

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 541

He was blind for a moment?

For a moment he couldn't see anything, everything was dark before his eyes. How

did this happen?

He forced down the shock in his heart, gripped the scoop in his hand, and took a sip of soup without moving. He

went blind ... He became a blind man ...

What about his parents, what about Jenna? His

mind was blank.

Jenna tapped him. Then he snapped his eyes up to meet Jenna's concerned face.

"Brayden, what's wrong with you? What's on your mind?"

Brayden forced a smile, "Nothing, thinking about the celebration." He

casually lied.

He couldn't let everyone see it, or they would be worried.

He continued to eat his food and chat with Franklin and Sylvia. He

seemed to be no different from normal people.

Maybe the blindness just now was just a moment? Just an accident? Not in the future.

Brayden was constantly self-hypnotizing and self-soothing.

But he was very unpleasant within himself.

After dinner, the group went their separate ways, with Vita looking reluctantly at the Wright family's car.

And the young man who was asked to take care of the students by Mayor Cody came over to greet a few students, "Come on, I'll take you back to school."

On the way, Vita kept asking about the Wright family.

But the young man was very tight-lipped and just put it off. It

made Vita very depressed.

7:00 PM.

The celebration banquet plus the reception banquet was held at the Royal Capital Hotel.

Many of the bigwigs attended it, and it was an honor to be able to participate in such a banquet.

Although they are said to be supporting characters, not the main character of the day.

But these bigwigs were still happy.

"I hear the legendary Mrs. Maskelyne will be making an appearance."

"Sylvia... Ah! Haven't you seen her? She was at the relief auction up there a while ago. She also made a scene with the Evans family and a scene with the Hipps family."

"I've heard something about it. Hipps family and Evans family really made quite a mess too."

"Yeah ... Guess, will Tiffany be here today?"

"I heard the old Evans is cutting ties with her. Just because she stole Monica's rubies to auction off."

"Monica was a wonderful person back then!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!"

Just when they people gathered together to chat about the gossip they heard.

Someone called out, "Mr. Maskelyne and Mrs. Maskelyne are here!"

The eyes of the crowd could not help but look toward the door.

They saw a couple slowly appear, the man was tall and handsome, a slender body wrapped in a navy blue suit, the diamond cufflinks in the light emitting the radiant light.

The women linked Franklin's arms wore fishtail floor-length gown with an exquisite figure and elegant temperament. It

instantly eclipsed all the men and women present.

The two walked hand in hand, beautiful as a painting.
There were several noble ladies, one of whom owned a lingerie company and was accompanying Winter with a smile on her face.

This lady's family ran the lingerie business, and the Wilson Group had recently taken control of Larro's lingerie market. No doubt this noblewoman respectfully accompanied Winter.

She was a little worried right now. The Wilson Group's building burned down a few days ago, so what was the family company going to do if they put all their efforts into the lingerie market?

What if Wilson Group decided not to work with her family factory...

Winter was important in the Wilson Group.

This rich lady just kept circling her, "Mrs. Wilson, I heard that your philanthropic foundation has a party every week, can I come next week?"

"Of course!" Winter smiled very blandly, "Our foundation welcomes every charity-loving woman to join."

"That's good. I just wonder if Mr. Wilson will let my family factory work with him? The cooperation between us ..."

"Well, that's something we can talk about," Winter said.

Her voice was not too loud, not too small, just enough for everyone in the room to hear. The

rich lady's face suddenly looked a bit ugly.

And many people around had a gleeful look on their faces.

That was the way it was in the world of fame and fortune, when there was interest, everyone chased after it, when there was no interest, everyone left.

Those onlookers were watching a joke.

Sylvia stood a short distance away with a glass of wine in her hand, looking at Winter who was making her way around, and couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

Winter thought of the burnt Wilson Building, suppressing her resentment, she walked up to Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, long time no see."

"Mrs Wilson, long time no see."

Sylvia's lips curled into a faint smile, the smile did not reach the bottom of the eyes.

"I did not expect Miss Andrews hide so deep. I recalled how you cheated me. I am so sad!"

Winter lowered his eyebrows and smiled, with a hint of sultry in her tone.

It was as if Sylvia was a scum who played with her feelings.

"I'm not trying to hide it." Sylvia leaned in close to Winter's well-dressed face and whispered, "It's you and Mr. Wilson who know so little about me."

In the eyes of onlookers, they were like good friends. But

only they knew the feud between them.

Winter gritted his teeth secretly. She recalled when Sylvia pretended to be innocent. Sylvia

had played her for a fool, and she wanted to know Master Keturah through Sylvia. The result?

Sylvia was Master Keturah. Though Sylvia knew how much she wanted to see Master Keturah, Sylvia did not say a word about her true identity.

When Winter thought of that scene, she would like to chop Sylvia up and feed her to the sharks. This

woman was simply abominable!

"Miss Andrews, now you are the high and mighty Mrs. Maskelyne, making movies as Master Keturah... Are you interested in joining our Wilson philanthropic foundation?"

Winter asked again, undeterred.

Although she knew Sylvia probably wouldn't say yes, she just wouldn't give up.

When Sylvia made things difficult for her, her philanthropic foundation was very difficult to make money recently. Those rich ladies were uneasy to deceive after that incident.

They no more threw money at this philanthropic foundation of hers. She

couldn't even help Clark financially, which made her annoyed. And it

was all thanks to Sylvia.

"It's okay for me to go in, just ..." Sylvia laughed, "Mrs. Wilson, I'm at least Mrs. Maskelyne. Won't you give me a position? At the very least, I need to be a senior manager, right?"

Winter said, with a stiff face, "Mrs. Maskelyne really likes to joke."

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She had prepared a lot of words to persuade Sylvia to enter the philanthropic foundation, and she was sure that Sylvia would not enter it.

Yet ...

Sylvia said yes?

With Mrs. Maskelyne's status, her current fame, the amount of fans she had, she would save the day for Wilson philanthropic foundation.

Yet Winter was not a fool. Sylvia answered so quickly

... It always felt wrong.

When things went wrong, there must be something fishy.

"Since you know it's a joke, I won't join it."

Sylvia lifted her glass and clinked it with the one Winter was holding. "Excuse me, Mrs.

Wilson." Winter was dumbfounded.

She won't join it?

Is there any mistake?

How can this woman go back on her word?

Damn it! Bitch, how dare this bitch fool her again!

Franklin looked at Sylvia from a distance, and his eyes seemed to be full of stars and

seas. Everything around him had nothing to do with him, he only had Sylvia in his eyes

and mind. "Well?" The man greeted her and asked her with lowered eyes.

"I'm a little tired." Sylvia whispered, her feet hurting from standing for so long in her high

heels. Franklin reached out and took her hand in his and turned toward the rest area, "Take a

break."

Mayor Cody was the popular man of the day, with many bigwigs crowding around him, toasting him and giving him pleasantries.

Some were even secretly speculating whether he was going to be promoted. After all, he contributed a lot to this disaster relief.

Brayden, the mayor's son, followed along, politely and elegantly dealing with these people, occasionally drank wine for Mayor Cody.

There were many people who saw Franklin and Sylvia arrive at the rest area and immediately followed them, trying to get close to them.

Especially after seeing Sylvia, some people were stammering.

"Master Keturah, can you listen to my daughter's piano playing? Can you help her with some comments and suggestions ..."

"My son wants to learn martial arts, I heard that you kicked the thugs and caught the human traffickers... Can you guide my son?"

"I heard that you are also extremely good at painting. Can ... Can you give me a painting? I offer five million

..." "I, my girlfriend wants to act in your movie, is it okay?"

Franklin frowned.

Mollie, dressed in a air force uniform, came over. She was tall, a white uniform wrapping her slender body and making her look heroic.

She stood in front of Sylvia and gave a standard military salute.

Sylvia looked at her, "Didn't you say you were going to Aettosa to study?"

"I have yet to go." Mollie took off her cap, propped it in her hand, and sat down next to her, "I heard that guy from the Aettosa Air Force is looking for his biological sister or something ... so he didn't have time to give us a lesson. So the Defense Department at Aettosa is very angry and thinks he's not doing his job and is thinking of replacing him."

Sylvia curled her lips, "He's a good man."

Franklin : "..."

'Who is this woman who suddenly ran out? Why does she look like she is very intimate with

Sylvia?' 'Why did the two of them chat so well?'

Just then, the crowd suddenly saw Paul walking towards Franklin and Sylvia with

Romeo. One by one, they were all interested; it seems that there was a good show

again.

But...

After Paul saw Sylvia, he was friendly and tender.

Romeo called Sylvia goddess again and again.

The crowd was dumbfounded.

Immediately after, Adriel also came over with a glass of wine, "Sylvia, you have been in the disaster area, you are tired and thin."

"Here, this is the new resort built by Crown Techs Group, it's for you, go relax if you have nothing to do, don't torment yourself all day long."

With that said ...

Adriel then reached out and took a certificate for the Crown Techs Group resort from his assistant and shoved it into Sylvia's hand.

The crowd was stunned again.

Adriel was really generous.

Sylvia said resignedly, "Uncle Adriel, can you not send me house, car, company ..."

Franklin said he was under a lot of pressure. 'How come all these people his wife knew were so

rich? Seeing Adriel gave such an expensive gift, Mollie felt that she was too stingy with her idol.

The Gibson family was a dignified and strong family.

She directly pulled out a car key and shoved it into Sylvia's hand, "This is the new Lamborghini my grandfather gave me. I give it to you."

"No ... Tonight is a celebration party, the main character is Mayor Cody, what are you guys running here to give

me?" Sylvia thought they were all crazy one by one.

Everyone was shocked! Unbelievably, they stared at Sylvia.

"Sylvia..." An old voice rang out from behind the crowd.

Sylvia looked at the visitor with surprise, she looked at him with surprise, "Mr. Smith?

"I heard that you would come tonight, so I came." The old man was spirited, looking lovingly at Sylvia, "It's been two or three years since the last time we parted."

"Are you physically okay?" Sylvia looked over at him with concern.

"Thanks to you, I'm okay." Mr. Smith patted her hand amiably, "Come, drink some tea with

me." Everyone was shocked again!

"Mr. Smith is a big shot from Urgford, how come he knows Sylvia

too?" "He seems to have a great relationship with Sylvia."

"Yeah Mr. Smith is the founding father of the country! In the whole H Rovirsa, he's highly respected."

As soon as Mr. Smith sat down, a waiter came over and brought a pot of black tea and poured a cup for Sylvia and Mr. Smith respectively.

"I came to see you this time because I have a favor to ask."

Mr. Smith picked up his cup of tea and took a sip.

The crowd immediately drew back a breath of cold air.

Sylvia was awesome!

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and said carelessly, "If you need anything, just ask."

"My granddaughter is a restless one." Mr. Smith sighed, then he gestured to the young man behind him, who immediately stepped forward and handed a document to Sylvia.

Sylvia flicked it open and her pupils suddenly narrowed, "This was her idea?"

"Yes ... No matter how much I object, she just wants to go that way, you tell me..."

Mr. Smith was distressed, "It doesn't work no matter how I persuade her. You must help!"

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Sylvia handed the document back to Mr. Smith, and she smiled with a hint of ridicule in her eyes, "Mr. Smith, you are a big man who calls the shots, what? You can't handle a little girl?"

"Miss Andrews, why do you have to make fun of me?" Mr. Smith looked faintly sad, "My granddaughter lost her parents when she was young. I spoiled her."

"She's very thoughtful, and it's good for young people to try more new things," Sylvia said reassuringly, "Besides ... She wants to enter the air force, I think her idea is good. It's just that she needs to pass the examination if she wants to succeed."

"That girl from the Gibson family, Mollie, has trained for over a year and finally gotten into the air force. Not everyone can get in. She is a delicate girl, you are her idol. She is looking up to you every day and wants to be as excellent as you. I am really worried that my hair is gray."

Mr. Smith heaved a heavy sigh, "My granddaughter wants to win against Mollie in every aspect ... After she knew Mollie got into the Air Force, she also wanted to go."

Sylvia raised an eyebrow, "A girl who can get an airplane license is already amazing. She and Mollie are equally excellent, so... Mr. Smith, you don't have to worry too much."

"Miss Andrews ... You go to persuade granddaughter." Mr. Smith had no way out, "It's dangerous to fly a plane in the army... If one day there is really a war, she has to go to war."

The more Mr. Smith thought about it, the sadder she was, "If you really can't persuade her ... I want to beg you one thing."

Once again, these guests were shocked.

Many people who thought that Sylvia was the one who became famous because of Franklin ... This moment they only felt their faces hot and painful.

Mr. Smith didn't seem to fake a worried

look. "Go ahead." Sylvia nodded her head.

"I want to beg you to come back into the Air Force!" Mr. Smith looked as if he had made up his mind, "Only with your presence can I trust my granddaughter to you without fear, can you fulfill my wish?"

Sylvia heard Mr. Smith's words and finally couldn't help but raise her eyebrows.

"That's your real purpose, right? The Smith family has been in the army for generations, and your son and daughter-in-law, all serve in the army. There is no reason that when it comes to your granddaughter's generation, you blocked her from entering the army. So ... you're just trying to get me into the air force."

Mr. Smith did not expect Sylvia to nail his lie, he laughed and shook his head, "You are still as smart as before. I'm begging you, Miss Andrews, if you can go back, no matter what conditions you offer, I promise you."

"Forget it..... I have little interest. What's more, isn't our country's air force now going to have an exchange study with Aettosa's? I

believe we will learn a lot."

Sylvia refused Mr. Smith outright.

While others in the room were thinking about one thing, Sylvia came back to the Air

Force? What did this mean?

Did she used to be in the Air

Force? Why did they feel it so

strange ...

How could they not understand Mr. Smith's words?

Sylvia didn't say much, but led off the conversation.

Mr. Smith saw that she refused and looked as if she did not want to mention it

again. He could only suppress the regret in his heart.

Franklin, who had been at Sylvia's side, had a slight surprise in his eyes.

He heard that a few years ago, the air force of H Rovirsa had a legend. For some reason, his eyes fell on

Sylvia. But, that legend was said to be a young man...

He couldn't relate that legend to Sylvia in front of

him. Definitely not her ... Definitely not her ...

How could it be her?

That legend obviously a young man .. The legend was heard to have perished in a flying accident, and since then, the air force had been silent for a long time.

Franklin pressed his brow, so how could it be Sylvia?

And others couldn't help but think of that legend back then.

So, one of the bigwigs couldn't help but say to Mr. Smith, "Mr. Smith, didn't you have a powerful general under your hand back then, a brilliant young man. Did he really perish?"

Mr. Smith's face grew sullen.

The atmosphere on the scene also became tense at once.

A cold chill emanated from Mr. Smith's body that made the people present shudder.

Everyone was suddenly silent.

For a while, no one dared to say another word.

There were even people who secretly complained about the person who just asked the question.

What was the point of mentioning that legend?

Just when everyone thought Mr. Smith would be angry, they heard Sylvia's voice ring out, "Yeah.....Mr. Smith, I want to know it too!"

Mr. Smith glared at her jokingly, converging the cold aura around him just now, as if he had become an approachable elder again, "You are really naughty."

The crowd was lost for words.

For a while, almost everyone stared at Sylvia with a look of envy and jealousy

. Why was she so close to Mr. Smith?

It was hard not to be jealous.

"That child back then didn't die or supposedly perish. He's just not with me anymore. I also hope that in the future there will be less strange rumors about that child. He is alive and well! Don't always spread rumors that I don't like to hear."

Mr. Smith's words were obviously said to the person who had just asked the

question. There was still obvious displeasure in his tone.

The man looked terrified, "Yes, yes, Mr. Smith, you're right."

Others, however, suddenly realized that the legendary young man did not

die? How come he was not with Mr. Smith if he was not dead?

Such an amazingly talented young man. ...Mr. Smith actually let him leave?

"Miss Andrews. " Mr. Smith let out a long sigh, he seemed to want to say something, but in the end said nothing.

He stood up, "I'm a little tired, excuse me."

The old man seemed to have aged a lot in a moment, hunched over Sylvia.

Sylvia couldn't help but grimace, what she couldn't stand was this old man pretended to be pathetic and pitiful in her

presence. It was clear he was a big shot in power in H Rovirsa.

Why was he pretending all day long?

But she couldn't bear it, and just as her mouth twitched, Mr. Smith turned to look at her, his eyes still red, "You heartless, you really don't feel sorry for me?"

"Don't you try to deceive me and take advantage of my sympathy."

Sylvia gave him a lazy glance, "Hurry up, don't be an eyesore here, go back where you are."

Mr. Smith was now more depressed, so angry that he stood upright, turned around and left energetically...

The crowd was speechless.

'Have you ever seen a big shot playing the victim in front of

Sylvia?' They kind of saw it!

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Franklin approached the woman in front of him, a hint of wickedness drifted across his deep eyes, "Honey, are you hiding something from me?"

Sylvia looked innocent, "No,

absolutely not." "No really?"

Franklin was skeptical, considering that Sylvia had too many identities in

the past. "No really."

She looked around and found Mayor Cody still chatting with

others. Brayden was always by Mayor Cody's side.

And Winter was not well after seeing Mr. Smith

talking to her. Clark surprisingly did not show up

tonight ...

Sylvia raised her eyebrows, "It's a good opportunity to know more bigwigs and yet Clark

isn't there?" "I sent Jasper to keep an eye on him." A glint of gloom flashed under

Franklin's eyes.

And at this time at the riverside pier.

A full moon hung high in the sky, and countless stars shone as if diamonds were

set in the sky. The night filled the river with a torrent of water, a huge ship slowly

docked.

The boxes of cargo were carried off the ship.

Not far from the shore, there was a black luxury car parked steadily there.

The man inside the car with a feminine face was staring expressionlessly at that wheelbarrow.

Suddenly, a tall man came down from the ship, and after the man saw the black car, he immediately came striding towards it.

The lowered window revealed the man's feminine handsome face, and his voice floated in the night by the river, "Have all the goods arrived?"

"Yes. All of them are here."

"That's good." Clark's eyes betrayed a look of satisfaction. "Tell the brothers to hurry up. Place all these goods into containers and ... transport them to the warehouse in the city north."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson."

And at this time in a hidden corner, Jasper was quietly watching the dock and

those goods. On the surface, these goods were just some worthless cotton and

linen fabrics.

But Jasper always felt that Clark was not an easy man.

It was said that they Wilson Group had controlled the lingerie market these days, and maybe these things were prepared for making lingerie.

Jasper didn't think it was so simple.

The cargo was loaded onto five large trucks, each with a large container

on the back. After the five big trucks started, Jasper immediately also led

his men to follow quietly. The night breeze was getting cooler and cooler, and the night was getting thicker.

The big truck drove down the midnight highway with the wind at its back.

And along the road there was no presence of any police checking the trucks or anything like that. These big trucks seemed to be in a sparsely populated land.

After entering the mountain road, their speed finally dropped. But it continued onward.

"North suburb?" Sylvia pulled open the door and got into the car, and Franklin started the car straight out of the garage. In the night, a black Bentley sped down the midnight highway.

And behind the car were several black cars following close behind. Sylvia sat in the car, her icy gaze fixed on the location on her phone. That was the address Jasper sent.

"According to Jasper's investigation, the transaction took place in an old factory in the north suburb, and Clark was clearly using the ship for illegal human smuggling activities."

"And these people will probably be sold by Clark to Middle Evroya to do hard labor and so on, all we need to do is, after the successful transaction between the two sides, capture them in person."

"And.... if this operation fails, it's likely we'll be in danger. So our action must be quick."

Sylvia discussed the details of the operation with Franklin, while contacting the people in 'Secretly, Greatly'.

By the way, he also sent a message notification to Brayden and asked Mayor Cody to notify the police department. She did it all in one fell swoop and arranged it all in an orderly manner.

She'd been trying to get something on Clark, and evidence of Clark's crimes.

Unfortunately, she had been busy with all sorts of things and had not been able to make it until now. And Clark had been bouncing around long enough.

She dragged Franklin's laptop directly from the back seat and opened it quickly.

The handsome man was driving while hearing Sylvia next to him tapping on the keyboard. Then rows of code flashed rapidly.

She was even a computer expert?

Sylvia was on the phone with a Bluetooth headset in her ear while tapping on the keyboard. "James, you're in the Wilson Group building, aren't you?"

"Sylvia, yes. I'm right here." James and Romeo stepped carefully on the floor, both dressed in black, and walked through the empty ruins.

Few people had come in here since it was burned down.

"Go to the floor where Winter was and see if there are any traces left. They probably thought it was all burned to ashes. So, we must go in and look for it." Sylvia instructed in a low voice.

"Yes, I got it." James hung up the phone and walked gingerly with Romeo towards the floor of Winter philanthropic foundation. The elevator had long since been burned and they climbed the safe passage.

Just after going up to the first floor, they heard a familiar voice from behind them, "What are you two doing here in the middle of the night instead of sleeping at home?"

Romeo's heart suddenly missed a half beat, he turned around and saw a tall, sturdy figure. He let out a low cry, "Brother? What are you doing here?"

Paul strode over to the two young men in front of him with an unhappy gaze, "This is Clark's territory, even if it has burned to the ground, it is still his. Are you two looking for death by running here?"

"It's not.... You've misunderstood us." James hurried to explain.

Five minutes later, Paul frowned, "You're saying that Miss Andrews sent you guys here to find something?"

"Eh." Romeo's head nodded, "Brother, Sylvia's working us both out now! So, don't have a problem with it anymore." He scratched his head in embarrassment, "Of course, you can join us if you want."

Paul didn't say a word, but the action said it all.

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"Let's go to the fifth floor."

The three came together on the fifth floor and began a search.

However, after looking around, almost every office has been searched, they still did not find any useful clues. "Are they really burned?" James murmured, somewhat demoralized.

"With the fire raging at the time, Winter and Clark shouldn't have had time to take those things with them at all." Paul shook his head, "Let's keep looking. And they didn't show up here later, either those thing were burned or still here, there are only two possibilities."

So ...

The three men continued their search.

And at this time on the other side, the Bentley and the row of black cars behind had driven into the dense forest, towards the north suburb of Clark's old factory.

At the place near the factory, the car stopped and hid.

A group of people began to sneak into this forest quietly in the night.

"Everyone, do as you are told and never reveal your identity." Franklin whispered, "Are there any questions?" "No." All those black-clad subordinates looked at him with no expression at all.

"Very well, bide your time."

The cold wind of the dark night was unnerving.

Somewhere in the forest, the sound of sibilance rang out from time to time inside the grass. It was Franklin and his men walking here, shadows scurrying in the darkness of the trees. Almost all of them were dressed in black.

At this time, Jasper was outside the plant, only to see three figures from the forest, three figures were all dressed in black, wearing black hats, and their faces were hidden.

Jasper could tell from the height and build that all three were men.

"Who are you?" The gatekeeper immediately raised the lance in his hand alertly.

Three men walked over slowly, and then directly said the code word, then they went inside the plant. Jasper then saw a familiar tall figure come out of the plant even after the three men had gone in. "Mr. Wilson."

As soon as they saw the visitor, a man at the head of the three slowly opened his mouth, his low voice in the night seemed even colder.

Clark's thin lips were slightly hooked, and his tall, upright body was illuminated all over in the dim light. He was dressed in black, and his feminine, cold expression looked extraordinarily alarming.

"Mr. Burke, it's surprising that you're the one who came to get the goods this time."

"There's no need to call out my name, I don't want to be found on your H Rovirsa's territory." Kasper frowned.

"Thirty of them, and all the goods you want are here." Clark's grim eyes stared at Kasper, his sharp eyes flashing with light.

"Then open the box, I want to check the goods!" As the current leader of mafia, Kasper immediately spoke up, and the other two men behind him stepped forward, ready to open the box.

But it was stopped by Clark, "Each of these boxes has a refrigeration unit inside, and the temperature is extremely low. It must be opened by my men, so wait a moment."

When he finished, one of his men came over and opened the box with a special tool. However ...

When the box was opened, everyone stared in shock.

The entire box was covered with a large swath of frost inside. A large amount of cold air flowed out.

The man who opened the box couldn't help but sneeze, he touched his nose and pushed the black man who was huddled inside the box, his eyes tightly closed, huddled inside the box, his hair, his nose, his clothes, his body were covered with a layer of frost.

It was as if he had become one with that cold air, the cold air was constantly pouring out, and after opening the box; it was as if the air in the whole plant was flooded with cold.

"FUCK, why don't you get up?"

The man directly yanked the man inside the box out, but he found that the man was covered with ice.

Kasper frowned and scanned the temperature of the refrigeration equipment inside the box, minus 27 degrees. "The temperature is so low and still alive?"

Obviously, this man had no vital signs, he should be ... frozen to death?

"How is that possible?" Clark frowned and immediately instructed everyone, "Be quick, open all the boxes!" With a command from him, his men began to open the boxes one after another.

The temperature inside each box was extremely low, and the night was already cold, and now it was winter. With so many boxes everywhere with refrigeration devices were opened, the entire plant was as cold as the North Pole. It was so cold that everyone present was shivering.

"How did that happen?"

Clark yelled in annoyance, "You idiots! Do you want them to live with the temperature set so low?" In dozens of boxes, there was not a single live being.

People in each box died miserably.

one can imagine what kind of fear and pain they went through before they died.

They had good wishes for a foreign country, but in the end they die tragically on the road.

Clark glared at those stupid henchmen. What would he do with his money if all these people died? He had wasted so much effort and financial resources to transport these people here.

He wanted to sell them

to mafia. Yet he

suffered a great loss!

The group of men cringed at Clark's anger. "Mr. Wilson, we don't know

either ..." "We checked them... when we were on the ship."

"What a bunch of losers!" Clark kicked the nearest man, who fell to the ground, grimacing in pain.

"Mr. Wilson, I really question your ability to get things done." Kasper looked at the shocking scene and couldn't help but shrug his shoulders.

The mafia had seen a lot of life and death.

This number of dead people was nothing in his eyes.

"Mr. Kasper, don't worry, I'll get another boatload of people back." Clark took a deep breath, suppressed the rage in his heart, and said to Kasper, "I don't want our cooperation to end. Give me one more chance. Okay?"

"Mr. Wilson, you had the Wilson Group burned some time ago, and now these goods are dead, how can you make me continue to trust you?" Kasper sneered, "I hope Mr. Wilson can show some sincerity."

Inside the factory, they were having a secret discussion, while Jasper outside the window was deeply shocked by the scene inside!

These people ... simply took human life as

nothing. He could barely hold the camera

in his hand!

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These people were so heartless to do such harmful things!

So many living beings shipped from Akas were killed by them.

They didn't feel anything and were still bargaining as if they were talking about pork on a platter. These multiple lives were not worth anything in their eyes.

Jasper was shaking with anger, and he was raging with anger.

He could not wait to rush in right now and bring these people to justice.

But ... he forced down the anger in his heart and said to the few subordinates behind him, "Don't make any rash moves, wait for Master Franklin to come."

Just as he spoke, someone suddenly stepped on a dry branch with his foot. There was a crunching sound.

It immediately attracted the attention of Clark and others inside the plant.

Clark's feminine and cold face immediately surfaced with frost, and his icy voice rang out again, "Someone!"

A gun appeared in Kasper's hand, the black muzzle of the gun aimed at Clark, "Mr. Wilson! You even invited others?" Clark frowned at him, "Mr. Kasper, was your whereabouts leaked on the way here?"

He said while waving his hand behind him, so countless men immediately rushed out towards the outside of the plant. At this time, Jasper pulled his buddies want to hide immediately, "We hurry to go!"

"But ..." The man who accidentally stepped on the branch earlier looked upset, "Sorry, Jasper."

"Go! The video has been captured, we should go!" Jasper hurriedly said. Clark had a lot of henchmen now, so it was hard to fight against them.

Now that he got the evidence, he was hoping that Franklin would come sooner.

Clark looked at the few desperately fleeing figures in front of him, his thin lips hooked up ruthlessly, "Go after them!" In an instant!

Bang Bang Bang!

Several shots rang out in the darkness of the night.

Franklin and Sylvia, who were coming towards this place, could not help but be stunned when they heard the sound. "It's a fight! Hurry!" Sylvia said hurriedly.

Franklin looked at the darkness of the sky, the night wind lifted the bangs on his forehead, "All the ones lagged behind follow up!" The group of them, under the cover of the night, frantically rushed towards the place where the gun went off.

Jasper fought back while pulling his partners.

But the terrain here was particularly familiar to Clark's men. Jasper did not even know that those men had taken a shortcut. He was surrounded soon!

"Mr. Howlett ... What a coincidence!"

The corners of Clark's mouth curled up in a wicked grin.

Jasper's head turned hard to see the man's tall, upright body, in the night but the corners of his mouth curved in a creepy arc. "Clark! How dare you do such a ruthless thing. You are a murderer!"

Jasper's heart snapped to a halt and he looked at the man not far away, his eyes filled with resentment. Anyone with a little conscience would be indignant seeing what Clark had done!

Clark's eyes fixed on Jasper, he took a step forward, eyebrows gently raised, staring at Jasper, "Mr. Howlett, excuse me ... You saw what you shouldn't have seen, and this is where you'll be buried."

That said, he waved his hand, and immediately a group of men swarmed towards Jasper and others, raising their pistols! The gunshot rang out again.

Jasper, his face pale, rolled quickly on the ground a few times and then hid behind a large tree. He pulled out his spare magazine, bit it, and began to change bullets.

The opponent's firepower was too fierce, a few of them simply could not fight back. And Kasper came after him at that moment, "Kill them all!"

Jasper and the others were hopeless as mafia's men poured in.

Seeing the buddies around him fall one after another Jasper grew more and more anxious as he and the remaining three men quickly made their way through the woods, while several of his subordinates had already fallen.

His heart was in a moment of chaos. He did not expect those men to keep chasing after him.

He tightly guarded the miniature camera in his arms that recorded Clark's incriminating evidence! Jasper couldn't help but clench his fists tightly.

"Bang!" Another shot rang out.

Immediately afterwards came a muffled grunt from Jasper.

One of the men pulled him to his feet, "Jasper, how are you?"

There was a strong smell of blood wafting over and he let out a low cry, "Jasper, are you hurt?" Jasper gritted his teeth, "Go! Don't mind me!"

"Jasper, you ..."

"Go, run for your life!" Jasper pushed him and shoved the camera in his arms into his hands, "Take them both and hurry." "Let's go together!"

"Cut the crap or no one will be able to leave." Jasper glared at the Clark's men who had gathered behind him, "I'll handle them alone. You guys get out of here!"

His heart was in his mouth and he pulled out his pistol and fired a wild burst of shots at those pursuers behind

him. Bang Bang Bang!

Several rounds were fired almost entirely.

As he watched the men gather around him, his eyes suddenly widened.

"Heh - how dare you be against my man! You don't want to live

anymore!" Suddenly, a cold hum and a low voice rang out.

Then!

In the dark, dense forest suddenly came a muffled

sound. Suddenly a tank slowly drove out, with its lights

turned off.

And at this time in that tank, a young girl in a Lori dress was driving the tank, with an evil smile on her lips, her cute and adorable dress formed a contrast against this heavy tank.

And yet it was eerily harmonious, as if she was supposed to be

here. "How dare you touch my boyfriend!"

"Evie, that's your nominal boyfriend ... Not the real ... one." A man in the passenger seat

whispered. "He can't touch even my nominal boyfriend!"

Evie had an evil look in her eyes, "Fire!"

Jasper had a locator on his body. She was staring at the timely positioning of Jasper inside the tank, while directing the firing, the tank's shells accurately avoided Jasper, and then boom!

It smashed with unerring accuracy into the gang that Clark was

leading. A sinkhole was formed!

There were constant cries!

Modern tanks had high holographic electronic screens. They were very cool when the night vision driving was

on. Evie's tank was like a bulldozer, rushing forward like crazy.

Clark was blindsided by the cannon that fell from the sky.

He stared incredulously at the tank that slowly appeared in his line of sight.

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Chapter 547

"Damn it! Why does this stuff appear here?"

Heavy tanks?

Kasper was also startled as he grabbed Clark by the collar, "What the hell are you doing? Why is the army here

too?" In his impression, something like a tank can only be operated by someone from the military.

He is usually a bully inside the mafia, calling the shots.

This time for this shipment, he personally came to H Rovirsa, but he did not expect to be besieged.

The tank rumbled to Jasper and Evie jumped out from it.

Evie raised her hand and pulled Jasper directly into her arms with great force, and then ... The amazing scene

appeared. A man was scooped up by Evie, and then Evie leaped to the tank!

This ...

Jasper's face was red.

Though it was very dark and no one could see it.

His face was so hot.

He did not think that one day he would be carried by a girl and rescued to the tank

... This ...

Evie was driving a tank ...

Though it was very sensational, he felt somewhat upset.

After Evie put him in place, she drew two machine guns directly from the back of her waist!

Jasper swore he was not wrong. Ordinary people were tired of carrying a machine gun especially because the machine gun had a very strong backlash.

For Evie, this seemed to be a piece of cake.

She was holding a machine gun in one hand!

Then she started a frenzy of strafing, bursts of machine gun sounded crazy in this dense forest

inside. A burst of cries rang!

The shooting champion's shooting was so accurate.

Clark just saw his men fall down one after the other.

Kasper's face was pale as he looked at Evie standing on top of the tank, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"What kind of monster is this?"

"It's not a monster, it's just one of my men ..."

Just then, a slim and slender figure suddenly appeared next to the tank.

The woman was dressed in black, wrapping her exquisite figure.

She looked at Kasper and Clark, raising a mocking smile, "Kasper, it's been a long time."

"You ... You're Amber?" Kasper's eyes widened in shock as he listened to the familiar voice, "Boss ... What are you doing here? You ... Evie is one of your subordinates?"

"Kasper, I thought that mafia could be managed extremely well by you when I handed it over to you, but I didn't expect ... You have gone against my intention of promoting you."

Sylvia's eyes flashed with an icy gaze, "If I had known that mafia was being messed up by you, I shouldn't have promoted you to the top in the first place!"

"Amber ... No, boss ... Don't you do this, I'm wrong ..." After Kasper heard Sylvia's words, he flung himself down on his knees directly in front of her.

Clark frowned at the scene, his heart tinged with tension and a strange uneasiness.

He could never have imagined that Kasper, who was so arrogant in front of him, would become so weak after seeing

Sylvia. How could such a big man kneel towards Sylvia? Begging?

The moon was invisible in the dark sky, and the stars were invisible, and Clark felt cold all over! Like falling into an ice cellar. Why was Kasper, the chief of mafia, so afraid of Sylvia?

He also called Sylvia - What?

Amber?

If he remembered correctly, that boxing champion Amber had reappeared last year in the underground boxing competition, when it was to divide the territory.

Amber won the game, the territory reverted to the Dark Night, and the Dark Night had been guarding that area, including all the nearby docks of the sea. Because the Dark Night's guard, H Rovirsa's shipping goods were always intact when the ships passed there.

All thanks to the Dark Night's guardianship and dedication.

He'd been pondering why the Dark Night was guarding H Rovirsa's ocean liner ...

Now it suddenly dawned on him.

Just because ...

Sylvia was Amber ?

How was it

possible?

He kept shaking his head, no way!

How could Amber, a legendary big shot, have anything to do with Sylvia?

She ... She was a petite woman, even if she learned some martial arts, how could she be Amber?

He yanked Kasper, who was kneeling on the ground, and yelled in annoyance, "What's wrong with you? Look carefully, this is Sylvia! She's just a woman, how can you kneel on her like that?"

"Get the hell out of here! What do you know!" Kasper pushed Clark away so hard. He dropped to his knees and crawled towards Sylvia, he reached down and tugged on the corner of Sylvia's pants, "Boss Amber, Amber, please ... Let me go, I will definitely correct my mistakes. I will never do such harmful things again!"

Sylvia sneered, unmoved by Kasper's pleading.

A gust of night wind came and lifted the slender woman's clothes, she seemed like a magic charm in the dark night, emitting a powerful and shocking aura.

The dark sky was dense with clouds, without any light, only the lights of the tanks illuminated this side of the world.

Her cold voice rang out in the dreary night, obviously not loud, but enough to send chills down the spine.

"But can you bring back those dead people to life? Kasper, you deserve retribution."

Sylvia's eyes were fixed on the man kneeling before her, crying in pain, with a serious and murderous look on her

face. As her words came out, a gunshot sounded violently.

Kasper's eyes instantly widened, and his eyes were filled with disbelief.

He lowered his head with difficulty and stared dead at his thigh, only to see his thigh being stained with a blood red, and instantly he fell to the ground.

No one even saw how Sylvia fired the shot, and Kasper was already on the ground, bleeding

profusely. The pain made him cry out in pain, and a silver pistol appeared in Sylvia's hand at some

point.

"Drag him away!"

Her icy voice rang out and immediately two men in black appeared and dragged the injured Kasper away.

"Mr. Wilson ... It's time for the fun to begin!" Sylvia stared at Clark who had a pale face. She curled her lips, "It's time to end the game with you."

"Sylvia! Bitch!" Clark glared at her viciously, "You're Amber? The legendary boxing champion! Why are you lurking in Larro? What are you trying to do?"

"Mr. Wilson, you are so smart, but you don't know it? My target is you from the beginning to the end..."

Sylvia's mouth twitched, and her eyes swept over the men behind Clark.

And the men behind those men ...

When Franklin noticed Sylvia's gaze, he pleasantly curled his lips, took a big step forward and waved his hand.

Immediately, countless men in black surrounded Clark and the others.

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Clark, who had been focusing on Sylvia, like waking up from a dream.

He stared with a shocked expression at Franklin who surrounded him from behind, "You ... Why are you there?"

The man glanced at him, striding to Sylvia, and raising her delicate chin. His sensual thin lips outlining the seductive arc, smiling as wickedly as the woman. There were smiles in his deep-set eyes.

"Mr. Wilson, haven't you ever heard of a word?"

Franklin's voice was particularly seductive in the night.

"What's is?" At this time, Clark was in a mess. His expensive suit had long since become wrinkled, where there was not the slightest semblance of his previous spiritedness.

"A good Jack makes a good Jill." Franklin's smile widened, "Where my wife is, I'll be there."

Sylvia's obsidian-like eyes stared at Franklin and blinked, and then the smile on her red lips widened, and her slender, tender fair fingers grabbed and fiercely dragged Franklin to her.

Her red lips were pressed against the man's sexy thin

lips. "Good performance. I like it."

Sylvia's sinister voice rang out.

Franklin saw Sylvia so active, warmth rising in his chest, his heart suddenly filled with pleasure, pleasure to accept the kiss. And those people next to ... saw this scene.

All could not help but twitch the corners of their mouths.

Were they all treated like air by this couple?

Evie stood on the tank and couldn't help but roll her eyes. Her boss that was in love really rendered her

speechless! It was clear that Sylvia and Franklin were stimulating them, these single men.

Yet they should pay attention to the occasion, shouldn't they ...

Single men were catching Clark!

"Master Franklin! Someone's coming!" Just then, a man was staring ahead with binoculars and said in a deep voice to Franklin.

Franklin frowned, "The mantis catches the cicada, but the bird is behind it?"

Sylvia's icy eyes stared coldly ahead, "It seems that ... there are still people watching us!"

Clark stood inside the encirclement, smiling with a smug face, "The organization will not let me die, they must have sent someone to save me!"

And not far from them on the trees, there were several black-clad people scurrying between the branches towards them.

There were dozens of black-clad men under the tree were are rushing towards where Franklin and Sylvia were.

There were many of them, and the leader of them, a man in black, had a pair of cold eyes hidden under a mask staring at the position of Franklin and Sylvia, and after a long time, he waved his hand, "Kill them all!"

All at once!

A shot rang out!

The color of blood stained the entire dark night sky.

In the darkness of the night, the several black-clad men on the branches sped as fast and fierce as lightning, along with the constant and continuous sound of gunfire.

Evie raised her eyebrows and looked through the binoculars at the men in black who kept moving among the branches, "I didn't expect someone to be faster than my bullets and dodge them!"

"Looks like your gun wasn't fast enough!" Sylvia let out a chuckle and raised her hand!

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

Four shots in a row!

Evie saw those few black-clad men in the tree branches scurrying frantically as if falling

stones! Hit the ground! Dead with eyes wide open!

Evie clapped her hands and said with envy and jealousy, "My master is so amazing. Her shot is much faster and more accurate than mine!"

Jasper and other Franklin's men were wide-eyed and could not help but feel a cold shiver in their hearts.

This ...

The shots were fast and sharp, bloody and brutal, one shot one target at a time.

Evie was the national shooting champion ... For the people who could not be hit by Evie, Sylvia shot their heads off.

Those four men looked like ninjas, majoring in ninjutsu. They moved quickly, wanted to catch the other party's lifeline, yet it was very difficult.

Especially in the darkness of the night.

Their vision must be affected to some extent.

They looked at Sylvia's slender figure and couldn't help but feel a moment of shock!

Inside the woods.

The man in the mask saw his right-hand man being shot down and killed violently, and he couldn't help but flash a hint of anger under his eyes, "Damn it! Why must you stand against me!"

"Moon, are we going to save Mr. Wilson or not?"

One of Moon's men stared in shock at the four ninjas who had fallen to their deaths from the trees, these were the ninjutsu masters of their organization, able to take lives unnoticed.

Not only that, they were also good at hiding their movements.

Just now it was simply impossible to see how these four people went through the branches of the tree, and yet they were shot down in one shot.

This ...

"Save him!" Moon's voice was cold and chilly. Clark had quite a few things Moon wanted.

Nothing could happen to Clark now!

Moon's voice just came out, and suddenly!

A series of fierce gunshots came sweeping toward them.

Without unnecessary consideration, Moon's body reacted automatically, rolling over and hiding directly behind a large tree.

His face was extremely sullen, some of his men were not as lucky as he was, the smell blood instantly wafted through the air.

Listening to the sound of footsteps, it is obvious that a number of people have come.

Moon gritted his teeth, "Damn Franklin, why did he bring so many people!"

The situation was now very unfavorable to him.

Clark was in their hands now. Kasper was just a sacrifice, and what Moon wanted most was Clark.

A murderous aura came from behind Moon's back. Moon frowned, his icy gaze sweeping in a more distant direction. He looked out from inside his own binoculars, and saw about a hundred people rushing in their direction.

Now in this forest, not only Clark and Kasper, and Moon's gang, but also Franklin and Sylvia!

There were already three gangs of people. Why was there a fourth gang?

Moon's eyes flashed with killing intent.

His thin lips were pursed, now that group of people smuggled over from Akas attracted a lot of people, but unfortunately, all dead.

If the four forces fought with one another, his chances of winning were not high, and the chances of taking advantage of the chaos to grab Clark were not high.

Moon hesitated.

While Moon hesitated, Franklin was on a hillside not far away, his deep eyes staring at everything through the telescope. He saw about a hundred or so men, and his face darkened, "Retreat! There is a new force joining!"

Sylvia curled her lips and glanced at Evie, who looked extremely serious and raised her gun to shoot viciously in the direction of the visitors!

The machine gun fired incessantly!

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"There has never been a retreat in my life!"

The corners of Sylvia's mouth lifted into a cold smile.

With a wave of her hand, Jaden suddenly burst out of the forest with several of the Dark Night's members, and Jasper inside the tank saw the same co-pilot who manned the tank!

Fire!

Boom!

The shells landed and blew a big crater, and all those enemies were blown away, blood stained the earth.

And those who managed to escape with their lives were heartbroken, they were just not far from hell.

"Honey!" Franklin didn't expect Sylvia to be so aggressive, so violent.

She directly ordered men who manned tanks to fire!

"In this forest, not only us, Clark and Kasper, but there are two other forces watching from behind." Sylvia curled her lips and her voice reached Franklin's ears, "Honey, you don't trust my abilities that much?"

"I just don't want you to get hurt." Franklin's form shook.

He loved Sylvia, so he worried about her.

He was afraid, he was worried ... It was not that he was timid, but he subconsciously wanted Sylvia to leave when he was in danger, to keep her safe and sound.

And he could face all the danger alone!

He was ready to help Sylvia to retreat.

But he didn't expect that Sylvia chose to stay and put up a fight!

According to the current situation, they were to hit the head.

And the bodies of all the stowaways inside that old factory were the strongest evidence to punish Clark.

If it was taken away by any of the forces, or destroyed, then Clark was likely to get away with it again.

Not only that, but they would suffer losses.

Franklin no longer hesitated, but rushed to a tall tree, draw a gun and hold up the binoculars, eyes flashing sharply.

He raised his pistol and aimed at the few people at the head of the newly joined forces, one shot at a time, crisp and clean.

The sudden hit caught the other side off guard and almost everyone started retreating backwards, lying to one side, unable to get close, only shooting at long range.

Evie stared at Franklin in awe, those men were at least 50 or 60 meters away, and he shot them one at a time?

The self-confidence of being a shooting champion was once again shattered into crumbs.

"My boss is a good shot, but your master is also great?"

She said to Jasper with round eyes, who coughed lightly twice, "He ... is the winner of the amateur shooting competition Aettosa held the year before."

Evie was speechless.

She was the official shooting champion of the national team, and the year she won, Aettosa also held an amateur shooting competition at that time, she heard that a great shot attended it!

Since he was in the amateur shooting competition, he didn't attract much attention.

Evie now felt that Franklin was that amateur champion.

"Awesome, your master's identity is really awesome!"

"Aww!"

What an amazing couple!

Almost all of the newly arrived forces fell to the ground.

Seeing his mates in the front row being knocked to the ground, a man in black suddenly appeared from the very back of the crowd, and the man in black said in a deep voice, "At this rate, they will definitely escape."

"This is the best chance to kill that woman." Another man said, "Moon has special feelings for Sylvia and has been reluctant to kill her."

"Go, Gaza, finish her off!"

The man's icy voice rang out, the cold voice like a sharp blade carried an endless killing intent. "Sylvia, must not stay any longer!"

"Yes!"

Not far away, a man in black sniffed, immediately leapt towards a tree, and then after a few jumps, the man's figure disappeared in front of everyone's eyes.

In the midnight, cold wind blew.

And at this time Sylvia and Franklin, respectively, hand pistol in hand, aiming ahead, a fierce round of bullets shot out to kill all the enemies.

Franklin's strong eyes were like those of a lone wolf, his thin lips curved in a cold arc, "Honey! You rest for a while! I'll do it!"

Evie, on the other hand, still had a machine gun in her hand and kept firing.

All of them tried hard to rush out.

Franklin's eyes flashed with cold light, the corners of his lips hanging a sneer.

Today, he and Sylvia are trapped here, and there was no way he was going to sit around and let Sylvia get hurt!

He must protect her!

She was here to catch Clark, and he was here to guard her!

Covering Sylvia and Evie as they broke out of the encirclement, Franklin dropped the phone in his hand with a sneer on his lips.

And the tanks were rushing forward frantically, and Franklin had coldness in his eyes.

Just then, a subtle sound suddenly rang out.

Standing on a tree, he drew back.

A harsh and swift bullet was avoided.

Franklin rolled down the tree.

Those deep-set, dark eyes stared at a man who suddenly appeared under a tree not far away.

The man was dressed in black, with a hood on his head that hid his looks.

It could be seen his body was tall, sturdy and powerful.

Sylvia quickly came to Franklin, she frowned, staring daggers at the black hooded man, her eyes filled with a strong killing intent.

This man just tried to kill Franklin!

"Who are you?" Sylvia spoke in a stern voice, her pretty almond eyes sizing up the man dressed in black.

Her mind quickly began to race.

She narrowed her eyes and felt a little surprised at the man who was able to appear behind herself and Franklin unnoticed.

This man reached out so well and was able to keep Franklin and her unaware.

Franklin was the Ryan family's patriarch, his martial arts skills were secondary to none.

And this man ... was strong!

Thinking of this, Sylvia's red lips curved into a beautiful smile. This man wanted to kill her and Franklin!

Then she would see if this man had that ability!

"Hehe--" After seeing Sylvia's beautiful face, Gaza froze instantly.

He stared at the slender figure with a frown. There was a moment of disorientation, because ... The strong murderous aura on the other side was very surprising to him.

This woman was no ordinary person.

Although the dark night was deep. he could still feel the other side's deep hostility.

The woman's face was extremely beautiful.

If it weren't for Franklin beside her, Gaza would almost think that this woman didn't belong here at all.

The man beside her was extremely handsome, but had a strong and appalling vibe. As he was dressed in black, he intimidated others more.

Gaza stared at the man's handsome face and pursed his lips.

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He couldn't help but narrow his eyes, his intuition told him that the couple in front of him, very hard to deal with!

"What? Didn't the person who sent you here tell you who my husband and I are?"

Sylvia raised the gun in her left hand, she looked at Gaza with a stern gaze, feeling very unhappy with the man's mocking sneer just now.

No matter who the other party was, she could still send him to hell.

Somehow Gaza intuitively did not want to fight with this woman.

The hostility and killing intent on this woman was so heavy and thick.

It was so heavy that he, a professional killer, couldn't help but show fear deep inside.

He decided to do it quickly!

"Hehe-" a cold snort escaped from the man's sexy thin lips.

Sylvia had not yet acted, but Franklin suddenly popped out.

Seeing Franklin, who instantly rushed out like an arrow, Sylvia frowned.

Then she saw Gaza's pupils violently constrict.

There was a moment of consternation within Gaza!

But he was a professional killer after all, and he immediately raised his gun on Franklin!

However, Franklin was able to avoid it with ease.

Just as his second bullet was about to be fired, Franklin was already close to him, his dark, cold eyes staring at him.

Hurry!

Like lightning!

Looking at the man who came close, Gaza actually had a blank mind.

Franklin's long, powerful legs were already sweeping across him.

His large palm reached out and grabbed Gaza while his long legs kicked Gaza's wrist.

Pop!

The gun in Gaza's hand fell at the sound and rolled into the distance!

A stinging pain in Gaza's wrist brought him back to life and he immediately attacked Franklin.

The two figures were extremely fast and the battle was getting more and more intense.

Sylvia's eyes tightened, and at that moment, a harsh palm wind suddenly slashed towards her.

Her gloomy eyes stared. She immediately turned back and raised her leg to kick towards the place where the palm wind came from.

She never thought that this black hood had helpers!

A short man appeared behind her. Sylvia immediately aimed her gun at the man, but he was very fast.

She simply abandoned her gun and a silver dagger immediately appeared in her hand.

Her sharp dagger struck hard at the diminutive man.

The man obviously didn't expect Sylvia to be so powerful! His face was so gloomy that he avoided Sylvia's strong attacks every time.

Yet Sylvia was as nimble as a snake, and that dagger was her fangs!

The short man was not convinced before, for he was sent here to be Gaza's helper.

At this point, he finally understood everything.

In the moment he was distracted, Sylvia made another quick dash, bending and instantly gathering all her strength to stab the short man straight in the neck!

The short man's body stiffened and his eyes stared dead at the dagger that was about to pierce his throat!

A strong sense of fear, instantly hit the heart! He was so close to death at that moment!

The first time he felt death so clearly!

So close, so terribly close!

He couldn't avoid it, he froze there, and he realized with fear that he couldn't avoid it at all.

That was strength!

That was power!

As if resigned to his fate, he slowly closed his eyes.

Wasn't it just death?

It doesn't matter if you die at the hands of a strong man!

Faced with death, he is afraid.

Yet he's also thinking Moon would overpower Killer if he could no longer work for ZZ organization.

The sharp blade brought a lightning-like sound of wind.

Sylvia's eyes were filled with a killing intent, and this blow could definitely kill her opponent.

The fierce dagger spun strongly as the brisk wind passed by.

"Flop!" The dagger sliced through the short man's throat!

With a thud, the man fell to the ground, eyes wide open!

Franklin and Gaza were tangled up in a fight, and the wind from the man's palm violently lifted Gaza's hood.

A handsome face was revealed

In an instant, Franklin, who had been about to slap Gaza's chest, had his dark pupils shrink violently, and shock was written all over his shocked face.

As he was about to hit Gaza's chest violently, he used less strength, lifted his left foot and kicked Gaza out!

Bang!

Gaza hit the ground hard, a burst of pain in the chest, so he spat out a mouthful of blood.

He gasped sharply, and his eyes were written with amazement.

He reached out and covered his chest, which had been sore when Franklin had kicked him, and looked at Franklin, who was not far ahead, with a puzzled look.

In the darkness of the night, the tall, upright figure stood there coldly, Gaza could not see the man's expression clearly, but was surprised to feel that the man's burning eyes were staring at him, making him feel a touch of creepy horror.

Silence pervaded the place, and the atmosphere was tense.

Sylvia frowned, "Why not kill ..."

Just as she was speaking, she raised her eyes and saw Gaza's handsome face, and she was stunned, too.

Shock and amazement instantly surfaced in her beautiful radiant almond eyes, and she couldn't help but murmur.

"This ... How is this possible?"

Surprisingly, Gaza's face was extremely similar to Franklin's, almost identical, so to speak! The same eyebrows, the same narrow eyes.

Except only for a long cut on Gaza's handsome face.

He looked a little fierce, but it didn't detract from his handsome appearance.

If there was no that scar ... He could definitely pretend to be Franklin.

Franklin didn't say anything, and neither did Sylvia.

Just then, there was another rush of footsteps.

"Go!"

Franklin tugged Sylvia's hand, the two figures turned and left quickly, leaving no words behind, their figures rushed into the darkness.

Gaza stared blankly at the backs of the two figures that left, and didn't come back to life for a long time.

Both of them ... Why were they so surprised after seeing his face?

Why didn't they kill him?

Questions lingered in Gaza's mind.