

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 331

Ignoring him, Sylvia swung to squeeze into the crowd in her Doc Martens, heading for the ladies' room. On the way, she was dazzled by the sparkling neon lights.

Many people came to the nightclub, dancing to relax.

Meanwhile, all their desires were amplified and released... Rubbing her forehead, Sylvia entered the restroom.

There was a burning sensation in her belly. Why was the liquor so strong?

She turned on the tap, fetched some cool water, and splashed it onto her face. Then she looked at her charming face in the mirror for a while.

Since childhood, she had known she was a pretty girl, but so what? She'd rather lead a worry-free life than be burdened with so many things. While her mind was wandering, the lights in the restroom were out.

Seemingly the noises outside also vanished. Sylvia wondered what had happened, frowning.

She didn't expect the power to be off in a nightclub.

When she was about to leave, she sensed a trace of a familiar scent.

"Who's there?" Sylvia attacked the person alertly, the wind whistling when she threw punches. The next second, big hands seized her fists forcibly.

After fighting for a while, Sylvia felt something wrap around her waist. Then a pair of heated palms clung to it. She was an excellent fighter but unable to win against this man.

He pressed a kiss on her lips passionately.

In the dark, he stopped suddenly and released her. "What's wrong?" Sylvia asked ironically.

Of course, she had figured out who the man was.

His tall body with hard muscles made him look like he had unusual strength. Sarcasm filled her eyes. Sylvia looked at him, only to find lust in his intense eyes. Her heart tightened.

The next second, she pretended to be a slut and flirted with him, "Mister, did you bring the condom? Or, I won't..." Before she finished her words, she could tell his passionate gaze turned cold.

He gazed at her without blinking, sending chills down her spine. "Bang!"

He smashed the sink with his fists, and the broken pieces scattered.

The sink was made of colorful glasses, which had cracked and fallen to the ground immediately. Sylvia kept calm.

Pretending to be a whore, she approached him and continued, "Mister, calm down. Why are you mad?"

The man reached out to press her into his arms. She stiffened, almost falling to the broken glasses on the ground. In the dark, the man gave off a steely, suffocating vibe.

"Stop angering me purposely," he said through gritted teeth.

Sylvia raised her head, her gaze falling on his charming lips. Her heart skipped a beat.

Shortly after, she returned to her senses and deliberately teased him, "Mister, I like your muscles. Mind having fun here?" Her eyes were cold, but her tone was flirtatious.

Sylvia did it purposely.

Franklin kept pestering her, so she'd rather ruin their relationship.

Sylvia couldn't understand what was in Franklin's mind and what he aimed to do.

When her hands went down from his belly, Franklin pressed her hand to stop her, almost crushing her bones. Gritting her teeth in pain, Sylvia inwardly cursed him, 'Damn bastard!'

Before she shouted abuse, he pushed her away. Her back hit the wall fiercely. "Fuck!

Franklin Maskelyne, what the heck..."

Before she finished cursing, the lights in the ladies' room were on. Feeling dazzled, she looked around but failed to see Franklin.

When she bowed her head, she only saw the broken sink and the water pipes. Sylvia was standing in a daze when Logan came to find her.

He was taken aback. "Sylvia ... Are you THAT strong? How did you manage to smash the sink?" Sylvia darted a glance at him. "Fuck you! I didn't do it."

"Who did it?" Logan insisted on asking.

"A lunatic." Sylvia curled her lips, which were aching. Franklin...

Dragging Logan to leave the restroom, she joked, "You are a man. Why did you follow me to the ladies' room? Aren't you feel shy?"

"I was worried about you," Logan replied, glancing at the men's room next door. Following his gaze, Sylvia saw a tall, sturdy figure.

He was in a black suit, gazing at Sylvia sullenly. A sneer touched Sylvia's lips.

What a jerk. He even dared to sneak into the ladies' room to take advantage of her! She couldn't get what was in his mind.

He asked for a divorce and a breakup.

However, he also secretly approached her after they broke up.

Was it because he didn't want to publicly admit his relationship with her or he had some ulterior motives? Ignoring Franklin, she purposely took Logan's arm to anger Franklin and prompted, "Let's go, darling."

Franklin closed his eyes, bitterness surging in his chest.

His slender fingers caressed his lips, which seemed to have the lingering temperature from Sylvia's lips.

Gloominess was written in his eyes, and a sharp pang raised in his chest.

"Sweetie, please wait for me. Give me some time..." he muttered to himself. They had

only parted for a few days, but it seemed to be a century to him.

...

The following day.

It wasn't a sunny day but windy since the early morning.

Sylvia carefully put on makeup, but her pink lips were still red and swollen. Franklin had kissed her too fiercely that they still hadn't recovered.

Pressing her lips, Sylvia put on a Khaki windbreaker and a pair of kitten heels, looking graceful and elegant. Then she drove the Land Rover, heading for the film and television base.

Poppy was injured, and her cheeks were swollen.

Brock gave her a few days' breaks, but she still stayed in the hotel instead of returning home. Sylvia bought some fruits, desserts, and cakes on the way.

...

A hotel nearby the film and television base.

In the morning, when Poppy woke up, she felt sweaty. Then

she entered the bathroom for a hot shower.

After that, she fetched her shower towel and facial towels from the rack.

She never used things prepared by the hotel, so the towels were from her house and the same color as her bed sheet with a Pikachu pattern.

Looking at the Pikachu, she felt joyful.

Poppy draped the towel on her shoulders and wrapped her body up.

Suddenly, she felt a piercing pain. She frowned and took off the towel immediately, only to find blood oozing on her arm.

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Poppy spread the towel and took a closer look while fumbling for something. Suddenly, she found something hard hiding in the soft towel.

Her towels were all internationally famous brands of excellent quality. Since they were thick, things hidden inside could be

ignored easily.

Poppy was shocked. Ignoring her bleeding arm, she wondered what had been hidden in the shower towel.

She strode out of the bathroom, checking the towel carefully under the light. After squeezing it carefully, she saw several sharp tips.

Those needles were hidden inside her shower towel. Poppy was scared, seeing her blood on two of them. Her pupils constricted.

Poppy had never expected someone to play such a dirty trick to deal with her.

Then she recalled the woman who secretly intruded into her room at midnight several

days ago. Suddenly, there were several knocks on the door.

"Who is it?" Poppy frowned on alert.

"It's me, Poppy," Sylvia answered outside.

Poppy immediately relaxed and hurriedly opened the door.

Seeing Sylvia, she felt aggrieved and called her in a broken voice,

"Sylvia..." Sylvia arched an eyebrow, wondering what had happened.

Five minutes later, looking at the hidden needles in the shower towel, she looked solemn. "Let's check other things."

Seemingly Sylvia gave her much courage and confidence. Poppy nodded, feeling secure. As long as Sylvia was with her, she wouldn't fear anything.

"How disgusting."

Sylvia grabbed the facial towel in the bathroom and pressed it gently. Then she found something hard-- a metal. She carefully pulled out something from the towel and showed it to Poppy.

"What? A razor blade?" Poppy exclaimed, gaping at the razor blade in disbelief. It sparkled coldly under the light.

Her heart sank. Poppy wondered who wanted to harm her.

Sylvia decisively squeezed all her belongings and pulled out all the hidden razor blades from the towels. Several towels were cut through by them.

If Poppy's face was cut by them, the consequences would be unimaginable. 'How vicious!'

Sylvia pressed the pillow and took off the pillowcase. A bunch of drawing pins were found.

"I never sleep on the pillow. If I did, my head would be damaged." Poppy gaped at the pins, which were more than a dozen.

If she lay on the pillow, they would sting her simultaneously, just like she had been pricked by the needles in the shower towel just now.

Sylvia worriedly checked everything in Poppy's room.

"Other things are safe. I only found them in the towels and pillows," Sylvia remarked, looking at the razor blades, needles, and drawing pins.

Her heart sank, a chill rising in her spine. She was sickened by the dirty tricks.

"Poppy, you cannot stay here any longer." Sylvia called Mark and Vaid with a stern look. "Help me buy an apartment nearby the film and television base. Three bedrooms or two bedrooms would be fine. Must be ready to move in. Hurry!"

"Why do you want a new apartment?" Vaid asked leisurely.

"Stop talking nonsense. Do as you're told. If you lack money, ask Logan for it." Sylvia then ended the call. Poppy was still frightened. Looking at those things, she paled.

She couldn't imagine what would happen if she were injured by them.

"Sylvia, according to Franklin's investigation, Gianna Krause drugged me last time. Do you think this also has something to do with her?"

The fear made her teeth click.

She wondered how much the person hated her and how vicious the person was to have done this.

"We don't have evidence, so stay calm." Sylvia darted a glance at the wounds on Poppy's face. The redness had faded slightly, and there were some prints.

"Sylvia, I suspect her. Earlier, she drugged me and argued with me in the restroom," Poppy insisted in depression, "She could have drugged me. Why couldn't she do this?"

"Are you injured?" Sylvia looked at her up and down and noticed the blood beads on her arm. After checking on it, she said, "It shouldn't be poisonous. If so..."

Fortunately, there was a first-aid kit in Poppy's room.

Sylvia opened it to find the gauze and dealt with Poppy's wounds, which were tiny. They had stopped bleeding. "Just two or three wounds. It's not severe."

"Thank you, Sylvia. It's so sweet of you." Poppy looked at her gratefully, awkwardness appearing on her face. "I was too rude to you in the past. Please forgive me."

"You've changed a lot compared to your past." Sylvia beamed at her. "After the apartment is bought, I'll call you. Don't stay here anymore."

Poppy felt indeed lucky to have a wealthy sister-in-law that spoiled her. Sylvia directly bought an apartment to let her move in.

Although Poppy was the daughter of the Maskelyne family, she received allowances from Franklin.

After running away from home, she had to rely on herself sans taking any penny from her home. Therefore, she was poor. If her movie could become a blockbuster, she could receive a lot of bonuses in the future.

As a green hand, her salary was also low.

Besides, she had only received half of it and would receive the rest after finishing the filming. After a few days of filming for the movie, she fell in love with acting.

She was amazed by acting in different roles.

It wasn't just an exciting experience for Poppy, but she had understood life more intensely. She wished to act in more roles instead of stopping after finishing this movie.

Relying on Franklin and being a daughter of a wealthy family was not bad, but she felt better about having her own career and realizing self-worth.

She wanted to be like Sylvia, who had a better life with more choices.

Recalling her life before, such as having the high-tea, shopping, chatting about skincare, and discussing the actors with other celebrities, Poppy felt it was too meaningless.

She had wasted a lot of time in her life.

The more she thought about it, the more she believed Sylvia was the lighthouse in her life path. Without hesitation, she hugged Sylvia tightly. "I love you, Sylvia."

Sylvia was shocked. This was the first time she had been hugged intimately by a girl, so she felt awkward. Embarrassment appeared on her face.

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"Why are you suddenly so clingy?"

Sylvia pushed Poppy away and suggested, "Let's go. I'll treat you to lunch." The film and television base was crowded.

There were two streets with restaurants and food stalls. At night, there was a night market on the two streets where many things were sold.

Sylvia wore a windbreaker and sunglasses. Her eyes were hidden, but her delicate chin could be seen. The breeze lifted the hemline of her windbreaker, making her look bright and brave.

Poppy wore a long-sleeved dress. She stopped wearing the punk outfit that she used to wear.

Since she was young, her dress made her girlish. Although wearing a blue mask, her watery eyes were exposed. Evidently, they both were good-looking. Once they appeared, many passersby and the stall owners were attracted. Sylvia just wanted to cheer up Poppy. "What do you want to eat? It's on me."

Poppy was still young, so she was childish.

Sylvia's words made Poppy's eyes light up. "Sylvia, I want some skewers, fried spring rolls, and deep-fried dumplings." "We'll have all of them." Sylvia beamed at her.

...

The Evans family's villa.

Neve sat with her legs crossed while munching some potato chips, looking leisurely and triumphant.

Tiffany went downstairs and saw her like this, so she walked to sit next to Neve. "Mom, Uncle Eddie has been arrested. Has he harmed Grandpa for real?"

"Of course." Neve tossed the empty bag into the trash can and darted a glance at her. "Eddie's family is broken now. Only your other uncle and Sylvia Andrews are left now."

Neve played a small trick, but Eddie was too stupid to repress himself and harmed the old

Evans in the hospital. His move exposed his ambition and made the old Evans suffer in anger.

Neve decided to play a similar trick again. After talking bad about Sylvia to Alyssa and her husband and driving a wedge between them, Alyssa and her husband might also fall into her trap.

If they did, Neve would focus on dealing with Sylvia only.

By then, the old Evans had to choose between his only biological son and

his granddaughter. Lost in thought, Neve gazed at the green plants on the windowsill viciously.

The Evans family was like a green plant with too many branches. Neve didn't mind cutting them off.

Although Tiffany didn't know what Neve had done, her intuition told her Neve was behind the incident that Eddie harmed her grandfather.

Suddenly, she was enlightened, gripping Neve's arm tensely. "Mom, if Grandpa told Sylvia Andrews about her mother's identity, does it mean Franklin would also know my background?"

"Of course. Otherwise, why did your Uncle Eddie want to harm your grandfather? Anyway, that old man deserves to die with his secret."

Neve looked steelier. "No worries.

I'll help you, Tiffany." She patted

her daughter's hand to console

her.

Hospital.

Franklin was also there when Neve and Tiffany arrived at the old Evans' ward.

Tiffany stared at his breathtaking face in surprise, thinking he was

always charming. She asked, her voice with unconcealed

excitement, "Why are you here, Franklin?"

Franklin looked at the joyful woman indifferently and answered, "I dropped by Mr.

Evans. Just arrived." "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Maskelyne," Neve said with

a smile.

Franklin lowered his eyes with a smile to cover the thoughts in his eyes. "I have to go now. Please excuse me."

Suddenly, Tiffany pulled out a concert ticket and passed it to him. "Franklin, I know you misunderstand me, but I'll participate in International Piano Competition soon. Could you attend it and cheer for me?"

Franklin looked at her expressionlessly in silence.

Tiffany was nervous, her eyes reddening. "I did something and made you change your impression of me. For my grandfather's sake, can you attend the contest? I believe I'll win the first prize if you show up."

She gazed at Franklin expectantly, and her tone was

sincere and pitiful. The atmosphere was awkward.

When Tiffany thought Franklin would refuse her, he took the ticket from her hands and replied, "I'll go."

Tiffany widened her eyes in disbelief, tears almost dropping from her eyes. Probably she was too aggrieved or too excited. Surprised, she looked back at the old Evans and chirped, "Grandpa! Grandpa, he's agreed."

The old Evans still looked pale. Instead of being as excited as Tiffany, he said to Franklin, "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Maskelyne."

"You are welcome, Mr. Evans." Franklin nodded at him in response and turned away.

After leaving the ward, Jasper glanced at Franklin gingerly and asked in confusion, "Master Franklin, you've known Miss Evans' real identity, but why..."

A trace of mockery flashed through Franklin's eyes. "It's International Piano Competition. I'm sure Sylvia will be there. How can I miss such an occasion?"

His gaze fell on the ticket in his hands.

With a snort, he flicked it into the

trash can in the corner. He would

attend it but wouldn't use Tiffany's

ticket.

...

Sylvia took Poppy to try all kinds of

snacks on the street. After enjoying

themselves, they returned to the

hotel.

Also, they brought some snacks to Eden, Brock, and other crew members.

Poppy felt far less depressed. Chatting and laughing with Sylvia, she entered the elevator.

It was dusk. Gianna and her assistant returned to the hotel. Coincidentally, they met

Sylvia and Poppy. She and her assistant trotted over when the elevator doors almost

slid close. "Wait! Wait!"

Sylvia pressed the button to keep the doors open. Gianna rushed in.

When she was about to say "thank you", she saw Poppy standing aside and wearing a mask.

Looking at Poppy up and down, Gianna remarked scornfully, "Oops! I thought I had met a superstar. Why? Think everyone knows you?"

Her assistant immediately echoed, "You are just an infamous green hand.

Stop pretending!" They repeatedly mocked Poppy.

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Poppy was annoyed as soon as she saw Gianna's hypocritical face.

As the daughter of the Maskelyne family, Poppy was framed by Gianna, and the latter even deliberately provoked her. Franklin promised to deal with this shameless actress in person, but Poppy still didn't see anything happening to her. Before she retorted, Sylvia stopped her and beamed at her. "Check the Twitter trends."

Poppy was taken aback and unlocked her phone screen. Seeing the shocking title on the trending list, she giggled, "Why don't you check on yourself before mocking others?"

Approaching Gianna, she added, "Miss Krause, did you have a great time using the casting couch?"

Gianna's face changed. She snapped, "What are you talking about? To level with you, you must be responsible for what you say. Stop slandering me!"

Poppy showed her phone to Gianna. "Check

it yourself." Seeing the trending topic, Gianna

almost blacked out.

'How could it be possible?'

When she entered Roland's room, it was early morning, and everyone had fallen asleep. She had never thought it would be recorded.

Right then, the elevator's doors slid open.

Poppy walked out with Sylvia joyfully. Behind them, Gianna's legs weakened.

If her assistant hadn't helped her to stand still, she wouldn't have left

the elevator. Sylvia noticed Gianna was also staying on the fifth floor,

her eyes glittering.

"Franklin acted really quickly. He avenged me." Poppy held Sylvia's hands in excitement, and Sylvia lifted a brow.

Franklin looked aloof and heartless. However, he was a qualified older brother to his siblings and always responsible.

Although he wasn't the biological son of the Maskelyne family and treated Poppy and James strictly, Sylvia could tell how much he loved and cared about them.

...

Shivering, Gianna went back to her room with her assistant's help.

Once entering the room, she went nuts, pinching her assistant's arm violently. "Bitch! Poppy Maskelyne!

You whore!" The assistant cried in pain, "Stop it, Gianna..."

Boiling with anger, Gianna didn't stop it but pinched her more fiercely, venting all the rage in

her chest. Shortly after, bruises were all over the assistant's arms and legs.

She repeatedly begged Gianna in tears, "Please, Gianna. Please let go of me..."

"You rely on me. If I hadn't paid you with high salary, your mother would have died in the hospital. I dare you to ask me to stop again!" Gianna grabbed her phone and smashed it onto the assistant's face.

The latter dodged but was still hit by the phone in the eyebrow. It reddened and swelled up immediately. She couldn't help shedding tears in pain.

However, she had to tolerate it.

Gianna was violent and moody, unlike how pure and innocent she

looked in public. She constantly abused her assistant.

The assistant didn't graduate from college, so she couldn't find a good job. However, her mother was severely sick and needed money to pay medical bills.

To earn more money, the assistant had to let Gianna harm her.

However, inwardly, the assistant hated Gianna to the core because the latter never treated her

as a human. Finally, Gianna became exhausted after hitting her assistant and collapsed on her

bed.

The assistant lay prone on the floor, blood streaming down from the wound on her brow. She looked like a ferocious ghost from Hell.

Suddenly, Gianna's phone rang. When Gianna swiped to answer, her agent snarled, "What's wrong with you? How many times have I told you? You must be careful. You can't let others get something on you."

"I don't care who you've slept with. Why did you let the paparazzi catch you

red-handed?" "Do you know how negatively you've been impacted by this

matter?"

"Leo, many actresses do so in the show business..." Gianna retorted,

aggrieved. "Have they been caught? You are the only one caught." The

agent burned with anger. He finally let the public believe Gianna was a

pure, innocent girl.

Before she became famous, she had ruined her

own career. The agent almost fainted after

reading the news.

He was so unlucky to be Gianna's agent.

"I didn't do it on purpose. Someone must have set me up," Gianna shouted

angrily. "Cut the crap! You must resolve this matter yourself." The agent

ended the call abruptly. In anger, Gianna kicked her assistant.

"Useless!"

In another room, Roland was also boiling with rage.

He had just slept with Gianna once but it became the

trending topic. Although Gianna was good-looking, she was

too slim and lacked skills. He was disappointed and even

got into trouble because of her.

His wife was furious and coming to the film and

television base. Just now, she phoned him and

cursed him fiercely.

Roland felt an intense migraine.

After he ended the call with his wife, Mrs. Carson called him. "What the heck, Roland Simon? Your movie hasn't finished filming yet, but your scandals have spread. It has negatively impacted the movie. Do you want me to press a charge against you?"

"Mrs. Carson, I can explain... It's a misunderstanding," Roland denied that Gianna had an affair with him.

The sponsors had invested a lot of money into this movie, and Roland could get a high profit. How could he be willing to give it up?

Besides, the movie was invested by the Carson and the Wilson families together.

If the movie became a blockbuster, Roland would become more respected

and famous. Therefore, he had put a lot of expectations for this movie.

"If the movie failed because of you, Roland Simon, I wouldn't let go of you easily." Mrs. Carson

went ballistic. In her opinion, Roland was reliable, but it turned out he was indeed stupid.

Even if he wanted to sleep with his actress, he should have done

it secretly. However, he was caught by the paparazzi.

After scolding Roland, Mrs. Carson bit the bullet and called Clark

to explain. The more she thought about it, the angrier she

became.

The trending topic online had gone viral. All the netizens were cursing Gianna

and Roland. #Roland Simon cheated on his wife with Gianna Krause

#Gianna Krause traded sex for a female

leading #Gianna Krause isn't as pure and

innocent as she looks. #Gianna Krause had

an affair with a married man. #Gianna Krause

hit on Roland Simon.

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All the relevant trending topics occupied the

trending list. The netizens scolded them without

a stop.

Once Gianna logged onto her Twitter account, she saw her video taken when she walked toward Roland's room. At the door, she swiped the room card to enter.

'Damn it!' she shivered in anger, looking sullen.

Staring at the video for a long time, she found only her back and side face had

been filmed. However, anyone who knew her well could recognize her instantly.

She realized that those netizens had never seen her personally.

The thought made her gaze fall on her assistant, who was sobbing on

the floor. "If you agree on a condition, I'll pay you 200,000 dollars.

What do you say?"

...

Poppy curled up on the couch in her room while browsing

Twitter. She was overjoyed after learning Gianna was in

big trouble.

Suddenly, she noticed another new trending topic.

Gianna posted on Twitter to invite all influential reporters to attend her press conference at the film and television base, where she would explain her affair with Roland.

Right after she posted it, all the netizens cursed her again.

Taking the chance, Roland also denied it by reposting her tweet. "Gianna and I are coworkers. The video clip was only a part of the whole surveillance record. It's fake. Please don't believe it."

"What's Gianna Krause going to do?" Poppy asked Sylvia curiously.

"I guess she must have found a way to save her reputation," Sylvia answered leisurely. "I need to go out for some fresh air." Then she left the room.

Poppy stared at her back in confusion. At least she didn't feel anything wrong in the room.

Sylvia walked to the staircase, where Vaild and Mark kept a slim girl in control while waiting for her.

Walking to the girl, Sylvia asked coldly, her voice making the girl obedient, "She often abuses you. Are you really willing to continue helping her?"

"But my mother... She's still in the hospital. I cannot lose my job." The girl raised her head, her face appearing in Sylvia's sight. It was Gianna's assistant.

Looking at Sylvia in fear, she asked, "You caught me. What do you want? I'm just her assistant... I know nothing." She recognized the pretty woman in front of her was the one with Poppy in the elevator.

The woman was good-looking with an outstanding temperament, and the assistant knew she wasn't ordinary. "What happened to your brow?"

Sylvia raised her chin, scanning her wounded face up and down. "TSK. TSK. You have a lovely face, but it's disfigured. What a ..."

While she spoke, she studied the assistant's expression.

As expected, she saw the girl's eyes redden and tears welling up in them.

"Also, the injuries on your body..." Sylvia was about to lift her sleeve, but the girl covered her arms tightly and denied it, "I'm not injured."

"Really?" Sylvia frowned. Vaild walked up to press the girl against the wall, keeping her in control. Sylvia lifted her sleeves in silence.

Seeing the wounds on her arms, Sylvia was shocked.

She could hardly see an inch of the girl's normal skin. Her arms were full of bruises, wounds, and scars. Some of them seemed to be caused a few days ago. Some looked fresh.

It was a frightening scene.

The girl paled instantly and dared not to look at Sylvia.

"You are still young, but you have to tolerate her daily abuse. Are you really willing to continue living this way?" Sylvia could tell the girl was afraid of Gianna when she met them in the elevator earlier. Much to her surprise, Gianna had abused her assistant.

"I... I couldn't do anything..." The girl burst into tears, venting all her grievances and pain. "My mom needs money to get medical treatments. I... I only have a high school diploma. I cannot find any good job at all... Whenever she beats me, she'll give me money afterward... I need money eagerly."

She slid down against the wall gradually, collapsing on the ground. Staring at the girl, Sylvia pitied her.

Life was hard, and a tiny matter could make a grownup break down quickly.

Heaving a sigh, she pulled out a bank card. "If you can do as I tell you, I'll give you 500,000 dollars." "For real?" The girl yanked her head up, looking at Sylvia in disbelief.

"I never lie," Sylvia answered expressionlessly.

"Sure. What can I do for you?" The girl gripped the bank card determinedly. She had been fed up with such a difficult life and Gianna's moody status.

...

Eight o'clock that evening.

Gianna wore a white one-shoulder dress, revealing one of her fair shoulders. The hollow parts of her waist made her look slender. She also wore a pair of white high heels, looking sexual but not vulgar.

She glanced at her assistant in disdain and requested, "Put on my dress that night."

Curling her lips, she added, "I wonder if you are a woman. How come you even don't have a dress?"

The assistant didn't utter a word. She lowered her head and put on the dress Gianna had worn in Roland's room that night. All the reporters gathered in the hotel lobby on the first floor to attend Gianna's press conference.

All were waiting for her anxiously.

At five past eight, Gianna walked out of the elevator with her assistant. Seeing her, all the reporters rushed toward them. Raising cameras and microphones, they asked, "Miss Krause, have you slept with Mr. Simon for real?"

"Are you his mistress?"

"Did you do it to become

famous?" "Miss Krause, shame

on you!"

"You don't have any ethical rock bottom, do you?"

With her assistant's help and her bodyguards' protection, Gianna walked onto the platform and sat down.

Then she said to the reporters, "Good evening, my friends from the media. I know you all are curious about my recent incident. Please calm down and look at the girl next to me."

Pointing at her assistant, she added, "Do you feel

familiar?" All the reporters looked at the assistant,

who put on a dress. "She looks familiar."

"Didn't Miss Krause wear such a dress and go to Mr. Simon's room

that night?" "Exactly!"

Gianna beamed at them and continued calmly, "In fact, that night, my assistant went to send a playscript to Mr. Simon. Her back looks like mine, and we're almost the same height and similar body shapes, so the paparazzi mistook her for me and created such a rumor."

A reporter asked the assistant, "Miss, is Miss Krause telling

the truth?" Gianna narrowed her eyes, glancing at her

assistant in a warning.

Gritting her teeth, the assistant looked at the reporter bravely.

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She sucked in her breath as if she had made up her mind.

It was the first time she had stood under the spotlight. In the past, she huddled in the corner and let Gianna vent her anger on her. She was just a humble member of Gianna's team.

However, Gianna asked her to admit that she was the one who had slept with Roland and let her become the hateful mistress. The assistant's heart became cold and hard.

The icy chill ate into her bones.

"I'm Lorena Oconnor, Miss Gianna Krause's assistant." Lorena Oconnor wasn't as pretty as Gianna but not plain-looking. "In recent two days, the news about Gianna's having an affair with the director has attracted much attention and raised a mighty uproar. It also impacted her reputation."

Standing beside her, Gianna felt delighted while

listening to Lorena. She knew money made the

mare go.

As long as she paid Lorena enough, the latter would be willing to do

anything she ordered. Those who wanted to ruin her would never think

she would be able to fight back.

Gianna believed that she was destined to be a superstar.

While she felt triumphant and dreamed about her bright future, she heard Lorena's words again. "I'm going to tell you the truth of that night."

Lorena glanced at Gianna expressionlessly, her eyes full of implications.

Suddenly, she smiled at Gianna meaningfully. Before the latter reacted, Lorena continued, "Gianna Krause forced me to put on this dress. That night, she did go to Roland Simon's room. They stayed in the same room overnight in the name of discussing the playscript. To save her reputation, Gianna Krause paid me 200,000 dollars to let me take her blame and admit I had slept with the director."

Gianna's expression changed dramatically, glaring at her in disbelief. "Do you know what you are talking about? Cut the bullshit! How dare you slander me! You were the girl going to his room that night."

She screamed, pinching Lorena's arms fiercely, wishing to break them.

She had already forgotten her public image as a pure, innocent,

and kind-hearted girl. How Gianna wished to end Lorena's life.

Her eyes, with delicate makeup, were full of anger and hatred. "Do you want your mother to die in the hospital? How dare you say those words! How dare you betray me!"

All the reporters were shocked by the reversal.

Pointing their cameras at Gianna and Lorena, they

repeatedly took photos. Some exclaimed, "How

dramatic!"

Lorena pushed Gianna away and continued, "Have you seen it? That's her true color. When she's angry, she can be a demon. She fakes in public all the time. Everything is fake."

"Lorena, do you know what you are talking about? What on

earth do you want?" Gianna only heard buzzes.

She had never thought Lorena to betray her and expose her in public.

Lowering her voice, Gianna scowled at Lorena in ruthlessness and said through gritted teeth, "Lorena, do you want to kill your mother? Don't forget you have relied on my money to keep her alive for two years."

"Never think of threatening me with my mother!"

Lorena laughed brightly as she hadn't felt

so joyful for years. Gianna was superior to

her in usual times.

Looking at Gianna's anxious face,

she was overjoyed. The pleasure of

taking revenge made her heart

pound.

Lorena continued, "She pretends to be a pure, innocent woman in your presence. In fact, she's cruel and vicious inwardly. Behind you, she abuses me. Look!"

She directly rolled up her sleeves.

When the reporters saw her bruises, wounds, and scars, they pointed the cameras at

her and shot photos. "Jesus Christ! She's so pitiful."

"Gianna Krause is

indeed heartless."

"How could she

have abused a

girl?" Everyone

was shocked.

All the reporters, female and male, glared

at Gianna in anger. "Miss Krause, can you

explain about it?"

"What has your assistant done?"

"How did you have the heart to do those things?"

Gianna shook her head vigorously in a panic. "No! I didn't! Please don't trust her. I've never hit her. I've never abused her." "She's bullshitting. She's slandering me."

"Can't you see she's lying?" Gianna exclaimed loudly while thinking of a way.

She couldn't let Lorena ruin her

without doing anything. Gianna

insisted on denying it.

If she admitted it, she would lose everything.

She still wanted to fight for the movie awards by this movie, and she couldn't afford to lose everything she had.

"I've never abused her. I've never caused those wounds. She fell and accidentally got injured. Now she accused me of doing so."

Glaring at Lorena, Gianna declared, "You are always jealous of me because I'm an actress making more money than you. You are just an assistant. Lorena, your earnings are much higher than other assistants. I treat you well. After your mother got sick, I've been helping you all the time and paying her medical bills. How can you betray me instead of helping me when my reputation is tarnished?"

While speaking, she sobbed, aggrieved, as if she was heartbroken. "Lorena, I treat you so well. How can you do this to me?" Lorena sneered. She was surprised that Gianna still slandered her at this moment by confusing right and wrong.

Gripping her arms, Gianna shook her violently. "Tell them. Why are you doing so? Lorena, why are you doing this to me?" For a moment, they were in a stalemate.

The reporters couldn't tell who was lying or telling the truth.

"I have the evidence," suddenly, a woman's calm voice sounded.

All people looked in that direction, seeing a tall, slender woman standing

behind the crowd. She gave off a powerful vibe in the Khaki windbreaker.

Her hair hung over her shoulders. While striding toward the platform, she stared at Gianna

expressionlessly. Her eyes were cold, determined, and bright as if she knew everything

clearly.

No one could hide their evil deeds

under such a gaze. "Sylvia

Andrews?"

"Gosh! It's SEVEN!"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 337

"Why is she here?"

SEVEN was far more famous than Gianna, an unknown actress. If the reporters could interview her, they would feel like they were winning a lottery.

Hence, they rushed toward Sylvia immediately. "Hello, SEVEN. Oh, Miss Andrews. How do you feel after winning the world championship?"

"Are you Logan Mertens' girlfriend?"

"Miss Andrews, why do you have such excellent driving skills?"

"Miss Andrews, you rock! May I have your autograph, please? I don't have your photo. Can you sign to my shirt? I'll keep it like a treasure."

Sylvia raised her hands to let them

quiet down. "I'm here to identify her."

She pointed at Gianna.

The latter paled, and her mind was

jumbled. 'Sylvia Andrews? When did

I offend her?' Gianna didn't know

this celebrity at all.

Subconsciously, she wanted to retort, but Sylvia added, "I have a

video." The next second, a lovely young lady walked to her with

a laptop.

She pointed the screen to all the reporters.

"This woman sent Lorena to intrude into Poppy's room at midnight. Lorena, what did you do

there?" Lorena smiled, looking at the video on the screen.

On the scene, she left her room and intruded on Poppy's at midnight.

With a bitter and helpless smile, she answered, "Poppy Maskelyne's crew appeared on Twitter trends and made the netizen

ignore Gianna's crew. Therefore, Gianna was enraged. She asked me to drug Miss Andrews, the movie sponsor.

However, by accident, Poppy drank the glass of water."

Sylvia's face darkened, and her eyes were filled with ice. "What did you say? The drug was for me?"

"Yes, Miss Andrews. Gianna was in touch with a mysterious man who offered the drug to her to harm you. He told her you were the movie sponsor. No one would compete with Gianna's crew if something happened to you."

Lorena nodded to emphasize. "I'm telling the truth. If I lied, I'd live

in Hell." Gianna was shocked, glaring at Lorena.

She screamed, "Lorena! Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

Heard me?" She raised her hand to slap Lorena.

However, Sylvia reacted quickly and seized her hand.

Then she shook Gianna violently to the ground. "You are not violent, huh?"

Gianna seethed with anger, her chest heaving up and down. Blue veins pulsed on her temples. "No! I'm not violent. I've never drugged anyone. No mysterious man has contacted me."

"There's something more horrible." Lorena walked toward Gianna. "I don't think you know what else she ordered me to do." "What?"

"What did you ask you to do?"

All the reporters found it hard to believe that such a famous actress to be so

vicious. Gianna wanted to drug Sylvia, but the water was accidentally drunk by Poppy.

How horrible!

Sylvia was SEVEN, the famous racing driver who had won the world championship for H

Rovirsa. Many reporters on the scene were her fans.

How they wished to punish

Gianna! She did have the guts

to harm their idol.

Besides the reporters invited to the press conference, many crew members, actors, and actresses from other movies and soap operas who stayed in this hotel also gathered to watch the fun.

They were all stunned while watching the scene, gazing at Gianna

inconceivable. Gianna was a young actress with a large fan base.

After becoming famous, she was a fierce competitor and a thorn in the side of many actresses of

her age. Therefore, some actresses felt delighted when watching the fun.

Some actresses used to work with Gianna on other projects, so they had learned how arrogant she was.

One actress had a scene with Gianna where Gianna needed to slap her. Taking the chance, Gianna hit her more than a dozen times.

However, she was less famous than Gianna, so she couldn't complain.

Standing out of the crowd, she pointed at Gianna and accused, "Last time, when she played opposite me, she took the chance to slap me several times. My cheeks were red and swollen for a long while."

"She even remarked I'd pretended and blamed me for being unprofessional."

"Stop slandering me, Katrina!" Gianna pointed at Katrina and snapped. "Please don't listen to her. She's lying."

"Truth or not, my crew colleagues will testify for me. The director even couldn't stand it and asked you to stop it. What did you retort to him?" Katrina recalled the past and her eyes reddened.

Actresses were supposed to make themselves look good. However, her face had been swollen for many days because of Gianna's slaps.

"You said it was just a few slaps. You didn't disfigure me," Katrina added.

"How vicious! Gianna Krause is indeed

a bitch." "Never judge a book by its

cover."

"Such a vicious woman should be

banned." "Kick her out of the

entertainment business."

All the reporters recorded and wrote down what they heard and saw, including Katrina's words and

Gianna's retort. They all wished to let the whole world see Gianna's true color.

At this moment, they felt honored to be news reporters that upheld justice by revealing the dark secrets and human nature and telling the truth to the public.

Standing motionlessly, Gianna's face was red, and her ears also

reddened. Out of anger or hate, she was gazing at Katrina.

Boiling up, she wanted to hit others and smash things.

Blue veins on her forehead pulsed, and flames of anger burned her

organs. She started panting.

"Katrina! I know you want to become famous, but do you have to slander me this way to gain popularity? Are you

crazy?" Gianna's pupils constricted to the extreme. She looked like a beast that couldn't wait to skin Katrina alive.

Glaring at her in hatred, Katrina replied, "I'm not slandering you. And you

know it." While they were fighting, Sylvia gestured for Poppy.

Poppy obediently opened a

bag. "Swoosh!"

Countless drawing pins, needles, and razor blades were poured onto

the table. Others gaped at those things again.

"What are those things?"

"Razor Blades... Needles... That's a lot."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 338

"The drawing pins look so sharp."

Gianna looked at them, her face changing again.

Sylvia drawled coldly, "We don't know if Katrina slanders you. However, Miss Krause, are you familiar with those

things?" "No! Not at all. I've never seen them."

Gianna flinched, knocking over a vase behind

her. "Pak!"

The vase fell to the ground and broke into pieces.

In a panic, she denied, "No! I've never seen them. Never!"

Her eyes widened. Gianna clenched her fists tightly, her reddened

face paled. Sylvia pulled out an identification report and held it up to

Gianna.

"Read it! This is an official report with the official stamp of the relevant government departments. It says your fingerprints have been found on the drawing pins, razor blades, and needles."

"No! How come? I asked Lorena to buy them. She has put them in Poppy's

room." Gianna continued flinching step by step. Suddenly, she snatched the

report like crazy.

With a twisted face, she yelled, "I didn't do anything. I did nothing. Lorena did it. She put the drawing pins into the pillows. She hid the razor blades and needles in the towels. It's all her fault. I have nothing to do with it."

"Gianna, I haven't said where I found those things. How did you know they were found in Poppy's room? How did you know where those things were found? You still want to shift the blame onto Lorena, don't you?"

Sylvia darted a glance at her and added, "Those things were practically done by Lorena, but you forced her to do so. She had confessed it to the police."

In fact, the report only identified Lorena's fingerprints. Sylvia lied to Gianna to get Gianna to talk about it.

Surprisingly, Gianna fell into the trap so quickly.

Sylvia didn't know that Gianna had become too panicked. Therefore, she failed to keep calm to check if the report

was real. Lorena had admitted the intentional attempt to harm Poppy and also ratted out Gianna.

However, Lorena would still be punished by law.

"You! You again? You ungrateful bitch! I treat you so well! How can you betray

me?" Gianna was outraged. She grabbed a vase and used all her strength to

smash it at Lorena. She was seething, anger bristling from her in waves.

How she wished to chop Lorena into pieces!

Under the angry flame, an urge rushed to her forehead.

Gritting her teeth, her whole face twisted and frowned, unlike the pure, innocent actress before.

When the vase was tossed, Sylvia rushed up and quickly dragged Lorena away, who was too scared to move. "Swoosh! Bang!"

The vase that broke into pieces was like a bombshell, dumbfounding the onlookers. Silence blanketed the scene.

They couldn't believe such an infamous actress to be so arrogant and violent. She abused her assistant and put those stuff into another actress's room.

The consequences would be unimaginable if the razor blades and other things hurt Poppy's face. Poppy would be disfigured, for sure.

Gianna looked kind and innocent, but she was filthy and vicious inside. How impressive!

Suddenly, several men in police uniforms walked into the crowd. The man in the lead asked earnestly, "Who is Gianna Krause?"

"Are you blind? I'm so famous. How come you don't know me?" Gianna glared at him like a lunatic. "I'm an A-list star. I'll be well known not only in H Rovirsa. I'll be a superstar in Hollywood."

"Gee... She's nuts."

"You are under arrest. Take her away," the policeman glanced at her coldly and ordered. Several policemen walked to Gianna, taking her toward the door.

"You are all junk! Kiss my ass! Who is Poppy Maskelyne? Just a green hand. She doesn't deserve to appear on Twitter trends," Gianna yelled like a psycho.

She glared at Poppy in reluctance. "Who do you think you are?"

"I'm the movie sponsor, and I have faith in her. I trust her. I like her." Sylvia smiled, walking to Gianna. She patted Gianna's cheek and asked, "I know you are unconvinced."

She chuckled aggressively, "So what? You have to tolerate it..." "What's so good about Poppy Maskelyne? She..."

She..."

Tears streamed down from Gianna's eyes. She knew she was doomed.

She had been exposed and betrayed. She was

hopeless.

However, it was too late.

The policeman in the lead looked at Lorena. "Lorena Oconnor, right?" Lorena answered bravely. "Yes, I am."

"Please follow us to the police station." "Sure."

The press conference turned out to be a dramatic scene, shocking all the onlookers. Watching Gianna be taken away, Katrina clapped her hands and cheered, "She deserves it!" Others, such as reporters, actors, and actresses, enjoyed the show.

However, they had lingering fears.

Many people used nasty means to become famous and wealthy in the entertainment business. If one wasn't careful, he or she would fall into a trap.

None of them had expected such a matter to happen to someone around them. Some pitied Poppy, and some felt sorry for Lorena.

None showed compassion to Gianna.

Holding Poppy's hand, Sylvia said to the reporters, "Poppy is a newcomer in the show business. She doesn't major in performing art. This is the first time she plays the female lead. Many people doubt her, but I believe she'll work hard. Please stay tuned with our movie."

Then she glanced at Mark and Vaild, who were standing behind the crowd. They walked to the reporters with some envelopes and distributed them. "Thanks for coming tonight."

"Thank you."

"Please accept our kindness."

The reporters looked at Sylvia in surprise as they could tell there was a lot of money in the envelope.

They had been excited after gaining the information about Gianna's matter. After it ended, they received such big bonuses from Sylvia.

They were indeed overjoyed.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 339

At midnight, several trending topics were seen on Twitter suddenly.

They exposed too much information for the netizens, and each dumbfounded them. #Gianna is heartless and brutal. Seen her true color

#Gianna asked her assistant to hide drawing pins, razor blades, and needles in

Poppy's room #Gianna wanted to drug SEVEN, but Poppy was poisoned by mistake

#Gianna Krause abuses her assistant

#Gianna Krause's assistant didn't hit on Roland Simon

#Gianna is confirmed to have a one-night stand with the

director #SEVEN, Sylvia Andrews, sponsored 'Top Idol's

Trash Picking up' #Sylvia fully supports Poppy

#Roland Simon, shameless jerk, had an affair with the actress of

his movie #Roland Simon, admit it if you are still a man

#Watching the show where SEVEN exposed the vicious

woman #Gianna Krause was arrested

Almost all the trending topics were relevant to Gianna.

Some netizens were still awake, and some almost fell asleep but were attracted

by them. SEVEN's fans had gone to bed as they were not fond of the gossip.

However, they woke up and browsed Twitter because of SEVEN's news.

After learning Gianna intended to drug SEVEN because SEVEN's movie was the competitor of her movie, they cursed Gianna online.

"Scumbag! Vicious bitch! How dare you drug SEVEN! Do you have a

death wish?" "Who do you think you are, vicious whore?"

"If something had happened to SEVEN, you would never be able to compensate for the loss."

"She aimed to harm our national athlete, didn't she? SEVEN represented H Rovirsa to win the world

championship." "I'm too pissed to sleep."

"What did SEVEN do to offend her?"

"Shameless bitch! Gianna Krause is a whore and abuses her assistant. She has done countless evil

deeds." "I'm so pissed. I can't bear her name to appear together with SEVEN."

Soon, several new trending topics appeared.

#Kick the bitch that harms our SEVEN out of the entertainment

business #I'll see 'Top Idol's Trash Picking up' in the cinema for

sure

#I won't see Angel and Demon on Earth filmed by a scumbag

Roland's reputation was also tarnished, and it was very hard for him bounce back.

In a panic, he returned home and begged his wife, "Honey, for the money I've made in the past few years, please help me."

"Are you kidding me, Roland Simon? Help you? You'd better dream on," Miah Costa sneered, "If you hadn't set me up, how would I have married you? You wish!"

"It's your karma," Miah laughed, tears trickling down her cheeks. "If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have been separated

from my son."

"Pak!" Roland slapped her across her face. "Bitch! Mind you. You are in the same boat as me. If I cannot survive in the entertainment business, neither will you."

"You'd better kill me if you have the balls. Or you deserved to be humiliated by the netizens." Miah glared at him in hatred. "Roland Simon, how I wish to get you killed."

Roland boiled with anger, blue veins pulsing on his

forehead. He pounced at Miah and beat her up.

"How dare you curse me! How dare you

mock me!" He pinched her so tightly that

she felt suffocated.

Her face reddened, and she couldn't help

coughing. "Ahem... Ahem..."

"Let go..." Miah said through gritted

teeth. "Let go of me..."

When she almost fainted, Roland suddenly let go of her and returned to his

senses. "What am I doing? I almost killed my wife..."

In a lingering fear, he collapsed on the ground.

Once Miah was released, she inhaled greedily for fresh air.

Seething with rage, she grabbed a cushion and smashed it onto Roland. "You wanted to kill me! You shameless

asshole!" She had seen the evident murderous intention in his eyes.

Miah decided to leave this demon-like man. Or she might be killed

one day. Roland tossed the cushion away and was about to stand

up.

Suddenly, he received a call from Mrs. Carson.

She roared furiously at him on the phone, "Roland Simon! I sponsored you to let you film a movie. How dare you sleep with your actress! You useless scumbag. I even put on good words for you in Clark's presence."

"You slapped me in the face. I'm so humiliated. I'll wait to see what Clark will do to you. I won't be able to help you anymore." Mrs. Carson went ballistic. She had smashed everything in the living room, making a mess.

Broken pieces were everywhere. Even the glass coffee table was

broken. The Carson residence seemed to have experienced a

tornado.

She had invested so much money in order to film a blockbuster to make

money. Shortly after it started to film, the scandal of the female lead and the

director went viral. Mrs. Carson cursed the actress named Gianna Krause.

After venting her anger at Roland, she ended the call and asked her butler, "Has Gianna Krause been taken to the police station?"

"Yes, Mrs. Carson," the butler answered immediately.

Mrs. Carson yelled fiercely, "Call Mr. Cruz of the police department to teach that bitch a lesson. She likes sleeping with men, doesn't she? Send her to King pleasure house to make her wish come true."

"Yes, Mrs. Carson. I'll get it

done now." The butler trotted

out.

The atmosphere in the living room was indeed

suffocating. King pleasure house was a place for

the rich to overspend.

After Gianna was sent there, the butler didn't think she could escape.

...

Hospital.

Tiffany felt bored, so she browsed the news online.

Suddenly, she noticed Gianna's event on the trends, and among the trending topics was

Sylvia's news. 'SEVEN? She has also invested in a movie?'

Tiffany couldn't bear to see Sylvia be praised by the netizens, feeling angry and

jealous. After all, she had been mocked by the netizens not long ago.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 340

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. Shortly after, she logged onto a Twitter account she had registered but never used.

Then Tiffany retorted to the netizens one after another.

"There must be some inside stories. Sylvia Andrews knows nothing about the entertainment business. How could she invest in a movie? How ridiculous! I'm afraid her audience is all kindergarten students."

"I know Gianna personally. She's professional with a good personality. She's not such a vicious woman."

"You internet trolls are too horrible. Do you know the inside story? How can you curse Gianna like this just because you are Sylvia's fan? It's Sylvia's fault."

"She helped Poppy Maskelyne because she wanted to marry Franklin Maskelyne. Poppy Maskelyne is the daughter of the Maskelyne family, Franklin's sister."

While all the netizens were blaming Gianna and Roland, suddenly, a person supported them and cursed Sylvia.

Tiffany's ID attracted others' attention immediately.

"Are you out of your mind? How dare you blame my idol? Didn't you see the photos and videos? Are you blind?"

"You confused right and wrong. Have you seen the news? Gianna has been arrested and taken away by the police."

"The Larro government has announced the details of this case. Gianna would be fined 5,000 dollars and punished. What is your problem?"

"You said Poppy Maskelyne was Franklin Maskelyne's sister. What evidence do you have?"

"Exactly. Stop creating rumors."

Tiffany thought some netizens would take her side to curse Sylvia.

However, she was attacked by the netizens.

She just made some complaints, but those netizens retorted to her fiercely.

However, she didn't expect that competent netizens also found her official ID and put the evidence on Twitter.

"It turns out to be Tiffany Evans."

"The woman who's banned by the fashion industry, right?"

"No wonder she backed up Gianna Krause. She herself is a scumbag."

"The evidence! Her Twitter ID liked all the tweets posted by Tiffany Evans. The pictures under this ID have the same background as the images on Tiffany Evan's Twitter page."

"Tiffany Evans, are you jealous of SEVEN?"

"SEVEN is good-looking and competent. You cannot be compared to her at all. Last time, you bullied her at the new product release of LX Fashion Company. Forgotten?"

"We didn't know Sylvia was SEVEN before. Now we do. We should avenge her!"

Therefore, all Sylvia's fans rushed to Tiffany's page and cursed her fiercely.

Tiffany was so angry that she almost fainted.

...

The trends on Twitter made more people pay attention to "Top Idol's Trash Picking up."

Moreover, it was the first movie that Eden filmed.

Whether he could become an actor would depend on it.

Eden worked hard to practice his performing skills and never behaved arrogantly.

The performing tutors liked him and always praised him. They devoted themselves to teaching him.

Eden didn't know about Gianna's press conference until his agent told him.

When Eden rushed to the lobby, the press conference ended.

Sylvia was about to leave, and someone called her, "Wait, Sylvia!"

She looked back in surprise, seeing Eden running toward her while panting. "What's the matter?"

"May I ask you a question, Sylvia?"

The handsome young man stared at her, his affectionate eyes glittering.

"Go ahead." Sylvia beamed at him.

"Why did you appoint me to play the male leading role in your movie? There are many actors in the entertainment business, aren't there?"

Eden didn't have a good impression of Sylvia before, but he wasn't a fool.

Sylvia was the movie's sponsor, and he couldn't afford to offend her.

However, it didn't mean he would flatter her.

He had his own ideas.

According to his observation, Sylvia was a unique woman.

She was outstanding, influential, wealthy, and good-looking.

Meanwhile, she was generous. At least she treated Poppy well.

Eden was a singer signed with Maskelyne Entertainment. Usually, he was provided with enough space and opportunities to develop his career.

They were not required to flatter the sponsors at dinner parties or even sleep with them for benefits.

Eden had learned how nasty and complicated the entertainment business was, such as a wealthy female sponsor who wanted to sleep with a young actor.

However, he didn't see Sylvia disgustingly stare at him or do something dirty to him.

Instead, she did everything aboveboard and was straightforward.

In her presence, Eden always felt timid.

According to Twitter trends, Sylvia was Logan's girlfriend.

It seemed not bad if it was Sylvia who became his sister-in-law.

He wanted to know why she wanted to provide him with such an opportunity and if it was for Logan's sake.

"Eden, you are the most popular idol nowadays. Be self-confident. I chose you to act in my movie to make money. Of course, it's because you have a large fan base," Sylvia answered calmly while Eden's mind wandered.

Eden frowned. "Really?"

He didn't fully believe her, sensing something wrong.

His intuition told him it wasn't that simple.

"Or what? What do you expect?" Sylvia beamed at him. "Think I'm interested in you?"

She clicked her tongue and continued, "Logon's body shape is much better than yours. At least he doesn't have a love handle."

Her palm patted Eden's chest, a trace of a naughty look flashing through her eyes. "Work out more. You'll still have a chance."

Eden had some respect for Sylvia earlier, but it was completely gone after he heard her words.

"You! You..."

"What do you want? Eden, don't think of asking Sylvia to marry your older brother! She's my sister-in-law only. She... She'll never marry your brother. You'd better give up!"

Poppy returned after her testimony was recorded at the police station. As soon as she entered the hotel lobby, she saw Eden talking to Sylvia, so she thought Eden wanted Sylvia to marry Logan.

Poppy panicked.

Romeo wished Sylvia to marry into the Kennedy family. And Eden did the same.

Poppy was angry with them.

In her opinion, people wishing to take Sylvia away from her were all evil.

"Sister-in-law?" Eden asked in disbelief, "Is she your sister-in-law?"

"Yes, she is," Poppy answered naturally.

"Humph! Mrs. Maskelyne is at home." Eden didn't believe her at all, but he had something more important to deal with.

Looking at her up and down, Eden asked, "Are you hurt? Did you get injured by the drawing pins and other stuff?"

He sounded caring.

"Not at all." Poppy shook her head.

"That's better. My agent wants to sign a contract with you. Let's talk upstairs."

"All right."

Poppy said to Sylvia, "I gotta go, Sylvia."

"Sure. See you." Sylvia nodded at her, watching them enter the elevator.