

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 311

Sylvia nudged him, "Don't mess around."

Franklin smiled fondly, lifted her chin, and said in a low voice, "Would you like to go to

Golden Restaurant?" "Why not?" Sylvia sat up from the bed, "I'll go wash my face."

...

The next day,

Maskelyne Group.

A man dressed in a racing suit, who had apparently just gotten off the track, was waiting at Franklin's office.

He looked outstanding, his eyes made him look like an easy-going man. The hair on his forehead was dyed bright blue, adding a bit of cynicism and arrogance in him.

When Franklin come in, he got up from the couch. "Franklin, you promised to find SEVEN. for me. Is

there any news now?" "He disappeared completely." Franklin frowned slightly, "Sit."

"Since he won World Championship the year before last, he never showed up. No one knows where he went." Aedan Foster said, a little bit upset, "My racing speed is limited to 400 km/h no matter what I do. Damn!"

Franklin walked to him and patted him on the shoulders. "Don't be too anxious. You are already one of the best in H Rovirsa. Don't give yourself too much pressure."

Aedan was the captain of Maskelyne Group's racing team. He

was a talented player. He had won the first prize in the

championship of H Rovirsa for consecutive years.

This time, he would lead the team of Maskelyne Group to join the Formula One World Championship.

"But compared to SEVEN, I'm no one" Aedan sighed helplessly, "The year before last, SEVEN suddenly showed up. But unfortunately, I heard that he was only in the underground racing game. People who had seen him said that he could reach a maximum speed of 916 km/h, although I have never met SEVEN, he is a legend in everyone's eyes on the underground racing track. If he can join us, he will definitely defeat Maximo, the player whose racing speed can reach 416 km/h." Franklin picked up the coffee on the table and took some sips.

Formula One World Championship was

around the corner. But Aedan, the ace

captain, was not very confident.

That was not a good thing.

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

After that, Jasper stepped in and said something to Franklin. Franklin's eyes were narrowed slightly and then he said in a deep voice, "Let her in."

"Should I leave?" Aedan stood up, thinking that Franklin had an important guest.

"You don't have to." Franklin stopped him. "You know the

person who comes." "Mr. Maskelyne." "

A crisp female voice sounded from the office doorway.

Aedan looked over and saw a woman in a yellow racing suit holding a yellow

helmet in her hand. When he saw who the woman was, his eyes widened in

surprise.

"Danielle? What brings you back?"

"I am back for the honor of Maskelyne Group!" Danielle Hull smiled brightly. She had long curly hair. She looked stunning in her racing suit, which outlined her curvy body.

Aedan couldn't help hugging her. "I heard your speed has reached 430 km/h. I am so happy that

you are back with us!" "Just once, not all the time." Danielle smiled, looking sexy.

But the pride in her tone was obvious.

Now she had the highest speed in the country.

She had been training abroad for the past two years. When she heard that Maskelyne Group also participated in international competitions, she thought of Franklin's handsome face as well as his power.

She couldn't wait to come back, wanting to get closer to him.

Now she was the best at the car racing speed. Only she deserved to stand

by Franklin's side. She left Aedan and walked to Franklin with a smile. "Mr.

Maskelyne, am I welcome to be back?"

"You certainly are, Miss Hull. I appreciate your timely help. Please take a seat. If you have any requests, just let us know. Miss Hull." Franklin sounded polite and distant.

"Just give me the same treatment as Master Aedan." Danielle's smile was still bright. She had the confidence to make Franklin fall in love with her.

...

Sylvia was terribly busy.

Yet in the afternoon, she still managed to

visit the old Evans. The old Evans was

doing better than the day before.

Seeing Sylvia, he reached out, "Sylvia."

"You are still very weak, don't get up. " Sylvia pulled a chair and sat down beside him, looking at the

old Evans coldly. She still can't believe that her mother was an Evans.

From the old Evans' face, she couldn't see any similarities to her mother.

"Was my mother ... really your daughter?" Sylvia couldn't believe it. She had mixed feelings that

she couldn't describe. "Well..." the old Evans was just about to say something when a nurse came in with a document.

"Miss Andrews, here is the result."

Sylvia's heart trembled. She immediately stood up and took the result of the paternity test handed over by the nurse. She couldn't wait to know the result, but now, she was a little hesitant. She was

fearless, but at this moment, she feared. But... she had to know the truth.

She took a deep breath and

opened the envelope. She

quickly turned to the last page.

When she saw that conclusion, her whole

body froze in place. She had guessed

what the result would be.

But when she really saw it, she still

couldn't accept it at once. The result was

negative.

She

wasn't

Otto's

daughter

. That

was

true.

All of a sudden, everything made sense.

It made sense that Otto ignored her, used her,

and hated her now. She wasn't his daughter.

What about Kira? Did she know about it?

Sylvia put the results back into her file bag, then stood up and said goodbye to the old Evans.

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Sylvia hurried out of the ward.

Now she just wanted to ask Kira one thing!

Kira had left the hospital and was now living in

Otto's place. She lived in the huge empty house

alone.

The nurse was the only person he

could talk to. Without the nurse,

she would be hopeless.

Kira was sitting in the living room peeling garlic when she heard the door open. Then she saw Sylvia

walking in. Sylvia looked cold and distant.

Kira's heart couldn't help trembling. Her face was as kind as before. "Sibbie, it's been a long time."

"Grandma." Sylvia clenched the document bag in her hand and walked in front of Kira. "Can I ask you something?" "Sure, feel free to ask me." Kira was still peeling the garlic with her head down.

Sylvia stared at her and asked word by word, "Do you know that I am not my father's daughter?"

The garlic in Kira's hand fell into the basin. Panic flashed in her eyes. She quickly picked up the unpeeled garlic, "Sibbie, what are you talking about? How could you not be your father's daughter?"

"Grandma, this is the paternity test of me and Otto. The result shows I am not his child." Sylvia held up the document bag. Looking at Kira, Sylvia felt a sense of sadness.

Nothing in this world hurt more than the deception of the beloved ones. "Grandma, how did my mother die? How long will you keep it from me?"

"Your mother died in a car accident." Kira didn't expect Sylvia to do a paternity test. Even if Sylvia knew that Otto was not her father now, what could she do?

Her mother was dead.

"I've been loving you as my grandmother since I was little. I gave you all that I can offer. Do you know how much money is there on the bank card I gave you? 50 million! Do you know who beat the person that tried to bully you in the village that year? Me!

Grandma! Have you really forgotten the days when we lived together in the countryside?" Kira looked away when she heard Sylvia's accusation.

"I haven't forgotten it, Sibbie, I love you too. But I don't know anything about your mother. Although you are not my real granddaughter, I loved you all the same. If you still see me as your grandmother, you are always welcome to visit me. If you don't, it's fine too."

Kira felt very uncomfortable, "I have never expected our family to end up like this! Your father is in jail, Skyla and Tammy left. You are someone else's child. What have I done to be punished like that!"

As she spoke, she began to cry.

"No matter what, the Andrews family has raised you up. You offered nothing in return. And now you are even here questioning me. Your father is still in jail. You don't care about him! Now I'm old and alone. What else do you want? Do you have any conscience?"

"I raised you up. What did you do for me? I am now alone and it's all your fault! I shouldn't have kept you. You should die with your mother and sister."

Sylvia looked at Kira in shock as if looking at a stranger.

Why did Kira, her dearest grandmother, become a different person in the end? Why did things end up like this?

Her heart ached so badly that it was almost numb. Her grandma wished her dead. Was it just because she was not her kin? Sylvia didn't know how she got out of the Andrews residence.

She walked aimlessly on the road. It began to rain suddenly. The rain hit her body. She was so cold. Townyer Villa.

Franklin was taking a shower.

Hearing the sound of water coming from the bathroom, Taryn tiptoed to the bed and looked at the man's cell phone on the bedside table.

She tried several passwords, but couldn't unlock the screen.

Yet it didn't bother her. A wry smile appeared on her face. After a while, she unlocked the phone smoothly.

She was a researcher of Maskelyne Research Laboratory, and unlocking a phone was just a piece of cake for her. She quickly found a number with the ID, "Sweetie" and recorded it.

Then she put Franklin's phone

back in place. After doing all this,

she quietly left the room.

...

Sylvia, drenched, had just returned to Pearlhall Villa when an unknown number called. She glanced at the screen but didn't answer.

But the person called again and again.

Sylvia picked it up and answered in annoyance.

"Is it Miss Andrews?" Taryn's gentle voice sounded, "I want to meet you."

Taryn was Franklin's older sister. Sylvia

hesitated and agreed. She didn't understand

why Taryn wanted to meet her.

Taryn chose to meet at a private cafe.

Sylvia went in a white hoody and a pair of black jeans. She

dressed very simply. When she arrived, Taryn was already there.

Taryn was sitting there, stirring her coffee in boredom.

Probably because of heart disease, she looked sick but her paleness gave her a special beauty. Seeing Sylvia, she raised her head and smiled, looking gentle. "Miss Andrews, please take a seat." Sylvia sat down in front of Taryn.

"What would you like?" Coffee or juice?"

"I'd like to have some lemonade," Sylvia said lightly.

Taryn immediately called the waiter and ordered her a glass of lemonade.

"Taryn, is there anything that I can do for you?" Sylvia looked at the woman sitting in front of her, who looked beautiful yet fragile. It made people want to protect her.

Taryn looked at Sylvia quietly for a moment and slowly said, "Miss Andrews, can you give

Franklin to me?" Sylvia frowned slightly. She was shocked. "Taryn, what do you mean? I don't understand."

"The doctor said... I only have a few months to live. I have a serious heart attack, but I can't find a proper heart for transplant." Sylvia said with an imploring face, "Miss Andrews, I know you are a good girl, you are healthy, and you are in love with Franklin, and I shouldn't make such a request. But I'm really dying, please. Would you agree?"

"Franklin and I grew up together, Makena has passed away. Both Makena and I want to be with Franklin forever. But neither of us has the luck. Life is so unfair."

"I've been living with my parents because I am sick. Franklin and I are supposed to be a couple!" "But you showed up and stole him from me."

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Sylvia looked at Taryn, who was crying. It took her a long time to come back to herself. "Miss Maskelyne..."

But... You are Franklin's sister. How can you be a couple?"

Taryn wiped her tears and smiled mockingly, "Miss Andrew, I suppose you don't know it yet. Franklin isn't my parent's child. He is adopted. We don't share the same blood."

The day before, Sylvia had just known that she was not Otto's daughter. And now, she was told that Franklin was not his parents' child either.

Sylvia was overwhelmed.

So, Taryn fell in love with her

adopted brother... But one can't

force love, whether to, or not to.

Obviously, Franklin had always seen her as a sister.

"I am sorry, Miss Maskelyne. But I can't agree. I don't want to part with Franklin and he is not an object to be given. He is a person and I need to respect him. To him, you have always been a sister, right?"

Taryn's face changed when she heard Sylvia's words. Tears once again welled up in her eyes. She grabbed Sylvia's hand. Under Sylvia's shocked and astonished gaze, Taryn knelt.

"Miss Andrews, I didn't want to meddle in your relationship with Franklin. But I'm literally dying. There is no cure for my heart disease. You may meet a better person in the future, but I'm different... I have no one but Franklin!"

Sylvia was taken aback by Taryn's actions.

She wanted to help Taryn up, but she heard Taryn say, "I will kneel until you agree."

"Miss Maskelyne, I think you've watched too many dramas?" For the sake of Franklin, Sylvia looked at Taryn's face and said patiently, "I suggest you read books when you're bored."

"Besides, if Franklin chooses you, I will leave immediately. So, you should ask Franklin, not me!" Sylvia was so indifferent.

Taryn had no tricks left, yet this woman still turned her down.

Her face suddenly became very awful, "Miss Andrews, are you that cruel? Do you want me to kneel until my last breath?"

"I am sorry for your heart disease. I can help you find a doctor. But for the rest, I can't help." Sylvia had been in a very bad mood recently. She didn't want to bother herself with a psycho like Taryn. So, she grabbed her bag, passed Taryn, who was kneeling in front of her and walked directly towards the door.

"Kneel for as long as you like. I won't be the audience of your show."

...

Franklin had just finished the meeting. As soon as he stepped out of the conference room,

his phone rang. It was Taryn's number.

"Excuse me, is it Mr. Maskelyne?"

It was an unfamiliar voice. Franklin frowned. "What happened?"

"I'm a doctor of Lilypad General Hospital. Something happened to Miss Maskelyne. Please come here as soon as possible." Franklin's big hand holding the phone suddenly tightened, and his voice became gloomy, "What did you say?"

"Miss Maskelyne suffered a serious heart attack. The doctors are trying their best to save her. She is still in a dangerous situation."

Franklin hung up the phone, and before Jasper realized something was wrong, he heard the man order, "Go to Lilypad General Hospital."

In the ward.

Taryn lay in the emergency room,

dying. Franklin rushed in like

crazy.

"Taryn! How are you?"

He held Taryn's hand and felt the warmth drained

from her body. He could feel that she was dying.

Poppy and James rushed over too after hearing

the news. They called out.

"Taryn!"

"Taryn!"

Their eyes turned red the moment they saw their sister, whom they hadn't seen for a long time, lying on the bed dead. Taryn was dying, clearly.

Franklin's eyes went bloodshot. "Taryn, I have been looking for a heart that suits you. Give me a little more time, I will find it." Taryn shook her head, her weak voice saying, "I can't wait..."

Her eyes lost focus. She wanted to touch Franklin's cheek with her pale hands, but she had no strength for that. "Franklin..." she murmured, tears rolling down her eyes, "Franklin, I... I love you."

Her tears kept overflowing, "If there is an afterlife, will you love me too?" Franklin looked at her in shock, "Taryn?"

"Franklin... promise me, promise me, don't be with Sylvia, promise me!" "If you don't promise me, I will die in regret!"

Franklin couldn't help tightening his hand, "Taryn, what are you talking about?"

But Taryn didn't seem to hear his voice. Her lifeless eyes were filled with despair as she said, "I hate her... I hate her for taking you away. I beg you, don't be with her. She killed me... Do you really want to be with the murderer who killed me?"

Franklin felt as if he was being strangled by an invisible hand. His chest was tight. He couldn't breathe.

He looked at Taryn in disbelief, "Sylvia will not harm you! Never!" "Don't you believe me? I'm going to die.

Why should I wrong her?"

Taryn's breathing suddenly became short and fast, "Avenge me!

Franklin!" Her eyes widened, and then her hand slid off abruptly.

Franklin's heart suddenly became extremely cold. "Taryn, I promise, I will avenge you." He would find who harmed Taryn, but it couldn't be Sylvia!

...

After Sylvia got out of the box, she was a little worried. After all, Taryn was a patient with heart disease. What if something happened to Taryn? She couldn't distance herself from it if something did happen to Taryn.

Thus, after driving for a few miles, she turned back to the cafe.

At the door of the cafe, she saw an ambulance driving away at high speed.

Sylvia's heart tightened. She lowered the car window and asked the waiter who hadn't returned to the cafe yet, "Is anyone injured?"

"A woman had a heart attack. Fortunately, this place is close to the hospital. Who knows if she can be saved..." Sylvia's heart skipped a beat.

She stepped on the accelerator and followed up to the ambulance.

The hospital was full of her coworkers. She soon got to know Taryn's emergency room. She rushed over immediately.

However, when she rushed over, she heard Taryn speaking to Franklin.

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Sylvia frowned, only feeling a chill rushing from her back.

Was Taryn having a heart attack because she refused to give up

Franklin? Poppy and James were crying their eyes out.

Franklin was trying his best to control his feelings. But his scarlet eyes gave him away.

Taryn...

His sister once again left him. He didn't have time to catch her or to rescue her.

The doctor walked over helplessly. He checked Taryn's breath, and said with a sad expression, "Mr. Maskelyne, Miss

Maskelyne has passed away."

Passed away...

She was so young and talented... She was a researcher... She had just come back to the country with him.

Franklin stayed put, stunned.

He felt his chest being hammered and his vision

blurred. For a while, he dared not breathe.

It seemed that what he inhaled was not air, but sharp arrows, which hurt every inch of his

skin. He had to close his eyes slowly, his thin lips were pale. He was still holding on.

His brother and sister were still young. He must carry on.

He slowly stretched out his hand, caressing Taryn's gradually cold cheek. His deep eyes were red, but he didn't let his tears

fall. Sylvia was standing at the door. She hated seeing such a scene.

How did Taryn die?

She felt trapped in an invisible net. She had no clue.

At that time, Taryn seemed quite normal, although a little bit excited.

Time ticked away. A nurse came over, pushed Taryn out, and headed towards the

mortuary. Poppy and James ran out tearfully.

The two were slightly surprised to see Sylvia.

Immediately, as if seeing a spiritual pillar, they rushed towards her, "Sylvia! Our sister is

gone!" "Sylvia, we will only have Franklin and you from now on!"

Sylvia hugged the two stiffly, one in her left arm and the other in her right arm, with mixed feelings.

Franklin announced that James and Poppy were his half-siblings. Now it seemed... Franklin was not a child of the Maskelyne family at all.

Who was he then?

Why did Taryn die suddenly?

When she had a heart attack a few days ago, the doctor said she would be fine as long as she was carefully

treated. Sylvia's head was in a mess.

Franklin walked towards her with great

difficulty. He pressed his thin lips together.

His usual cold face looked even colder at the moment. His eyes were

bloodshot. He looked at Sylvia, as coldly as looking at a stranger.

Sylvia's heart trembled. Did he also believe Taryn's words and think that she killed Taryn?

"When we came back from Paris, I promised my parents that I'll take care of her, but now..." Franklin didn't continue.

Sylvia wanted to hug him, but he reached out first, grabbed her waist, pulled her into his arms hard, and said in a very small voice, "Don't be afraid. I'm with you."

Her throat was dry. Even at this time, he was still reassuring

her. Sylvia was never afraid of anything.

She gritted her teeth, "I... I am sorry for your loss."

She then turned to leave. She wanted to explain to Franklin what happened in the cafe, but... She felt that it wouldn't help. He needed to calm down now.

This matter was not simple. Taryn's sudden death was definitely not an accident.

Franklin looked at Sylvia's straight and disappearing back, his expression cold yet strong. His sister had died, but he wouldn't allow anything to happen to his wife. He must prove his wife's innocence!

Franklin's face was handsome. The way he pursed his lips made people

terrified. His love for Sylvia didn't and would not change.

He walked to the doctor's office. "Has the autopsy report come out?"

"Preliminary inspection shows that Miss Maskelyne did die from a heart attack. Detailed information needs to be further verified." The doctor looked at the imposing man and said quickly.

Franklin left without saying anything.

...

In the dark night, a private plane landed slowly.

Dozens of bodyguards in black came down from the plane.

In the end, a mid-aged man and a mid-aged woman came out. The mid-aged man had a sullen face, and the woman beside him was expressionless.

The mid-aged man ordered coldly, "Go to the

hospital." "Roger that."

The bodyguards in black opened the way. The mid-aged couple got into the limo that had been waiting there for

them. The black limo sped up in the night.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the hospital.

Tyrell, who was wearing a black trench coat, stood in front of Franklin.

"Fa..." Franklin opened his mouth, but before finishing his sentence, a slap fell heavily on his

face. His face was sinister, and he looked like a demon from the hell.

"Franklin, is this how you take care of my daughter? Makena had died because of you, and now Taryn too. What did the Maskelyne family do to you? Why must you kill my daughters one after another? We raised you up. Is this how you repay us?"

Tyrell's words were cruel and he looked extremely cold.

Franklin lowered his head, his dark pupils constricted suddenly, but he couldn't say a word.

"When you were expelled by that man, it was me who brought you back to the Maskelyne family and raised you up carefully! Do you know how Taryn died? Your woman killed her!" Tyrell raised his hand. A bodyguard immediately handed him some photos.

He slapped the photos on Franklin's handsome face fiercely, leaving several red marks on it.

"Look at them carefully! My daughter knelt to that woman! Who does she think she is?" Tyrell stared at Franklin

coldly. When Franklin saw the photos, his pupils shrinking.

That was impossible!

He said word by word, "There must be someone else. Sylvia will never do such a thing! Even if the whole world says it was her fault! I will trust her! I trust her only!"

"She killed your sister! Franklin, think about it. She is my enemy now. If you don't want her to die, break up with her. Otherwise, I can't promise what will happen to her!"

Tyrell stared at Franklin viciously, and kicked him in the chest, right on the place where Franklin got injured while saving Sylvia! The wound that had healed was suddenly torn up again and his black shirt was soon soaked in blood.

"Break up with her, or watch her die, take your pick!"

Franklin's black eyes were full of restraint. Depressed, he looked at Tyrell as a sharp pain came from his chest, "I will find out the real murderer. Please give me some time!"

Tyrell smiled like a demon, his eyes filled with threat, "It seems that you want her to die."

Kaitlin remained silent all this time. For her, nothing was more interesting than watching people make hard decisions.

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Kaitlin held Tyrell's arm with a meaningful smile. "Tyrell, you can't be so cruel to Franklin. He is our son."

"Honey, we must avenge our daughter." Tyrell looked at Kaitlin and kissed her face. "Franklin, you have one day to make a decision. Otherwise, I will kill Sylvia!"

After saying that, he wrapped his arm around Kaitlin's waist and went straight to the morgue!

Taryn's corpse was kept there.

...

Sylvia, who remained restless, always felt that something bad was going to

happen. She had stayed up all night in Pearhall Villa.

A vivid image of Taryn begging her on her knees kept flashing in Sylvia's

mind. Sylvia sat up distractedly and found that dawn broke.

With a long breath, she got more anxious.

Sylvia wondered whether Taryn died of the disease triggered by the

horror. Sylvia thought there was more to it than that.

But she was still worried that Taryn really died because of her.

Sylvia washed up in annoyance, after which she went downstairs and walked around inside the living

room. Even Logan, Mark, and Vaaid sensed her mood swings.

They all walked out of their bedrooms.

They all looked at Sylvia and wanted to say something, which made Sylvia even more

distracted. "What are you doing? Instead of staring at me, you should try to find out what

this is all about." Annoyed, Sylvia sat down on the couch and started reading the news on her phone.

Logan walked in front of her. "Just stop. This will make you angrier." "What do you mean?" Sylvia was confused.

"The videos about you are trending on the Internet." Logan said in a deep voice. "We spent the whole night deleting those videos, only to see more in return."

Sylvia froze when seeing the trending video, in which Sylvia grabbed her handbag and left Taryn to kneel alone at the door. Taryn had her back to the camera, so no one could see her look.

But just after Sylvia left the room, Taryn collapsed.

In the video, Sylvia looked cold and ruthless. As a web celebrity, she could be easily recognized. Therefore, the video attracted great attention.

The comments were all against Sylvia.

"It's said that the young lady who knelt passed away." "My goodness! What a pitiful lady!"

"I didn't expect Sylvia to be so heartless."

"I used to be her fan. Her true face disappoints me." "I do hate her now."

"What a cruel woman she

is!" "She is a murderer."

"She should be responsible for that young lady. She must go to jail!"

"Cristal Chan is my good friend, and she said that the deceased young lady was the daughter of the Maskelyne family!" Sylvia got breathless, her chest rising and falling rapidly. She was thought of as a murderer. How ridiculous!

"Just tell the others to continue deleting them. Otherwise, I will hold you accountable." Just when Sylvia finished her words, Franklin walked in.

He looked battered and beaten

overnight. He even came without shaving.

Startled, Sylvia stood up from the sofa and asked, "Why are you here?" And then she saw a strange man behind Franklin.

This man was expressionless but murderous, so Sylvia could not help but give him another glance. Franklin fixed his eyes on Sylvia, as if he wanted to imprint her in his heart.

He was distressed, but he had no choice.

Crazy and insane, Tyrell could do anything. However powerful Franklin was, he was no match for Tyrell. Franklin's nose twitched and he wanted to weep.

He wanted to take Sylvia into his arms and tell her, "Sweetie, I believe you. I do believe you." But now, he was in no position to do that.

Franklin felt he had a bloody hole in his heart, which ached with every breath. He had read those comments on the internet.

Franklin knew it was just a warning from Tyrell.

However, Franklin could do nothing with it, because of which he could barely breathe.

He had to slowly close his eyes with pale lips. And finally, he stepped forward and held her in his arms. Franklin kept trembling. As strength left his legs, he could hardly keep his balance.

His eyes were bloodshot.

He hoped time could freeze.

He wanted to do nothing but hold her that way.

The Maskelyne family adopted him and raised him. The old Maskelyne took good care of him, and Mr. And Mrs. Maskelyne relinquish control of the Maskelyne Group to him.

Makena died because of him, and now, Taryn died in front of him. Franklin couldn't do anything to Tyrell, but he could choose to protect Sylvia.

Before Sylvia could say something, Franklin released his hold on her. Franklin said with pain, "Let's break up."

It almost killed him to say so, and his eyes were filled with grief.

Sylvia meant the world to Franklin. But now, for the sale of Sylvia, Franklin had no choice but to push her away from himself.

Franklin was determined to figure out how Taryn died. Before that, he had to keep Tyrell from harming Sylvia.

Franklin needed time to investigate it.

For now, he couldn't afford to irritate Tyrell! Franklin was not afraid of Tyrell, but he didn't dare to risk Sylvia's life! Therefore, Franklin had to agree to break up with Sylvia.

Shocked, Sylvia clenched her fists with a sneer. "It seems you also believe in the video on the internet." "I don't believe that," said Franklin right away.

Hearing this, Sylvia looked at him expressionlessly, as if he was telling a joke.

Franklin reached out and touched her hair. "But Taryn is my sister. She was with you before she died, so ... you and I are destined to separate."

"To put it bluntly, you don't trust me." Sylvia smiled coldly. "Get out! Get out of my house!" Franklin looked at Sylvia deeply. Whatever happened, he would trust her.

He thought, "Sweetie, I'm sorry."

Franklin closed his eyes and turned around, afraid that he would be unwilling to leave if he remained.

Without hesitation, he walked to the door.

Seeing this, the man behind Franklin nodded with satisfaction.

"Franklin, what kind of man would leave while his wife is in trouble!"

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"You are going too far!"

Logan, Vaild, and Mark rushed up and wanted to punch Franklin, but they were stopped by Sylvia, who looked at Franklin's back and said in a low voice, "Let him go."

Logan, Vaild, and Mark looked at her worriedly and wanted to say something. "It's just a man." That said, her chest ached vaguely.

Sylvia took a deep breath. "I stayed up all night last night, so I'm very sleepy now." After saying that, she walked towards her room.

With a bang, the door of the room closed, as if Sylvia wanted to cut herself off from the whole world. Sylvia tried her best to calm down and began to analyze this matter rationally. Anyway, it was too weird. Hence, she couldn't make herself panicky.

She must prove her innocence!

"Franklin, I will show you the truth!"

...

Finally, Taryn's funeral came.

Danielle, dressed in a black dress, cried out in pain in front of Taryn's photograph. She cried so sadly that her eyes swelled up like walnuts.

"Mr. Maskelyne, I don't know what was going on. Before Taryn returned, she happily called me and invited me back to do you a favor. She is my best friend, and I didn't expect she would leave me so early."

Danielle said through clenched teeth, "You must take revenge for her! The woman called Sylvia is too ruthless. How dare she murder Taryn."

When Danielle was about to lose her balance, Aedan hurriedly held her. "You can't blame this on yourself. The world competition begins the day after tomorrow, and you can't be sick with grief."

"I'm not in the mood to compete now." Danielle shook her head in pain.

"You and Taryn are good girlfriends, and she definitely wants to see you win the championship." Aedan patted Danielle's back worriedly and comforted her.

"Thank you, Aedan." Danielle took the tissues from the maid and gently wiped her tears. She was beautiful and looked very pitiful with tears in her eyes.

Aedan had liked Danielle in secret for many years. What was more, Danielle could drive much faster than him, so he also admired her!

"Aedan is right. You need to pull yourself together." Franklin said in a cold and harsh voice, "Aedan, take Miss Hull to rest." "OK."

...

Sylvia hated any funeral.

She stood outside and looked at Franklin from a distance, who was at the front of the funeral. And a strange woman was next to him.

Franklin always seemed to be surrounded by different women. Watching this, Sylvia was overcome with distress.

It almost killed her.

She regretted falling in love with Franklin.

Sylvia closed her eyes and tried to get all of this out of her mind. Just then, a limo pulled up in front of her.

A mid-aged man and a mid-aged woman walked out of the car.

The mid-aged man, who wore a sullen and cold face, looked towards Sylvia and gave a creepy smile, saying, "Sylvia, you murdered my daughter. I'm going to make you pay."

The mid-aged woman glanced at Sylvia disdainfully. "How dare you come to my daughter's funeral! Somebody gets in here! I need you to throw her out!"

Only then did Sylvia realize they were Franklin's adoptive parents.

Sylvia sized them up and thought their hostility was disgusting.

She tipped his chin to them. "I'll leave

myself!" Tyrell stared at her straight back

and sneered. "Tyrell, let's go inside."

Kaitlin tugged on his

arm. "Okay."

...

After Sylvia returned to Pearhall Villa, she saw Vaild talking about something excitedly.

"My goodness! Danielle is back! She will join the World Championship on behalf of Maskelyne Group." "I've heard that, as a professional racer, she could drive at over 400 km/h!"

"Both her capability and achievement are admirable!"

When Vaild looked up and saw Sylvia, he hurriedly ran to her and showed his phone screen to her. "Sylvia, this is my idol. Do you think she is great?"

Logan, who came down from upstairs, happened to see

this. He couldn't help worrying about Vaild.

Logan glanced sympathetically at Vaild and then tsked. "Your idol will participate in the World Championship, but so will our team. Vaild, you can't take her side."

Vaild snorted. "Danielle will definitely win the championship! She's the best!"

Sylvia was not in the mood, but she still glanced at the phone screen. She was a little stunned when seeing clearly who the woman was.

It was her!

It was the woman next to Franklin at the funeral.

Sylvia didn't expect that woman was a racing

driver.

"Sylvia, do you think my idol is great?" Vaild knew Sylvia was in a bad mood, so he wanted to divert her attention. Seeing this, Logan sighed with a shrug.

He was lost for words.

Sylvia paused and then gently nodded.

"Did you see that? Even Sylvia thinks my idol is great!"

Vaild said smugly to Logan.

Logan was amused. He walked over to Vaild and gently patted his shoulder. "Vaild, please keep this moment in mind." "What do you mean?" Vaild asked in confusion.

"You will know soon. Make sure to cover your face when that day comes," Logan said, trying his best not to laugh. "Logan, what do you mean? I don't understand what you said."

"It doesn't matter. You'll get it soon enough."

"Logan, just tell us what it is!" The others also gathered around Logan and

asked. "Logan, can you invite SEVEN to join us!"

"Stop!" Logan gestured for them to stop. "Not only your idol, but also our company will have a team participate in the competition, so is it good to support your idol and discourage us?"

"Come on. Danielle was so great that anyone was no match for

her!" Sylvia was in a very bad mood, so she was a bit annoyed

about this. Thus, she turned around and left.

...

The race track of the Formula One World Championship was set in Hoburgh.

Hoburgh International Circuit was the first permanent international circuit in H Rovirsa.

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Built ten years ago, Hoburgh International Circuit had played host to the first international event in the history of H Rovirsa. And over the years, many other international events were held in it.

The total length of the race track was about 7 km (including the length of the alternate track), consisting of Formula 1 (F1) track and other types of tracks. The grandstand could seat about 200,000 people. 50,000 of the seats had a canopy and the rest were bleachers.

The control center was equipped with 30 monitoring displays covering the entire race track so that all incidents can be seen at a glance.

The media center was well-equipped and could accommodate hundreds of journalists.

Both the media area and media center were connected to satellites and the Internet, facilitating the live broadcast on TV and the Internet.

The medical center was also fully equipped. The helipads, inspection areas, gas stations, and other specialized construction were all ready. Not only that, the VIP rooms that could accommodate 700 people were also built.

On the long straight track, all the cars would reach their top speed and then brake sharply into the first curve. In 2015, a race car reached a top speed of 421km/h on a straightaway.

The spectators were all stunned.

Hoburgh International Circuit had dozens of dangerous curves, as well as continuous slopes, which tested not only the speed but also the ability of the racing driver!

There was even a curve to cross a dangerous section of mountain road, where many cars would break

down. Therefore, this section was the most dangerous part of the whole track.

And now on the commentary stand, two commentators were standing by with serious faces. One of them was Dylan Gray, a well-known commentator of H Rovirsa. He wore a black suit with an excited glint in his eyes.

The other one was Lamar Ross, a famous and tall commentator from Aettosa.

The opening ceremony began with the lion and dragon dances, which represented the traditional culture of H Rovirsa. The spectators were all inspired.

After the opening ceremony, the host made a big speech of pleasantries and introduced the achievements of each team. More than twenty teams around the world were ranked according to their qualifying points.

After that, the players drove to the starting positions, got off, and stood next to their

cars. They were all standing by.

Everyone present

got serious. The

final was about to

begin.

The players respectively performed best in their

own teams. Each of them was fully motivated to

win the title.

The final would be held from 10:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m.

The final did the lap scores, and the starting orders were determined by the results of previous qualifying

points. The spectators from all over the world at the grandstand were full of anticipation and excitement.

Many of them were racing enthusiasts and avid fans, having their favorite

teams. And just then, the commentary appeared on the screen.

Dylan began to introduce the players.

"As you can see, the players are all the best in their own teams. The first is Thomas, a player from Russia who has won..." "The second is ..."

Two commentators introduced the players by turns.

"The next is Danielle Hull, an ace racing driver of Maskelyne Group from H Rovirsa! She previously worked in a foreign team, so I didn't expect her to join Maskelyne Group. She is also a front runner to win the championship!"

"My goodness! I can't believe my eyes! The player representing Longevity Pharmaceuticals is actually SEVEN, a legendary racing driver. That's awesome!" Lamar Ross waved his hands, his blue eyes shining with excitement. "I didn't expect Longevity Pharmaceuticals to invite SEVEN! As we know, SEVEN is very mysterious. He never participates in any regular competitions. He is the king of the underworld racing car world!"

"We are all well aware of what he has done. He can drive at over 900 km/h! I am really curious if he is as amazing as the rumors say. Will he make history today? Stay tuned, everyone!" Dylan said incredulously.

His heart was pounding. He heard that SEVEN was from H Rovirsa!

SEVEN had beaten countless famous racing drivers at underworld racing events held in other countries! The people watching the games at that time were stunned!

Then, SEVEN disappeared and never appeared again!

Thus, Dylan didn't expect that SEVEN was really from H Rovirsa, and that he had joined the Longevity Pharmaceuticals! It was unbelievable.

The spectators, as well as all those watching the live stream, were bustling with excitement. Before the cameras, nearly all the players took off their helmets.

But SEVEN didn't. Hence, the helmet and a pair of black goggles covered

his face. Even so, his fans went crazy. They were over the moon!

What a

surprise for

them! "It's

SEVEN!"

"I've only heard stories about him. Few have ever seen him in

person." "Yes! Oh my goodness! I didn't expect I can see

SEVEN in my life!"

"I hope he's a great-looking man! He must be the most handsome in the

world." "My goodness! SEVEN, can you hear me?"

"He has such a slender figure!"

The fans watching the live stream kept typing to express their

excitement. And those at the grandstand all went crazy and

stood up.

Their cheers and shouts almost pierced the

sky. "SEVEN, we love you!"

"SEVEN, you are my king! You are the best! It's great to see you! What a bliss it is!"

The screams and cheers rang out through the grandstand and the race track. Some even hugged their companions and swiveled.

Even those bigwigs in the VIP rooms were all shocked and wide-

eyed. They couldn't believe what they saw.

"SEVEN?" Franklin sat in the exclusive VIP room and slightly wrinkled his brow.

"He's a legendary racing driver! Master Aedan mentioned him before." Jasper could not help but poke his head to look out. Even he, who was always calm and said little, put on an excited face.

"I wonder which departure position SEVEN is in. I'm so eager to watch the game. It's a bliss to watch SEVEN's live

race!" Franklin felt something strange, but could not tell what it was.

He felt SEVEN's sudden appearance was very similar to

Amber's. On second thoughts, Franklin shook his head.

He thought SEVEN couldn't be Sylvia.

Franklin covered his chest. He did not dare to think about Sylvia, but his mind was full

of her. The view that SEVEN was Sylvia was ridiculous.

"I must be crazy."

Thinking of this, Franklin was overcome with sorrow.

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However, Franklin could tell nobody about it. He could

do nothing but miss Sylvia. He almost went mad.

In this room, apart from Franklin and Jasper, the other players of Maskelyne Group who did not participate in the final round were also here. When they heard SEVEN, they could not help but shout out loud.

They even hugged each other in

excitement. "SEVEN is here!" "I

can't believe it!"

"I want to see him!"

Franklin looked at them expressionlessly. "SEVEN represents Longevity Pharmaceuticals."

Hearing this, the players looked at each other, and then a man said, "I'm sorry, Mr.

Maskelyne. We'll get out right now!" With that, the players left in a hurry.

They remained excited.

Whether SEVEN was a rival or not, they were eager to see him.

As racing drivers, they had heard a lot about SEVEN. They all admired him a lot. After all, SEVEN

was the only one who could drive at over 900 km/h.

They couldn't imagine how hot the wheels would be! They couldn't imagine how much

gasoline would be consumed! They especially wanted to know the answers!

Therefore, they needed to stay away from Franklin, whose cold face always sent

a chill down their spines. The players got out of the VIP room and rushed towards

the grandstand.

They couldn't help yelling with joy!

Danielle had thought she would win the championship and make a

deep impression on Franklin. But she didn't expect SEVEN's

attendance.

She thought, "It's said that SEVEN only attends the underworld games. But why is he here?"

Damn it! Anyway, I don't think he could drive at over 900 km/h. No one could do that."

Danielle looked towards

SEVEN, who was not far

away. She thought, "How

silly he looks with the

helmet!!" Aedan also stared

at SEVEN with a shocked

expression.

He thought, "SEVEN? I'm actually competing for the championship with him!"

Aedan's heart was pounding. Almost all the racing drivers wanted to be another SEVEN!

Apart from Aedan, the players from other countries in other teams could not

help but look toward SEVEN. However, SEVEN, wearing a handsome

professional racing suit, looked as cool as cucumber.

Franklin kept missing Sylvia, so he was not in the mood to watch the games, even if it was important for Maskelyne Group.

Franklin looked down at a picture of Sylvia on his phone screen when the commentator said, "The race is about to start. All players get on now!"

Franklin froze and subconsciously looked towards the starting line of the race track. The VIP room had an excellent view.

When Franklin saw a player with a helmet and a pair of goggles, he was shocked. Whatever she wore, Franklin could tell she was Sylvia.

It might sound ridiculous, but Franklin was confident! His heart pounded.

He nearly had it in his throat.

He could always find her in a crowd at once!

Therefore,

Franklin was very confident!

Sylvia's racing suit made her figure unrecognizable and the helmet covered her face! But intuition told him that SEVEN was Sylvia!

Jasper proudly pointed at the car that Sylvia had got in and said, "Master Franklin, do you also think SEVEN is very handsome? The one wearing the helmet is him! The game is about to start!"

For Franklin, the world felt like a pretty insane place right now. Thus, he didn't even listen to what Jasper said. He just felt his head was buzzing!

"What is she doing there? Why does she go racing? It is so dangerous. The car racing means risking one's life! It is not as cool as it looked! If the car overturns or hits the other cars, the driver in it will be severely injured or killed! It's not funny at all!"

Franklin had always been calm and tough, but now he was in a state of great worry. He couldn't help murmuring, "Sylvia! You can't do this! You can't risk your life!"

And then Franklin decided to stop Sylvia!

He thought. "There are so many professional racing drivers here, so Sylvia doesn't have to be a part of them. SEVEN? It's said that SEVEN is a male. But it is actually Sylvia!"

Franklin was used to Sylvia's various identities.

However, He still wanted to stop her this time. He couldn't watch Sylvia get hurt. Whether she's SEVEN or not, she can't get hurt. He had promised to protect her.

Therefore, he must stop her immediately!

There was nothing safe about car racing, let alone those dangerous curves!

Under the curves was an abyss. If Sylvia and her car fell, it might not even be possible to find her corpse.

If someone deliberately hit Sylvia's car and killed Sylvia, whatever

Franklin did would be in vain! After the race began, it was also hard to save Sylvia if something wrong happened.

From where Franklin stood, the race track was just hell!

Hence, he would try his best to stop Sylvia from stepping into hell! Just then, Sylvia's eyes darkened in the car.

Franklin, who was in the VIP room, was far from Sylvia, who was in the car on the race track. Nevertheless, Sylvia saw Franklin at a glance.

She looked away and tried to calm down.

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Chapter 319

Sylvia paid attention to nothing but the competition.

Seeing SEVEN get into her car, Danielle gave off a powerful vibe. Danielle's eyes were full of complacency and disdain.

Danielle always thought it fake that SEVEN could drive at a speed of over 900 km/h. With that kind of ability, SEVEN wouldn't have reconciled himself to being an underworld racing driver.

Therefore, Danielle was surprised that SEVEN dared to attend the competition.

Danielle was confident of winning SEVEN, and then she would be recognized as the top 1 racing driver! Danielle got inside her car and stared intently ahead.

Not only Danielle but also the other racing drivers didn't believe SEVEN's story. From where they stood, it was impossible to drive at over 900 km/h.

Most of them, as world-class drivers, could only drive at 400 km/h.

Only a few could drive at 450 in this world. Nobody could drive at over 900 km/h.

Therefore, it was ridiculous for an underworld racing driver to compete with professional racing drivers for the championship. The captain of the Longevity Pharmaceuticals team must be crazy.

Their team would definitely lose with such a braggart.

The other racing drivers all looked toward SEVEN's car. Some even laughed out loud with contempt.

They thought nothing of SEVEN.

Looking at Sylvia through the car window, Franklin clenched his fists nervously. He left the VIP room and made his way toward the commentary box.

His cold face scared everyone in his way. The others all made way for him.

Jasper hurriedly followed

Franklin. "What's wrong, Master Franklin?"

Franklin shouted, "I want to stop this game, right now!"

"That's impossible! This is Formula One World Championship. Nobody can stop it." Jasper looked at Franklin in

shock. "Mr. Maskelyne, what the hell happened?"

Just then, Dylan said, "The game starts. All the cars shot out like

bullets!" Lamar ignored all the players but SEVEN.

"My goodness! Their cars moved as fast as the wind! Jeez! I see SEVEN! His car was moving like

an arrow!" "Oh, no! George's car crashed into SEVEN's! Even Jude's car joined the crash!"

"My goodness! SEVEN's car went towards the edge!"

Hearing this, the spectators all stood up in shock, staring at SEVEN's car in

disbelief! If SEVEN got knocked off the track, he would be out of the game.

People watching the live stream were not present, so they could only send bullet

comments. The bullet comments kept filling the screen!

Franklin held his breath and fixed his eyes on Sylvia!

"Damn it! How dare these jerks bully Sylvia!" He even wanted to rush to drive

for Sylvia. Everyone was breathless with anxiety!

Sylvia didn't expect her rivals to be so ruthless!

She gripped the steering wheel and tried to make

a drift. The tires rubbed against the ground and

kept squealing!

If Sylvia failed, she would be eliminated and seriously

injured! The tires shrilled much more loudly!

And the engine kept roaring!

It set all the spectators' very blood on fire!

The tires even got smoke coming out of them.

When Sylvia was about to be knocked out of the track, Sylvia successfully made the drift and got rid of the

two cars! And then, her car went out like a meteorite falling to earth.

No one could see clearly how fast she was

going! The spectators erupted in a loud

cheer!

What they had seen just now was brilliant!

SEVEN deserved to be called the king of car racing! He got rid of his rivals in such a difficult situation! How

exciting it was! This sparked a fire in people watching the live stream!

Almost all of them

commented, "SEVEN,

you are the best!"

Franklin heaved a sigh of relief, but he remained nervous and worried.

His eyes fixed on Sylvia on the track, he could only pray inwardly that she arrived safely at the

finish line. Dylan finally recovered from the shock.

He stammered in an excited tone, "Oh my God! I can't believe what I saw! I'm even lost for words. SEVEN is a

genius!" Dylan's voice was full of admiration, and he was also SEVEN's fan now.

Lamar was even more excited. He shouted, "Jeez! I've never seen such an awesome performance! I love you,

SEVEN! Could you give me a hug when the game is over?"

Lamar was also a big fan of SEVEN now!

Having been besieged by two cars, Sylvia had many cars in her

way now! She fixed her eyes on those cars, with the engine roaring

in her ears.

Without any hesitation, she stepped hard to the gas pedal.

The engine rumbled in return, with the black smoke sweeping up

into the air. Sylvia looked ahead and skillfully manipulated the

steering wheel.

She drove at such a high speed that her car overtook the cars in her way one by one!

And right at the most dangerous curve, a white race car lost its directional control, crossed the track, and moved to

Sylvia's front! It was about to hit Sylvia's car! Sylvia couldn't brake.

This was because Sylvia's car was at its highest speed. If she braked sharply, her car would be out of

control as well! Everyone's heart shot upwards into his throat.

Some timid spectators even closed their eyes, not daring to see what would

happen next. They couldn't bear to see SEVEN die!

To everyone's surprise, Sylvia turned the steering wheel, put on the brake, and made a perfect drift! Then her car

smoothly avoided the white race car!

After that, Sylvia continued on her way.

The cars without such a skilled driver all crashed into the white car

behind her! With a boom, those cars burst into flames!

The players hurriedly got out of their cars, and one of them was even covered in fire. Fortunately, the rescue team put

out the fire in time, and no car exploded.

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However, this player was injured, so he was immediately sent for treatment.

The game went on.

The commentators were dutifully commentating on the game.

"My goodness! SEVEN is fantastic! He was extremely responsive and had great race skills."

"It is exciting to watch this. He is an awesome racer!"

On the track, Sylvia was faced with three curves.

The curves were not only high but also continuous.

Seeing this kind of curves, the cars in front of Sylvia's all slowed down.

Those racing drivers didn't want to take risks.

Nonetheless, Sylvia's car still moved on at a high speed. In her eyes, there was no difference between such curves and flat

roads.

Dylan exclaimed, "Jeez! SEVEN is still accelerating rather than slowing down. What exactly does he want to do?"

"Does he want to die?" Another commentator called out worriedly with bloodshot eyes, "SEVEN, stop! Stop! You'll die this way!"

What SEVEN did stunned all the spectators present.

Even Franklin also could not help but gasp.

His heart was pounding and he felt it nearly bumped out of his chest.

He wondered, "Is she crazy? Why is she still accelerating?"

Franklin clenched his fists, his eyes full of unease and worry.

Meanwhile, all people in the VIP room of Longevity Pharmaceuticals were staring at Sylvia through the screen in shock.

Vaild asked with a pale face, "Logan ... why did you never tell us that you invited SEVEN?"

Mark also stared at SEVEN in shock and muttered, "How much did you spend? Does Sylvia know it?"

That was SEVEN!

He was known as the best racing driver!

And now, SEVEN even risked his life in pursuit of the championship!

Danielle paled a lot when compared with S.

On the contrary, Logan squeezed his phone and thought, "Sylvia, please slow down. The curves are high and continuous. Even if Franklin broke up with you, you can't risk your life. Sylvia, please don't leave us alone. We don't want to lose you!"

On second thought, Logan realized Sylvia would never lose control.

But he was still overcome with worry and horror.

Franklin was also nervous in another VIP room.

The image of his breaking up with Sylvia kept flashing in his mind and almost killed him.

He thought, "Sweetie, I've spent little time with you in my life. If anything wrong goes on with you, I will also kill myself!"

Franklin made up his mind.

"Sylvia, you must be all right. Otherwise, I will follow you to heaven."

Sylvia's crazy acceleration shocked the other racing drivers as well.

From where some racing drivers stood, SEVEN was just a reckless amateur. It was silly of him to continue accelerating!

Nevertheless, Sylvia was concentrating on the steering wheel. Her car was moving as smoothly as on the flat ground.

There was nothing wrong with both her and the car.

The tires violently rubbed against the ground, squealing.

The friction made numerous sparks, shining like fireworks!

The next second, everyone was shocked.

They couldn't believe their eyes!

Sylvia made three consecutive drifts during the curves!

The drifts were perfect and awesome.

What was more, they were consecutive!

Many professional racing drivers could make two consecutive drifts at most!

But SEVEN made three!

Besides, SEVEN managed it at a high speed, which showed how much he understood the car and how expert he was.

Everyone was excited and enthusiastic.

They felt even their blood was boiling.

The spectators were all fascinated by this kind of feeling.

The plaudits came flooding in following SEVEN's performance.

Greatly impressed by SEVEN, the spectators were all his fans now!

What SEVEN did was amazing. What the spectators saw was exciting.

Danielle remained in the first place, followed by Sylvia, who had been caught by other cars.

Although Danielle could make a drift through the curves, her skill paled a lot when compared with Sylvia's.

Danielle's eyes widened in shock as she accelerated and frantically stepped on the gas. "How is it possible? He's just an amateur!"

Just then, Sylvia's car got closer to Danielle's. And soon, they moved side by side!

All the spectators stood up and kept yelling, "Go, SEVEN! Go, SEVEN!"

"SEVEN, you are the champion!"

"SEVEN, you are the best!"

And the number on the speedometer on the track kept rising.

"600 km/h"

"700 km/h"

"800 km/h"

"900 km/h"

"950 km/h"

Everyone's eyes were wide open, lest they missed any change in the number.

They couldn't believe what they saw.

The speed at which SEVEN drove grew increasingly high!

They actually witnessed a miracle.

In the past, they would never believe that someone could drive at such a high speed!

SEVEN's car moved as fast as the lightning! And the spectators found their eyes hardly followed SEVEN's car!

Overtaken, Danielle clenched her teeth with hatred.

She didn't want to lose. She had decided to win the championship and made a great impression on Franklin.

Danielle turned the steering wheel and aimed her car at Sylvia's!

Sylvia drove to the right and quickly realized what Danielle wanted to do.

With a loud bang, Danielle's car hit Sylvia's.

Danielle was forcing Sylvia to slow down!

Danielle sneered and looked at Sylvia, saying, "SEVEN, you'd better not compete with me. As an underworld amateur, you don't deserve to be here!"

Danielle also thought to herself, "I can't lose. I absolutely can't lose! This is the only chance I have to get close to Franklin. I can't give up!"

Sylvia heard what Danielle said.

A disdainful smile touched Sylvia's lips.

It was impossible for Sylvia to give up!

Her goal was always to be number one!

Seeing that Sylvia was still charging forward, Danielle shouted furiously, "Go to hell!"

After saying that, Danielle frantically turned the steering wheel and her car crashed towards Sylvia's at a high speed!

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