. and Mrs. Odom suddenly looked a bit awkward.

They didn't know what Isaac might think of them seeing them eating with someone he hated.

Isaac didn't know what Mr. and Mrs. Odom were thinking. They seemed familiar to him, but he had met a lot of big shots and they weren't one of them to be remembered.

He replied, "I'm here treating my sister to a

meal." "Your sister?"

Mrs. Odom looked over at Sylvia and saw her outstanding appearance.

She immediately smiled at her and said, "Your sister is gorgeous, Mr. Carr. You two look

alike." She had mistaken Sylvia for Isabel Carr, Isaac's biological sister.

Sylvia didn't correct Mrs. Odom. She simply smiled.

Mrs. Odom then took out a gift box from her purse. It had just been sent to her by the Evans family and there was a gemstone necklace in it.

She handed it to Sylvia while saying with a smile, "Miss Carr, nice to meet you. Take this as my gift to you. I hope you will like it." All she hoped now was that Isaac wouldn't get angry at her for being too close to the Evans.

Although it was indeed a bit embarrassing sending out the gift someone had just sent her, she couldn't care about it now. Sylvia politely refused, "You don't have to, ma'am."

"It's just a necklace," Isaac said indifferently before he looked at Mr. and Mrs. Odom, "Mr. and Mrs. Odom, right?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 295

It seemed like Isaac had just remembered who they were.

Mr. Odom looked a little embarrassed. They were already middle-aged and were embarrassed by someone who was only the same age as their son.

But he was Isaac, who they dared not

offend. "Yes, Mr. Carr."

"I heard that International Piano Competition will be held in Larro this year." Isaac smiled, "Carr Group would like to sponsor it." "Really?" Mr. Odom was so excited that he didn't even know what to say.

"My assistant will consult with you on the details," Isaac said and left with

Sylvia. The Evans family was all dumbfounded.

Neve and Tiffany, in particular, looked

embarrassed. Tiffany's face had turned pale.

She clenched her fists, and her nails dug into the flesh.

She felt it was unbelievable. How could it be? Wasn't Sylvia just a doctor? She was a web celebrity at most, wasn't she? How could she know someone like Isaac?

Mr. and Mrs. Odom watched as Isaac left with respectful looks on their

faces. How snobbish were they?

After Isaac was out of sight, they looked back at the Evans, "Do you know who he

is?" "Is he Isaac Carr?" Eddie asked curiously.

"Yes, he is." Mrs. Odom's eyes fell on Tiffany, "He made the decision to ban you from all the luxury brands

forever." Tiffany's face was pale and she widened her eyes.

So, it was all because Sylvia said something to Isaac that she had become a joke in the fashion industry.

The Evans family had wanted to ask Mr. and Mrs. Odom why they gave the gem necklace to Sylvia just now, but now they could not say a word.

They felt awkward.

No one had dared to say anything now.

Moreover, Eddie and his wife were somewhat resenting Tiffany for embarrassing them in front of Mr. and Mrs. Odom just

now. The necklace had cost Neve nearly a million dollars and it was given to Sylvia.

But she dared not say a word, either.

"Now I only hope that Mr. Carr will not be angry with us for meeting with you," Mrs. Odom said, "As for your request for attending the competition, I will think about it."

With that, Mr. and Mrs. Odom left.

The anger and resentment in Tiffany's heart were almost

overwhelming. Her nails had dug into her palm but she didn't seem

to feel the pain.

She failed to get admission to International Piano Competition because of her scandal, which was the reason the Evans were turning to Mr. and Mrs. Odom.

And they ran into Sylvia again. Because of Sylvia, they lost a necklace and Tiffany failed to get the qualification for the competition.

Tiffany gritted her teeth and hated Sylvia even more.

Why? Why was Sylvia also a member of the Evans family? Why did she have to fight with her for the family

property? Why should Sylvia destroy everything she had?

Even her only opportunity to become a top international pianist was ruined by Sylvia.

If she could win an award in the competition, everyone in Larro and even the whole world would think highly of

her! No! She couldn't sit still anymore. She had to fight back.

In Paris, France.

After the plane landed, Franklin didn't check into the hotel with the crew.

As soon as he stepped out of the airport, several sports cars were waiting at the airport gate for him.

Seeing him, a blonde and well-dressed middle-aged man immediately bowed to him respectfully. "Master Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne have been waiting for you for a long time."

Franklin was in his captain's uniform, which outlined his figure

perfectly. He nodded at the middle-aged man, "Sammy."

"Sir, please." Sammy opened the door for

him. Franklin got in.

The sports cars drove away from the airport.

Sammy had been the Maskeyne family's butler in their manor in France. Franklin's parents, Tyrell Maskelyne and Kaitlin Maskelyne had been staying in France and seldom gone back to their home country.

They had been living and working in France.

After half an hour's drive, they arrived at a big manor.

The manor covered a vast area. Although it was in pastoral style, it looked freezing cold and scary.

From afar, the high manor looked like a cage.

In the dark, the opened gate looked like a big mouth, as if to swallow

everyone. Franklin didn't like to come here, but he had no choice.

He followed Sammy into the hall of the castle.

In the dim hall, nearly a hundred strong men were gathered.

On the sofa in the middle sat a very elegant man dressed in burgundy. He looked like a university professor or a scholar.

However, he had a domineering aura around him. He was like a horrifying demon from Hell.

He had a pair of deep-set eyes that betrayed no

emotions. No one spoke.

The hall was in dead silence.

The man on the sofa was Franklin's father, Tyrell. He was also the owner of the Maskelyne Research Laboratory, which was well-known in France.

Tyrell and Kaitlin had been running the institute together in France for

years. They seldom left France and didn't even go to the old

Maskelyne's funeral.

In Franklin's eyes, his parents were the most cold-blooded beings in the

world. "Sir, Master Franklin is here."

"Come in." Tyrell's voice was indifferent.

He put one hand on the armrest of the sofa and the other stroking a black cat in his arms.

Perhaps he was stroking its back too hard, the cat gave an uncomfortable meow.

The next second, Tyrell broke its neck.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 296

Looking at the dead cat on the ground, no one went up to take care of its corpse.

Tyrell was a ruthless and horrifying man.

"Frank." He called Franklin.

Franklin was stunned and looked up at Tyrell. "Father."

"So, you still remember I'm your father?"

Tyrell snorted.

"Father..."

"You haven't visited your mother and me for almost two years. You must think you have grown mature enough to live without us now."

"I'm sorry."

"I heard you divorced," Tyrell said in a stern voice. He knew that his son didn't have much love for him. Maybe

he had been desperate to cut off all connection with him. Or maybe he might even want to...

"Father, you didn't care when I got married. Why are you asking me about my divorce now?" Franklin looked aloof. Their

relationship was even worse than that between two strangers.

"Why should I care? You don't deserve it," Tyrell said coldly, "And you know why. You are the cruelest man in the world. You killed your sister. She was such a sweet girl and you killed her!"

Franklin lowered his head and closed his eyes.

"If accusing me is what you want me here for, there's no need for that." The

anger in his eyes gave him away.

He felt heartbroken at the mention of his elder sister.

"You don't deserve anyone's love, so you divorced. And look at you, you can't even keep a woman. You are useless! You have money and power, so what? Your wife left you. Why? Because you are simply trash! You are a murderer who killed your sister!"

Tyrell started at Franklin, suddenly got up, walked up to him, and his cold voice sounded in Franklin's ear.

"Franklin, you're garbage. You're a waste! Of course, your wife would leave you. Because you don't deserve anyone's love, you should go to hell!"

"Stop! Stop talking!"

Franklin hit the pillar next to him with his fist in anger.

Blood gushed out.

Tyrell sneered, and his demon-like voice echoed in the hall. He grabbed Franklin's hand, "Look, you can bleed? My daughter, died bleeding and it hurt thousand times more than you do now!"

"Why waste any time on him?"

Suddenly, a woman's voice came.

Franklin looked over and saw a woman walking down the stairs. She looked gorgeous, in a tailored dress that was embroidered with flowers.

But her words were cruel.

She walked up to Franklin. Her eyes blazed with coldness.

All of a sudden, she slapped him in the face, but Franklin had been numb and didn't feel any pain. "You know why we called you here?" Kaitlin stared at him, "Because... It's your sister's death anniversary tomorrow. You must have forgotten all about it."

"I haven't..." Franklin's eyes were bloodshot and he stared at everyone in the hall without any focus. It

hurt... his heart hurt as well as his head.

He felt as if his head was going to explode.

It hurt so much... 'Sylvia, where are you? I am so sad. I can hardly breathe...'

Despair overwhelmed Franklin.

No... He had been in guilt and pain for all these years and he had been missing his sister... It

was his fault...

It was all his fault...

"Ah!"

Franklin screamed all of a sudden and hit his head on the pillar.

Tyrell glanced at him and said to the men in black standing in the hall, "Lock him in the cage, and don't give him any water." A dozen men immediately walked up to Franklin, who was in mania. They couldn't control him at all.

Franklin's eyes were bloodshot and he wanted to let it all out. He

could bear the pain and despair no more.

He had lost all sanity.

The men in black tried again and again but in vain.

They couldn't fight Franklin at all.

In the end, someone used a tranquilizer gun and shot Franklin, who soon passed out.

Looking at him being dragged out of the hall by the men in black, Kaitlin said to Tyrell with a smile, "Sweetie, why keep him alive? He's just a waste."

"Don't you think the annual torture of him is interesting?" Tyrell held her waist. "Moreover, he makes our money."

Then, he kissed Kaitlin on the neck.

"You are so bad!" Kaitlin pouted.

"Mom, Dad. I heard that Frankie's here?" Just then, Taryn Maskelyne walked into the hall in light steps with her luxury bag. She

was beautiful, with big eyes and fair skin. Her curvy hair suited her very well.

Kaitlin waved at her, indicating for her to come over.

Taryn walked up to her and said sweetly, "Mom, where's he?"

Kaitlin sighed and didn't look as cruel as she was just now. "Alas! His mania attacked him again. You can go see him tomorrow when he gets better."

"Is he missing Makena again?" Taryn hugged Kaitlin and kissed her on the cheek. "Mom, Dad, don't be too sad."

All that Taryn knew was that Makena and she were twins and Makena was older than her. She and Franklin once got lost in the countryside and were separated. She accidentally fell off a cliff and died.

Franklin had been feeling guilty and had his mania, which would get the best of him sometimes. Often several days a year.

Taryn was sad about her sister's death, but even sadder about Franklin's mania after that.

Her eyes turned red. "I'm going back to my room." It

had been a whole day.

Franklin had told Sylvia he would come back taking tonight's flight, but he hadn't called or texted her all day. She

tried calling him but no one answered. And he didn't reply to any of her text messages.

Sylvia had a bad feeling. He

would be fine.

He was an excellent captain who had never had any flight accidents. He

must be fine.

She had been following the flight information, but since the plane took off, it didn't seem to land. It

was four in the morning and there was fog.

Sylvia tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep. In the end, she got dressed and went to the airport to wait for Franklin.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 297

The passengers all walked out of the airport and Sylvia waited until the crew came out. She immediately walked up to them.

When she saw that the man in the captain's uniform wasn't Franklin, her smile disappeared.

It was not Franklin. Where was he?

When she was panicking, she heard Elsa, "Miss Andrews, are you here to pick up Captain Franklin?"

"Elsa, where is Franklin?" Sylvia frowned and suppressed the panic inside her.

"He was caught up in something, so he changed his shift. Don't you know that?" Elsa felt it weird. Caught

up in something?

What was it?

Sylvia sighed, "I have no idea. I couldn't get in touch with him. But thank you." Then,

she walked towards the Range Rover by the road.

Behind her, Darcie gave a triumphant face, gloating, "See how anxious she looks! She must be worried that someone has stolen

Franklin. Ha ha. Maybe Captain Franklin has finally got bored of her."

Elsa could not help but roll her eyes. Darcie

was annoying!

Did it have anything to do with her?

"Darcie, you don't have many things going on in your life, I suppose?"

"What do you mean, Elsa?" Darcie looked at her, puzzled.

"You seem to care a lot about other people's lives." Elsa walked past her. It

hurt...

It hurt so much...

He wanted to throw up.

Franklin put his hands on his aching stomach. He

slowly opened his eyes.

It was dark all around.

He got up in the dark and touched cold iron bars. A

cage.

He was too familiar with the cage.

He would be locked in here every time he came here.

He sat down on the cold hard ground, lost in the darkness.

The wound in his hands hadn't been treated, but the bleeding had stopped. It

hadn't scarred.

His flesh was still out in the air. He touched it and felt nothing.

He didn't know how long he had been here in the cage or how long he had passed out. The

plane back should have taken off.

He wondered if Sylvia was looking for him.

He had regained his sanity and all he had was despair for his family.

He closed his eyes. Maybe just like what his father had said, he didn't deserve anyone's love. Sylvia

must be happy that she didn't have to see him.

Franklin tried to break out of the cage, but it was made of iron and steel and he hadn't eaten anything for a long time. He felt dizzy

and weak.

Sadness crept over him.

It seemed that not only had Tyrell locked him up, but also injected something in him to make him weak.

Otherwise, why was he feeling so dizzy?

In the end, he passed out again.

In the hall of the castle, Taryn had just taken a shower and walked into Tyrell and Kaitlin's room in her pink pajamas. "Dad,

Mom, can I see Frank tomorrow?"

"He's going back to the country tomorrow. You always said you wanted to go back there, right? You should go back with him and

visit your grandpa on behalf of us." Kaitlin touched her curvy hair and looked like a loving mother.

While Tyrell was reading a file and didn't look up at her, "You want her to go back there? She will have to deal with Poppy and

James."

Hearing this, Kaitlin disagreed. "Taryn is the eldest among all our kids. She has to learn to grow up. She gotta have a say in the

Maskelyne Group in the future."

"Dad, mom's right." Taryn smiled brightly. "Moreover, I haven't gone back in years. Poppy and James might have forgotten me."

"Fine then." Tyrell compromised.

"That's the deal!" Taryn hugged his arm, "Dad, you are the best!"

"Alright. It's late now, go back to sleep. I will arrange for you and Franklin to go back together." Kaitlin walked her out of the room,

"Don't get too excited."

Taryn stepped out of the room happily, "I am not!"

However, as soon as she left, Tyrell and Kaitlin's faces changed.

They no more looked like loving parents.

Tyrell put down the documents in his hand and said, "You want to let her back?"

"We have been raising her as a substitute for so many years and she has stood in Makena to live for so many years, it's time she

pays us back," Kaitlin said, applying skincare products on her face.

"Well. Even a dog should know to pay its owner back after years of living under his roof, shouldn't it?" Tyrell walked behind her

and put his hands on her shoulders.

Kaitlin sneered and said cruelly, "She's no compared to dogs." In

Pearlhall Villa in Larro.

Sylvia had used all her connections to look for Franklin.

He couldn't just disappear from nowhere. However, she was shocked that the last records of his movements she had found were in

the airport.

After the plane took off, he was missing.

Not even she could find him.

Sylvia sat in front of the computer and typed on the keyboard.

Logan walked in and saw this.

He grabbed two glasses of milk and gave one to her. "Boss, you have been working for a night, have some milk and go to sleep."

Sylvia drank it and looked tired. "Is there any news?"

"No. The media should report on such a big deal, but there's none so far. Moreover, he didn't even bring Jasper with him, don't

you think it's weird? Did he want to disappear in his own will?"

Logan analyzed.

Sylvia's hands typing on the keyboard stopped.

She took a deep breath and heard Logan say, "You have to calm down first." "He

won't cut off contact with me," Sylvia drank up the milk and said, "I'm tired."

Logan nodded and took the glass. "Have some sleep."

The door was closed. It was quiet in the room.

Sylvia was a little flustered and there was panic in her.

She couldn't help but take out her phone and sent Franklin another message, but there was still no reply from him.

She put the phone back on the bedside table.

Her mind was a mess.

When Franklin woke up again, he found himself lying in a private jet.

Where was the plane going?

He was about to sit up.

Suddenly, a sweet voice came, "You are up! Lie down still."

Franklin looked over, "Taryn..."

Taryn put down the fashion magazine in her hands and smiled at him, "Dad and mom said I could go back to H Rovirsa with you."

"How could they agree?" Franklin shook his aching head and sat up.

Taryn poured him a glass of water. "Mom and Dad said you were not very well when you came to France and that I should take care of you."

"Taryn..." Franklin looked at her and found that she didn't change much from the last time he saw her.

Taryn and Makena were twin sisters, but they had different temperaments.

Taryn was outgoing and sweet while Makena was quiet and gentle.

As the eldest child in the family, Taryn had always been a sensible person and had never caused anyone any trouble. She always brought everyone peace.

In the face of her, Franklin couldn't bear to hurt her with his indifference.

"Taryn, have you seen my phone?" Franklin hesitated for a moment and

asked. Taryn took a phone out of her bag and handed it to him. "Is this yours?"

Franklin took it over and found that it was out of power.

He looked out at the blue sky and white clouds.

Makena's death anniversary was his annual punishment.

His parents would never let go of this opportunity to torture and abuse him.

However, as cruel as Tyrell and Kaitlin were, they raised someone as bright as Taryn.

Every time, when he saw how much they doted on Taryn, he would wonder if his parents had ever loved him.

But they had reason to. He was banned and kicked out, he deserved no one's love.

When he was kicked out back then, it was his parents who took him in.

Franklin closed his eyes and stopped thinking.

He got Makena killed.

He had to take the punishment.

Now that Taryn was going back to H Rovirsa with him, he just wanted to keep her safe.

At dawn, the jet arrived at SouthStar Airport.

Franklin turned on the charged phone, and he found that four days had already passed.

He spent four days in Paris.

There were countless missed phone calls on the phone.

They were from Jasper, Sylvia, and others.

And there were a lot of text messages.

Sylvia had been sending him messages every day, asking what had happened and where he was.

Franklin was moved.

He didn't expect that she had been so worried about him when he was away.

He finally felt some warmth.

Someone in the world still cared for him.

He had been feeling desperate and now... he saw the hope of life.

He was rescued by Sylvia.

In the Townyer Villa, Sylvia rushed here right after she received the phone call from Franklin.

Without thinking, she opened the door with her fingerprint.

"Frankie, someone's here," a sweet woman's voice came.

Hearing the woman's voice, Sylvia was stunned.

All her excitement and joy were

gone. She felt hurt.

Why was there a strange woman here?

She suddenly felt she was a

joke. A complete joke.

She had been worried about him and sent out all the men she could find to look for him while he brought a woman here.

He turned off his phone the last few days so that he could spend more time with her, didn't he?

Sylvia couldn't help but have a bee in her head.

She couldn't imagine what had happened exactly between the two of them.

Taryn stood up from the sofa and looked at Sylvia curiously. Sylvia was wearing white clothes and looked extremely beautiful under the lights.

How beautiful she was!

Taryn was somewhat unhappy. When did Franklin meet such a beautiful

woman? Why didn't she know it?

Sylvia was in no mood to look at Taryn. She saw Franklin come out of the bathroom on the first floor with his hair wet.

He was in a black bathrobe and she could see his chest.

Sylvia looked at him.

How ridiculous! He seemed close with the woman in pajamas here, wearing a simple bathrobe.

Were they going to have sex later?

What was she to him then?

Oh, right. They had divorced.

He could sleep with any woman he

wanted. She was just his ex-wife.

Sylvia took a deep breath. She had a lot of questions in mind, but she couldn't speak out any of them.

She turned around and walked out.

Franklin didn't expect her to arrive so soon. Seeing her long face, he dropped the towel in his hands and immediately went after her.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

"Hey, Frank. Where are you going?" Taryn stood up from the sofa and shouted at him. But

he didn't seem to be listening at all and kept chasing after Sylvia.

Taryn stamped her feet in anger.

Sylvia was running and didn't know how to feel.

She had always thought that Franklin would be waiting for her all the time. He

had always been chasing after her.

He refused Darcie for her.

And Tiffany, his childhood playmate, was also turned down. She

had thought that she was special to him.

It turned out all men were the same.

The more she thought, the more she felt herself a joke. She

kept running and didn't notice what was under her foot.

She stumbled and was about to fall when someone caught her. Franklin

held her in his arms.

Sylvia pushed him away. She was really angry, the anger slowed her. She shouldn't have stumbled.

She said in anger, "Franklin, go back to your lover." Upon hearing this, Franklin laughed.

Under the moonlight, he looked so gentle and charming. Sylvia looked angry.

She was pissed and upset when she saw the woman.

She felt as if she had caught Franklin cheating on her on the spot. How humiliating was that!

And she was growing fond of him? She was even thinking about having a serious relationship with him. She must be out of her mind!

She was starting to have feelings for such a jerk! It must be because of the virus in her!

She wouldn't be so stupid if it weren't for the virus!

Looking at Franklin laughing, she was furious and wanted to punch him in the face.

Franklin took a deep breath. "Sweetie, I've never known you could be so cute."

"Franklin, shut up! Laugh at me again and I will punch you in the face!" Sylvia said, irritated.

"Sweetie, that's my elder sister," Franklin smiled gently and explained, "I've been staying at my parent's place and some unpleasant things happened so I came back with my elder sister."

"Your elder sister?" Sylvia stared at him in shock, "I thought your sister..."

She seemed to have heard Franklin say that he had an elder sister who lived in France with his parents.

"They are twins. You saw Taryn just now and Makena has passed away." Franklin grabbed her arm and pulled her close.

"I have never thought that one day you would be so jealous for my sake. I am thrilled. Sweetie, thank you for caring so much about me. I am so happy to have you."

He held her in his arms and put his head on her shoulder.

After what he had been through in Paris, he just felt lucky he could hold her again. He would cherish her.

Sylvia was still in shock.

She was about to push him away when she touched his chest. She could feel the warmth from him.

Sylvia blushed. "Let go of me. I'm going to apologize to her."

"There's no need," Franklin said, looking into her eyes, "We have something more important to do now."

Then, he kissed her on the lips.

Under the moonlight and dressing in white, Sylvia looked stunning with a blush. Franklin's heart beat fast upon seeing her face.

He wanted to keep her all to himself.

Standing not far away, Taryn happened to see this. She widened her eyes in shock.

What were they doing? How could they kiss?

Her face turned pale and she started to breathe faster.

Finally, when Sylvia was about to be out of breath, Franklin let go of her. All

of a sudden, there was a loud bang!

The two of them were attracted.

Sylvia looked over and saw Taryn fall to the ground. "Taryn?"

Franklin let go of her and ran over.

Sylvia followed him after being stunned for a moment.

Then, they saw Taryn lying on the ground with her eyes closed. It seemed she had passed out. "Let me check her." Sylvia took her pulse and checked her breathing.

There was a faint pulse. She frowned and asked, "What disease does she have?"

"She has congenital heart disease." Franklin carried Taryn up in his arms, "I guess that must be it."

Then, he walked towards the garage.

Sylvia didn't say anything. Although she knew that Taryn was Franklin's sister, she was a little uncomfortable seeing them so close.

She just vaguely felt something off about them.

She didn't know where the strange feeling came from. Maybe it was just a woman's intuition.

The Bentley was running on the road at night.

Half an hour later, Taryn was sent to the emergency room.

"You don't have to worry too much. She will certainly be fine." Sylvia grabbed Franklin's hand.

Franklin stared at the closed door and looked irritated. "I've just taken her home. It's all my fault." He shouldn't have let her follow him home.

She would be happy and fine in France and with their parents. Why did she have to come back here with him?

And it was strange that Tyrell and Kaitlin, who doted on her, allowed her to do so.

Time passed by and soon it was one o'clock in the morning.

The emergency room door was finally opened. The doctor walked out.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 300

"She had a heart attack. Fortunately, you sent her here in time. But she needs to stay here for a day, just in case."

Then, the doctor left.

The nurse pushed Taryn into the ward.

Franklin said to Sylvia, "Sweetie, go back home. I will stay here and take care of her."

"It's okay. I want to be here."

Sylvia shook her head. "You are my boyfriend now and we are in a relationship. I really don't like leaving you alone in the same room with another woman even if she's your sister."

Her words were overbearing.

But Franklin loved to hear them.

It felt good to have someone who cared about him.

He loved it.

He took Sylvia's hand, looked at her incredibly beautiful small face, and could not help smiling, "Okay. Let's stay here together."

It was late at night.

But Poppy lay down in the hotel bed and couldn't fall asleep at all.

She was the daughter of the Maskelyne family and she was almost kidnapped. Moreover, she couldn't get through to Franklin these days while her other brother was just an intern in the Maskelyne Group.

She carefully recalled many times and was sure there was something wrong with the water.

It was right after drinking the water that she felt uncomfortable in her throat and hot all over.

Then, she passed out at night.

So, did anyone put drugs in it?

The fear that day, she never wanted to experience again. She must find out who put the drugs in the water!

Just then, her room door was suddenly pushed open. Poppy felt nervous and lay still in bed without moving. Who was it? Who would come here in the middle of the night with her room card?

The person walked to the bed.

It seemed to be a woman.

She stood by the bed, and silently stared at Poppy, murmuring after finding out that Poppy seemed to be asleep.

"Why don't you have any sequelae after taking the drug? How exactly does it work?"

Her voice was strange to Poppy, who dared not open her eyes. She felt nervous all over.

The woman whispered, "I wanted to know what symptoms you have after taking the drug. You looked so normal in the day."

"Forget it, I should leave first."

With that, the woman carefully moved toward the door.

Poppy did not dare to open her eyes until the woman closed the door. She sat up in bed.

Almost the next second, she ran to the door of the room and locked it up.

After that, she immediately called Eden.

"Are you crazy? Why did you call me in the middle of the night?" Eden was sleeping soundly when his phone rang.

He shouted at Poppy unhappily.

"Eden, a woman snuck into my room just now!"

"What? Wait for me!"

The phone was then hung up.

A minute later, someone knocked at the door.

Poppy looked out of the cat's eyes and saw Eden before she opened the door.

When she saw Eden, her nervousness and fear were finally relieved.

"Don't be afraid."

Eden saw her and immediately calmed her, "What happened exactly?"

After listening to Poppy's words, he frowned. "It seems that the person who put the drugs in the water doesn't know what effects it has, so she came to check it."

He suddenly thought of something and his eyes were fixed on Poppy, "Have you felt anything strange recently?"

Poppy's face was slightly red.

Her heart raced being stared at by such a handsome man.

She almost felt out of breath.

She was somewhat afraid to look into his eyes and lowered her head. "Don't get so close to me."

Eden was a little confused and got even closer to her, close enough that he could see her skin pores. "What did you say?"

Forget it!

Poppy quietly moved back. She could almost feel Eden's hot breath.

Why did he get so close to her?

Didn't he know how handsome he was?

His being so close to her made her heart race.

When she first became Eden's assistant, she didn't feel how particularly handsome Eden was. After all, she had two extremely handsome brothers.

But ever since Eden saved her, she found that being too close to him would make it hard for her to breathe.

Was it because of the drugs in the water that she had developed chemistry for Eden?

"Poppy, I'm asking you a question. Have you felt something wrong with your body?" Eden couldn't help urging her.

Was she still in shock from the trespassing?

"I... My heart is beating fast, and I... My face is burning, my whole body is burning. It feels weird." Poppy was sure it must be because of the drugs.

She fanned her face with her hands.

"What should we do? I will ask for a day's leave for you," Eden said after thinking for a while.

"I... I can work." If he didn't get this close to her.

Poppy didn't say the words out.

But she felt uneasy. What was the drug? Who put it in the water? These questions haunted her.

In the Wright Residence.

"Brayden, ask Sibbie if the scars on Jenna's face could be removed," Mrs. Wright said in a low voice, "I know the doctor we saw last time has said there's no cure, I just wanted to try."

"Okay. I will ask her." Brayden glanced upstairs and made sure Jenna wasn't there before he said, "Mom, I think Jenna knows the Carsons. I have investigated something."

"The Carson family?" Mrs. Wright frowned. "I heard that the Carsons had adopted a girl who was brought back by Aldo. Everyone said that Aldo bought her and wanted to raise her to be his future wife. How could Jenna know the Carsons?"

Mrs. Wright didn't believe it at all.

"Mom, I think Jenna's the girl."

Mrs. Wright's face changed. "You mean... Jenna's the adopted girl?"

Brayden had thought that Mrs. Wright would think little of Jenna or say some harsh words.