

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 371

Why did Mrs. Maskelyne call white black?

Because she was the hostess of the Maskelyne family!

She not only had a solid position in the family, but also called the shots in the Maskelyne family. Especially in the Maskelyne Research Laboratory, she had great connections and power.

Though all the other Maskelynes could not have a voice in Maskelyne Research Laboratory abroad, she was doing more to enhance her power in every way!

James had learned how terrifying she was! He thought that he might not be able to be as ruthless and cruel as Mrs Maskelyne and Tyrell in his life.

But no matter what, he could not stand by and watch Sylvia suffer any

wrongdoing. At the moment when the men in black were all attacking Sylvia,

he moved!

He scurried into the black-clad men, and his fists struck the two black-clad men in the

back! There was a loud bang!

The two tall and sturdy men in black were instantly knocked off and crashed into the wall of the corridor. There was a harsh wail.

Tyrell frowned, staring daggers at James.

Mrs. Maskelyne was surprised, looking at James who moved

agilely. James was also a bit shocked. He didn't expect he would

be so strong.

He had recently been practicing the martial arts that Sylvia taught him, and went to Sylvia's training camp after work to practice for a while before returning home.

In this short period of time, he had made rapid progress.

Tyrell's men were all martial arts masters, but James defeated two of

them. James looked at Sylvia with disbelief, "Sylvia ..."

"James, just take these people as the sandbags for you to hit. Hitting sandbags is a piece of cake, isn't it?" The beautiful woman stood a few steps away from James, looking at him as if she was an outsider of this game.

Even being surrounded by so many black-clothed men, she was not timid and even remained calm.

The encouraging look in Sylvia's eyes made James feel touched. He kicked towards the two black-clad men who rushed up, his body leapt into mid-air, and he looked like an invincible man!

Tyrell did not expect that his men would become James' tools for practicing martial arts.

James moved fluently in a very methodical way. Apparently, he had received the guidance of martial arts

masters. Tyrell knew very well that James used to be a good-for-nothing who only made trouble.

But now he was protecting Sylvia desperately with so great martial

arts. What had happened to James?

When the couple was shocked, Sylvia curled her lips into a bright smile. "Mr. And Mrs. Maskelyne, thank you for giving James the opportunity to fight. Otherwise ... he wouldn't have improved so fast!"

Mrs. Maskelyne coldly stared at Sylvia.

Just as Sylvia raised her eyebrows to look back at her, Mrs. Maskelyne suddenly raised her hand to tear her long dress to the waist!

Her long, fair legs and black shorts were shown.

When James was fighting, she leapt towards him and hit James' chest with

her palm. James failed to avoid it.

He was hit in the chest by Mrs. Maskelyne's palm.

Blood gushed out from James' mouth, staining his white

shirt. Sylvia stepped forward and held the retreating boy.

"How are you?"

"Fine ..." James shook his head with a pale

face. Sylvia narrowed her eyes slightly, and

her eyes glinted.

The next second, she had come to Mrs. Maskelyne without being noticed by Mrs. Maskelyne and Tyrell. She stretched out her palm to hit Mrs. Maskelyne's chest hard.

Mrs. Maskelyne didn't expect Sylvia to be so fast.

"Mrs. Maskelyne, you are really a good martial artist. If this information is revealed to the public, it will cause an uproar, right?" Sylvia's cold voice rang in Mrs. Maskelyne's ears.

She gritted her teeth and tried to dodge Sylvia's palm and tried to fight back. But being attacked by Sylvia, she could only barely defend herself.

Mrs. Maskelyne only knew that Sylvia was good at martial arts, but she didn't expect the latter to be so excellent. As the two were fighting, Sylvia hit Mrs. Maskelyne hard and the latter was blasted off.

As she was about to fall to the ground, Tyrell reached out and took Mrs. Maskelyne into his

arms. The corner of Mrs. Maskelyne's lips was bleeding, and her chest was burning with

pain.

"Sylvia! You will never marry into the Maskelyne family in your

life!" "I've married into it once. Think I care?"

She stood still and slowly withdrew her palm. "I have a clear conscience. I didn't kill Taryn, so no one can slander me." "You don't have a say over it!" Mrs. Maskelyne said sternly.

Sylvia raised her eyebrows, "You don't have a say either! James is my student. I taught him martial arts and trained him. Though you are his parents, you cannot scold or beat him at will! You gotta have my permission."

"Sylvia, you'll regret this!"

Tyrell stared coldly at Sylvia and James behind her, "I discipline my own son. It's none of your

business!" "He's my student. Ask me if I agree before you do anything to him!" Sylvia looked

somewhat impatient. She didn't want to say anything more to this unreasonable couple. It was

useless to talk to them.

She picked up James and went to the nurse's

station. Mrs. Maskelyne tried to tell the men in

black to stop her. Tyrell stopped her. "No need."

His gloomy gaze was fixed on Sylvia's and James' backs. "Go to the

ward." With that, he scooped up Mrs. Maskelyne and headed for

Poppy's room.

Two rows of black-clad men guarded the door. Poppy inside the room could not hear

anything. It was not until the two were close to her that Poppy raised her eyes.

"Dad ... Madam?"

"What are you doing here?"

Poppy looked at them with a shocked face.

Mrs. Maskelyne was angry and she struggled to get out of Tyrell's

arms. "Slap!"

A slap across Poppy's face.

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Mrs. Maskelyne slapped Poppy hard across the face.

Poppy looked at her with humiliation, but stubbornly kept her tears from falling.

She had always known that she was the young lady of the Maskelyne family on the outside, but Mrs. Maskelyne had only cared about her two birth daughters.

She and James were no better than a dog in the Maskelyne family, because both she and James were children of Tyrell and the maids.

"Bastard! Without the Maskelyne family, think you can study aboard and live a rich life? It's time for you to repay the Maskelyne family for raising you all these years."

Mrs. Maskelyne cupped Poppy's chin. "You have to sleep with Mr. King tonight or I will kill you!"

Poppy shook her head in horror as her eyes widened. Although she couldn't hear what Mrs. Maskelyne was saying, her intuition told her that it was definitely nothing good.

She choked, "Madam, I can't hear ... I can't hear

anything." She handed over the pen and paper with

trembling hands.

A trace of mockery flashed through Mrs. Maskelyne's eyes. She took the paper and pen and wrote down some words.

When Poppy looked clearly at what was written on the paper.

She went pale.

"You are now a deaf. Since you still have some use, you sleep with Mr. King tonight! Mr. King promised to invest 300 million in the lab. Now it's time for you to support your father's career."

"No, I don't want ..." Poppy's chest was heaving. She reached out to grab the hem of Tyrell's shirt, raising her teary eyes to look at Tyrell's cold and hostile face, "Dad, please, don't ... don't let me sleep with Mr. King. I have a movie to shoot to make money now. I'll give you all the money I've earned. Don't ..."

"You have no choice! The Maskelyne family has raised you for so many years, and you want to do nothing in return? It's time for you to repay us!" Mrs. Maskelyne wrote quickly on the paper, "You're deaf now. What else can you do? It's good enough that someone still wants you!"

"You're a piece of shit!"

Tyrell coldly pushed Poppy's hand away, and Poppy fell onto the bed, feeling weak.

It was like pouring ice water over her head on a summer day. The icy chill ate into her bones..

Her parents did not hesitate to push her to the abyss for money's sake.

She murmured, "Franklin has money ... Can't he take out 300 million?"

"Mr. King is very interested in our research. He's my partner. Since I can use his money, why should I use Maskelyne Group's money? It can be saved to do more things!" Mrs. Maskelyne wrote again on the paper.

"Do you think your brother will get you the money? Do you think you are really worth 300 million? You're a loser. How could your brother possibly spend money for you?"

Poppy felt herself too naive.

What was she? She and Franklin were half siblings ... Franklin had been nice enough to her all these

years! "Yes ... Franklin and I are half siblings. He has been kind enough to me."

Poppy was so painful that she was almost unable to breathe.

"You're wrong. He's not your father's son at all. He's not even related to you." Mrs. Maskelyne cupped Poppy's chin and stared at her sharply, holding up the paper. "You have nothing but this pretty face."

Franklin was not related to her?

"How could it be possible? You're lying! You're lying! How could my brother not be related to

me?" Poppy's head went blank.

How could ...

Franklin was not her brother?

Franklin, who sheltered her, turned out to be unrelated to her.

Did that mean that Sylvia would have nothing to do with her in the future?

Because she could no longer be Sylvia's rightful sister-in-law.

Tears fell down her cheeks.

She cried out in pain, her heart filled with great sorrow, but she could not bear it at all.

"300 million! No one can offer it for you, so be a good girl and sleep with Mr. King tonight!" Mrs. Maskelyne patted her face and straightened up proudly.

Just as she finished her words, a cold voice came from behind

her. "300 million! I'll offer it for her!"

The door to the room was opened and the tall, upright man stood in the doorway, kicking the man in black who was guarding the doorway out of the way before stepping in.

He was dressed in black, and there was a cold look on his face. "Dad, Mom, are you here to stimulate Poppy? Does it do any good to you? Mr. King is 60 years old and old enough to be Poppy's grandfather. You even want her to sleep with Mr. King?"

"Franklin, who the heck are you? I'm telling you, without the Maskelyne family, you're nothing. You're just an outcast, a piece of trash who was expelled from the family by that man!" Mrs. Maskelyne's face was gloomy, and the contempt for Franklin in her eyes was undisguised.

"The Maskelyne family has nurtured you and given you the control of the Maskelyne Group, so you really think you are privileged, huh?"

Poppy didn't know what Mrs. Maskelyne had said. She could only see Mrs. Maskelyne's mouth being opened and closed.

Franklin stood in front of the hospital bed, with his back to Poppy.

She didn't know what Franklin had said. Her world was so silent that she was on the verge of a breakdown.

She wanted to go crazy and kill herself!

"No... no... Franklin, don't fight against them for me..."

Poppy could tell from Mrs. Maskelyne's cruel look that Franklin must have done something to disobey the

couple. Her hands tightly tugged Franklin's arm, "Franklin ... it is not worth it."

"Look, when your sister calls you, don't you feel

distressed?" "What loving brother and sister!"

Tyrell's grim eyes traveled between the siblings.

"I'll offer 300 million. No one can take away my sister," Franklin said word for word.

If he couldn't even protect his sister, he would not deserve to be Poppy's brother.

"Franklin, you offered 300 million this time. How much will you offer the next time?" Tyrell

chuckled. The air seemed to have been frozen.

The young man in the ward had a cold face, a pair of ink-like eyes staring at the middle-aged man whose face betrayed no emotions.

Franklin had long known that Tyrell was a cold-blooded creature with no humans'

emotions. It would be impossible to see the goodness of men in him.

He was more cruel than a beast.

He could be cruel enough to his own daughter as a pawn.

"Dad, I advise you to give up the idea of having Poppy sleep with any man." Franklin's aura was powerful enough to overshadow Tyrell in front of him.

Tyrell snickered. "Franklin, you killed my two daughters one after another, and now you're protecting Poppy and lecturing me? You are in position to do that! If it wasn't for you, would Taryn be dead? You and Sylvia are responsible for her death!"

"My poor Makena ... fell off the cliff ..." Mrs. Maskelyne couldn't help but let out a low cry, "Franklin, what exactly do we owe you? What does the Maskelyne family owe to you? How can you kill Makena!"

Franklin's head felt like being hammered by someone with a heavy

hammer! It buzzed.

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The veins on his forehead could not help but stand out, and his hands

clenched into fists. Makena...Makena... His sister...

His eyes were red rimmed, and he was

giving off a cold vibe. "Ah..."

He slammed his fist on the wall like a madman!

The way mania attacked Franklin was frightening!

Poppy was shocked by Franklin's frenzied appearance, and seeing the blood on the back of his hand, she jumped out of bed and braced herself to hug Franklin. "Franklin! Franklin! Calm down."

This was the first time she had seen

Franklin go crazy. She never knew

that her brother ... would go nuts.

"Get lost!" Franklin's deep-set eyes were bloodshot at this moment. He pushed Poppy away.

Just then, hearing the noises inside the room, the men in black who were guarding the door

immediately rushed in. Franklin fought with them like crazy.

Franklin was agile and extremely skilled in martial arts.

Dozens of black-clothed men attacked him together, but were defeated by him.

His eyes were scarlet and he looked at all the people in front of him like the traffickers from more

than ten years ago. It was all those traffickers' fault! They all deserved to die!

He rushed out of the room and a few doctors who were discussing some academic issues with a serious face walked past him.

Suddenly, he rushed over to those doctors, grabbed a thin doctor's collar madly, lifted him up high and was about to throw him to the ground!

Bang!

The thin doctor was thrown to the ground by him. The doctor, who was weak, fainted on the spot. Several other doctors saw this and immediately reacted, running around and scattering.

One head doctor called out, "Mr. Maskelyne, what's going on?"

However, Franklin who was immersed in the illusion could not hear what he said.

His voice seemed to come from hell as he pushed the doctor against the wall and strangled him by the neck, "Die! Go to hell! Damn all of you!"

The head doctor's face went purple and he almost suffocated!

Suddenly, a slender woman rushed over and pressed her palms against

Franklin's palm. "Franklin, sober up!"

Sylvia looked at Franklin anxiously, but he was so strong that she couldn't move him at all. The head doctor was almost choked to death.

If he killed someone here, he would have to bear the consequence.

Sylvia's eyes were red. Every time she saw him being attacked by mania, her heart felt like being stabbed by a knife. She winked at James, who was not far away.

Franklin who lost his mind did not even notice it. And just then, James moved!

James' fists hit Franklin, but Franklin stood still like a brick wall.

James' fists didn't affect him at all. Though he could really feel the pain, he didn't intend to let go of that head doctor.

"Hit him! Don't show mercy just because he's your brother!" Sylvia's voice was not loud, but it could be heard clearly by James. He didn't have the heart to hit his brother ... but ... if he didn't hit his brother hard, his brother would really make big trouble.

James gritted his teeth and hit Franklin's chest with almost all his strength. When he caught Franklin's eye, Sylvia kicked Franklin's lower body part!

James and she attacked Franklin together, forcing Franklin to let go of the head doctor and slap James in the head! Sylvia, seeing this, stretched out her hands to hold Franklin's waist tightly and slam him to the side!

The man in a rage and a state of madness could not recognize anyone. If that slap really hit James, James would be killed at worst!

Franklin was thrown to the ground by Sylvia, who was using all her strength.

Sylvia embraced him from behind, and the familiar fragrance came into Franklin's nostrils.

His angry face froze.

He seemed to recover some composure!

Who was it? The fragrance was so familiar ...

"Franklin, what's your problem? Are you going to let the whole world know that you are crazy?" The man's angry look deeply stung Sylvia's eyes, and she only felt more sorrow filling her heart. The voice was also familiar.

Franklin's scarlet eyes which seemed unfocused finally had focus and fell on Sylvia's beautiful face. His hoarse voice murmured, "Honey..."

"Franklin!" Sylvia screamed in pain.

Franklin gasped, felt the pain all over his body, and reached out to hold Sylvia's arm with a grimaced face. "I didn't want to ... I didn't want to at all."

"I know. I know." Sylvia hugged him tightly. "Calm down, please. I beg you." Many people who heard the noises in the corridor peeked out.

They were afraid of Franklin, who had gone nuts, and dared not look close.

What Sylvia and Franklin didn't know was that someone had live-streamed everything that was happening in the corridor.

Millions of people flooded into the live channel to watch Franklin, the president of Maskelyne Group and the captain of SouthStar Airlines, going crazy.

An uproar was caused.

The bullet comments flowed across the screen. "Holy shit?

My idol turns out to be a psychopath." "Does he have mania or something?"

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"It's terrible that he goes crazy for no reason. Suggesting that he quit his job as the captain. No passenger would dare to take the plane he flies without fear."

"I agree! That's so right. I don't dare to take it anyway."

"How can a psychopath fly a plane? Is it because he owes the airlines that he doesn't strictly require himself?" "How did he become a captain? A man with a mental illness can not be a captain, right? I think he has mania." "I'm a psychiatrist. I'm sure he has mania."

"Tell him to not fly the plane anymore!"

Some viewers in the live channel were gossiping, "My goodness? What did I hear? Franklin called Sylvia 'honey'?" "The moment Franklin hugged Sylvia, I felt like they were husband and wife." "

"Why do I have a feeling that I have watched a romance soap drama? No one can calm him down except Sylvia?" "This is because of love, right?"

"So, Sylvia is Mrs. Maskelyne?"

The viewers all speculating like crazy about the relationship between Sylvia and Franklin. Soon after, NorthWind Airlines' official account tweeted a boycott letter.

"Franklin, who is suffering from a serious mental illness, should be banned from working as a captain. All of the captains in my company have undergone strict physical fitness tests and are 100 percent free of mental illness. So all passengers are welcome to take the plane of my company."

It also posted information about mania.

The comments flooded into the comment section.

"Oh my God! Franklin seems to have all the symptoms of this disease."

"I saw that live from the beginning to the end. He rushed out of the ward and

went crazy." "If it wasn't for Sylvia, I'm afraid that doctor would have been

strangled to death by him." "Sylvia deserves to be my idol. She directly

stopped Franklin ."

"Hey? Am I the only one who thinks that NorthWind Airlines is kicking Franklin when he's down?"

The comment section of the official account of SouthStar Airlines were filled with comments

left by netizens. "Boycott Franklin."

"Franklin is not qualified to be a captain."

"You are too unscrupulous to let a sick person fly the plane and put the lives of all

passengers at risk." "I will never take your plane again."

"It's so horrible."

The management of SouthStar Airlines was on a breakdown. Franklin's reputation was ruined, and the legendary Mrs. Maskelyne was also exposed.

The trending topics on Twitter were all about Franklin's mental illness and Sylvia's identity as

Mrs. Maskelyne. What a tricky situation.

The executives were afraid to call Franklin. After all, the way Franklin was going crazy

was horrifying! Finally, one of the executives got up the courage to call Jasper.

"Mr. Howlett, what should we do now? SouthStar Airlines' stock price has been

dropping!" "Mr. Howlett, can our president come out and get the public opinion

under control now?"

At that moment, Jasper's other cell phone also rang. It was the management of Maskelyne Group calling, "Mr. Howlett, what should we do now? All the employees of our group are in a panic, and more than ten of them have quit just now. We are all afraid that our president will hurt us when he goes crazy. It's not like Mrs. Maskelyne can be around Mr. Maskelyne to calm him down all the time."

"It seems that only Mrs. Maskelyne can control him in this world, but Mrs. Maskelyne can't be with him 24 hours a day. I ... am also afraid!"

"Mr. Howlett, Mr. Maskelyne does not have mania, right?"

Both sides of the management were complaining towards Jasper

anxiously. Jasper was busy comforting both sides.

At that moment, Sylvia reached out towards Jasper.

Jasper was startled, looking at Sylvia whose other arm was still

holding Franklin. Her pretty face seemed to be magically

reassuring.

She didn't say a word.

Jasper, however, understood what he needed to do.

By the time he reacted, he had placed the phone in Sylvia's palm.

Sylvia gripped the black phone, and her clear, cool, calm voice reached the ears of the executives through the phone and the ears of thousands of netizens through the live streaming.

"This is Sylvia. Franklin is stimulated and hurt. He will receive the best treatment. He will recover and return to a normal person." Her voice was strong enough and every word she said couldn't be ignored.

"Mania is not an incurable disease, so you don't need be afraid. I hope that all employees and management of SouthStar Airlines or Maskelyne Group could take it easy."

"I am now officially announcing that Franklin will no longer be the captain at SouthStar Airlines. He is just an ordinary man. Every adult sometimes has an emotional breakdown, let alone him who has endured pressures that no one else could."

"I won't stop those employees who want to leave SouthStar Airlines and the Maskelyne Group! The HR department will receive their resignation letters and compensate them for three months' salaries. All the employees who choose to stay will receive a 20 percent salary increase."

Sylvia's voice was as clear and cold and her face was breathtakingly beautiful under the

corridor light! After she finished her words, she handed the phone back to Jasper.

Almost everyone was shocked!

Not only the executives, but also the employees and those who were watching the

live broadcast. Sylvia personally spoke up and helped Franklin to quit his job as the

captain?

That was incredible!

She even personally promised to compensate all employees who resigned with three months' salaries. And all those who stayed were given a salary rise by 20 percent!

Having been in shock for a while, the executive suddenly shouted, "Mrs. Maskelyne, can you have the final say over it?" The voice was filled with excitement!

Sylvia expressionlessly shouted to Jasper who was beside her, "Mr. Howlett, inform the president's office now and issue an official document immediately! I'll sign on it and be the guarantor! If Maskelyne Group and SouthStar Airlines don't have the funds for the salary raise, I will pay for it!"

"A month ago, Mr. Maskelyne has transferred thirty percent of Maskelyne Group's shares to you, so ... you are the major shareholder of the company. You don't need to be the guarantor. You can issue the document directly."

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"Shares?" Sylvia was surprised.

Had Franklin lost his mind? Why did he transfer so many shares to her?

Jasper had sobered up from the shock and said to Sylvia with a respectful face. "Yes, Mr. Maskelyne has been troubled by his sickness recently. Maybe he's afraid that he will lose his mind ..."

Sylvia's red lips were pursed into a straight line. Her eyes were filled with affection for Franklin, and her thick eyelashes could not help but tremble lightly.

She really understood Franklin's intention.

If he really lost himself and lost his humanity, Maskelyne Group was the last gift he left her! This man

...

How could he give the Maskelyne Group which was his entire life to her? How

could he do it?

Sylvia's heart contracted. Sadness

clutched at her heart.

She slowly lowered her eyes and looked at the handsome man who was unconscious in her arms. His eye

sockets were blue and he was always not sleeping well.

Recently he had suffered more from it.

She closed her eyes and slowly opened them again.

At that moment, "Ding!" The elevator door was opened.

A group of men in gray knight suits rushed out and looked around. When they saw Sylvia and Franklin, the man at the head strode towards them.

The group of men in gray knight suits behind them also immediately followed.

"Ma'am! I'm Blaine!"

The man clasped his fist towards Sylvia and bowed respectfully.

Sylvia took one look at him and recognized that he was the same expert who had led the knights to stop her at the entrance of the airport when she was there.

"I'm Felix Ryan!" "I'm

Hugo Ryan!" "I'm ..."

...

"The Ryan family is henceforth at the disposal of Mrs. Maskelyne!"

The men in grey knights' uniforms clasped their hands one by one and stood in two neat rows in front of Sylvia, their voices echoing loudly in the corridor.

"Mrs. Maskelyne, the patriarch passed a handwritten letter to me a month ago, entrusting me with all the affairs of the Ryan family, and I must follow your orders. This is the Ryan family's patriarch's token! Please take it!"

Senior Brother Blaine presented a token with intricately carved totems to Sylvia with both hands. Sylvia

stared at the token with shock.

No emotion could be seen on her cold face, but a crystal tear slid down from the corner of her eye and fell onto Franklin's cheek in her arms.

It was so hot that the man's eyelids moved. So hot ... Was this a tear? No ...

not possible ... how could she be crying?

Soon, the man fell into a coma again.

"The token belongs to Franklin. I'll keep it for him for now." Sylvia took the token and held it tightly. She never thought that this man had arranged everything more than a month ago.

He must have discovered that his illness ... was getting worse.

He had actually given her the reign of such an ancient family as well. The

Ryan family!

One of the most ancient martial arts families that had kept themselves away from worldly matters. But

now ... he had actually handed over the control of the Ryan family to her.

Sylvia took a deep breath and suppressed the sadness in her heart.

And those patients in the corridor, or their family members, or the doctors ... or the viewers in front of the live channel were shocked to stare at this scene.

The countless bullet comments flowed across the screen, making it hard to see Sylvia's face clearly.

"Blaine! I heard that he's a brilliant martial artist. The previous year he made a comeback because a big wig spent a lot of money to ask him to serve as a martial arts coach to win glory for the country."

"Now I see a martial arts master with my own eyes. Am I dreaming?" "Ahhhhhh!"

"Ahhhhhh!"

"I'd love to see the martial arts master show his true ability!" Both

Tyrell and Mrs. Maskelyne looked sinister.

"Damn! Franklin dared to go against us."

"When the hell did he get the control over the Ryan family?" Mrs. Maskelyne's eyes were filled with jealousy.

"What else is he hiding from us? Does he own the Maskelyne Group alone? Does he really think I'm dead? How dare he transfer the shares of Maskelyne Group to Sylvia!"

Tyrell was almost furious.

Poppy couldn't hear the commotion outside, but she ran out with Franklin as he rushed out in a frenzy.

She watched the scene with tears streaming down her face. Although she couldn't hear, she could see what was going on from the way the crowd looked.

She grabbed her phone and looked at the bullet comments on the screen. She finally understood all the things that had happened.

How much pain had her brother and her sister-in-law endured?

Franklin actually had mania and was boycotted by people all over the world. Franklin was no longer the captain ...

Maskelyne Group's stock price and SouthStar Airlines' stock price were falling ...

And many employees were quitting.

The Maskelyne family ... was going down.

She staggered over, covered her face with her hands and sat on her knees in front of Sylvia, sobbing uncontrollably. "Sylvia..."

Sylvia raised her hand to wipe away the tears on the Poppy's face, while James rushed to help Poppy up. All of

this happened unexpectedly and shockingly.

And on the Internet, the matter was causing an uproar.

The fact that Sylvia was Franklin's mania and Franklin had mania was so hotly debated. Some

people had become Franklin's fans while others had become anti-fans.

There was a heated debate.

The psychiatrist from the hospital had arrived at a fast pace, followed by several nurses, who put the unconscious Franklin on a stretcher and quickly took him to the clinic.

Sylvia took out her phone, opened Facebook, and sent a message to Poppy. [Don't

worry. Take a good rest.]

[James will stay with you while I keep an eye on Franklin. He will be fine.]

After she finished typing, she gave Poppy a hug and then politely said to Blaine, "Mr. Ryan, please take your men to watch over Poppy. She needs your help now."

She was too careless when she sent James to the clinic. That was what led Tyrell and Mrs. Maskelyne to take advantage of the opportunity to irritate Poppy and Franklin.

This couple was ruthless.

The two of them were bastards.

They could even harm their own son and daughter.

How heartless they were! And what was their purpose? What made them harm their own children?

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Franklin wasn't their biological child. Could it be that James and Poppy weren't either?

Sylvia's mind was shaken by this terrible thought.

She narrowed her eyes slightly and surveyed Tyrell and Mrs. Maskelyne, who were not far away.

"Don't think we're afraid to do anything because you let the Ryan family guard here." Mrs. Maskelyne sneered. "Honey, let's go!" But

she knew that she and her men were no match for the Ryan family.

In particular, she was beaten by Sylvia. Although the injury was not serious, it affected her to some extent.

Sylvia, the bitch, looked so skinny, but she was so good a fighter!

"Poppy, think about what I said." Tyrell's grim gaze fell on Poppy's face. Poppy's

face froze and a chill ran down her back. She got a horrible feeling. But ... this

man who gave her this feeling was her father ...

The couple swaggered away, followed by the black-clad men.

Sylvia looked at the backs of the two, her eyebrows slightly furrowed. This

couple was so inhumane that she had to suspect...

But she didn't have time to think about it. She ran towards the office of the head doctor who was almost strangled to death by Franklin earlier.

When she made sure that the head doctor was not seriously hurt, she was relieved.

"Franklin lost his mind at that time, I'm sorry, Dr. Remy."

"Dr. Sylvia, I never thought you are the legendary Mrs. Maskelyne..." Dr. Remy's throat was still sore and his voice was hoarse. At

that time he was scared to death. Franklin was like the devil. He almost thought he would be killed by Franklin.

Luckily, Sylvia was there!

"Dr. Remy, I'm sorry." Sylvia smiled apologetically, and glanced back at Jasper.

Jasper immediately understood, bowed towards Dr. Remy, and held up a black card with both hands in front of Dr. Remy.

"I apologize on behalf of Mr. Maskelyne. You can have a permanent free stay in Maskelyne Group's hotels all over the world. As long as you bring this card, you can stay whatever hotel owned Maskelyne Group by for free."

"What did you say?"

Dr. Remy stared in shock at the black card in Jasper's hand. This ...

was Maskelyne Group's VIP customer card, right?

He really didn't think he would get this card one day!

"It's Mr. Maskelyne's fault for frightening your family and you. You must accept it."

Jasper's expression was still very serious, and his eyes looked apologetic. Mr. Maskelyne always hated people who bullied the weak ... If he knew what he had done after he sobered up, he would be very remorseful, for sure ...

"Thank you." Dr. Remy did not refuse and accepted the card.

After leaving the office, Sylvia and Jasper hurried to the psychiatry department.

Franklin had been thoroughly examined, but he was not yet awake.

When the attending doctor saw Sylvia enter, he immediately sent her the test results. "Dr. Sylvia, take a look at them."

"He's likely to split a new personality?" Sylvia frowned at the diagnostic analysis above, "New personality? He just has mania ..."

"Mania is very likely to become schizophrenia. So ... Dr. Sylvia, you have to be prepared. A conclusion can be made after Mr. Maskelyne wakes up," The doctor said helplessly.

Sylvia felt as if there was a big stone on her heart, making it hard for her to breathe. It

was really hard!

She sat in front of the hospital bed and reached out to hold Franklin's cold palm, and her almond eyes looked at his handsome, pale face.

"Franklin, why are you so stupid? Why do you give me all your leverage to me? What can you do after that?"

"Why are you so stupid?"

Sylvia muttered.

She turned around and walked out of the ward. What she didn't know was that the moment she turned around, the man lying on the hospital bed had his long, thick eyelashes fluttering gently.

When Sylvia returned home, it was dark.

Logan looked at her tired face, and a deep sympathy surfaced on his handsome face.

"Boss ..."

They all knew about what happened today. This

was sensational news.

"There's no need to say anything or comfort me." Sylvia sighed. "Got any medicine? I need to get a good sleep."

Without saying a word, Logan handed her two sleeping pills that he had prepared.

She swallowed them and took sips of water before saying to Logan, "Have the cook prepare some noodles for me. I'll cook some noodles for everyone tomorrow."

Logan was shocked and a little flattered, rubbing his hands together, "Boss, you are very tired. Don't do that."

The next morning, Logan saw Sylvia put the cooked noodles into the thermos and the rest was for him and the twins. A realization hit him.

It turned out that Sylvia specially cooked the noodles for Franklin in the hospital. Half an hour later.

Sylvia carried the thermos box into the inpatient unit.

She quickly arrived at the door of Franklin's ward and gave Jasper a call. "Are you in the ward? Come out and get the noodles." Jasper opened the door of the ward as soon as Sylvia's words were spoken.

In fact, she wanted to stay at the hospital last night, but on a second thought, she didn't know what position she should hold to face Franklin.

She just didn't expect that right behind Jasper appeared a woman.

The woman was tall and wore a classic Chanel suit, with long, slightly curly hair cascading down her back. Her features were good looking and her disposition was good.

Sylvia clutched the thermos box in her hand and looked at Darcie who suddenly appeared here.

Darcie looked at Sylvia with a smile. "Miss Andrews, I didn't expect you to deliver noodles to Mr. Maskelyne, and I made them myself! Franklin's mother asked me to come!"

Sylvia didn't say anything, just handed one of the boxes to Jasper and said with a blank face, "This is Franklin's. Is he awake yet?"

"Not yet ... but the doctor said he would be soon awake." Jasper's eyes were full of helplessness.

Darcie came here early in the morning, saying that Tyrell was about to connect the Hart family and the Maskelyne family through business marriage and that she was Franklin's future wife. Sylvia was merely nothing compared with her.

The Hart family was rich, but it was inferior to the Maskelyne family.

The Hart family was overjoyed that Tyrell proposed a business marriage between the Hart family and the Maskelyne family.

Darcie was in tears yesterday when Sylvia helped Franklin quit his job.

However, last night, Tyrell and Mrs. Maskelyne had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Hart.

So, early this morning, Darcie was in a much better mood and came over with a smug look, to claim Franklin as her future husband.

She was the right person for Franklin! She had been a flight attendant at SouthStar Airlines for so many years, and she had finally got Franklin.

But Sylvia didn't feel anything when she was confronted with Darcie's smug face. She

turned around and walked towards Poppy's hospital room.

Darcie had prepared a lot of taunting words, but she was forced to swallow them. She

failed to irritate Sylvia and felt discouraged.

She had wanted to give Sylvia a hard time and flaunt herself! She

stared at Sylvia's back with hatred and stomped her foot.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 377

In Poppy's hospital room, James opened the thermos box Sylvia had brought.

"Smells good. Sylvia, you're a good cook."

After one night, Poppy's mood had improved.

She looked at Sylvia with slightly raised eyes, her eyelashes fluttering in the light, "Sylvia, thank you ..."

Sylvia looked at her haggard face, tried to curl the corners of her mouth, and wrote in distress, "Hurry up and eat the noodles, or they won't taste good."

"Okay." Poppy nodded and began to eat the noodles. In

Franklin's hospital room.

Franklin was woken up by the familiar smell of noodles. It was the noodles ... made by Sylvia. It smelled so good. He instantly turned so hungry.

Seeing him wake up, before Jasper could speak, Darcie ran to the hospital bed said with an attentive face, "Mr. Maskelyne, I brought you breakfast. You try it?"

Franklin's eyes fell on Darcie's face, and he looked cold. "Who are you? Why are you in my room?"

Darcie was shocked and said in an injured tone, "Mr. Maskelyne, I am Darcie ... we have been colleagues together for several years. I am a flight attendant ..."

Why couldn't he remember her? Why

couldn't he recognize her?

She was so sad that her eyes were red rimmed. Tears

almost fell out, but she held them back.

"Mr. Maskelyne, do you want to eat noodles?" Jasper opened the thermos box.

Franklin smelled it, and although he did not see the person he was expecting to see, the noodles were extremely to his liking. He directly picked up the fork and began to eat.

And he also drank up the noodle soup inside.

The noodles were not special, but he enjoyed eating them very much.

"What's so good about the noodles? Can it be as nutritious as the breakfast I brought?" Darcie said with a jealous face. "Get lost!"

Franklin put the box on the bed table and didn't even look at Darcie.

"You know what? I'm about to marry you, and our parents are about to arrange a marriage for us. How can you tell me to get lost?"

Darcie couldn't help but shout out, "I know, you and Sylvia are divorced, You should stop thinking about her!"

Her heart was bitter, and her fingers were crossed together.

"Miss Hart, please." Jasper made a polite gesture.

Darcie gritted her teeth with an embarrassed face, opened the door of the room and walked out. The hallway seemed to be quiet. Some patients and their family members were walking.

Darcie had just left the ward when she met Sylvia who was walking towards the elevator at the same time.

Sylvia's phone rang just as she entered the elevator.

Only after seeing the familiar caller ID on the screen, her fingers curled a little.

"Hello."

Franklin's quiet voice rang out from the other end of the phone, "Why don't you come to visit me after cooking the noodles for me?"

Sylvia's heart skipped a beat and she glanced at the thermos box she was carrying. "Franklin, what are you talking about?" Darcie, who had stepped into the elevator, jerked her eyes up to Sylvia, and clutched the bag in her hand.

Franklin Just couldn't wait to call this bitch!

"Honey, don't you try to lie to me." Franklin's voice was low. "As soon as I smelled the fragrance of the noodles, I knew it must be you who made it. Only the food you make will make me have an appetite."

Sylvia didn't know what to say.

Even if she didn't show up, this man actually thought she made it just by the smell of the noodles ... She really didn't know what to say.

Before she could say anything, she heard the man say again, "It's the same for my body. I can only be turned on by you. Honey, I can't stop feeling something for you. Now that the whole world knows you're my wife. You brought noodles but didn't come to visit me. You wicked girl!"

There seemed to some repressed emotion in Franklin's tone of voice.

Sylvia was slightly stunned. She didn't even notice that a woman in the same elevator was staring at her with vicious eyes.

'You wicked girl?' Was he trying to flirt with her?

She couldn't help but have goose bumps and stepped out of the elevator. "Honey, I

want to eat your bread for lunch."

When she heard Franklin's words, Sylvia felt her chest stuffy.

When she wanted to refuse, she heard Franklin's voice ring out again with a sneer.

"If you don't deliver your bread, I'll starve to death! I won't eat anything until you come." Sylvia was speechless.

Why was he so childish?

At ten o'clock, Sylvia still made the bread.

And she also cooked the soup and some dishes.

After everything was done, she went straight to the hospital.

She carried the thermos box and went straight to Franklin's hospital room.

When she knocked on the door, she was somehow nervous.

The man's low, husky voice came from inside. "Come in."

She then pushed open the door. Only Franklin was alone in the ward, and Jasper was not there. "The bread is ready. You can eat it."

She said with a cool expression.

Franklin, dressed in a hospital gown, was sitting on a hospital bed with a pillow behind him.

But he still exuded a strong vibe. His hands were wrapped in gauze, which didn't look very seriously injured.

Sylvia walked over and put the lunch box on the bedside table next to the hospital bed. The man's deep, dark eyes were staring at her silently, not missing any of her movements.

The atmosphere was tense.

Sylvia raised her eyebrows, a trace of dissatisfaction flashing across her pretty eyes, "Why look at me like I'm the prisoner?"

"You were ... not afraid that I hurt you yesterday?" Franklin pursed his lips. Jasper had told him everything that happened yesterday.

He was emotionally out of control, and his sanity was completely lost. He

couldn't control himself at all.

But Sylvia was able to save the day and stabilize Maskelyne Group and SouthStar Airlines. Just

thinking about that image made he excited.

She even beat up Kaitlin?

That woman had always been conceited and thought herself unbeatable because she learned some martial arts. Then

... Sylvia taught her a lesson.

Tyrell and Kaitlin, this couple, were simply inhumane.

They could even hurt their own children.

"Franklin, don't talk so much nonsense. Hurry up and eat." Sylvia somehow did not dare to look at him. "I have to go and deliver food to Poppy."

She was about to turn around and leave when Franklin's large palm steeply tugged at her wrist.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 378

Franklin said lightly, "I want to go to the bathroom."

"Then you go ahead." Sylvia nodded her head.

"Honey, I want to go to the bathroom ..." Franklin repeated again.

Sylvia's watery eyes were filled with confusion and she snorted. "Can I go for you?"

Franklin's fingers on his jaw then stroked his forehead, "I'm so dizzy. I can't get out of bed by myself." Sylvia frowned, looking at his pained face.

She couldn't help but think of how the mania attacked him.

She suppressed the pain in her chest, gritted her teeth and said, "I'll call the care worker for you."

The man frowned. "Honey, can't you help me go? My head really hurts and I'm dizzy. The doctor

said ..." Before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by Sylvia. "Get up!"

Sylvia's hands were put on his waist and she helped him up from the hospital bed.

Without being noticed, a trace of pleasure flashed through the man's eyes, and the faint fragrance of her body wafted into his nose.

Franklin deliberately leaned most of his body on Sylvia's body. Sylvia struggled to help him move towards the bathroom. Fortunately, the bathroom was not very far away, otherwise she would really want to throw Franklin out.

When Franklin sat down on the toilet, Sylvia turned around to close the door and left.

Franklin's thin lips twitched and he reached out to drag Sylvia back, "Honey, are you so cruel? Do you want me to go back by myself later? I'm dizzy ..."

He lifted his hand and tried to stroke his forehead again.

Sylvia had to stay put.

She had feelings for

Franklin. But she found it

out too late.

They had done much more intimate things together, not to mention accompanying him to the

bathroom. He used such a clumsy way to make her stay, which made her feel sorry for him.

She looked away. The sound of the man taking off his pants was heard. In this narrow space, she could not help but

blush. The sound of water running came into her ears.

Finally ... the sound of water stopped.

Sylvia lifted her eyelids, and her watery eyes had a trace of helplessness. "Let's go

out." No one answered her.

She tentatively turned her head to look at Franklin, and found that Franklin had dressed and was looking at her with deep

eyes. A dangerous vibe was given off by the man.

Sylvia lifted her eyes to glare at him, but a trace of fatigue appeared in her eyes. "Franklin, stop it."

Franklin did not move. His palm suddenly reached out, clasped her waist and pressed her to his

chest. He had wanted to do this the moment he woke up in the morning!

He had wanted to do this for a long time!

The man's suppressed emotions were revealed in the small

space. His voice was hoarse.

"Honey..."

Sylvia closed her eyes, her face was pressed against the man's chest, so she could clearly feel the man's every breath and heartbeat.

Her hands just touched the man's chest. When she was ready to push him away, she heard the man's husky voice overhead, "Why not come to visit me in the morning?"

Sylvia's thick eyelashes fluttered gently. Her voice was low, "We should have stopped getting involved with each other long ago. There are too many obstacles between us ..."

The man lowered his eyes. His handsome face approached hers, his affectionate voice saying, "I

know." His eyes stared deeply at her.

The warm breath was on her cheeks.

Sylvia was flustered and uncomfortable, hoping to find an outlet to vent her

feelings. "If you know, let go of me."

Franklin grunted coldly, "Honey..." he suddenly came close to Sylvia's ear and whispered a few words

to her. Sylvia looked shocked. A trace of disbelief flashed in her eyes. "What?"

She then narrowed her eyes, "Damn!"

She raised her cold eyes, "I'll take care of this matter."

Just then, there was a knock on the door of the hospital room.

Sylvia helped Franklin out of the bathroom and opened the door of the ward.

A man in a white coat was standing in the doorway. He had a high nose and blue eyes with white skin and a tall figure. He was a typical European.

Lexton was stunned to see Sylvia. What a beautiful woman!

Her figure was tall and curved. Her delicate features seemed to glow, making it hard for people to take their eyes

off her. Her long black hair was tied into a bun, and a few strands of hair scattered in front of the forehead.

Lexton showed white teeth. He was sure he did not know such a beautiful woman, but for some reason she felt a little familiar to him, as if he had seen her somewhere.

"Hey, hottie!"

He took two steps back and confirmed the ward number again before saying, "Did I get the wrong room? This is Franklin's ward, right?"

Franklin on the bed heard Lexton's familiar voice and his thin lips moved slightly, "It's my psychiatrist,

Lexton." "Oh, Franklin, you have a beautiful woman here!"

Lexton stepped into the ward and said with his expression stretched, "You should be very happy with a beauty around

you!" Franklin's thin lips were pursed slightly. "Honey, you're going to deliver food to Poppy, right?"

Lexton's eyes widened in shock, "Honey? You are the legendary Mrs. Maskelyne? Oh my!"

"Franklin is so happy! The last time you calmed the passengers on the plane, so my! You are so awesome! You're my idol!"

"Oh my God, Franklin is really too much, hiding you all the time! And this time, you saved Franklin. When he was

having an attack, few people could subdue him!"

"I was watching it live. It's not only live broadcast on your Twitter, but also a lot of bloggers in Aettosa live broadcast it! You're now the web celeb in Aettosa! Do you know you have a lot of your fans in Aettosa! You're amazing!"

Sylvia listened to Lexton's loud voice ringing in the ward. The corners of her lips twitched. "Outsiders watch the fun. Dr. Lexton, are you just watching the fun too?"

Lexton's face stiffened. Was he disliked?

Before he could react, he saw Sylvia take a deep look at Franklin and then close the door to the room and leave. She walked straight towards Poppy's hospital room.

Whether it was the netizens or the onlookers in the hallway at that time, they were just watching the fun. Only people that was caught in this whirlpool were clear about their own pain.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 379

And at this time in Franklin's hospital room.

Lexton, however, looked grave. "Franklin, thanks to your wife, that personality of yours did not appear this time."

"You haven't seen the live broadcast. Back then, she held you and calmed you down. It's tantamount to saying that she woke you up."

"You really should have seen it. I screencast it."

Franklin had heard about what happened from Jasper, and about his adopted parents' viciousness from James.

But ... he had never seen any video of it.

He looked at Lexton with a surprised expression, "Show me ..."

When a phone was placed in his large palm, Franklin's fingertips were trembling.

The video was very clear.

He lost his mind, roared and ran out of Poppy's hospital room like a beast. He defeated Tyrell's men, and hurt innocent doctors and passersby ...

It was Sylvia who was working with James to subdue him and sober her up. No matter how scary he was, she was not afraid ... she hugged him tightly!

Intense emotions instantly surged through him.

His handsome face was full of sadness and he was touched at the same time. He

also had mixed feelings of remorse and guilt.

His eyes were scarlet red.

His bloodshot eyes looked frightening.

But he tried his best to hold back his tears.

Sylvia was his wife! Even when she was sitting on the ground and holding him who was unconscious, she still sat up straight with a calm face, seeming that she could have everything under control.

Her voice was calm and cold, but very penetrating.

She pacified the employees of Maskelyne Group, who wanted to quit, and she also stopped numerous netizens from questioning Franklin.

The public criticism of Franklin was replaced by the sympathy. She

even resigned on his behalf.

The whole world now knew that she was his wife. And

he, however, could not give her the best.

No! He must bring the best in the world to her. He would try every means to give her whatever she wanted.

Lexton helplessly shook his head. "Miss Andrews is so wonderful and impressive."

"She looks more beautiful than in the photo. No wonder I felt a little familiar with her. She turns out to be Sylvia!"

Lexton said with emotion, "You're really lucky to have met this woman."

Franklin didn't say anything, just put the phone down and closed his eyes.

In his mind, he kept replaying all the words Sylvia had said, all her movements and looks ...

In front of Poppy's hospital room, the Ryans were still guarding there.

Seeing Sylvia walking over, they immediately said respectfully, "Miss Andrews."

"Hello." Sylvia said lightly, then pushed the door open, and saw Poppy reciting the script. She

could not hear, nor did she know Sylvia had walked in.

Sylvia stood in the doorway and watched for a while before walking over to Poppy's bed and sitting down.

Only then did Poppy notice Sylvia's arrival. She moved her eyes from the script to Sylvia. Seeing Sylvia, Poppy smiled shyly. Her fingers holding the script tightened, "Sylvia... I feel bored, so I seize the time to recite my lines. "

Sylvia held her hand and spoke softly, "No need."

Then she suddenly remembered that Poppy could not hear at all.

Sylvia hurriedly picked up the pen and paper on the table next to her and quickly wrote a line. Her handwriting was perfect. "Do not recite them. The script will be changed especially for you. I'll get you the new script in a few days."

"A new script, Sylvia, what do you mean?" Poppy said, "I heard from Mr. Davila that the scriptwriter Wynter the Genius is a very mysterious person, she will not change the script easily and never meet with people."

"You don't have to worry about that." Sylvia wrote quickly on the paper again. After

she finished writing, she called Brock directly to talk about the script revision.

Brock just got out of the elevator. "You're at Poppy's? Eden and I are here. Hold on. We'll be right there." Hanging

up the phone, he and Eden headed straight for the hospital room.

Eden frowned curiously, "Change the script? Will my idol say yes?" "I

don't know." Brock shook his head.

When the two of them entered the hospital room, they saw Sylvia reading the script, and when she saw them, she waved at them, "Come here."

"I want to change Poppy's persona from a young assistant to an actress. The young assistant has her own dream, and her dream is to be an actress. But then she suffered a serious trauma in her life. Her ears were injured and she couldn't hear."

Sylvia spoke about what was in her mind. "In order to act, she paid more efforts than anyone else, and finally become the best actress, gained popularity and fame."

"After she became the best actress, she was still picking up the trash with the male lead."

"The new persona is quite good. Her experience is exactly like Poppy's ..." Brock looked at her in shock. It would be easier for the current Poppy to play such a role.

Also, this role was very attractive.

The girl with the injured ears ... A

healthy assistant...

Obviously, the former could attract more viewers.

Eden tilted his head, "Miss Andrews, would Wynter the Genius agree to the changes?"

Sylvia lifted her eyelids and gave him a look. "Your part remains the same. It's just that you need to work harder to act well, so... just mind your own business."

Being reprimanded by Sylvia in front of Poppy, he was somewhat embarrassed thought Poppy couldn't hear. His

face turned red. "I know."

Brock was also a little worried, afraid that Wynter refused to change the script.

Wynter was a mysteriously big shot who only composed songs for Eden.

He snapped his head up and looked at Eden. "Wynter is so good to you. What are you worried about?"

Eden scratched his head a little awkwardly, "But ... I've never seen Wynter before! I don't even know if it's male or female."

Sometimes he really felt he was lucky.

He was chosen by Wynter and got the help.

Wynter composed those songs. If someone else had sung them, they would have been a hit, too. Because

of this, he felt himself a loser.

So he must shoot this movie well and work hard. Poppy was now so weak, but she did not give up, so there was no reason for him to give up, either!

"It's rumored that you've never seen her. It turns out to be true." Brock murmured, "Miss Andrews, how did you get in touch with Wynter?"

Sylvia opened her mouth, "I ..."

"It hurts ..." Suddenly, Poppy's moan came from the hospital bed behind the three.

It interrupted Sylvia. Looking at the two men who were rushing towards Poppy, she shook her head helplessly.

She had wanted to say that she was Wynter.

It was better to reveal it later when she got a chance.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 380

"Poppy, where is the pain?"

"Ring the bell."

A few minutes later.

Poppy was sent to the emergency room to have a new round of examination.

Sylvia guarded the door of the emergency room and looked at those colleagues in the room, operating those high-tech instruments.

Eden and Brock sat on the bench with grave looks.

Sylvia's cell phone suddenly vibrated.

She lifted it up and saw a caller ID with a hidden number.

Her face darkened slightly, but she picked it up anyway. "Hello."

"If you want to detoxify Poppy, do as I say." A voice that had been processed with a voice changer came from the other end.

"Who are you? Why do you want me to do what you say? What do you want me to do?" Sylvia's eyes and face were cold.

The entire corridor seemed to be enveloped in a tense atmosphere.

Even Brock and Eden couldn't help but look over towards her.

"At 3 p.m., go to 66 Livingston Road and deliver your most beloved jewelry to the garbage can at 66 Livingston Road. Otherwise, Poppy would perish!"

After saying that, the other party hung up the phone.

The most beloved jewelry?

Sylvia stared at the phone, thinking that the other party was playing a prank.

However, for Poppy's sake, she was willing to give it a try.

"I will inform James to come over. For now, I need you two to accompany Poppy." Sylvia looked down at the two men sitting on the bench.

"Yeah, don't worry."

Sylvia drove straight to Pearhall Villa.

There was almost none jewelry that she liked. She had seldom worn any jewelry.

She opened her jewelry box.

There were a lot of jewelry inside.

Finally, her eyes fell on a necklace made of broken diamonds.

It was given to her by Gage after he received his first paycheck.

At that time, she liked this necklace very much.

She picked up the necklace and looked at the diamonds that were still shining after so long.

She took out a small jewelry bag to put it up.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, she drove her Land Rover towards 66 Livingston Road.

The Livingston Road was a small, isolated road on the outskirts of the city.

A shantytown and some demolished houses were near it.

In the afternoon sunlight, it looked unaccountably broken.

Sylvia got out of the car and threw the small bag with the necklace into the garbage can in 66 Livingston Road.

She had just turned around when her face froze. She suddenly shifted her cold gaze towards the dilapidated building, only to see a tall figure standing in the upper floor.

The man's face was covered with a black mask, and only his steely chin was revealed.

The sunlight fell on him, and the mysterious and brutal vibe around him grew stronger and stronger.

The man's cold eyes were fixed on her.

The next second, a silver pistol appeared in the woman's hand and was aimed at the man. Bang!

The man was caught off guard but still moved agilely to dodge, but the bullet still grazed his arm and hit the wall behind him.

Then, the man leapt down and launched attacks towards Sylvia.

Blood seeped out from the wound on his arm.

He did not seem to feel it.

Sylvia gripped the gun in her hand and shot at the man again. Even though the man moved extremely fast, he could not dodge it.

The bullet shot into the man's calf.

She was a sharpshooter and few people could avoid her shooting.

And this man avoided her first shot, however.

She would never allow anyone to avoid her shooting a second time.

But the man continued to attack her as if he could not feel the pain.

The two fought.

Rumble!

Thunder suddenly growled in the sky.

The sky, which had been clear, suddenly became dark.

When the lightning and thunder mixed, the rains poured down.

They smashed in Sylvia's and the man's faces.

But neither of them seemed aware of the rains. Sylvia was drenched in rain.

Then she rapidly hit the man wearing a mask on his face.

She was extremely fast!

The man found it hard to withstand her attacks.

Suddenly!

Sylvia reached out her hand towards the man's face. Her fingers looked slender and strong in the lightning.

When she was about to grab the man's mask, the man, however, rolled on the ground and dodged Sylvia.

"What a poor thing! How dare you mess with me? I've delivered the jewelry. Give me the antidote!"

If it weren't for the antidote, she would have shot the masked man to death! The man was really tolerant. The blood oozed from his calf, fell to his feet with the rain, and stained the rain water red.

He seemed to be unaware of it.

His cold eyes were filled with cruelty.

"Come with me, and I will give you the antidote." The man's voice was hoarse and unpleasant to the ear.

"What if I don't come with you?" Sylvia lifted her eyes and gave him a cold look.

"Then don't blame me for showing no mercy." The man could not support himself at this point, his calf was in pain and his face under the mask was pale.

He waved his hand!

The sound of footsteps came!

Twenty or thirty men in black suddenly rushed over from all directions and surrounded Sylvia.

In the pouring rain, the woman's eyes were like sharp, and the silver pistol in her hand spun in her palm.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Several shots rang out.

A few of the men in black nearest to her were shot in the heads!

The blood burst out in mid-air, shocking to the eye!

The number of men in black that surrounded her was increasing! Each was holding a long stick and pouncing towards her.

Sylvia sneered. A trace of hostility flashed through her cold eyes. She raised the pistol again!