

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 381

A lightning bolt split the air.

Under the lightning, in the heavy rain, the breathtakingly beautiful woman was like the devil from hell. That cold voice resounded in the heavy rain.

"What exactly do you want from me? How dare you try to kill me over and over again!" "Since you have provoked me, you have to pay the price you deserve!"

A vicious smile lifted the corners of her lips. Her ability to shoot was daunting.

At that moment, the sound of a propeller suddenly rang out in the sky, accompanied by the sound of clattering rain. It was extraordinarily clear.

The people in black were staring in shock at the helicopter hovering overhead, only to see countless tall, camouflage-clad men descending from the sky like flying eagles.

They were holding weapons and shooting towards them. Bang! Bang!

Bang!

The sound of gunfire rang out in the heavy rain, and blood mixed with mud and water kept flowing on the ground. Finally it was washed away by the pouring rain.

The men in black fell, and new men in black rushed up.

How brave they were before. How wretched they were now. Jaden bowed toward Sylvia and gave a standard salute. "Junior boss, please forgive me for being late."

"It doesn't matter." The eye-catching woman stood upright in the rain, her face was stained with blood, and her cold eyes were filled with killing intent. "Kill them all!"

The last time she was poisoned, it was ZZ organization that did it. And this time Poppy was poisoned. She was sure it was done by this organization as well.

She knelt down and ripped open the chest of a black man who was shot in the head. As expected, she saw a tattoo -- Z.

The tattoo was horrifyingly greenish-purple under the rain.

The antidote was just a bait to lure her into a trap on purpose.

The masked man had no intention of giving her the antidote, and Sylvia, with this realization, leapt up and attacked the mysterious masked man surrounded by the men in black.

Her attack was vigorous. The masked man hid behind his men and was preparing to escape under their cover. But it was too late!

Sylvia's palm had hit him in the back!

The man blasted off and fell heavily on the ground. Countless water drops were splashing. Sylvia used all the strength to initiate this attack. No one could bear it.

"Puff!" Blood spurted out from the mouth of the masked man in black.

The eyes under his mask stared blankly at Sylvia, and his hand covered his chest.

The pain came from his back. He struggled to get up, but Sylvia had come close to him.

Not far behind him were several of his men, who were running over, but Sylvia was too fast! She ran rapidly towards the masked man.

In the blink of an eye, she was inches away from him.

The masked man braced himself to stand up and tried to take Sylvia's attack. However, the masked man was once again knocked to the ground by Sylvia. She was also sure about one thing.

This masked man was not the man she had met last time at Townyer Villa. That masked man's aura was obviously several times stronger than this man's, and his eyes were sharper and colder!

Who the hell was that man? And this man!

She stepped on the man's chest, and blood kept gushing out along the corners of his lips.

The pouring rain seemed to be falling non-stop, pooling into stagnant water on the flat ground, becoming waterfalls under the eaves and cascading down!

In the fierce storm, thunder was growling, lightning zigzagged, and the rain was pouring down to the ground. The heavens were rent with lightning and thunders flashed!

Each raindrop hit the body, making the man feel pained.

The silver pistol in Sylvia's hand was pointed at the man's brow, and her voice grew clearer and colder under the thunder, "Who the hell are you?"

She bent over, and her fingers were about to touch the black mask on the man's face! "I ..." The man coughed.

As soon as the man opened his mouth, blood gushed out again.

"It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is your sister's life, isn't it?" The man smiled wickedly, "If you let me go, I'll give you the antidote!"

Sylvia's fingers were touching the man's mask, and as soon as she pushed, she could see the man's face hidden under the mask!

However, when she heard the man's words, her fingers instantly froze. The answer was about to come out! But...

Though unwilling, she soon withdrew her hand with a cold expression. "Give me the antidote!"

The masked man stretched out his blood-covered hand and reached into the pocket of his shirt, taking out a small box from it.

Sylvia reached for it, but the man grabbed her hand.

His cold hand clutched her hand tightly, as if she would disappear from sight if he let go. Sylvia frowned.

This man was too strange!

She drew back her hand with force. "If this is a fake, I will not let you go wherever you run!"

She couldn't be bothered to wipe her fingers which were covered in blood and withdrew her foot from the masked man's body. The masked man was helped up by his companion and immediately disappeared into the rain.

Jaden came over and his small voice said, "Junior boss, you just let them go?"

"Don't chase after the tottering foes." Sylvia glanced down at the antidote in her hand. "Back to the hospital!" The helicopter slowly rose into the sky, moving forward in the rain.

It soon arrived at the hospital rooftop.

Sylvia took Jaden and the others directly towards the emergency room where Poppy was. And at this time in the emergency room.

The doctor was resuscitating Poppy. "Blood pressure!"

"60! Keep dropping!" "Heartbeat!"

"Dropping below 60! Dropping violently!"

"Quickly notify the patient's family. She's critically ill!"

At the door of the emergency room, James had just arrived. He was drenched in rain, and when he saw Brock and Eden, he just spoke, "Mr. Davila ..."

There was a bang!

The door to the emergency room was opened and a nurse rushed out of the emergency room with an anxious voice, "Are you Poppy's family? Poppy is critically ill!"

James's face went white and he incredulously tugged at the nurse's arm. "How can this be? Is my sister dying?"

His voice rang out in the silent hallway.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 382

Eden also rushed over incredulously with his eyes red rimmed, "Nurse, please save her!" Brock shivered and pulled out his cell phone to call Sylvia, but he couldn't get through.

James' tears mixed with raindrops slid down his cheeks. His voice was hoarse, "Nurse, my sister is still very young. She is not yet 20 years old ... She is in her prime. Please ... think of another way ..."

The nurse was dragged by this handsome man, but she was not in the mood to appreciate his handsome face. She said pitifully, "We tried our best ... you guys better be mentally prepared."

Just at that moment!

The elevator door slid open.

From inside stepped out a woman covered in mud and water. The woman was soaked. Her thin clothes stuck to her body, showing her curved figure.

She smelled a strong smell of blood. Rain and blood slid down the corners of her clothes. As she strode over, a stream of red water marks winding on the floor.

She was like a devil returning from hell, with cold, sharp eyes and a resolute look.

Behind her are dozens of tall men in camouflage uniforms with cold faces and strong vibes. Clearly, they were not easy to mess with.

The young nurse had never seen such a situation before. She was scared and rushed to the emergency room. But behind her came the woman's cold voice, which resounded in the corridor.

"Stand still."

The nurse took a deep breath and turned around slowly, but the woman had come close to her. The nurse looked up timidly and fearfully, and she was stunned when she saw the woman clearly.

"Dr. Sylvia?"

Surprisingly, it was Dr. Sylvia!

Sylvia pulled out a small box and put it into the nurse's hand, "This is the antidote. Make Poppy take it." "OK, OK."

The nurse ran into the emergency room.

"Sylvia." James, who was in pain and anxiety, saw this scene and rushed over with a surprised face. "You got the antidote?" "Yes." Sylvia nodded, and did not intend to tell James how she got the antidote back. "Go tell Franklin about it."

"Okay, I'll go now." James almost jumped up with excitement. Brock looked

at Sylvia with complicated feelings in his eyes.

Why did Sylvia, the sponsor in his movie, have such a powerful vibe?

She returned with the antidote like a savior of the world, which was exciting. Although he

was curious about Sylvia, he knew he shouldn't ask.

"Miss Andrews, you take a break."

"Sylvia... please sit," Eden swallowed and pointed to the bench and said. He really did not know what to say! He was afraid that those camouflage-clad men would press him against the wall and beat him hard!

"No, I need to go back and wash up," Sylvia said with no expression.

She turned around, and the men behind her turned around as well, and the group left.

"She looks like a gang boss!" Eden did not dare to whisper until the group disappeared into the elevator. "She is," Brock said faintly.

The night was deep.

The rain was still pouring down. It rained

nonstop.

Sylvia sat in front of her computer and began to work on the script. She changed the

heroine's persona setting and the plots.

By the time she finished revising, it was four in the morning.

She let out a long breath, stretched herself, and stood up from the computer.

What she didn't know was that at this moment, in the heavy rain, a man in black went to the garbage can in 66 Livingston Road and reached out to take out the broken diamond necklace.

Lightning split the air and shone on his face. His face ... was actually familiar to Sylvia.

The man carefully unwrapped that jewelry bag, and when he saw a necklace with broken diamonds lying quietly inside, a trace of restrained fondness flashed across his handsome face.

Surprisingly ... it really was that necklace!

"Your genuine feeling is really touching. It's a pity that she doesn't know it at all." Suddenly.

A low, magnetic voice rang out from behind the man.

The man's affectionate face suddenly changed into a cold one. He shot daggers at the man behind him.

Behind the man, a man in white holding a black umbrella appeared. The white and black colors formed a sharp contrast in the lightning.

The man holding the necklace unconsciously tightened his fingers, "You trail me?"

"Not really. It's just that the way you tested your position in her heart was so lousy and stupid that I couldn't help but want to remind you." The man in white curled his lips.

"What are you trying to say?"

"Is it that cool to be a coward who doesn't dare to confess his love? However, even if you want to confess, you don't have a chance." The man in white chuckled.

A group of men in black appeared right behind him. "Chef, please." "Moon, what

mistake have I made?"

"You gave her the antidote. Isn't it betrayal? You fell in love with her privately. Isn't it betrayal? You fell in love with your enemy. Chef, have you forgotten the oath you took when you entered ZZ."

The eyes of the man in white were cold.

Everyone in the ZZ organization had a code name for himself or herself, and the man in black had a code name: Chef.

"Moon, are you able to control your heart? Are you better than me in controlling your feelings for her? When you heard she was being humiliated, you burst into a furious rage, didn't you?" Chef sneered, looking at those black-clad men who were approaching him step by step, and couldn't help but step backwards.

"Shut up! You don't deserve to mention her in front of me!" Moon's eyes were filled with anger, "None of you deserves!" Mockery appeared on

Chef's face, "It's not up to you to say if I deserve or not."

He dragged his leg, which had been hit by Sylvia during the day, backward step by step.

Although he did not have a status as high as Moon in ZZ organization, but it did not mean that he would just give in. The rain poured

down, washing the earth.

The moment the black-clad men were about to pounce on Chef, suddenly an explosive sound sounded! A smoke

grenade exploded in front of the crowd.

Even the rain could not make the smoke dissipate. The thick black smoke blocked the sight of the men in black. And Chef took

advantage of the opportunity to vanish in the darkness.

"Moon, what should we do?" A man said after coughing heavily several times.

"Chase after him!" Moon looked awful. Chef was getting more and more cunning. But he did not believe Chef could hide himself forever.

The early morning sunlight spilled into the room through the ward window. It came to the

young girl's face.

The young girl's beautiful face looked safe. Perhaps feeling the sunlight, she slightly knitted her brows, her thick long eyelashes fluttering. Her watery eyes slowly opened.

She slowly sat up. The fresh air after the rain rushed into the ward with the morning breeze. She looked out the window at the green leaves and the moist earth with the fragrance of the earth.

Only then did she suddenly realize that it had rained all night last night. Outside the window,

there was the chirping of birds.

Birds? Poppy was stunned.

The door of the room was pushed open at this moment.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 383

Her ears twitched and she looked toward the door and saw Sylvia in a white dress walking in with her lunchbox, followed by James.

The sound of both of them walking was extraordinarily clear in her ears.

Her previously silent world seemed to have suddenly become lively and interesting. Her

eyes unconsciously moistened.

Her watery eyes were red as she watched Sylvia and James step closer to her.

"Sylvia... James."

"I heard you. I heard you!"

"I regain my hearing. Sylvia, I can't believe I actually heard it."

Her voice was tinged with excitement, and her pretty face shone with excitement, which looked especially touching in the early morning sunlight.

Sylvia looked at her happy face and couldn't help but smile softly. It

was reassuring for Poppy to see Sylvia.

Poppy looked at Sylvia, lost in thought. If only Sylvia could always protect her and treat her well. Sylvia

noticed that Poppy were staring at her and raised an eyebrow.

"What are you thinking?"

"Oh, nothing." Poppy felt herself too selfish. She even wanted Sylvia to be nice to her all the time. She

bit her lip and said to James, "James, I'm so hungry. I want to eat so much good food."

Recently, because of her illness, her appetite was very poor, and she had lost a lot of weight. Her

small face was even thinner.

Her chin had become pointy.

It looked extraordinarily endearing.

"You have to go for an examination. Bear with it. Some tests need to be done on an empty stomach." James patted her shoulder. "If the test results show you're fine, you can be discharged."

"Really?" Poppy looked at him with surprise, feeling there was something wrong.

It was clear that ... yesterday she was attacked by poison in her body and fainted in pain. How

come she recovered today and could even be discharged from the hospital?

She was not stupid.

Franklin was also in the hospital, so it must be Sylvia that saved her. Did

Sylvia help her get the antidote?

That must be it.

She thought in her mind, 'Sylvia, did you find the antidote? How did you find it? Was it very hard to find? Even the doctors couldn't detoxify me. How did Sylvia find the antidote?'

Sylvia just raised her hand and stroked Poppy's hair. "You don't have to worry about these things. Follow James to do the test." The test results came out quickly.

She had recovered and could be discharged.

Before leaving the hospital, Poppy went to see Franklin and looked at the man who still looked very strong even though he was sick.

Poppy choked up, "Franklin ..."

Thinking about all the things that happened to her and to Franklin in the past two days, she felt like she had a dream.

"Sylvia really dotes on you." Franklin's eyes fell on her with a hint of jealousy. Sylvia had really gone to a lot of trouble to find an antidote for Poppy.

He was jealous of Poppy.

Franklin did not stay in the hospital. When Poppy was discharged, he was also discharged.

Lexton was complaining around Franklin, "Franklin, you should stay a few more days. The hospital is quiet and good for you to recover."

"Shut up!" Franklin was troubled by this psychiatrist.

He had only known Lexton was talkative before, but he had never imagined that he talked so much. "Franklin, I'm your doctor, and I have to say it. If I don't remind you, who will?" Lexton sat in the Bentley. He was constantly talking to Franklin.

Franklin resisted the urge to punch Lexton. "If you talk again, I'll throw you out of the car!"

"You can't be so violent. You should keep yourself calm!" Lexton could not help but persuade him again. Franklin thought he was annoying.

Poppy returned to Townyer Villa, where James had dropped her off.

She sat in the living room, looking at Lexton, who was constantly coming in and out, and felt that the psychiatrist seemed to be particularly busy.

She felt a little funny.

She was about to speak when her cell phone rang. "Eden

? Can I help you?"

Eden sounded a little anxious, "Poppy, I heard you recovered. Where have you been?"

He arrived at the hospital and found the room empty, the covers were neatly folded, and all of Poppy's belongings gone. It made him panic for no reason.

"I'm out of the hospital. I'm home."

Poppy blushed slightly. She had heard the tension and anxiety in Eden's voice.

During this period of hospitalization, he would come to the hospital almost every day to accompany her. Being a top idol, he was obviously so busy with a full schedule.

But ... he would always spare the time to accompany her. She

was touched more than once.

Now just hearing his voice, she felt her heart was racing and her ears were red. Damn,

she should not be sick, right?

"Oh, well then, as long as you're okay."

Eden hung up the phone with a hint of frustration in his tone. If

she went home, he wouldn't be able to see her everyday! A

burst of irritation hit him and he walked out of the hospital.

At that moment, a group of uninvited guests came to Townyer Villa.

Tyrell, with Mrs. Maskelyne, swaggered into the house and stepped into the living room.

Seeing Poppy sitting in the living room eating fruit, Mrs. Maskelyne's eyes flashed with a trace of disdain. "I didn't expect you to be still alive.

"Madam, if I die, you and my father will be very happy, right?" Poppy had been very disappointed with them after being badly treated by them.

The only family she had was Franklin and Sylvia, and James! Tyrell,

her father, was even no better than a stranger!

Not to mention Mrs. Maskelyne, the woman who was unrelated to her.

"We won't be happy because it means we'll lose a good chance to make money! Now that your ears have recovered, so you should be worth more than 300 million. I think you can be exchange for 500 million." Mrs. Maskelyne smiled hideously.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 384

Poppy looked at the couple in front of her, she bit her lip, "Dad ... don't let me sleep with those bosses, OK? I will make money and repay you, Dad ..."

"Poppy, you should know your position. Do you know why we raised you up?"

Mrs. Maskelyne cupped the young girl's chin, "Of course, we raise you up to trade you for money! Maskelyne Group is firmly controlled by Franklin. It's so hard to make him fund our laboratory. Also, I feel unhappy to use the Maskelyne family's money."

"Mr. King was very unhappy when you stood him up last time." Tyrell looked at Poppy with an expressionless face, "Hurry up and change your clothes and come with us."

Franklin was not at home, and only two bodyguards were left to guard her.

These two bodyguards were no match for Tyrell and Mrs. Maskelyne. What was more, the couple had dozens of black-clad men with them.

Poppy gritted her teeth and stood up. "You wait for me for a few minutes." She

grabbed her phone and went into the room.

She looked at the door somewhat anxiously, and then casually fished a dress out of her closet. She opened

her phone and sent a Facebook message to Franklin.

She didn't dare to call for fear that the couple in the living room would find out.

After that, she sent a Facebook message to both James and Sylvia, asking for help.

Sylvia was having dinner with the president and vice president of the Piano Association and several piano masters. She heard her phone vibrate.

She picked up her phone and looked at it, and suddenly her face changed. A stern

look appeared on her beautiful face.

"Sorry, everyone, I have to go first." With that, she stood up and walked towards the door of the private box. Just as

she got up, the door of the private box was pushed open and Clare stepped in.

Seeing that she was leaving with her bag on her back, the handsome and noble man raised his eyebrows, "Miss Andrews, do you hate me so much that you have to leave just as I arrive."

The man's voice was extremely attractive and flirtatious.

He was an extremely attractive man with a handsome face, a mellow voice and a good family background. He was

extremely eye-catching and elegant.

Countless women lusted after him. However ...

Sylvia always treated him with indifference. His interest

in her was aroused.

Also, his familiarity of her made him want to pay attention to her.

Sylvia heard the man's voice in front of her and just looked at him with a bland expression, "Mr. Hipps, I have something to do first. Sorry."

She did not make much explanation.

But she was a little anxious and impatient.

Her worry about Poppy made her impatient with Clare.

She was afraid that if she arrived a few minutes late, something might happen to Poppy. She looked

down and sent Facebook messages to Poppy as she headed out.

"Miss Andrews, seems you don't wanna show me any respect." Sylvia froze.

Looking up, she saw his throat bob.

The man's deep voice struck her eardrums.

Sylvia lifted her eyes. "I have something to do and I have to go."

With that, she lifted her hand and pushed Clare's arm away, striding outside. Franklin, after

seeing Poppy's message, drove himself towards Townyer Villa. Inside Townyer Villa.

Poppy finally changed her clothes. She changed into a snow-white dress, showing her curvy figure. Her long and slender legs were extremely attractive.

"No wonder you can be picked as the female lead."

Mrs. Maskelyne sneered and looked Poppy up and down for a while. "Let's go." The eye-

catching young girl followed her silently. She was nervous.

She knew she could not fight back because she was not a good fighter.

She could only pretend to be obedient for the time being, and listen to Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne. Otherwise,

the only one who would suffer could only be her.

After she thought so, she got into the car and sat in the back of the car without fear. Fortunately, the couple did not confiscate her cell phone.

She kept sharing Sylvia with her location, hoping Sylvia and Franklin would follow the route to find and save her. Poppy kept praying inside.

Finally.

The car pulled up in front of a luxurious villa.

Tyrell looked coldly at her, "Be a good girl and make Mr. King comfortable. If you don't perform well, there will be no good consequences for you!"

Poppy was sad.

She thought a lot on the way here.

It was her bad luck that her parents were unkind. If she resigned to her fate, it was her own fault. She couldn't let her parents control her!

She waited anxiously for Sylvia and for Franklin.

She checked her phone every now and then and found that Sylvia had answered her, "Wait for me!" Poppy was finally less anxious. Sylvia would definitely find her.

Her location in real time was given to Sylvia.

"Why don't you get out of the car?" Mrs. Maskelyne pushed Poppy, who glared at her. "Don't push me. I'll get off myself!" With that, she got out of the car, and then stood there quietly.

Probably because they had noticed the commotion, the butler came out. "This way please." The King family had been in the bathroom accessory business and made a lot of money.

But Hale King was just a nouveau riche with money and power.

A few years ago, his wife passed away. In the past two years he had been trying to date a young and beautiful woman with a good family background.

He played with a lot of women, but none of them deserved to get married to. A nouveau riche like him was simply not accepted by the upper class.

So he could not marry the young lady that he wanted.

Unexpectedly, Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne took the initiative to send their daughter to him in exchange for 300 million. Poppy did not think she would be worth so much.

When she entered the living room, she saw a coffee table in the center, the TV stand and sofa were neatly arranged. On the sofa sat a middle-aged man with a pot belly. The man smiled and looked at Poppy.

He was amazed slightly. What a beautiful girl.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 385

She looked good, had a curvy figure, and a good temperament, and she was indeed a rich lady.

"Come on. Sit down quickly." Hale stood up from the sofa, very satisfied with Poppy's appearance. In particular, she was so young.

He couldn't be happier.

Tyrell said lightly, "Mr. King, I've sent my daughter to you. I hope you can keep your promise and transfer the money as soon as possible."

"Okay, that's for sure. I'll transfer it now. I won't deceive you." Hale

hurriedly said.

"Then thank you, Mr. King." Mrs. Maskelyne couldn't help but laughing. "Honey, let's go, don't bother Mr. King and Poppy."

"Honey, you're right." Tyrell curled his lips and looked at the 300 million that had just been on his account. "Mr. King, do whatever you want."

His tone of voice was extremely meaningful.

It was extremely harsh to Poppy's ears, and she felt that in Tyrell's heart, she was not a daughter at all, but a pawn that could be exchanged for money.

She felt extremely uncomfortable, as if there were many steel needles stabbing her heart at the same time. The pain was so intense that she almost suffocated.

She covered her chest in agony. She wanted to escape but had nowhere to go. Was this really her fate?

Did she have to resign herself to being at the mercy of others, having no dignity, human rights, or her own ideas! After sending Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne away, Hale sent away all the servants in the living room.

"No one can step here without my order."

At these words, the servants immediately went back to their own rooms. In the large living room, only Poppy and Hale were left.

Seeing the man's pot belly and ugly face, Poppy retched.

She said reluctantly and indignantly, "Mr. King, I was forced. Please spare me."

"You are the lady I bought at a cost of 300 million. How can I let you go?" Mr. King rubbed his hands together and smiled evilly. "It would be best if you could give me a son."

"Bah! You're dreaming!" Poppy scolded him in anger.

The man approached step by step towards the young girl and began to undress as he walked. "Baby, come on, I'll let you know how great I am in bed!"

The flesh on his stomach trembled as he walked.

Poppy couldn't help but want to throw up, she closed her eyes and looked at the man. "If you dare to come over again, I'll call the police!"

"Just do it to see if the police come." The man

wasn't fear.

His hairy hand pressed onto Poppy's shoulder, and Poppy immediately slapped him away. Her heart was racing.

Why hadn't Sylvia and Franklin come? Even one of them!

The more she thought about it, the more anxious she became, so she simply ran towards the door. She couldn't just sit there and wait for someone to come. She could only protect herself.

The sound of the potbellied man's footsteps came from behind her, and she had just run a few steps when she slumped to the ground.

Damn, there was witch roofie in this house.

Hale stepped closer to her, squatted down in front of her, raised his hand and cupped her chin. "Want to escape? It's not that easy!" said the man who began to unbuckle his belt. When the belt slipped, his pants ... was also thrown aside by him.

Poppy desperately shook her head, a pair of large eyes full of helplessness and despair. "Please spare me..." "It's useless to beg me! I'm going to fuck you!" Hale cursed.

Just then, there was a loud bang! Hale was

shocked.

He looked towards the door.

He saw that the door of the living room was kicked open. A tall woman stepped in.

The woman was dressed in white.

Her delicate features and face were unforgettable. Her sharp eyes sent a chill.

She wore a pair of white high heels on her feet, which set off her powerful and imposing aura.

Poppy struggled to get off of Hale the moment she saw Sylvia, her big beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Sylvia! You're Franklin's wife, huh?" His lecherous gaze fell on Sylvia.

It had been known to all that Franklin's secret wife was Sylvia, who was not only a piano master, but also a master of painting and calligraphy, and had invested in a movie!

Hale never thought she looked more beautiful than in the photo.

His voice sounded disgusting. "Another beautiful lady, are you going to sleep with me? It's better for us to have a three-way. That will be really great!"

Sylvia looked at Hale coldly, and even just a glance made her feel sick. "Rubbish!

You're not worthy to inhale the same air as me at all!"

"You are nothing! How dare you talk to me like that?" Hale's face changed as he reached out and grabbed Poppy's neck, "Look carefully, this woman was sold to me by Tyrell and his wife. I can do whatever I want!"

Poppy could hardly breathe. With her face red, she couldn't help but cough violently. The man pinched her neck hard, making it almost impossible for her to breathe.

Just then, Sylvia sneered and a stunning smile blossomed on her pretty face. Hale was

amazed.

He hadn't even seen clearly how Sylvia initiated an attack! The next

second!

Sylvia was inches away from him! She kicked

him hard on his chest!

He felt a huge pain in his chest, and before he could react, he was slammed heavily into the wall not far behind him. The pain made him scream out loud.

"Ouch! It hurts! Guards!"

"No one will come! No one will save you!" Suddenly.

A cold male voice rang out from the doorway.

Hale's eyes widened in disbelief as he saw a tall man in a black suit and pants approaching him with intimidating steps. His natural fear of Franklin made him tremble. "Franklin, Franklin?"

Franklin came in front of him, slowly lifted his foot and stepped on his chest hard. He looked at Hale expressionlessly. "Hale, where did you get the gall to touch my sister?"

The blood continued to gush out from the corners of Hale's lips.

As Franklin stepped harder, more blood gushed out from Hale's mouth. Hale only felt that he couldn't get enough oxygen.

The pain in his chest was unbearable.

"Let ... go of me! It's your father and mother ... They sold Poppy to me. It's not my fault..." Blood kept gushing out from Hale's mouth. His voice was broken, and he seemed to be dying.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 386

"Tyrell and Kaitlin sold my sister to you? Why don't they sleep with you? They took your money. You go find them!" Franklin looked at him condescendingly, and there was hatred in his eyes.

"A rubbish like you doesn't deserve to lay a finger on my sister! She'll never marry you no matter what!" Sylvia was touched slightly when she heard Franklin's words.

She had always thought that this man was cold and indifferent to his younger siblings.

Last time when Poppy was poisoned, Sylvia had sensed Franklin's concern for Poppy, but she hadn't expected his emotions to be so intense.

After the mania attacked him and he recovered, she finally understood him. He was actually very passionate on the inside.

Poppy shrank weakly in Sylvia's arms, her big eyes staring blankly at Franklin.

"Franklin ..."

This was the first time that she felt like Franklin was like a warm shelter.

She had always thought that she and James were closer, but at this moment, she suddenly realized that Franklin and Sylvia were the ones who sheltered her from the disasters, while she and James were like their children ...

She hated her old stupid self more, when she thought of how mean she was to Sylvia and how she looked down upon Sylvia.

At that time, she was really blind to think such a tough woman was an eye candy and gold digger that relied on the Maskelyne family.

She regretted it.

Her heart was full of mixed feelings.

Sylvia had divorced Franklin, but whenever she was in trouble, Sylvia would come to help her out. She

finally couldn't help but ask, "Sylvia, why are you helping me? Don't you hate me?"

Sylvia raised her hand and stroked her hair.

She softly said, "I know that you are a good girl. You know what? I used to have a real sister. She is about the same age as you. I often wonder what it would be if my sister was still alive. So ... I've seen you as my real sister."

"Sylvia..." Poppy couldn't hold back her tears. She hugged Sylvia tightly. Her

heart was full of shock.

Sylvia had a real sister who had died!

How cruel this should be!

Franklin heard that, stepping on Hale's chest harder.

She actually had a sister who had passed away? He really knew too little about her!

It hurt! The pain was so severe that Hale's body was convulsing and blood gushed from his wound.

He finally couldn't stand the huge pain, his eyes were rolled and he screamed, fainting and losing all consciousness.

"Letting him pass out is so light a punishment." Sylvia helped Poppy get up from the ground, and her cold eyes scanned Hale, as if she was looking at a disgusting piece of fat.

"How about ... this?"

Franklin's magnetic but sinister voice sounded in the living room.

Sylvia then saw Franklin's foot, which had been stepping on Hale's chest, was slowly move to the area between Hale's legs! And then he stepped on it hard, and crushed it heavily!

Hale, who was in a coma, was awakened by the pain! "Ah!

Ah!"

"It hurts!"

The screams echoed over the whole villa.

The maids and bodyguards of Hale, who were controlled by the men brought by Franklin and Sylvia, couldn't help trembling.

Well... the screams were so scary.

"See how you can bully women in the future!" Franklin retracted his foot contentedly, looking at Hale who was sweating profusely and covered in blood.

Hale's face was pale, and the feeling of his dick being trampled off was so heartbreaking that he would rather die.

"Franklin...you must die!"

"Go to hell!"

He was so angry that he kept cursing Franklin, but the latter acted as if he hadn't heard.

Franklin elegantly glanced at him. "King Group is developing very well, and you're indeed rich, but ... why don't you think about it? Why didn't Tyrell and Kaitlin ask me for money but asked you?"

"Why...why?" Hale's heart trembled. His face turned paler, but Tyrell and his wife told him that the research lab would develop a drug that can prolong life and cure impotence.

That was why he was tempted to invest in it.

If it was just for Poppy, he would definitely not have paid 300 million dollars.

"Even if they make the medicine you want, they won't give it to you. What's more, they can't make it yet." Franklin walked towards Sylvia and Poppy after finishing speaking.

Behind them, Hale mumbled incredulously, "How is that possible? How can it be? They wouldn't lie to me!"

However, no one paid any attention to him.

Franklin's tall, upright figure stood in front of Sylvia. Their eyes met.

There was a silent and strange atmosphere between them.

His affectionate eyes were locked on Sylvia in front of him.

How had she been? He had a lot of things he wanted to tell her, but he didn't know where to start. Under

Franklin's intense gaze, Sylvia felt the urge to run away.

And she did, stuffing Poppy into his arms. "Poppy's fine. I'll leave her to you."

She walked away as fast as she could, out of the living room and away quickly with her men. It

was as if a ghost was chasing after her

Franklin watched the Land Rover disappear from sight from a distance, and the reluctance to part with Sylvia made his heart ache.

He really wanted to press her into his arms and feel her breath and heartbeat. But

... he held back the urge.

Poppy sighed. "Franklin, let's go home."

Franklin didn't say anything and got into the car. He

instructed Jasper to drive the car.

A five-star hotel in Larro.

Clare looked at the mother and daughter in front of her room, and a glint of disgust flashed under his eyes. But

he was always good at hiding it.

With a light and polite expression, he said, "Come in."

Tammy followed behind Skyla and stepped into the presidential suite.

The suite was luxuriously decorated, with four bedrooms, a study, a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, etc... It

was said that this kind of suite cost more than 100,000 dollars a night.

The Hipps family was really rich, so the young master of the Hipps family could afford to live in such a luxurious room.

Skyla was now the young lady of the Hipps family, so she put on airs, walked into the room, and suppressed the surprise inside. She

said to Clare in an ingratiating voice, "Clare, you live alone in such a large room. How wasteful! Why not let Tammy and me also live here?"

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 387

Clare glanced at Skyla and Tammy with a bland look. "Skyla, I'm sorry. I'm not used to living with others. Especially you two are of the opposite sex and have different living habits, and it's not very convenient for us to live together."

"Clare, you'll feel empty to live alone. If we two are with you, it'll be

lively." Skyla said to him respectfully.

"Sorry, I like to be quiet. I booked a room for you yesterday. It's on the 13th floor. Here's the room card." Clare handed a room card to Skyla.

It was a suite with two bedrooms and a dining room and

kitchen. But compared with Clare's room, it was not

luxurious at all.

When Skyla heard that it was the 13th floor, the smile on her face froze slightly, but she held back the urge to lose her temper. Clare was the heir of the Hipps family, she and her daughter would depend on him in the future.

She must maintain a good relationship with him.

The ordinary suite was still quite good, much better than the single room.

After all, she was the young lady of the Hipps family, and she was much better than those ordinary

people. After Skyla made some mental preparations, she took over the room card.

She smiled and said to Clare, "Thank you for being so

thoughtful." "Thank you, Uncle." Tammy hurriedly gave

Clare a sweet smile.

After the two left with their luggage, Clare slammed the door of the room.

He was very unhappy with the fact that the mother and daughter came to him.

He came here on business to be a judge, and it was extremely annoying that the mother and daughter followed

him. How come they, as the members of the Hipps family, be so mercenary?

Thinking that his sister, whom he had expected to see for a long time, turned out to be a vulgar, narrow-minded, vain woman like Skyla, he was very upset and disappointed.

The elder sister in his childhood memory was not like this at

all. She was gentle and considerate, and she doted on him

very much.

She was also very understanding. Since childhood, she had shown good manners as the young lady of the Hipps family. She was excellent in all aspects. She used to be the hope of the Hipps.

The Hipps had thought she would be a credit to the Hipps family, but she ended up missing ...

The appearance of his sister in his memory had long since become blurred with the passage of time, but what remained unchanged was his sense of intimacy towards her.

The Hipps had countless men search for his sister, but they couldn't find her.

Not long ago, they found Skyla. This woman was unlike his sister in every way, but the paternity test showed she and his mother were mother and daughter.

Clare took a deep breath and put this worry aside. Tomorrow was the finals of the International Piano Competition.

He took a hot bath, then changed into pajamas, chose the clothes he would wear tomorrow, and then lay down on the

bed. For some reason, Sylvia's beautiful face suddenly flashed in his mind.

'Why do I think of her? It's so strange.'

Early in the morning, after Sylvia had breakfast, she slowly arrived at the opera house, where the finals of the International Piano Competition were held.

Just as she got out of the car, she saw Tammy, Darcie and Tiffany walking

together. These three women were all troublemakers.

In the past, they had known one another. Darcie and Tiffany were in close contact. Tammy's family was less rich and powerful than Darcie's and Tiffany's, so Tiffany and Darcie disliked engaging with Tammy.

However, this time it was Tammy who took the initiative to contact them both.

She was now the earl's granddaughter, and her mother Skyla was the young lady of the Hipps

family. Her status was different now, so she, of course, showed off after she came back.

She would enjoy the feeling of being looked up to.

Today Tammy wore a light green dress, which was a high-end girly brand in

Aettosa. Sylvia had seen this dress before.

When the manager of the design department showed it to her, she frowned. The dress used a large lace, and complicated ruffles, which was amazingly exaggerated.

She wondered then if anyone would buy it.

But considering that that designer was a newcomer and had a gift for designing, and the designs were diverse, she didn't criticize this design.

She then signed to have it made and

released. She didn't expect that someone

really bought it!

But this dress was made as exaggerated as she imagined.

Tammy was not gorgeous or elegant.

She looked not bad, but when she came to this venue which were crowded with all types of beautiful women, she could only steal the show by wearing so exaggerating a dress.

However, she didn't suit the dress at all and it even made her look like a clown.

But, how did Tammy manage to buy X's dress? Everything under X brand's had to be booked in advance. Not only that, the price was also very high.

If one wanted it, he or she had to book it a month or two in advance, and it cost a lot of

money. Not many people in Larro could buy it.

So Tammy begged her uncle, Clare, to buy this dress for her, so that she could be the most eye-catching woman on the finals of the International Piano Competition.

Although she didn't participate in the competition, she wanted to get everyone's

attention. "Tammy, this dress looks like X brand's. It's not cheap, is it?"

Tiffany was a bit envious. Since she was banned by the fashion industry, she couldn't buy any fashion brand in Larro. She also wanted to buy X's clothes, but she had no access.

Even if she went abroad to buy clothes, she could only buy some out-of-season clothes. And the Evans family was unwilling to afford the new clothes she wanted to buy.

What was worse, the old Evans now disliked her very much and deducted her pocket money.

When Tammy heard Tiffany's words, she said shyly, "Tiffany, do I look good in this dress? My uncle said this dress fit me well. I still don't have much confidence in myself."

"Tiffany, it's really pretty." Tiffany said against her will, "I think you will be able to amaze everyone in this dress."

Darcie sneered silently, but she said, "It looks good. X's clothes are very distinctive, and each designer is one of the best in the fashion industry. I heard that their design director, X, was strict with his subordinates, X was very mysterious and no one had ever seen him."

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 388

"X?" Tammy had only heard of Designer X working in LX. When she was at Lleilaga Fashion Week, she identified the mysterious Designer X as Sylvia.

Now that the mysterious X ... had appeared again. Could it be that the design director X of this X Group was also Sylvia?

But how could it be? She was a designer in H Rovirsa. How could she manage to be the design director of X Group in Aettosa?

Maybe they just had the same name!

Tammy thought to herself.

"Yes, I heard that X generally doesn't design new models easily. She only designs three models a year, and these three models are usually given to the wives of the president, or royal princesses. And... his specialty is designing jewelry, and he designs a collection every year."

Darcie's eyes quickly showed a look of disdain. Tammy had never heard of Director X, but she was wearing X's clothes and proud of herself.

Even if she had been admitted as the member of the Hipps family, she was still a bumpkin.

"Yes, I heard that he designed a jewelry collection this year, I saw the pictures spreading on the internet. It was really beautiful and high-end."

Tiffany's eyes are full of jealousy, and she deliberately asked, "Tammy, your uncle can buy you X's clothes. Did he introduce X to you?"

Tammy looked stiff and said with a guilty conscience, "My uncle is the heir to earl, so it's easy to meet someone like X."

She obviously lacked confidence. Clare bought this dress through his connections. She had never heard of X, a famous director in the fashion industry.

She had only heard of the Ms. X from LX

Group. So ...

How could she have seen X?

But now that her uncle was the heir to earl, she could beg Clare to help introduce X to her.

She told a lie because she didn't think Darcie and Tiffany, who lived in H Rovirsa, would know whether she had really seen X.

Thinking of this, Tammy was secretly proud. It was really great to have a good uncle and a good family background.

"Have you actually met X? I think he's a handsome guy, right? His designs are young, bold, and trendy." Tammy smiled with a fake elegance and dignity.

Tammy smiled elegantly. "X is a mysterious director. I cannot disclose his personal information. When I have a chance, I will introduce him to you."

"Really?"

Darcie immediately became interested and looked at Tammy with disbelief. She felt that Tammy was telling a

lie. "Do I have to lie to you?" Tammy smiled and gave Darcie a pat.

Sylvia watched calmly as Tammy bragged herself.

She raised an eyebrow and said nothing as she passed the three

women. Tammy hadn't seen Sylvia for a long time.

When she saw Sylvia again, she found that Sylvia became stronger and more beautiful, and the self-confidence revealed in her brows made people feel jealous.

Even she couldn't help but be attracted by the noble and flamboyant demeanor of

Sylvia. She gnashed her teeth and hated to throw Sylvia to Java.

But when she thought that her current status was much higher than Sylvia's, she couldn't help but feel

complacent. She looked at Sylvia with a smile. "Long time no see, Sylvia."

"Is there a difference after you see me?" Sylvia said indifferently.

Tammy kept her smile on her face, "Sylvia, have you ever heard of Director X of X Group. Compared with him, Ms. X of LX is merely nothing."

She carefully observed Sylvia's expression.

She hoped to capture the change in Sylvia's expression.

However, it disappointed her that Sylvia's face was expressionless.

Tammy was happy and thought that Ms. X of LX and Director X of X were not the same person.

That was great.

A woman like Sylvia had been lucky enough to be a designer of Larro's LX series.

How could she be the director of a multinational corporation like X Group?

It seemed that she had overthought.

Now she was the lady of the Hipps family and her class was completely different from Sylvia's.

She was the granddaughter of the earl. How about Sylvia? She was just a designer and doctor in a small place like

Larro. The more Tammy thought about it, the more comfortable she felt.

The more she looked at Sylvia, the more contempt filled her eyes.

Sylvia stopped in her tracks and and glanced at Tammy indifferently. "Did you say Director X? Is it great to know her? Isn't that even better to know the president of X Group?"

Tammy froze. What did Sylvia mean? It sounded like she knew the president of X Group.

But without waiting for Tammy to speak, Darcie, who was a crazy fan of Director X, stepped

forward. She spoke in a stern voice.

"Sylvia, what do you mean? You talk as if you know them. You probably haven't even heard of X, right? I heard that Mr. Isaac Carr wanted to invite X to a fashion event held by the Carr Group, but X turned it down! So far, no one has ever seen what X looks like!"

"Yeah, Miss Andrews, do you think Director X is X that works at LX? They can't be mentioned in the same breath at all!" Tiffany said pretentiously.

It was a good time to embarrass Sylvia, so she would seize it definitely.

Tammy put on a gentle smile. "Don't mind her ignorance. She won't understand possibly understand the topic we are talking about."

In Tammy's eyes, Sylvia was just a doctor with some

connections. At most, Sylvia was the designer of LX.

Sylvia was nothing compared to her, the granddaughter of the earl.

Thus, Sylvia didn't deserve to stand here to talk about the design director and president of X

Group. She guessed it would be difficult for Sylvia even to go abroad, right?

Sylvia raised her eyebrows. Her eyes were cold. "Tammy, since you've met Director X, did he give you

anything?" This question made Tammy a bit confused, and she could hardly answer.

She hadn't met Director X at all, so how could she have something given by him?

But she braced herself and said, "It's hard to meet Director X. My uncle knows him well, but I don't know him well. He gave something to my uncle."

"Really? May I ask what he gave?"

Sylvia curled her lips into a charming smile.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 389

"A ... a foil business card," Tammy said casually. Sylvia didn't know her uncle anyway. How could a woman like her possibly know a piano master like Clare?

"Sorry, Director X never gives out business cards." Sylvia smiled meaningfully.

X would often give an embroidered handkerchief to people she was meeting for the first time, and there was an X logo in the lower right corner of the handkerchief.

And that handkerchief was embroidered by X herself!

"How do you know? You really know how to brag, as if you know X well." Tammy said defiantly.

She looked at Sylvia impatiently and then said, "Since we've been a family once, I advise you not to brag in the future. If you are exposed, you will be the one to lose face."

Amused, Sylvia looked at Tammy who wasn't self

aware. Tammy must be an idiot!

She just asked if Director X had given Tammy anything.

Before Sylvia could say anything, Tammy bit her lower lip and looked like she was considerate of Sylvia. "You've never been abroad. You stay at Larro all the time. How could you know Director X? Where did you get the gall to ask if I receive anything from him? You sounded like you've gotten something from Director X."

Sylvia's voice was cold. "Do you think I need X to send me something? You're

kidding!" Before Tammy could react, Sylvia had turned around and walked away.

Damn it!

Tammy was so angry that her face was extremely awful. Bitch! Why was she so arrogant? She was just a designer and doctor. Otto, her father, was arrested. What made her so arrogant!

Sylvia hadn't known she was now living in a powerful family!

When Sylvia found it out later, she would be pissed off, definitely!

Just now Sylvia sounded as if she didn't care even if Director X gave her a

gift. How could Sylvia know X? How ridiculous she was!

Tiffany pretended to reassure Tammy. "She's a psycho. Don't pay attention to her. She really thinks she's something because she's Mrs. Maskelyne."

"When did she become Mrs. Maskelyne? Who did she marry?"

Tammy lived in Aettosa and had long lost tracks of things that happened in the

country. Also, she didn't pay much attention to the news on Twitter.

So, no matter how popular Sylvia was on Twitter, she had no idea.

"Franklin!" Tiffany was envious when she talked about it. Now she finally understood why Franklin was always protective of Sylvia.

"Those are rumors. So far, Franklin has not even issued a statement! Those rumors are all made up by Sylvia and Jasper."

Darcie knew that Tiffany had a crush on Franklin, so she didn't want to disclose the business marriage between her and Franklin for now, so as to save a lot of trouble.

Darcie was well aware that Tammy and Tiffany were on good terms with her just on the surface. In fact, they were all scheming against one another.

"So that's how it is!" Tammy nodded and didn't say anything

else. Sylvia went straight into the backstage of the piano

competition. There were several dressing rooms.

The contestants who were participating in the competition were putting on their makeup, and some of them had brought their own stylists.

Jenna was sitting nicely in her seat. Her face was still covered with gauze. She only put on some eye makeup, and she was applying lipstick to her lips.

When she saw Sylvia coming, a smile appeared in her eyes.

"Sylvia." She felt grateful to Sylvia for helping her so much.

"Jenna, how are you?" Sylvia took out a necklace and put it onto Jenna's slender neck. "It's pretty."

This was a new product that's to be released and sold today. Yesterday Sylvia just received the sample. Thinking that it was quite suitable for Jenna, so she took it over.

Jenna looked curiously at the necklace around her neck in the mirror. The necklace was decorated with countless tiny diamonds, and the pendant was a star-shaped diamond, which sparkled in the light. The necklace was like a starry sky, and she exclaimed, "It's so beautiful."

"I'm glad you like it." Sylvia smiled. "I hope it will bring you good

luck." Not far away was Cristal's seat. She also made it to the

finals.

Two of her good friends were around her, whispering, "Tammy's here too. She's not even a contestant. What's she doing

here?" "Oh, she's really stealing the show. She's wearing a dress designed by Director X, and she's so proud of herself."

"I heard that she had been admitted as a member of the Hipps family and had become a noble lady."

"By the way, the president of the Global International Piano Association will attend this event. Have you heard of it?"

Cristal saw the flamboyant dress Tammy was wearing.

She despised Tammy. "Tammy used to be the daughter of the Andrews family, but it is nothing compared to our families. And now she finally has a chance to be in the limelight."

"Yeah, she looks so much like a nouveau riche and so disgusting. Tiffany and Darcie are the only ones who are friends with

her." The three of them were the same type, vain and arrogant.

They pretend to be low-key, but in fact, they wanted to attract everyone's

attention. So Cristal's good friends disliked getting engaged with them.

So their circles were different.

"Don't mention her. It's so unpleasant." Cristal raised his eyebrows. "I just want to see what the president of Global International Piano Association is like. I heard that he had been extremely talented since childhood and he would announce his successor later!"

"His successor? That must be the piano master, Clare,

right?" Tammy just happened to walk over and heard

these words.

She stopped in her tracks and ruffled her hair in a pretentious manner. "Are you talking about my uncle? What's up with my uncle? Is he going to be the president of the Global International Piano Association?"

She then said, pretending to be shy, "Oh, my uncle is so low-profiled that I don't even know about it!"

The more Cristal looked at Tammy, the more she disliked the latter. She said unhappily, "Sorry, we are just making speculations. We don't know if it's your uncle to be the president, so don't be proud of yourself."

Tammy's face was purple and she dug her nails into her flesh. "I'm going to tell my uncle to give you all a low score!"

"Then you'll have to get your uncle to listen to you." Cristal snorted.

"Forget it, let's go." Tiffany pulled Tammy, "I have to do my makeup!"

"Don't spoil Tiffany's good mood. She's going to attend the finals later." Darcie also pulled Tammy.

Sylvia listened to the quarrel between them. She felt a headache, opened her eyes, and looked at several women not far away.

Then she asked, "Miss Chan, do you know when the president of Piano Association is coming?"

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 390

Hearing Sylvia take the initiative to talk to her, Cristal was surprised. Then she blushed slightly. With a trace of adoration in her gaze at Sylvia, she said respectfully, "Miss Andrews, I'm not sure."

Cristal only hated herself for being not informative. She was somewhat chagrined that she hadn't inquired about when that president was actually coming.

If she had known that Sylvia would take the initiative to talk to her, she must have inquired about it and told Sylvia in detail.

Cristal felt a little sad when she didn't give Sylvia a good answer.

She was now even more jealous of Jenna. How could she be so lucky to have such a good relationship with Sylvia who was also Master Keturah?

She had just seen Master Keturah give Jenna a necklace. She was so sad.

She would be satisfied as long as Sylvia could pay attention to her.

She ... must become very good and excellent and made Sylvia remember her forever.

If one day Sylvia could also give her a gift, she would be so happy that she could wake up laughing.

Thinking of this, she couldn't help but look down at her hands.

Recently, she had been practicing so hard that her hands had blisters. She worked so hard just in order to... win the championship!

She wanted Sylvia to remember her!

Tammy was shocked by Cristal's attitude.

Cristal had always been arrogant and proud of her talent.

And now she was being so polite to Sylvia!

What was going on?

She gave Sylvia a glare. "Why are you asking about the president? He's here for my uncle."

Sylvia didn't even look at Tammy and patted Jenna's shoulder, "Don't be nervous. Just take it easy."

As she passed by Cristal, Sylvia stopped and said, "You too."

Just now Sylvia had heard Cristal retort to Tammy.

Cristal was stunned and felt it a bit incredulous.

Master Keturah had encouraged her?

Although her encouragement was very brief, Cristal could not help but feel happy.

And Jenna, her rival in love, even looked favorable.

She happily sat down in her seat and continued putting on her makeup.

She was going to do her best today.

Just as Sylvia was heading out the door, Tammy sat down next to Tiffany's dressing table, and as soon as she sat down, she suddenly shouted, "Oh, my necklace is gone!"



As she shouted, Tiffany and Darcie both looked over at her. "Why is your necklace missing? What necklace?"

"I just saw Sylvia give a necklace to Jenna. She didn't steal your necklace, did she?" Darcie stood up, took a few steps forward and stopped Sylvia. "If you really took Tammy's necklace, you should give it out! You are Mrs. Maskelyne. Why are you doing something so despicable?"

Darcie was extremely arrogant.

The look in Sylvia's eyes was full of contempt.

Jenna smiled and walked towards Sylvia.

Other contestants couldn't help but look over here.

Someone recognized Sylvia and was a little surprised. "Isn't that the judge Master Keturah? She stole something from someone?"

"It seems to be ... I heard that she is also Mrs. Maskelyne ... Her husband is Franklin!"

"The richer people have quirks."

Sylvia just walked to the door, and in front of her was the audience and judges' seats.

At this moment, she was stopped by Darcie.

Her gaze swept over Tammy in the crowd.

She didn't notice that Tammy had any so-called necklace.

Jenna couldn't help but say, "Sylvia doesn't steal things. Why would you ask Sylvia for it if you don't have proof?"

She couldn't stand to see anyone bullying Sylvia.

Sylvia was always the one who was nice to her and protected her.

But now ... she somehow got the courage to stand in front of Sylvia and protect Sylvia from the mocking or contemptuous stares.

She just didn't want others to look down on Sylvia.

Sylvia was the best!

Darcie stared viciously at Jenna and Sylvia, and was furious at the thought of Franklin not eating her meals in the hospital, but only Sylvia's noodles.

She was determined to make a fool of Sylvia.

She should be the daughter-in-law of the Maskelyne family instead of Sylvia.

"That necklace Tammy was holding was given to her by her uncle! It's priceless! You can't buy it even if you want to!"

Sylvia sneered. Her voice was lazy and cold, "Oh, really?"

When Cristal saw the conflict, she squeezed over with her half-applied eye makeup and said angrily to Tammy, "It's just a necklace. Why you sounded like only you have jewelry?"

"My necklace is from the X Group's jewelry collection. It is worth a lot of money! And one needs to reserve it two months in advance. It was given to me by my uncle. My uncle is Clare. Sylvia, if you don't give it to me, I will call my uncle over now!"

Tammy's tone was filled with a sense of superiority.

Sylvia curled her lips.

The worth of X Group's jewelry was equal to that of an apartment.

If it was the limited edition, and high-end collection, it was worth more than an apartment.

"Jenna, the one you're wearing around your neck is mine!" Tammy angrily pointed at the necklace that Sylvia had given to Jenna earlier.

The necklace was on Jenna's long, thin neck.

Everyone's eyes couldn't help but fall on Jenna's neck.

Tammy looked awful, stepped in front of Jenna and grabbed the necklace around Jenna's neck and lifted it up high, with the intention of pulling it off her neck.

Jenna froze.

"This is not yours! It was given to me by Sylvia!" Jenna was angry and ashamed. She had been much more outgoing and strong lately.

But being accused in public like this, she was still a bit timid and scared.

The courage she had to defend Sylvia had vanished into air.

She couldn't help but want to step back.

"What are you afraid of? She can't eat you alive!" Cristal pressed Jenna's shoulder and encouraged her silently, "I believe in Sylvia! Just take it off to let everyone see clearly if it belongs to Tammy!"

Jenna looked at Cristal in a daze. Cristal ... had hated her very much, hadn't she?