

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 351

The man's eyes under the broken hair were tinged with an inexplicable bloodthirsty excitement.

Under the light of the safe passage, Franklin sent chills to the hearts of his enemies.

The moment Franklin turned around, a knife stabbed into his enemy whose life was finished instantly. A sound of footsteps sounded.

There were more enemies coming after him.

These people are Terrance's men. Jaiden only solved a part of them. Now in the whole building were still a lot of enemies. A number of men in black rushed out from the safe passage. The machine guns in their hands were constantly firing.

They were just like the bad guys on the movie. And

Franklin dodged agilely.

And the ones that came around were killed by him decisively.

But as time went by, his physical strength would be exhausted, especially facing the increasing number of enemies, each of whom has guns in their hands.

If she stayed for a few more minutes, it was expected that more enemies would come. And

Jaiden didn't know if the Interpol officers were leaving or dealing with Terrance's men! Sylvia stood on that half of the stairs on the rooftop, looking at Franklin below, frowning.

Franklin, who was fighting with those enemies, also looked at her at the same time, his thin lips pursed into a straight line. His eyes were deep.

His thin lips lightly opened, spitting out two words.

Although Sylvia could not hear, she could tell that he was saying: Leave!

"Catch him!"

Just then, a large group of black-clothed men rushed over again. The man at the head was an old man with grey hair. He was none other than Terrance's butler. He pointed at Franklin and shouted angrily, "He's the one who betrayed Master Terrance! We must catch him and avenge Master Terrance!"

Hearing the butler's voice, those men immediately surrounded Franklin.

Franklin stretched out his arm and punched a person, his deep eyes suddenly raised, glanced at the housekeeper. He smiled ironically, "No wonder Terrance failed. Do you know why?"

"Why?" The old housekeeper looked at the man's smile, only to feel creeped out.

Franklin's lips curved into a cold smile. "Because you are soft-hearted! In the face of an enemy like me, you just want to catch me!"

He laughed recklessly.

But his words caused the old butler to tremble and a cold sweat could not help but break out on his back.

He was suddenly a little afraid. If Franklin had not been caught by them today ... the consequences were simply unimaginable.

Franklin's smile was just grim and creepy in the butler's eyes.

He should give the order to kill Franklin!

If they didn't kill Franklin, their whole family would definitely be finished! He

was extremely disturbed, "Kill him to avenge Master Terrance!"

When the men in black heard the order, they immediately raised their machine guns like crazy and fired towards Franklin.

Franklin grabbed one of his nearest enemies and blocked it in front of himself.

But in an instant, that person's body was like a hornet's nest.

Franklin hooked up his thin lips. His eyes were bloodthirsty. The hot blood seemed to stir up all the bloodlust in his body. With a cruel and excited look, he looked at all the men.

He gave off a cold vibe, which sent chills to all the men present!

And the butler could not help but wince.

Franklin was like a warrior in the battlefield. "Bang!"

Just then, a woman suddenly leapt down from the rooftop.

The pistol in her hand frantically swept toward the crowd.

Her thin fair fingers held a small black gun, which set off her skin.

The woman was tall and slender. Her bloodthirsty and icy eyes made her look like a shura from hell.

She was good at shooting. Every shot killed one person!

The men in black hadn't reacted before they fell to the ground.

Franklin looked at the woman who suddenly leapt down and descended like a flying bird, he couldn't help but frown.

"Why don't you leave?"

Sylvia cracked a bright smile, her speed was extremely fast, as fast as lightning.

Dodging a bullet, she shot to one man's head!

Blood splattered instantly on the wall.

The pistol in her hand was modified, unlike a normal pistol, which could hold only ten bullets.

This contained about thirty bullets.

She had wonderful shooting and deserved to be called a marksman.

The men in black did not expect that a woman with such accurate marksmanship would suddenly come out, and they did not dare to go forward.

Fear of death was human nature!

The butler was furious, "Go! If you can't even kill a woman, what's the point of keeping you?"

A man and a woman were surrounded. The man was handsome and wicked. The woman was beautiful and cold.

They were as beautiful as a painting.

Sylvia's cold almond eyes scanned the crowd, and at that moment, she suddenly felt an itch on her cheek, and she turned her head in surprise to look at the man's handsome face that was pressing against her face.

The smile on the corner of the man's lips was very evil, and his eyes also contained a hint of inexplicable excitement. His handsome face was bewitching.

"Franklin, be serious!"

She couldn't help but say in exasperation.

The man came close to her lips and gently kiss her, murmuring, "Sweetie, why did you jump down? Is it because you don't want to see me die?"

Sylvia was stunned for a moment.

The corner of her lips was numbing. Her

heart skipped a beat.

She lowered her eyes, then looked at Franklin and graciously admitted, "At least we have four years of marriage. Even if we can't be husband and wife, I can't stand by and watch you die."

She did not hide it at all. A cold smile curled the corners of her mouth. "You are at least the first man in my life. No matter what, if you really become like the hornet's nest, then I am too unlucky. I do not want that."

"So?" Franklin's lips curled up into a wicked smile.

His eyes stared straight at the pretty face of the woman in front of him.

What a stubborn woman.

Was it so difficult to admit that she couldn't leave him?

But ... his eyes darkened slightly. Thinking of his foster parents, he felt his heart sank again.

Sylvia let him watch so carefully. She was talking to Franklin, but her attention was still on those men in black, and she did not dare to relax.

"Sweetie, you are so cruel, I was very touched, but now all of a sudden I no longer feel so."

Franklin looked at Sylvia for a moment and suddenly laughed.

Sylvia's mouth twitched, "So what? I did not intend to let you repay me."

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When she finished, she fired another round at the

enemy. Several bullets were fired and another group fell.

Seeing that his men were decreasing, the butler shouted in anger, "Kill, kill both of them!" The number of these black-clad men was extremely large.

Sylvia stopped smiling and looked at these enemies with a cold gaze. Suddenly, she smelled a hint of danger in the air.

She turned her head to Franklin with a wary look, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

The man narrowed his narrow eyes and suddenly came close to her ear. The corners of his mouth also brought a wicked smile, "Sweetie, if it wasn't the wrong time and place, I would really like to ... make love to you immediately right now!"

Sylvia's pretty face

darkened. She was

speechless.

She glared at him, "Shut up! Quickly think of a way to get

out!" It wouldn't do either of them any good to delay any

longer.

Franklin suddenly came towards her. His handsome face buried in her neck, and gently exhaled his breath.

Sylvia was so angry that she pushed him. "Franklin, get lost!"

The butler was directly ignored, and he was so angry that he shouted, "Go! Why don't you

go!" Why should they? ... Wanna be shot in the head?

The woman was too horrible. She didn't miss any

shot! They were now a little panicked.

Just at this time, suddenly!

Franklin took out a smoke

grenade. A bang sounded.

At once, the safe passage was filled with pungent smoke that people unable to open their

eyes. Franklin grabbed Sylvia's hand and threw her upwards, "Go to the rooftop!"

Sylvia rolled in mid-air and her hands reached the half of the stairs.

She climbed towards the top. She turned around and saw Franklin's quick run, his tall body leaping, his long arms reaching out, and narrowly reaching the bottom step of the stairs.

Then the man came right after her.

They immediately ran up to the rooftop while the smoke didn't

fade. The door of the rooftop was also locked.

Once the door was

locked, The man

clung to Sylvia.

She could not push him away.

The man's thin lips kept lingering on her lips.

He did what he wanted to do the moment he saw her

jump! "Let go of me!" Sylvia got angry and kicked

towards the man.

"Baby ..." Franklin suddenly smiled wickedly, reached out and grabbed her long legs and yanked

them. The woman's entire body was half hanging onto him.

Then a seductive smile appeared on his perfectly handsome face, "Sweetie, after we survived, you turned out to be so enthusiastic."

Sylvia listened to the sound of others' kicking the rooftop door. Apparently the smoke had vanished. "You have smoke grenades. Why didn't you use them in the first place?"

"If I used them too soon, it would be more dangerous for us, as there were many enemies." Franklin said as he pressed her into his arms.

His deep, sharp eyes looked into the

night sky. She didn't know what he was

looking at.

Sylvia frowned and was about to reach for her cell phone to contact Logan when she remembered that it had been taken away before she entered that conference room.

Her face was dark, and she noticed that the man beside her was not in a hurry, but released a flare towards the

sky! The flare exploded in the sky!

But a moment later, a whirring sound of propellers rang out from mid-air.

Next Sylvia saw a green helicopter slowly approaching towards them and finally stopping on the spacious

rooftop. Propellers brought up a gust of wind.

In the wind, nearly a hundred young men in black with different skin colors came out of the helicopter in a well-trained

manner! They looked at Franklin seriously!

Franklin, dressed in black pants, looked at the crowd in front of

him. "Kill them all!"

The man's voice sounded extraordinarily cold in the dark

night. His voice directly drowned the noise coming from the

propellers.

The men in black unconsciously straightened their posture and looked at Franklin with infinite awe and obedience, "Yes!"

Franklin took Sylvia in his arms. "Sweetie, leave the rest to them."

Sylvia was held by the man so brutally and dominantly, and her eyebrows knitted.

She saw the group of well-trained men in black, each with a strafing machine gun in their hands, strafing towards the entrance to the rooftop!

Bang, bang, bang, bang - the sound of bullets sounded

incessantly. The whole quiet night sky seemed to be exploded.

A burst of screams came from behind the rooftop door, interspersed with the sound of heavy objects falling to the ground.

Sylvia narrowed her eyes at this scene, but could not help but feel shocked.

How could Franklin have such a powerful team?

The men in black had been trained to shoot, obviously.

A few minutes later, the rooftop entrance was silent, and the air was thick with blood.

Franklin hooked his lips and smiled wickedly. A trace of mockery flashed across his eyes, "It is finally

quiet." Once he finished, the door of the rooftop was kicked open by one of the men in black.

The men jumped down one after another.

"They'll help Jaiden with the followup." Franklin gave Sylvia a peck on the lips, "Let's go!"

Before Sylvia could understand what was going on, Franklin had carried her and boarded the helicopter directly.

Once on the plane, Sylvia realized that Jasper was in the driver's seat and the man in the passenger seat was

Logan! Good!

Pearlhall Villa.

Sylvia was sitting in the living room, her delicate and perfect features looked cold.

Logan swallowed hard. He hadn't seen Sylvia look like this for a long time.

He could hardly remember the last time Sylvia had been this angry.

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Inexplicably, he turned around and tried to escape.

"Logan, When did you actually become Franklin's men? How come I don't know it?"

"Boss ... you listen to my explanation." Logan forced an embarrassed smile, "Jasper and I are forces from outside... You and Mr. Maskelyne worked inside. Jasper and I worked outside ..."

"You all keep me in the dark... that's funny?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows and curled her lips in mockery, "Logan, if you can work with Franklin today, does that mean you can work with someone else tomorrow and sell me out?"

"Boss, the situation was too urgent at that time. Mr. Maskelyne approached me to cooperate and asked me not to tell you, for fear that you can't cooperate well ..." Logan felt that his explanation was lame.

"I can't cooperate well? Am I so weak in your eyes?" Sylvia stared coldly at Logan, "I don't think I deserve to be your boss. You'd better go to Franklin!"

"Boss!" Logan couldn't help but whimper, and then looked at her pitifully, "Boss ... I'll tell you a shocking secret. Could you please forgive me?"

The woman's eyes that looked at him betrayed no emotion.

She couldn't accept that her most trusted subordinate chose to work with Franklin.

"Boss, this matter concerns Mr. Maskelyne. Are you really not willing to listen?" Logan was pleading hard.

At that time, he did not want to hide it from Sylvia, but ... cooperation with Franklin seemed to be the best way. He selfishly did not want Sylvia to take the risk alone.

So he agreed to Franklin's cooperation.

"He's just a scumbag! Why should I hear anything about him?" Sylvia said and was about to get up and leave.

But Logan stopped her. "Boss ... it's not our company's antidote, but Franklin that saved you from being poisoned to death! He saved you!"

The woman's attractive face stiffened. Her cold eyes suddenly looked

appalling. She grabbed Logan by the collar of his shirt. "What did you say?"

"To remove the toxicity of Rejuvenator, RH negative blood must be drawn to make antidote. One antidote requires 100 CC of blood, and you have to eat two once a day for 21 days in a row... You can calculate how much blood was taken from Franklin."

Logan said while observing Sylvia's

expression. Sylvia froze and just felt her mind

was a mess. She had experienced so many

ups and downs.

But after she heard Logan's words, her heart almost stopped

beating. How could that be?

Franklin had his blood drawn?

He had so much blood drawn to save her!

"Logan, you're lying to me! Are you lying to me?"

Her voice was hoarse, seemingly being squeezed out from her teeth. Her throat was dry, and her internal organs seemed to be twisted together.

"The antidote, not only used the blood, but also the bone marrow. At that time, you were recuperating in the research room. Mr. Maskelyne was in the hospital building across the street, watching you every day."

"He lied about going abroad on business, to secretly recover. For your sake, his health was greatly impaired ... Boss, you recall the situation at that time. You will know whether I have lied to you or not. With your intelligence, you will have a judgment."

Logan finally told the secret kept to himself, and instantly felt much more

relieved. Facing the person closest to him, he really can't hide it anymore.

Seeing the two lovebirds who loved each other but could not be together, he was also anxious for them.

"As to what happened tonight, I admit did wrong. I should not have hidden it from you. I am willing to be punished and promise not to do it again." After Logan said that, he went to the training room and punished himself to do the target practice 200 times!

The living room suddenly became empty. Sylvia stood in the same place, feeling as if she was the only one left in the world. No wonder he said he was on a business trip during that time.

She was glad that she didn't have to see him every day, because she didn't want to lie about her condition, or be found out sick by Franklin.

But it turned out that Franklin had long known that she had been poisoned and had found a way to

cure it! Her eyes burned, and her heart pounded very fast.

She had mixed feelings, but didn't know what to say or do.

Franklin ...

Franklin ...

She slowly closed her eyes, and her mind flashed back to the man's handsome face.

Her tall, slender figure stayed put for a long time. Even when Logan came out of the training room drenched in sweat, she still stood there, as if she had turned into a stone statue.

She gave off an extremely cold vibe.

"It's near dawn. Boss, go back to your room and rest," He looked at Sylvia and couldn't help but say.

Sylvia lifted her eyelids, and her voice sounded hollow. "Logan, why are you not willing to tell me until now? After everything that happened between him and me, how should I face him?"

After that, she lifted her legs, which seemed heavy as lead, and walked

upstairs. She didn't seem to expect Logan to answer her.

Logan stared at her in a daze. His eyes suddenly fell to the floor, and when he saw the drop of water on the polished floor, his eyes suddenly widened...

Did Sylvia ... shed tears?

She was so strong and tough. Would she also shed

tears? No, definitely not.

...

Aettosa Earl's Manor.

Skyla dropped the remote control in her hand in anger.

"Damn old woman, really useless. She can't even handle Sylvia."

"Mom, what should we do now?" Tammy whispered, watching her mother's angry expression. "We can't just let Sylvia get away with it!"

"Our family was broken up by her, and this little bitch is still bullying us. I must take revenge!" Skyla was so angry that her eyes popped out. Every time she mentioned Sylvia, she gritted her teeth.

"Uncle has gone to H Rovirsa. Why don't ... we go to him?" Tammy pursed her lips. "At least he is an internationally famous pianist. We can go there and ask him to do us a favor ..."

"You think it's that easy? Your uncle is polite to us on the surface, but in fact, he does not accept us at all."

Skyla said, annoyed, but then she rolled her eyes and seemed to realize something. "But ... if your grandmother asks him to help us, he won't refuse."

Clare was unruly and untamed and looked like a playboy with a pair of attractive eyes, but he was extremely

filial. To his parents, Austin Hipps and Queena Bell, he was very obedient.

"Do as I tell you ..." Skyla whispered in Tammy's ear before leaving.

Tammy was a little timid, "Will it really work? Will Grandpa and Grandma listen to me?"

"If you do what I tell you, it will definitely work." Skyla had a look of confidence on her

face. Half an hour later.

Tammy came from the backyard to the main house.

Earl's Manor had several villas, and Skyla and her daughter lived in the remotest one.

The count and countess lived in the main house, which was a majestic villa, showing the count's high status.

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Queena was playing Go with Mya, who had been serving her for many years. Playing Go was her hobby.

The servants who served her all knew more or less how to play Go, so when they had nothing to do, they could play a few games with her.

"Madam, Miss Andrews is here."

As soon as Mya looked up, she saw one of the maids walking into the living room with Tammy and couldn't help but remind Queena who was concentrating on playing Go.

Queena slowly withdrew her eyes from the chessboard and looked at Tammy, frowning inaudibly when she saw that Tammy was wearing a rosy dress.

But soon, a kind smile appeared on her face. "Tammy is here?"

"Grandma." Tammy smiled sweetly and brought a beautifully wrapped gift box in her hand to Queena. "This is H Rovirsa's black tea this year. I brought it here for you to try."

"Tammy, you're very sweet." Queena smiled. "Come over and play with me."

The smile on Tammy's face froze, and there was a flicker of guiltiness in her

eyes. She really didn't know how to play Go.

Since Queena liked it, she had been learning it recently, but she really didn't have the talent, and the sight of the chessboard gave her a headache.

However, she did not dare to disobey, so she had to sit down, not to mention that ... she needed to ask Queena for

help. After a few moves, Queena could not help but frown tightly.

What the heck Tammy was doing? She couldn't even compare with the florist who was the worst among the

servants. She had heard that Tammy had been learning playing Go recently, but apparently, Tammy learned

nothing.

Feeling annoyed, Queena said, "That's it for today. Tammy, why did you come to me today?"

Tammy quickly answered, "Grandma, I miss my uncle. Uncle has been in H Rovirsa for a few

days."

"The age gap between your uncle and your mother is quite big. I was already old when I gave birth to him. You and your uncle are about the same age, so naturally you are closer to each other."

Queena smiled, and the displeasure she felt just now diminished.

Clare was thirty years old. A lot of rich ladies wanted to marry him, not only because he was handsome, talented, good at playing the piano and won numerous awards, but also because he had royal status.

"I miss my uncle, and I wonder how he is doing in H Rovirsa. He's so handsome. There must be a lot of girls who like him," Tammy said with a smile.

She was like an innocent little girl with a hint of longing for her aunt.

"If my uncle can take his girlfriend back, it won't be long before I can have a cousin. That would be

great." As soon as she said that, Queena's face sank.

A moment later, she said, "Tammy, you miss your uncle, don't you? Why don't you go back to H Rovirsa with your mother?"

"Huh? Tammy looked at Queena with a puzzled expression, "Grandma, you're willing to let me go back with my mother?"

"Your uncle needs someone to take care of him, so you and Skyla should go together. Also, your mother and your uncle can communicate with each other to get closer."

Queena smiled kindly. "Mya, book the flight tickets for tomorrow for Skyla and

Tammy." "Yes. Madam," Mya hurriedly answered.

Tammy thanked Queena and turned around to leave with joy.

Mya watched her walk away, and then cautiously said to Queena, "Madam, you know ..."

Queena sighed, "Maybe it's because my daughter was lost since she was young and didn't grow up next to me, I always felt like there was a wall between her and me. Since they want to go back to H Rovirsa, I'll let them get their wish and they might even think of me as a kind person."

Queena always felt that her lost daughter was so unlike her.

Maybe it was because she didn't grow up in a good family that she was very mediocre with no talents to show. The same was true for her daughter, Tammy.

Skyla was mercenary and narrow-minded. Tammy had no talents to show. They really embarrassed themselves among the wealthy and noble ladies.

They didn't even have basic manners.

When Queena just got Skyla and Tammy back, she was overjoyed and could not wait to announce it to the whole world.

But the return of the young lady of Earl's Manor had to be reported to the king and other complicated procedures needed to be done.

Queena's pleasure and surprise were gone as she knew more about Tammy and

Skyla. She lost the mood to fit Skyla and Tammy into the family tree, which was then

put on hold. When Queena was in a good mood, she might continue doing it.

Queena liked to take Skyla and Tammy for social engagements before, to let those noble ladies know that she had a daughter and a granddaughter.

But ... when she found Skyla and Tammy could only give her a slap in the face, she no longer liked to take them

out. Thinking of this, Queena couldn't help but sigh again.

"She's so unlike my daughter."

Mya saw Queena's disappointed face and hurriedly reassured her, "It's hard to look like Her Ladyship. Even if you are related, it doesn't mean she can inherit it from you, so no need to be too sad."

"Just let the nature take its course."

Queena sighed, "Come, finish this

game."

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The movie invested by Wilson Group and Carson Group was negatively influenced by Gianna's

scandal. The director Roland was also influenced, though the scandal was removed.

His wife received a lot of money, so she came out to do the PDA with him and apologized to the

public. Even so, the public did not forgive him and kept scolding him.

Roland was so anxious that several blisters grew on his mouth, which sent him much

pain. There were so many scandals about Gianna that netizens couldn't dig all of

them out.

Roland had no choice but to find a new female lead.

But the reputation of the movie had been ruined that no one was willing to take the

role. The actresses were afraid it would tarnish their own reputation if they took it.

Roland was even more anxious.

He was like ants on a hot pot, but could not do anything about

it. Next door on the set.

Sylvia sat in a chair, watching Poppy's and Eden's natural expressions in the

camera. Although she was an amateur, she could see that Poppy had improved a

lot.

The little girl seemed to be born to be an actress. She was acting naturally and smoothly, full of

emotion. The scene was over.

Brock moved a chair and sat next to Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, thank you."

"Thank me for what?" Sylvia lifted the water in her hand, unscrewed the lid and tilted her head to take a sip.

"Thank you for helping me take revenge."

The eyes of the beautiful woman narrowed slightly. The corners of her lips were curled, and a powerful aura exuded vaguely from her. "No need. When our movie is released and defeats his at the box office, that is so-called real revenge."

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Her gaze drifted far away.

In her mind, Franklin's cold face appeared again.

At that moment, Poppy, who came towards her from the stage, waved at her from afar, "Sylvia!"

She called out crisply. The smile on her face was as bright as the sunshine, her eyes still clear and

eye-catching. She was wearing the clothes of a young girl in the play, delicate and lovely.

Sylvia pointed to several bottles of water around her, "Come

and drink." Poppy just took a few steps out, but a sudden wave

of dizziness struck her.

She calmed down and tried to shake off the dizziness, but ... her vision was getting blurred and everything in front of her was gradually out of focus.

Poppy's body lurched and slammed towards the ground.

Eden, who was following her, saw this and immediately reached out with both hands, grabbed her waist and brought her into his arms with force.

"Poppy, what's wrong with you?"

"I ..." Poppy caught her breath and just wanted to speak, but a darkness hit her and she lost all

consciousness. Sylvia and Brock had by now walked over quickly, "What's wrong?"

"I don't know, she suddenly fell unconscious." Anxiety appeared on Eden's handsome face.

A bad feeling rose in his heart. Intuition told him that it was related to the poison inside Poppy's body.

It had been so long ... When they went to the hospital for a checkup, the doctor said that the poison had

a latent period. Did it take effect now?

Sylvia lowered her eyes. She squatted next to Poppy, stretched out her fingers and pressed

Poppy's pulse. Almost everyone's eyes were fixed on her. This was the first time they had seen

Sylvia's other identity, a doctor! She looked serious and trustworthy at work, making all the

anxious people present couldn't help but feel at ease. A few moments later.

She said in a deep voice, "Send her to the hospital. She has poison in her body. It must have

taken effect." Eden's heart suddenly sank, and as expected...

In the hospital.

Sylvia personally participated in the examination. When she saw the test results,

she was stunned. But immediately, she pushed open the door of the emergency

room and stepped out.

When she looked up, she saw a familiar,

upright figure. Franklin ...

Franklin seemed to have heard the sound, looked back, and just happened to see her. His deep eyes were calm and emotionless.

Sylvia closed her eyes, suppressing all the sadness.

Somehow, everything that happened between her and him kept flashing through her mind

After her poison was removed, he was so skinny ... How stupid she was not to see that he was seriously

injured for her sake! "How is Poppy?"

The man's husky voice

suddenly sounded. It

echoed in the silent corridor.

"The toxicity has kicked in, but I don't know what kind of poison it is. It's a bit tricky." Sylvia's cool face glinted. "It might have negative effects on her."

"What negative effects?" Franklin's brow furrowed.

"She might have transient blindness, or hearing loss, or some other symptoms ... I have to wait for her to wake up for a full examination. Now she's in a coma, and there's no way to test out anything related to her five senses."

Sylvia looked fatigued.

She had regarded Poppy as her sister, and now seeing Poppy lying in the hospital bed with a lifeless look, she could not help but feel heartbroken.

She looked aloof and distance, but she was never a cold-blooded person.

"Gianna said she didn't know exactly what kind of drug it was, and a mysterious man gave it to her." Franklin lowered his eyes and looked at her, with unfathomable emotions in his eyes.

"A mysterious man ... huh?" Sylvia sneered.

If Poppy hadn't drunk the water by mistake, Sylvia would be the one lying in the

hospital bed now. The Evans family's Villa.

Tiffany was sitting in the piano room, in front of a piano.

She looked at the middle-aged man inside the room nervously, "I'm going to the preliminary round of the piano competition tomorrow. Mr. Grant, I have yet to figure out which song I'm going to play."

The venue of this international piano competition happened to be Larro, where all the best piano players in the world gathered.

Although she had won some awards before, she was a bit worried when there were so many professional pianists attending the competition.

She even knew some of them.

For example, the young lady of Chan family, Cristal.

"You should play 'Wind'. It is very wonderful song. As long as you master it, I'm sure you'll have no problem getting the top spot." Tyler Grant confidently cheered Tiffany on.

He was an internationally famous piano professor with students all over the world.

This time the Evans family paid him a lot to make him give Tiffany guidance. He then taught Tiffany to play this song that he got by chance years ago.

The old Evans was famous in the piano world, and he didn't expect he could teach the descendants of the Evans family one day. It was rumored that the Evans family was in decline ... It turned out to be true!

Though it was still rich.

Tyler taught Tiffany seriously. Although Tiffany was not very talented, she was not average compared to other players.

The song "Wind" that was difficult to play would help Tiffany defeat at least 90% of the contestants. He believed Tiffany would improve rapidly under his guidance.

Although she couldn't play the song as perfectly as he did, she would be able to perform this difficult song well and impress the judges and views in the international piano competition.

For tomorrow's competition, Tiffany had been practicing.

"Tomorrow is just the preliminary round. You don't have to be too nervous. Just take it easy." Tyler reassured her. "I'll give you three songs, from easy to hard, for the preliminary round, quarterfinals, and the finals."

"Yes, Professor Tyler,"

Tiffany agreed. Meanwhile,

the Chan family's Villa.

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Cristal was drinking afternoon tea leisurely.

Mrs. Chan sighed. "Cristal, what's wrong with you? Tomorrow is preliminary contest. Why don't you practice playing?"

"Why should I? I won't make any progress even if I do. Also, I'm a very good pianist in H Rovirsa, and even my teachers have praised me as a top player." Cristal took another sip of fruit tea. "Mom, you don't have to worry about it. I'm sure I can get a good ranking!"

"Cristal, you can't be complacent. If you get a good ranking this time, the celebrities from the upper class will think highly of you. As you know, a painting painted by Tiffany was sold for hundreds of thousands of dollars. So many families are envious," Mrs. Chan said bitterly.

"Mom, she also participated in this piano competition. I heard that she was not qualified, but she got the access by asking Mr. and Mrs. Hart for help"

Cristal looked contemptuous. "Why are you jealous of this kind of woman? Wait and see how I defeat her!"

Mrs. Chan looked at her daughter who was so stubborn and refused to listen to any advice. She could not help but shake his head.

The next day, early in the morning.

All the contestants woke up early and went to the piano competition

venue. This time, the venue was in the Larro Opera House.

The opera house had an extremely large area and could accommodate tens of thousands of spectators, so music lovers from all over the world gathered here to watch the competition.

This kind of global competition was naturally a great attraction.

There were also many media from all over the world carrying cameras and constantly filming.

Sylvia rested overnight, got up in the morning, picked a set of suitable outfit, and put on a makeup to fit her

dressings. Then she drove her Land Rover towards the opera house.

When she arrived at the entrance of the opera house, the parking lot had been filled with all kinds of

luxury cars. Sylvia got out of the car and headed straight for the registration desk.

She was invited to be this competition's judge, so the receptionist at the registration desk should give her a judge's card. She had no assistant or agent.

Two women sat at the registration desk, and one of them held up her glasses and took a look at Sylvia. A trace of amazement flashed across her eyes.

What a beautiful contestant!

The contestants participating in this year's competition were all good-

looking! "ID card."

Sylvia handed over her ID card, but the two women flipped through the list and said with an unhappy face, "You're not on the list!"

The receptionist lost her good feelings for Sylvia. "Are you an impostor? Security guard!" "I'm not in the competition." Sylvia shook her head.

"Then what are you doing here?" The receptionist glared at Sylvia and

asked. Her voice was shrill and immediately drew the attention of

many people.

So many people were giving Sylvia sideways glances and pointing at her.

"What's going on?" Sylvia turned around and saw Mr. and Mrs. Hart

approaching. It was Sonny Hart who spoke.

"Mr. Hart, this woman is making trouble here! She's not participating in the competition, but she came to the registration desk!" The woman pointed at Sylvia and shouted.

"Making trouble?" Sonny narrowed his eyes slightly, and he looked a bit displeased.

He was the director of the opera house, and if someone was making trouble in his presence, it would be a slap in his

face. His unhappy gaze fell on a tall woman who was pointed at by the receptionist.

The woman was standing with her back to him, so he couldn't see the woman's face, and his tone of voice was angry, "Just throw her out right away. What's all the noise about?"

Just then, Xavier, one of the organizers, hurried over and called out respectfully towards the tall woman, "Master Keturah,

what's going on?"

The crowd was a little surprised and looked at the scene in disbelief. Master Keturah was one of the biggest name in the music world.

Xavier was going to see how the competition venue was decorated, but he didn't expect to see Sylvia being given a hard time! He almost threw his phone out. God knew how hard it was for them to have Master Keturah be the judge this time!

How dare these muddleheaded people stop Master Keturah?

"It's okay. I'm having a little trouble getting my judge's card," Sylvia said indifferently.

The woman who had previously taken Sylvia as a contestant was suddenly dumbfounded, and she looked awkward. "You ... you are Master Keturah?"

No wonder she didn't find her name on the contestant

list! She was actually the judge Master Keturah!

Who would have thought Master Keturah would be such a young woman? Everyone thought Master Keturah was a middle-aged man...

Sonny understood the whole picture at once. Wearing an enthusiastic smile, he walked towards Sylvia.

"Master Keturah, I'm really sorry. It's a misunderstanding ..."

He stretched out his hand, ready to give Sylvia a handshake, but when he raised his eyes to look at the woman's face, he was shocked.

The woman in front of him had delicate features, her watery eyes

glinting. Her red lips set off her fair skin.

Her familiar face and aloofness reminded him of Isaac's

god-sister. How did she become Master Keturah?

Sonny's hand froze there.

Sylvia just glanced at him lightly. "Nice to meet you."

"You ... you ..." Sonny was a sophisticated man, but he had never been so embarrassed like today. He mumbled for a while before saying. "Will Mr. Carr also come today?"

"It's just the preliminary round." Sylvia looked cold.

Sonny's face became even more awful. Sylvia's implication was that an preliminary competition was unworthy for both of them to attend.

"I see ..."

He now wanted to slap himself for asking such a stupid question.

Damn it! He never dreamed that Isaac's sister was Master

Keturah! He couldn't help but think of the Evans family

again.

He couldn't help but shake his head.

It seemed that since he got involved with the Evans family, his luck has become bad. He should really stay away from them!

The receptionist who didn't recognize Sylvia before handed the judge's card to Sylvia with both hands. "Master Keturah, I'm really sorry for offending you just now. Please forgive me ..."

Everyone in the music industry wanted to know Master Keturah. Just now, she even made things difficult for Master Keturah. She really regretted what she had done!

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Chapter 357

She was just an employee of the opera house and became the receptionist of the piano competition by fawning upon leaders.

She never thought that she would offend a big shot.

Master Keturah was someone she couldn't afford to offend.

Sylvia was about to enter the venue with Xavier as her escort.

At that moment, the Evans family accompanied Tiffany to check in.

Neve saw Sylvia and a look of disdain immediately appeared on her face.

Tiffany had been worried about meeting Sylvia, but she did.

She was having a hard time.

She didn't tell the Evans family that Master Keturah was Sylvia.

When Alyssa saw Sylvia there, she couldn't help but say with disdain, "Even a rubbish can participate in this competition. This is an international competition that brings together the best piano players in the world. Someone is still trying to attend it to climb the social ladder. How hilarious!"

Alyssa's husband also said in mockery, "That's a bummer to run into a jinx!"

Anyone could tell that the Evans were taunting Sylvia.

Everyone in the room stared at them in shock.

Was this family crazy? Or maybe they didn't know Master Keturah's true identity?

Just now Master Keturah gave them a slap in the face, and it still hurt now!

So these people couldn't wait to see how Sylvia gave this family a slap in their faces.

None of them reminded the Evans family of Sylvia's true identity.

The Evans family still looked proud.

Tiffany was the only one who was awkward.

But now she dared not to remind any of the Evans. She could only go to the registration desk to check in.

Sylvia swept a glance at the Evans family.

She ignored them as well as their taunts.

She was accompanied by Xavier and went straight into the venue.

Neve looked disdainful again. "She's just a contestant. How can she be so cheeky to ask Mr. Porter to escort her? She's beautiful, so she likes to trade sex for resources and money, right?"

Everyone was shocked again!

That was Master Keturah, okay?

They wanted to escort her in, but they were not qualified to stand next to Master Keturah!

Sylvia ignored the Evans, who were talking with sarcasm.

The Evans looked like a decent family, but in fact, they were selfish and could do anything for their own profit.

The old Evans was the best proof of this.

Now he was still in the hospital, and Eddie was put in prison.

The reason why Eddie acted impulsively and attempted to kill the old Evans was because of Neve's instigation.

Neve was ruthless and scheming.

She instigated Eddie and caused him to be put in jail to eliminate a rival for the family property.

It was possible that now she was planning to do something bad.

Sylvia simply ignored the Evans family. If not for the old Evans' sake, she would have taught the Evans family a lesson and thrown them to Java.

Somehow, She felt that she and the Evans were not related through blood.

She sat down in her seat at the judges' table and stroked her forehead with a bit of a headache.

There were five judges in total, all of whom were big names of the piano industry and masters with numerous awards and global recognition.

At this time, the seats had been filled with spectators.

This international event not only had special seats for the media, but also for the contestant's family and friends. Neve and the other Evans were sitting in the seats.

As soon as they were seated, the Chans sat down next to them.

Mrs. Chan greeted Neve with a smile, "What a coincidence."

"Tiffany likes playing the piano and so does Cristal. Tiffany participates in this piano competition and so does Cristal. How can it be so coincidental? I feel like Cristal is imitating Tiffany!"

Neve said with sarcasm.

Mrs. Chan, knew that was Neve's style, said with suppressed anger, "There are so many contestants learning playing the piano and coming to participate in this competition. Do all of them imitate Tiffany? If so, she should win the championship to be a better role model!"

Neve was choked and could only keep an awkward smile. "Tiffany is an excellent pianist, unlike those who learn halfway."

"If so, why doesn't the old Evans teach her the essence? Oops, I'm really sorry for telling the truth." Mrs. Chan covered her mouth with an apologetic face.

Neve wanted to make herself get more attention in front of Mrs. Chan, but she failed and even got pissed off by Mrs. Chan.

She was so angry that she could only turn her attention to the judges' table, and she heard that Clare, the well-known pianist, would also be a judge.

Then, she looked at the judges.

Her eyes instantly widened.

She grabbed Mrs. Chan's arm, "Did I see it right? That ... Master Keturah ..."

"Yes, Master Keturah is very young. Cristal told me that she once directed Larro's National Day Gala, which was a complete success."

Mrs. Chan, had no idea of the Evans' relationship with Sylvia, continued.

"Who would have thought that Master Keturah is Sylvia, the web celeb who often becomes the trending topic. It's normal that you can't relate them."

Neve and Alyssa both looked at each other awkwardly, and their faces seemed to be burning with pain.

It was just like a slap in their faces.

Sylvia was a judge?

Sylvia was Master Keturah?

How was it possible?

But the reality was that she was sitting at the judges' table with an unassuming attitude.

Alyssa and Neve thought about what they had just said to Sylvia and wished the floor could open up and swallow them.

At that time so many people were watching, and they thought they could humiliate Sylvia.

However, the truth was that those people must have taken the Evans as a joke.

The judges were arriving one by one.

Sylvia was looking down at the competition schedule in front of her, when the chairs on the left and right were pulled away.

A man and a woman were seated at the same time.

The woman on the left was Merlin, a famous pianist from Aettosa, who was 50 years old this year but spirited. She wore a rosy dress, making it hard for others to tell her age.

"Sylvia ... we meet again." Merlin gave Sylvia a warm hug.

They had met before at a big piano competition, so they seemed to appreciate each other very much.

Sylvia knew that foreigners were always enthusiastic, so she gave Merlin a hug back.

"Sylvia?"

A low and magnetic voice suddenly sounded beside her.

Sylvia was stunned, let go of Merlin and looked to her right.

She saw a handsome man staring at her inquisitive ly.

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Chapter 358

The man has a pair of attractive eyes, a straight nose, with blue highlights on his forehead, which was eye-catching and fashionable.

In particular, there was a diamond stud in his left ear, which was shining in the light.

Sylvia raised her eyebrows. A pianist could be so fashionable?

Before she could say anything, the other party extended his cold hand towards her, "I'm Clare."

"I'm Sylvia." Looking at the man's fair-skinned wrist, Sylvia stretched out her hand. Their skin color seemed to be the same.

They shook hands and released each other's hand.

Clare was stunned. Somehow, his heart seemed to stop beating for a moment and then pound.

He was overwhelmed with excitement.

The Hipps had fair skin that was shining under the light.

It was the first time he had met a girl whose skin was as fair as his.

Master Keturah?

Interesting.

Sylvia?

Even more interesting.

Clare had imagined several times how he met Sylvia, but none of them were like this.

He almost thought he was meeting a woman with the same name.

Tammy and Skyla once told him how vicious and shameless Sylvia was. He had heard so much about how Sylvia had bullied them and how she had done horrible things to them.

But the woman in front of him was as beautiful as an SD doll. Her almond eyes were watery and shining.

She was not at all like what Tammy and Skyla said.

The hosts soon walked to the center of the stage.

This kind of competition would be recorded or live streamed, and some live streaming platforms would live broadcast it.

So after a very formal introduction of the five judges, the hosts began their opening remarks and asked the contestants to start the competition without further ado.

Cristal was very nervous. Se was simply pretending to be calm in front of Mrs. Chan yesterday.

Now, as she listened to the beautiful piano sound, she raised her eyebrows and began to relax, because she heard a lot of flaws in the songs played by those contestants.

Maybe because of the recent training, she was more or less able to know those players' levels from the songs they played.

Not only the Chans, but also the Carsons, Mrs. Carson and Aldo were there to cheer her on, so she couldn't afford to make a mistake.

One by one, the contestants took the stage and finished their performances.

Tiffany and Cristal were lined up right next to each other.

Soon, it was Tiffany's turn and she walked to the stage with confidence.

She sat down in front of the piano, wearing a pink dress, and started to press the black and white keys gracefully.

The melodious sound of the piano immediately echoed over the opera house.

Backstage, Cristal was listening to the sound of the piano, and her face began to turn white little by little.

How could Tiffany have improved so much?

In the past, they were clearly on par with each other.

What was going on?

While she was thinking about it, Tiffany advanced and returned to the backstage.

Cristal could only take a deep breath and walk towards the stage on her high heels.

"Hello, judges, my entry is 'White Moonlight.'"

After Cristal got on the stage, she said to the judges in the venue.

She bent down and bowed, and the moment she looked up, she saw the woman sitting in the front row.

The woman was dressed in a white dress, elegant and noble, and her expressionless face made it impossible to see her emotions clearly.

But!

Cristal's heart could not help but contract.

Sylvia!

Master Keturah!

It was her!

It was really her!

Cristal's lips couldn't help but start trembling. She somehow didn't want to be looked down upon by Sylvia.

She calmed down a little bit and sat down behind the piano.

Her hands were put on the keys, and the melodious sound of the piano sounded.

The song ended.

She stared nervously at the judges' table.

Sylvia calmly raised the scoreboard, 7.5 points.

The other judges basically gave 8 points or 7 points.

The score given by Sylvia was neither high nor low.

Cristal had made up her mind that if Sylvia dared to give her a low score, she would file a complaint against Sylvia for taking revenge on her.

However, she did not expect that Sylvia would give her a very fair score.

She was a bit confused.

Then she heard Sylvia's comment. Her cool voice came through the microphone.

"You're good at performing yourself and you have a desire to express yourself. The most important thing is to choose the right song for you. Badly performing a difficult song and well performing an easy one. The latter will help you gain more advantages for sure. So, you can remind yourself to play the songs slower. When you are on stage, you accelerated heartbeat and the tense atmosphere will make your playing speed accelerate. This creates a vicious circle."

Cristal carefully listened to Sylvia's advice with wide eyes.

She found that Sylvia's words were particularly professional and pertinent. The latter talked about her strengths and weaknesses in a very clear manner.

After listening to Sylvia, she did feel enlightened.

Master Keturah was really amazing.

"Thank you."

She bent down, thanked Sylvia, and then walked off the stage.

Tiffany stared at Cristal in humiliation. When she just finished the competition, she went straight off the stage before taking her seat.

And Sylvia didn't give her useful comments and simply ignored her.

Originally it was humiliating enough for Tiffany that Sylvia was a judge while she was only a contestant.

What was even more humiliating was that Sylvia just gave her a brief comment -- "Well played."

That was all.

For those who played the piano, they could easily fall into their own loops and could not get rid of them.

Sometimes they just needed an advice from others to get enlightened.

And Cristal, apparently, had a complete epiphany.

Anyway, Cristal and Tiffany both advanced.

This was good news for both families.

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Chapter 359

It would too embarrassing and humiliating for nobles like them to not advance.

Luckily, they advanced.

Even if they didn't win the championship, they at least made it to the next round.

Just at this moment!

The host said, "Please welcome the next contestant."

The crowd only saw a thin girl who walked onto the stage.

She wore a pink gauze princess dress, which set off her curvy yet petite figure, making others want to know what she looked like.

But the moment she raised her head, the limelight was on her.

All the audience stopped breathing for a moment.

The young girl's palm-sized face was tightly wrapped with layers of white gauze, which looked shocking.

Her facial features were invisible. Only her clean forehead and a pair of clear, star-like eyes were revealed.

She was just young lady, but from her eyes, it seemed that she had seen all the vicissitudes of the world.

Even so, she never gave up seeking the warmth.

The audience couldn't help but feel sorry for her.

Clare who sat beside Sylvia could not help but clench his fist.

The affection that had arisen only after seeing Sylvia came back to him after seeing this girl whose face was not clear.

This feeling was too odd, yet he experienced it twice in one day.

He was deeply puzzled.

When he saw Tammy and Skyla, he never had this feeling. Instead, he was disgusted with their stupidity and ignorance.

Sylvia, however, narrowed her eyes slightly. The figure on the stage was too familiar.

Even if her face was wrapped in gauze, Sylvia recognized her at once.

It was Jenna?

How come she also signed up for this competition?

Shouldn't she be abroad?

At this moment, the young girl on the stage slowly began to introduce herself, "Hello, I am Jenna, I hope you can enjoy the song I play. I haven't given it a name yet, but I really like it and it was always with me during the most difficult times of my life."

Sylvia silently looked at the young girl on stage. She did not expect ... Jenna could play the piano.

And at this time in the third row of the audience sat Brayden who quietly thumbed up towards Jenna on stage.

Jenna, who was still a little nervous, quietly pursed her lips.

She was trying to calm down.

Then she sat down at the piano.

Mrs. Carson and Aldo had come to watch the competition.

Mrs. Carson had always liked Cristal, and she naturally came here to support Cristal.

When she saw Jenna on stage, she couldn't help but grimace. "Can she really play the piano? She can't be compared with Cristal, absolutely."

Aldo looked at Jenna with a shocked face. He knew Jenna could play the harp, but ... when did she learn to play the piano and even compose songs?

He was very busy at work and sometimes wasn't able to give attention to Jenna.

Could it be that Jenna learned it when he was busy?

Aldo was puzzled, but at this time he was not in the mood to think so much.

All he wanted to do was quietly listen to Jenna play the piano.

His eyes fell greedily on the young girl on the stage.

Jenna sat quietly by the piano.

She closed her eyes slightly as countless notes flashed in her mind.

Her hands were dancing on the keys and the melodious music sounded.

The music seemed to be alive. Jenna's fair fingers hit the keys rapidly. Hearing the slightly sad melody, all the audience suddenly became quiet.

Jenna's music seemed to have magic power, and the moment it started, it hit the hearts of the audience.

The audience couldn't help but immerse themselves into this magical music.

Even many laymen who knew nothing about music were attracted by Jenna's music.

Only Tiffany stared at Jenna with a shocked face.

This song ... was so familiar.

It had the same tune, same notes as "Wind" that Tyler gave her. The only difference was that "Wind" didn't have such a sad tone.

However, it was precisely because of the sadness revealed from this piano song that it was enchanting and beautiful!

The song ended.

The audience broke out into a deafening applause!

Some music lovers stood up and whistled for Jenna!

Jenna gracefully rose and took a bow to express her gratitude!

"Bravo! That was great!"

Merlin, on Sylvia's left side, stood up and said with a look of excitement, "I'm going to make you advance to the finals directly. There is no need for you to compete in the next round."

Merlin was so excited, because she hadn't seen such a good talent for years!

Judges were eligible to make one contestant to advance to the finals directly.

Merlin was so excited. She looked at Jenna with approval in her eyes. "Girl, you are very talented. Seeing you is like seeing Sylvia standing in front of me years ago. Back then, Sylvia ..."

Her eyes shone. It was as if she had seen Sylvia when she looked at Jenna. She was so emotional that she choked up a little. She couldn't help but hug Sylvia beside her. "Sylvia, I didn't expect I would see a girl with the same talent as you. I'm so excited. I'm sorry."

Sylvia patted Merlin comfortingly. Her tone was calm, "Honey, calm down. This girl indeed has talent."

Clare didn't expect Merlin to be so excited, though his heart was pounding.

He took the microphone and asked, "Jenna, when did you compose this song?"

"When I was 16 years old. I didn't have a lot of ideas or the ability to compose at that time... so I know it has a lot of flaws," Jenna said, embarrassed.

She had a hard time getting up the courage to go on stage for the preliminaries, and she owed it all to Brayden and Mrs. Wright.

Without their encouragement, she ... would never have had the courage to stand here.

Mrs. Wright looked at the little girl with a sense of pride.

She couldn't help but hold her husband Mayor Cody's hand. "Jenna is really great."

Mayor Cody was much calmer than her, "The judges haven't scored it yet."

Clare looked at Jenna with a smile. Even the strand of blue hair on his forehead looked extra spirited. "The song is perfect. I appreciate it and I like it very, very much."

The other judges also appreciated Jenna.

Many people around Tiffany were clapping and shouting, except for her ...

This song was obviously the same as "Wind". How come Jenna composed it herself at the age of 16?

What a joke.

With anger in her chest, she suddenly stood up and said loudly, "She's lying!"

Everyone couldn't help but look over towards Tiffany.

She raised her head and stared at Jenna with a smug look on her face and said, "The name of this song is Wind, and it was

composed by my piano teacher Tyler!"

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Chapter 360

When they heard Tiffany's words, the crowd was in an uproar.

The gaze on Jenna became a little different.

"The girl on the stage must be lying, right?"

"Yeah, how can a 16-year-old girl know how to compose music?"

"People nowadays make up all kinds of lies to become famous."

Jenna's face turned white. She hadn't heard of "Wind" at all. She really composed this song herself.

She clenched her fists, her mind going blank.

Suddenly, her eyes met Brayden's encouraging, worried eyes.

She seemed to gain some comfort and looked less nervous.

He seemed to be saying to her, "Don't be afraid. Be brave and be yourself."

For a moment, her heart that was pounding seemed to calm down.

The desire to escape also faded.

'Jenna, you can do it. You can do it. You have to be brave enough to express yourself and say it out loud.'

Sylvia also frowned, worried about the state of Jenna.

Jenna had been severely traumatized and later disfigured.

She finally get up the courage to stand on stage.

But now she was being questioned.

Although she hadn't heard the song Tiffany was talking about, she intuitively believed that Jenna hadn't copied it.

Clare didn't want to let the talent he had just discovered perish, so he hesitated and asked, "Jenna, do you have anything to say?"

The young girl with gauze wrapped around her small face bit her red lip, her clear eyes filled with panic, and for a moment, she seemed to finally calm herself down.

Just when Sylvia wanted to stand up to stop others from asking Jenna more questions Jenna opened her mouth and her clear voice said, "I didn't plagiarize. I've never heard of 'Wind', and the song is indeed my own composition. I ... I can confront that person!"

She had the manuscript, and when she composed the song, she had done it casually.

After writing it down, she tore it up and threw it in the trash bin.

Later on, she felt sorry for dumping such a good song, so she picked the manuscript back. It was easy to lose it if tucked into the book, so she simply took a picture and threw away the manuscript.

She really didn't expect anyone to say that she plagiarize others' song.

Hearing Jenna's justify herself, Tiffany couldn't help but laugh mockingly, "Since you want to be slapped in the face so badly, I'll make it happen."

With that, she dialed Tyler's cell phone. "Professor Grant, I'm at the competition venue and I urgently need you to help me. Remember to bring proof that 'Wind' was composed by you."

Tyler was a little baffled, "I told you to play it in the finals? You're playing it so soon?"

He had something very important to do today, so he didn't go to watch Tiffany's competition.

But the Evans family gave him a lot of money, so he would not say no to Tiffany's request.

"OK, I'll be right there."

The place where Tyler was just happened to be quite close to the opera house, and it only took Tyler ten minutes.

Tiffany hung up the phone and gave Jenna a smug look, "I'm telling you, you thief, you're doomed!"

Jenna couldn't help but shudder looking at Tiffany's aggressive look.

She lowered her eyes and didn't say anything.

"You can't say anything, can you? I'm ashamed of you for plagiarizing to become famous." Tiffany scolded in a vicious tone.

She had suffered great humiliation in the face of Sylvia and Cristal, and now she was trying to take it all out on Jenna.

Cristal didn't expect to see a "dark horse" in the preliminary round.

But this dark horse was quite strange, her face wrapped in gauze.

But her name ... sounded vaguely familiar!

It seemed that Aldo's adopted daughter was also named Jenna?

No, it couldn't be Aldo's adopted daughter.

That adopted daughter had left the country some time ago.

How could she be here?

How could there be such a coincidence?

She couldn't help but look at Aldo and Mrs. Carson, who were not far away.

The man's face was sullen, and it was obvious that he was not in a very good mood.

Mrs. Carson's voice came out, loud enough for the people around her to hear.

"So what if she can play the piano? Fortunately, we have severed our relationship with her. Otherwise, it would have been a disgrace to our Carson family."

The tone of her voice was unpleasant to the ear.

Aldo gave her a look, "Mom, mind your language."

"I'm telling the truth. What? I can't make my own remarks, huh? Shame on her for being a plagiarist!"

Before Tyler arrived, Mrs. Carson assumed Jenna was a plagiarist.

The slim young girl stood on the stage. Looking over, she saw Mrs. Carson look at her with disdain, contempt, and disgust ...

It was as if she was never worthy to stand beside the Carsons.

Jenna's heart couldn't help but start beating wildly. She was becoming nervous and uncomfortable, and she couldn't help but want to run away again.

The desire to escape was really strong.

Mrs. Wright couldn't help but be angry when she heard Mrs. Carson's voice.

"Someone is really a snob. That piano teacher has not come to confront Jenna. How could Jenna be regarded as a plagiarist? I advise her to watch her mouth or she might be charged with defamation!"

Mrs. Wright said it in a very serious and unpleasant way.

Hearing her voice, Jenna was less tense and uncomfortable.

Suddenly, she didn't seem so scared.

When Mrs. Carson was about to snap back at Mrs. Wright, Tyler came in in a hurry.

Looking at the audience inside the opera house, and then at the young girl Jenna standing on the stage.

He was a bit baffled.

Just as he was about to call Tiffany, he heard Tiffany's complacent voice, "This is my piano teacher Tyler, and everyone has heard of Tyler, right? He has won numerous awards. And the song that Jenna copied was composed by my teacher Tyler!"

"It's Tyler! Tyler would not steal a young girl's work, right?"

"It's probably this young girl stealing Tyler's song."

"I am sick of her poor character."

The audience, who had been watching the show, couldn't help but start talking about it.

Tyler finally understood the whole story.

The young girl on stage had stolen "Wind"!

He glanced at Jenna and said with disdain, "Girl, you can contact me if you like this song. With my authorization, you can play it in the competition. Why do you have to copy it?"

Obviously, Tyler had considered Jenna as a plagiarist.

Jenna had never seen such a shameless person.

She wanted to sneer and retort like Sylvia did.

But she seemed to be born cute and adorable.