

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 431

Austin, the earl, came over and picked up Queena. Even though he was already in his seventies, but his form was upright and sturdy, and he did not look aging.

The way he carried Queena made him look like a prince that protected his princess.

"Miss Andrews, although I don't know who you want my wife to introduce you to, I hope you don't do anything to hurt her. Otherwise ..."

As soon as this girl appeared at the birthday party, she immediately caused an uproar. He could not deny that this girl was beautiful and excellent.

Skyla were no match for her, and even many of Aettosa's celebrities were no match for her. But ... he always had a feeling that this girl was too strong!

She was a tough cookie! It was better to stay away from suck kind of woman.

He could see that his son was very fond of her, and Queena's fondness for Sylvia was also evident. So Austin was very worried ... that the Hipps family would become ...

Sylvia just smiled lightly.

"Mr. Hipps, please rest assured. For Queena, it's just a small favor, but it might save a person's life."

She paused for a moment and looked again at Queena's sleeping face, "What's more, she has been very kind to me. I have no reason to harm her."

"I hope you remember what you said to me today!" Austin turned around with Queena in his arms and walked away. "What did he say to you?" A magnetic voice suddenly sounded behind her.

Sylvia didn't have to turn around to know that it was Franklin. She sighed helplessly, "Why are you here?"

"How can I give the Hipps family a big gift if I don't come?" Franklin raised his eyebrows, and his long arms reached out and wrapped around her waist from behind.

"That is the Hipps family's scandal, but you put it on the table. Fortunately, the Hipps family is a righteous one. If not, you would have one more enemy." Sylvia wearily nestled herself in the man's arms. "You don't have to offend any family for my sake." "You offend my dad and my mom for me. So I should do something for you."

The man's husky voice murmured, and the hot breath exhaled sprayed on her ears. It made her shiver uncontrollably.

"Sensitive girl." Franklin let out a chuckle and released her. Sylvia gave him a stern look, "Shut up!"

But the man laughed even more.

"Mr. Maskelyne, may I have a word?" At that moment, a voice sounded.

Franklin looked up and saw a few of Aettosa's business leaders approaching him. Sylvia raised her eyebrows knowingly, "I'm going to get something to eat."

After saying that, she walked towards the dining area.

She had just brought a plate, ready to get some fruit to eat. Brock hurriedly scurried to her side, wiping the sweat on his forehead, "Oh, Miss Andrews. Many beautiful women handed me their business cards! They all want to play a role in my film. Why are they so enthusiastic when they are all rookies?"

Sylvia couldn't help but laugh, "That means you're popular!"

Brock looked around, and Sylvia was finally free. The two of them then walked towards a bar not far away. As soon as they got seated, he let out a long breath and pulled out a photo from his suit pocket.

He was about to ask Sylvia if she was Dr. Evans' daughter.

But then he saw Louis, the illustrious president of piano association, walking over with his brother Donald and sitting next to them.

Brock was speechless.

His big hand clutched the picture tightly, and he could only sigh in his heart. How come someone immediately came out to interrupt him whenever he wanted to talk about this! He was so depressed!

"My dear friend, let me introduce. This is my brother, Donald. He also likes embroidery." Louis' voice was still as loud as ever. Sylvia looked towards Donald and saw that the other man was tall. Even though he was middle-aged, he was still graceful, and his shape was not at all inferior to any of the young people present.

Especially, the man had a pair of sharp eyes, as if he had insight into everything in the world. Also, he was mature, composed, and decisive.

This was a man who could attract women of all ages.

Unlike Louis's elegance, he had a strong vibe. Already in his forties, his face and body shape looked much better than those who young men.

"Miss Andrews, nice to meet you." Donald gazed at the woman in front of him. There was no doubt she was the most beautiful and dazzling one among all.

She had delicate features, smooth skin, elegant temperament and a pair of almond eyes tinged with aloofness. She appeared charming and yet aloof.

Even if she had a lot of talents but could remain humble and it was impressive. If it were someone else, he or she would be so complacent.

For example, the girl who was also surnamed Andrews before, was really arrogant. They were about the same age, but...

Donald did not think further, sensing that it was not polite to keep staring at Sylvia, so he looked away. But ... inadvertently, he saw the photo that Brock was holding in his hand!

The man's pupils suddenly constricted. It was ...

"Mr. Fox..." Sylvia just opened her mouth to greet Donald, before she finished her words, she saw the middle-aged man who was still calm just now suddenly had a surprised look in his eyes, and his big palm grabbed Brock.

Sylvia subconsciously clasped Brock's shoulder and pulled it back! In a flash, Donald grabbed the air.

"Donald, what are you doing?" Louis stared at Donald in shock. His brother was a man who remained calm in whatever circumstances. Why did he lose his cool just now?

This made him too rude in front of Sylvia.

Donald snapped back to his senses, collected his mind, and said to Brock apologetically, "Sorry, I was rude just now, sir, can I see your picture?"

Brock was also taken aback and secretly recalled that he hadn't done anything wrong to this man. The leaders of every country in the world were eager to cooperate and deal with Donald.

Brock saw himself as a small potato who stood no chance to see a bigwig like Donald, let alone deal with him. How could he possibly offend him?

Now hearing Donald's explanation, he quietly breathed a sigh of relief. So, he tried to grab him just for the photo. He hesitated for a moment, but handed the photo to Donald, "Mr. Fox, this is a photo of my deceased friend, what's so special about it?"

Sylvia also looked at the photo at this time. When she saw her mother and her old self in the photo, she looked stunned. "Mr. Davila, why do you have this photo?"

Her mother was elegant and dignified, smiling so gently, just as she remembered. Her heart seemed to be instantly pierced by a sharp arrow, suffering the pain.

Her hands clenched and unclenched several times. A while later... with her hands trembling, she finally made a sound, "This is my ... mother."

"Mr. Fox, can you tell me why you are so excited to see this picture?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 432

Her pretty eyes looked at the man in front of her. The man's lips were pale. His eyes were staring straight at her, for a long time

...

When everyone thought Donald would not speak, the man's hoarse voice finally sounded, "I met her once. Is it true that she passed away?"

Judging from Donald's words, Sylvia guessed Donald and her mother were not in a close relationship. Sylvia nodded, "She died in a car accident."

All these years, she felt that her mother did not die and must still be alive somewhere in this world. She believed her mother did not come back to her for some reason.

From the information she had got, her mother had been sold and disappeared. She must find her mother!

She must figure out what happened back then.

Also, after all these years, was her younger sister dead or alive? She couldn't believe that two people had suddenly disappeared.

Donald suppressed the excitement in his heart, his hands trembled as he held the photo and closed his eyes hard. It was her!

It was really her!

It
wa
s
tha
t
wo
ma
n!
It
wa
s
he
r!

Then this child in front of him was her daughter.

So many years had passed and her child had been a grownup.

And he ... stayed single for her for so many years. His heart welled up with sorrow and sadness.

Especially after hearing Sylvia said that Monica had passed away, a dull pain and sadness surged through him. He could hardly breathe. It hurt! It hurt!

His eyes were scarlet, and the look on his face was extremely appalling, "Miss ..." He wanted to say something, but finally said nothing.

He held the picture, on the verge of an emotional breakdown.

That amazing woman still looked the same as the one in his memory. She was beautiful, elegant, noble and outstanding. But ... she had left this world. He searched for her for so many years and waited for her for so many years ... but the ending turned out to be like this?

Louis observed Donald's expression. He had never seen such an expression appear on his composed brother's face. This was simply too strange.

"Donald, what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing, seeing the daughter of my deceased friend made me very emotional for a moment." Donald said in a hoarse voice, and then looked at Brock, "Sir, can I have this picture?"

Brock was a bit reluctant, "Mr. Fox, the woman in this photo was once my school doctor. She took great care of me, so I have always treasured this photo."

He then looked at Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, I hurried to Aettosa to confirm with you that the young girl in this photo is you back then?"

Sylvia nodded, "It's me."

"So ... that's why you came to me? So, you didn't help me for no reason, did you?"

Sylvia's mind drifted, "Back then ... I collapsed after I found out that my mother had died, and Otto was not good to me, and it was you who helped me by sending me food and clothes, for which I was grateful. So I wanted to pay you back when I could." She paused, "Mr. Davila, you are a good person. You should not be wronged or bullied."

"Miss Andrews, thank you." Brock was moved when looking at Sylvia.

He really didn't think that his kindness back then would help him out later. Franklin was a little upset, "Why do you remember Brock, but not me?"

The memory of Sylvia saving him in the countryside seemed to have been erased from her mind, and she never remembered it. This made him very upset.

That was their first encounter. Why did she forget it?

Sylvia shook her head, "I'm not sure. It seems some of my memory disappeared." This thing was too strange.

She had a photographic memory.

Why did she only forget her first encounter with Franklin? Did she save Franklin's life back then?

She didn't know.

Donald smiled gracefully and looked at Sylvia with kindness and affection, "Sylvia, if you want, you can call me Uncle Donald." Sylvia froze, but quickly responded, "Uncle Donald."

Louis was a little upset, "Sylvia, I am your teacher, but you have not called me like that." Obviously, Louis was jealous.

Sylvia glanced at him, "Old Louis, stop it."

"Old? I am in my prime. So many girls are lusting after me and want to marry me!" Louis snorted.

"Sylvia, in the future, if you have any difficulties and need my help, remember to look for me, okay?" Donald glanced at the time. He was the oil tycoon, so his time was precious. He had stayed here and wasted too much time, "I have things to do. I have to go first."

He could see Brock's reluctance to give away the photo, but he still wanted it, "I'll take the photo with me. Mr. Davila, you are a director, right?"

"Yes, my new movie 'Top Idol's Trash Picking up' is being screened in H Rovirsa. Mr. Fox, you can go to the cinema if you are interested." Brock looked at the picture with reluctance.

"Mr. Davila, Since you gave me the picture, I should also give you a gift." Donald smiled, "My assistant will talk to you about it. I'll see you later."

After that, Donald and Louis left together.

At this time, Brock did not take Donald's words to heart. Donald was a world-class bigwig. It was impossible for such a bigwig to send a gift to a small potato like him. Also, he didn't want to give the photo to Donald, but Donald still took it with him. What a bossy man!

And he simply did not think that something would happen in the future to turn his life upside down and help him achieve a dream that all directors of H Rovirsa wanted to.

In the dark room.

It was dark and damp, without even a hint of light, without windows, and without any fresh air. There was only a long closed iron door, and the air smelt bad.

Skyla was holding Tammy, who was shivering with cold, when she heard Tammy's voice, "Mom, I'm scared. "

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 433

Though they stayed in such a dark place, but Skyla remained very tough, "What are you afraid of? It's just a dark room!" Tammy whimpered, "Mom ... I'm so hungry."

She barely ate anything at the birthday party, and now her stomach was empty, and it was dark and cold here. She didn't know exactly what time it was, but if she'd been locked here for several days, she would look very horrifying. Her face, which had just been through some micro-plastic surgery, would probably look bad again.

She had to take good care of her skin, but it was not easy to do that in this dark place. After a few days of staying here, all her effort in taking care of her skin would be ruined.

She did not want it...

Her tears kept falling down, "Mom, when will Grandma let us out?"

"Grandma? That's just a cruel old witch!" Skyla cursed viciously, "How could she be so nice to that bitch Sylvia! We're her family." Tammy wiped her tears and sat up from Skyla's arms, "Grandma was blinded by Sylvia for a while, so she'll let us out when she thinks of how nice we both usually are."

"Hehe..." Skyla sneered, and in the darkness, Tammy had no idea of how vicious Skyla looked at this moment, "We are the Hipps, related to them by blood, so she has to let us go even if she doesn't want to!"

Tammy was stunned, "Mom ... why do I feel like you hate Grandma?" Skyla quickly denied, "No."

After a while she added, "If you feel tired, you can sleep in my arms for a while. You're my only family in this world. Alas, we are both miserable. We can only depend on each other."

"Mom ..." Tammy was sadder hearing Skyla's words and couldn't help but cry. It was late at night.

In Queena's suite.

Sylvia was invited to the living room. She surveyed the decoration. Surprisingly, it was the ancient decoration. Instead of the very trendy rococo or gothic style decoration of Aettosa.

In this villa, there was a dark red bed, a dark red coffee table and a dark red sofa. They seemed antique.

Even the fan that was casually thrown on the big bed looked antique. She waited for a while. With Mya's support, Queena walked out.

Sitting on the big bed, she glanced at Sylvia, looking tired, "Sit down, Miss Andrews."

"Mrs. Hipps, I'm sorry to disturb you so late. It is because I am in such an emergency, and I must go and find Mr. Henderson right away."

"Mr. Henderson?" Queena was stunned, and then remembered who it was, "You mean Luka Henderson, right? You look for him because of Mr. Maskelyne?"

She had heard that Franklin was mentally ill.

"Yes, Mr. Henderson has no fixed place to live in, and even his closest friend doesn't know his contact information, and I heard that he is very close to you, so I came here to ask you for help."

Sylvia was extremely sincere.

"The treatment of Franklin's illness can't be delayed any longer, and his mental illness has attacked him more frequently than before. Both Maskelyne Group and South Star Airlines need him. If he collapses, many employees will lose their jobs and their families will suffer. So ... I must try my best to make him recover."

After she said that, Queena sighed, "Whether it's for your mother's sake or for the sake of the SF Group, I will help you. Luka he has had a difficult life, and now he's just on borrowed time. He no longer gives medical treatment. But ... I'll create a chance for you. The point is if you can grasp it."

She glanced at Mya, who immediately went to get an address book and came over.

It was surprising to see a notebook-like address book, so Sylvia couldn't help but be stunned again.

"This is the number. Write it down. It's up to you whether he can cure Mr. Maskelyne or not. He's very stubborn, so ... you should be prepared."

Queena pointed to one of the phone numbers and said, "Miss Andrews, that's life. It's not like all the things can go smoothly. I've been through so many things at my age, so I have got over everything."

Sylvia put on a bright smile, "Mrs. Hipps, I think there is one thing you can't get over." "Oh? What?"

"Love."

Queena sighed. She knew what Sylvia was talking about. Love for her family was something she could never get over in her life. Sylvia wrote down the number and stood up, "Thank you, Mrs. Hipps. In the future, if the Hipps family needs me, I will spare no effort to help."

Queena understood what Sylvia meant and quickly responded, "You can't owe anyone a favor, can you? It's not a favor actually. You know? Your embroidery is in exchange for the contact information."

"Okay, I'm tired and need a rest. You can go back." She also stood up and waved her hand at Sylvia. Sylvia nodded, "Thank you."

Her straight figure disappeared.

Queena did not rest as she had said, but stood in the same place, staring at the direction Sylvia had left. It took a while for Mya to remind her, "It's late."

"Hey, if only this child were my granddaughter. It's a pity I'm not so blessed. Whose family this child is from? That family is just so lucky."

Queena couldn't help but think of the two disappointing women that were locked up in the dark room. She shook her head. What was she thinking about them for?

"Mrs. Hipps, you can claim her as your granddaughter if you like her so much. Or... we can set her up with Master Clare ... By then, she will be your daughter-in-law."

Mya clearly saw how Clare protected Sylvia at the birthday party.

Master Clare had been single and never had a crush on any woman for so many years, which made Queena very anxious. His only hobby was playing the piano. Soon, he would go into the air force to train.

After this, it would be more difficult for him to meet a suitable young girl.

"Have you seen how deeply she and Franklin love each other? She came to me for Luka, and Franklin taught Tammy a lesson. Alas, Franklin gave a slap in the Hipps' family. Somehow, I'm only mad at Skyla. I can't get mad at Sylvia at all."

Queena sighed. Her disappointment in her own daughter, her fondness Sylvia... overcame her so much that she could hardly breathe.

A choking pain rose in her chest.

"If I had known that I would recover so disgraceful mother and daughter ... I ... would not have ..."

"Mrs. Hipps, don't say that. No matter what, they are your family related to you by blood. No matter how good Sylvia is, she's not your family." Mya hurried to comfort Queena, "Besides, I heard that Mr. Maskelyne and she got married secretly and seemed to be divorced before. Do you want me to have someone investigate to see whether they are divorced or married?"

"You're right. Go and check it out. If she's single ... she's a good choice for Clare." Queena felt a little better, "Go quickly."

"Yes."

After leaving the door, the ingratiating smile on Mya's face turned into a sneer. Soon, she disappeared into the night.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 434

Clare's villa.

The blue highlights on the handsome man's forehead were dangling.

The villa where he lived was located in the remotest part of Earl's Manor, the quietest and most luxurious place. He liked to play the piano and stay alone quietly.

But at night, Sylvia's smile flashed in his mind.

He got a piece of Skyla's hair in the hotel room where Skyla lived. After sending it to the paternity test center, he waited for a few days.

However, the test center told him that the hair was invalid for a paternity test because there was no hair follicle on it. Blood was the best for a paternity test to be carried out, but unfortunately he had some difficulty in getting Skyla's blood. He always felt that Skyla and Tammy didn't fit in with Earl's Manor.

He had a natural affection for Sylvia, and he wanted to know the reason so much. He sighed and turned on his computer.

Recently he was going to ask the mysterious organization "Secretly, Greatly" to help him find out why his sister was lost. However, he placed several orders, but they were all rejected by "Secretly, Greatly".

He was a bit distressed and logged on to the platform for customers to entrust "Secretly, Greatly" again. It was a platform that he had paid a lot of money to get.

As usual, he went through the process of placing an order. In the end, he chose 2 million dollars as the reward.

The first time he chose 500,000, but it was rejected. The second time he chose 1 million, it was still rejected. The third time 1.5 million, it was still rejected.

Was it because his reward was not enough? This time he directly filled in 2 million.

He had just placed the order for a short while when he received a phone call with a hidden phone number.

"Hello." A man's voice, hoarse as a broken gong, came from inside, "You want to trace the disappearance of the young lady of the Hipps family? That case happened too long ago to be probed."

"I can add money." Clare was stunned before he reacted to the identity of the other party. This was a man from "Secretly, Greatly" contacting him!

"Sir, adding money sometimes doesn't work out. I'll ask my buddies first, and if they're willing to take it, we'll check," the man said, and hung up the phone.

Clare looked at the darkened cell phone screen. The case happened decades ago ... was really hard to investigate. But that was also the reason he looked for "Secretly, Greatly" this mysterious organization for

help.

He heard that this organization could do anything difficult.

Could the thing that Earl's Manor could not find out be figured out by them?

At this time, a lot of messages popped up in one Facebook chat group of Sylvia that was usually quiet.

Alby: "Someone offered 2 million dollars to investigate the disappearance of the daughter of the Hipps family decades ago." Chad: "2 million? I heard the Hipps had got their daughter back."

Ward: "Yeah, what's the point of investigating this case when she's back?"

Wind: "What can we find out? What's the point of doing so? Offering 2 million dollars? That's a lot of money."

Jax: "The daughter of the Hipps family has been missing for so many years. How can we find out what happened back then? It's much easy if it has happened in recent years."

Sylvia watched the group discussion and couldn't help but frown. Then she saw more new messages.

Wind: "Hey? Where's our Zero? Why didn't he come out and say something?" Ward: "I guess he's asleep? It's so late."

Jax: "Zero sleeps early and wakes up early for good health? Haha."

Alby: "Don't be joking. Do you want to take this order or not? If you do, I'll take it; if not, I'll reject it." Zero: "I haven't slept. It sounds quite challenging. I'll take it! Let's check it out!"

Chad: "Okay, I'm in. Maybe we can find out the truth!" Alby sent an emoji, "Yeah, I agree!"

W
i
n
d
:

"
A
l
l

r
i
g
h
t
!
"

W
a
r
d
:

"
l
,

m

a
l
s
o

i
n
.
"

And so ... the next morning, Clare received an order confirmation from "Secretly, Greatly". The man sat on his bed and looked at his phone text message.

It was the notification message of "Secretly, Greatly" Confirmation Order.

He jumped out of bed and opened his computer, logged into the platform, and saw the receipt. It was accepted!

They accepted the order!

Clare's empty heart suddenly felt hot somehow.

His sister had grown up with a talent several times better than his in playing the piano.

With this talent and the training she received at the time, she won the first prize in Children's Piano Competition.

How could she possibly forget how to play the piano? Even if she didn't learn it when living in her adopted family, she couldn't have forgotten it all.

At least she could play an easy piece.

But Skyla said she didn't know

how to play at all. Clare's

doubts grew stronger and

stronger.

Thinking of this, he immediately got up, and after washing up, he walked out of the villa and headed for the dark room.

...

The dark room.

Skyla and Tammy had almost frozen to death.

The two people who were usually well nurtured could not withstand this kind of torment. "Mom ... I'm so tired. I want some sleep."

Tammy let out a low moan.

Skyla patted her face, "Tammy, don't scare me."

When her hand touched Tammy's face, she couldn't help but exclaim, "Tammy, you're so hot!

Do you have a fever?" Tammy's consciousness was drifting, "I don't know ... I'm so tired ..."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 435

Skyla looked scared, "Tammy! Don't sleep. You must not sleep!"

She crawled to the iron door and banged on it, "Open the door! My daughter is sick, she has a fever!" "If anything happens to my daughter, I'll kill you all!"

"Don't think that I'm out of power because I'm locked up here! I'm still the young lady of the Hipps family!" "Open the door!"

She screamed at the top of her lungs for a moment before an old woman's voice rang out slowly, "Save your breath. Mrs. Hipps didn't say to let you out."

Skyla bit her lip in humiliation. It was all Sylvia's fault!

The happy life of her and Tammy as celebrities had become a mess because of this

bitch. This bitch was a real jinx that brought bad luck everywhere she went!

"Open the door!" At that moment, Clare came to the door of the dark room and looked at the old woman who was watching the door.

The old woman hesitated for a moment, but opened the door.

Being in the darkness for a long time, as a bright light suddenly came in, Skyla subconsciously covered her eyes, feeling the light dazzling.

"Clare, are you here to pick us up?" Skyla hurriedly stood up from the ground and helped Tammy up, "Tammy is sick, she has a fever. You should hurry and take us out."

"Let me ask you something." Clare looked at Skyla condescendingly, his expression indifferent as if Skyla was not his sister. Skyla was startled, "What is it?"

"Skyla, when we were kids, we used to play in the backyard of Earl's Manor, and you made me a wreath out of grass.

"Clare, I don't remember a lot of things from the past. After all, I was very young when I got lost," Skyla said awkwardly.

"Not so little. Why can't you remember the things I remember?" Clare spoke with a hint of indifference, "I also remember that you have a birthmark on your left waist. Can you show it to me?"

"Huh? Yes? Although we are sibling. There are boundaries between men and women. How can I show it to you at such a place?" Skyla stared at Clare in shock. He suddenly came here to ask so many questions. What was he trying to do?

Or did he suspect

something? No, it couldn't

be.

She obviously didn't make any mistake or act weird.

When did he start to suspect her identity?

What had she done wrong?

Clare raised an eyebrow, "We grew up together, and we are the closest siblings. I only look at your birthmark. It's not like I'm going to look at any other part."

"Just forget about it ... it's just a birthmark. It's still there, of course. A birthmark can't be gone for no reason."

"And ... you go back first! I... I've been here for so long. I'm stinky and dirty. When Mom releases me and Tammy and I take a shower, you can look at it."

Did the daughter of the Hipps family have a birthmark on her body?

But if Clare said there was one, then there had to be one. Skyla had started to figure out how to make a birthmark on her body. And the best way for now was to buy time.

Clare nodded at her words and did not insist. "Okay, I'll do as you say." After saying that, he turned around and left.

The iron door was closed again with a bang.

Skyla was dumbfounded. He just left? Leaving them alone? How could he, as her real brother, be so merciless? Damn it!

Clare walked towards his suite with a cold, handsome face.

His eyes were horrifying and cold, and his body seemed to be covered with a layer of frost. There was no birthmark on his sister at all!

He was just testing Skyla by asking that question, but he didn't expect her to say there was a birthmark!

Back in his room, he threw himself heavily onto the bed and closed his eyes deeply.

And at that moment Queena received a report from the maid.

"Fever?" She looked so shocked that the glass of water in her hand almost fell on the floor, "Hurry up to release them, and call the family doctor to take a look at that child."

"Okay, okay."

The maid hurriedly left.

Queena also hurried towards the place where Skyla and Tammy live, "Mya, let's hurry over and take a look. Alas, no matter how, they're the flesh and blood of the Hipps family!"

"Mrs. Hipps, you're right."

Skyla was helped out of the dark room, while Tammy was carried out.

Both mother and daughter returned to their place in a state of distress, Tammy was pale and hot all over her body.

Fortunately, the family doctor arrived just in time and gave her a shot and prescribed some medicine.

"How's Tammy?" Queena asked the doctor anxiously, her face all concerned.

"She has a fever. I guess she will be fine in a couple of days, Mrs. Hipps, don't worry too much," the doctor said and packed the medical kit to leave.

Skyla knelt down in front of Queena and cried out, "Mom, I know I'm wrong. I will never do those disappointing and disgusting things again."

"Mom, just forgive me! I was really ridiculous in the past."

Though angry, Queena felt compassionate toward Skyla when seeing her messy hair, pale face, dry lips and disheveled clothes.

She shook her head, "Get up. In the future, you better know which way the wind blows, and do not do things that ruin the reputation of our Hipps family. Tammy is sick. You should take care of her. Go take a shower first."

"I'll be go there right away." Skyla agreed on the surface, but her heart was full of resentment towards

Queena! 'Old witch, let's wait and see how you die!'

In a small private house in Aettosa.

An old man in his sixties was hoeing the greens in the yard.

The small yard was planted with the greenery and cucumbers, and it looked interesting.

In the corridor, there were also grapevines that were set up, a chair and a small table were placed under the vine.

There was a knock at the door, and the old man put down his hoe to open the door, only to see a beautiful woman standing quietly at the door.

The woman had delicate features, fair skin, and a noble

temperament. The old man looked at her calmly, "Who are you looking for?"

Sylvia smiled faintly, "Mr. Henderson, I heard you live here, so I came to try my luck."

Luka's face sank and he was about to close the door, "Go away! I don't see outsiders."

"Mr. Henderson, don't be too quick to turn me down." Sylvia took out a chess set and brought it to him, "This is Go. Every piece is made of good jade. You really don't want it?"

Luka sneered, "What an arrogant youngster. I have seen so many good chess pieces before. Why would I need yours?" That said, his eyes fell on the box of chess pieces and did not move.

The chess pieces made of jade were indeed tempting, but not enough to made him break his principles. Thinking of this, he withdrew his eyes, "You won't let me close the door, will you? Then I'll leave it open!" The old man stubbornly walked inside the courtyard.

Sylvia followed him with the chessboard in her arms, "Mr. Henderson, I'd like to ask you to come out and help cure someone, do you think it's okay?"

"I will never cure anyone again in my life. Go away."

Luka's answer was firm.

It sounded like there was no room for negotiation.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 436

The woman's long black hair was draped around her slender waist in the early morning breeze, flowing with the wind. The slightly hooked red lips were delicate. Her almond eyes was smiling, and she wasn't angry though being rejected.

She wore a long white hooded sweatshirt that covered her black shorts and black Martin boots that outlined her straight and slender legs.

"Mr. Henderson, before you I go, how about we play a game of chess together?" Luka was stunned, "You know how to play chess?"

"A little." Sylvia's eyes flashed slightly, "Let's play with the jade chess pieces I brought with me."

Luka looked at her in amazement. He had lived here alone for some time and seldom talked with his neighbors. Usually he planted vegetables after meals, and went out for a walk after that.

He loved to play chess. Sometimes he was really bored. He would play chess with his left and right hand as rivals against each other.

Now this young woman in front of him wanted to play chess with him?

He slightly narrowed his eyes that were aging, "If you lose, don't cry or say I'm bullying you."

"Mr. Henderson, if I win, will you agree to treat my friend?" Sylvia curled her lips, and her watery eyes glowed with confidence against the morning sun.

Seeing her confident look, Luka was curious.

Nowadays, young people like this woman didn't have the patience to sit around and play chess, and he didn't really believe Sylvia could play chess.

"Okay then, if you win, I'll help treat your friend."

Luka stepped onto the stone path in the courtyard, the wind caressing his graying hair as he sat down at the small round table under the grapevine.

Sylvia followed and sat across from Luka.

The round table was placed with jade chess pieces, round and even in size.

The early morning sunlight fell through the gaps in the vines and spilled onto the chess pieces, emitting a gentle glow. Luka's despondent-looking face was warm when he saw this scene.

He loved chess, and he loved his family even more.

Now his family was gone, but there was a chess set in

front of him. Sylvia had a faint smile on her face, "You go first."

Luka looked askance at her, his fingertips stroking the round jade piece, "You are young. You should go first." Sylvia was not polite anymore, and her delicate fingers pinched a chess piece. She looked like a weak woman, but she was very sharp in playing chess. She was decisive, and could attack and defend. She handled Luka's pieces with ease and without a trace of panic. Luka did not expect the woman in front of him to play chess with such a composed demeanor, which impressed him. He had thought that after playing for a while, this young girl should be defeated and leave. Now he was excited and cautious, and gradually, he used all his energy to play the game with this girl. Finally. Sylvia won him over by one piece. Luka frowned slightly, fiddling with the jade pieces in his palms. "You could have beat me by more pieces." Sylvia smiled lightly, "One piece is enough. Mr. Henderson, I hope you can keep your promise, and I will help you with your heartache, your pain, and your hate." Luka got up. His heart was slightly cold. His expression was taut. His face was white, "How can a young girl like you help me solve them?" Sylvia did not change color, "As long as you cure him, I can help you solve them. I will keep my promise once I make it." "It's time to pull the weeds in my garden. Help me pluck them." Luka stood in front of the vegetable garden, "I swore I would never treat anyone again, but since we made a bet and I lost, I would keep my word." Sylvia smiled, rolled up her sleeves and stepped into the vegetable garden, squatting there and starting to pull the weeds. She was so serious about it that her delicate fingers were covered with dirt in no time. Luka was touched for a moment. This girl looked like a pampered girl, but she did manual labor for him without any complaints now. "Is it worth it for him?" "Yup." Sylvia bowed her head and continued to pull weeds. "I grew up in the countryside when I was a child, my grandmother made a living by growing vegetables, and I helped her a lot. It was really a happy and peaceful life at that time. But ..." But now, her grandmother was no longer who she used to know. And she was no longer that innocent and pure-minded girl. Everything had changed. She didn't understand why she had only forgotten about meeting Franklin before. Just thinking about it made her head hurt. Luka did not like to pry into others' privacy, "Go ahead and go back when you're done. Come back tomorrow morning." Jasper waited in the car at the entrance of the alley for more than one hour, but Sylvia did not come out. He frowned. After another half hour, it had been two hours. But Sylvia still did not come out. He was a little worried and hurriedly got out of the car and walked towards Henderson Residence. Before he reached the courtyard, he saw the door of the small courtyard open from a distance, and the scene inside the courtyard was visible. A beautiful and delicate woman was squatting in the vegetable garden pulling weeds, she lowered her eyebrows, looking serious. The sun hung in the sky by now, the hot sunlight shed on her body, and a layer of bright sweat surfaced on her forehead. Suddenly, her hand shot out very fast. Jasper fixed his eyes and saw Sylvia holding a big, green, fat bug in her hand. She threw the bug to the ground and stepped on it with one foot. The bug was dead. Seeing her continue to pull weeds, Jasper couldn't help but take out his phone and record the whole scene. Half an hour had passed. Sylvia finally stood up. She called out to Luka in the room, "Mr. Henderson, I'm leaving! See you tomorrow." She patted the mud on her hands, went to the faucet in the courtyard, washed her hands, and only then walked towards the door. Seeing Jasper standing there, Jasper said hesitantly, "Miss Andrews, what are you ..." "Nothing. Doing some manual labor is good to my health." Sylvia patted the water droplets on her hands, "Give me a few tissues in the car." The beads of sweat on her forehead were about to fall into her neck. Jasper hurriedly opened the car door, plunged in, got some tissues, and handed them to her. Looking at Sylvia who was sweating, Jasper felt a little bit sorry for her. "What did Mr. Henderson say?" "He agrees." Sylvia nodded, "Bring your master over first thing in the morning."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 437

"What about you?" Jasper sat in the driver's seat curiously. Wasn't Miss Andrews coming tomorrow morning? "Oh, I have other things to do." Sylvia wiped the beads of sweat from her face and threw the paper towel into the car trash can, "Let's go." After the car started, the Henderson Residence was once again quiet. Luka came out of the house, shaking an old fan. He suspiciously came to the vegetable garden, saw some weeds piled up in the plastic green garbage can that was not far away, and there were a few fat green bug corpses on top of the weeds. The vegetables inside the garden were just watered, and the ground was still wet. That proper amount of water was poured onto the vegetables. The ground was wet modestly. The garden was well organized by Sylvia, and she even set up the vines of the beans, and planted a stick next to each bean seedling to make its vines climb up easily. Luka couldn't help but smile. It could be seen that this young girl was very preoccupied just now. He was curious about Sylvia's friend. What kind of "friend" could make this young girl spend so much effort? Early in the next morning, Sylvia was gone. Franklin was taken by Jasper to Henderson Residence. Luka heard a knock at the door and looked towards the sound source, only to see an upright man with a handsome face that was unforgettable and a strong aura that made the quiet courtyard seem tense. He wore a black shirt, black pants, one hand in his pocket, the other hand knocking on the worn doorway. His careless action revealed his nobility. "Sir, I'm Franklin, your ... patient." The man's mellow voice rang out. Luka put down the tea in his hand, his voice light, "Come and sit down." Franklin strode towards the grapevine, and sat down at the small round table. Luka picked up the teapot, and the aroma of tea wafted through the air. He lowered his eyes and poured a cup of tea for Franklin, "Have a sip of tea." Franklin stretched out his bony fingers, picked up the cup and took a sip, "Good black tea. It tastes good." "Not bad." Luka's expression remained calm, "Close your eyes." The man sitting upright slowly closed his eyes and heard Luka's voice slowly ringing in his ears, "In your mind, who is the most important?" Gradually, he fell into a darkness ... The sun was blazing. With bare feet and her pant legs rolled up, a slim woman stood in a paddy field that submerged her calves. She wore a long white shirt with the front hem tucked to the waist, and her slender legs were wrapped in a pair of black slacks. On her hands, she wore a pair of thin gloves, and her long hair was tied up high in a bun. A straw hat was worn on her head. She had been planting seedlings here since she got up in the morning and had been doing so until almost noon. Sweat drenched her back, so she stood up and unscrewed her mineral water bottle and drank several sips. The water in the field overflowed her feet, but she continued planting seedlings as if she did not see it. The bottom layer of the paddy field was soil that had been turned over two to three times by farmers and then soaked with water, so the water was about 10 centimeters deep. She took a new bundle of seedlings, untied it, and put it into her left hand to start planting. She moved very quickly, taking a handful of seedlings in her left hand and planting them quickly with her right hand. While planting the seedlings with her right hand, her thumb and middle finger of left hand quickly split the seedlings at the same time. She did it quickly and well, sweat sliding down her red cheeks from the heat and finally falling into the

paddy. Sylvia, who was immersed in her work, sensitively sensed someone staring at her.

She raised her head with a frown and looked around, but found that there was no one there. Could it be that her senses were wrong?

She suddenly felt a sting in her leg from something.

She hurried to the edge of the field, only to see a nasty leech hanging on her calf. The leech was full.

Once it was plucked off, the calf would immediately bleed profusely. Sylvia was disgusted.

This thing could not be pulled out with force, because the more she pulled, the tighter it sucked her calf.

Once the leech was pulled off, its sucker would remain inside the wound, easily causing infection and ulceration. "Damn it!"

Sylvia simply picked up a slate and was about to gently slap it on top of the leech.

Suddenly, her head was covered with a shadow, and she subconsciously raised her eyes to see Franklin standing high above her.

He squatted down and took a board from nowhere. He gently slapped it against the leech.

After a few slaps, the leech's sucker loosened and it fell to the ground. The man threw it into the sun.

Sylvia watched in amazement as his large palms, which usually piloted a plane, pressed her wounds and squeezed out the blood from her wounds.

After squeezing it out, he took out some alcohol to help disinfect her wound.

After disinfection, he took out some ointment to apply some to her wound to stop the bleeding. He finished doing all these smoothly.

"Does it hurt?" The man's mellow voice sounded above her head. Sylvia responded, "No. Why are you here?"

"If I hadn't come, how would I have known that you love me so much. You're even willing to do farm work for me." "If I hadn't come, how would I have known that you were so tired, sweaty and even bitten by leeches?"

Franklin looked at her, looking touched. She was a talented and delicate woman.

She was excellent, having the identities as the chairwoman of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, and the beautiful judge of International Piano Competition ...

But she ran here to do farm work in the hot sun for his sake.

She was sweaty, stinking, her face red from tiredness, looking dishevelled. But in his eyes, she was still so beautiful that made him go crazy.

He could no longer hold back his eagerness but held her tightly in his arms. "I don't deserve your kindness."

"Ahem--" Sylvia was caught off guard and hit the man's hard chest. The man's hands held her so tightly that she could barely breathe.

She couldn't help but cough violently, "Let go... let go of me!" If he continued to do this, she would be suffocated.

Franklin hurriedly let her go. Her excitement was relieved a little bit because of her violent cough.

He looked at Sylvia with a nervous face, and his voice was tinged with a hint of panic, "How are you? Does the wound hurt again?"

Sylvia was lost for words

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 438

He had always been bossy and stubborn, but now he was panicking because of her wounds? It was incredulous.

"Relax. You're strangling me." Sylvia said breathlessly, "You can't slap the leech as its body will regenerate. You have to dry it in the sun!"

"Let's go back." Franklin picked her up, "From now on ... I will protect you. You don't have to do such things for me." A burst of warmth flooded his heart, and many other feelings that he could not describe surged through him.

How exactly did they get where they were?

A nearby villager who was working saw a man with an upright shape and a faint doting on his handsome face. The man was holding a lovely woman in his arms and walking towards a black luxury car.

In the sunlight, the two looked so good that they seemed to glow.

Just after putting Sylvia into the car, the man leaned towards her. His slender and firm body pressed against hers, and his hot breath was on her face.

Before Sylvia could react, Franklin's lips were on hers.

He wanted to do this when he saw her busy working in the field.

The desire to take her made his body tense and ache. He was a bit overwhelmed by his desire for her. This woman always had a way of surprising him and giving him endless strength.

Sylvia was caught off guard and was fixed in the man's arms.

The temperature in the air rose, and suddenly there was so much chemistry between them.

"You are not allowed to do so much for me without considering yourself again." His bossy voice sounded on Sylvia's lips, and he did not pull away at all, but nibbled her lips, trying to punish her and yet seemingly craving for everything she could offer. "Well..." Sylvia's cheeks turned red. She tried, but could not make a sound. Her hands were pressed against the man's robust chest, and yet the man did not move no matter how hard she tried.

She was about to die of suffocation.

"Do you hear me? You're not allowed to do that again." This time, Franklin let go of her, his forehead against hers, his eyes glinting and meeting hers.

The man exuded an overbearing aura.

Sylvia gasped for air and inhaled a lot of fresh air to get some oxygen for her oxygen-deprived lungs. Deep moans sounded in the air and both of them wanted more.

"Honey, do you hear me? Only I am allowed to sacrifice for you, but you are not allowed to sacrifice for me.

Answer me!" The man's palm cupped the woman's chin, and Franklin could not resist repeating himself to get a satisfactory answer. "What's wrong with you?" Sylvia shouted in anger.

This man came over here and almost strangled her to death, and now here he was acting like a bossy president. She exhausted herself for him, and yet he was overbearing enough to forbid her to do that.

"I want you to lead a good life." His large palm that cupped her chin lifted a little higher.

The man's deep-set eyes looked into her eyes. The handsome face betrayed a hint of doting and affection. He parted his thin lips and his low voice said those words.

He couldn't bear to see her get hurt, not even being bitten by leeches! He only wanted her to be safe and sound!

Sylvia blinked her eyes. Was this man pondering?

Just then, the man lifted the hand that cupped the woman's chin.

Her delicate neck was exposed, and the man suddenly opened his mouth and leaned down to bite at her skin. A pain on the neck made Sylvia let out a cry. Her head tilted and she wished to punch Franklin's face.

Her hands were trying to push him away! "Honey, you're mine, and I'll

hurt if you get hurt."

The man's vague but domineering voice sounded in Sylvia's ears.

She suddenly realized that this tall man who was childish, not even maturer than the split personality of his! At least that personality wouldn't bite her!

"OK, OK, OK, I'll listen to you. Let go of me first. I'll do as you say," Sylvia hurriedly said, begging the man to let go of her poor neck.

As soon as the words came out, Franklin unclenched his teeth around her neck. Franklin braced himself, his eyes staring at her seriously, "Really?"

This naughty woman would only listen to him when he used some way!

"Of course." Sylvia quickly nodded her head and covered her neck, thinking that it was lucky she didn't bleed.

Otherwise, it would be too embarrassing to make an explanation

Maybe others would think she and Franklin had a fierce sex in bed.

Franklin's deep-set eyes blinked slightly. He looked slightly satisfied, and the inner anger was relieved by her words. His cold face looked much more composed, "Good girl."

He really wanted to give her everything

he could. She was so cute when she

listened to him.

He wanted to kiss her!

'Good girl?' Sylvia was pissed off, her delicate face grimacing. This nasty, hateful man. "Let go."

Franklin's stern eyes swept across Sylvia, only to see Sylvia still covering her neck. A trace of chagrin crossed his eyes, and then he wanted to look at her neck.

Sylvia stared at him warily, "What are you doing?"

He not going to bite her again, was he? If he dared to do so, she would kick him in his private part! What was wrong with him? Why did he bite her neck? It was not like that they had just fallen in love! Seeing Sylvia's vigilant look, Franklin furrowed his eyebrows with dissatisfaction, "Honey, let go." Sylvia let go of her hand, pouting.

The man's long and slender fingers gently rubbed the dark red teeth marks. The remorse filled the man's eyes.

Without much thought, he bent to kiss the teeth marks gently and carefully with his hot lips.

Sylvia's body trembled violently, and the hot and humid sensation coming from her neck made her small face burn. She even stiffened in the seat and did not move.

She let Franklin bury his head in her neck and soothe the pain on the teeth marks. Was this man ... a vampire?

This was not the first time Franklin had bitten her ...

Sylvia could almost clearly hear her violently beating heart in this silent space.

Finally, after a long while, Franklin looked up and found the woman in front of him in a daze. Her beautiful eyes stared straight at him. Her lips that he had made red and swollen like a rose in bloom opened slightly, tempting to the extreme.

The man's heart swelled. He reached out his strong arm and leaned down to peck at her red lips again. Seeing this, Jasper sensibly squatted by the field and started smoking again.

When he felt like he was about to dried out by the hot sun, the car window was finally slowly rolled down, the man handsome face being revealed, "Get in."

Jasper hurriedly stood up and patted the dust on his butt. Finally, he could come back!

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 439

After returning to the hotel.

Franklin had just stepped into the presidential suite when he received a phone call. The man frowned tightly. His dark eyes were cold, "Wait for me here."

Sylvia raised her eyebrows, "What's going on?"

"I'm going out. Something's come up." Franklin didn't make it that clear. There were things that he tried to hide from her, or she would be put in danger. "Wait for me and don't go anywhere. Understand?"

He knew very well about Sylvia's ability, but he just hope he could protect her well from those fusses. Once she was out of his sight, he would be restless, but ...

Franklin's tone was like he was cajoling a little child. Sylvia gave him a discontented look, "See me as a kindergarten baby?" Franklin nodded, "You'll be my baby for the rest of my life."

After saying that, he turned his head to Jasper, his eyes deepening, "Let's go."

Slumping on the president's suite sofa, Sylvia cupped a carton of milk and was slowly sipping it, with a lazy and drowsy face. Her fingers rubbed the carton with boredom.

She couldn't help but look at the wall clock countless times.

Franklin had been outside all afternoon and all night, and it was now after midnight. What had he been doing?

Sylvia was a little irritated, and her heart was not at ease.

He received treatment at Mr. Henderson's in the morning, but what had he been doing out in the afternoon? And what did he do at night?

He was outside for so long!

She got up irritably, went to her closet and found a set of sportswear, ready to go to the hotel gym to keep fit. When she came back from the gym, she was drenched in sweat, but Franklin hadn't reached her yet.

She couldn't resist calling Franklin, but she couldn't get through.

She hadn't slept for a whole night, feeling that something had happened to Franklin.

When the early morning sun came through the curtain, Sylvia's eyes twitched a few times before they were slowly opened, her blurry eyes looking at the wall clock.

She stretched her back and it was already nine o'clock in the morning. Why hadn't Franklin called her yet?

She took out her cell phone and called again, but she still couldn't get through. She called Jasper again, but no one answered her call.

Sylvia's patience had run up.

She craned her neck, which was a little sore for lying on the couch for too long. What was going on?

Neither of them answered the phone.

She frowned and got up from the couch to go to the bathroom. Just as she reached the bathroom door, her phone rang.

She hurriedly grabbed the phone and saw an unfamiliar number. After a moment of hesitation, she picked it up, "Hello."

"Sylvia, bad news! My brother is in trouble! You gotta come here. Hurry up! We're at a ruined bridge in the north suburb of Larro!" It was James' voice.

James' urgent, panicked voice came into her ears, and her heart jolted, her pupils shrank.

"James! What's going on?" Sylvia's face turned pale, "Sylvia, my brother went back home yesterday! It's too late to tell you so much. Come quickly! My brother is right here!"

The phone over there was hung up. Sylvia had no time to react or

hesitate.

She barely thought, and rushed towards the door. Franklin had actually returned to

the country?

As she rushed out, she called Logan, "Check Franklin's whereabouts yesterday. Did he go back to H Rovirsa?" Then she called Jaden again, "Bring all the members out and come back with me!"

James asked her for help. He was naughty before, but now his martial arts skills had improved so much. What could made him panic so much?

That meant it must be...

Sylvia didn't dare to think any further. What exactly

happened?

Sylvia rushed into the elevator like crazy and pressed the button of the top floor of the hotel directly.

And at the same time, the sky suddenly rang with deafening thunder, and a dark cloud covered the entire sky. A rumble of thunder rang out, and the sky was shrouded in darkness.

A violent wind blew up. Pedestrians on the streets ran and fled, and heavy rain was about to pour down.

Sylvia rushed to the rooftop of the hotel. The wind lifted her clothes. She stared coldly at the black sky, leaped over the parapet of the rooftop and stood on the vast rooftop, letting the wind lift her long hair.

A red helicopter landed on the rooftop with the wind, propellers thumping and turning.

Sylvia rushed onto the plane deftly. Without saying much, she directly instructed Jaden, "Go back home!" The helicopter quickly traveled through the sky.

Sylvia kept her eyes closed, and the rumble of thunder in the sky seemed to brush against her ears.

The helicopter soon left Aettosa and headed for H Rovirsa, where the weather was calm and cloudless.

The subordinate who flew the plane was finally relieved. If he had been flying in that kind of thunderstorm, he was really worried about his own life and the boss' life.

A few hours later, the plane landed smoothly at the international airport in H Rovirsa. Sylvia glanced at him, "Keep driving, go to north suburb."

"But ... we didn't apply for a route ..." "Fly low," Sylvia said

coldly.

The plane had to be started again and head towards north suburb.

The low-flying plane was difficult to maneuver, but it didn't hinder Sylvia's vision, the abandoned bridge, the factory ... She targeted a place directly.

However, when the plane landed, the factory was empty.

There was a dense forest in north suburb, so it was improper for the plane to move forward and difficult for Sylvia to find Franklin.

Sylvia got off the plane, her eyes directly locked on a broken car in front of the abandoned factory. The car seems to be an abandoned vehicle.

She rushed over, got in quickly, turned on the engine, and it was full of gas! She steered sharply and stepped on the gas, rushing inside desperately.

And Jaden, who had just gotten off the plane, was calling, "Quick, send other team members over. Get the weapons. Our boss has a location on her phone. We'll follow her! Hurry!"

Sylvia was driving like crazy. Not thinking about hitting the brakes at all, she pushed the gas pedal hard to maximize the car's speed!

Her hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, and her heart pounded violently.

Because of her intense emotions, her eyes stared ahead fixedly, and she bit her tender and delicate lip so hard that it almost bled.

"How could something happen to him?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 440

She excitedly stepped on the gas pedal hard and kept charging forward, her eyes bloodshot.

She drove extremely frantically, accelerating the car like crazy, completely ignoring the bushes around her. At this time her mind was occupied by one thought -- Hurry! Hurry up! She must find Franklin as soon as possible.

James, holding his cell phone in his hand, ran desperately through a dark path, with a group of black-clad men in pursuit behind him.

His forehead was covered in sweat, and his heart was beating wildly.

"Damn! How can I get rid of them!"

He ran wildly, and straight into the narrow depths of the pathway. Ahead of him was a garbage can about the height of a man.

Without hesitation, he lifted the lid and leap into it.

"Stop him! We can't let him run away!"

"Our master let him go, and he really thought our master meant it?"

James shrank in the cramped trash can that reeked of the putrid smell of garbage.

It was simply disgusting, and he covered his nose, not daring to make any noise.

The voice of the man in black came to his ears.

Suddenly!

A sound of fighting came, followed by the howling of the black-clad man.

James quietly lifted a crack in the trash can, and just the moment he saw the situation outside, his body trembled violently.

He was dumbfounded.

He stared at the path unbelievably.

Cold corpses sprawled on the entire pathway.

The air was filled with the faint smell of blood. There were holes between the brows of the corpses, proving their death.

Those black-clad men who were chasing him just now all fell to the ground, dead!

Not a single one survived!

This ...

James pupils dilated. His eyes shifted from the ground to the space ahead.

"James."

When James was shocked, a cold, mighty voice came, making James's body tremble. He turned around abruptly, and saw Franklin who stood not far away staring coldly at him.

He hurriedly got out of the garbage can, "Franklin? Are you okay?"

James' face was filled with worry, "Franklin, bad news. Sylvia got into an accident!" When he said this, Franklin and Jasper behind him were both shocked.

"What do you mean? Sylvia is staying in Aettosa Hotel!" Franklin's face was expressionless, but it changed dramatically after he heard James' words. Grabbing James by the collar, he looked horrifying.

James was remorseful, "Franklin, I overheard the conversation between Clark and Winter. They said they kidnapped you and would throw you into the sea to feed the shark. Romeo accidentally made some noises and got caught by Clark, while I escaped, and I also heard some secrets of Wilson Group ..."

"Then I hurriedly called Sylvia and told her that something had happened to you and asked her to hurry back home. She must have gone to look for you!"

However, he ended up seeing Franklin here, and Franklin saved him.

He looked at Franklin in disbelief, "Franklin, how did you guys get here?"

"We got a call from Romeo who said something happened to you, so we rushed back from Aettosa." Jasper stopped breathing for moments after hearing James' words, "Master, it's all a trap."

Franklin's men behind him were also shocked and looked at Franklin.

James was even more frightened, his face filled with fear, "Franklin, if something happened to Sylvia ... you will ... you might just beat me to death!"

At this point, Jasper received a phone call, "Hello, what did you say?"

Jasper hung up the phone and looked to Franklin, "Our men that stayed in the hotel to guard Miss Andrews reported that Miss Andrews took a helicopter in the rooftop and went back home."

Franklin's face was sullen. Sylvia would certainly believe James.

How anxious should she have been after she received James' call?

She certainly would not have too much thinking. Given his understanding of her character, she would go over with her men to rescue him!

Then he thought of Sylvia rushing out regardless of everything.

"Mr. Maskelyne, I suddenly remembered the news I read a few days ago. That abandoned bridge and the factory will be blown up today since a resort is going to be built there!"

Jasper's voice suddenly rang out in panic.

"What did you say?" Franklin, who had been silent, suddenly turned around and grabbed Jasper's collar behind him. His eyes were stern!

Blow up the factory and the bridge!

If Sylvia happened to walk to that bridge!

If Sylvia had gone there!

Franklin's heart fluttered, his eyes were bloodshot, and fear overcame him.

He glared furiously at Jasper. Jasper was startled by his gaze, "Mr. Maskelyne ... The news I read a few days ago said a resort was to be built there. Thus, the abandoned factory and the bridge next to that factory would be blown up. It seems the time is ... 12:00 noon today."

That old bridge had long become a dangerous bridge because it was left in disrepair. The old factory was forced to shut down because of serious pollution years ago, and it was abandoned after that. It was said that the Kelly family bought the land there, and prepared to build a resort.

And who actually set up a series of traps to lure Sylvia into the game!

First, Romeo called to lure Franklin out, and then James called to lure Sylvia out.

And the final ending was!

Sylvia ...

Franklin's heart contracted hard. Fear overwhelmed him.

The others could not help but gasp. They could not help but look at the time on the phone.

It was already 11:30 a. m.!

Only half an hour was left!

And where was Sylvia at that moment? Had she rushed there?

Franklin violently let go of Jasper, throwing him to the ground, and immediately turned around and ran wildly.

The cold look in his sharp eyes turned into anxiety and fear.

His heart was eaten up by the fear!

Nothing would happen to Sylvia!

She would be fine!

Franklin clenched his fists and rushed out of the alley like a madman.

And seeing his running figure, Jasper and others also hurriedly followed him

"Master!"

"Franklin!"

James also chased after Franklin like crazy.

The black-clad bodyguards behind him also followed in unison.

Everyone's expression was extremely serious. Sylvia's importance to Franklin was clear to everyone!

Sylvia meant everything to Franklin!

If Sylvia was dead, Franklin would commit suicide!

Jasper and the others immediately followed Franklin and ran towards the entrance of the alley at the fastest speed.

The fast figures flashed by like a gust of wind.

The tension made everyone tense.

James looked at Franklin who ran faster and faster in front of him, and he ran forward with almost all his strength.

He must save Sylvia!