

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 491

Luckily, Evie held Sylvia timely, "Boss, watch out!"

Sylvia nodded and went to the boy with Evie, "Good boy, we are rescue workers. Give us your mother, okay?" When the little boy saw Sylvia, he shed more tears, "Save my mother, please!"

Sylvia crouched down and immediately reached out her hand under the woman's nostril. Noticing that the woman was breathing faintly, she immediately took the medical kit from Jaden's hand. To prevent the medicines inside the medical kit from getting wet by the rain, Jaden had been holding the medical kit in his arms.

The medical kit was still warm.

Sylvia quickly took the infrared thermometer from inside, "She has a fever as high as 39 degrees centigrade! Someone sends her and the boy down the hill!"

She said as she quickly fed a fever-reducing pill to the young woman, "Hurry up and send them down! No delay!"

She looked at the little boy, "Good boy, you're awesome! Follow the uncle. You know?"

The little boy nodded hurriedly.

It was only when he saw Sylvia and the others that his nerves finally relaxed.

One of the men immediately came over and carried the young woman on his back, turned around and went down the hill, and the young boy immediately followed.

Sylvia led the way and continued walking up the mountain for about another half hour or so when a familiar man's voice suddenly came to her ears.

"Everyone, we must save all the people trapped in the mountain before the upstream water floods down. Otherwise, we will be dead if the flood breaks out!"

It was Franklin speaking!

Sylvia glanced behind her, "Let's go faster and rendezvous with Franklin. There are people buried under the rocks up there!" As the mountain road was really hard to walk on. They tried their best to walk faster, but it was still very difficult.

After walking for a while, Sylvia looked up again and saw the tall, slender back of a man halfway up a hill, with Jasper and dozens of other men behind him.

Sylvia looked at the familiar figure and couldn't help but feel her nose

twitch. It was an incredible feeling.

She had no idea that one day she and Franklin would team up in this way.

The man stood with his back to her, and his voice was strong, "We must dig out all these rocks to save the people buried underneath. Jasper, once they were dug up, probably the flood would pour down and then wash away this mountain."

"If this mountain got washed away, everyone inside the hillside camp would be in danger." Jasper went on and said, "Master Franklin, what do we do now? Should we save others? Or ..."

"If they were dead at the bottom of this mountain rock, we do not have to save them. But if they are all alive, we can't leave them here and get them buried alive, can we?"

Before Franklin had a chance to speak, he heard a woman's cold voice suddenly come from behind him, ringing in the pouring rain.

"Miss Andrews?" Jasper looked in shock at the woman who was walking towards them.

Franklin couldn't help but turn around and see Sylvia walking quickly towards them with her raincoat on, "Honey? Why are you here too?"

Weren't they divided into two groups? How did they end up being here?

"We must save them!" Sylvia looked at all the people here. "All of us are the best, and I believe that none of us will retreat because of the difficulty. Get the people out before the flood broke out. Then find a way to move rocks to block the gap!"

"As you say, we must race against time," Franklin said, stepping forward and lifting the shovel to dig out the rocks, "There are many of us now, so let's do it together hurriedly."

Then all these people began to wield a shovel and dig these rocks out. Those who had no shovel carried the stones, barehanded.

There were several people buried under these rocks which must be dug out!

Sylvia did not hesitate and reached out her hands to carry the stone, and when her bleeding hands were stretched out, Franklin only felt them a real eyesore!

The man lifted his palm and grabbed Sylvia's hands, "Are you stupid? Your hands get hurt!"

"It's okay. I don't hurt at all." Sylvia shook her head, and just then, suddenly, a hand was revealed under these rocks! That hand was still moving!

Jasper and Evie worked even harder until they pulled the first one out of there.

There was thin air inside, and several people's faces were blue.

Especially since they hadn't eaten for days and nights and were very weak.

After everyone rescued the injured villagers from under the rocks, suddenly, the sound of torrential water came.

Immediately afterwards, a person's cry for help was heard, "Help ... Save me ..."

Every now and then his voice was drowned out by the current.

Sylvia raised her eyes in surprise and looked down towards the ground, only to hear the sound coming from behind the mountain wall.

There was a crack in the wall of the mountain, and from time to time the water sound rang out from behind the crack.

Water was constantly gushing out from the crack of the mountain wall which probably about 30 centimeters wide, "What's going on? There seems to be someone behind the mountain!"

Sylvia sounded anxious.

Although it felt close at this point, but it took a long while to walk around this mountain towards the other side .

Sylvia had seen the map. The flood would break out on the other side of the mountain. They had been prepared to fill the crack of 30 centimeters.

If it was not filled, the flood would break through this crack and then the flood would involve more victims, drowned all the villages below the mountain and the tents they had set up on the slopes.

But ... there were people behind the mountain.

And if they waited until after they went around, those victims would be washed away or directly out of breath.

They must seize the time.

Franklin gave a direct order, "Split the mountain to save the people!"

"Boss, if the mountain splits, what about those people down the mountain and in the tents?" Jasper wiped the rain from his face and said anxiously, "Do we have to bet so many lives to save one person?"

"Look at me!" Evie suddenly waved a shovel and rushed over, "Let me split open a gap of about sixty centimeters, and after that, we'll hurry to fill this gap."

She struck the stone with the shovel. Then an ear-splitting sound rang out.

The shovel was way more fragile compared to the mountain wall, and with a bang, it broke! Jasper couldn't help but turn down the corners of his mouth. This girl was weirdly powerful! This girl looked sweet, but her force was a little too much, right?

Evie, the girl with so much force, looked at the shovel handle in her hand, feeling regretful, "Holy shit? What's wrong with it? It's broken!"

Sylvia glanced at her, "No more joking! We take the rock crusher here. Hurry up to get the gap a bit bigger. Don't waste our time."

Several men then rushed over carrying the rock crusher, and the steel drill bit pointed at the hard rock began to buzz.

Franklin was observing the way the water flowed, while directing several men to rescue the villagers and take them to a safe place.

"They are very weak now. Hurry up and take them back for treatment."

"Yes!"

More and more water gushed out of the widening gap that was split open.

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It wet the clothes of everyone present.

As the gap was split wider and wider, Franklin began to push his way in. He blocked that crack with his body and then walked into

it.

"Franklin, are you crazy? I'll do it!" Sylvia tugged on his arm and looked at him anxiously.

"You want to do it instead?" The man pushed her away, and continued to move inside. "I have to do this thing!" "Master Franklin, I'll do it, let me do it!" Jasper said with even more concern.

"What? You all want to take this job and replace me?" Franklin raised an eyebrow, and exuded a powerful aura.

"Franklin! It's a flood!" Sylvia's beautiful almond eyes were filled with worry. She didn't want anything to happen to Franklin.

"We only have a few minutes. Honey, be good! Don't make trouble for me!" Franklin suddenly wrapped his arms around Sylvia's head, pecked a kiss on her rain-covered forehead, and continued on his way.

The torrential water had been waist-high. The man's figure gradually disappeared in the narrow gap in the mountain wall. Jasper shouted with sobs, "Guys behind the mountain split, Listen. We are now preparing for the rescue work. All of you hold hands and come out from inside this gap. Do you hear me?"

"This gap can allow one person to pass through sideways! And my master will be the first one to hold your hands!" A voice came from the other side of the mountain wall, "We heard it!"

All the people started to hold hands and came out from inside the gap one after another...

Time passed little by little. About a dozen people came out from inside this mountain rock crevice. There were children and old people!

Franklin, the first man to rush over, was undoubtedly under great pressure. His legs stood firmly inside the water, while his hands held over one person after another.

These people moved forward by holding his hands.

Some who had long been soaked in the water was cold and dizzy, so they had no strength to move forward and he had to push these people forward.

By the time the last person was rescued, Franklin was already stiff and cold.

His face was purple, for he had been soaked in the icy water for a long time. He didn't have time to rest but hurriedly said, "Hurry up! This gap is now so big. We must hurry to fill it! Move! The villagers hurry up to go."

Sylvia looked at him. This man looked colder than anyone on the outside, but he was actually more kind-hearted than anyone else.

"Jasper, quick! Hurry up and move the rocks and fill up all the gaps."

She heard Franklin's yell and she couldn't think of anything else, "All villagers listen up and walk hand in hand to the safe place. Jaden, you take them down the hill."

"Yes, Boss!" Jaden answered and hurriedly directed these villagers to leave.

Everyone was tired and hungry because they had long been trapped behind the mountain wall. The desire to survive prevailed over everything, and they finally got rescued.

Though tired and more painful, they must leave this dangerous place. Only boulders and large trees could be used to fill the gap.

Jasper saw Evie lifting a large stone to fill the gap, and then another large stone. Though she was thin, she had fast speed and large strength.

She wore a beautiful and lovely Lolita dress, and on her feet were a pair of lovely rain shoes with Lolita style. Now she was covered in stains and mud. Her hair was also a mess.

Despite this, Jasper still thought this little girl was quite cute ... When working, she really had so much strength.

Sylvia stepped forward and pulled Franklin out of the muddy water, reaching up to wipe the sludge off the man's face, "Don't stay in the water. It's too cold."

Franklin's grip tightened on her hand, and with a strong pull, he held Sylvia tightly in his arms. "Honey, it doesn't matter. We have to hurry and fill the gap. We'll talk about it later when we get back."

The night was already late. If they didn't go back, some accident might happen in this mountain area.

Especially after the earthquake, aftershocks were frequent and high.

He was worried.

Sylvia shrank into the man's cold embrace and simply closed her eyes,

"OK." With the efforts of several people, the gap in the rocks was finally filled in.

They moved boulders and trees, and after filling the gap, they were preparing to leave. Suddenly Sylvia heard a faint voice and she froze, "It looks like someone is here."

Franklin frowned and listened, "I don't think so."

It was very dark and raining heavily, and the clattering noise was particularly loud. Though they had flashlights, what they could see was limited after all.

Hearing Sylvia's words, Franklin looked around uneasily, "There doesn't seem to be anyone."

"Let's walk forward." Sylvia said uneasily walking forward. Franklin followed behind her with a flashlight to light up. After walking some distance, all they could hear was the rushing water.

"It's very dangerous ahead. Seems there's a cliff?" Franklin said, and then tried to poke his head forward, the whistling wind blowing his hair.

He pointed his flashlight down and saw the dark abyss below.

The surrounding area was dark and spooky, and the atmosphere was very scary.

Franklin took Sylvia's hand and after looking around carefully, he found there was no sign of someone else. Sylvia wondered, "Did I really hear it wrong?"

It couldn't be! She had an amazing ear, which had been trained.

"This rain is so loud. You probably heard it wrong. Let's go, Jasper. They're all leaving with their people." Franklin tightened his grip on her hand and curled his lips to bite her in an attempt to lighten the atmosphere.

"This would be a good time for us to be alone." Sylvia was speechless, "Stop it! I really heard that."

"Well, if there really is someone, we'll save them, and if there's no one, we'll go. There's nothing to lose, so let's go."

Franklin's large palm tightened around Sylvia's thin waist.

Just the moment the two turned around!

Whoosh!

Suddenly five brawny men came out of nowhere.

"Miss Andrews, I'm impressed by your remarkable ear."

The man at the head of the group had a scarred face and looked at Franklin wickedly, "Master Franklin, since you disobeyed Master Tyrell's orders and had to tangle with this woman, don't blame us for being cruel! Take her life!"

After seeing the scarred man's face, Franklin's face sank. A thick coldness permeated his body, and his thin lips were like sharp blades, "Tyrell's henchman!"

"Master Franklin, Master Tyrell has warned you! If you stay with her again, she will be so dead!" Sylvia listened to their conversation and finally reacted.

Just now she heard the movement of these five people! They were here to kill her?

Tyrell's men?

Tyrell had no grudge against her, but why did he want to kill her? Sylvia finally understood why Franklin had been distant from her before.

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It was because Tyrell threatened him with her life, so Franklin chose to break up with her. That must be it!

Why hadn't she realized before?

Thinking about it, Sylvia's almond eyes narrowed slightly as she looked at these brawny men in front of her. "Just come at me! Bullying my man is what you are only capable of?"

"The woman Master Franklin has a crush on is really hot!" The scarred man let out a laugh, a hint of mockery in his voice. "It's better for a woman to be gentle, or she won't end well."

"You're annoying."

Sylvia's red lips curled into a cold smile as she drew a pistol from her thigh and pointed it at the scarred man.

This was a world where the truly strong existed. She curled her red lips and stared coldly at the few men in front of her, they were not worthy of threatening her man!

Even more unworthy to appear in her sight!

They were a shame to her, a reminder of how humiliated Franklin had been because of her! Killing them all was the best.

Sylvia's brow was furrowed and her almond eyes were full of impatience, and her icy tone sounded grim. The scarred man looked at her arrogantly,

"Do you think a woman is worthy of pointing a gun at me?"

He swiftly took out a gun and aimed it right at Sylvia's brow. With a glare, he immediately pulled the trigger.

She was facing death, but she was still so arrogant. It looked like she really had a death wish! It was difficult to quell his inner discontent without killing her.

"I hate it when a punk points a gun at me."

When the woman's clear and cold voice just came out of her lips, a whoosh sounded! The scarred man only felt a stinging pain on the back of his hand.

The gun fell from his hand with a sound.

He stared in shock at the silver dagger stuck in the back of his hand. Bright red blood continued to gush out along the back of his hand.

"Is that all Tyrell's henchman is capable of? How can you threaten my husband? Is my husband someone you can look down on?"

The icy voice suddenly sounded in the scarred man's ear.

He was shaken. Looking up, he only saw the slender and slim woman had reached him. The ink-like almond eyes stared at him with killing intent!

The scarred man was shocked!

When exactly did this woman arrive at his side? It only took a second or two for her to come to him from a few meters away? How was it possible?

However, he simply did not have time to think.

Because Sylvia curled her lips slightly and she sneered. Reaching out, she easily snatched the pistol that the scarred man had just picked up from the ground!

Throwing it to Franklin, she reached out her left hand reached out to grab the scarred man's neck!

She ruthlessly yanked the scarred man in front of her to make the latter being pressed to the ground in a twisted position! "Ah!"

The woman's strong force made the scarred man cry out in pain, only to feel that his neck was going to be snapped by her. "You're impressive, threatening my husband and pointing a gun at me." Sylvia had a sneer on her lips, her almond eyes all icy. There was a sharp pain in the man's neck and Sylvia's cold voice rang in his ear.

The scarred man was screaming in pain when he saw Sylvia's bright face close to his. The woman's cold eyes reflected in his pupils, so he couldn't help but show fear and terror in his eyes.

What a terrible woman.

She not only had an icy aura, but amazing fighting skills!

In just a moment, the scarred man became this woman's defeated opponent. This woman was so scary!

"I ... I'm just working for Tyrell. I'm just doing what Tyrell told me to. I'm just a lapdog. Please let me go!"

The scarred man couldn't care less about the pain on his body. He kept struggling and kept howling for mercy.

He looked at Sylvia who was staring at him coldly in front of him, and those beautiful cold black eyes shone with killing intent, making him shudder.

He screamed in fear, "Help! Help me!"

And several other men saw this and came towards Sylvia and surrounded her.

And Franklin's face was full of warmth, and then looked at a few big man with cold eyes, "My wife loves me, so she protects me. How dare you make trouble?"

The grimness in his dark eyes grew deeper and deeper.

Sylvia was always able to surprise him, and he could clearly feel it.

She was angry at Tyrell's shamelessness and the humiliation and bullying he had inflicted on Franklin.

The more he stared at Sylvia, the more different his gaze became. It warmed him that his wife was so protective of him. While he was dealing with the men, he heard a "click" and Sylvia broke the scarred man's neck.

Several other people looked at each other, all eyes filled with shock. This ...

Bang!

A gunshot rang out violently and everyone stared at Sylvia in shock and disbelief, only to see her face unchanged. It was as if it wasn't her who shot a bullet in the head.

As the gun went off, the man who was fighting with Franklin fell to the ground with a bang!

In the dim light, Franklin moved! His grim pupils were filled with displeasure. His large palm reached out to pinch a man's neck! Twisting it with force, Franklin broke that man's neck.

A man was left shivering as he looked at the terrible couple.

"Go back and tell Tyrell that I will repay them for their kindness and revenge on them for their bad deeds. If they dare to fight against my woman, don't blame me for disregarding their years of nurturing!"

The man's face was white with fear and his legs were weak. It was so terrible and so scary. Had Franklin been playing weak in front of Tyrell all this time?

What exactly gave Tyrell the impression that Franklin was weak? How dare Tyrell provoke Franklin? How dare he treat Franklin like that before and turn Franklin into this?

Why ...

Didn't Franklin have a mania? Wasn't he put in a cage by Tyrell?

Why was he suddenly like a different person? Was he even resisting?

"Victory often comes from the unexpected." Sylvia glanced at Franklin, pulled the corner of her mouth. Bang! The man ended up falling in a pool of blood.

Franklin was stunned, "Honey, you're really ..."

He then hooked the corners of his lips and blossomed into a seductive smile, "I'm too stupid." He suddenly felt that his wife was really impressing him more and more.

She was really sweet.

Staring at Franklin's smile, Sylvia dismantled the pistol and tossed it into the cliff's swift current. "Franklin, your parents are not ordinary people. No need to show them mercy."

She raised an eyebrow.

"You're right, honey." Franklin walked over. Thinking of how he was just being protected by Sylvia, he felt warmth flood his heart again.

He took Sylvia's hand, "Let's go down the hill." And at this time inside the tent on the hillside.

Brayden lay drowsily on the haystack, and by now the night was late.

He opened his eyes in a daze, only to feel his lips dry, and there seemed to be a stone in his throat. "Water ... Water ..."

He pursed his lips and murmured unconsciously.

Jenna, lying beside him, heard the voice and immediately raised her head, looking at him with worry in her eyes, "Brayden, what did you say?"

Jenna listened for a while and finally heard what Brayden was saying. She blushed and hurriedly stood up and poured a glass of warm water.

The young girl squatted next to the man and brought the glass of water to his lips, "Brayden, water ... Hurry up and drink it." The man opened his mouth and drank all the water inside the cup in a few gulps.

Jenna took back her glass of water and put it on the small table beside her. "Water ... Water ..."

So thirsty, so thirsty ...

Brayden opened his eyes in a trance, his unfocused pupils looking at the beautiful face flashing in front of him. His eyes fell on the girl's watery, pink lips.

His brain had lost the ability to think. He did everything by instinct.

He suddenly stretched out his arm. His strong palm yanked the girl's slender arm. The next second, Jenna whimpered. She was then held into his strong arms.

The man rolled over and pushed her down onto the hay beneath him. Before she could react, the hot breath was on her

face as he bent down. Her eyes suddenly widened!

Well...

Incredibly, her heartbeat accelerated. His softness and high temperature.

Her face was red and her small hands struggled to push Brayden.

But the man was as unshakeable as a mountain. She could only struggle passively.

A long time passed and he finally fell contentedly into dreamland again. His body fell beside Jenna. Jenna pushed him away and sat up violently, blushing and covering her red lips.

She tried to pull over the quilt to help cover the man with it, but her face changed when she touched the man's arm. It was hot!

Even his breath seemed to be burning!

"Brayden, you have a fever!" Jenna stood up anxiously, and without thinking, she rushed towards the medical center.

It was still raining heavily outside, and she couldn't care less about the rain beating down on her body as she hurried over.

The medical center was manned, and hearing her words, one doctor immediately followed her to the tent with a thermometer and medical kit, a few minutes later.

The doctor took the thermometer out from under Brayden's arm and looked at it and said, "He has a fever as high as 39 degrees centigrade. An IV drip is needed."

"How did he get a high fever?" Jenna sounded anxious.

"He was hit so hard during the day, and he was in the rain for so long. It would be strange if he hadn't had a fever." The doctor said and gave Brayden an IV drip to reduce the fever, "Keep an eye on him and call me if anything happens. Tomorrow it would be best to persuade him to go to the city hospital. There is no good in continuing to stay here."

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Jenna quickly said thanks to the doctor and

sent him out. Only then did she get back

into the tent.

She was about to sit down when the tent was suddenly opened and Vita came in wearing a raincoat. There was a bowl in her arms, and she took it out, in which there was steaming hot porridge.

"Jenna, this is the porridge I just made. It's late at night and I want to feed it to Master Brayden. Is that okay?" Vita looked at Jenna with pity, and her pretty face looked quite endearing.

It was just a pity that ...

Jenna just gave Vita a faint look and said politely, "Brayden just fell asleep. He has a fever. He may not have time to drink the porridge you cooked, so it's better for you to drink it yourself."

Under such difficult circumstances in the disaster area, it was good that everyone could have enough to eat. But Vita made a bowl of porridge in the middle of the night, which was a waste of resources in Jenna's eyes. What shameful behavior.

Vita's eyes reddened a bit and she gave her a miserable look, "Okay then."

Her tone was full of loss, and then she sullenly lowered her head and prepared to walk back. "Ahem... ahem..."

Suddenly, a violent coughing sound came from behind.

Vita turned around sharply and saw Brayden slowly opening his eyes and coughing on

his back. Jenna walked over quickly, helped him to sit up and patted his back.

"Brayden, how are you? Is there anything wrong with you?"

"My head hurts a little." Brayden raised his hand and rubbed his brow, his voice husky and magnetic.

Accompanied by the sound of rain in the dark night outside the tent, it was somewhat titillating.

Vita's heart skipped a beat. She couldn't help thinking of Brayden's voice that gave her a sense of security when he was trying to protect her.

Vita couldn't help but walk up to Brayden and Jenna, "Mr. Wright, this is the porridge I made for you, thank you for saving me. You ... quickly drink it while it's hot."

Brayden raised his eyes to look at the young girl in front of him. The girl was about 17 or 18 years old, but he didn't seem to be impressed.

"I ... I saved you? Sorry, I don't remember."

Brayden looked indifferent and said, "Thank you for your kindness. You can drink the porridge yourself."

Jenna heard it. She couldn't help but curl her lips. There was a blush on her face. Thinking of the man's kiss with her in his sleep, she felt her face got even redder.

Especially when Brayden's manly scent reached her nose at this time, she couldn't help but blush.

The way she looked at Vita became much gentler. She smiled and said, "Brayden needs to rest. You'd better go out first." Vita gritted her teeth and turned away, somewhat aggrieved and lost.

'It must be Jenna who made Mr. Wright afraid to accept the porridge I made!' thought Vita.

Jenna didn't know what Vita was thinking. She politely escorted her to the entrance of the tent, "It's late, you should get some rest."

"You too." Vita held back her disgust with Jenna, said the last words and left with the porridge.

'It must be that Jenna was unwilling to let me spend more time with Brayden, so she talked bad about me in front of Mr. Wright!' The more Vita thought about it, the more aggrieved she was. Suppressing her bitterness, she went back to the tent she was in. At her tent lying so many people, a variety of smells intermingled, which annoyed her.

Reluctant to throw the bowl of porridge, she drank it herself.

Just after drinking, she heard the voices of several village women.

"I heard that our town suffered the most this time, and Mayor Cody is going to pick a few good kids to bring back to Larro to train."

"It's good to go to the city. The kids can go to a good school and live in a good house. I heard that the food in the city school is better than that of the richest family in our town."

"I'll be really lucky if my boy gets chosen."

Vita was lying on her bunk, listening to the words of these village women, and could not help but think, 'If only I could get chosen and go to Wright Residence. By then, Jenna or any other woman would not perform as well as she did.'

Vita heard that Jenna was not really the young lady of the Wright family, but just an adopted daughter of the Wright family. So, she wasn't inferior to Jenna.

Thinking of Jenna's smooth skin, slender figure, and soft hands, Vita tossed with jealousy. She was the best looking in the village, so she believed that she was better than Jenna.

When she really got to town, she could dress up and wear some nice clothes. By then, she would be a gorgeous lady. She took one look at her hands, which were rough and yellowish because of helping her parents with their farm work. She became a little angry.

How could Jenna be so lucky to be adopted by the Wright family?

The more Vita thought about it, the more jealous and furious she became. She fell asleep without realizing it.

It was dawn.

The rain that had been falling for several days and nights finally showed signs of stopping. The rain was weakening, and the sound of rain has become pattering up.

When Sylvia returned with Franklin, there were some warriors who got up earlier to train themselves. Passing by the stove, Franklin saw a few familiar faces.

Fixing his eyes on it, he frowned.

"It seems to be some chefs from the Royal Galaxy Hotel?" A chef was cooking while greeting them in a loud voice. "Mr. Maskelyne, Miss Andrews, good morning!" Sylvia smiled, "Fitch, take it easy and don't put too much salt on it." "Don't worry, Miss Andrews! I'm a good cook!" The chef laughed out loud. The remaining few cooks also laughed.

Franklin walked further and found more familiar faces. Several attendants from Royal Galaxy Hotel were conducting a geological survey with the experts brought in.

"I thought they were just attendants. How come ..."

How come they know how to use geological survey instruments?

"Oh, they majored in geology in college. When they are free, they will use instruments. When they are needed, they will work. Now they are working." Sylvia was not surprised.

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Franklin paused in his steps and looked at her incredulously, "There are even geology experts in the Royal Galaxy Hotel!" "They're not expert but amateur." Sylvia was still very calm.

They moved on, and as a result Franklin saw a couple of security guards from Royal Galaxy Hotel having a lively discussion

with a couple of architects about post-disaster reconstruction.

"The first thing we have to build now is some steel plate houses, temporary construction of some shelters. This kind of house does not take up space, but also keep residents warm. Also, it's not easily blown down by the wind."

"Yes, Bowen makes a very good point. We have to build some of these houses first, and then we can plan for the post-disaster reconstruction." An old professor pushed the glasses above the bridge of his nose, with a solemn face. "Post-disaster

reconstruction is very important and requires a lot of resources. It's not something that can be completed within a year." "If we all work together, we can definitely do it," another young man said.

Franklin blinked, "Security guards turned into architects?"

"Just a piece of cake. Let's go. I'm sleepy. I want to sleep." Sylvia yawned.

This time, almost all employees of Royal Galaxy Hotel came along with her to the disaster area.

Fortunately, the employees of Royal Galaxy Hotel were usually studying a variety of majors, so they could play various roles inside the disaster area.

Some were cooking, some were good at drainage and flooding, some were good at construction, some were good at geology ...

There were also some employees being doctors, nurses or psychologist.

many of the victims were psychologically traumatized and needed mental treatment. Those without special skills helped the officers to rescue people and do menial work. The Royal Galaxy Hotel had so many people, and yet none of them was useless.

Franklin lay on a bed made of temporary hay. What he had just seen flashed in his mind.

The Royal Galaxy Hotel was full of talented people, but all of them were willing to stay in the Royal Galaxy Hotel and be at Sylvia's disposal. Why?

He was puzzled and felt that Sylvia always shocked him so much and gave him so many surprises. Was there anything about her that he didn't know?

Not only him, Mayor Cody and Mrs. Wright were also shocked when they got up and see so many familiar faces in the Royal Galaxy Hotel.

"You Aren't you the lobby manager of Royal Galaxy Hotel? And you can provide psychological guidance? Really?"

Mrs. Wright looked at the manager in surprise.

The manager smiled shyly, "I'm a state-certified psychological counselor. I have a certificate." Mrs. Wright almost fainted.

"Sibbie is really amazing. ..She's the boss of so many talents!"

"Aren't you the head of security guards? Is this the drainage and flooding plan you designed?" Mayor Cody looked at the plan submitted by the security chief, which was even more perfectly designed than those experts he had found.

He was taken aback.

"Yes, with the raging flood and non-stop rain, landslide is very likely to occur. We have to dredge the waterways early," the security chief said with a calm face.

"Awesome! We can't judge a man by his appearance! Would you like to work for the Water Resources Bureau?" Mayor Cody looked at him with pity.

"I'll just stay at the Royal Galaxy Hotel, and you can call me if you're in need," The security chief said and went out.

"This You say you're an expert in farming? You're going to teach our town to raise poultry in the future?" The village chief looked at a young man in shock. This young man was no other than Sandy, Gage's assistant before. Sandy smiled, "Yes! Raising poultry is my speciality."

Even the journalists who had been staying in the disaster area to do the real-time reports were stunned.

"Hello, I'm Larro's frontline reporter in the disaster area, and I have some shocking news for you! Royal Galaxy Hotel has so many talents! All of them are experts and all of them are great!"

"The attendants that we usually see in the Royal Galaxy Hotel are surprisingly skilled and impressive." "It's simply shocking."

"Come, let's interview this young lady." The reporter walked up to a young girl in a Lolita dress and handed the microphone to her, "Pretty and lovely young lady, can you have an interview with us?"

Evie turned her face and saw the reporter who was smiling.

She was startled, holding a large stone in her arms. She put it aside and piled up all those large stones, making a way for the reporters.

The reporter looked at the stones in surprise.

The large stone weighed at least a hundred pounds.

She just lifted it without much effort and even made a path for them?

She didn't look like a powerful lady with much strength at all from her cute face. The reporters suppressed the shock and looked at Evie who was smiling brightly. Evie patted the mud on her hands and smiled sweetly and adorably, "Sure." "Well, may I ask what your job is?"

"Oh, I am the finance director of Royal Galaxy Hotel, and I usually supervise the finances of Royal Galaxy Hotel." Evie smiled adorably.

"Miss, you're a finance director at a young age, I'm impressed! Then Can you tell us all how much this stone weighs?" The reporter was curious as hell.

"It's about a hundred pounds." Evie looked at the reporter inexplicably. Why did he ask about the stone?

"Didn't you feel it heavy? Don't you feel tired?" The reporter continued to ask curiously with a cautious look at her. Why did this reporter keep asking something useless?

But Evie suppressed her anger and said, "It's not a big deal. It's just a stone. I can lift even two pieces." With that said, Evie carried two large stones with each of her hands.

She lifted them and placed them steadily beside her, and the path she made grew a little longer. The reporters, photographers and viewers before the TV were all shocked.

The reporter asked in a daze, "You..... Why are you so strong?"

"Because I eat a lot!" Evie blinked her big eyes. "Why do you eat a lot. "

"Because I'm strong!" This ...

The reporter felt that he had been fooled!

'Can you speak something reasonable!' he thought, but he didn't dare to say it out loud. He was afraid that Evie would throw a stone over and kill him!

With a wry smile on his face, he asked, "Miss, what is your identity besides being the finance director?" "Identity? Well " Evie looked like she was thinking, "Does the captain of Larro's shooting team count?"

The reporter cringed. The smile on his face almost froze. "The captain of that legendary Larro shooting team is said to have taken first place in the Larro shooting competition, first place in the state shooting competition, first place in the national shooting competition Is that you?"

Evie was not only good at moving stones, but also good at shooting.

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The reporter was so afraid that if he accidentally said the wrong thing, he would be beaten up by this violent lady. Evie still smiled sweetly and adorably, and it was hard to imagine how she was valiantly carrying rocks, and how she was dominantly holding a gun to win the championship. Jasper felt this lady, whose characters formed a strong contrast, was cute. He gritted his teeth to resist the urge to go over and pinch Evie's cute face. Then he heard Evie's voice saying, "So what? I'm not as good as my boss, who teaches me how to shoot." Evie's words constantly repeated in the reporter's ear. He felt his heart pound wildly. "Who is your boss ..." His voice was unreal. "Sylvia! I thought the whole world knew that Sylvia is the boss of Royal Galaxy Hotel since the fire! How dare you, a reporter, not know? You are so unprofessional and insensitive, aren't you?" Evie's eyes were filled with contempt, which made the reporter stunned. Her expression was too cute. This young lady looked cute and adorable. The Lolita dress, and the yellow rain shoes she wore made her cuter. It was just that she had so much strength that the reporter couldn't afford to offend her! The reporter hurriedly said, "Sorry, I'm a little confused, mainly because your identity is too awesome!" He barely knew how he ended the interview. He just felt his head was so dizzy and his heart was beating so fast. This young lady was so fierce and awesome!

In the end...

Once this interview spread, Evie made a hit across the country. Whether on Twitter or Tiktok, there was the video of her being interviewed everywhere. The video of her moving stones to made the way was also posted.

"Why are you strong?"

"Because I eat a lot!" "Why do you eat a lot?"

"Because I'm strong."

Hahaha ...

This video instantly made a hit, the number of likes and reposts on Tiktok was amazingly high. "This lady is so cute."

"Cute and adorable."

"She has so much strength and she's even a shooting champion."

"Awesome!"

"Holy shit, I didn't expect to see my captain's video. She went to the disaster area for rescue work? I want to go too!" "This cute and petite lady can go to the disaster area to contribute. I also want to go."

So ...

Not only did members of the shooting team go to the disaster area, but many more volunteers went there from all over the country.

And there were people who ran over to assist while watching Evie. Many people were her fans.

She actually became a popular web celebrity! She caused a sensation overnight.

Not only did she become popular, but so did the Royal Galaxy Hotel. Royal Galaxy Hotel Has So Many Talents topped the trending list.

"Such a conscientious restaurant with so many kind-hearted ladies. Who is so disgusting to destroy the Royal Galaxy Hotel?" "I could never have imagined that the attendants who usually serve me are all the talents who contribute a lot to our country." "Yeah, all of them are so impressive. Boohoo ... I was so moved to tears. I want to marry them!"

"I'm a nurse. I'm about to go to the disaster area. I have a crush on the security chief of Royal Galaxy Hotel. I beg the netizens to give me strength and help me confess my love."

"I want to ... I want to be in a relationship with Miss Evie. Is that okay?"

Royal Galaxy Hotel was the first to go to the disaster area to do its best in the reconstruction and support of the disaster area. And it also used its influence to drive people all over the country to volunteer to go to the disaster area. Many volunteers spoke the same words in their interviews.

"The employees at the Royal Galaxy Hotel are so loving and selfless. They inspired me to come here and contribute as well." "I learn from the employees at the Royal Galaxy Hotel, from Sylvia and Mr. Maskelyne. They are my role models."

"I was selfishly chasing after the ladies of Royal Galaxy Hotel, but when I got here, I found that I had no way to leave. I want to make the ruins into a beautiful home. I want the children here to be able to read and go to school again, and I want to stay here to teach."

The Royal Galaxy Hotel really had a positive effect nationwide.

Franklin's Golden Restaurant was not left behind. Its employees as well as all the volunteers from SouthStar Airlilynes and Maskene Group donated money and did their part.

Seventy percent of those helicopters flying in the sky and carrying supplies were volunteer aircraft of SouthStar Airlines. And Darius, the president of NorthWind Airlines, the rival of SouthStar Airlines, could no longer sit still after seeing Franklin being in the limelight.

He led his flight attendants to the disaster area. But ...

Those pampered stewardesses was of little help.

They couldn't be compared with those flight attendants of SouthStar Airlines ... After all, they usually did a lot of physical training under Franklin's leadership.

So, coming to the disaster area to assist was not very difficult for them.

"I don't know much about NorthWind Airlines. But compared with Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne who made great effort in the disaster area, our hardships are no big deal."

"I'm Elsa and I was Captain Franklin's chief purser for a few years. Mrs. Maskelyne once took our plane and she was rather friendly in my memories. I'm very satisfied, happy and honored to contribute in the disaster area just like them." Elsa faced the camera with the signature smile. She was in a dark blue training uniform. Even without the fancy clothes, she was beautiful as ever.

She was known for a while as one of the most beautiful air hostesses. An earthquake disaster that gripped the hearts of the whole country.

With the efforts of all, it began to move step by step towards a better direction.

Sylvia and Franklin were so tired that they fell into a bed made of hay, still sleeping peacefully.

Sylvia slowly opened her eyes as the morning light poured into the tent. She rubbed her tired and sore arms and was about to get up when a large palm wrapped around her waist.

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"Honey... Let's sleep a little longer."

The man's husky and mellow voice came, and Sylvia's ears burned. If it was before, the virus inside her body would have been turned on.

But now, she found that her virus no longer took effect since the last time she was saved by Franklin's blood. And, it had been a long time since she had felt the surge of the virus.

She felt it a bit eerily peaceful.

But she had experienced too much, leaving her no time to think about the virus in her body.

At this point the virus came to her mind and she was shocked to realize that it had been too long since she had had an attack. "Honey..."

Franklin, who waited for a while but did not get Sylvia's response, slowly opened his deep-set, ink eyes and saw Sylvia sitting there in a daze.

He raised an eyebrow, "What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing." Sylvia snapped back instantly and glanced out the window at the sun, "The rain has stopped and the sun is out." "There's always a rainbow after the storm." Franklin sat up, his exhausted body finally got much

better after rest.

Next second.

Before Sylvia could react, she felt a whirlwind. The man then pinned her down.

Those narrow eyes were flickering with desire for Sylvia. Sylvia blushed, "Don't ... We're not at home ..."

"That ..." Franklin smiled, "You mean we can make out when we're home?"

Sylvia's face turned even redder, "Get up! Come on! What's the point of us hiding in the tent when everyone else is busy outside?"

Franklin looked at Sylvia who was shy. He couldn't help but laugh out loud, his chest heaving slightly. It showed his pleasant mood.

He liked this contrast formed by her. She appeared a powerful lady in front of people, but she was a sweet, coy woman in front of him.

The man's thin lips were slightly pressed against Sylvia's forehead, and at that moment, Jasper's voice suddenly came from outside the door.

"Master Franklin, are you awake?"

Franklin froze and said, a little chagrined, "Yup."

"Then I'll bring in the breakfast." With those words, Jasper pushed the door in.

Breakfast in the disaster area was very simple, including a bottle of milk, and two loaves of bread. After putting the food away, Jasper went out.

Sylvia casually washed up and sat down at the small table, where the early morning sunlight poured in through the window and just fell on her.

Delicate silhouette, moist almond eyes, red lips appear delicate like flower petals, but with a touch of inexplicable allure. Franklin washed his face and came over, and there was a hint of gentleness and doting in his cold eyes.

He sat in front of Sylvia with his thin lips slightly parted, took a piece of bread and bit into it. "Only such food can be offered in the disaster area."

Sylvia's heart skipped a beat and affection appeared in her eyes. She blinked her almond eyes and raised her eyebrows, "I'm here for rescue work, not enjoyment."

Franklin smiled and reached out his hand to rub her hair, "Good girl, I'll take you to a big dinner when we get back to Larro." Sylvia somehow felt he sounded like he was coaxing a child.

She took a piece of egg and put it in Franklin's bowl, "It's not bad."

The meals prepared by the chef of Royal Galaxy Hotel were home-cooked, but they tasted excellent. Franklin, who was not a big fan of eggs, looked at the egg, which glowed invitingly in the sunlight.

But it didn't tempt his taste buds.

When Sylvia saw that Franklin was not eating, she raised her eyebrows and took another piece of egg, "Open your mouth." Franklin glanced up at Sylvia and took the egg into his mouth.

His eyes were narrowed slightly. The egg tasted different from what he imagined. It tasted not bad.

Sylvia's red lips curled slightly, "Does it taste good?" The chefs at the Royal Galaxy Hotel were excellent. Franklin nodded, with an expectant look in his eyes. It looked like as if a cat waiting to be fed.

It reminded Sylvia of the black cat she used to have. It always lazily waited for her to feed it.

Sylvia had to take another piece of egg. A helpless smile lifted the corners of her lips, "Have another piece." Franklin suddenly grabbed her hand and Sylvia raised an eyebrow, "What's wrong?"

The man's voice was dark and seductive, "Sit here."

Sylvia took one look and realized that..... Franklin was referring to his thighs.

She was a little uncomfortable, "Stop it."

Franklin knew she wouldn't listen, and he pulled her onto his lap, and then one of his hands firmly clasped her waist, fixing her onto his thighs.

Suddenly, the man leaned over and lowered his head to eat the piece of egg on her fork. Swiftly and wildly, he cupped Sylvia's chin and leaned down.

Sylvia's eyes widened as she felt the piece of egg slide into her mouth. The aromatic soft and smooth egg broke in with the man's breath.

She couldn't help but raise her head ...

It took a while before he let her go.

Franklin looked at Sylvia's red face in his arms, his gaze deep, his long fingertips gently rubbing her red lips, "Is it good?" Sylvia's ears echoed with the man's seductive voice, and her white neck, even her pink ears, all turned red.

Her eyes were narrowed slightly, and then she glared at Franklin again. "It's early in the morning. Stop messing around."

Franklin clasped his palm around her slender, soft waist and raised his eyebrows. "Don't you think it fun."

Sylvia jumped off his lap, her cool face with a hint of charm, the corners of her eyes and eyebrows tinged with scarlet, like a flower blooming in the morning sun.

Franklin wanted to eat her up immediately.

His throat rolled up and down, his hoarse voice saying, "Don't run away."

Sylvia raised her hand and tapped him on the forehead, "Wake up. We are in the disaster area."

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Just then, Mrs. Wright's voice came from the door, "Franklin, Sibbie?"

"Sis, come in." Sylvia immediately answered and sat down on the small stool next to her.

Then came the sound of the tent being lifted, and she turned her head to see Mrs. Wright approaching in a black cotton jacket and black pants.

"It's cold here, so I brought you a small stove."

Mrs. Wright put the small stove in her hand inside the tent. Then she looked at Sylvia and Franklin with concern on her face, "I heard that you came back after four o'clock last night. It's almost dawn before you get here. Why don't you get some more sleep?"

"We're young and in good spirits." Sylvia smiled and looked at her with a little surprise, "What brings you here? It's dangerous here."

"You're all here. Can I not come? Jenna's here too." Mrs. Wright sighed, "I'm sitting at home uneasily, so I might as well be here offering some help."

"I see." Sylvia started eating again, "Have you eaten yet?"

"Yep. I have to go to the medical center to have a look. Jenna's been helping carry the patients over the past few days. She must be tired." Mrs. Wright was relieved to see that the two people were unharmed and safe.

With that, she headed out the door.

In the medical center, Jenna was working with some village women to lift a patient off a rescue truck.

This patient was fat and she had little strength. Fortunately, there were many people doing this job.

But by the time she carried the patient to the medical center, she was still exhausted and panting.

Vita glanced at Jenna, who was working hard, and there was a glint of grimness in her eyes. 'You just stay here and work hard, I'll go protect Mr. Wright,' she thought.

She dropped the textbook she was holding and slipped out of the medical center and headed for the tent where Brayden was. Brayden couldn't sit still and do nothing. After breakfast, he was about to go out and see if there was anything he could do to help.

As a result, he saw Vita standing in front after opening the tent door.

The man had a cold face, "Is something wrong?"

Vita blinked her eyes pitifully, as if a mist was filling the bottom of her eyes, "Mr. Wright, I know I'm just a girl from the village, but Miss shouldn't bully me like that, right?"

"Oh?" Brayden looked at her with a raised eyebrow, "How did Jenna bully you?"

"She said ... I'm just a village girl, not worthy to come over and take care of you, and told me to get as far away as I could," Vita

said and raised her hand to rub her eyes, looking very sad.

She bit her lip and said stubbornly and with pride, "Mr. Wright, I come here to thank you, and I'll stay away from you now." "Is that so?" Brayden's handsome face revealed no emotions.

Vita saw that Brayden did not reprimand her.

She was secretly pleased with herself, continued to speak up and slander Jenna.

"I was helping out in the medical center with her, and my hands were so sore and tired from lifting the patients, and she thought I wasn't doing a good job, saying I wasn't lifting the patients properly and causing trouble for everyone." The more Vita said, the more aggrieved she became.

"Mr. Wright, I'm sorry ... I shouldn't have said that to you ..."

"Shut your mouth if you know you shouldn't say it." Brayden couldn't listen any longer, and irritation flashed across his eyes.

But for some reason, his head was hurting more and more, and he raised his hand to press his forehead.

All he could feel was the buzzing in his ears, and Vita's voice was like a fly in his ear, making him go crazy.

"Mr. Wright, what's wrong with you?" Vita noticed that Brayden looked in bad condition. She stepped forward and looked at Brayden with her head tilted adoringly.

How can this man look so good-looking with a good family background and decent demeanor?

He was totally different from those smelly boys in the town and village she usually contacted with.

Brayden only felt dizzy and everything before him was shifting around ... He opened his eyes in a daze and looked at the young girl in front of him.

He unconsciously murmured, "Jenna ..."

Suddenly, his whole body fell towards Vita. Seeing this, Vita was happy and immediately hugged him, "Mr. Wright ..."

Jenna just came out of the medical center and ended up looking up and saw Brayden holding Vita tightly in his arms...

Her face went white and she couldn't help but take a few steps backwards, but she tripped over a stone on the ground with a thud and fell to the ground.

A big noise was made.

Brayden looked over and saw Jenna on the ground, and he instantly looked down and saw Vita in his arms looking at him with affection.

His brain buzzed. What was going on?

How could he hold this strange girl?

He pushed Vita away and strode toward Jenna on the floor.

Jenna looked at the tall, handsome man and bit her lip. Shock and panic flitted across her watery eyes flickering.

"You guys ... go on."

Brayden grabbed her hand and pulled her up.

"Jenna, it's not what you think."

"Brayden ... It's time for you to fall in love too. You don't have to explain anything to me," Jenna said, pretending to be relaxed, as she stood up and walked ahead, but her eyes were red.

She walked as fast as she could with her head down, not even bothering to look at the road ahead.

Suddenly, her foot twisted and she fell into the muddy water with a thud.

She was so angry that she punched the ground in anger.

"What are you angry about?"

The man's mellow, low voice rang out from above her head.

She looked up and saw Brayden looking down at her.

Was he following her all the time?

She got even angrier, "Go to your girlfriend and leave me alone."

Hearing her say the words crossly, Brayden, who was worried, suddenly couldn't help laughing, "Jenna, are you jealous?"

Jenna stared at him with big round eyes. This scumbag was nibbling on her mouth while he was in a dream. But he didn't admit it when he woke up.

Not only that, he even held Vita in his arms.

And now he was smiling brightly in front of her. She was so pissed off.

She ... She was not jealous.

She didn't like him!

She liked ...

She suddenly realized that it seemed she had not thought about Aldo for a long time.

Jenna was confused.

She had thought she had a crush on Aldo, but Mrs. Carson shattered her fantasy.

And then there was Cristal, such a perfect and talented woman. She finally woke up from her dream because of it.

What about now?

Why did she feel annoyed when she saw Vita holding Brayden?

And she even felt bitter.

What was going on?

Her heart was pounding so hard that she didn't dare to look into Brayden's smiling eyes.

Undoubtedly, he was a handsome guy with good appearance and a good family background.

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Chapter 499

Mr. And Mrs. Wright were very good to her.

If they knew that she and Brayden suddenly became intimate with each other, would they kill her out like Mrs. Carson did?

Mrs. Wright was so good to her. She couldn't let her down.

Jenna said stubbornly, "You think too much. You are just my brother in my mind." As for ... the kiss in his sleep, she would just think of it as an accident.

But when she thought of Brayden going out with other women in the future, and she could only be the bystander, she was so sad that she wanted to cry.

She held back the sadness in her heart and continued to walk forward, but just after walking a few steps, the drilling pain came from her ankle.

She held on to a tree on the side of the road and looked down at her feet. At that moment, the man suddenly squatted in front of her, "Hold the tree."

With these words, he lifted her right foot, moved nimbly to take off the rain shoes on her foot, looked at her swollen ankle and said, "It's twisted. I guess it's hurt. I don't know if the bone is hurt. We gotta hurry to the medical center."

"Ah..." Jenna felt her body suddenly lift off, and she let out a low cry, subconsciously reaching out and wrapping her arms around Brayden's neck.

She buried her face in the man's broad chest. He actually scooped her up. She was so shy ...

The man strode toward the medical center with her in his arms, unaware that Vita was standing not far from them.

She stared unblinkingly at the scene.

Damn it. Jenna was so cunning to seduce Brayden.

Looking at how Brayden was coaxing Jenna, Vita was fuming with anger.

Her eyes rolled and she headed toward the kitchen.

Mrs. Wright stayed here to help with the cooks when she had time.

Usually, there were a few rural women helping the chef wash vegetables and light the fires. After all, there were many guys eating dinner.

Not only the soldiers and officers who came to support the disaster area, but Sylvia and her team as well as many villagers needed to eat together.

So there were quite a few people working here in the kitchen to help, but most of them were middle-aged women.

The appearance of Vita, a young lady, immediately attracted a lot of people's attention.

She took a pot of vegetables and started to wash them, and one woman said, "Vita, you hurry up and study. You're not needed here. What you should do is to study."

"It doesn't matter. I'd like to help." Vita smiled coyly.

"You're a good girl." Mrs. Wright came over with a pot of greens and glanced at Vita.

She liked girls, but unfortunately she gave birth to a boy.

"Don't flatter me, madam." Vita smiled more

coyly. Mrs. Wright couldn't help but laugh.

She casually asked Vita, "How are you doing in your studies?"

One woman interjected, "Vita was the most talented girl in our village. She came first in every exam! If it hadn't been for this disaster, she would have gotten into a good university in Larro."

"Yes, she is the hope of our village. Alas, I don't know if this disaster will affect her studies."

"Vita, how's your mom doing now? I heard she's still in a coma?"

Another woman asked Vita .

Vita was listening to these women complimenting her.

Suddenly she heard someone ask her about her mother, she was stunned but quickly realized that she had only focused on Brayden in the past two days.

And yet she pretended to say sadly, "My mother was not in very good health, and this time she was buried in the ground for so long. Her brain was lack of oxygen, and hypertension also attacked her... The doctor said that she might be unable to pull through."

Her eyes were red as she spoke, and she looked very worried about her mother. In everyone's eyes, Vita was a filial, well-behaved younggirl.

Mrs. Wright felt a pang in her heart and sympathized with Vita. "Girl, now the city holds an event to support poor students. Why don't you sign up? By then you can go to school in Larro with grants."

Vita's eyes lit up and she looked excited,

"Really?" "She is the mayor's wife. She can't lie

to you." "Yeah, Vita, hurry up and go."

"Mrs. Wright has said so. You should hurry up and go with her?"

Vita had waited so long for this moment. She tried her best to hold back the excitement and said to Mrs. Wright, "Please, ma'am

..."

"It's no big deal. I'd like to help kids like you," Mrs. Wright said as she wiped her hands and stood up, "Let's go."

The two of them had just walked a short distance when a young man came up to them, "Madam, bad news, Miss Jenna has twisted her foot."

"Bowen, what did you say?" Mrs. Wright's face changed, "I'll be right there."

She glanced at Vita, "Excuse me, I have to go check on my daughter. She's hurt."

She looked to the young man again, "Bowen, take her to Cody and sign her up for Assisting Needy Student Program."

"Yes, ma'am." Bowen was Mayor Cody's assistant and usually did some minor tasks.

Vita was so angry that she gritted her teeth. Just twisting the foot! Why was she so nervous?

Damn Jenna. What an eyesore.

'Damn old woman, I'll be your daughter-in-law. See how I'll torture you after I marry your son.'

Vita stared at Mrs. Wright's back and thought wickedly.

Bowen took a look at Vita and frowned, feeling that this girl was not as innocent as she appeared.

Inside the medical center.

Jenna was in so much pain that her face was as white as a sheet, and her pretty face was all in pain.

Her face was twisted because of the pain.

Sylvia gripped her ankle and gave Brayden a wink.

Brayden froze for a moment and hurriedly said to Jenna, "Jenna, my head hurt."

Jenna was startled, not caring about her pain, and looked at him nervously, "Brayden, why do you have a headache again?"

Just as she stared at Brayden, all she heard was a click.

It was the sound made by bones being connected.

All she felt was a sharp pain coming from her ankle, "Ouch..."

Sylvia let go of her ankle and took the gauze and ointment that the nurse brought over.

Looking at Jenna, she said, "Your ankle was dislocated. I just had fixed it in the right position. This is the ointment. I'll help apply it to you, but from now on, you gotta apply it to your wounds every morning and evening. Understand?"

"Got it ..." Jenna whispered, and then looked back at Brayden, "Sylvia, why don't you check Brayden's head? He has a headache."

"Why bother yourself with him? You can't even take good care of yourself." Sylvia raised an eyebrow, her eyes smiling. "He can't stand the pain. Don't worry."

"But ..." Jenna was about to say something else when she saw Mrs. Wright hurrying over to her with anxiety all over her face, "Jenna, how are you?"

Jenna's heart warmed up and she felt warmth through her, "I just twisted it accidentally. You don't have to worry."

Sylvia rubbed the ointment on Jenna, stood up, and then said to Brayden, "Sit here and let me see."

When Brayden sat down, she stretched out her hands to press against Brayden's head.

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Chapter 500

There were no instruments that could be used to clearly examine what was going on with Brayden's head, but Sylvia felt and pressed it.

After pressing it, she took his pulse.

"Master Brayden, it's better for you to go back to Larro." Sylvia looked a little gloomy, "I'm afraid that the smashed area is more serious than I think. There might be blood in your brain."

"Brayden, you go back." Mrs. Wright looked at him worriedly, "Let Jenna go back with you. Your father and I are here. Franklin and the others are here to help. Your health is important. You're my only son. I can't stand losing you."

Brayden looked hesitantly at Mrs. Wright. Sylvia was a great doctor, and he didn't believe what other doctors said, but he had to believe what Sylvia said.

He took a deep breath. His parents were staying in such a dangerous place, while he, as their son, could not contribute or stay by his parents' side.

He had a strong feeling of guilt.

He didn't privately want to leave here.

"The most important body part is the head. If you have problems with your head, what do you expect to do in the future? You're their only son. Just go back." Sylvia lightly tossed him a glance, "I'll have Jaden send you back to Larro."

This matter was decided by Sylvia in a firm manner.

Mrs. Wright gave her a grateful look before looking back at Brayden, "Brayden, I won't be with you. Jenna will take care of you in the hospital."

"Brayden used to take care of my face, and now I take care of his head, as it should be." Jenna's big, bright eyes emerged with a hint of a smile laced with faint loss. "I just don't know if Brayden will be too annoyed with me."

She thought he wanted Vita to accompany him, right?

Mrs. Wright arranged her to go over there, and she wondered if Brayden would want it.

She suppressed the sadness in her heart and hardly dared to look at Brayden's eyes again because she didn't want to see the look of disgust in his eyes.

"She is not suitable to stay here in the first place. It is better for her to go back with me. With her around, you can rest assured, Mom."

Brayden's voice suddenly came to her ears, and the man's familiar voice was like a muffled bell, hitting her heart hard.

She lifted her watery eyes in a daze and looked into his eyes.

Her eyes met the man's deep-set eyes.

What did he say?

He was willing?

But Vita ...

"You ... You don't ..." Jenna mumbled, wanting to say something more, but was interrupted by Brayden's voice, "Don't think too much. What you see with your own eyes is not necessarily true."

Before that, his consciousness was blurred and he took Vita for Jenna.

This was one of the reasons why he chose to go back to Larro after hesitating.

His head seemed to ... get worse.

If he didn't treat it properly, he didn't know what worse changes would occur again in the future.

But, he was afraid that what had happened today would happen again.

Jenna and Brayden left the disaster area in the afternoon.

Along with them left several seriously injured people, who also had to be sent to the large hospital in Larro for treatment.

After sending Brayden and Jenna away, Mrs. Wright spent some time at the entrance to the village and realized how quickly time had passed.

In the blink of an eye, it was evening.

The sky unknowingly became gloomy, some snowflakes with the cold wind actually drifted down.

She paused.

It was still late fall at this time of year, but in the mountain areas, it was already winter.

This was the first snowfall of the year, right?

She couldn't help but raise her hand to take snowflakes. It was so cold that these victims would have to suffer.

Thinking about it, she couldn't help but walk faster towards the tent where Mayor Cody was.

"Ouch!"

Suddenly, a young girl's cry of pain came. Mrs. Wright was surprised to follow the sound, and saw Vita carrying a basket which were filled with some yellowing grass like herbs.

She quickly walked over to Vita and helped her up, "How are you? Did you fall and hurt?"

"I'm okay, thank you, Ma'am." Vita stood up with her help, and hurried to look at the basket on her back, and after finding that those yellow grasses inside did not fall down, she was relieved.

Mrs. Wright was even more curious, "What's in this basket ..."

Vita smiled very gently and shyly, "These are some herbs I picked in the mountains for bruises, they might be useful to send to the medical center."

"You are a good boy." Mrs. Wright was touched to know that this child was good, obedient, and so understanding. Surprisingly, she even went up the mountain to pick herbs.

She was really good.

"It's so cold and you even go pick medicine. Watch your safety, good girl," after saying that, Mrs. Wright left in a hurry.

Vita looked at her back for a moment. Shouldn't Mrs. Wright have sent her to the medical center?

Shouldn't Mrs. Wright have flattered her? Shouldn't what she had done impress Mrs. Wright a lot?

Why did Mrs. Wright just leave?

Just now, she saw Mrs. Wright standing at the intersection. She had arrived here long ago and deliberately did not leave, just waiting for Mrs. Wright to find her.

But Mrs. Wright didn't notice her at all.

She had to fake falling on the ground, with mud all over her body.

It was so dirty!

Depressed, she went to the medical center and put the herbs down.

Then she heard a nurse say, "The herbs can't be used. They're all yellow and withered."

Vita rolled her eyes, ignored her and continued on her way.

Anyway, she didn't really pick the medicine. She did so just to impress Mrs. Wright.

"Master Brayden and Miss Jenna had gone. We lost a helper, and I suddenly miss her very much," A village woman said.

"Yes, Miss Jenna is from the city, but she's not a bit pretentious or spoiled, and she works very hard," another village woman said.

Vita froze.

What?

Master Brayden was gone? How did he leave?

Damn it!

How could she get in touch with Master Brayden if he left?

She was so angry that her chest kept heaving, and she couldn't wait to take it out.

"Hey, Vita, come and help me lift this patient!" Suddenly, the village woman called her.

Vita was annoyed and angry, so she didn't want to offer a hand. She rolled her eyes and looked impatient, "I'm not available now!"

The village woman was stunned, "Why is it so difficult to let you give a hand?"

But Vita had been out of the tent.

She was so angry she was shaking, her fists clenched.

Master Brayden actually left without telling her.

It was way too much!