

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 301

Mrs. Wright's voice, which was full of sympathy, suddenly said, "How on earth do the Carsons treat her? Her face has been disfigured, and they still let others malign her as a child bride! It's so ridiculous!"

"Don't you plan to turn Jenna away?" asked Brayden, looking at his mother in surprise.

"What kind of person do you think I am? Jenna lives here now, and she's part of my family. If Aldo dares to bring her home, he will be dead meat! And Jenna would ask to come back if the Carsons were so nice instead of treating her like that!"

Mrs. Wright got more and more incited as she talked about it, her well-cared face being red with anger, "But it turns out that Jenna has never mentioned the Carsons. What the hell does it mean? She doesn't want to go back."

As Mrs. Wright was talking with Brayden, there suddenly came a knock at the door.

While a domestic went out of the kitchen and intended to open the door, Mrs. Wright stopped her and said, "I got it, go do your thing."

Then she stepped out of the living room, walked through the yard, and opened the door.

A tall man was standing who seemed to be in his thirties. He was handsome, especially

in his fireman uniform. Mrs. Wright was no fool who recognized he was Aldo and

snorted.

Talk of the devil and he will appear.

"Good morning, Mr. Carson, what are you doing in front of my humble room?"

Aldo pursed his lips and said, "Mrs. Wright, does Jenna Shepherd live

here for some time?" "Here is only my goddaughter Jenna. Do you

know her?"

Mrs. Wright directly pointed out that Jenna was her goddaughter to show her stand.

As expected, Aldo's face turned sullen with a bit of shock. He said in an impatient tone, "Mrs. Wright, Jenna is a member of the Carsons. When did she become your goddaughter?"

He gave the gifts in his hand to Mrs. Wright and said, "Let me see her, please."

Mrs. Wright subdued her anger and replied, "Mr. Carson, your family is honorable, and I can't receive your gift without offering any help. It will be appreciated if you take it back. Whether or not my daughter wants to see you depends on her."

"I don't want to see him."

There came Jenna's soft voice from the living room as soon as Mrs.

Wright turned around. Jenna stood in the doorway and heard them

clearly.

In fact, she had hidden around the corner of the stairs when Mrs.

Wright talked with Brayden. If she said she was not touched at all, she

must lie.

It was out of her expectations that the Wrights actually accepted her and treated her as family.

Although they had only met by chance, the Wrights were kind to her. Above all, she was treated with the respect she deserved. That was, they always asked her advice and listened to her before whatever they did.

It was the real respect that not everyone could show to her.

"Jenna, come back with me..." Aldo shouted in the yard, "I have thought much about it that I will never dislike you even if your face is disfigured. I will treat you well as before. Do you still remember the happy time we lived together? You can't leave me, can you?"

Each word seemed to touch Jenna's pain points fiercely, which made it hard for her to stand the pangs.

However, the shocked face he got when he saw her face in front of the restaurant had been

engraved in her mind. He must have hesitated about it for days as he just appeared now...

In his eyes, her appearance was much more important than her virtue, wasn't it?

After all, if a master from the Carsons was accompanied by a disfigured lady, he would

definitely feel face-losing. Jenna smiled with self-mockery.

Tears were running down her cheeks. Brayden next to her, who kept silent all the way, felt a pang of

heartache for Jenna. He got a buzz in his brain getting suddenly peevish, strode out of the living

room, and came to Aldo.

Then he threw a punch at Aldo's face and snarled, "Shut your mouth up! What a cheek

you've got shouting here!" "If you dare pester my sister again, I will beat you like this every

time. You bastard!"

The punch caught Aldo off guard.

But he was a fire department chief who was skilled in fighting.

As he recovered from himself, he immediately grappled with Brayden.

And Brayden was not bad because he always stayed with Franklin and learned some, even though he was not as good as Franklin.

Jenna, who was wallowed in sadness, was shocked when she heard

the sound of fighting. She hurried there and saw two men wrestling.

Mrs. Wright stood by but worried about her son. She shouted, "Brayden!

Stop! Mr. Carson! Let go!" Two hot-blooded men did their utmost to fight with

each other.

The sound soon drew the neighbors' attention; some passers couldn't help looking into it,

stretching their necks. Jenna gnashed her teeth and said, "Stop it! Stop it!"

Hearing her voice, Aldo just threw a look at her, but then he got a punch from Brayden, flying off.

Jenna was in a pair of pink pajamas with a pair of pink slippers. She tied her hair up so that her clear forehead was shown as well as half her face, which was full of ugly scars.

When she lived in the Wright residence, she never had any need to hide her scars. It was because there were neither subtle glances nor looks of disgust.

The members of the Wright family treated her normally, which made her feel equal and comfortable. She really liked it.

It was the first time that he had seen the ugly scars in such a direct way. Last time, they were partially

covered by her hair. He goggled at the scars unbelievably.

They struggled and overlapped densely on her face, like swarming ants. Her face, which used to be beautiful, was now ugly and disgusting to death.

His mind went blank at the moment. He really wanted to do or say something, but he failed. He

merely wanted to ask why. "Such an ugly woman doesn't deserve your love, does she?"

There was the voice of Mrs. Carson from the door. In a pair of high heels with a limited edition bag in her hand, she strode towards Aldo and helped him up, feeling bad for him.

"Mom? Why are you here?" Aldo looked at Mrs. Carson who appeared suddenly in surprise.

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Mrs. Carson glared at Jenna who was in front of her and then she cried in "fear" at seeing her

disfigured face. "How... How does your face become so?"

Jenna bit her lip, looking at Mrs. Carson humiliatingly.

She couldn't help feeling deeply frightened as she saw Mrs. Carson, who was the last person she wanted to see.

She shrank back—her face turning pale and her eyes closed—and held her head in her hands, saying,

"No... Stay back..." Brayden plunged in front of Jenna, protecting her like a shield, and said, "Mrs. Carson, please leave. This is our home."

"You hit my son and then turn me away? No way. You can't abuse the power of the Mayor, can you?" Mrs. Carson snorted, "It's legal society. We will not take it on the chin."

Now, she just felt so gratified due to Jenna's disfigured face.

She would have laughed out but in such a situation. It seemed that the needles she injected into Jenna's face worked well. This little bitch could never vamp her son with her beautiful face.

And she didn't think that her son would still be obsessive about her.

She must let the marriage of the Carson family and the

Chan family work out. As for Jenna, she would be out of

Aldo's life completely!

But the Wrights still treated her as

treasure. Were they blind? If they liked

her, they could just take her!

From Mrs. Carson's perspective, Jenna was indispensable, like the goods or

even the trash. She had forgotten that Jenna was a girl, a breathing person

who had her ideas and emotions.

However, Mrs. Carson never respected Jenna and treated her as an equal. Instead, she reckoned Jenna was even inferior to the dog in the Carson residence.

"I don't know you...I don't...Go away...Go!" Jenna broke down. What she could remember now was that Mrs. Carson pricked her with the needles or insulted her with horrid words.

She didn't want to see this woman anymore! Never!

Mayor Cody finally came out of his room due to the din.

He looked dignified with a strong vibe, which made others shiver. He spoke, "What is

going on in here?" It was the first time that Mrs. Carson had been this close to the

well-known mayor.

She was shocked for a while, but she then thought that the mayor couldn't deny the fact that her

son got punched. Therefore, she shouted haughtily, "Mayor Cody, do you teach your son how to

punch others? Look at my son!"

Mrs. Carson thought in mind that Jenna was merely a little bitch, a nobody, and Mayor Cody would not choose to protect her because he was different from Mrs. Wright, who was a total fool.

She thought of it gloatingly and waited to see how Jenna would be turned away.

Jenna looked at Mayor Cody, tears misting her eyes. She thought he would get her away, wouldn't he? She was always like this, getting others into trouble.

She felt painful and regretful about this situation, but she felt sad to leave because the warmth of the Wrights made her feel homely.

Indeed, she didn't want to leave... Brayden protected her like her brother and Mrs. Wright took her as a daughter.

It was she who should feel sorry for the Wrights. It was all her fault. She needed to go...They saved her, and she couldn't get them into trouble again.

Jenna finally gathered her courage and said, "Mr. Wright...I..."

Mayor Cody just looked at her with placatory eyes to interrupt her and then turned to Mrs. Carson sullenly and said, "Mrs.

Carson, your son just shouted in front of our home and fought with my son at an ungodly hour. Is that what a boy of the Carsons should do? My family may not be rich or famous, but we are still influential. No one can offend me casually even if you are from the Carson family!"

His cold eyes fell on Mrs. Carson, who couldn't help to shiver.

She goggled at Mayor Cody, difficult to believe that he also defended Jenna and rebuked her in such a harsh tone.

Rage surged through her who was still aggressive. She almost lost her marbles, feeling angry towards the top tier of Larro in lieu of respect, and roared, "Your son must apologize to my son!"

What a cheek! The values of Mrs. Carson astonished the members of the Wright family again.

No wonder why Jenna wanted to flee from the Carsons. Nobody would like to bear Mrs. Carson for her aggressive temperament. Mrs. Wright was so angry that she even felt heartache, pointing at Mrs. Carson without uttering a word.

She was literally a virago; she was the most

unreasonable one. "No! We...We don't

apologize."

Suddenly, there was a low voice

stammering. Brayden froze

there. Was it little Jenna who

spoke?

His arm was pulled back. In the next moment, he saw Jenna, who was behind him, standing in front of him.

She shielded him with her petite body, her face showing fear and unyielding. It seemed that she was

determined and decisively brave to say

something, "My brother...He hasn't done anything wrong. It was you...You pricked my face with needles and

insulted me as bitch. You made my face ugly. How dare you come...come to my...my home to accuse us."

These easy words took Jenna a lot of strength to speak out stutteringly.

But finally she made it... Jenna was almost worn to a frazzle with sweat pouring out on her back and forehead.

She exerted herself to overcome the fear inside her. For her, it was painful to say nothing. But she got such strength to speak.

She saw the Wrights defend her so much that it was the first time that she had wanted to say something for them, to get over the suffering.

She now had a family she wanted to protect; she didn't want them to be reviled by Mrs. Carson. She could be scolded, but not her family!

All the Wrights were flabbergasted.

Mrs. Wright came to her and held her hands, seeming that it would give her more power.

"Jenna...You just..." she was immensely touched by what Jenna said, like "my

home", and "my brother". The little girl had thought of the Wright residence as her

home!

Mrs. Wright's eyes were watery.

She had found Jenna was uncommunicative and shy. And she had consulted a doctor who told her Jenna was likely to be autistic, which was a well-known disease.

For a girl with autism, it was really difficult to express herself so clearly.

She didn't dare to take Jenna to go to the doctor because she was afraid that Jenna would think

they disliked her. Also, Brayden looked at the slender figure in front of him in shock.

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She was so tender and suffered a lot. How helpless and fearful she was when

the shrew ruined her face. Brayden couldn't imagine that.

With his face growing solemn, Mayor Cody said, "Mrs. Carson, now what have you to say? The face is important for everyone. How dare you prick Jenna's face? While you are the mistress of a great family. It's malicious."

Aldo felt in shock

when he heard what

Jenna said. Was it

really his mother who

hurt her?

And was the blood on the floor from Jenna's face?

Mrs. Carson didn't expect that Jenna would expose her evildoing, but soon she calmed down from feeling flustered because only she and Jenna knew about this.

"How dare you plant it on me? Your disfigured

face is none of my business." "Mom, did you

prick her face?" Aldo asked, his voice

shivering.

"Are you crazy? Do you trust her instead of me? I proved that I'm innocent that night. If I had done it, I wouldn't have jumped in. There were so many poisonous scorpions."

Why did her son trust Jenna so much that he even questioned her the other way

around? How annoying it was! She should've disfigured all her face! Such an

ugly face could still tempt her son; it drove her mad.

At this moment, Aldo didn't know who to trust.

Her mother raised him, and he still remembered how suffering she was that night.

But Jenna was disfigured. She was always at home and held no grudge against

anybody. Who was so malignant? Jenna looked at Aldo, feeling utterly downhearted.

His struggles and hesitance made her laugh in despair. "You don't trust me, do you?"

Aldo quivered and felt too guilty to look at Jenna, whose rims of eyes had been red. He said, "Jenna, I do. But I need the truth."

"Fine. I have told you the truth." Jenna shook her head, "Please keep out of my way hereafter.

And return all my identification to me. Now that the Carson residence has no room for me, then you should not withhold my effects."

She raised her chin slightly, looking at Aldo with frosty eyes.

Aldo couldn't believe it was the girl who used to stutter in a low voice next to him and

hardly clearly express herself. And he had the very first thought that she resembled a

person...She was like Sylvia!

How could it be?

That woman was cold and powerful.

How should he relate Jenna to such a woman?

He must be muddled due to anger that he failed to figure it out.

As Mrs. Carson was about to go on, he dragged her back and implored, "Mom, let's go. It's been so indecent."

Mrs. Carson didn't want Jenna to expose more secrets of the Carsons, snorting, "Mayor Cody, what you've said today is really beyond my expectations." she threw her scornful and meaningful gaze between Mayor Cody and Jenna, "Maybe some girl is so charming that you are tempted, huh?"

She didn't feel good, so no one could feel better.

She reckoned that Mrs. Wright would not

keep Jenna after hearing her word. As

expected, she saw that Mrs. Wright's face

turned sullen with rage.

When she planned to leave with Aldo, she didn't realize that Mrs.

Wright was striding toward her. Bang!

There was a slap falling in the face of Mrs. Carson.

As a woman of a rich and powerful family whose nephew was Clark, everyone

would show her respectability. She never thought she would be slapped by Mrs.

Wright at such an age.

She goggled, feeling painful and awkward, and screeched, "What are you doing? You just slap my face!"

All the people were startled—including the onlookers who hid around the door of the Wright residence—that Mrs. Wright, who was famous for her elegance, actually slapped others.

"Lana Hodge!" she directly called Mrs. Carson's name because this virago just pushed them too

far, "You know what! My goddaughter Jenna is adorable and my husband Cody is upstanding.

How dare you slander them! How unfortunate the Carsons are for such a despicable mistress, maligning others to trample on their personalities and dignity. Lana Hodge, if I hear you still cast such slurs on my family, we will be irreconcilable!"

Mrs. Wright said each word slowly and turned Mrs. Carson and Aldo away. And Mrs. Carson

even fell to the ground because Mrs. Wright pushed them so mightily.

In the next second, the door

behind them was slammed.

Mrs. Carson felt wrathful but

failed to vent it.

She wanted to shout abuse. However, she suddenly found there were not a few people surrounding her.

And all of them were "friendly faces", like ministers, members of the committee, and even the

family of the secretary in the complex, who ran here to see the fun.

She was resentful and ashamed that the Wrights

made her so disgraced in her life! She swore that she

would not forget the humiliation of today.

...

In the Wright Residence.

Brayden looked at his mother amazingly.

He said, "Mom...You were so cool just now.

Fluent as a martial artist." Brayden was

admiring her mother throwing the guys out

now.

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His mother was great!

But Mayor Cody sighed, "Let's back. I have

something to say." Such words sent shivers to

Jenna.

She bit her lip and followed them to the

living room. For a moment, it was all

silent.

Mayor Cody was a politician of rectitude who had never tackled the event of arguing with a rude woman.

He looked at the girl who sat in the corner of the sofa and lowered her head, seeming to make a big mistake.

And he didn't have the heart to criticize her because he knew Jenna was polite and diligent, who was

quiet though. Thinking of the time she lived in his home, Mayor Cody felt a bit of heartache for her.

He said, "Jenna, you have been in my home for some time. We know you didn't have a good life before, thus we didn't force you to talk about it. But the event today startled me. Can you explain it to us?"

Jenna's eyes were as red as a rabbit's. She subconsciously cast a look at Brayden but then lowered her head, murmuring, "I... I'm adopted by Aldo. He is nice to me, but his mom isn't. She wants me to leave him. But I... I have no home, I don't know where I can go. I'm... I'm so sorry. I will leave here tomorrow. It's all my fault... Sorry."

She didn't expect it to end like this.

But she knew that she was merely a guest of the Wright family. She was an orphan without a mother and home. They had been so benevolent to her that they had no reason to let her stay here.

Besides, she could only get them into trouble. The Carsons were not easy to screw with, thus she couldn't make the Wrights angry and worried about her.

She thought Mrs. Carson was right when said she was always an encumbrance to the Wrights.

"Jenna, it's not your fault. It's Mrs. Carson who humiliated you and hurt you." Brayden seized her hands to give her strength, "This is your home. You've said so, right?"

"No..." Jenna shook her head violently. At the very beginning, when Aldo led her to the Carson Residence, he also told her it was her home.

But what about after?

When enough time had gone by, everyone would dislike her because she was not intelligent, not eloquent, and not able to do anything.

However, she had tried hard to learn, indeed. She wanted

to be normal. But she couldn't make it; she thought she

was stupid.

The thought brought a tear to her eyes. She held herself in her arms, bursting into tears and murmuring unconsciously, "No, I'm not a bitch... I'm not... I didn't seduce Aldo... No, I'm not... Don't stab me with the needles..."

It seemed that she was trapped in a strange circle where there was the fiendish face of Mrs. Carson. She was so frightened that she could only clasp herself.

She said to herself, "Jenna... You should move back and hold yourself... Just move back..."

Mrs. Wright felt heartache for her, embracing her in her arms, and said to Mayor Cody, "Cody, that's enough. She's very shaken." Mayor Cody nodded resignedly.

Meanwhile, he was afraid that there might be some bloody trouble hereafter since the Wilson family were wicked and merciless and the Carson family was closely associated with it.

God bless——

Franklin was awakened by a phone call.

"What? Mrs. Carson and her son made a scene in the Wright

residence?" The man was fully awake all of a sudden.

He sat up on the sofa.

Sylvia slowly opened her eyes to look at him, saying blearily, "What's going on?"

"I don't know now. It seems serious." Franklin hung up, "Jasper just overheard it. Many in the complex know about it."

"How are they at war with each other?" Sylvia felt a bit confused. She had been going to Franklin these days, thus she made little headway with Jenna.

When she heard about the Wrights and the Carsons, she got a sudden flash of inspiration, "Maybe it's Jenna."

"It's said there is a girl in the Wright residence. It's incredibly likely." Franklin nodded, "How about taking a look today?" "Good."

Their whisper woke the woman on the bed.

No sooner had Taryn opened her sleepy eyes than she saw the beautiful man and woman on the sofa in the ward. They looked harmonious and matching.

Such a beautiful scene made Taryn feel

uncomfortable though. "Franklin," she murmured,

looking around.

After she found it was in the hospital, she quickly looked guilty and said, "Did I have a relapse? Sorry... I just put you out like this."

"Taryn, don't say that." Franklin rose to his feet and gave her a cup of water, "Take good care of yourself." Then he took Sylvia's hand and said, "She's my girlfriend, Sylvia."

"Morning, Taryn." Sylvia smiled at Taryn friendly.

Taryn smiled back weakly. When she saw that they were hand in hand, she felt a bit jealous and said, "Time flies. My Franklin got a girlfriend. You used to stay with me and think about me first, but hereafter there's another girl!"

It made Sylvia feel uncomfortable. Her smile froze

on her face. What did Taryn's words "think about

me first" mean?

Did Taryn covertly tell Sylvia that she was the most important one for Franklin?

Sylvia doubted if she was overthinking that there was always something opaque in Taryn's eyes when she looked at Franklin. Sylvia, what were you doing?

They were siblings.

Did you become idiotic as you fell in love?

After staying in the hospital for a day, Taryn got back to

Townyer Villa. Franklin still had many things to deal with.

And Sylvia should go to the Wright residence.

There had been an oppressive atmosphere in the Wright residence because of the events in the morning. To console Jenna, Mrs. Wright took her to the Royal Restaurant.

It was the first time that Jenna had been to a place like this so she just looked

around curiously. Jenna said, "Here is beautiful."

"Naturally. Not everyone can enter here." Mrs. Wright smiled, "Let's go to the box." Unexpectedly, they were then confronted by an intruder.

"Jesus! Are you blind? You hit me!"

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Cristal gave Jenna a shove in a fit. She heard that Master Keturah usually played the piano in this restaurant, thereby trying her luck.

Consequently, she waited for a long while and failed to meet Master Keturah even though she asked somebody to get her the VIP card of the Royal Restaurant.

So, she had to leave then.

She felt agitated and walked hurriedly so that she bumped into Jenna and Mrs. Wright.

She was always imperious that it was she who hit others, but she made this Jenna's fault, growling, "Apologize to me!" Before she said something, Jenna raised her head and saw a beautiful, familiar face.

It was her, the woman whom Aldo had a blind date

with! What a coincidence!

"What? Are you dumb?" Cristal stood there haughtily, her eyes finally falling on Jenna's face.

She was shocked and shouted, "Jesus! How ugly you are! Don't frighten me! Didn't your parents tell you not to show up if you are ugly?"

Cristal looked at the ugly face, feeling familiar.

After a while, she seemed to take a tumble and taunted Jenna, "Oh, you are

Aldo's..." Mrs. Wright looked sullen. The woman in front of them knew Aldo.

It was no doubt that the people who related to the Carsons were ill-bred.

Mrs. Wright didn't want to lose her courtesy, thus she said nobly, "Miss, she's my goddaughter. Please show respect. It was you who hit her."

"Who are you? You old rag!" Cristal thought that the woman who accompanied Aldo's adopted girl was also inferior. Mrs. Carson had told her that Jenna was turned away by them.

But she totally forgot that people who entered the Royal Restaurant were wealthy or high-profile. Otherwise, they were not qualified to enter here without a VIP card.

"Old rag? What's wrong with you?" Mrs. Wright had been beautiful since she was a child. As time passed by, she got a vibe of elegance that everyone admired.

And she was insulted by a non-known lass just then.

But she soon calmed down and made a phone call, "Manager, someone is picking a quarrel here. Ask the security guard to send her away now!"

Facing such a nobody, it was not appropriate for her to

squabble. "How dare you? You know what? I'm the VIP

here!"

Cristal looked at them with a contemptuous look.

Cristal then thought, even if she could enter the Royal Restaurant, she was not rich because she was merely an old rag accompanied by the poor adopted girl.

Then she threw a glance at the black suit on Mrs. Wright which seemed

no-brand. It must be something bought at a garage sale.

She didn't disguise her disdain, "Such a cleaner can be so pretentious. I think you suit for cleaning toilets for the rich, like me." "Who suits for cleaning toilets?"

Suddenly, there came a cold voice from not far away.

Then Cristal saw a tall and slender woman in a pair of high heels striding here.

The woman was in a white shirt and a pair of black leggings which looked fresh and natural. She showed a powerful vibe that made others could hardly face her.

As she waved her hand, dozens of guards in black uniforms quickly surrounded the

three. Cristal snorted, "Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter." Sylvia looked at her face with heavy makeup impassively, "But you are the first one who dare to humiliate my sisters in my restaurant."

"Wh...What?" Cristal was in a daze, goggling.

It was said that the boss of the Royal Restaurant was Master

Keturah. So the young woman was...

Cristal suddenly felt an internal storm of contrasting emotions with her complexion

changing. Damn!

She would join the international piano competition where Master Keturah was one of the judges. She had planned to come here and ask Master Keturah for some tutelage which cost her a lot.

But now she was told that the women whom she insulted were the sisters of Master

Keturah? Cristal wanted to slap herself.

She took a deep breath and did her utmost to be humble, "Master Keturah, I'm so sorry. I don't know if they are your family. Sorry. I didn't mean that..."

"You are the master of sophistication." Mrs. Wright sneered and held Jenna's

hand. Jenna subconsciously lowered her head, failing to look at others.

She was really ugly, even scary.

She should not go out. It was horrid outdoors.

However, it had been a long time since she met Sylvia last time. She felt warm to hear Sylvia's

voice. She even hated herself because she always relied on others.

She thought she was so outrageous.

Being sneered at by Mrs. Carson, Cristal became more embarrassed.

"Sis, is she Jenna?" Sylvia turned to look at the girl next to Mrs. Wright instead of Cristal. The girl kept lowing her head, her hair on the forehead covering her face.

As Jenna heard that Sylvia mentioned her, she couldn't wait to hide.

Sylvia would not like her ugly face, would she? Jenna thought she had better leave

hurriedly. "Do you know her?" asked Mrs. Wright surprisingly.

"Yes, I'm looking for her these days." Sylvia nodded. "I'm so worried because I get no information about her."

"Sylvia..." Jenna raised her head quickly. Now, she stopped her idea of fleeing away. Did Sylvia try to find

her?

Sylvia noticed the scars on Jenna's face with a flash of shock crossing her eyes, but soon she smiled gently, "Jenna, it's you." She held her hand and said, "Let's go to the box."

Cristal goggled at it. She swallowed and wanted to follow but failed because the guards

stopped her. "It's the box for Mrs. Wright and Master Keturah only."

"Mrs. Wright..."

Cristal was stunned for a while. There was only one Wright family in Larro. Jesus...Was she Mrs. Wright?

Just then, some rich ladies came out from a box beamed at Mrs. Wright, and greeted, "Good morning, Mrs. Wright. Are you here for tea?"

"How's Mayor Cody doing? Let's have a meal next

time." Mrs. Wright nodded nobly, "That's great."

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They parted after having a small talk.

These rich ladies still discussed, "It's the truth that Mrs. Wright can enter the Royal

Restaurant casually." "She has a good relationship with Master Keturah."

"It's said that Master Keturah will be a judge in the international piano competition. Wish she will be lenient with the competitors from my family."

"I should connect with Mrs. Wright. My daughter also wants to join the competition."

...

Jenna felt dizzy, almost fainting.

The woman was actually the mayoress who was said to

be humble. She screwed it up.

She offended Mrs. Wright... Chan Group was not as powerful as Carson Group or Wilson Group. Her family just made a jackpot in recent years, so Jenna was imperious like some parvenus.

What should she do now?

...

In Sylvia's box, Sylvia smiled after hearing what Mrs. Wright said, "It's unexpected that Brayden saved Jenna. Thank you for those days."

Mrs. Wright also smiled satisfactorily, "It's destiny."

"Come on, show me your face," Sylvia said and stood up, stooping and pushing away Jenna's hair cautiously.

There were so many scars with some black dots. It was because it was raining that night, the rusted needle was not pulled out in time and the rust penetrated into her skin.

"It's easy to remedy the scars, but the rust needs a lot of work." Sylvia sighed, feeling sorry, "Jenna, it will be a long and hard time for you to cure your face. Can you keep it up?"

As Jenna heard that her scars could be cured, her eyes became luminous. She said excitedly, "I can!

Definitely." "That's good." Sylvia gave her hand an affectionate pat, smiling.

Mrs. Wright also looked gratified, "Sibbie, thank

you very much." "I will ask the best plastic surgeon

to treat her."

"So... Jenna should go abroad?" Mrs. Wright said, looking startled.

"Yes. I know an eminent surgeon abroad. He can cure Jenna's face. So, Jenna has to stay there

for a while." Mrs. Wright couldn't bear the thought of it and said looking at Jenna, "I will go with

her."

It surprised Sylvia that Mrs. Wright had had a strong emotional tie

with Jenna. She could see that Mrs. Wright did love Jenna.

"It's OK, mom... I... I have got you into much trouble. I believe I can face it myself this time." Jenna said with a

sincere grin. She should make her life more glorious herself, shouldn't she? She couldn't rely on others all the

time.

Mrs. Wright felt really distressed for this brave girl. She was really worried about her going

abroad alone. But then she remembered her son. She could ask Brayden to go with Jenna if

necessary.

"Well, I will arrange it as soon as possible." Sylvia nodded to

promise. Sylvia didn't go back to Townyer Villa but to

Pearlhall Villa in the evening.

Hardly had she stepped into her house when Franklin gave her a

phone call. "Why don't you come back?"

"Leave the place for you and your sister," said Sylvia who lay on the sofa lazily,

curling her lip. "Sweetie..." Franklin squinted at the row of villas with his deep

eyes.

Then Jasper's voice said gently, "Mr. Maskelyne, we arrive."

Franklin didn't get off but asked Sylvia, "What do you want to

eat tonight?" "My maid is cooking, but I don't know about it.

Bye." Sylvia hung up simply. Franklin looked at the phone and

raised his eyebrows.

"Go to the Pearlhall Villa."

In front of Sylvia, there was a bowl of noodles with eggs cooked by

her maid. "Only noodle, Miss Andrews?"

"That's enough."

Sylvia picked up her cutlery. She felt deadly hungry.

Before she finished it, her phone rang again which was from her colleague in the

hospital. "Hello, Dr. Sylvia. Charles Evans, the old Evans, has woken up."

"Make sure there's a strong guard around him. And visitors are not allowed to enter the ward." Sylvia whispered.

"I got it."

Sylvia thought the car accident yesterday was fishy, although the driver insisted it was drunk driving instead of

murdering. Sylvia ate up the noodle and left the villa.

She drove to Lilypad General Hospital in the Land Rover at full speed, while Franklin met her in

opposite direction. He frowned and said, "Follow her."

"Yes, sir." Jasper turned round quickly and caught up with Sylvia's white Land Rover.

Sylvia directly entered the elevator after parking her car in the underground garage of the hospital.

As the door was almost closed, there was a large hand was stretched out and made the elevator open again. And a tall man squeezed in.

Sylvia raised her head and looked at Franklin in surprise, "What are you doing here?"

"Dr. Sylvia, what a coincidence," said Franklin, whose clear eyes fell on Sylvia with a tinge

of passion. He missed her badly, but she still asked him, "What are you doing here?"

Sylvia didn't believe his words at all, and she said, "The old Evans has woken up. I gotta

have a look." "Then let's go together." Franklin nodded.

Ding-dong. The elevator opened.

Sylvia stepped out first and went straight to the ward of

Charles Evans. Before they got there, they heard the voice of

Neve Smith.

"What do you mean? Is it the so-called hospital? Why are we family not allowed

to enter?" "He's awake. I must pay a visit."

"Is here the

prison?"

"Shit! How

unreasonabl

e!"

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 307

Sylvia walked over quickly and saw several nurses trying to stop Neve and Tiffany, who wanted to enter the room. Sylvia

frowned. Her beautiful face paled under the light of the corridor. "What's going on?"

"Miss Andrews!" The nurses rushed to her as if they saw a savior. "They want to break into the ward." "Leave it to

me," Sylvia said expressionlessly.

Neve glared at Sylvia, pointing at her. "Is it you? It's you, right? It's you who asked them to stop us, isn't it?"

"Mrs. Evans." Sylvia looked at Neve's arrogant look and sneered, "The old Evans is not ready for visitors. He is very weak now. He's got multiple fractures all over his body. And he is old. Are you caring about him by being noisy?"

Neve was guilty after hearing Sylvia's words. Her

arrogance faded a little bit.

Yet she insisted, "I don't care, I can't sleep until I see my dad safe and sound."

Tiffany didn't speak. She was thinking about how Isaac and Sylvia sat side by side at the Golden Restaurant that day. Sylvia

was such a flirtatious bitch! Why wouldn't she let Franklin go when she had such a gorgeous man as Isaac?

Sylvia was Isaac's sister? That was bullshit!

It would be more exciting to have sex with a so-called brother, wouldn't it? Tiffany

was pissed off when she thought about this.

She told herself she must get something on Sylvia.

Sylvia and the attending doctor entered the ward to check on the old Evans' condition. The old

Evans had a strong desire to live.

The moment he saw Sylvia, his eyes lit up. He stretched out his hand towards Sylvia. His lips moved, but he couldn't make any sound.

He tried several times with all his strength and finally muttered a word.

"Sylvia..."

Sylvia held his skinny palm and said softly, "Sir, don't worry. I don't know what you wanted to ask me that day, but nothing is more important than your health. We'll talk about it when you feel better."

The old Evans was severely injured. And he could never recover no matter what.

There would definitely be sequelae as his legs were broken. Presumably, he would spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair. Fortunately, his brain was intact.

Sylvia's voice seemed to have some kind of magic that made people relieved.

The old Evans, extremely tired, slowly closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep again. Outside

the ward, Sylvia saw Tiffany pestering Franklin.

Franklin was leaning against the wall with one hand in his pocket and the other holding his phone. He was checking something on his phone.

Tiffany, in high heels, was looking up at Franklin with affection in her eyes.

"I haven't eaten barbecue for a long time, and I haven't seen you for a long time either, why don't we go have some barbecue together?"

"My treat! Would you please come, Franklin?"

"Franklin? Why aren't you speaking? Don't you like my clothes?" Sylvia was speechless.

She had never seen someone so humble, so shameless. Wasn't

it obvious enough that Franklin was ignoring her? Did Tiffany

even get a brain?

Hearing the sound of the door, Franklin raised his head reflexively. Then, he smiled at Sylvia and walked to her. "How is the old Evans doing?"

"He is conscious. But his body is seriously injured, so he fell asleep again." Sylvia glanced at Neve and Tiffany. "The patient is very weak. The doctors and nurses here will take care of him, you can go back now."

"Alright!" When Neve heard that the old Evans was conscious, she got a terrible idea. She couldn't believe that he was still alive after such a car accident.

She glanced at Tiffany, Franklin, and Sylvia, then smiled at Franklin in a flattering way. "Mr. Maskelyne, I know a good barbecue restaurant. You and Tiffany haven't seen each other for a while, why don't you guys go there together?"

"No, thanks." Franklin's gaze was fixed on Sylvia. "Are you on duty tonight?" "No, I am

going back," Sylvia said and walked forward.

Franklin immediately followed Sylvia.

Tiffany's eyes widened with anger. "Mom, you saw it the day before yesterday. She is having an affair with Mr. Carr. Why is she so flirtatious? She is hooking up with two men, no, three, and her nominal boyfriend Logan!"

"Anyway, let's go back now."

...

It was night.

Only a few stars were twinkling in the sky. The moon was hidden in the clouds. It was

pitch dark outside.

The hospital was silent. The nurse on duty yawned and stood up to get some water. She didn't

notice that a dark figure was sneaking into her ward area.

The moment she turned around, the black figure quickly approached the old Evans' ward. He

pushed open the door very quickly and then snuck in.

He approached the fragile old man lying on the bed step by step.

The old Evans suddenly opened his eyes, staring at the big hands that were reaching out to his ventilator. "No... no..." He had tubes almost all over his body, no matter which one was pulled out, he would die.

He hadn't told Sylvia about her identity yet.

He couldn't die yet! Not

now!

His eyes widened in horror as he stared at the man in black from head to toe. "Don't!"

Almost instantly, his fingers moved to his stomach, and he pressed almost with all his strength. The

alarm rang. The entire corridor could hear it.

The nurse's cup fell on the ground and shattered into pieces. "Dr.

Remy, Dr. Remy, the old Evans is in danger!"

"Guards, guards! Catch it!"

The nurse kept yelling in the corridor.

In the wards, many family members of the patients that were still awake stepped out of the ward, looking around curiously. The man in black in the old Evans' ward was taken aback.

He didn't expect there would be such a high-tech alarm. Damn it!

He couldn't bother more with the ventilator now. He

opened the door of the ward and fled.

But unexpectedly, the nurse who discovered him blocked the door. He

kicked the nurse to the ground and rush towards the elevator.

The nurse got up from the ground, her knees hurt. She chased him desperately and grabbed his waist. The man

punched her back, causing her tears to fall out.

At this moment, the doctor on duty rushed toward the man in black. Seeing

this, some family members of patients also went to help.

The man in black did not expect there were so many people. His eyes turned red due to the anger. The

elevator door was opened, and dozens of security guards poured in.

The man in black was caught at once.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

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A pair of black Martens boots came into the view of the man in black. He knelt on the ground, with two tall security guards controlling him from behind.

He slowly looked up and saw a pair of slender legs.

The woman's cold voice sounded condescendingly

above him. "Eddie, it wasn't easy to catch you!"

Sylvia folded her arms around her chest and looked down at the embarrassed

man in black. Her eyes were wild, and her expression was disdainful.

She glanced at a security guard and the latter immediately took off the mask and hat of the

man in black. The familiar face of the middle-aged man immediately appeared in front of

everyone.

Eddie's face suddenly contorted. "Sylvia, you little slut! You are the disaster of the Evans family! Don't think you win yet!"

Sylvia raised her chin slightly and looked at Eddie up and down with cold eyes, "When did I become a part of the Evans family?"

"You! My dad is going to transfer all the property of the Evans family to you. Stop acting!" Eddie pointed at Sylvia with great hatred in his eyes. "You are a slut, just like your mother!"

Sylvia hit Eddie in the face, "You can insult me, not my mother."

Sylvia looked at him coldly. "Do you even know my mother? How dare you

slander her!" Eddie's face was gloomy. He didn't expect that Sylvia, being so

young, would be so shrewd. She had guessed that someone would assassinate

the old Evans, so she installed an alarm. Thinking of this, he hated Sylvia even

more.

Monica and her daughter were both disgusting.

Sylvia looked at Eddie grimly. She knew that there were a lot of filthy things within the rich families, yet murdering the father was still mind-blowing.

Eddie said nothing.

Sylvia sneered. "It seems that you do know

my mother." Eddie remained silent, stunned

by Sylvia's strong aura. "Very well, I have

plenty of ways to get you to speak."

She lazily lowered her eyes, her pretty face cruel. Then, she sternly shouted, "Take him away and send him to the police station!" When Eddie heard that he was going to be sent to the police station, he became anxious and yelled

without hesitation.

"Sylvia, you bastard, my father drove your mother out of the family after she was knocked up by a nameless man.

What are you even proud of? You have no father."

"What did you say?" Sylvia took a step forward, grabbed Eddie by the collar, and lifted him up. "I have no father? And my mother was kicked out by the old Evans? "

She threw Eddie to the ground, "Explain"

Under the strong pressure of the woman, Eddie trembled.

He immediately got up from the ground, his eyes rolling. "I can tell you the truth but you must let me go afterward." "You are in no position to bargain with me!" Sylvia stepped on his back and stomped him down. Eddie cried out in pain. "Don't force me to use violence! Now, speak!" The woman's gloomy and cold eyes made people shudder.

She clenched her hands into fists, her wrists lightly bent due to too much force. She looked cold and indifferent. Her aura was strong enough to make anyone surrender.

Her mother

had a family!

Her mother

was an

Evans! Sylvia

couldn't

believe it.

Her breath was almost taken away by what Eddie had said.

"Your mother is named Monica. She was my youngest sister. She has been a genius since she was a child. She learned quickly. It took her several days to master something that others would need years to learn... She remembered things at a glance. She was the nightmare of all kids in the Evans family. In front of her, we are nothing. She was my father's favorite, and my mother's too! She had all the best things!"

Eddie's voice trembled with a hint of madness,

"That's unfair!" "My mother...why did she marry

Otto?" Sylvia was confused.

"Your mother finished high school at the age of fifteen, several universities wanted her at the same time. In the end, she chose Pioneer University and graduated when she was eighteen years old. She got two bachelor's degrees in a shorter time than other students. And then, she had an accident... She came home for summer vacation, pregnant."

Eddie's words set off a storm in Sylvia's heart. She said almost through gritted teeth, "And then?"

"My dad is a conservative person. He was enraged and so ashamed by your mother. So, he kicked her out. I don't know what happened afterward."

Eddie looked at Sylvia bitterly, and cursed gloatingly, "You're the bastard. You have no father. What do you have to be arrogant? Where's your mother? Where did she go? Is she dead?"

"Get lost! As far as you can!" Sylvia took a deep breath, suppressing the shock in her heart. "Send him to the police!"

Security guards quickly escorted Eddie away.

Those onlookers all looked at Sylvia with

sympathy or curiosity. No one expected that she

had such a sad story.

The lives of the rich were just messes.

No one dared to discuss it under

Sylvia's nose. They were all scared

of her.

Sylvia let go of her hands and looked in the direction of the old Evans' ward with a gloomy face. Now, he had to ask the old Evans about the truth.

In the ward, the old Evans was lying on the bed, no longer daring to sleep.

He heard the noise from the corridor, including Eddie's miserable screams, and Sylvia's threats.

He had lived his life thinking he was a good man who had dedicated himself to the prosperity of his family. But in his later years... his children and grandchildren wanted to hurt him, for money.

He recognized the man in black when he stepped

into the ward. That was his son, whom he had

raised.

The old Evans knew it was Eddie even he put on a mask

and hat. Tears rolled down the old Evans' cheeks.

How did the Evans family become like this now?

He would never know how much the children hated Monica if Eddie didn't

confess today. He would probably be kept in the dark all his life.

Was this his punishment for driving Monica out, for not having loved her and forgiven her?

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 309

But all was too late now. Eddie wanted to murder

him. The old Evans's heart was broken.

The pain within was sharper than the pain in his

body. Just then, the door of the ward was pushed

open.

A tall, beautiful woman stepped in. She looked at him

expressionlessly. "Sylvia..." the old Evans called weakly.

Sylvia walked to the bed step by step, lowered her eyes, and looked at the old, dying man on the

bed. Was he really her family?

But why didn't she feel close to him?

Was it because her mother was kicked out of the family by

him? She had mixed feelings.

After a while, she finally spoke. "Is my mother your

daughter?" "Yes... She is." the old Evans nodded. "I am

your grandfather."

"But... Why can't I feel any connection between you and me?" Sylvia smiled mockingly.

"I wanted to ask you the first time I saw you. Is your mother alright?" What the old Evans wanted to know the most was Monica's news.

"My dad said she died in a car accident when I was eight years old." Sylvia closed her eyes and reopened them.

She's dead? How come? How could she die so young? She is a genius! It must be my fault. I was too cruel to her..." the old Evans wept silently, laying weakly, trembling like a broken old bellows.

"Monica!"

"My daughter ! "

His heart hurt so hard that he could barely breathe.

The old Evans' tears kept running down. He was like an extinguishing candle in the wind.

"You are 22 years old, right?" the old Evans wiped away his tears and looked at Sylvia with his cloudy eyes. "Yes."

"Is your birthday in

October?" "Yes."

"It's you then. Your mother was pregnant all of a sudden and she wouldn't tell me what happened. I was so angry that I drove her out of the family. She was stubborn. And she never came back. So, she kept you." the old Evans sighed, "I have been looking for her for so many years...but since she left the Evans family, there has been no news of her. I don't know why she married your father."

Sylvia narrowed her eyes slightly. A thought suddenly flashed in her mind, "So... Otto is not my father?" "I am not sure," the old Evans said helplessly, "Your father is not worthy of your mother at all."



Sylvia's heart was pounding. If Otto wasn't her father, who

was? Her mind went blank.

What about her sister who died with her mother? Who was the father of her

sister? She didn't dare to think about it further.

Why?

She was trapped in a mystery.

She wanted to solve it, but she couldn't.

It was already two o'clock in the morning when she walked out of the

ward. Her head was like a mess.

The old Evans said before she left the ward, "To make up for you and your mother, I've decided to hand over the Evans family to you."

Eddie knew about this, that was why he wanted to murder the old Evans,

right? Was Eddie connected to the car accident?

Sylvia couldn't figure it out.

She went out of the ward building.

A black Bentley was parked at the gate.

The car window slowly lowered, revealing the handsome face of the man, which seemed cold in the night sky. Yet the moment Sylvia saw him, his face turned gentle.

Sylvia got into the car and sat beside him, tired. "Why are you

here?" When she left, she was very quiet.

She didn't want to disturb him from sleeping but she failed.

"To take you home." Franklin reached out to grab her cold hand, and tightly wrapped her fair hand with his

big palm. She put her head on his shoulder wearily. "I'm kind of tired."

"Have some sleep. I'll wake you up when we arrive home." Franklin's deep voice was like fine wine, especially intoxicating in the middle of the night.

Sylvia suddenly raised her head, stretched out her other hand, and put it on his shoulder.

The next second, she kissed him with her charming red lips. It seemed that was the only way to get a moment of

peace. Her mind was a mess. She needed a way out.

Franklin gasped for breath.

His eyes darkened as he stared at the little woman who rarely kissed

him. His intuition told him that something bad had happened.

Otherwise, she wouldn't act like this...

However, it was rare for her to take the initiative, so he was

delighted. But in a moment, he took the initiative.

Jasper, who was driving, turned on the partition of the car without being

asked to. In an instant, Sylvia and Franklin lost control of themselves.

...

In Larro Prison.

Skyla and Tammy had visited Otto when he was sent to prison, but then they

disappeared. Sylvia never came.

"0285, you have a visitor!"

The cold voice sounded with the clang of the iron door.

Otto was sitting in the corner of his bed in the cell when he heard the guard's

voice. He was in a good mood, thinking that it must be Skyla and Tammy.

He tidied the crumpled prison uniform that he was in and when he was about to tidy up his hair, he heard the impatient voice of the guard again.

"0285, you got a visitor! Now, come out!"

The guard slammed the iron door of the small cell, his cold eyes filled with anger.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 310

Otto could only follow him out. He didn't dare to offend the guards.

Yet when he saw the beautiful woman sitting on the chair in the visiting room, he was shocked. "What are you doing here"

The iron door was shut. All the sounds in the visiting room were blocked from the outside world.

Sylvia was in a blue dress that outlined her perfect figure. Her beauty was beyond words.

Her shoes were white. Her long inky hair was draped over her back.

Looking at the radiant woman, Otto was a little irritated. He wanted to see Skyla and Tammy, not Sylvia.

He was very upset.

He sat down impatiently, "What are you doing here? I am suffering here, and you came over dressing like a queen. Aren't you ashamed? Wouldn't you bring the guards some gifts so they'll make me suffer less? Are you still a person?"

His face was filled with disgust and impatience.

Sylvia looked at him blankly. She didn't miss any of Otto's expressions and movements.

She felt a pang. "Are you disappointed to see that it's me, instead of Skyla?"

"No." Otto didn't dare to look at her, "Tell me, why are you here?"

"Dad, tell me, how did my mother die?"

Otto's face froze. A look of panic flashed in his eyes, not knowing why Sylvia asked this question now.

He calmed himself down and patted the table in front of him exaggeratedly, "How many times have I told you? She died in a car accident!"

"Is it true? Then why did I find out that she was sold to an old bachelor in a village?" Sylvia glared at Otto. "You are not telling the truth now, are you? Am I your daughter? My grandfather said that my mother gave birth to a child when she was eighteen and she was unmarried. And that child was me!"

Otto's face turned pale, and the corners of his lips twitched. He said with incomparable malice, "So? You have been my daughter all your life! I raised you! And now you come here speaking to me like this!"

"Since you don't want to say it, then I have to make you say it."

Sylvia got up and walked to Otto.

Only she and Otto were in the room at this time.

She looked determined as she reached out and pulled Otto's hair.

"What are you doing? Sylvia, Listen! You! Don't mess around, there are guards! If you dare to hurt me, they won't let you go!" Otto screamed in fright and covered his head with his hands.

He felt a pain in his scalp and saw that Sylvia had gotten some of his hair.

His face turned even paler, "What are you doing with my hair?"

If the little bitch found out what happened back then...If she knew about her...Actually...Otto felt more and more worried as he thought about it.

Sylvia must have heard something from somebody. Also, where did she get a grandfather? Otto was startled and panicked.

But now he was a prisoner. He couldn't do anything.

"Dad, no matter how you treat me, I treated you as my father. You have treated Tammy and me unfairly all these years. You turned a blind eye when Skyla beat me. I always wanted to know why you don't like me." Sylvia grabbed her bag, and took a deep breath, "The paternity test will tell me why."

Judging by Otto's attitude, she was almost sure...that he was not her father.

However, she wanted evidence.

Her heart was biting sore.

Seeing that she was leaving, Otto couldn't help asking, "Why haven't Skyla and Tammy come these days?"

Sylvia didn't expect that at this moment, he still cared about those two women.

She couldn't help turning around, staring at Otto for a moment, and said word by word, "You don't know it yet, do you? They left the country long ago. They disappeared."

She didn't even bother to check why the two disgusting people go abroad. It was a waste of energy!

"What did you say? They don't want me anymore?" Otto's eyes widened in disbelief. "How is this possible?"

Sylvia left without looking at him again.

Now, even though he was in prison, Otto still didn't see her as his daughter.

Sylvia's heart was aching.

She went out of the prison.

Then she sent Otto's hair and hers to the hospital for a paternity test.

The results will come out only in the afternoon of the next day.

She couldn't wait, but she had to.

This feeling was really uncomfortable.

Her heart was a mess as if being scratched by a cat.

She never knew that waiting could be such an exhausting thing.

She sat in her office restlessly, stroking her forehead and feeling a headache.

Just then, the phone rang.

It was Logan calling.

"Boss, Formula One World Championship is in four days. Our team has also been shortlisted. What is your plan for the finals?"

Sylvia was an energetic person, but she had been a little tired lately living a life like riding a roller coaster.

Her tone was full of tiredness as she said, "Don't you know what to do? Do I need to explain?"

"But boss... I'm worried about you..." Logan really cared about her. She had just recovered.

World-class racing was no joke.

It required strong physicality and mentality.

"I am fine." Sylvia said lightly, "Guys in the team must pay attention to their diet in the following days as well as the training. No one should get injured."

"I see, boss." After a few more words, Logan hung up the phone.

There was a sudden silence in the office.

Sylvia lay prone on the desk and fell asleep.

When she woke up, she found herself nestled in a warm embrace.

She was confused for a moment, looking at the lounge in her office.

Then she saw the man who was holding her with one arm. He was leaning against the head of the bed with a magazine on his lap, flipping through pages with his other hand.

Franklin?

When did he come?

How could he approach her quietly without being noticed?

In other words, she had no sense of vigilance in front of him because she trusted him so much.

Sylvia shook her head helplessly.

Noticing that she had woken up, Franklin closed the magazine.

Looking at her with deep and warm eyes, he said in a doting tone, "Did you sleep well?"

"What are you doing here?" Sylvia felt much better after the nap.

She felt refreshed.

Her mood got much better after she saw Franklin's terribly handsome face.

"Do I need a reason to come over to check on my dear wife?" Franklin smiled. "Are you hungry?"

Sylvia asked him mischievously, "Are you inviting me to dinner?"

"Of course, I want to do it for the rest of my life." Franklin leaned over and kissed her on the lips.