

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 521

"Mr. Evans!"

The crowd looked towards the old Evans in surprise, only to see that the old Evans weakened and collapsed the ground.

Franklin was quick to catch his sliding body, "Quick, take him to the hospital!"

The auction room was in chaos.

Some shrieked, some were worried, and some were watching the fun ...

Jasper immediately got up and followed Franklin as he prepared to take the old Evans to the hospital.

Seeing this, Mrs. Howlett and Geoff also hurriedly stood up and followed closely Jasper.

"Jasper, don't walk so fast ... Mom can't keep up with you." Mrs.

Howlett couldn't help but call out from behind Jasper.

Jasper shuddered at the sound of "Mom" and slowly looked back at Mrs. Howlett with a sneer, "I'm sorry, I didn't have a mother when you married Uncle Geoff."

Mrs. Howlett's face turned white, a trace of distress flashing under her eyes, "Jasper... The truth is not what you think. Listen to my explanation, okay?"

After all these years, her son still misunderstood her quite a lot, which made her ashamed so much. "Just pretend you don't have me as your son and live a good life with your little girl, OK?"

Jasper looked at her indifferently, facing her sad face indifferently. "Please don't disturb my life in the future."

"Brayden!" Mrs. Howlett took two steps closer, but Jasper never looked back.

She fell into Geoff's arms in tears, her heart ached, and Geoff sighed and hugged her tightly, "Honey, let's go back first."

"Geoff, what do you want me to tell him about what happened that year! Clearly, It's not our fault!"

With a heartbreaking cry, Mrs. Howlett was assisted by Geoff and stepped into the elevator.

Evie, who was not far away, watched this scene and could not help but be stunned.

The Howlett family business looked very complicated!

In the upper class circle, there were rumors about the affair of the Howlett family. It was said that the eldest master of the Urgford Howlett family married Mrs. Howlett, but after a few years, the eldest master died in a car accident.

After his death, Mrs. Howlett married Geoff, the second eldest master of the Howlett family, who was now at the helm of the Howlett family.

Geoff now had a daughter with Mrs. Howlett, who was a pampered girl.

The son Mrs. Howlett had with her ex-husband had suddenly disappeared.

Evie had no idea that the son of the Howlett family who disappeared was Jasper. What a drama.

She hesitated and did not step into the elevator, and as the doors were about to close, she heard Mrs. Howlett's grieving voice. "He is the rightful master of the Howlett family, but he has to go to Maskelyne family to work as Franklin's assistant and servant. What's on his mind? Does he hate me so much?"

Evie frowned. It seemed Mrs. Howlett didn't know her son at all. Being an assistant wasn't equal to being a servant.

Everyone in Larro knew that Jasper was Franklin's right hand man.

Before, she was still a little sympathetic to Mrs. Howlett, and now she no longer felt so.

And at this time in the hospital, the old Evans was sent directly to the emergency room by the crowd. "Sylvia!

You bitch!" Tiffany rushed towards Sylvia and raised her hand to slap her.

But a strong palm directly grabbed Tiffany's hand and shake it off. Instantly, Tiffany were slammed into the wall. Her face twisted in pain and she looked at Franklin who withdrew his hand in disbelief.

She looked at Franklin with tears in her eyes and at Sylvia, who was being protected by the man, and forced herself to endure the pain in her body and cursed, "It's all because of you, you made Grandpa so sick and hospitalized! How can you still have the face to stay in the hospital."

Once again, Sylvia was amazed by Tiffany's ability to reverse black and white.

She lifted her eyelids, looked at Tiffany who was in a frenzied state, and spoke slowly and carelessly, "Didn't you steal my mother's ruby and auction it off to cause Grandpa's attack?"

Tiffany gritted her teeth and stood up straight, "It's you! It was obviously you, it was you who robbed the Evans family of the property that made Grandpa sick."

"Oh, looks like Miss Evans doesn't have ears!" Sylvia looked at her mockingly. She found Tiffany completely confused about her current status.

She needed to let Tiffany get to know it properly.

"Your grandfather said clearly and plainly on the auction floor that I am the heir and I am now the head of the Evans family. So ... If you want to continue to stay in Evans family properly, you'd better be cautious and behave yourself!"

"You! You! You haven't officially become the family head yet, and you want to put on airs? I'm telling you, no way!" Tiffany stared at Sylvia in exasperation .

The thought that she would have to look at Sylvia's face in the future drove her crazy. She couldn't stand it for a minute.

"Sylvia, you can't bully my daughter. The old Evans is still alive! You're just trying to strut in borrowed plumes! I'm telling you. It's not possible for you to get the Evans family." Neve rushed over and shielded Tiffany behind her as she stared at Sylvia, whose face resembled Monica's.

It was as if she had seen the all-round genius Monica again.

That fear of being dominated by Monica came to her for a second.

She gnashed her teeth in hatred, "Monica! Why did the Evans family still fall into the hands of your daughter!"

Even though she knew Monica was gone, she still had a lot of hate in her heart.

That woman .. was a beast in the eyes of all the Evans.

As long as she was around, everyone in the Evans family was stupid and good for nothing. Why did her daughter come back after all these years!

Her daughter came back and took away the family property that should belong to them. "What's all the noise? Don't you know you can't make noise in the hospital?"

Just then, a nurse approached and called out to Neve in an unpleasant manner, she turned her head and saw Sylvia standing to the side and immediately smiled with respect in her tone, "Dr. Andrews, I remember you're not on duty today."

"My grandfather is in the emergency room." Sylvia nodded in response.

"So that's it, who are these people? It's so rude of them to yell in the hospital, too." The nurse glared at Neve again, "Make a noise again, I will have you thrown out!"

After that, she talked to Sylvia before leaving. Just then, there was a bang.

The door to the emergency room was opened. A nurse rushed out.

She walked quickly towards Sylvia, "Dr. Andrews, hurry up and change your clothes and come take a look, the patient..."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 522

Sylvia frowned, a hint of concern flashed across her clear face, "What's wrong?" She looked at the nurse while striding forward.

As if feeling the gown was not conducive to her walking, she bent over and reached out to tear the skirt of the gown. The length of the gown to the ground was up to her knees.

Under the short dress was her straight and slender legs. As she walked, she turned back to Franklin said, "I'll go over to check." Franklin couldn't help but raise an eyebrow after seeing her fair legs.

Just now Sylvia's movement was so cool and eye-catching.

He touched the chin, and felt upset that so many people had seen his wife's beautiful eye-catching legs.

He couldn't wait to rush up and wrap his own blazer around her beautiful legs, but ... she had gone far away. In the emergency room.

Sylvia, dressed in a sterile gown, stepped in directly with the nurse and went to the first aid table.

"The patient's blood pressure is now plummeting and the heartbeat is slowing down. Dr. Andrews, what do we do now?"

"His fainting could be caused by a brain hemorrhage or cerebral infarction, and he needs a cranial CT or MRI to see if there is a problem. It's also possible caused by a heart attack. I gave him a heart bypass surgery six months ago."

Sylvia said in a cool voice, "Schedule an examination immediately. See the results before proceeding with the protocol. Notify the other brain surgeons, and conduct a consultation."

"Yes!"

One hour later.

In the conference room.

The dean and several brain surgeons were all present.

"He just had a heart bypass six months ago, and now he has a brain infarction, so he has to be operated on as soon as possible."

Sylvia looked at them with a calm face.

The dean hesitated, "A surgery will impair his ability to recover. He's old after all ..."

"Usually heart bypass surgery needs to be done at least three months after the brain attack surgery, which will relatively reduce the risk of the surgery."

The woman still had a calm face.

"I hope his family will agree." The dean sighed, "He's in poor health, and at our age one more day of life is a gain." "Dean ...

Come on, don't say that." Sylvia gave him a reassuring look, "I'll just sign it."

"You?" The dean looked at her in surprise.

"Yes! He's my grandfather," Sylvia said, then stood up and said to all the doctors, "Dr. Remy, Dr. Nur, be my assistants, and the rest of the doctors who want to learn can go into the operating room as well."

Before the dean could recover from his surprise, he saw that Sylvia had stepped out of the conference room.

"How is it possible that Dr. Andrews is the old Evans' granddaughter? How come I didn't know that before?" The dean could not help but murmur. He and the old Evans were close friends.

It was he that asked Sylvia to do the last heart bypass surgery for the old Evans... Really ...

Strange.

He was wondering when he heard his phone vibrate.

He picked it up and saw the latest news tweeted by Twitter.

The charity auction held by senior officials was a success, with many bigwigs contributing a lot of relief money, and then there was the most shocking thing of all.

The Evans family's ruby was put up for auction by the host Tiffany and an intense battle for the ruby happened. Not only that, but the heir to the Evans family ended up being Sylvia.

Sylvia turned out to be the granddaughter of the Evans family.

Dean stood there, dazed ... watching the intense comments from netizens and the criticism against Tiffany, he somehow felt the whole thing was weird.

While Sylvia led several doctors inside the operating room, Neve and Tiffany stood outside the door gnashing their teeth in hatred.

"Bitch, who agreed to let him have surgery!"

"If the surgery is a success, we'll have to endure this drag again." "Why doesn't he just die!" Neve viciously scolded with Tiffany.

All the Evans family members had come over, except Eddie who was still in jail and could not get out. The rest of those who came read the trending news on Twitter.

They began to ask questions.

"What is going on? Why do we have to live in the old mansion? Why don't we have a single possession?" "The old man is too eccentric, isn't he?"

"How can he give Sylvia all his property? Usually we work for the Evans family and end up with nothing?" "Then we will have to become like ordinary workers?"

Neve glared at them with annoyance, "Ask the old Evans! I didn't ask him to give it to Sylvia."

"Tiffany, how unruly you are. Why did you take the ruby to the auction? Your grandfather must be pissed off and fall sick, right?" "No. It was Sylvia who made him sick." Tiffany tried to argue.

"Do you think we are blind or stupid? If something happens to your grandfather, we won't spare you!" Facing the rest Evans, Tiffany was at a loss for words.

Just then, the door of the operating room was suddenly opened. A nervous and anxious nurse pushed the old Evans out.

The old man was lying quietly in a hospital bed with his eyes closed and covered with a white hospital quilt. His hair was scraped and his head was wrapped in snowy gauze bandages.

Pale as a white sheet of paper, the lifeless old man seemed to be a candle in the wind. "Doctor, how is my dad?"

"Doctor, my grandfather, is he okay?"

A group of people flooded over and clamored non-stop.

Sylvia followed the nurses with a few doctors who also came out and saw the nurse and the old Evans being surrounded by the Evans. She coldly scanned the crowd, "Quiet!" There was a

second of stagnation.

Everyone stared at her in shock, with an incredulous gaze.

Some of these people had met Sylvia before, and many more had not. In this moment,

they seemed to see Monica ...

"You.....Why are you here?"

"Monica's back?"

"She's not Monica, but she looks like Monica!"

Sylvia spoke coldly as if she hadn't heard them, "Grandpa needs a good rest and can't be disturbed, now everyone get out of the way!"

Everyone stared at her cold face, and under her powerful, icy aura, they actually unconsciously stepped back. The nurses rushed to push the old Evans toward the ICU.

Sylvia followed immediately, and the doctors did not hesitate to follow her towards the ICU. "What's she so proud of? She just.....inherited the Evans family. Why so arrogant?"

One woman muttered in a low voice.

"She and Monica look so much alike ... If she knows what happened to Monica back then...."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 523

Another person said nervously.

Neve's face darkened and she glared at him viciously, "What happened back then? What happened back then? I'm telling you, all of you, listen up!"

Those of the Evans family were silenced and stared at her in silence.

They used to think that Neve's family would inherit the Evans family! After all, Tiffany was very famous and relatively better than the children of other families.

They were also used to taking orders from Neve.

Neve said word for word, "Monica's pregnancy was accidental and had nothing to do with all of us. She was the one who misbehaved!"

"Her expulsion from the Evans family was an order by Charles, and had nothing to do with us." "If you guys mention anything else about back then, don't blame me for being unkind to you!"

Tiffany pulled Neve's arm and asked her in a small voice, "Mom ... What really happened back then?" Neve kept a tight face, "Nothing."

What happened back then was a secret! With Sylvia's current status and ability, if she knew about it, she would definitely retaliate against them fiercely.

Neve let out a long breath, her face softening a bit, "Don't ask too much of it." Sylvia didn't have to know it either.

If she didn't know, everyone would be safe.

...

In the hotel.

From time to time, Clare took out the ruby he got from the Evans family and looked at it. Looking at the ruby, it was as if he saw his sister from his childhood.

He must figure out what were Skylia and Tammy up to!

And Sylvia... he vaguely expected Sylvia to be his niece. He doubted the old Evans' words actually. He wondered if Monica was really the biological daughter of the Evans family.

He also investigated some things about Monica, who he heard, was very smart and a talented young lady of the Evans family, well known home and abroad.

Back then, Monica was the most excellent lady in Larro, and she was always in the limelight.

This was somewhat similar to his sister, the Hipps family was genetically strong and almost every offspring would have outstanding talent in all areas.

When his sister was just a few years old, she was a great piano player and won a profound award. And Sylvia was also astoundingly great at playing the piano.

Clare sat on the sofa and kept pondering. He always felt that Sylvia was more a Hipps. Just then, a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in."

Clare put away the ruby and spoke up.

The door to the room was pushed open and Skylia stepped in with Tammy.

"Clare, you haven't eaten yet, have you? Tammy and I just came back from the restaurant and brought you a beefsteak and a glass of juice. Do you want to try?"

She looked at Clare with concern, forcing down her own guilt under Clare's bright gaze.

"Thank you." Clare nodded politely and took the beefsteak. He hadn't eaten anything at the auction room and was indeed a little hungry at the moment.

"You eat first. We're going to our room to rest," Skylia said and turned to leave with Tammy.

Clare, who was eating with his head down, didn't notice the wicked looks that mother and daughter were giving each other. After eating, he just felt sleepy, and in a short while, he fell asleep on the couch.

A few minutes later.

Skylia and Tammy entered the room again. Skylia stared at him with malicious eyes, "The medicine Mr. Wilson gave us really worked. He

took it and fell unconscious straight away."

"Mom, are you sure he really brought that thing?" Tammy asked cautiously.

"I have observed that his personal seal is the ruby in his neck. His name is engraved underneath the ruby." Skyla said

smugly, "Just put his private seal on it and find the official seal and stamp it. And we're done!"

Even if she and Tammy were kicked out of the Hipps family, they would at least have a large deal of money to live on. Stamping

Clare's personal seal on top of this document, and then stamping it with the official seal.

Everything was done...

Skyla searched everywhere and finally found the official seal representing the Hipps family inside Clare's briefcase. "Mom ... I'm a little nervous."

Tammy held the seal nervously.

Skyla grabbed it, "What are you afraid of? Just stamp the document with it. Do you still want to live a luxurious life?"

"Once it's stamped. We'll have a large amount of money to spend when the time comes ... We don't have to rely on the Hipps family."

The more Skyla spoke, the more excited she became. With her head down at the document, she stamped it with the seal. When

finishing, she carefully wiped the seal and put it back in its place.

Then she grabbed the contract and dragged Tammy out of Clare's room. In the

hospital.

The old Evans finally came to his senses after a day and a night in a coma.

He slowly opened his eyes and saw the ICU covered with tubes and instruments inside. He thought

for a while before he remembered where he was.

It should be a hospital ...

What was he in the hospital for?

He thought for a while longer... The auction, Tiffany ... And Sylvia. Memories

slowly came to his mind.

He was tired and weak there, feeling the pain in his chest from gasping for air.

There was also a stabbing pain in his head, which made him extremely uncomfortable. Just then, a

figure in a sterile white suit stepped into the ward.

"Grandpa."

The woman's voice was faintly cold but mixed with a hint of concern. "Sylvia..."

the old Evans slowly spoke, his voice old and feeble.

"You had cerebral infarction surgery the day before yesterday. You need to stay in ICU for another day's observation, and if there's nothing wrong, I'll transfer you to a general ward."

Sylvia told the general story, and only then added, "I can't stay here too long, I'll disturb your rest."

The old Evans suddenly reached out, almost with all his strength, and took Sylvia's hand, "Sylvia, you call me Grandpa now, I am really ... so happy, so happy."

When he finished, he dropped his big, pale, old hand feebly. Sylvia

looked at his pale look and sighed silently.

"Sylvia, I beg you. You must inherit the Evans family. If you don't, I won't be able to rest in peace." The old Evans' voice was imploring, and he looked at Sylvia eagerly .

"I've been feeling sorry for your mother all my life. It's my fault. Please ... I am begging you!"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 524

Muddy tears slid down the old Evans' cheeks.

"Can you promise me? I ... I may not really have much time left." The old Evans began to gasp violently, and Sylvia, startled, immediately shrieked out, "Somebody! Hurry up to save the patient!"

As soon as she made a sound, those doctors and nurses outside immediately poured in and rang various instruments together with her.

There was another round of rescues for the old Evans. "He got too

emotional seeing me."

Half an hour later, Sylvia said to everyone, somewhat wearily, "Good work, everyone."

"Dr. Andrews, you've been watching outside the ICU for the past two days. You're quite tired too. You haven't even closed your eyes. Now that he's in a stable status, you should hurry home and rest."

One of the doctors said to Sylvia with concern, "We're here! We'll keep a good eye on him." Sylvia nodded

and dragged her weary body toward her office.

Raising his hand and pushing open the office door, she smelled a fragrance of meal.

Sylvia was stunned and looked at the beautiful food set up at the coffee table, "Franklin? What are you doing here?"

The man wore a black shirt, his long legs elegantly folded. He was holding a laptop computer at this time in dealing with business.

Hearing her surprised voice, the man raised his eyes, his deep eyes fell on her. He closed

the laptop, and his thin lips slightly parted. "Come over for dinner." Sylvia walked over and sat

next to him.

The man reached out and dragged her into his arms, his large palm clasping her thin waist, "You lost a lot of weight." Sylvia slapped

him, "No way. I'm the same weight."

"I can't sleep without you around." Franklin buried his head at her shoulder and took a deep breath; she smelled especially good with the faint smell of disinfectant.

"I'll sleep with you later." Sylvia patted the man's head, and instantly had the illusion that she kept a very clingy puppy. Hearing this,

Franklin curled his lips, "Good."

After the two ate, Franklin took a phone call.

Sylvia went back to the lounge inside the office to rest, and as soon as her tired body got into bed, she closed her eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

Franklin walked in after answering the phone and saw her peaceful sleeping face.

Her previously red and delicate lips were pinkish, her long eyelashes covered her eyelids, and her delicate face looked tired. Franklin really felt sorry for her.

He leaned over and planted a soft kiss on her lips before climbing into the bed. He stretched

his arms to embrace the peacefully sleeping woman into his arms. She was really exhausted

these two days.

When I woke up from a nap, it was after noon.

Sylvia stretched and sat up. Finding herself tired, she frowned, only to feel dizzy. When she

raised her hand, she heard Franklin's mellow, husky voice, "It's hot!" His hand just touched

her face.

Sylvia was stunned, rolled out of bed, and went to find the infrared thermometer.

After a drip sound, she looked at the number on it somewhat helplessly, "39 degrees, I have a fever."

"You got sick from tiredness." Franklin pressed her back into bed, "You rest here while I get the nurse to get you some fever reducers."

Sylvia had a fever and a cold.

She sniffed and swallowed the medicine.

The nurse who came in with Franklin said, "Dr. Andrews, even the strongest body needs a rest, so you should go home instead of staying in the office."

Sylvia nodded, "Please take care of my grandfather." Half an hour

later.

The car pulled up steadily to Townyer Villa.

Just as she pushed through the door, Sylvia noticed Franklin standing in front of her and stiffened. She looked

inside suspiciously and saw a group of uninvited guests.

Dozens of men in black stood behind the sofa in the living room.

There was a man and a woman sitting on the sofa, looking at her and Franklin calmly. "Dad? Mom?"

Franklin's cold eyes swept over the two people and he spoke in a cold voice. "What brings you here?" Tyrell

smiled wickedly, stroking the black cat in his arms, his grim eyes moving from Franklin to Sylvia. His gaze was

really creepy.

"I miss you. Can't I come over to see you?" Mrs. Maskelyne's bewitching eyes stared straight at Sylvia. "TSK. How do you bewitch my son?"

How dare you admit in front of everyone that you are my son's wife."

As Mrs. Maskelyne's sneering voice rang out, Franklin looked unhappy, "Mom, Sylvia didn't do anything wrong."

"So you mean that it's me and your dad who are at fault?" Mrs. Maskelyne raised her eyebrows, "Your two sisters really died miserably! My

Taryn! My Makena ... If they know you become like this, they will be really heartbroken!"

Franklin's face changed, "Mom, is it funny to talk like that?"

"Can't I talk about my daughter?" Mrs. Maskelyne laughed. The sharp laugh sent a chill down her back. "Both of my daughters died because of you, and you get to live in this world unburdened and guilt-free."

"What did our Maskelyne family ever do to you? Why did we bring up an ungrateful bastard like you?"

"You owe a debt of gratitude to our Maskelyne family! Break up with her immediately and we will remain a family that loves each other."

"If you say no, don't blame me for showing no mercy to you! Didn't you learn your lesson from my men in the disaster area? And you two got carried away?"

"You shamelessly admit you have your men assassinate your adopted son. I'm so impressed." Franklin

tightened his grip on Sylvia's hand, and this time, he didn't want to let go of it.

He wanted to be with her.

"Who made you misbehave?" Tyrell's hand gently stroked the fur of the black cat, whose green eyes looked dark and frightening. Sylvia was surprisingly calm when she saw this cheeky couple again. Standing right next to Franklin, she heard their voices.

She curled her lips into a cold, disdainful smile.

"My life is up to me. You two are in no place to control my life! So, you'd better save your energy."

"I would like to be with Franklin because we love each other, not because of anything else. So ... What do you guys think it will take to keep us apart? Feel free to try."

Sylvia said, a mocking look falling on Mrs. Maskelyne's face, "What do you say? Loser."

Mrs. Maskelyne's face suddenly darkened. The last time when she fought with Sylvia in the hospital, her martial arts skills were no match for Sylvia. This was a fact.

That was her shame, and now Sylvia was bringing it up for ridicule.

Her heart was filled with hatred and her cold gaze was fixed on Sylvia, "Bitch! Somebody! Smash her face!"

As soon as the words left her mouth, the group of black-clad men behind her pounced like wolves toward Sylvia and Franklin. Sylvia stepped back and create some distance between herself and Franklin.

She was about to fight when Franklin suddenly stepped in front of her, reaching out and catching the nearest black-clad man.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 525

She watched the man fight with several men in black smoothly. Then

he ducked to avoid the attack of a man in black.

And with a swift movement, he carried a vase on the basement door and thumped it at the man. The vase cracked. The black-clad man's head bleed.

Sylvia, who was not weak, kicked a man in black straight at Tyrell! Tyrell was startled and scrambled to his feet to dodge.

The man in black thumped heavily on the couch. Mrs.

Maskelyne sneered and joined the fray.

However, she overlooked Sylvia's strengths.

She thought she could catch Sylvia because she had more helpers, but forgot that Franklin was extremely powerful.

If he were to have an attack and mania seized up, he might lose his mind and then Sylvia would be left alone for the fight.

However, to Mrs. Maskelyne's surprise, even though she had stimulated Franklin this time, Franklin did not have a seizure. His face was sullen and cold, with a touch of coldness.

The strokes were deadly, and the punches were to the bone. The

group of black-clad men were no match for him.

He deserved to be the patriarch of the Ryan family.

Tyrell held the black cat and glared at him angrily, "Franklin, you bastard, how dare you do this to your mother and me." "How dare you fight!"

"You've gone too far!"

"Don't touch Sylvia! She's my bottom line." Franklin threw the last black-clad man straight to Tyrell's feet with a thud, and Tyrell's face grew harder and harder.

He stared at Franklin with a deadly stare, "What's your problem? How dare you do this to us."

"We the Maskelyne family brought you up with so much efforts, and is this how you repay us?" Mrs. Maskelyne also roared in anger.

The moment she made the sound, she was hit by Sylvia's slap again.

She couldn't help but take several steps backward before stabilizing her body. "What else would you do but morally kidnap Franklin?"

Sylvia raised an eyebrow at her, "Can't you guys have some fresh tricks?"

Tyrell dropped the black cat and held a contract out directly, "Sign this. We'll go." "What

is this?" Franklin had a chilling look in his eyes.

"The authority transfer contract of the Maskelyne Group and the SouthStar Airlines." Tyrell smiled wickedly, "Just give them all to me and I'll be sure to run them properly for you."

"When Grandpa passed away, he distributed the property and gave you and Mom shares. You still want the whole group? You guys can sell your shares if you are short of money." Franklin said coldly.

These two greedy middle-aged people were simply disgusting.

If it weren't for the fact that he was the adopted son of the Maskelyne family, he would really want to cut ties with them. "Don't you forget, we're the real Maskelynes, you? You're just an adopted son."

Mrs. Maskelyne said with disdain and contempt, "It is the Maskelyne family that gives you everything."

"That's why it's even more important for me to guard Maskelyne Group and guard SouthStar Airlines for my grandfather." "You ask for it."

Tyrell didn't bother to talk to Franklin anymore and pulled Mrs. Maskelyne up, "Let's go first."

"Franklin, wait, we won't spare you." Mrs. Maskelyne walked away without forgetting to threaten Franklin and Sylvia. The group of black-clad men hurriedly got up from the ground humming and hurried to follow.

Sylvia let out a long breath as she heard the door to the villa being slam shut. "You seem to be fully recovered from your illness."

'Mr. Henderson does have a couple of tricks up his sleeve.'

In the past, Franklin would have had an attack if he had been stimulated in this way. But now, he just looked a little pale.

Franklin didn't expect Sylvia to be concerned about his status.

His heart warmed and he couldn't help but take her into his arms, "What a fool." In the hospital.

Tiffany and Neve stepped out of the elevator together with some fruit and some daily necessities. The old Evans had been transferred to the general ward.

Mother and daughter headed towards the ward.

And at that moment in the ward, the nurses were feeding the old Evans porridge. Now he could only eat something light in his condition.

Neve put down the lunch box and looked at the bowl of porridge with disgust, "Dad, I've brought you chicken soup. Have some. It's good for your health."

"Ma'am, the old Evans is very weak right now, and Dr. Andrews has told him not to eat something greasy." The nurse reminded Neve in a low voice.

Neve changed color and rolled her eyes towards the ceiling, "When will he recover without eating nutritious food? What is Sylvia doing? I think she's doing it on purpose. She doesn't want the old Evans to recover!"

The nurse looked like in trouble, "That's what Dr. Andrews told me. Or, if you don't believe me, you can ask her yourself."

"Is that your attitude? You'll be so fired!" Tiffany was furious at the fact that the caregiver was only obedient to Sylvia in every way.

"I hired the caregiver. Who dares to fire her!"

Suddenly, Neve and Tiffany subconsciously looked over and saw Sylvia in a white lab coat standing at the door of the ward. She looked slender and tall in a loose white coat, and her disposition was impressive.

Neve said reluctantly, "I just want the old Evans to recover as soon as possible health, so I might sound a little offensive. Don't take it personally."

No matter how unconvinced she was, how unhappy she was, she had to pretend to be nice in the presence of the old Evans.

"Sylvia..." the old Evans held out his hand towards Sylvia, who hesitated for a moment, but walked over, "Grandpa."

"I don't have many days left. If you still refused to inherit my property, then I'll just die now!" With

that, the old Evans reached for the instrument on the side, ready to turn it off. "Grandpa ... Don't ..." Sylvia hurried to grab his hand, "Don't be impulsive."

The old Evans' hand was still on the instrument, holding down the switch with force, "If you don't agree, I'll turn off this instrument now, and I won't receive any treatment. I'll just die."

"Grandpa, why do you have to threaten me?" Sylvia sighed, "I don't have much affection with the Evans family. I grew up in the countryside. I have no obligation or responsibility for the Evans family. There are so many descendants who want to inherit the Evans family, why do you have to pick me?"

"Only you deserve to be the heir ... All of them are losers, only squander money. If I let them take over the Evans family, it will disappear from the world!"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 526

The old Evans was not stupid at all. None of those few descendants of the Evans family were competent enough to take over the Evans Group.

Tiffany in particular, how he had hoped for her in the beginning, and how desperate he was now. He was so blind to think that she was the child who could inherit the Evans family.

Now, he really realized this child that he brought up was a flop. The things she did really disappointed him to the core.

In particular, she stole the ruby and auctioned it off a few days ago, so the old Evans never wanted to see her again in his life. So...

At this moment, even though Tiffany peeled apples and poured him attentively, he didn't give a damn about it.

"Grandpa, are you really going to give the Evans family to Sylvia?" Tiffany said sadly and painfully, "She does not want it at all, you might as well..."

"No way! Not in your lifetime." the old Evans interrupted Tiffany, "I will only give the Evans family to Sylvia, and no one else will ever get the Evans family."

With that, he looked at Sylvia again, "Sylvia, are you sure you don't want it?"

Sylvia's heart fluttered. Looking at the old Evans' pale hand still pressing on the instrument's switch, she finally sighed resignedly, "OK."

Hearing her finally say yes, the old Evans couldn't help showed a smile of relief. He drank some porridge. He was very tired.

So, it didn't take him long to fall asleep again.

Sylvia told the caregiver to take good care of the old Evans and turned around to leave.

Tiffany was furious and followed her, "Don't be smug because you're the head of the family. I tell you, no one approve of you. You just get the title. You'll ..."

"Are you finished?" Sylvia looked at her with an icy expression. There was no emotion in her eyes.

"Eh--" Tiffany froze and stared at Sylvia in a daze. Sylvia's aura of power somehow made her unable to utter a word. "Shut up when you're done." Sylvia glanced at her with a cold and dry look and walked straight towards the office.

Tiffany stood in place, looking at her back with anger and rage. Why was she afraid of Sylvia?

She didn't want to admit that she was overwhelmed by Sylvia's aura. Sylvia returned to the office only to find Franklin there again.

He was sitting on the sofa reading a newspaper, his quiet side perfect. His polished face showed coldness.

His dark, deep eyes glistened with a seductive luster. His thick eyebrows, straight nose, and stunning lips showed that he was noble and elegant.

He wore a black shirt, the sleeves were pulled up to betray his sexy, strong arm. "Why are you here again?"

Sylvia raised her eyebrows and looked at Franklin who was sitting there, "Are you so idle?" "Can't I come over to see my wife?" The man smiled, his lips curved into an attractive smile.

"Of course you can." Sylvia couldn't do anything about him, and walked over, only to see several plates of fresh fruit on the coffee table. Did this man come here to deliver fruit?

Franklin picked up a cherry and brought it to Sylvia's lips. She was stunned and opened her mouth to swallow it when she heard the man's voice ringing out, "All the money for disaster relief has been allocated to the disaster area, and the Wilson philanthropic foundation has contributed five million."

The cherry juice was fresh in her mouth and Sylvia said as she ate, "Clark is so generous?"

"This is a task from the senior officials. He has no guts to say no." Franklin's lips curled up in a hint of mockery. Since Clark dared to ruin Sylvia's Royal Galaxy Hotel, he would find a way to destroy everything Clark owned! A meaningful look flashed into the man's eyes, but it quickly faded.

Sylvia casually turned on the TV, which was showing entertainment news.

"Angel, the web celeb, officially gets into the Wilson Entertainment owned by Wilson Group and becomes its first signed artist. Mr. Wilson, may I ask why you're so optimistic about Angel?"

Clark, dressed in a black suit, sat on the sofa with a cold face and a touch of rejection on his feminine, handsome face.

"Angel is a very hardworking girl and I found the toughness in her, which was perfect for the entertainment industry, and I believe Maskelyne Entertainment can make Angel a national idol."

"Mr. Wilson made a really good point." The moderator passed the microphone back to Angel, "What do you think of being called little Sylvia?"

Angel, with similar makeup to Sylvia, wearing a snow-white dress, looked innocent and glamorous, but at the age of 18 or 19 years old.

But probably because she had been a web celeb for years, she was not timid at all.

"Sylvia has always been my idol. I admire her very much and love her. Being called little Sylvia, I feel very honored and happy. But I believe that one day my fame will surpass hers and I will stand higher than her."

Franklin stared unhappily at Clark and Angel on the TV.

"Angel does look similar to Sylvia in facial features. If it's late at night, or in a dark place, it is hard to distinguish between you just by looking at the silhouette."

Sylvia raised her eyebrows and looked at Angel.

She curled her lips and smiled, "Clark's tactics are getting nastier. He finds someone similar to me to disgust me. If Angel does something unpleasant, I might be the scapegoat."

"That's a good point."

Franklin nodded, "Looks like we'll have to find a way to get Angel to ..."

"Not yet." Sylvia stared at the TV with cold eyes, "Let's see what Clark is up to his sleeves."

And at this time the bullet comments were about some criticism against Angel, "Angel blatantly provoked Sylvia! How dared she!" "TSK, is she waiting for me to make a response, so that she could use publicity stunts to hype up and criticize me as a petty woman?"

Sylvia chuckled and shook her head, "I don't bother with this sort of clown." She was now very famous and had countless fans.

It was not surprising that there was someone who looked like her.

Many newcomers in the entertainment industry liked to gain fame in this way. This kind of publicity stunts were common.

But not everyone could gain fame in this way.

"Honey, let's watch a movie." Franklin didn't want Sylvia to be bothered by these annoyances anymore, "Let's go." Next to the study was a family theater that was well decorated.

Franklin carried Sylvia straight to the sofa and the room was decorated in a very cozy way. The man turned on all the devices, "What do you want to see?"

"Anything." Sylvia yawned. It turned out...

Franklin chose a romantic movie.

Many intimate kissing scenes were in this movie, so Sylvia could not help but blush when watching it.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 527

She thought Franklin would choose an action movie, or a documentary. She didn't expect that he chose a romantic movie.

She was a little embarrassed.

As they were watching ... She then felt that the atmosphere inside this room was so flirtatious that her face couldn't help but start to blush. But Franklin beside her suddenly pressed her into his arms and his eyes fell on her face, "Honey... Let's kiss each other too, OK?"

Before Sylvia came to herself, his lips had been against her ... Early the next morning.

Sylvia hadn't even gotten up when she received a call from the PR director of Brand X. "Dear Ms. X, are you able to come to the brand's anniversary celebration today? The president wants you to show up and hold down the fort for the brand."

Sylvia smiled, "I've never been asked to attend anniversary events in the past, so why this year?"

"The main thing is that the brand has signed a few new models this year, and a few stars from our partners appear and will walk a runway show. If the designer is not there, I am afraid there may be an awkward silence on the stage."

The PR director was careful with these words.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow when she heard that. She was quiet for a moment then said, "Okay, I will be there, just not as a designer, but as Sylvia. Understand?"

"Okay, fine, as long as you can come."

After the PR director finished speaking, he hung up the phone in a hurry.

Sylvia was now famous and praised by senior officials several times for helping a lot in the disaster area.

She was not only designer X, but a famous kind-hearted woman who contributed a lot to disaster relief, and thus many people attended the event to see her.

3:00 PM.

Sylvia and Evie drove to Darlene's studio together, and as soon as they arrived, they heard Angel's news on the studio TV. Evie was very unhappy to hear that.

"Boss, do we have to keep indulging this woman called Angel? It's too much. She keeps hyping that she looks like you to gain popularity. She's so shameless."

"Now she doesn't do any harm to me." Sylvia looked cold, "When she does, I'll teach her a lesson. Now what she does is not a big deal. If I do something against her. Others will just think I'm petty."

"But it's so unpleasant to look at her. You're unique in the world. No matter how much she looks like you, she's a fake!" Evie said indignantly. She hated that woman called Angel. Her last name

was also Andrew.

So disgusting!

"Forget it. She didn't do anything to cross the line."

Sylvia walked inside Darlene's studio, saying, "We'll wait until she does, and then we'll make our move." Evie nodded.

She believed in her boss.

Her boss was awesome and tough. As long as someone dared to pick on her, she would strike a heavy blow to that guy.

When she arrived at Darlene's studio, Sylvia looked at Darlene, who was having a meeting with her staff, and said, "Is my dress ready?" Darlene curled her lips and glanced at the time, "You are the big designer of X Group. You came to ask me for a dress? Are you kidding."

"TSK, it's just a dress. I can wear whatever I want." Sylvia's voice was cool and sounded dominating.

Darlene picked up a gown directly from the hanger, "Here you go." Sylvia took one look at the dress, "Nice style. Swipe my card!"

Darlene pouted, "What are you doing? You're the sponsor of my studio. When have I taken your money every time you took my clothes? You're just giving me a slap in the face by giving me money?"

Evie couldn't help but yawn, she didn't get much sleep last night, "Come on, don't be ridiculous, the anniversary is about to start." X Group's anniversary celebration started at 7 PM, but Sylvia arrived at 6 PM.

X had always been a top-tier domestic brand.

And on its anniversary, activities would be held, a bunch of stars would be invited, and some famous models would also be there for the opening and closing show.

They all wore all the new clothes designed by X Group.

As soon as Sylvia arrived, the PR director rushed over, "Miss Andrews, Miss Andrews." "Eh?" Sylvia

raised an eyebrow at him, "What's the hurry? Something wrong?"

"Here's the deal..... Mr. Carr wants to ask you to walk the opening show, is it okay?" The PR director looked at her cautiously and thirstily. Sylvia had a pretty face and a curvy figure, especially since she was about 175, which might be a bit short in comparison to professional models.

But compared to ordinary girls, she was still quite tall. Also, she appeared to be cool and aloof.

She was a supermodel material.

The models for the show were all very impressive, so why bothered Sylvia to walk the opening show?

"Miss Andrews, Mr. Carr said that five million will be donated to the disaster area tonight, so it means a lot for you to walk the opening show." The PR director continued.

"But how come Issac didn't tell me anything?" Sylvia frowned.

The X Group was founded by Isaac. Run by him, it had grown and prospered to where it was today. But Isaac didn't say a word about it.

She learned it from this PR director. She smelt fishy.

"How about ... you call Mr. Carr yourself?" The PR director glanced at Sylvia.

Sylvia shook her head. It was no biggie. There was no need to confirm it with Isaac. "Forget it, it's just a show." Sylvia said indifferently.

"Then, if you are too timid to walk on stage, tell the director of the show right away, so he can help you reset your mind." The PR director said as if he was not quite at ease.

Evie looked at the PR director's uneasy look and couldn't help but snicker, "My boss has attended so many large occasions. It's just a show. She won't be afraid."

The PR director said to himself. 'After all, Sylvia is a newcomer with little experience.... How can she be compared with professional models?'

But he didn't dare to say it out.

Clearly, Mr. Carr and Sylvia were on good terms, so the PR director dared not offend Sylvia. The other models were looking at Sylvia like a joke.

Others are whispering, "She is just a web celeb and gains some popularity when offering a hand to the disaster area." "We're professional models who have won awards. What is she?"

"Yeah, Teun, and she stole your opening show! That's too much. We all went through a bunch of auditions to get our chance." "What gives her the right to steal our thunder?"

"Forget it. She has a strong background. She is Mrs. Maskelyne and on good terms with Mr. Carr.. "

Hearing the mockery of those female models, Evie was so angry that she wanted to go over and slap them all.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 528

But ... She held back the urge.

Sylvia now had a positive image. If there was any negative news, Sylvia's reputation would be tarnished.

Sylvia took one look at Evie's angry face and couldn't help but laugh, "What's the point of taking care of them? We are not professional models. Since Issac asked me to walk a runway show I'll help him out."

"What's more, for models, the opening show is important, and if anyone gets it, that's an honor. It's normal for them to be upset that I stole it away."

Sylvia, after all, was a designer and knew the rules of this industry very well. Evie glared at the female models again and said nothing more.

Just then ... Suddenly, a man stepped into the backstage with a very young girl. Angel

saw Sylvia, and a flash of shock flashed through her eyes.

Sylvia also saw Angel and they looked at each other. There

was a hint of eeriness running through the air. With just one

glance, Sylvia averted her eyes.

Angel's agent was poached by Clark from other companies at great expense and had great business skills. The ability to get acting jobs was naturally out of the question.

Angel was as tall as Sylvia, and most importantly, she was young. Being young

in the entertainment industry means unlimited possibilities.

"Miss Andrews, please change into the new outfit for the runway, which is one of the main models designed by our group's famous Designer X."

At that moment, a female staff member came up to Sylvia and said. Sylvia

nodded, "OK."

Angel's agent was excited, suddenly approached Sylvia and blocked Sylvia's way. "Miss Andrews, you're just a web celeb, I advise you to not show up in such places."

"It's best for you to give the opportunity to Angel, who after all is the real star of the entertainment industry." "You're just a web celeb!"

The agent half-smiled with a hint of mockery under his eyes. Was this an open and direct confrontation with Sylvia?

Everyone looked at the scene as if they were watching a show.

Sylvia was impassive, "Mister, I'm really sorry, I know you are under is a lot of pressure working the entertainment industry, but ... it doesn't mean I have to give my chance to a fake."

"Sylvia, don't you think you're very hypocritical? We show you respect just because you're Mrs. Maskelyne. Don't you know it?" The agent folded his arms, and his words were clearly humiliating and mocking.

Now that he had the Wilson Group back him up, he was not afraid of Sylvia. And he deliberately said it out loud, so that everyone heard his words.

Gee, Wilson Entertainment's agent humiliated Sylvia in public?

"Don't you think you're ugly for being a bully? Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?" Sylvia glanced at him coldly. The agent was being stared at by Sylvia's sharp eyes, and suddenly he felt chilly.

The models, make-up artists, who were watching the show, expected to see Sylvia being slapped in the face. But

Sylvia directly counterattacked the agent.

Sylvia didn't want to waste her time on these insignificant people.

She went straight to the fitting room and started to change her clothes. When the

change was done, everyone was shocked.

These models in the room all had good figures and whatever they wore, they looked stunning

However ... Sylvia had a noble aura, with her impeccably bright face, the staff couldn't help but look at her with amazement in their eyes.

Especially this main theme of Ms. X's new designed clothes was gradient change. The gradient starry dress with the bottom of the dress dark blue and green gradient betrayed her perfect body.

Her fair skin was shining under the light.

Before, people only know that Sylvia was a beautiful and popular internet celebrity on Twitter ... But they

only saw her through photos and videos.

And now they saw her and grace with their own eyes, a beauty beyond words. She was

perfect!

The kind of aura she had was not inferior to that of any supermodels present!

She seemed to immediately blend in with the starry skirt, setting each other off and being beautiful together.

Looking at the shocked eyes of these people in front of her, Sylvia glanced at them with a cool expression, and her tone was devoid of any emotion, "Angel? You hypes you look like me, right? How about we compete on the stage?"

Angel's agent's face darkened at once.

The dress on Angel's body was also designed by Designer X, but Angel failed to look good in her dress. Moreover, she was like a child who stole the adult's clothes.

She made the dress look cheap!

Even though she was as tall as Sylvia, she was no match for Sylvia. Evie

grinned with a raised eyebrow.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. No wonder you are a fake!"

In the arena, Franklin was sitting in the guest seat, his long legs folded together, while swiping his tablet computer for the stock market analysis.

Then he heard Jasper whisper to him.

He raised his eyes to the stage and couldn't help but frown. "Angel

provoked Sylvia?"

"Yes, Evie just sent a message to me on Facebook." Jasper hurriedly took out his phone to show Franklin the chat log. "Clark is really outrageous." Franklin had a cruel glint under his eyes, "Start our plan."

His stern eyes narrowed slightly, "Let's get the disgusting fake out of my wife's face, lest my wife is disgusted." "Yes, Master Franklin."

Jasper bowed his head and immediately answered, walked out of the venue and went to arrange the matter. Angel and her agent were completely unaware of the impending danger they were in.

They thought they could do whatever they wanted with Clark as a backer, but they did not know Sylvia had a stronger backer.

They had seen a lot of nastiness in the circle, and they thought that the Maskelyne family was just like any other rich family, and Franklin and Sylvia just pretended to love each other deeply.

They thought Franklin would not hide his marriage for so many years if Franklin did love and spoil Sylvia. He hid it only because he looked down upon Sylvia.

Therefore, the agent was full of contempt and ridicule for Sylvia. From the agent's standpoint, Sylvia was just Franklin's plaything.

Angel, however, thought to herself that if she could just hooked up with Clark, she would lead an affluent life for the rest of her life.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 529

Now Clark was trying to make her more famous and popular than Sylvia. She was so excited at the thought of it.

Her contempt towards Sylvia grew. In her eyes, Sylvia was just an old, lucky woman.

Clark deliberately made her walk a runway show so that she could compete with Sylvia on the same stage. By then, the viewers could find who was better.

She thought she must be better Sylvia. But ...

Just after seeing the starry dress on Sylvia's body, she then looked at this dress on herself ... Instantly she felt a sense of inferiority.

Sylvia was so beautiful!

Though she didn't want to admit it, Sylvia was indeed very eye-catching. The X

Group anniversary and the new launch would soon begin.

And those models were actively making all kinds of adjustments and preparations. Backstage, people were busy.

Only Sylvia was sitting there, very relaxed, she only walked the opening show in this starry dress. This starry dress was a staple of the clothes she designed this year.

It had been booked by an internationally renowned female star, who would walk the red carpet in it.

Angel's agent walked with Angel and from time to time threw mocking glances at Sylvia, as if to say, "You're still a web celeb who can't get into the real entertainment industry.

Sylvia wasn't bothered by them.

"Boss, they are so annoying, they provoke you every now and then." Evie said in a very annoying way, wanting to go up and punch the agent's disgusting face. "Who gave them the courage?"

"They are not the same class as us, but just two pieces of shit. Don't sink to their level." Sylvia looked like she didn't care. People like Angel and her agent, who were arrogant and naughty, could never go far.

"They're just pieces of shit." Evie bristled, "Boss, you're just too calm." Sylvia smiled and didn't say anything.

Evie was really cute when she was nagging beside her.

Sylvia raised her phone and took a picture of Evie and sent it directly to Jasper . Evie

pouted with her round eyes wide open, so cute as if she was only 17 years old. When Jasper received it, his handsome face suddenly flushed.

So cute ... What an adorable face.

She was so cute that his heart couldn't help beating faster.

Teun Anto stood a short distance away, watching Sylvia and Evie. The show was about to start before she came over.

She was the young lady of Anto Family. She was only twenty years old but had won many modeling awards at home and abroad, so no doubt she was one of the leading supermodels in fashion industry.

The staff at the show, seeing Teun, immediately greeted her with enthusiasm, "Teun, you're here. You're really making our place look great!"

"You're too kind." Teun smiled proudly, then looked at Evie not far away and walked over to her, "Evie, I heard from my sister that you are particularly degenerate now, reduced to being Sylvia's personal assistant?"

Evie pursed her lips and glanced at the woman in front of her, who was 177 centimeters in height. "Teun, no matter what time it is, I find that you are always bad-mouthed."

"Evie, how can you talk to your sister like that?" Suddenly, a loud voice rang out from behind Teun.

When she heard a familiar voice, Evie's face froze and she bit her lower lip to look at the person who came.

A middle-aged man in a dark gray suit appeared in front of them, followed by Eudora, who was dressed up in a fancy dress. Teun, aggrieved and depressed, pulled the man's arm, "Dad ... Evie is also too much. She just scolded me."

Walt Anto glared at Evie with unhappy eyes, "What's wrong with you? You've been raised up by Anto Family, and now you're doing this to your sister! It's okay to dress up in weird clothes all the time, but you're even idle away. Can you be a good girl and not always disgrace the Anto Family?"

Evie listened to Walt's irresponsible reprimand of her, and she looked at the Anto family with a blank face, and she just felt his words rather absurd.

A trace of ridicule flowed from the bottom of his eyes, "If I am not idle away, I am afraid my two sisters will lose their jobs." "You!"

Walt glared at her with a burst of annoyance.

Evie grew more and more disobedient, not at all the early like the lovely girl who behaved well.

"What? Isn't it enough to renew Eudora's life with my blood day in and day out? When I was a child, I ate servant meals and wore clothes that Eudora and Teun didn't want. And then I had to provide Eudora with blood every day, I am the one who is raising Eudora, okay? You better get the facts straight. I'm the one saving your daughter!"

Evie was annoyed when she sees the Antos. If it weren't for Sylvia, she would still be being bullied by the Anto family.

"Just some blood. You will recover soon. My family spent so much money to make you receive education. If it wasn't for we, the Anto family, how can you live so well? How can you go to the best private school, the good college in Larro?" Walt was so angry that he couldn't catch his breath.

He sounded condescending, as if Evie was a cheap bitch who was only worthy of kneeling before him.

"If it's just some blood, then why don't you draw Teun's blood for Eudora?" Evie looked at him coldly, "Isn't it because I'm not the Anto?"

"Evie, don't make a fool of yourself here, get your ass back!" As soon as Walt heard Evie contradict him, he became enraged and anger ran through his body.

Sylvia lifted her eyelids and gave Walt a cold, dry look, her voice squeezed out of her teeth, "I think you should be the one who should get out!"

When Walt heard an unfamiliar voice ring out, he met Sylvia's chilling eyes with anger, and immediately reacted, "Who the hell are you?"

That said, his aura was overshadowed by Sylvia's icy aura.

He didn't want to admit that he was actually subdued by a young woman's aura and deliberately puffed out his big belly. "I am disciplining my own daughter. Just mind your own business!"

Sylvia's eyes were extremely cold and her aura was overwhelming, "Evie is now my employee. She is my person! I will protect my people, no one can bully her!"

"Miss Andrews ... This is Mr. Anto, the future father-in-law of Mr. Carr ... You should ..." The manager rushed over and whispered to persuade Sylvia.

Isaac's father-in-law was not to be messed with!

Isaac's fiancée was here and his father-in-law was also here. Sylvia was

just Isaac's god-sister.

It was not hard to conclude that Isaac would take his fiancée's side.

When he heard the manager called Sylvia "Miss Andrews", Walt sneered and disdain appeared in his eyes, "Sylvia, huh? The web celeb who stole my Teun's opening show? If Franklin really loved you, would he let you walk a runway show?"

Sylvia laughed at Walt's comment, "If you really loved your daughter Teun, would you let her walk a runway show?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 530

She used Walt's words to retort him.

Walt's face stiffened, then he said, "My daughter is a supermodel, do you know what a supermodel is? She is internationally famous. What are you? At best, you are a web celeb."

"Yeah?" Sylvia curled her lips and looked at him, her eyes cold, "Did you drink all the water in the toilet when you went out? When you open your mouth, it's stinky so much."

"You! How can you say that? It's so rude of you!"

Walt was so angry that he turned blue and couldn't catch his breath.

Evie was enough make him angry, but now here came Sylvia, who was more annoying.

It was true that they were birds of a feather flock together.

A woman who stayed with a bitch like Evie was no good either.

"You're the one who was sarcastic with me first. Mr. Anto, you're the president of the Anto Group, but your coarse language really impressed me."

Sylvia coolly glanced at Walt, then glanced at the Anto sisters, "No wonder your daughters are both Angelic bitches."

She curled her lips, clapped her hands, and a man in black came over and served two bottles of green tea.

She gestured to the man in black, who immediately understood and shoved two bottles of green tea directly and decisively into Eudora and Teun's hands.

"You're welcome. Have some more green tea."

"You! You!" Eudora held up her slightly bulging belly and glared in anger, saying viciously, "Sylvia, don't think that you can bully me just because you are Isaac's godsister. I'm going to tell Isaac!"

"Go ahead and say it! Looks like you're not too stupid to know you're Angelic bitch."

Sylvia raised an eyebrow, and there was no hint of fear in her eyes.

"Dad ... Look at her, she's gone too far." Eudora couldn't help the redness in her eyes, "I was just telling the truth ..."

"Sis, don't be angry, or it's bad for your baby." Teun, Eudora's biological sister, held Eudora's waist and glared at Sylvia defiantly.

"I tell you, if my sister's baby got hurt because of you, you can't afford to pay for it."

With that, she looked at the manager, "I want to walk the opening show, my sister is your future boss' wife, you offended my sister and me, do you still want to work in the Carr Group!"

Her arrogant tone of voice sounded as if she was the boss of Carr Group.

The manager looked at Sylvia with some difficulty, "Miss Teun ... Sorry, Miss Andrews is Mr. Carr designated opening show, so ... I cannot make the decision."

"I'll call my brother-in-law right now." Teun said and took out her phone, "How can a web celeb walk the Carr Group's opening show? So hilarious! What does my brother-in-law think?"

"Miss Teun, you ... you are to walk the closing show, the closing show is far more better than the opening show, isn't it?"

The manager tried to convince Teun. Meanwhile, he wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead. The Antos were really hard to deal with.

"But I really want to walk the opening show and wear the starry dress. I think I look much better in that dress than she does!"

Teun took Walt's arm, "Dad ... You can help me. I'm going to call my brother-in-law, he'll definitely let me wear the starry dress, and then Ms. X will definitely make me her contract model if he finds out that I look good in it! By then I'll sign more endorsement contract with large brands and my status will rise again."

She would be much better than other models by then.

Just thinking about it delighted her.

Ms. X had not signed any exclusive models for her brand so far, and every time she picked a model before the show, which made everyone want to work with Ms. X.

They wanted to be his exclusive model.

That was why Teun had to wear this starry dress!

She wanted to show the beauty of this dress well!

Evie couldn't help but laugh out loud when she heard Teun's words, "Teun, you'll never be a signed model for Ms. X in your life."

"How dare you curse me!" Teun glared at Evie, "I'm a supermodel!"

Evie smiled wickedly, like a little devil, "So what if you're a supermodel? X won't sign an Angelic bitch like you."

She looked Teun up and down again, "Don't you want to call your brother-in-law? Just do it! Why didn't you call?"

Teun gripped the phone tightly, gritted his teeth, and dialed Isaac's number directly.

Eudora, on the other hand, looked at Teun with a bit of concern. When Isaac was at work, not to mention Teun, he did not even answer her phone.

As expected ...

For a while the man did not answer.

Finally surprisingly, a busy tone came from inside the phone.

Teun was a little embarrassed, and she tried her best to save the day, "My brother-in-law must be busy."

"What do you want from me?" Just at this moment ... a magnetic male voice suddenly sounded.

The crowd all looked towards the backstage entrance and saw a man in a black suit walking gracefully towards them.

The man's back was against the light, and he looked handsome and elegant, extremely eye-catching.

Eudora's heart was pounding as she walked towards the man and said in a whiny voice, "Isaac ... What took you so long to get here?"

Teun suppressed the fluttering in his heart and looked enviously at Eudora, whom Isaac had taken into his arms.

She just hated herself for being so young, so Eudora could beat her and get together with Isaac.

"What's going on?" Isaac looked down gently at Eudora in his arms, forcing himself to resist the urge to vomit.

The pungent perfume smell of Eudora's body made his nose very uncomfortable.

This woman was so restless. She was pregnant and yet still sprayed such a strong perfume on her body.

"It's Teun. She wants to walk the opening show." Eudora said delicately, "But the manager said that you personally appointed Miss Andrews to do it, and we are persuading Miss Andrews to give the opportunity to Teun. Miss Andrews just doesn't seem too happy about it."

Eudora was reversing the right and wrong.

It was obvious that the three of them forced Sylvia to give up the opening show, and now Eudora made up stories opposite to the reality.

Evie had always known that the Antos were shameless, but their cheekiness impressed her even more now.

She couldn't help but want to spit in their faces.

"I wanted to give it to Miss Teun, but... now I don't want to." Sylvia curled her lips and looked at Isaac, "Isaac, why do you want me to walk the opening show?"