

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

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"Yeah ..." Sylvia held out her hand towards her, "Lend me your phone ."

The vice president was even more baffled, but unlocked her phone and delivered it to Sylvia's hand. Sylvia opened Twitter on the phone.

Her hands tapped the phone keypad quickly and she returned it to the vice president after a while. "Done."

"Done?" The VP was surprised and surveyed her phone, "What were you doing?"

As soon as the words left her mouth, she heard the prompt tone of new replies of her Twitter feed. She opened Twitter in disbelief, only to see ...

Sylvia used her Twitter account that was certified as the brand's vice president to post a tweet. An eye-catching photo of Honey wearing the dress was also posted.

This was an indirect acknowledgement of the fact that Honey was the first wearer of this dress. And the tweet also said that the dress was too small-sized and unfriendly to plump girls.

Everyone's attention was attracted to Honey instantly. After all ...

Those who were concerned that the first wearer was not Sylvia instantly shifted the focus as well. A good number of people replied.

"I agree. A brand should be developed comprehensively! Dresses for plump ladies should also be designed!" "Well, I suddenly realize how lovely Honey is."

"So jealous of Honey."

So Twitter trends were not only about Honey, the female lead of 'The Beggarly Girl Is A Noble Lady', but also 'Fairy', which recognized Honey as the first wearer.

The netizens clicked on the trending topic and could see the tweet that Sylvia posted on behalf of the vice president. The netizens were livelily discussing, leaving comments and re-posting.

A might uproar was caused.

Not only did it promote the brand, but also the movie ... And Honey gained more popularity. It was a win-win, right?

The vice president of the brand was a bit flabbergasted, "That's it? That easy? The PR department has saved a ton of money ..." "Yeah, that's it." Sylvia smiled with grace and generosity.

She claimed Honey as the female lead, which meant that Sylvia let Honey be the first wearer.

And the brand had approved of Honey, so it meant that the brand didn't mind letting Honey wear it. So those who thought Honey had ruined the brand were all talking nonsense.

It was an indirect attempt to save the brand, and the self-mocking tweet earned itself a lot of favors from netizens. This ...

What a nice try.

"Sylvia, you're great!" Poppy, who had been watching the show behind Sylvia, couldn't help but clap her hands, and her eyes were full of admiration for Sylvia.

She wore a small aqua bustier dress today, with fair skin, beautiful and generous.

Eden was standing beside her, in a silver suit, and the two seemed an eye-catching couple.

Hearing Sylvia talking about the new movie, Eden spoke up a bit apprehensively, "Sylvia, can ... Can you arrange a role for me? I've been learning acting from a teacher lately."

The top idol humbly asking for a role to star in shocked many people present. Eden was the male lead in the movie 'Top Idol's Trash Picking up'!

Did he have to be so humble to act in Sylvia's movie?

Everyone looked at Honey with more envy and jealousy. Being chosen by Sylvia as one of the two female leads. How could she be so lucky?

She offended 'Fairy', but without being banned from the industry, so annoying!

And some people were thinking about one thing. That was, Sylvia brought everything Honey owned currently. So Sylvia was considered one of the best producers, right?

So awesome!

"Eden, remember, you will always be the male lead of my movies," With that said, Sylvia linked her arm in Franklin's arm and smiled at him, "Hubby, let's go inside."

'You will always be the male lead of my movies.'

This sentence echoed in Eden's mind. He still couldn't believe it.

This was to say He was the male lead in 'The Beggarly Girl Is A Noble Lady'?

He clutched Poppy's hand in excitement, "Poppy, it's so great!"

Poppy was a little bit frustrated. Sylvia looked for Honey and Eden, but not for her ...

She was unhappy!

It seemed she didn't work hard enough. She must get into film school and show Sylvia how hard she was working!

Sylvia and Franklin walked hand in hand towards the venue. She snuggled up to the man's tall figure, looking very petite and lovely.

Those who were very curious about the couple could not help but say secretly: So this is how Mrs. Maskelyne and Mr. Maskelyne get along ...

The crowd entered the elevator and stepped into the floor where the auction was held.

Bigwigs from all walks of life have gathered here, and in an atmosphere of harmony, everyone exchanged pleasantries.

Tiffany also came, and she was invited here. Although she did not win any prize in the piano competition, she had some fame and gained a foothold in Larro's piano industry.

What was more, given her grandfather's high status, everyone had to show her some respect.

She was the host of the auction this time. 'So what if Jenna is the winner? She hasn't get any good jobs after that.'

In general, the host of the large auction sponsored by the senior officials should be someone experienced, popular, and able to take control of the situation and liven the atmosphere.

The most important thing was to make sure that all these guests present would pay. That was the key.

If she could use this to impress those senior officials, it would be so great. So she paid a lot of efforts to get this job as the host. After she got it, she began to socialize with all kinds of bigwigs before the auction had yet to officially start. Her beautiful appearance and coquettish tone made her look like a beautiful flower butterfly.

Just then, a small commotion suddenly came from the entrance.

She inadvertently swept a glance and saw the crowd automatically parting and an eye-catching couple walking over. The man was tall and handsome, and the woman was noble and elegant.

Behind the woman there were two matches, each of them shiny and eye-catching. When she saw the familiar face, Tiffany's teeth were gritted.

Sylvia!

This bitch was here too.

And she dressed so beautifully.

Sylvia and Franklin rarely appeared in public in pairs.

This seemed to be their first appearance together in the public place since they announced their relationship as husband and wife.

So ... As soon as they appeared, they immediately attracted everyone's attention.

Even Eden, the top idol, has lost the limelight to them.

As soon as they appeared, the atmosphere of the whole venue immediately turned lively.

After all, Franklin and Sylvia attended together. It meant they truly paid enough respect to those senior officials.

This auction was a must to attend, because the attendees could not only show their loyalty to senior officials but also helped the disaster areas.

Otherwise, the senior officials might have an opinion. So ...

Almost the entire entertainment industry, and all the big names came. They had no other choice.

This was a good opportunity to impress the senior officials.

The previous 'dress' incident was known to many people, and there were some who came early having no idea.

After greeting a few partners of Maskelyne Group, Franklin sat down with Sylvia at the table arranged by the organizer.

Paul and Romeo sat in the row behind them, James and Romeo next to each other. Since the last incident, James and Romeo had been in a deep friendship.

Seeing Sylvia, James grinned towards her and waved towards Sylvia, "Sylvia, Sylvia, I'm here."

Romeo had been feeling guilty since he put Sylvia in danger last time, and the formerly jovial boy seemed a bit shy this time, "Sylvia. Are you okay now?"

At that time he was punished by his brother kneeling for three days and three nights. His knees were swollen, and he could barely get out of bed and walk a week later.

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He wanted to go and apologize to Sylvia in person ... But Sylvia was out of the country again. Now that he saw Sylvia, he couldn't help but feel nervous and guilty at the bottom of his heart. Even his voice was kept extra low. He didn't dare to face Sylvia's disgusted look at him.

He was afraid that ... his goddess would ignore him forever.

"Well, in the future, follow James to practice more martial arts. You're too weak. The training plan of your family is really not as good as the one I set."

Sylvia curled her lips and smiled, looking at the two boys with a hint of warmth in her gaze. "Mr. Maskelyne."

Romeo raised his eyes excitedly. Before he could express his excitement, he heard a delicate voice calling Franklin. Everyone's eyes traveled toward the source of the sound.

Tiffany wore a floor-length dress today. The long dress betrayed her delicate waistline and curvy figure. She swayed and stood in front of Franklin, smiling gracefully.

Sylvia's cold eyes swept a glance at Tiffany. She 'admired' this woman's cheekiness.

Franklin always cold-shouldered her, but when she saw Franklin, she was still able to shamelessly walk up to him and say hello. This ... This cheekiness was absolutely astounding.

"Mrs. Maskelyne, hello." Tiffany acted as if she had never had any conflicts with Sylvia. But Sylvia just gave her a quick glance and ignored her.

Franklin also did not say a word, long legs folded together, elegant and dominating.

After all, it was a public occasion. Being ignored by this arrogant couple, Tiffany was embarrassed.

She said dryly, "Mrs. Maskelyne, Mr. Maskelyne, I'm the host today, so at least give me some face, will you?" She said it with a resigned and whiny voice, as if Franklin and Sylvia had bullied her.

Franklin lifted his handsome face slightly, "Miss Evans, I thought you had totally lost face when I found out you impersonated Sylvia."

Tiffany impersonated his childhood playmate, which made Franklin sick to his stomach just thinking about it. He looked at the venue as if implying something, "There are plenty of men here who want to give you face."

The expression on Tiffany's face became extremely stiff. She didn't expect Franklin would be so disrespectful. If that was the case, then it meant nothing that she had worked so hard to become a host.

She tried so hard just to make Franklin see how good she was.

She was thinking, and once again she cracked a stiff smile. When was about to speak again, Jenna's voice suddenly came from behind her, "Sylvia, Mr. Maskelyne."

'Jenna was really her nemesis. Did she have to come here at this time?'

thought Tiffany. Right after that came Brayden's voice, "Franklin, Auntie Sylvia."

Auntie Sylvia ...

After hearing this, the air at the scene immediately became eerie and quiet. Franklin, in particular, exuded an unapproachable aura around him.

Franklin and Brayden were good

buddies. But Brayden called

Franklin's wife 'auntie' ...

Brayden immediately felt a chill in his neck and couldn't wait to flee away with Jenna. But Jenna twisted her ankle, "Let's sit with them. My feet are a little sore."

The corners of Brayden's mouth pulled slightly into a wry smile, "Yeah ..."

As soon as they sat down, they heard Sylvia's say faintly, "Brayden, come on, let me introduce you, this is your uncle Franklin." Franklin's handsome face was full of approval, and his dark, deep eyes glanced at Sylvia.

His wife did love him.

With an inexplicable joy in his eyes, it was a nice feeling to suddenly become his good buddy's uncle. Brayden admitted that he intentionally called Sylvia 'auntie' in public, just to get at Franklin.

But he never thought that he would be embarrassed by Sylvia

instead. To make him call Franklin, his best buddy since

childhood, 'uncle'?

He might as well be beaten death!

"Nature calls. Excuse me, I'm going to go to the bathroom first," Brayden said, then hurriedly looked at Jenna, and escaped. Franklin curled his lips into a smile and looked at Sylvia beside him with a fiery gaze, "Honey, you're great."

She was so protective of him, making him feel warm and

sweet. He stared at her closely, as if he wanted to

sexually punish her. Today, she was really beautiful and

dazzling.

She flaunted her curvy figure with a white dress. The exquisite, diamond earrings on her earlobes were extremely elegant, with the long earrings tassel set with countless broken diamonds above.

Facing Franklin's fervent eyes, Sylvia lifted her eyes and patted the back of his hand,

"Cool down." And just then, suddenly ... There was another commotion at the entrance of the venue.

Evie yawned and casually looked over, only to see a tall, upright figure with a slender arm in the man's arm. A man and a woman walked towards them.

After seeing the man and the woman clearly, Evie felt her heart thumping. She did not expect ... She did not expect to meet Isaac and Eudora Anto here.

Isaac was so handsome to be ignored. He was standing in the crowd, with the aura of power, his every move noble and elegant. He was accompanied by Eudora, the beautiful and elegant lady. The two looked so wonderful hand in hand.

Evie's heart throbbed.

She was no longer related to the Anto family, nor was she related

to Isaac. Everything had long been drawn to a halt.

She quickly lowered her eyes, and the moment she raised them again she had well concealed her

emotions. But even so, Jasper was still sensitive to the changes in Evie's mood.

What was going on?

Isaac, who was talking to Eudora, inadvertently looked up and saw Sylvia sitting with Franklin not far away, and his heart pounded.

And behind Sylvia was Evie, who had a lovely face. But her eyes didn't

follow him He subconsciously walked over towards the two women.

Eudora frowned and hurried to follow Issac.

"Sylvia." The man's low voice sounded overhead, and Sylvia looked up to see Isaac's

handsome face. A smile appeared in her eyes and she stood up, "Issac, you're here too?"

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She called this strange man so affectionately and intimately.

However, Sylvia's address of him made Issac restore the rationality.

He suppressed the sharp pang in his heart and reached out to rub the top of Sylvia's hair dotingly, without messing up her hair. It was as if he had just seen Evie, "Evie, you didn't say hello when you saw me?"

They hadn't seen each other for months.

It was as if they were still brother and sister as before, but Evie didn't even want to give him a look. There was no sadness in her, only a sense of powerlessness.

'That's it Isaac is not someone you can covet.'

'His fiancée is the young lady of the Anto family, and they will soon hold the engagement.'

'Who are you? You're just an adopted daughter of the Anto Family.'

'A fake lady is in no place to like Isaac? He is like the phoenix in the sky, and you are a piece of shit on the ground.'

When she appeared calm, she did not notice Isaac's face had changed.

"Isaac, long time no see." "Eudora, it's

been a long time."

"Evie, why haven't you come home lately? Dad and Mom miss you so much!" Eudora smiled gently and looked at Evie's Lori

dress, "You still like this style of dress. You look like a child who has not grown up. How can you dress like this on such an

occasion?"

"If you don't have any clothes, I can buy some for you. Don't wear this kind in the future."

Evie looked at Eudora's delicate face expressionlessly, "Thank you for your concern, Eudora. I just like this kind of cheap stuff. I can't help it. After all, I'm just a wild child!"

"Evie? Don't be so rude. Your sister had good intentions." Isaac

frowned and looked at Evie with displeasure.

Same as always ...

He always felt that Eudora was the best one. Evie's

heart was chilled to the bone.

"Isaac.... My stomach suddenly feels a bit uncomfortable." At the moment when Isaac's eyes were fixed on Evie, Eudora

suddenly covered her belly with one hand, as if she was very weak. "Eudora?

Are you not feeling well? Sit down."

Isaac stopped looking at Evie, and all his attention went to Eudora. Then he heard Eudora's coquettish voice, "MaybeIt's our baby kicking me."

She spoke not too loudly, but enough for everyone around to hear her clearly. Evie

clearly didn't want to pay attention to Isaac or Eudora.

But.... Eudora's words just occupied her mind.

She raised her eyes slightly and looked at Eudora and Isaac with a hint of jealousy in her eyes.

Eudora gently nestled in Isaac's arms. When she saw Evie's gaze, the delicate and very weak look faded from her face but shot a provocative look at Evie.

Isaac was embracing Eudora in his arms, so that Eudora could sit comfortably. He

didn't pay attention to the tensions between the two sisters.

Evie watched them hug each other tightly and resisted the urge to pull them away.

Then she turned her head and stopped looking at this disgusting scene.

She was no longer the girl who always ran after Eudora and Isaac.

She would not do anything to tarnish her reputation in such a public place.

Especially ... She was now the CFO of Royal Galaxy Hotel and she had the boss behind her.

The boss and Isaac were in a very good relationship.

It was not worth to lose face for Eudora, a hypocritical woman.

But before she could say anything, she heard Sylvia, who was not far away, glaring at Eudora and sneering, "How hypocritical and disgusting."

It was so hard to tolerate Eudora, that disgusting woman. Eudora looked at Sylvia and said in a vicious voice, "Who are you calling disgusting?"

Sylvia was not bothered with her, but Eudora suddenly pushed Isaac away from her and rushed to Evie to slap her with her hand.

"What do you want? My boss can scold whoever she wants, so who are you to come over and hit me?"

Her wrist was caught in mid-air by Evie and thrown away, Eudora was instantly made to take several steps backwards. The noise on this side instantly attracted the attention of many people.

Everyone looked in shock at Eudora's indecent appearance.

"I heard that Eudora, the young lady, was not in very good health and had been relying on Evie's blood to continue her life."

"Holy shit, I heard Evie was taken back from an orphanage to serve as a blood tank for Eudora."

"Gee, Evie is a little too pathetic."

"But Evie is so gifted. Haven't you seen trending topics about her? She's very strong. She's a martial arts master and a good shooter, and she's a champion, so it's okay to draw a little blood from her, right?"

"Am I the only one whose concern is that Eudora is even pregnant?" "She's carrying Mr. Carr's baby?"

When she heard the whispers around her, Eudora's face went white for a moment, and she was furious. She couldn't wait to slap Evie, the bitch.

Isaac saw Evie push Eudora so hard just now. He somehow felt furious.

Especially seeing Evie's long face, he felt so uncomfortable.

And now he just found the Anto sisters so annoying, not at all as sweet as Sylvia.

When he thought of what Sylvia had just said, he was embarrassed.

But the Anto Family was somewhat useful to him, so he to pretend to be nice with Eudora.

He said to Evie while holding Eudora's waist with one hand, "Can't you be gentle with your sister when she's pregnant? Evie, you're not a child anymore."

Evie was jealous as she watched them stick together.

But even at such a time, she would not choose to bow down!

She looked at Eudora with a cold face, "Eudora, since you're pregnant, you have to protect the child in your belly properly. Don't think you have a talisman just because you're pregnant. I'm not the one who knocked you up, so why are you taking it out on? Next time if you provoke me like that again, maybe I will really kill the bastard in your belly."

Eudora looked at Isaac with a resentful and aggrieved face, her eyes in tears, her voice so whiny that listeners wanted to cut her to death.

"Isaac, my stomach hurts ... Evie has gone so far to call your baby a bastard ..."

'Isn't it just a bastard?'

A touch of sarcasm flashed into Isaac's eyes.

'You? You're not worthy to give birth to my baby?'

But he still pretended to look concerned and slowly put his big hand on Eudora's belly, "Let me massage your belly."

Sylvia found the image in front of her eyes really an eyesore. 'Since when did Isaac have such a bad vision to stay with a woman like Eudora?'

Isaac was like a brother to Sylvia. He had always taken good care of her, and she had always respected Isaac.

There was an inexplicable sense of distance along with respect.

What exactly this feeling was, Sylvia could not tell.

She sometimes disliked the way Isaac looked at her, like a hunter who fixated on his prey.

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But when she had a close look, she would find his eyes were very gentle again. She often wondered if she was feeling wrong.

Sylvia was relieved to see him being with Eudora now.

Evie obviously likes Isaac, but a young girl like Evie could never take control of a man like Isaac. Though Eudora was with him now, maybe one day she would be dumped...

Isaac was definitely not as elegant and charming and gentle as he appeared to be. He was cold-blooded and ruthless.

The last thing Sylvia wanted was for Evie to get hurt in

any way. After seeing Isaac, Franklin felt an

inexplicable sense of crisis. This man was too

dangerous and his aura was too cold.

He couldn't help but reach out and hold Sylvia's

hand. 'Isaac ... You finally showed up.'

Evie felt her eyes sting after seeing Isaac and Eudora being

intimate. It hurt so much.

She thought the pain must have stopped after a

long time. But seeing this scene, she still felt so

painful.

Especially ... the man she had liked since childhood always looked at her with

discontent. She was in so much pain she almost lost her senses.

She stopped looking at Isaac, leaving the two with a stubborn and straight back.

Isaac's hand was still on Eudora's belly, but he couldn't help but frown as he watched

Evie's back. 'This girl is really getting out of line.'

Jasper watched the whole farce.

He swallowed, his intuition telling him that Evie seemed to like Isaac, this terrible man?

What a bad taste. Isaac was a ruthless man. Those who approached him would

die faster! No, he must persuade Evie to not like that kind of man!

He approached Evie and whispered in her ear, his voice soft, "Evie, I'm telling you, Isaac is not a good man. Don't be fooled by his good-looking face."

Evie was wordless.

'What the hell? Is this man going to start nagging again?'

'Sure enough ... Jasper's voice rang again, "He often changed girlfriend, change women simply like clothes, his bed partner countless ... The hell knows if he has any hidden illnesses ..."

Evie stared at Jasper as if she had seen a

ghost. She found ... herself sickened by

Jasper's words.

But there was one thing she must make it clear, "I grew up with him. He's my neighbors. I know very well how many

women he has dated. He has always respected himself. Those are all rumors."

Jasper was speechless!

Sylvia looked lazily at Isaac and Eudora, and then at Evie

and Jasper. "What is it so good about Anto Family?"

She always felt that the relationship between Eudora and Isaac was not so

simple ... The entire auction field was very wide, occupying the entire floor

of the hotel.

Overhead was a large crystal chandelier that shone like starlight.

The floor was all covered with eye-catching red carpet, which was soft to step on.

The tables and chairs seats were extremely neatly arranged, while the auction table was most brightly lit.

The banner that was pulled out on the red curtain behind the auction table shone more and more

conspicuously. Everyone gathered in small groups and talked in whispers, and the whole atmosphere of

the venue was harmonious. Except the air around Sylvia...

Isaac and Eudora were abnormally intimate.

Sylvia always felt that Isaac would not be the kind of man who would put all his reason and emotions into

a woman. She knew best how cruel this man was.

Franklin found Sylvia's attention on Isaac, his eyes narrowed slightly, and his palm clutched Sylvia's hand dominantly,

"Am I not handsome?"

Sylvia was wordless.

The childish side of this man appeared

again. Franklin acted like a three-year-old

child.

She couldn't even look at a man that was like her brother?

She was helpless and amused, "You are the most handsome in the world."

Isaac was feeding Eudora's milk with his hand, and when he heard Sylvia's bantering voice, he paused for a moment, and his eyes were slightly cold.

But soon, his face returned to gentleness, "Drink slowly, no one will take it from you." Eudora snuggled happily in his arms, "Isaac ... You're so good to me."

It was really an eyesore. Evie could no longer stand it. What the hell?

Why was Eudora so hypocritical.

'Isaac, are you blind? Can't you see her fake it at all?'

Eudora was just an Angelic bitch. Well, Evie decided to just ignore Isaac and Eudora. She took a deep breath and decided to go to the bathroom to get some air.

If she stayed here any longer, she was afraid she would throw up her overnight meal.

She crossed the long hallway and was about to turn into the bathroom and pull out a cigarette to lighten the mood. However ... a long, strong palm suddenly stretched out behind her and suddenly snatched away the cigarette she had just lit from her lips.

Evie raised her eyes in surprise, too shocked to speak.

But then, her face changed, her smile polite and detached, "Isaac, why are you grabbing my cigarettes?" Isaac approached step by step, his aura overwhelming, "Evie, why are you so cold to me?"

Evie suddenly did not cling to him like before, so he did not feel very comfortable.

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Evie took steps backwards, feeling tired of faking a smile, and just then a chill ran down her back and she found herself against the wall. The coldness hit her and she was instantly awake. Why should she be afraid of him?

Why? She didn't do anything wrong to this man.

She tilted her head, two pigtailed wiggled, "I am not cold to you. You have a fiancée now. It's not good for me to follow you again like before, right? I have to avoid suspicion. Otherwise ... My father, my mother, and my sister would wanna kill me."

Isaac's lips are slightly curled. He reached out a large hand, propped it against the wall, leaning down slightly, staring at her in silence. Evie's breath held momentarily, but she didn't want to appear too weak.

She forced her composure and stared at the man. Even if her aura was not as strong as his, she did not want to lose. The man's eyes simply made a person feel a great sense of oppression. Evie quietly shrank in place.

After a while, she finally tilted her head, but her voice was still indifferent, "Isaac, I admit, I liked you when I was young. But you don't like me.....So I won't like you anymore. You left your fiancée and came to me, what do you want?"

Looking at the young girl in front of him open and close her small red lips, Isaac only wanted to kiss her hard. He was suddenly very sick of hearing any hard words coming out of her mouth.

He leaned down, to kiss the young girl's red lips!

Just then, from behind a large palm fiercely reached over and tugged hard.

Isaac was thrown off guard, and by the time he had stabilized himself, he found a man standing in front of Evie, blocking his view.

"The master of the Howlett family. Are you tired of being Franklin's lapdog?" Isaac tugged at his lips and stared at Jasper in front of him with a sinister, evil look.

Jasper's usually gentle face showed anger, "Mr. Carr, it's not appropriate to flirt with other girls when you have a fiancée, right?" "Jasper, who do you think you are? Who are you to lecture me here?" Isaac's icy gaze swept over Jasper, and he said to Evie, "Come here!"

Evie in a Loli dress stubbornly stood behind Jasper, her eyes stubbornly indifferent, "Isaac, my boss and I treat you like brothers. When you show me some respect like what you do to my boss, you are worthy of me taking you for a brother."

Evie finished with a glint of determination in her eyes, as if she had suddenly made up her mind.

Her soft small hand fiercely clasped Jasper's hot palm, "And, this is my boyfriend! In the future Please live well with my sister."

Boyfriend?

Isaac's eyes sharpened and his heart ignited with anger. "Good for you, picking the Howlett."

Jasper also stared at Evie with some shock. His body stiffened as he stared down at the large palm that was held tightly in the girl's hand.

His heart was racing and pounding - This was the first time a girl had taken the initiative to hold his hand. The grip was so tight and firm.

His mind went blank for a moment.

He was surprised when Evie suddenly stood on her tiptoes beside him and planted a kiss on his cheek. "Honey, let's go!"

She gave Isaac a provocative look, but clearly she was talking to Jasper.

Isaac restrained himself from wanting to strangle Evie in front of him, watching Evie and Jasper walk hand in hand away from his sight.

"Evie, what a misbehavior!"

He didn't know if he was saying it to himself or ventingHe stood in place for a while before he turned to leave.

Evie held Jasper's hand and walked around the corner before she let go and let out a long breath as her body was pressed against the wall.

Her forehead was covered in fine beads of sweat, and her hands were sweating from the tension. Jasper looked at his suddenly empty palm, and vaguely felt a little empty.

"Just now you were deliberately enraging Mr. Carr, right? It's okay, I know I'm willing to be your cat's pawn."

His words immediately relieved the awkward atmosphere between him and Evie.

Evie straightened up and looked at him fixedly, then lowered her eyes, long eyelashes covering her watery eyes, also hiding the despondency in her eyes.

"I'm sorry I used you earlier."

She couldn't help but take a few more steps back, trying to create some distance between her and Jasper. Since she retreated too quickly, her ankle sprained, but fortunately, Jasper was quick to grab her wrist.

He help stabilize her.

Evie quickly subconsciously shook off Jasper's hand, "Sorry.... I, I didn't mean to fall down."

"You can do whatever you want in front of me ... No need to say sorry. You're just too nervous. That's why you almost fell down."

Jasper looked at her gently, "You are still young, girl. You'll meet some scumbags. Mr. Carr already has a fiancée. It is right for you to draw a line with him. You were very brave just now."

Evie's pupils shrank and she looked at Jasper incredulously. The man reached out and pinned the hair falling from her cheeks behind her ears, with a hint of inexplicable tenderness between his eyebrows, "As long as you need me, you can call me for help whenever you want."

There was amazement in Evie's moist eyes. It was a very simple sentence, but from Jasper's mouth, it was with a touch of inexplicable dominance and tenderness.

It made her heart miss a beat. "No It's not necessary."

Jasper stared at her for a while and Evie couldn't help blushing, "What are you staring at me for?" "You're cute."

Jasper said in one word.

"You're bored!" Evie frowned and pushed the man away and headed inside the auction hall, but she couldn't help but have her ears turn pink.

Evie had just reached the entrance of the venue when the elevator door next to her was opened and a middle-aged couple dressed very elegantly stepped out from inside.

"Brayden, is that you?"

Suddenly the middle-aged noblewoman called out in a trembling voice to Jasper behind her, and Evie couldn't help but turn around and look.

The middle-aged noblewoman looked extremely beautiful and elegant. Seeing Jasper behind Evie, her eyes were filled with shock and longing.

She walked quickly towards Jasper, "Brayden, how have you been? You....When are you coming home?"

But before her hand touched Jasper, it was dodged by Jasper, and the man spoke expressionlessly, "Excuse me, Mrs. Howlett, I have something to do, excuse me."

After saying that, he took Evie's arm and walked inside. Evie was confused.

If she was not mistaken, the couple just now was Mr. and Mrs. Howlett? The Urgford Howlett family enjoyed a high status in Larro.

Mrs. Howlett looked at Jasper's back and resignedly said to Geoff Howlett beside her, "Honey, let's go in." Geoff sighed, "Brayden can't accept me yet."

"As time passes, he will," Mrs. Howlett said, and walked with Geoff in the direction of the venue. There were still a few minutes to go before the Howlett started.

All the guests were almost all seated. Tiffany came in a floor-length gown, holding a white microphone in her hand, looking at the guests in front of her with a smile on her face.

She slowly walked to the auction stage, then looked down at her hand card, and only after reading it did she keep a decent smile and look at all the guest.

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Chapter 516

When she saw Sylvia and Franklin sitting side by side, the smile on her face became stiff and her eyes fell on Sylvia involuntarily.

Sylvia just felt a bad eye on her. She looked up and saw Tiffany standing on the stage.

But soon, Tiffany had hidden negative emotions, with an elegant smile on her lips. "I am honored to be the host of this charity auction today. Next, let's see who are the guests present."

"Franklin, President of Maskelyne Group and SouthStar Airlines. Mr. Davis, Chairman of Crown Techs Group. Zak, the best actor.

Clark Wilson, President of Wilson Group. Isaac, President of Carr Group. Paul, President of Kennedy Group."

Tiffany was the young lady of the Evans family, so she attended such occasions many times.

Although it was the first time to be a host, but she was not timid.

She spoke elegantly and clearly.

Looked she was well done.

Next, she introduced the auction process, and then she began to invite Miss Manners to the stage to display those items put up for auction.

The first one was a very old antique auctioned by Adriel Davis, Chairman of Crown Techs . The

collection value was very good.

So as soon as it was displayed, many business tycoons present scrambled for it. Someone

soon paid five million for it.

Next was a diamond necklace, which was also auctioned off very soon.

Then there was a vase. Many people bade on it, and finally Mrs. Howlett paid 6 million for it. She liked this kind of beautiful porcelain.

Geoff glanced at Jasper, who was not far away, and realized that he and his wife couldn't get Jasper's attention whatever they did.

He stared fixedly at the stage.

It seemed that she looked extremely serious.

Sylvia felt a little bit bored. But since all the money raised in this auction would be donated to the disaster area, she needed to auction something off.

As the time passed, many lots were sold.

When drowsiness overwhelmed Sylvia, a set of handwritten manuscripts of a very famous author was displayed. She

instantly came to life.

This kind of thing was no use for many people. People preferred to collect antiques, antique paintings, jewelry, diamond, jade, etc.

The handwritten manuscript was not very interesting.

"The starting price of this handwritten manuscript is half a million."

Tiffany said elegantly, and as soon as her words left her mouth, Sylvia raised her card, "One million."

Everyone looked at her in shock. It was just a handwritten manuscript. In the eyes of these people, it was just a worthless book. But

Sylvia raised the price by half a million dollars once she offered the price?

Was there any mistake?

"Honey, is this handwritten manuscript worth a lot?" Franklin knitted his brow.

And those who were not interested in this handwritten manuscript before became interested in it since Master Keturah directly added 500, 000.

It seemed to be something good. The thing Master Keturah appreciated must be really good!

So Sylvia watched as the price of this handwritten manuscript, which hadn't received much attention before, soon reaching three million.

Then it was four million, five million ...

Sylvia was so angry that she gritted her teeth.

'What's wrong with these people? What's the point of fighting with her for this book? It's just a book!'

She sighed and simply put down the card, "Impressed. I lose. These people are too rich."

Tiffany saw Sylvia give up and couldn't help but say with sarcasm, "Miss Maskelyne, this is a unique handwritten manuscript. Are you sure you don't want it? Or is ... Mr. Maskelyne unwilling to pay for you?"

Her implication was clear: Franklin doesn't spoil you that much. It's just a book. You want it, but Franklin doesn't offer a price to buy it for you. Just a few million.

Sylvia wrinkled her eyebrows slightly, not going to pay attention to Tiffany. She

didn't bother to sink to Tiffany's level.

The guests couldn't help but start whispering because of Tiffany's words.

"It's not appropriate for the daughter of Evans family to speak ill of guests in this way, is it?"

"Whether Sylvia wants it has nothing to do with her."

Tiffany looked at the guests and instantly sobered up before realizing that she had spoken a bit presumptuously.

A trace of grievance surfaced under her eyes. She looked like she was thinking for others but was misunderstood instead. "Miss

Andrews, I am too worried about you. It's not easy for you to fancy something, but it's bought by someone else."

Sylvia lifted her eyes slightly without any extra expression.

Franklin, who was black-suited, spoke in a cold voice, "Miss Evans, just mind your own business." The

guests couldn't help but sigh for a while.

Tsk-

Tiffany was really embarrassed.

The way he protected his wife made the hearts of many women present pound.

Tiffany's carefully painted eyes traveled sadly and jealously between Franklin and Sylvia.

The handwritten manuscript was eventually auctioned off by a wealthy businessman.

Tiffany originally wanted to put her lot in the finale, because she thought it was worth a lot of money. But

at this moment ... She felt she had to use it to get back the spotlight.

She liked the feeling of standing on high and being looked up to by everyone. Why

should Sylvia steal the attention of everyone after she stole Franklin?

She smiled slightly, as if she wasn't upset by Franklin's words.

Acting still elegantly, she said "Ladies and gentlemen, the following lot is my private collection." "Please

have Miss Manners come on stage."

Hearing it, Miss Manners froze and hurriedly changed the tray in her hand to Tiffany's lot. 'What's the problem with this woman? I

thought the next one was a vase. How did it become her lot?'

But Miss Manners couldn't think much before rushing to the stage.

Sylvia wasn't interested in what Tiffany's lot was.

But as the guests around her let out a gasp, she frowned and looked at the stage, only to see the tray right in the middle.

Inside a black velvet box, a ruby lay quietly.

The ruby was illuminated by the light, emitting a soft haze of light, appearing more and more crystal clear.

A master gemologist on the scene couldn't help but exclaim, "This ruby is rare in the world, especially because there is a leaf carved behind the ruby! The green leaf coupled with the red stone. It's a jewel of rare top quality!"

Tiffany's face flashed with a hint of smugness, but she forced herself to play it cool and slowly said, "This is a ruby that my Evans

family has treasured for many years. It is worth a lot of money. The starting price is five million."

This time she must steal the show at the auction.

It was just a ruby, and Grandpa always took it as a treasure.

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Chapter 517

And Neve paled at the sight of the ruby!

'What's wrong with Tiffany? That ruby belongs to Monica. How can she auction it?' 'If

the old Evans knew about it, Tiffany and I would be doomed.'

Neve stared at Tiffany with anxiety. Tiffany had promised her that she would return the ruby.

Why was it at the auction?

She was so anxious that her throat hurt, but now that the ruby was on the auction table, it was too late for her to stop it. Why

was Tiffany getting more and more out of line? Even this kind of thing could be done by her.

Clare, who had just stepped into the venue, saw the ruby on the stage, his pupils instantly shrank, and he stared incredulously at the

ruby on the stage, which was ... If he was right, it was ... He must get it!

For the first time in his life, the man who was always gentle and elegant shouted loudly in public without regard to his image, "Ten million!"

"Ten million?"

"Five million was added directly?"

"The Hipps family is really rich."

"Holy shit? What's the deal with Master Clare?"

Skyla and Tammy, who were following Clare, stared at the ruby with shock in their eyes. \$10 million!

Buy a broken ruby?

Clare was crazy, right?

"Clare ... That, that's \$10 million. Are you sure you want to buy it? Isn't it just a ruby ..."

Skyla wanted to pretend to be generous with the Hipps family's money. How could Clare use all the money to buy this ruby? Wouldn't it be a shame for her to buy nothing at the auction?

She hurriedly stammered to persuade Clare .

Tammy, receiving a suggestive look from her mother, also hurriedly said, "Yes, Uncle, we can use the money for something more meaningful."

Clare got annoyed when he heard the mother and daughter nagging around him.

He directly ignored them and took a big step onto the auction stage. He looked at the ruby up close, the familiar feeling, the familiar shape, the familiar leaf carving.

It was the ruby only the offspring of the Hipps family deserved to own. And in his generation, only he and his sister could own it. He had one piece, and the other piece went missing along with his sister's disappearance that year.

And now it was here ...

And Skyla, that stupid woman, said it was not worth \$10 million. What did she know!

Tiffany was also shocked, not expecting this ruby to be so valuable, "Mr. Hipps ... Are you sure?" "Ten million." Clare's voice was determined.

"10 million once, 10 million twice, 10 million ..."

Just as Tiffany's voice was about to fall, a cold voice suddenly rang out, "Eleven million." It was Sylvia!

The bigwigs on the scene felt that the ruby was not quite worth \$10 million.

The ruby was so small, just as the size of a small seal. It was worth a few million at most. As

Sylvia's voice rang out, another low male voice rang out, "Twelve million."

Sylvia raised her eyebrows at Isaac, "Isaac, is it good to snatch it from me?"

"Sylvia, I want that ruby too, to see if it's worth a lot." Isaac smiled softly at her, "Anything that interests Sylvia must be good, right?" Sylvia's eyes were sullen a little bit, but she soon laughed, "Yes! This ruby just looked familiar to me, but I couldn't remember where I'd seen it before. So I just wanted to find it out to satisfy curiosity."

"Since you're not interested, why don't you give it to me?" Isaac's handsome face was full of gentle smiles.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and casually dropped the card in her hand, "Of course."

Her almond eyes drifted to Clare not far away, the man in a white, tailored suit, handsome and elegant. The piano prince who came out of the manga.

Clare looked deeply in her and Isaac's direction, then raised his card again "Fifteen million."

Three million was added directly.

This ... The price increase was shocking.

Isaac's eyes were cold, "Mr. Hipps, do you want that ruby so badly?"

"Mr. Carr, I happen to love this ruby to bits." Clare spoke with an expressionless face and a hint of irrelevant determination in her tone.

Skyla's mouth twitched, "Clare ... What's so great about this ruby? Why can't I see it?"

"You don't even know about something special about this ruby?" Clare's eyes swept up to her, "It seems you don't know the Hipps family thoroughly enough."

The more Skyla acted like she didn't know about the ruby, the more disgusted Clare became. He was now almost 100% sure that Skyla was definitely not the Hipps.

This woman, not only impersonated her sister, enjoying the fortune in Maple Castle, but also disgraced the Hipps family everywhere.

This ruby was his sister's belongings, and if Skyla were his sister, she would recognize it. Since this ruby had been worn since childhood, how could Skyla not recognize it?

The fact that she didn't recognize it could only mean one thing.

That was, she was not at all the lost young lady of the Hipps family.

She was also not his sister.

"Uncle, it's not quite worth it to spend such a big price on a ruby, right? If Grandma finds out, will she be angry?"

Tammy also looked at Clare with concern.

Clare was annoyed as he listened to the voices of these two stupid women.

Then he heard Isaac's low, cold voice again, "Sixteen million."

He looked at the ruby on top of the auction table with a cold face, a strong aura diffused from him, and he looked elegant and powerful.

Eudora looked at Isaac with obsession. The legendary Mr. Carr was her fiancé, and her heart pounded whenever she thought of this.

"Twenty million."

Clare spoke directly and coldly, very annoyed with Isaac for barging out and grabbing the ruby from him. This

ruby was vital to the Hipps, but to others, it was just a ruby.

It was much less valuable than the antiques and such.

Everyone stared at Clare in shock, \$20 million for a ruby? Mr.

Hipps was not crazy, right?

They rushed to see the other man, Isaac. Would he continue to add?

Almost everyone stared at him, but saw the man suddenly laugh out elegantly and lowly.

"I heard that ... the offspring of the Hipps family have a ruby with them. Mr. Hipps, you want to buy it so badly. Is it because its owner is the young lady of Hipps family who was once lost?"

Once this statement was made, everyone in the room was instantly stunned. So

the ruby was originally owned by the Hipps family?

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Chapter 518

That was the reason Clare had to buy it?

When she heard Isaac's words, Skyla snapped out of her shock, her face froze, and she stared incredulously at the ruby, which was crystal clear in the light.

Her face was white inch by inch and her heart was pounding.

No ... No, how could that ruby be the property of Hipps family? It belonged to the young lady of Hipps family? How was that possible?

No ... Impossible!

Isaac must have been wrong.

Tammy was also stunned that her mother didn't know about the ruby. What did that mean? Did it mean that her mother was not the young lady of Hipps family?

A terrible thought crept into her mind. Could ...

her mother be an impostor?

That meant that her mother was not the young lady of Hipps family? No, definitely not.

Tammy looked at Skyla with a pale face, biting her lower lip.

Everyone in the room was staring at Clare, trying to get the truth out of him, to know where the ruby came from. Tiffany never thought that a ruby would be auctioned for \$20 million.

What was the secret on Monica?

Mr. Carr said that the ruby was a ruby that only the Hipps family deserved to have ... But

Monica was clearly one of the Evans family.

This ...

Tiffany stood on the auction stage with her head in a tizzy.

Her mind went blank, almost forgetting exactly where she was and what she was doing.

She didn't come to life until Neve rushed up to the stage, grabbed the ruby and said with a pale face, "We're not auctioning off this ruby."

Clare frowned and stared at her closely, "All the lots are signed on, and you regret auctioning it now?" "It's not for sale. She stole this ruby from her grandfather for fun, and it cannot be sold ..."

Neve grasped the ruby in his hand, his face looking terrible.

"Mr. Hipps, this ruby means everything to the old Evans... You can't buy it. You can't buy it."

"The rules of the auction are not up to you Evans family." Clare reached out and grabbed the ruby from Neve's hand, then stared fixedly at her, "Calling once; Calling twice; Sold!"

"No one offers a higher price. It's mine." A hint of dominance surfaced on Clare's ever gentle face as he held the ruby in his palm, and before he could survey the ruby, Neve lunged towards him, trying to snatch it again.

Clare stepped back and dodged her.

Neve lunged, her eyes red, "It doesn't matter if it belonged to your Hipps family or not before, but now it belongs to the Evans family.

Mr. Hipps, please return it."

Clare swept her up with a mocking glance, took out a bank card directly, and swiped it to pay the ruby. Neve and

Tiffany just watched him spend \$20 million!

"Now that I've paid for it, it's mine!" Clare smiled coldly, "I just want to know now why this ruby ended up in your Evans family. Think you deserve it?"

The Hipps family had always done things in a low-profile manner, and this was the first time that Clare, as the heir, had humiliated another family so emotionally in public.

Instantly everyone felt it was an eye-opening experience. Master Clare would also be so excited. It

seemed that this ruby really had an unusual origin.

"Why are our Evans not worthy of it? Clare, don't be too far." Neve

growled angrily.

"Shut up!"

Suddenly!

An old and frail voice rang out from the entrance of the auction hall.

Everyone could not help but look over towards the door, only to see the old Evans wearing a gray suit and being helped by the housekeeper, towards the auction stage.

Seeing the old Evans suddenly appear, Tiffany instantly went pale.

"Grandpa ..."

She just took two steps forward, ready to meet them.

The old Evans raised his hand and slapped her, causing her face to tilt to the side. A

trace of blood seeped from the corner of her lips, Tiffany looking wretched.

Tiffany reached up in humiliation and covered her face, "Grandpa ... You ..."

She looked at the old Evans with tears in her eyes and an incredible glint in her eyes.

She only felt a hot pain in her face. She was slapped by the old Evans in front of so many bigwigs. She really wished the floor would open up and swallow her.

As soon as Neve saw her daughter being beaten, she anxiously held Tiffany who was trembling, then looked angrily at the old Evans, "Dad, let's talk properly. How can you hit Tiffany?"

"Look what a good daughter you've raised!" the old Evans yelled in anger, "This ruby is Monica's personal belongings. I have been carefully treasured it. I thought that I would return it to Sylvia after my death. How dare you steal this ruby and put it up for auction!"

"You are so justified in stealing from others. How despicable you are! I don't have children like you in the Evans family!"

The old Evans was so angry that his chest rose and fell, and he was so furious that he could not wait to strangle Tiffany on the spot.

"Monica, the owner of this ruby is Monica?" Clare stared at the old Evans in shock, "Is Monica the daughter of the Evans family that amazed the whole Larro back then?"

Hearing this name, many of the bigwigs in the audience all widened their eyes in shock.

The Evans family had a talented young daughter called Monica, who was famous in Larro ... But then she disappeared, and then ... they heard that she died.

Since then, the name Monica had never been mentioned in Larro.

Now she was suddenly mentioned. Some older could not help but begin to reminisce, "Back then, Monica is stunningly perfect. She's not only beautiful and elegant, but has a great talent in the piano, chess, calligraphy and painting."

"The entire building of Crown Techs Group was designed for us by Miss Monica back then. The interior was also designed by Miss Monica. She ... is really a genius!"

Adriel couldn't help but sigh, it was a pity she was gone so young! The Evans family was thriving thanks to Monica!

Only Sylvia sat silently in her seat, her calm face betrayed a touch of pallor. Her mother's kind face came into her mind.

She sat there, but it was as if everything around her was far away from her, her eyes and heart were occupied by her mother's face. Suddenly, a warm hand took hold of her cold hand, and the man's magnetic familiar voice rang out with concern, "Why is your hand so cold?"

She woke up like a dream and took a deep breath, "It's nothing. I just miss my mother a little."

At this time, the old Evans looked at Clare with an apologetic face after scolding Neve and Tiffany. "Mr. Hipps, this ruby is my youngest daughter's relic. I hope you can return it to me."

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Chapter 519

"I paid \$20 million, and besides, the ruby was auctioned off by your Evans family to the bidder, and I was the one who paid the high price." Clare rejected the old Evans outright to make him realize the reality.

"Mr. Hipps, You paid \$20 million for it, and I'll pay another \$20 million to buy it back from you, is that okay?"

The old Evans said in a pleading tone.

All the guests looked at this scene. It seemed that the old Evans really loved Monica!

It was just that the Evans family had been going downhill since Monica disappeared.

Tiffany's performance tonight was really a disgrace. The old Evans should be pissed off.

The Evans family had such a child like Tiffany. No wonder it went downhill.

The old Evans gazed anxiously at Clare, and Tiffany and Neve stared nervously at Clare's handsome, calm face.

But Skyla was in a panic. She never thought that Monica, that bitch, would have hidden a ruby, a ruby that belonged to the Hipps family.

If she had known there was one, she should have gotten the ruby long ago.

She wouldn't be in such a passive position now.

Clare was suspicious of her now...

She forced herself to walk up to Clare and said with a stiff smile, "Clare, maybe this ruby is a fake one or ... not the one from our Hipps family. I just remembered, I had a ruby when I was a kid, and then I lost it."

"This ruby was not picked up by that lady from the Evans family, was it?" Tammy heard Skyla's words and immediately reacted, echoing Tammy.

As if the ruby belonged to Skyla.

The old Evans was so furious and glared at them. "What nonsense are you talking about? Ms. Watts, you are in your 40s. How can you talk like that? I'm telling you, this ruby is the personal possession of Monica, the youngest daughter of my Evans family! She has had it with her since she was a child."

"As to why Mr. Hipps had to say that this ruby came from your Hipps family, I'm not sure!"

"But it is indeed my daughter's relic!"

The old Evans spoke word by word. His voice was not very loud, but enough for all present to hear him clearly.

Skyla's face was white and livid. She was just so embarrassed, but she really didn't want to be kicked out of the Hipps family, nor did she want the Hipps family to suspect her identity.

With a heart in her throat, she tolerated the humiliation and said, "Sorry, the old Mr. Evans, I had a ruby when I was a child. Maybe I was wrong. After all, the shapes and colors of those two rubies are quite similar."

She tried to get some face back.

But ...

Clare, however, looked down at the ruby in his palm, which was crystal clear and almost flawless.

In particular, that leaf shape was particularly eye-catching.

"This is the Hipps family's ruby, and I don't know why it's in the custody of the Evans family to this day, but it does belong to the Hipps family."

Clare took a deep breath and said politely to the old Evans, "Although it is owned by your daughter, I do not intend to return it to you. Nor do I intend to sell it to you. If it really is the most valuable relic, it should be kept well."

Clare gripped the ruby tightly and continued.

"However ... It was put up for auction in a very disrespectful manner. It was your Evans family that auctioned it off first and I bought it."

"So, old Mr. Evans, this ruby, I won't return it to you."

The old Evans' face went white for a while, and he didn't expect Clare to be a tough cookie.

His eyes were black for a while, and his voice was trembling, "I ... I am begging you, OK? Sylvia has never seen it ... I originally wanted to give it to Sylvia!"

"Sylvia?" Clare looked a little surprised, "What does this have to do with Miss Andrews?"

"Monica is my little girl. She's Sylvia's real mother!"

The old Evans almost shed tears. "It's her mother's relic. She has yet to see it. Mr. Hipps, since you are determined not to return it to our Evans family, I have a request for you to grant me.""

"What's it? Whatever I can do." Clare was also a bit moved, but no matter where the ruby actually came from, he was 100% sure that it was the Hipps family's ruby.

He didn't know how it got into the hands of the Evans family.

"I hoped Sylvia could take a look at it before you put it away. Is that okay?" the old Evans looked humble, almost imploring.

Seeing an old man like that, Clare was a bit moved.

Clare was not a hard-hearted person. His compassion was aroused.

He walked up to Sylvia's face, "Miss Andrews... Since your grandfather said so, I'll let you take a look at it."

Sylvia had been sitting on the seat. Relics ... her mother's relics.

She heard the argument between the old Evans and Clare and Skyla's weak statement.

She heard the chatter of everyone around her, and she looked at the eyes that gathered on her.

She looked down at the large palm in front of her. In the large palm, a red ruby lay quietly.

The ruby emitted warm glow, like the loving gaze of her mother.

She had not had such a blank mind for a long time, but at this time ... She couldn't help but stretch out her fingers and pick up the ruby, clutching it tightly in her hand as if she were holding her mother's hand.

Her eyes were moist.

'Mom ... Is this the most personal thing you've ever had?'

'Does it still have your residual warmth on it?'

But ... She knew too late. If she had known it at the auction, she would not give it to Clare.

She raised her eyes, her clear almond eyes firmly fixed on Clare's eyes, "Mr. Hipps, sell it to me, no matter how much you want. 100 million? 200 million? It's all right. Whatever you ask."

The woman's clear, cold voice rang out across the auction floor, and everyone stared at her in shock.

How rich must Sylvia be?

She seemed to be talking about something very common when she offered 100 million.

"I'll give whatever you want in exchange for it, Mr. Hipps."

"500 million!"

Suddenly, a magnetic male voice rang out as Sylvia's voice faded.

Everyone was in an uproar! They were so shocked.

Franklin wanted to buy a ruby like this with 500 million! Was he crazy?

"Mr. Hipps, this is my wife's mother's relic. For the sake of the deceased, is 500 million okay?"

Franklin once again spoke up and asked Clare in a softer tone.

500 million!

This was not a small amount.

Just to please Sylvia?

Tiffany stared at Sylvia with envy and jealousy. 'What's so great about her? Is she worth the 500 million Franklin spent for her?'

And almost all the women in the room stared at Sylvia and Franklin in admiration and shock.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 520

Mr. Maskelyne was not only handsome, but also willing to spend millions of dollars for Sylvia.

This ...

Those onlookers instantly felt so jealous of Sylvia.

They wished they could be as lucky as Sylvia to have a husband who was willing to spend 500 million for them!

Clare looked at the loving couple in front of him with mixed feelings.

"Miss Andrews, Mr. Maskelyne, we engaged with each other a few times, and I admire both of you."

He paused, "But ... Sorry, this is owned by my Hipps family and I have to take it back and keep it safe."

After saying that, he pulled out a red thread directly from his collar.

The bottom of that red thread was a ruby pendant.

With slight force, he yanked the pendant off and put it in his palm.

Surprisingly, when two rubies were placed side by side, they were almost identical in terms of the size, or shape ...

Even the color of them, and the carved green leaf were the same!

Anyone could see that they were a pair.

"This is my Hipps family stuff."

Clare sighed, "Back then my sister was lost, separated from the Hipps family, and we later got Ms. Watts back, and had a

paternity test done as well. But she never had the ruby with her."

Skyla's face became white as sheet after hearing Clare call her "Ms. Watts".

Damned Clare! How could he not show her any respect in a public place?

How could he address her in such an indifferent way?

Everyone in the room heard Clare's words clearly.

Skyla only felt her face was slapped hard by an invisible hand.

It was a painful slap.

She hated it so much that she couldn't wait to snatch the ruby that represented the identity of the Hipps family.

But ... She didn't dare, and she couldn't.

Sylvia also stared in shock at the two rubies.

"Wouldn't Monica, the youngest daughter of the Evans family, be the young lady of the Hipps family?"

Suddenly, someone said it.

The atmosphere in the room was instantly tense, and everyone looked at Sylvia suspiciously.

With a long face, the old Evans refuted, "Impossible! Monica is my own daughter. How could she be from the Hipps family? She has that ruby that her mother gave her when she was alive. As for where her mother got it from, after so many years, I have long forgotten."

Sylvia was his granddaughter and would inherit his entire Evans family. No matter what, he couldn't let such an excellent granddaughter become a member of some other family.

The more he thought about it, the more anxious he was, his body shaking, almost unable to stand.

The housekeeper hurried to hold him, "Mr. Evans, your health matters, take care!"

"I have to say, I have to announce this matter in front of everyone; if I don't, I'm afraid I'll never have the chance to say it again!"

The old Evans said, his words disjointed.

He held out his hand towards Sylvia, who was startled, then walked towards him and took his big, old hand.

"I ... declare that as of today, Sylvia will be my heir, inheriting all my properties, all my possessions, and taking charge of the Evans family!"

The old Evans said in an old voice, "In addition to the Evans mansion now left to my three sons, the rest of the property in my name will be passed on to Sylvia's name. All of you, please be a witness!"

"Grandpa! What are you talking about!" Tiffany shouted, "I'm your granddaughter too! Who are you to give Sylvia all your assets? Don't forget she's an Andrew!"

"Dad, the company is usually managed by my husband. Will you give it to Sylvia too? How is that possible? Are you old and confused? Did Sylvia ever take care of you? She doesn't even pay a visit to you."

Neve was also furious. The old man was giving Sylvia all the family property?

How ridiculous!

"My mind is made up and there is no way anyone can make me change my mind." The old Evans sneered and looked at mother and daughter, "You should be glad you still have a place to live. With what you two have done today, it would be light punishment to throw you out of the Evans family!"

"No, it's not possible! My husband and my brothers-in-law would not agree!"

Neve tried to convince the old Evans, "When you were in the hospital, we took care of you every day. We are supposed to get some credit, but you give all the property to that woman. Why are you so cold and heartless?"

"When I was in the hospital, the one who took care of me the most was the nurse, and the one who operated on me was Sylvia! Can you understand the situation? Usually at home, we have maids to take care of us. Which one of you took care of me?"

The old Evans got angrier and simply did not bother to look at them.

He was so angry that he would have fainted if the housekeeper hadn't held him up.

He didn't bother to argue with Neve and Tiffany, since there was no point in doing so.

He turned to Sylvia in front of him, gently holding her hand, "Sylvia ... I am sorry for your mother and you. If I hadn't kicked your mother out of the house that year, she wouldn't have. I should take all the blame!"

When he thought of Monica, he felt a pang of sadness and sourness in his heart.

"... Grandpa." Sylvia never called the old Evans that way, so she felt kind of awkward, "I do not lack of money, I have property in my name, quite a lot. So ... you should keep them for a restful retirement."

She was shocked when she heard the old Evans' decision. While in the hospital, the old Evans said she was an Evans family member.

She didn't feel anything at that time because she didn't have any close feelings for the Evans.

Although she still felt out of place in the Evans family, she was shocked when the old Evans left her all his property.

She was kind of touched.

And she sighed silently.

She couldn't get her mother's relics, and she resented Tiffany, this fool, for stealing the ruby and selling it.

If Tiffany hadn't stolen it, maybe she would have been able to get it without any problems.

But ... Now that Clare had taken it away, she could only suppress the regret in her heart.

There was no use complaining.

This is how things are ... That's the way life is sometimes.

What you miss will eventually be missed, and what is yours will eventually be yours.

"Sylvia ... Without your mother, the Evans family would never have got where it is today. In the future, no matter the companies of the Evans family or the reputation of Evans family, I leave it all to you. I believe in your ability and will do better than your mother."

After the old Evans finished, he looked eagerly at Sylvia, as if waiting for Sylvia to take a stand.

Sylvia looked like she was in trouble, not wanting to take over the Evans family.

Yet just as she hesitated, suddenly the housekeeper exclaimed.

"Mr. Evans!"