

Even when she retorted, her voice was cute. "I didn't plagiarize."

She was telling the truth.

She wanted to confidently tell everyone she didn't plagiarize, but ... her heart kept beating, and her inner voice told her to shrink...

Her inner voice got louder and louder in her head, though she tried hard to get rid of it.

Her head was blank, and her inner voice was getting more aggressive.

"She couldn't have plagiarized your work. If you say she did, please show proof to prove you composed this song."

Suddenly, a mellow male voice rang out in the quiet opera house.

Everyone couldn't help but look towards the source of the voice, only to see a slender man slowly rising from his seat, his face handsome.

Brayden?

Someone recognized who the man was. All

were a little surprised.

This man was the mayor's son. He appeared aloof and distant usually.

But now he stood out to defend a girl?

It was so unbelievable.

Sylvia took a look at Brayden. She was amazed by the fact that Brayden was such a responsible and trustworthy man!

As a judge, she couldn't let them bully Jenna at will.

Tyler was so cunning. Even if he copied Jenna's work, he would not admit it. Moreover, he had a lot of students, so he would never admit doing something that could tarnish his reputation.

Sylvia came to him, "Mr. Grant, you said Jenna was a plagiarist. Please show your evidence to prove it."

Tyler came prepared after taking Tiffany's call.

He immediately took out a piece of worn-out yellow paper from his pocket.

The originally white paper was now yellow and also emitted a musty smell.

It should be from a long time ago.

"This is a manuscript I left when I composed several years ago."

Tyler said expressionlessly.

Sylvia brought the manuscript to the judges' table, and several judges took turns passing it around.

After reading it, Clare said, "It does look like a manuscript."

Tyler smiled and looked pleased.

"Where's your proof?" Sylvia looked at Jenna .

Jenna was wearing a gown and didn't have her phone with her. She bit her lip and waved her hand at Brayden, and the latter immediately stepped forward and delivered the phone to her hand.

The man's large, hot palm gently brushed her cold fingertips, bringing a burst of warmth.

Warmth flooded her heart.

Then she heard the man say, "Don't be afraid."

Jenna took a deep breath and then opened her phone album. She had been using iphone, so as long as she logged in to her ID, no matter what iphone model she used, she was able to see the photos she had saved before.

So after she left the Carson family and the Wrights bought her a new phone, she restored the photos.

She flipped out the photo of her manuscript and showed it to the judges.

Merlin was the first to exclaim, "Oh my God, what's going on?"

Sylvia and Clare glanced at each other and looked towards the photo on Jenna's phone.

Both could not help but be stunned.

The manuscript on the phone screen...

Tyler's confident face froze. What happened? What's wrong with the photo?

Tiffany looked at the judges, and her heart was in her throat.

She was desperate to know the answer.

She was desperate to see Jenna get slapped in the face by Tyler.

But she couldn't see anything from her seat in the audience.

She could only be anxious.

But after the judges looked at it, they handed it over to the host.

The host also froze when she saw the photo.

She held the phone up to the camera, pointed it at the camera, and then a very shocked voice rang out.

"Oh my God! The evidence Jenna brought out was a photo of a manuscript that looked exactly like Tyler's manuscript! The manuscript in Jenna's photo was clean and clear and looked new! Tyler's manuscript looked old and yellowed."

As the photo was immediately projected on the big screen by the camera. Everyone stared in awe at the comparison.

Two identical manuscripts, except that one photo was new and one was an old manuscript.

"Oh my God! How is this possible?"

"Why is it like this?"

Tiffany also stared intently at the big screen in shock.

"How is it possible? Jenna, you must have secretly taken a photo of my teacher's manuscript, went home to practice, and then came out to claim that you composed this song!"

She pointed at Jenna and shouted her rebuke as if she was a defender of justice.

Everyone at the scene looked at the comparison of the two manuscripts in shock.

All felt incredible.

All eyes were focused on Jenna and Tyler.

Tyler smiled slightly, revealing a smile that he thought was very generous and elegant, with a hint of helplessness in his tone, "Young lady, I understand your desire to be popular. After all, we all want to be extraordinary pianists. However, you should not take such shameful shortcuts. The best shortcut in this world is your hard work."

This speech was delivered very decently, making the audience nod and praise, "No wonder he's a famous piano teacher."

"This young girl should feel ashamed. She stole Tyler's song, but insisted saying she composed it."

Jenna bit her lower lip, and her gaze that covered her face showed a touch of determination.

Sylvia and the Wrights could not help but sweat for her.

But no one else could help her out. She

gotta face up to it herself.

Could she do it?

Brayden could not help but silently mouth, "You can do it."

The man's handsome face was filled with worry.

Jenna looked at the few people on stage supporting her, Brayden, Mrs. Wright ... Mayor Cody, and Miss Andrews...

The look in their eyes told her that they were behind her, and that they believed in her.

Jenna's pounding heart seemed to have suddenly calmed down, as if her fear had suddenly disappeared.

She could do it!

She could definitely do it!

The host looked at Jenna who kept silent and couldn't help but ask, "Jenna, do you ... have anything to say? Why do you have a photo of this manuscript? Is it true that you saw his manuscript by accident and took the photo, as Tyler said?"

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Jenna calmed down and then said softly, "The manuscript presented by Mr. Grant's is mine. I wrote it. I composed it! I threw it in the trash bin, and I don't know why it got into Mr. Grant's hands."

The manuscript was hers!

She threw it in the trash bin, but by mistake, it ended up in Tyler's hands.

It was something that she was unsatisfied, but it became a treasure of someone

else. She really couldn't understand why.

"Girl, don't be ridiculous. The manuscript is obviously mine."

Tyler didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "If you apologize to me, I won't pursue this matter. But you keep trying my patience, and I'm getting a little angry. How can you swear black is white?"

"Mr. Grant, I ... am not as eloquent as you, but the manuscript is indeed mine." Jenna's eyes, which had always been timid, became resolute. If she was identified as a plagiarist, in the future ... everyone would take her as a plagiarist.

She could not accept

it! She did not

plagiarize!

Also, she didn't want the Wright family to be

implicated. So, she couldn't admit it no matter what!

She seemed to be filled with strength and courage for a moment.

"Mr. Grant, that manuscript is my handwriting, and I wrote it by hand. We can match the handwriting to see who wrote it. I believe that a person's handwriting cannot be changed unless he deliberately imitates someone else."

Her voice became more and more imposing.

There was a hint of an determination in her eyes.

Her clear gaze was fixed on Tyler, and her tone was not aggressive, but her clear eyes made people not dare to act recklessly. "Mr. Grant ... how about we match the handwriting?"

A trace of panic quickly flashed across Tyler's eyes, but it was still noticed by Sylvia.

She narrowed her eyes slightly and also stood up, "Mr. Grant, you are not afraid of doing it, are you?"

Before Tyler answered her, she said to the staff member aside, "Prepare the pens and paper. Mr. Grant, Jenna, you two write this song together. Let's match the handwriting to see who's the plagiarist."

Tyler didn't expect Sylvia to take action so decisively.

He was still a little shocked when the staff member put pen and paper in front

of him. Jenna who was beside him had picked up the pen and been writing the

song quickly. But Tyler was holding the pen, hesitant to write the song.

Almost everyone's eyes were on Jenna and Tyler.

Tyler's face was pale, and although he tried to pretend to be cool, his back was damp with

sweat. Sweat was beading his calm face.

The beads of sweat slid down his cheeks and fell onto the paper.

He finally gritted his teeth and began to recall the handwriting of the manuscript, trying to imitate

it. However ...

By this time, Jenna had finished writing and handed the paper to the host beside him. "I am done."

The camera was immediately pointed at her handwriting, and the judges and all the audience, began to match the

handwriting. "It seems like ... the handwriting is indeed the same as that of the manuscript."

"I don't see any difference between the handwriting on this manuscript and the original one."

Everyone was shocked by this reversal.

The camera was now pointed at Tyler who was hesitant to write and whose hand shook after hearing Jenna finish

writing. On Tyler's paper was a line of notes, but the ... handwriting was clearly different from that of the manuscript.

"So ... is Tyler the real plagiarist?"

"So it's really Jenna who wrote the song?"

"The real thief is Tyler? How was he able to say something so brazen just now?"

"He stole the song from Jenna and called Jenna a plagiarist, but it turned out Jenna was the real

composer!" "This reversal really shocked me."

The audience who was so supportive of Tyler was disgusted with him so much now.

Recalling Tyler said something before to win everyone's favor, they felt Tyler was more

disgusting. How shameless he was to say something like that.

And now the audience couldn't help but look at Jenna sympathetically.

They never thought there would be such a young genius as Jenna in this world!

A song composed at the age of 16 could shock the world! No one could imagine how much she could achieve if she had further study in this aspect!

Sylvia's eyes were cold as she looked at Tyler, who was sweating. "Tyler, what else do you want to say? This manuscript was written by Jenna, but you took it as yours and even slandered Jenna as a plagiarist."

"Honestly, I picked up the manuscript by a trash can that I passed by," Tyler said with an embarrassed look on his face.

He thought it was just a manuscript discarded by

someone! "I ... am sorry."

After saying that, he took a big step off the stage and left in a

hurry. Looking at Tyler's hastily receding figure, Tiffany felt

embarrassed. It was really a slap in her face.

She really wished the floor could open up and swallow

her. Tyler didn't feel any better than her.

He used to be a well-known and highly respected piano teacher with a very good reputation. And his plagiarism would have a great impact on his career and his reputation.

It could be imagined that no one would be looking for him for piano training for a long

time. And Tiffany was both angry and envious of Jenna's talent, while hating Tyler.

What a shame! How dare he fool her with a copied song.

Luckily she didn't play it in the finals. If she did, she would have been the one to be

embarrassed! What a scumbag to deceive her!

She was so pissed off!

Luckily, it had been found to be copied before she

played it. Fortunately ... the plagiarism didn't implicate

her.

And at this time on stage, Jenna couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

She couldn't help but show a smile towards Brayden offstage, but ... the wound on her face was pulled and she hurriedly stopped smiling.

The judges gave her an average score of

9. And she also advanced to the finals

directly.

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Aldo's eyes stared grimly at the center of the stage. His heart was filled with annoyance.

Turning his head, he said to Cristal, "Let's go."

"I made it to the next round. Shouldn't you congratulate me on making it?" Cristal bit her lip and looked at Aldo.

"Why can't you see me? Is she really that good? You can't think about anything but her! She's just a miserable orphan with no family background. Is she as capable as I am? She can't even express herself properly! And she's sick!"

Aldo's eyes were bloodshot and he glared at Cristal. "Shut

up!" Jenna, no matter what, was the best girl, in his mind.

He would not allow anyone to slander her!

However, Aldo seemed to have forgotten one thing at this point.

That was all that his mother, Mrs. Carson, had ever done to

Jenna! Cristal felt sad and uncomfortable.

Her red lips trembled as she looked at Aldo, tears welling up in her eyes, "Aldo... remember what you said! How dare you treat me like that!"

"I'm going to tell my father and mother to disinvest in Carson Group! That movie your mom invested in is now despised by all the investors."

"Those funds were used to remove the director's scandals and pay marketing expenses. Though the movie was half done, there's no money left. You've offended the Wilson Group which decides to not invest any more money."

"Aldo, think about the consequences of offending

me!" Cristal felt as if her heart had been cut by a

knife.

In which aspect she was inferior to Jenna?

She was from a good family with good looks and great abilities. She had been the PR manager for Chan Group since she graduated and had perfectly responded to several PR crises.

How could she not compare to that poor-educated and plain-looking

orphan? Cristal wiped her tears and walked towards her car.

She raised her head.

One day, she would make Aldo find out how good

she was! Golden Restaurant.

Sylvia sat beside Jenna. A smile appeared on her cool face. "Why did you come back for the competition? How are you doing? How did the surgery go?"

Jenna looked at her shyly. "The first surgery has been done, and the next surgery will

continue." She came to the competition because of Brayden's encouragement.

She could not only play the harp, but also the piano.

If Brayden hadn't encouraged her to go on stage, she wouldn't have made it.

But she knew that she had to remove the wall that she built to protect herself from the outside

world. She could no longer be the fragile girl that depended on others. She gotta break down the

walls.

She gotta be brave and resolute.

"Looks are quite important for both boys and girls. Since there's a chance to recover your appearance, you should seize it, though the process is painstaking. So, it's very important for you to be strong."

Sylvia patted her hand.

Jenna kept brainwashing herself by repeating "I'm the best. I can do it" in her mind.

Her bright eyes fell on Sylvia, and then she said, "Thank you for helping me find a doctor. Thanks to Mr. And Mrs. Wright, and Brayden, I got where I am. I'm also grateful to Uncle Aldo for taking care of me for years, but ... I never had the feeling of closeness with him..."

"I used to rely on him because I thought of him as the closest person to me, but ... it turned out that the closest person to him wasn't me."

Jenna said in a choked voice, but she did not

cry. She had to become strong. So, she

couldn't just cry.

"I know you all are genuinely kind to me. I'll repay Uncle Aldo for raising me up, and I will also repay the kindness you all have shown me."

Sylvia had always known that Jenna was autistic who had shown great improvement years of therapy.

Today on stage, the confrontation between Jenna and Tyler shocked Sylvia and made her feel that Jenna had improved and changed quite a bit.

She even confronted someone and gave a slap in Tyler's

face. Her progress was impressive!

Now she even worded her gratitude, which reassured

Sylvia. She felt a sense of relief.

Mrs. Wright was the most excited one. She felt proud of Jenna. "Jenna really changes a lot. When she just came to my place, it was heartbreaking to watch her not talk or eat."

"Jenna did well this time, and she advanced to the finals directly." Mayor Cody smiled, his eyes with a hint of encouragement.

"Mom, Dad, we're going back to Aettosa tomorrow. Since she advanced, there's no reason for her to stay in the country for the next round, and she'll have to continue her therapy before the finals start."

Brayden said as he picked up food for both of his parents.

"OK, I'll wait for you both at home. Jenna, you should not be too tired, otherwise it will prevent a speedy recovery." Mrs. Wright advised carefully.

Sylvia sent several piano songs and some practice tips to Jenna's phone. "Let me know if you don't understand anything." They finished their meal and came out, only to run into Aldo and Cristal coming out of the box across the hall.

Mrs. Carson and Jeff, and Mr. and Mrs. Chan and Elvis were also there.

Both parties were stunned. A hint of jealousy flashed through her eyes when she saw Jenna being with the Wrights and Sylvia. But soon ... she suppressed the jealousy.

Jenna was an orphan, but she was able to get Master Keturah's favor. She must have been taken in by Master Keturah as a disciple, and that was why she got such a good result in the preliminary round.

On the contrary, she had offended Master Keturah so thoroughly in the first place. This realization made Cristal feel a pang in her heart.

"Mayor Cody, hello!"

Zaire, Cristal's father was the first to react and hurriedly reached out to shake hands with Mayor

Cody. Mayor Cody smiled lightly, "Mr. Chan, it's been a long time."

Elvis also said hello to Brayden.

Mrs. Carson looked Jenna up and down, almost from head to toe, seemingly watching commodities.

Finally she said, "This is Master Keturah, isn't it? I can't believe that you and Master Keturah are so close to dine

together." Sylvia's eyebrows were raised, and her almond eyes were cold. Sylvia curled her lips and flicked her nails

carelessly, "Mrs.

Carson, there are many people who have a good relationship with me, like Brock, Poppy. Even poisonous scorpions can't scare you to tell the truth. You really impress me. "

"You!" Mrs. Carson's face suddenly changed and turned purple.

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The fear of being scared by Sylvia with the poisonous scorpion surged in her chest again.

That was simply lifelong humiliation for her.

Sylvia, the bitch! How could she do that to her for Jenna's sake!

She suddenly laughed, "Master Keturah, you are a judge, but you can't exploit your power to let Jenna advance, can you? That's not fair."

"Mrs. Carson, just because I had dinner with Jenna doesn't mean I used my power to let her advance. I can't control all the judges, can I?"

Sylvia was pissed by Mrs. Carson.

"I saw your intimacy with those judges like Clare and Merlin. And you three all gave Jenna high scores." Mrs. Carson said angrily, "Cristal played the piano so well, but you only gave her 7.5 scores. You are too much!"

Cristal was as uncomfortable as if she had swallowed a fly.

Her level was above intermediate level, while Jenna was a genius, with whom general people really could not compare.

When Jenna was playing the piano, the notes seemed as though they were living.

The reason she got 7.5 scores was that she was not as good as Jenna.

However, the way Mrs. Carson talked about it was very embarrassing and humiliating for her. Could Mrs. Carson not make Master Keturah dislike her even more?

"Mrs. Carson, I didn't perform well ..." she tried to stop Mrs. Carson, but Mrs. Carson interrupted her, "You played very well! "

"Well, I think you can try to be the judge in the next round."

Sylvia's clear eyes glanced at Mrs. Carson.

Aldo had never expected to run into Jenna in this situation.

He looked at Jenna with some fascination, but Jenna's eyes never fell on him.

"Mom ... stop talking ridiculous nonsense." Aldo felt that Mrs. Carson was just being ridiculous.

So, he could not help but stop Mrs. Carson.

"I want to speak up for Cristal! I can't sit by and watch her being bullied!" Mrs. Carson said with an angry look on her face.

A hint of embarrassment flashed across Cristal's face. "No one is bullying me. I made it to the next round, and the judges gave me scores very fairly."

Mrs. Chan didn't expect Mrs. Carson who usually looked quite gentle would be out of mind when she saw Jenna, Sylvia, and the Wrights.

The way she looked was really frightening.

Chan family was not one of the richest families in Larro, but it was above intermediate

level. Usually, the Chan family kept a low profile and did not have any grudge with other

families. That was why it survived several corporate crises.

Mrs. Chan was usually a kind person in her friend circle, so now she felt really uncomfortable suddenly seeing such a radical side of Mrs. Carson.

"Sylvia, let's go." Mrs. Wright gently pulled Sylvia's arm.

Sylvia immediately understood, and no longer entangled with Mrs. Carson, this shrew. It was useless to talk to this kind of woman.

"You've gone too far! How can you just walk away?" Mrs. Carson stared at their backs with hatred and said to Mrs. Chan, "Don't worry. No matter what, Aldo only has feelings for Cristal."

Mrs. Chan smiled awkwardly. "That's good."

Back home.

Mrs. Chan was in a very bad mood. She pulled Cristal to sit on the sofa. "Cristal, you saw what happened today. Mrs. Carson is not to be messed with. What will you do if you do get married and your father and I are not around?"

"Mom, why are you thinking so much? Besides, as long as Master Aldo and my sister have a good relationship, that's all that matters."

Elvis didn't think about it that much. In their circle, there were not many families that were harmonious. Many couples appeared to be on very good terms on the surface, but in fact, they were all having their own affairs.

Mrs. Chan glared at him. "Go away. You understand nothing."

Then she took Cristal's hand and said seriously, "Although our family is rich, it is the wealth accumulated by our forebears. Your father has been very cautious these years. We do not have a strong background, and we are just nothing when compared with the Kennedy family, the Mertens family, the Maskelyne family, and the Wilson family family."

"If Mrs. Carson continues acting in this way, she will be in trouble sooner or later. You ... better quit Aldo."

Mrs. Chan sighed.

"Mom, I like him! I just like him."

Cristal was upset.

The Carson family wanted to connect the Chan family through business marriage.

But Mrs. Carson had such a short temper that few people could stand her.

The problem was that Aldo didn't like her, so she was really upset.

Now even her mother had started to advise her to break up with Aldo...

She was both sad and painful.

She was a rich lady that enjoyed squandering money and flaunted herself.

But after Sylvia did not vindictively give her a low score and even Jenna, that autistic, could express herself well, she suddenly felt as she should change her lifestyle. At least, she couldn't be too narrow-minded.

She didn't want to end up becoming a narrow-minded woman like Mrs. Carson.

She took a deep breath. Her head was a mess.

"When I get married to Aldo in the future, we can live separately, and I heard that Aldo was living alone in his own villa." Cristal hesitated for a moment, realizing she still didn't want to give up Aldo.

"Cristal, you're a girl. You have to think clearly. I saw Aldo staring at that ugly girl today. Is he still in love with her?"

"Mom, I don't know ..."

"Forget it. If he can't get over that girl, don't blame me for showing no mercy!"

Mrs. Chan said, a little annoyed.

"Mom ... you don't have to do this. Jenna has left the Carson family now. She didn't do anything wrong. She's just an orphan."

Somehow, Cristal spoke up for Jenna. She was jealous of Jenna and envious of Sylvia at the same time.

Her mind was in turmoil.

The next day.

Brayden took Jenna and flew to Aettosa to continue treatment on her face.

Sylvia went straight to the hospital.

As soon as Poppy came to her senses, Sylvia was immediately notified by the hospital.

She rushed to the hospital and saw Jenna sitting on the edge of the bed, ready to put on her slippers and get out of bed. "Poppy, are you okay?"

Sylvia quickly walked to the bed and held Poppy. "Do you feel uncomfortable?" She talked for a while, but Poppy smiled at her and said,

"Sylvia, you're here?" "Poppy?"

Sylvia frowned at her. Poppy was obviously not answering her question.

"Sylvia, I ... I can't hear what you're saying." Poppy only saw Sylvia's red lips open and close, but she could hear nothing.

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There was a terrible silence in her world. She

couldn't hear anything.

She was deaf.

All she could see was Sylvia's mouth moving, but she couldn't hear what Sylvia was saying. She couldn't even hear what she was saying.

Sylvia's heart ached, as if it had been stabbed by a needle. She immediately reacted.

Obviously, Poppy couldn't hear ...

Poppy was now suffering the pain in place of her.

The water that Gianna spiked with drug should have been drunk by her, but Poppy drank it. "Sylvia, I want to go to the bathroom."

Poppy's hoarse voice said.

Sylvia rushed to help her go to the bathroom.

Poppy walked to the bathroom door with her help and went in by herself.

After waiting inside the ward for a while, Eden came back with some things, and some nourished soup. Once the lid was opened, the tantalizing aroma of the soup spread through the ward.

When other people smelt it, they may feel their appetite. But Poppy looked sickly.

Sylvia ladled a spoonful of soup to feed her, but Poppy shook her head and pushed it away.

She tried to persuade Poppy to take a sip, but it occurred to her that Poppy couldn't hear anything. She had to give another spoonful to Poppy's mouth.

Smelling the taste, Poppy just felt a pang of nausea in her stomach. She reached out and pushed the soup.

Sylvia was not bothered and put the soup down.

As soon as she looked up, she saw Poppy biting her lip and looking at her cautiously. Eden was a bit depressed. "I just waited in line early in the morning for this soup."

"Forget it if she doesn't want to drink it. Thank you." Sylvia glanced at Eden. "Bring the paper and pencil over here."

Eden nodded and gave Sylvia the pen and paper from the table. Sylvia picked up the pen and wrote on it, "You are deaf, but this symptom is temporary."

Poppy hadn't eaten anything, so she was weak. Her hand holding the pen was shaking. And finally she had to speak again in a voice she couldn't hear, "Sylvia, don't lie to me. This should be a response to the poison in my body."

Sylvia felt heartbroken. She forced a smile to hide the sadness in her heart.

Then she wrote, "No, it's not. It's all temporary. You'll recover soon. Don't think too much about it."

"Sylvia, I may not be able to shoot the movie." After Poppy read those two lines, she curled her lips into a wry smile, "Sylvia, you can find another female lead."

Sylvia listened to Poppy's hoarse voice and her nose twitched.

She went on to write, "It doesn't matter. We'll shoot the movie again when you're well."

Poppy looked at the words on the paper in a trance. It was uncertain whether she would get better or not. She shook her head. "No need, Sylvia. If there is another suitable actress ..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Sylvia took her hands in hers. Sylvia

looked at Poppy who pretended not to care at all.

Heartbroken, she wrote, "This matter will be discussed when you are better." At this time, there was a sudden knock on the door.

Sylvia said, "Please come in."

A nurse who carried a thermos lunch box came in, "Miss Maskelyne, this is Mr. Maskelyne's breakfast for you." Poppy couldn't hear. She could only see the nurse walk in.

She glanced at Sylvia curiously. Sylvia said to the nurse, "Please."

Eden hurriedly stood up to take the box and opened it. The

aroma of breakfast came to him.

He opened the lunch box, which contained delicate dishes and porridge. But Poppy

couldn't help shaking her head at the smell of the breakfast. She felt a wave of

nausea and discomfort.

Sylvia was worried about her. How could she not eat? She hadn't had anything since she woke up. Now she was weak. Poppy seemed

so weak that she could be blown away by the wind.

Thus, Sylvia wrote on a piece of paper, "What do you want to eat? I'll have someone prepare it."

Poppy's eyes were red. "Sylvia, can you cook me a bowl of noodles yourself? Or you can cook anything else. I just want to eat something you made with your own hands."

She couldn't eat anything now. Even Eden had just washed the fruit for her. She couldn't eat it. Sylvia

listened to Poppy's hoarse and broken voice, and of course she would not refuse.

On the paper, she wrote, "I'll go borrow the hospital kitchen to make it. Wait for me." After

Sylvia left, Poppy fell asleep again.

While she slept, it was Eden who had been taking care of her.

The agent suddenly pushed in the door, "Eden." Eden

immediately made a shushing gesture at him.

But after a moment, it occurred to him that Poppy couldn't hear anything now. So, there

was no need for them to be so careful.

He bent down and tucked Poppy in before walking to the door, "What's wrong?"

"You have work this afternoon. You need to show up as the ambassador for the brand you endorsed on. You have to go."

Eden listened and looked towards the hospital bed with some hesitation when he suddenly heard a subtle sound coming from behind him.

He turned his head and found Poppy looking at him with her eyes open, and he hurriedly said to his agent, "I'll go when Sylvia comes back."

He was not comfortable with Poppy staying here alone.

Poppy looked at the agent's and Eden's expressions and knew that something was wrong.

She bit her lip and smiled at Eden. "If you're busy, you can leave first. Franklin and James will both be here." Eden

wrote a line, "That's okay. I can leave later."

Poppy shook her head, pursed her pale lips and looked at him. "You're a star. If you don't attend those branding campaigns, you'll be blacklisted and no one will work with you in the future."

She was so understanding that Eden was really heartbroken. Just then,

Sylvia came back with a bowl of noodles.

"Sylvia is here. You can rest assured now, right?" Poppy said in a

playful manner.

Eden had to nod. "I'll come back to keep you company when I'm done."

He was very upset. If it wasn't for his carelessness, Poppy wouldn't have drunk the water that was spiked with drug. He had

been blaming himself for not taking good care of Poppy.

In fact, Poppy didn't want to eat at all.

When she saw food, she was so sick to her stomach that she wanted to vomit. But she

held back, pretending to eat happily and slowly.

She didn't want to tell Sylvia that she couldn't taste anything at all. It was as

if she had lost her taste buds ...

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Sylvia saw that Poppy was finally willing to eat. She was really relieved.

Just now, Poppy couldn't even drink any water, which was really heartbreaking. Eden saw Poppy having

food. He was relieved a little bit and had to leave.

He couldn't be late for the activity this afternoon.

Only when Poppy finished the bowl of noodles did she say to Sylvia, "Sylvia, I'm done. It's delicious." Sylvia took a tissue and

gave it to Poppy. She took it and wiped her mouth.

"Sylvia, you should go back too. I got a care worker to take care of me here, so you don't have to worry." Poppy said

understandingly.

"James will be over later to keep me company." She added.

Sylvia nodded. "Okay then, I'll go and hold a consultation with the other doctors this afternoon to see exactly how to treat your illness."

Not long after Sylvia went out, Poppy ran into the bathroom and started throwing up like crazy. All the noodles she had

just eaten were thrown up.

She wanted to eat, but her stomach couldn't take it at all, and as soon as she ate it, it created a feeling of nausea. However, she really didn't

want Sylvia and Eden, who were close to her, to worry about her.

Sylvia was really good to her.

She didn't want to make Sylvia feel bad and worried. Tears trickled down her

cheeks.

After she finished throwing up, she went back to the hospital bed and lay down again. Before she knew it, she

was asleep again.

When she woke up, she found a man standing in the room.

She was startled, but was relieved when she saw it was Franklin. "Franklin... why didn't you wake

me up when you got here?"

Her voice was still hoarse, and she was afraid that if she didn't speak now, she might be unable to speak tomorrow. Though she was not able to

hear what she said.

Franklin thought about the doctor's words and couldn't help but feel his heart sink. His sister was deaf.

She couldn't hear anything.

He went to the door and turned on the light.

Then he looked at her quietly for a moment before saying, "Are you hungry?" Only after he said it did

he remember that she couldn't hear.

Grabbing the paper and pen on the side, he wrote, "Hungry? I asked Jasper to bring some soup made by the home cook." Poppy shook her head.

Her stomach was very empty and uncomfortable.

But she didn't have any appetite at all.

She shook her head and took Franklin's hand.

Franklin and she were brother and sister, but they had never been this close. For the first time,

Franklin did not push her away.

Poppy's hoarse voice was heard, "Franklin, I may have to leave this world soon. Franklin, I don't want to die." She still had a lot of

things left to do.

Franklin looked at her compassionately and picked up a pen and paper to write down a line. "You will be fine." His handwriting was

very good.

"Franklin ... can I ask you one thing? Please promise me, otherwise, I couldn't die in peace if I did." Poppy clutched

Franklin's sleeve. Her eyes were moisty, making it hard for Franklin to say no. "What is it?"

"Franklin ... you remarry Sylvia and don't break up with her again. Okay?" Poppy showed a sad

look.

She really felt sorry for Sylvia. She now had mixed feelings that were hard to express. She was really afraid that

she would leave unexpectedly one day ...

She didn't want to end up being a stranger who had no relationship with Sylvia. She wanted to

become Sylvia's relative.

Her voice was hoarse and very small ... but Franklin could hear it clearly. Franklin's thin lips

moved a little bit, not knowing what to say.

When he heard the doctor say that Poppy might be deaf forever, he thought the doctor was wrong. But ... it was the doctor

at Lilypad General Hospital who wouldn't be mistaken.

"Franklin ... I can still talk now. Maybe in a few days I won't be able to talk. Perhaps I will forget how to speak after I can't hear for too long."

Did it mean that she would also become a mute one day? She was very sad.

Others could not understand her sadness.

"Franklin, why don't you answer me?" Poppy stared fixedly at Franklin's handsome face. Obviously her brother was so strong and powerful, and had everything in Larro under his control. Was it so hard to get Sylvia back again?

What she didn't know was that it was really hard!

Franklin gazed at her. Although he knew she couldn't hear him, he spoke anyway, his low voice echoing through the ward.

"It's not that I don't want to. I want to, but I can't for now. Only when I'm stronger than your parents can I get Sylvia back. I gotta be strong enough to be invulnerable and unbeatable!"

"I gotta protect her, so I can only stay away from her for the time being. I dream of being with her so badly. I miss her so much that even my heart aches."

"I really love her, and when Taryn died, I never doubted her, let alone revenge on her. I know best what character she has." "She would not have killed such an innocent woman as Taryn."

"She is such a woman of integrity that she would offer a hand to someone that got into a car accident. It's impossible for her to hurt Taryn!"

"Poppy, I just hope I can protect her for the rest of my life, even if it means that I have to be against the whole world!" Poppy looked at Franklin's

could appear in a daze. She only saw Franklin's thin lips opening and closing.

But she couldn't hear a word clearly. She could not hear any

of it.

She said in an anxious tone, "Franklin ... what are you saying? You write it down, OK?" And at this time Sylvia's

hand that was about to knock the door froze there.

Franklin's low voice kept coming to her ears. It struck her eardrums.

He said he loved her ...

He said he wanted to be strong enough to be invulnerable...

Sylvia took a deep breath and was about to turn around and leave when a nurse came up to her, standing in front of Poppy's ward with a tray, and asked curiously, "Dr. Sylvia, why don't you go in?"

"I ... I'm leaving."

Without saying anything else, she turned to leave.

Franklin heard her clear and cold voice and his heart contracted. The night was deep.

The night sky was dark with no stars or moon.

Sylvia was huddled in her room. With her eyes open, she could not fall asleep.

Suddenly, a gust of night light came in the room with the wind, and a tall man dressed in black jumped into her window. Who was it?

Sylvia frowned and continued to pretend to sleep, trying to make the other party relax his vigilance. When she heard the

familiar sound of footsteps, she was suddenly relaxed.

Franklin?

What was he doing in Pearhall Villa in the middle of the night?

Franklin walked slowly to the bedside and looked at Sylvia, who was sleeping.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 367

Only late at night did he dare to sneak over to take a look at her.

Otherwise, during the daytime, they were like totally strangers to each other.

He was in the opera house to watch the preliminary round of the piano competition. He

sat in the most unobtrusive corner, quietly staring at her every move.

Sitting at the judges' table, she exuded an attractive charm.

When she was dining with the Wrights at Golden Restaurant, he sat inside the monitoring room and watched her. He

didn't want to miss Sylvia's any movement.

She had been very busy and tired lately.

She looked bad, and she seemed to have lost weight recently. It

was heartbreaking to watch her tried look.

He reached out to touch her face, but he was afraid to wake her up.

Endless emotions flooded his heart, and he stood still at the bedside, quietly watching Sylvia. He

thought back to the past four years of their marriage.

Everything that had happened before seemed to have been wiped out by Taryn's death. He

must become stronger. He must find out the terrorist organization.

He must be stronger than Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne, and he must protect Sylvia! He

lowered his head. His head hurt a little, but his heart hurt even more.

Sylvia had been lying in bed, not moving, as if asleep.

Franklin stayed by her bedside for so long that Sylvia drifted to sleep.

When the day dawned, the sound of someone jumping out of the window came to her ears. She

opened her eyes with a start and saw Franklin jumping out.

He actually ... stayed with her all night long?

Sylvia had mixed feelings.

Whenever she thought of the antidote she took at that time, which was made of Franklin's blood and bone marrow, her heart was full of mixed feelings.

She was touched by what he did ... and she also had some indefinable feelings for him. Franklin

was an aloof and distant man but was willing to do everything for her.

Sylvia didn't dare to think about it further ... Early

in the morning.

An uproar was caused on Twitter.

A trending topic suddenly topped the list.

#The judge Sylvia unfairly gave contestants low scores and made Jenna advance When

one clicked in, the comments about cursing Sylvia would be seen.

Those netizens criticized Sylvia for being biased towards Jenna and unfairly giving other contestants low scores.

When Logan scrolled through the Twitter, there was a new trending topic.

#How much money did Sylvia take from Jenna?

An influential poster said that Sylvia must have taken a lot of money from Jenna, and that Jenna was Mayor Cody's goddaughter. And then someone else revealed the close relationship between Sylvia and Mrs. Wright.

Some even made a relationship chart to help netizens understand the whole thing.

Logan was frustrated when he showed it to Sylvia, who raised an eyebrow and took a sip of milk. "Think

I am a pushover? Smearing me like that?"

"What should we do now, boss?"

"What can I do? Let Vaild, Mark to handle it. How dare those paid posters slander me?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows, looking aggressive.

"Okay, I got it." Logan immediately went upstairs to call the twins who were still not up.

Sylvia continued to eat her breakfast, thinking about how ill-bred Mrs. Carson was yesterday and feeling the urge to rip her mouth off!

Carson's Villa.

Carson family's personal manicurist was half crouching in front of Mrs. Carson, holding Mrs. Carson's feet with both hands, and polishing her toenails.

"Be gentle..."

Mrs. Carson scolded the manicurist while watching the trending topics on the internet. The

manicurist hurriedly apologized with a frightened face, "I'm sorry, ma'am."

"You're so clumsy!" Mrs. Carson impatiently rolled her eyes. Just

then, suddenly!

An unexpected trending topic appeared on the list.

#Why does Mrs. Carson hire paid posters to slander Sylvia?

Mrs. Carson's head buzzed and she stared at the trending topic with disbelief. She

suspected she read it wrong.

How could she become the trending topic? No

way!

She turned her phone off. Then after a short while, she switched it on and tapped into Twitter.

However ... that trending topic surprisingly topped the list .

Mrs. Carson almost lost her breath. Her

heart almost stopped beating.

Finally, she tapped the trending topic with trembling hands.

Evidence that she had bought paid posters was shown, like the Carson family's housekeeper Tom's money transfer records to the paid posters and the chat records between them.

Tom: Just keep retweeting #The judge Sylvia unfairly gave contestants low scores and made Jenna advance. Tom:

Half a million has been transferred. Make sure it becomes the trending topic.

Tom: Mrs. Carson said that anyone who went against her would not end up well! Tom:

This time, you must ruin Sylvia's reputation!

The chat records showed how Tom and the paid posters made the deal and how they negotiated. Not

only the chat records, but also Tom's Twitter account was leaked to the public.

Tom often tweeted some photos of Carson's Villa. There

were even some photos of Aldo.

Such evidence was really solid. Obviously,

that Twitter account was Tom's.

Mrs. Carson was so angry that she kicked the manicurist in the chest, and the manicurist was caught off guard and fell on her butt.

She looked at Mrs. Carson with a stunned face, "Ma'ma ..."

"Get lost!" Mrs. Carson was so angry that she swept all the nail polish in front of her to the ground. All of

them all tumbled to the ground, some shattered, and some tumbled.

Those various colors of sticky nail polish spilled on the floor, looking shocking. The

air was thick with the smell of nail polish.

The manicurist hugged her kit and rushed out.

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Chapter 368

She acted as if there were ghosts chasing after her. "Madam ...

What's going on? Why are you so angry?"

Tom met the manicurist who ran away with a frightened face. He was

taken aback, hurried to Mrs. Carson and asked.

Mrs. Carson threw the phone at Tom.

Tom subconsciously dodged and the phone instantly hit the ground.

"Look what you've done! What the hell is that bitch? She just plays the piano, doesn't she? How can she be so capable to find out all these things!"

Mrs. Carson yelled hysterically, her eyes widening, "Did you, did you betray me?"

"Madam, I wouldn't dare!" Tom picked up the phone. The screen had been cracked, but he could vaguely see what was being displayed on the screen.

He looked at the trending topic, and the chat records between him and the paid poster. He felt

shocked.

With his head buzzing, he looked at Mrs. Carson, "Madam, I really don't know what's going on. I told him to keep it a secret!" Tom looked

nervous. Mrs. Carson had a short temper.

He offended her. He was okay with losing his job, but he would suffer a lot if she revenged on him. Just then, the

paid poster contacted Tom via a phone call.

"What's wrong with you? How did this thing get exposed?"

Tom was furious. "I was going to ask you! You have the cheek to ask me. Mrs. Carson's reputation is now ruined. Did you leak the information?"

"No! How dare we leak information about our clients? We have a business to run! What's going on now?" The paid poster looked anxious.

"I don't know what to do."

If this matter was not handled properly, Mrs. Carson would not spare him!

"Now we can only beg the Twitter official to remove the trending topics. But it needs a lot of money! You hurry up and prepare the money. I'll go to contact the Twitter workers!"

The paid poster finished and hung up the phone.

"Mrs. Carson ... what should we do now?" Tom cautiously looked at Mrs. Carson.

"What else can we do? Is there any other way but to remove them?" Mrs. Carson was so angry that she wanted to cut Sylvia into pieces!

Bitch!

"Okay, okay, I'll go to do it right now," Tom hurriedly said and left.

Mrs. Carson stared at the colorful nail polish on the floor. She was so angry that she clenched her fingers and her fingernails dug into her flesh.

The tweets were all about her and the Carson family. She was

scolded by the netizens.

She called the maids to come and clean the floor. Before it was

done, Jeff Carson's phone call came.

"What the hell did you do behind my back? Our stock price has decreased by ten percent in just half a day! Are you out of your mind?"

"Why do you mess with Sylvia? Is she a pushover? Do you still want to be bitten by scorpions?" "Honey, please

be kind and stop screwing with my company! You can not afford to mess with Sylvia!"

"She's a woman who can have a good relationship with Franklin and Mayor Cody, so she must have great schemes."

"Why do you yell at me? I'm in a very bad mood. Don't force me to do anything!" Mrs. Carson needed an outlet to vent her anger. So, she yelled

at Jeff directly and hung up the phone.

She sat down on the sofa, and a cold sweat broke out all over her body. Even the

company's stock price was implicated and had fallen that much! If it continued to

decrease...

She dared not imagine.

However... no matter how she tried to remove the trending topics, it was useless. Just when

she had one trending topic removed, a new one about her appeared. Finally ... Twitter

workers contacted Mrs. Carson directly.

"There's nothing we can do. The other party has hacked into our system and now our programmers are trying hard to grab control. The other party is too capable, and it may take us some time."

"What do you mean? Twitter is such a big company with so many technical staff. How can someone hack into your system and grab control so easily? You! You loser!"

Mrs. Carson was so angry that she cursed.

"The other party is particularly professional, seemingly to be a well-trained and invincible hacker team ... Sorry, we will seize the time to counterattack and strive to take control of the system."

The Twitter worker apologized and hung up the phone.

Mrs. Carson's face was ashen. She was sitting there in dismay. Because of

her, the Carsons were scolded by netizens.

A lot of people exposed the story of Aldo and Jenna, saying that the Carson family was abusing their adopted daughter. The bad

deeds of the Carsons was being exposed constantly.

Many maids who left Carson's Villa complained about how cranky Mrs. Carson was when they were working at Carson's Villa, and how she treated the maids like enemies.

Mrs. Carson not only poured the water or the porridge on their bodies, but also punished them by requiring them to kneel on the ground.

So the resignation rate of the maids working for the Carson family was very high. Carson

family instantly became the whole network mockery.

And Carson Group's stock price decreased by 20 percent and was still plummeting as more revelations about the Carson family were published.

The Carson family was go down.

Jeff was so angry that he almost had a myocardial infarction. He didn't go

anywhere but went straight home.

When he entered the house, he went straight to Mrs. Carson, raised his palm and slapped Mrs. Carson in the face. "Why did you

mess with Sylvia?"

"Do you know who you've really messed with? That woman is not only Master Keturah, she is also the chairman of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, so what's the difference between offending her and offending the devil? She just went to the Global Top

Corporations Summit a while ago and delivered a speech there! If I hadn't been told by the president of a foreign group, the Carson family would have been ruined by you!"

"Honey, what should we do now?" Mrs. Carson was trembling when she heard that, and ignoring her swollen and painful face, she tugged Jeff's arm.

"What else can we do? Now go apologize to her right now!" Jeff yelled and pointed at the door. Mrs. Carson's

face turned pale. She could not apologize to Sylvia!

"Madam, bad news! Someone tweeted that you stabbed Jenna with needles and disfigured her face!" Tom ran in

with his phone in his hand and a look of panic on his face!

"You're a narrow-minded woman. You can't tolerate Jenna and even disfigured her face! And now it's exposed too! You! You really piss me off!"

Jeff was so angry that he slapped Mrs. Carson again. "If the Carson family is really ruined, you'll end up being dead!"

"Honey! Don't be like that. I knew I did wrong ... I just want to take my revenge. Sylvia has gone too far! I had no choice but fight back..."

Mrs. Carson tried to explain.

But Jeff interrupted her, "She's doing her job as a judge. You're just a viewer. Did she do anything to you? Can you stop being unreasonable?"

Aldo drove back home hurriedly, got out of the car and ran straight towards the living room. As soon as

he entered the door, he saw his parents arguing like crazy.

He didn't know which one he should persuade, and could only watch them anxiously. "What the

heck should we do now?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 369

"You know Sylvia, don't you? You go with your mother and apologize to her! Let's settle this matter first, and then we can discuss the rest later!"

Jeff gave a direct order.

"Honey, I'll go beg Clark. He must have a way to help us!"

Mrs. Carson suddenly seemed to have thought of a savior and shouted, "He is my nephew. As long as he is willing to do something, we can have a way out. In front of him, Sylvia is just a piece of shit!"

"She is just a pianist. The chairman of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, huh? She must be just a nominal one. Everyone knows Logan is the president that takes charge of Longevity Pharmaceuticals! Sylvia is just a nominal chairman waiting for a share of the dividends. How capable can she be?"

"Honey, let me go to Clark! He will help me! I'm his aunt!"

Mrs. Carson tugged on Jeff's arm and cried her heart out. "I am much older than that little bitch. How can I apologize to her? It's so

humiliating."

After all, Mrs. Carson had been his wife for decades.

Though angry, seeing his wife crying so sadly, Jeff felt distressed for her.

His anger faded a bit, and his tone softened. "Clark probably can not do anything. Since you want him to help you, you can go to ask him."

Mrs. Carson wiped her tears, grabbed her bag with red eyes and said, "I'll go find him now." "Mom, I'll go with you."

Aldo said worriedly.

He hurriedly grabbed his car keys and went after Mrs. Carson. Pearlhall Villa.

Sylvia was sitting in front of her easel, painting a landscape painting leisurely. She had not painted for a long time, but she still painted very well.

Under the starry sky was a spacious grassland, and in the turquoise grassland was standing a little girl in red. She seemed so lonely from her back.

She had been painting for a long time.

She was tired from painting before putting away her painting things. She finished packing up her things and went out of her studio.

She saw Vaild and Mark who were waiting at the door, "Boss!" "How did it go?"

Sylvia looked at the two identical faces with a cool expression. The twins even had the same height. "Please check it, boss."

Vaild hurriedly handed over his phone, and the screen showed the Twitter trending list. Several of the trending topics were about the Carson family.

She curled her lips.

Her eyes were brimming with a touch of aggressiveness. "I'll see if Mrs. Carson will beg me after the Carson Group's stock price has fallen so much!"

"Boss, this time, we finally avenged you and Miss Jenna." Mark said with a smile, "Mrs. Carson is really so disgusting." "She's so disgusting and gross."

Vaild continued, "There's so much dirt on this woman. It would take days to dig all of it out." He scrolled through the Twitter, which was full of negative comments about Mrs. Carson.

Jenna had a small fans base because she attended the piano competition.

Though she didn't have much fans, all of them had an overwhelming sense of justice and were constantly tweeting for Jenna's sake.

Just then, Sylvia's phone rang.

She looked at the caller ID and raised an eyebrow.

Her fingertips pressed the answer button. "Mr. Wilson, what can I do for you?" At this moment in the president office of Wilson Group.

Clark sat on the leather office chair with a cold look on his face. However, the tone of his voice was gentle. These two things formed a strong contrast, which was creepy.

"Miss Andrews, for my sake, can you not pursue this matter any further? My aunt knew she did wrong. Can you spare her?"

"Mr. Wilson, who is your aunt? I really don't know." The smile on Sylvia's lips was bigger. "I wonder what she has done to offend me."

"Miss Andrews, let's get to the point. The Carsons begged me personally, and I can't stand by and do nothing." Clark's tone of voice was cold. "What exactly do you want? And what are the conditions?"

"I don't want anything. I will not attack unless I am attacked, and since Mrs. Carson likes to mess with me so much, I'll definitely counterattack."

"Sylvia, you!" Sylvia's bad attitude made Clark take a deep breath to suppress his anger. "Tomorrow afternoon, Carson Group will hold a press conference and apologize to you publicly. How about that?"

"Tsk, Mr. Wilson, it sounds an alluring condition. Thank you then. The movie you and the Carsons invest in should start being shot again, right? Have you found a new female lead? If you don't have a good choice, I can recommend some for you."

Sylvia's cool voice came from the other end.

A hint of viciousness flashed across Clark's feminine face, and his eyes were filled with ruthlessness, and he said through gritted teeth, "Miss Andrews, don't worry about it. The movie will be a success."

"Pop!"

The cell phone was slammed out by Clark and immediately shattered into several pieces.

Clark stared gloomily at Mrs. Carson. "Don't ever mess with Sylvia again without my permission."

"Clark... why did you promise her that a press conference would be held?" Mrs. Carson frowned, her face gloomy.

"You made such big trouble. You must hold a press conference and apologize to the general public. You think you can let it pass without giving any response?" Clark said coldly, "If you want to save the Carson Group from this crisis, then you cannot bury your head like an ostrich!"

Aldo nodded. "Mom, listen to Clark. He's got a point." Mrs.

Carson had no choice but to listen.

An elusive look flashed across Clark's feminine face. "Aldo, if the Carson Group can get back on track because of this, can you do me a favor?"

Aldo face froze. "Clark, I am just a fireman. What can I do for you?"

"This has something to do with you guys too. You want to get revenge on Sylvia, don't you?" Clark's voice sounded bewitching.

"You said we couldn't mess with her, didn't you?" Mrs. Carson whispered.

"Aunt, don't be such a coward ... There are many ways to take revenge. You don't have to avenge on her openly. Aunt, why can't you learn some lesson?"

Clark's vicious eyes were looking at Mrs. Carson. Then he approached Aldo's ear and whispered.

Aldo's face changed, "This ... is not very good, right?"

A trace of contempt flashed across Clark's eyes, but he quickly said, "Think of the Carson Group and the movie we invest in together! Aldo, you gotta learn to fight back, you know?"

On the way home, Mrs. Carson couldn't help but ask Aldo curiously, "What did Clark whisper to you?" A flash of annoyance crossed Aldo's face, "You'll find out in a few days."

At the thought of Brayden and Jenna being together, he felt upset. His hands that were on the steering wheel became a little bit weak. What Clark said hit him hard where it hurt.

He didn't dare to think about it anymore and drove carefully. The Chan family's Villa.

Cristal stared in shock at what happened to the Carson family in a day.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 370

She couldn't believe her eyes.

Sylvia was able to ruin a big group's reputation and make its share price drop severely in one day.

How did she manage to do that?

The most important thing was that she was able to keep this topic popular without being removed.

Cristal's back unconsciously broke out in a cold sweat.

If she had treated Jenna badly when she met Mrs. Wright and Jenna that day, would the Chan family have been implicated?

Cristal let out a long breath and turned off the phone.

She sat there, dumbfounded.

Since that day, she had been more careful with her words and actions.

She was no longer as arrogant and domineering as before. Instead she was polite to others and treated them with the utmost care.

Not only the people around her, but also Mr. and Mrs. Chan were shocked!

They asked her the reason, but she couldn't say anything.

She couldn't help but think of Tiffany ... The woman who was banned by the fashion industry.

Somehow, she felt Sylvia was the mastermind behind that thing.

In the hospital.

Poppy lying on the hospital bed. She was getting thinner and thinner.

She had lost so much weight because her appetite was too bad.

The doctor had to give her an IV drip, fearing that she would collapse if she continued like this.

James was at her bedside, peeling the apple for her.

When it was done, James cut the apple into small pieces, put them on a plate and brought them to her.

On the paper, he wrote, "Poppy, have some."

"James ... do you think Franklin will still make up with Sylvia?" Poppy said persistently.

She was afraid she couldn't wait for the day they got back together.

She was really afraid that she would sleep forever.

"What are you talking about? Surely they will get back together." James wrote another line.

But as he wrote, his nose twitched.

His sister, who was so alive, had suddenly become so weak. Why did that damned mysterious man want to harm Sylvia and end up harming Poppy instead?

Whether it was Sylvia or Poppy got poisoned, he would be heartbroken.

He would rather be poisoned himself.

He sat with Poppy for a long time and waited until she fell asleep before he got up and walked out of the ward.

He silently leaned against the wall and slid down the cold wall.

He curled his legs up and sat on his crossed legs.

He couldn't help but whimper out.

At that moment, a fair hand pressed his shoulder. Then a person squatting in front of him, stretching her arms to take him into her arms.

"You are the brother. How can you be defeated? Franklin is busy, and Poppy only has you to rely on..."

Sylvia's gentle voice rang in James' ear. He could not help but raise his eyes and looked at the woman in front of him.

Her beautiful face was so close, and her eyes were as gentle as a mother's.

He was so sad. "Sylvia, I'm really sad ..."

"I'm sure I'll find a way to save Poppy. How can I watch her ..." Sylvia said in a hoarse voice with her eyes bloodshot.

"Sylvia ..." James slowly looked up and looked at Sylvia.

Her pretty face was misty and reassuring under the hallway light.

James moved his lips, his deep voice saying, "I think ..."

Suddenly, the corridor came a sound of footsteps. The two were surprised to raise their eyes to look over.

"Sylvia!" roared a middle-aged woman who came in front of Sylvia and raised her hand towards Sylvia's face!

James was quick to see and grabbed the woman's wrist and threw it with force, and the woman took several steps backwards.

Luckily, the man behind her held her up so she didn't fall to the ground.

"James, do you have parents in your eyes?"

The woman's voice was shrill and sharp.

James was stunned.

The woman was dressed in an elegant gown, with a pearl necklace on her neck, and she looked elegant and noble on the surface, but her ruthless eyes were creepy.

James' lips moved slightly, "Madam ..."

"Pop!"

A slap fell hard on James' face.

James' cheek tilted to the side and was instantly red.

"Bastard! Who are you to talk to my wife?" Tyrell gracefully took the handkerchief handed over by his men and stared at James with a gloomy expression.

Behind the tall, middle-aged man were two rows of black-clad men, each standing expressionlessly.

"Dad ..." James' eyes were scarlet and he looked at Tyrell incredulously .

"This woman caused your sister to lose her hearing, and you still protect her? You bastard!" Tyrell waved his hand and dozens of men in black flooded in, surrounding James and Sylvia.

Mrs. Maskelyne walked up to Sylvia, lifted her chin with her index finger and smiled arrogantly.

"Miss Andrews, you caused my little daughter to be deaf, and caused my old daughter's tragic death. How about a life for a life? Franklin doesn't have the heart to hurt you, but we are different."

"The whole world knows that I didn't kill Taryn and Danielle did." Sylvia did not move, looking at Mrs. Maskelyne with a cool expression.

Mrs. Maskelyne smiled, stroked her hair, and whispered, "So what? In my eyes, you killed her. You made my little daughter deaf!"

"Sylvia, how are you going to pay back?" She sized Sylvia up and down, as if Sylvia was an object.

"Madam ... it's because someone spiked Poppy's water with drug!" James couldn't help but explain.

"But ... the water should have been drunk by Sylvia! But your sister drank it, so it should be Sylvia's fault!"

Mrs. Maskelyne said in a cold tone, "I am your mother, but you talk to me in such rude manners. James, who taught you to do so?"

As the hostess of Maskelyne family, she was imposing.

"You..." are not my mother.

James' voice was hoarse and his chest was boiling with anger.

"It's okay for you to insult me ... but not Sylvia. Ma'am, please..." James' eyes glistened with tears as he overcame his innate fear of Tyrell and Mrs. Maskelyne.

"Get lost!" Mrs. Maskelyne pushed James away and said to the black-clad men who had surrounded Sylvia. "Do it!"

"If I don't teach this bitch a lesson today, she will think she can bully my children at will." Mrs. Maskelyne sneered.

James felt sad. He never thought that Mrs. Maskelyne would deal with Sylvia so decisively.

Though Sylvia had always been so good to him and Poppy!