

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 591

She had a decent smile on her face, but in her mind she was wondering why Franklin was still

with Sylvia even now. Even if she became the Hipps family's lady, why was she still unpopular?

She smiled at Franklin and said, "We, the Hipps family, recently intended to invest in a factory in Larro. We've bought the land; it is the Wilson Group's abandoned factory. Wilson Group sold it to us at a low price. So ... I'm much more competent than Sylvia."

Franklin glanced coldly at Tammy, not understanding what this annoying woman was chattering about.

He spoke indifferently, his tone flooded with coldness, "Really? Clark was put in jail some time

ago, you didn't know?" Tammy's face froze and her eyes widened in disbelief, "What did you say

..."

"Aren't you working with the Wilson Group, which has now changed ownership and is controlled by someone else from the Wilson family, and seems to be close to closing down?"

Franklin's tone was so icy.

Skyla stared at Franklin with a pale face, "How is it possible ..."

Her chest rose and fell fiercely, and for a long time she didn't come back to her senses. With a sullen face, she turned her head and said to Tammy next to her, "We heard it wrong, didn't we? It must be fake news."

"You guys are too ignorant, right? It was on the international news." Franklin spoke in a light-hearted manner, not bothering to talk to Tammy, whose strong perfume made his nose uncomfortable.

So he strode towards the window and wanted to get some fresh air.

And at this point, mother and daughter were no longer in the mood

to visit the sick. Skyla's legs were weak, her chest hurt and yet there

was nothing she could do about it. Since Clark was arrested, her

partnership with him was all over and she was doomed.

The mother and daughter did not even have time to wave goodbye, and then hurriedly left hand in hand.

At this time, Sylvia inside the ward no longer wanted to waste any more time, she was sweeping a cold glance towards Dr. Mitchell, "Are you going to do it or not? If you don't do it, I will do it."

"Yes! I'll do it!" Dr. Mitchell, not knowing where he got a surge of courage, trusted Sylvia to the utmost.

Without further hesitation, he directly began to follow Sylvia's instructions and started to

apply the needles. And just moments after he dropped the needle, Alondra was not

happy.

As an expert, she needed to stop them

from making mistakes. "Wait!"

"Ms. Wolfe, what do you want again?" Sylvia lazily looked at Alondra's smooth face with her arms around her chest, "If you have something to say, say it quickly and don't waste our time."

Alondra didn't expect such a young girl to be so arrogant, she smiled and put on airs, "Miss Andrews, you may really have some ability, but have you thought about what the consequences would be if you failed to save the old Mr. Bennett?"

"I advise you to give up, it's a life, a founding father's life."

"I say that with the best of intentions, you can't afford to that responsibility."

"Ms. Wolfe, I'll give you all those words you said to yourself." Sylvia found Alondra chirpy and annoying,

totally ruining her mood. She swept a glance at Dr. Mitchell, who was sticking the needle, and her voice was

strong and irrefutable, "Just go ahead."

Dr. Mitchell hesitated when he thought of the dangerous points Sylvia had told him about.

Alondra's words rang in his ears, "Dr. Mitchell, are you going to bet your future on the word of a charlatan? She asked you to apply the needle, why didn't she do it herself? Because ... you should be the one who takes the blame if it fails!"

What a good point!

Dr. Mitchell's face was white, he was now the director ... with his age, if something went wrong, what awaited him in the future would be...

Thinking about it, his face became even more terrible.

Sylvia frowned at the sweat beading on Dr. Mitchell's forehead and reached out directly,

"Give me the needle." It seemed that he could not drop the needle.

A hint of mockery appeared at the corner of Alondra's lips.

She was trying to force Sylvia to do it herself. She didn't know this kind of medical skills, but looking at Dr. Mitchell's face just now, she could tell that those acupuncture points should not be easily poked.

In that case ...

So almost everyone's eyes widened and looked towards Sylvia's finger.

Her long, slender, fair fingers pinched the silver needles. Before everyone could see it clearly, Sylvia had poked the old Mr. Bennett's head quickly and accurately with the needles one after another.

Dr. Mitchell marveled at her smooth movements, he prided himself on being a master, but in front of Sylvia ... he felt that his skills were nothing.

Her skills were just perfect.

She was simply so familiar with the acupuncture points on the human body

to a certain extent. He had no doubt that even with her eyes closed, she

could apply the needles accurately.

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Everyone held their breath and looked at Sylvia with awe.

All her movements seemed to be like those of a medical master in a martial arts movie.

Those outside the door stretched their heads to look inside the ward, all wanting to see how Sylvia administered the needle to the old Mr. Bennett.

"Gee, it's been so long, why isn't it over yet?"

"Yes! Does it work or not? Is there really no need for surgery?"

"I heard she was a surgeon! I thought she was going to operate on the old Mr. Bennett!"

Raiden and a few others also stared at Sylvia in shock, all her actions and behavior telling them that she was not an amateur. On the contrary, she was very good at it.

She was simply a master.

The look of worship on Dr. Mitchell's face had already said it all.

He said to Sylvia cheekily and ingratiatingly, "Miss Andrews ... where did you get this technique from? Which master did you learn from?"

Sylvia tilted her head and glanced at the old Mr. Bennett on the hospital bed, and her voice carried a hint of cool diffidence, "Oh, I don't have a teacher, I'm a little interested in this field, so I practiced it for a while."

Dr. Mitchell looked at Sylvia with wide eyes in shock, "You ... you practiced it for some time? How long was it?" "Just two months."

"Are you kidding me?"

Dr. Mitchell's face was turning green, and the ingratiating smile on his face faded away. Two months! Two months of practice? And she could apply the needle so well!

So this skill that he had learned all his life and with which he lived on was so easily mastered by her? Sylvia must be bluffing, right?

Dr. Mitchell's voice trembled to the core, "Are you sure it was two months? You didn't misremember or make a mistake?"

Sylvia didn't take his surprise seriously. While curing the old Mr. Bennett, she continued, "Well, I was learning something else back then. If I hadn't, I guess a month would have been enough."

One month!

She was so arrogant!

Dr. Mitchell seriously suspected that he had heard things wrong. How was it possible?

His head was so dizzy that he almost didn't faint on the ground.

Back then, he seriously remembered all the acupuncture points of the human body, and practiced for a long time before he could finally use his skills on patients, and from time to time he would make mistakes.

He spent so much time and effort in learning such skills. Yet Sylvia just spent two months.

Even though he worked in the hospital every day and had received countless patients, he could not reach Sylvia's level. Sylvia didn't take Dr. Mitchell's words to heart as she continued to apply the needle there.

And everyone in the room broke down and stared at her in shock.

Alondra was so angry that her face distorted. She thought Sylvia was just deliberately bragging.

"Miss Andrews, stop bragging yourself. Medical knowledge is very difficult to learn. Students at Medical University study for years and do internships for a long time before they can officially join the workforce. Don't you think what you were saying sounds ridiculous?"

"Yeah?" Sylvia glanced at Alondra, who was too shallow.

Yet she didn't bother to engage in a verbal battle with Alondra. She only focused on the old Mr. Bennett.

Alondra felt that Sylvia deliberately acted like that to embarrass her, an expert here.

She couldn't wait to nail Sylvia's lies and couldn't resist saying, "Miss Andrews, are you sure you can really disperse the stagnant blood? Don't be too confident. You shouldn't be too confident about your abilities because people won't trust a doctor who only studied for two months!"

Sylvia's almond eyes fell on her in a cold manner, and she had no intention of arguing with her. She said casually, "It doesn't matter if you trust me; I trust myself, that's enough."

This statement made perfect sense since she wasn't administering the needle for Alondra's benefit anyway. What does it matter whether or not Alondra trusts her?

Alondra couldn't accept this reality...

Her face was on fire and she wanted to lash out against Sylvia, to irritate Sylvia.

But her face was stiff, her muscles were twitching, and she could only clench her fists in silence, unable to speak.

Franklin couldn't help but let out a chuckle not far away, "My wife is a genius, how can you understand the world of geniuses?"

Sylvia was always a fast learner, and Franklin was really curious about what kind of person his mother-in-law was to give birth to such a talented daughter.

But ... since he met Sylvia, he had rarely heard her mention her mother, who he only knew had died long ago.

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Sylvia heard Franklin's sweet talk and looked up, meeting his deep black eyes that were gazing at her with affection. She quickly averted her gaze, feeling a strange warmth in her ears.

Even the sound of his low laughter made her heart race faster. Damn it! Love Parasite hadn't acted up in so long, why now?

Her heartbeat felt extremely unstable. Please don't come now, Sylvia prayed silently. She then focused on treating the patient again.

Franklin noticed Sylvia avoiding eye contact and felt a tremble in his heart as he couldn't help but look at her with tenderness and love.

The people around them could sense the coldness that had been emanating from him earlier dissipate as he looked at Sylvia.

Several unmarried women stared incredulously at this handsome man, wondering what was going on between him and Sylvia to make him act so lovingly towards her.

"Oh, right, honey." Franklin casually said.

"What?" Sylvia glanced impatiently at him; she was busy right now!

The more she heard his magnetic voice, the more restless

she became. Can he just shut up?

Franklin saw Sylvia's beautiful face from the side profile and couldn't help but smile slightly while speaking softly into her ear, "After you're done here, do you want to go eat Korean BBQ or Western food?"

Damn it!

Is that why he

bothered me? Sylvia

almost lost it!

She even almost dropped the silver needle in hand!

But she held back; suppressing the restlessness inside of herself while saying irritably, "You decide! Don't

bother me!" Her tone was sharp.

Franklin exuded an aura of being unapproachable; making people feel intimidated by just being near him. But this woman... she actually dared to shout at him?

Everyone thought Franklin would harshly reprimand or punish Sylvia but instead they heard his gentle voice say, "Okay... I'll book us some Western food then? After you're done here, we can go together."

It was cold outside, so eating warm Western food sounded good to both of them.

Sylvia nodded without saying another word. Everyone stared at her in silence, almost everyone thinking to themselves, "Damn! She's really spoiled."

Especially those unmarried women, they were so jealous.

How could such a girl who liked to brag and lie have such an excellent man protecting and spoiling her?

They naturally had a bit of inexplicable hostility towards beautiful women, so they believed Alondra's words and thought Sylvia was a liar and braggart.

Time passed slowly.

Soon, an hour had passed.

Everyone was exhausted from standing for so long. Some of the older ones even sat on the benches outside the corridor. Some pampered ones felt tired from standing for so long, and they couldn't sit as all the benched were occupied.

Jazlynn became impatient. "Why is it taking so long? Will it work or not?"

Sabrina kept pacing back and forth. She was afraid that her calves would swell from standing for too long and then they wouldn't look attractive.

So she didn't stop moving around but after walking for so long, she felt really tired now.

She couldn't squat down either; she could only lean against the wall with her body to feel more comfortable.

On the contrary, Tiana had been silently standing there with a calm and elegant expression as if she never knew what fatigue meant at all.

Sabrina changed her pose, she showed a gentle smile towards Tiana, "'Miss Andrews seems unable to continue anymore. I've been thinking if Jonathan has any misunderstandings about Ms. Wolfe? Maybe I can..."

Tiana elegantly flicked off nonexistent dust from herself before saying calmly, "Miss Hogan, sorry, I think Miss Andrews can do it." chest tightened as her face turned a little bit red.

If it weren't for Jonathan, she wouldn't have come here voluntarily just to be humiliated by this old

lady. Another half hour passed.

Sabrina finally couldn't help but yell at Sylvia inside, "What's wrong with you? It's been so long, why is there no result yet? Is it working or not?"

"If you can't, don't waste everyone's time

here." Jazlynn added disdainfully, Just

admit you're no good."

"Hurry up and get Ms. Wolfe to operate, that's the best ..."

Just before she finished her words, she stiffened there, and she simply stared in disbelief.

The others, who had been gathered behind the two of them, suddenly saw Jazlynn's shocked look and couldn't help but follow her gaze with curiosity.

When everyone saw what was happening, the scene was

silent. Sabrina's face was pale and her lips quivered, "How is

this possible?"

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"Grandpa!"

Jonathan's shout of alarm along with the old Mr. Bennett that sound of spitting blood, instantly made almost everyone nervous. Everyone rushed towards the inside of the ward.

Raiden's face also changed and he stared at Sylvia with

confusion. "What's going on? Why did my dad vomit so

much blood?"

Sylvia glanced at him lightly, "He vomited the clot."

"What do you mean? This is clot?" Alondra clenched her fists and stared at Sylvia incredulously.

Sabrina doubted it while mumbling, "How could he wake up so quickly? The clot was removed? And he woke up? If he received the surgery, it would take him at least a day to regain consciousness. Also, he needed to be sent into ICU for observation. How could he recover so quickly? No way!"

Sylvia's eyes glinted and her cold voice said, "Nothing is impossible. You thought it was impossible because you couldn't make it, but that doesn't mean others cannot make it."

Sabrina bit her lower lip, Sylvia gave a slap in her face?

She was the daughter of Secretary of State in Aettosa, Sylvia, who did

she think she was! How could Sylvia talk to her like that?

Sylvia ignored Sabrina, grabbed a tissue and wiped the blood from the old Mr. Bennett's lips, then glanced at the sheets on the hospital bed that were stained red with his blood.

She said to Samuel, "What are you waiting for? Call the nurse."

Samuel then woke up like a dream and rushed to call the nurse to come over to change the sheets and covers.

The old Mr. Bennett exhaled a long breath, Jonathan beside him immediately poured a glass of warm water,

"Grandpa, gargle." Jonathan guessed his grandfather's mouth was filled with the smell of blood.

The old Mr. Bennett nodded weakly and rinsed his mouth with a

glass of water. Then he lay down again.

The nurse quickly rushed over and started to change the sheets and

covers in a short time. Almost everyone stared incredulously at the old Mr.

Bennett.

Raiden walked quickly to the hospital bed and bent slightly, "Dad, do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

The old Mr. Bennett opened his misty eyes, as if he had not heard Raiden's voice, his eyes looked towards Sylvia, and in his blurred vision he saw a familiar face, and he could not help but whisper, "Monica... is that you?"

Everyone froze after hearing his words.

"Who is the old Mr. Bennett calling, and who is Monica?"

"Don't you know? It's said that when the old Mr. Bennett was young, he taught a genius girl at Larro School who impressed him greatly. Later on, he returned to Urgford and asked her to come along with him, but she didn't."

"Really? How much of a genius must she be for the old Mr. Bennett to take notice like that?" All of the Bennett family froze after hearing the old Mr. Bennett's voice, with mixed feelings. Then they heard his murmurs again.

"So many years have passed..."

where did you go?" "You heartless girl..."

"Alas - so many years have passed, I'm so old now ..."

The old Mr. Bennett's eyes were red; then he reached out towards Sylvia, "Why are you still so cruel? You won't even come over when seeing me."

Sylvia hesitated for a moment and walked towards the old Mr. Bennett.

She looked down at this elderly man before her, extended her hand, and took his cool hand, "My mother's name is Monica Evans, is that ... her you're talking about?"

"Mother ..." the old Mr. Bennett was stunned and suddenly his eyes widened as he stared seriously and carefully at Sylvia's face. "Monica Evans is your mother? You are not Monica? Then you are ..."

"I am her daughter." Sylvia sat beside him on the bed warming up his cold hands with hers, "Are you really my mother's teacher as they say?"

"What about Monica? Is she doing well now?" the old Mr. Bennett sized up Sylvia, "Your eyebrows and eyes look very similar while your nose looks alike too but your mouth seems different from your mother's. It is like your father's, right?"

Sylvia looked at the old Mr. Bennett in silence for a while, and could not tell what she felt inside.

It was complicated and hard, but she still didn't want to lie to the old man who was in his twilight years but still remembered her mother.

She opened her mouth and finally spoke, "My mother passed away many years ago."

"What ... No, Monica is so good, how could she pass away? She is still so young! Alondra and Paula are alive and well, how can she pass away?"

The old Mr. Bennett looked extremely agitated and he started coughing violently again. There was blood spilling out along the corners of his lips.

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Sylvia immediately raised her hand to pat him on the back, "Don't get too worked up, old Mr. Bennett. You shall not get too worked up. There was nothing we could do to prevent my mother's tragic fate."

"I don't believe it! I refuse to believe it! She should have had a more brilliant life, she should have shone brightly and won all the awards both at home and abroad – that's the kind of life she deserved!"

"How could she have passed away like this...?" The old Mr.

Bennett's eyes welled up with tears. A single tear rolled down his cheek.

He slowly closed his eyes, "Monica was truly exceptional, a genius in every sense of the word. Anything that came her way was simple and easy for her to handle – no one could ever compare to her... Monica..."

He was genuinely heartbroken; anyone could see how much he was hurting.

Tiana couldn't hold back any longer as tears streamed down her face; she walked over to the hospital bed where her father-in-law lay weakly. "Dad, it was Monica's daughter who saved you – maybe Monica is watching over you from heaven right now! That's why she sent her daughter here."

As she spoke, Tiana broke into sobs.

She finally understood why she felt Sylvia very familiar to her.

She took her hands in Sylvia's, "Back in the old days when I was in high school at Larro, Yasmin and I are your mother's best friends. Then we all went our separate ways and had less contact. Especially since your mother was suddenly rumored to have been kicked out of the Evans family, we've never seen her again."

Her heart ached at the thought that her best friend from her youth had died, "Yasmin was always at Larro, did she know about your mother?"

"Yasmin... you mean Cody's wife?"

Sylvia was stunned, she didn't expect Mrs. Wright and her mother to be good friends too. "Yes." Tiana nodded.

"I don't think she knows." Sylvia's heart tightened for a moment; she hadn't expected Yasmin to be a good friend of her mother's as well.

She suddenly thought of the soup Yasmin always made, which she always felt smelled like the soup cooked by her mother. Yasmin once said that she learned how to make the soup from an old friend.

So that was it! The old friend Yasmin mentioned must be Monica.

Since Yasmin knew about Monica, why hadn't Yasmin told her about she and Monica being good friends?

The shock overwhelmed her, but there were more important things right now, things needing attention urgently.

"She's been having a tough time lately. Cody got sent to jail, and Franklin and I are trying to figure out a way to help him. We believe he's innocent," said Sylvia.

"Jail?" Tiana's face suddenly became very terrible; she wiped her eyes, "I'll ask around for you. There must be

more to this."

"Yasmin is a good girl too." the old Mr. Bennett sat up with Jonathan's help and said to Raiden, "You ... go to the police station and go ask what's going on. Help if you can."

"Yes, Dad." Raiden nodded quickly before reminding Jazlynn to take care of things here, then left.

Sylvia didn't pay any attention to him but instead took out an exquisitely transparent small porcelain bottle from her backpack that contained about twenty or thirty black pills.

She stuffed it into Tiana's hand. "Give one pill to the old Mr. Bennett once a day; it will be extremely helpful for his condition." Tiana froze, "What is this?"

Alondra's face, however, changed completely.

She came over to Tiana in shock and grabbed the medicine bottle from Tiana's hand, "Is this the special medicine? The RL 133 that has caused so much controversy and attention internationally?"

Others may not know about it but she could not remain ignorant of it. All the doctors present were shocked when they heard about RL 133.

Just now they were wondering whether Sylvia had brought some poor-quality medicine which might have negative effects. And then they heard Alondra's voice full of shock.

They were confused about what RL 133 was.

"Ms. Wolfe, what do you mean by that? What's so special about RL 133?" Jazlynn asked curiously.

"RL 133 is worth a lot of money, I've heard one pill costs at least five hundred thousand dollars! It can regenerate cells that have lost their vitality - in other words - it has life-extending properties. So ... this medicine is hard to get, and I heard that the production is also limited, so getting so many pills at once would be difficult."

Alondra looked at Sylvia with mixed emotions on her face as she spoke enviously yet sternly, "Where did you get so many pills from? Did you do something illegal?"

The developers sell each pill for five hundred thousand dollars but in reality, in an underground auction, one pill had long been sold for astronomical price.

"Fifty thousand for one pill? How much does this bottle cost?" Tiana's mind went blank with a buzz. Did she just hold fifteen million in her hand?

When she realized what was happening, she panicked and said, "Sibbie, I don't have that much cash. I need to go to the bank."

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"Tiana, I don't want any money." Sylvia interrupted her, "the old Mr. Bennett used to be my mother's teacher, and I'm touched that he still remembers my mother even now."

She smiled again, "Besides, Jonathan is my good friend. I gotta help him!"

Sabrina stared in shock at the small transparent porcelain bottle filled with RL 133. How could there be so many pills?

She took a few steps forward in disbelief and almost couldn't control herself as she reached out to grab the bottle from Tiana's hand.

Tiana was startled and hurriedly took a few steps back.

Thinking of her identity, Tiana suppressed the displeasure and annoyance, forced a stiff smile and said politely.

"Miss Hogan, what are you doing? This ... bottle of medicine can be worth a lot of money, so if you want to see it, why don't you go buy a few pills? With your family background, it should be easy to get a few."

Sabrina jerked back to her senses and realized exactly what she had done.

Her face turned red, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Bennett, I was a little lost in thought. I was trying to see if this medicine is real, after all, there are many fake medicines being sold on the market nowadays; if it is fake ... then it is too ..."

Tiana frowned, knowing that Sabrina's words were aimed at questioning Sylvia's integrity. Tiana trusted Sylvia somehow.

In Tiana's opinion, based on Sylvia's personality traits, she wouldn't use counterfeit drugs to deceive her.

As soon as Sabrina finished speaking, several others who doubted Jonathan, Tiana, and even Franklin began chiming in and adding fuel to fire, "Yeah, is it real or fake?"

"How can someone take out so much RL 133. From Ms. Wolfe's description, it's amazing medicine. I don't believe the medicine what Ms. Wolfe can't get."

"I don't believe it. I

think it should be

fake." "Yeah!"

Everyone started talking.

They assumed that RL 133 in Sylvia's hand was fake.

"It might just be an ordinary health supplement. If I had one, I wouldn't give it away." "Yeah. She even has a bottle of it. How can she be so generous?"

Franklin also did not expect Sylvia to bring out a bottle of RL 133. He was also stunned.

RL 133 was not maintenance product and potent drug. Not everyone could take out RL 133.

Just one pill of it was fought over on the black market, let alone so many.

Sylvia raised her eyes and yawned, "You can't reach the grapes, so you say

they're sour. It's pointless." She neglected Sabrina who had been hostile to

her from the start, as if she had stolen her man.

Was she crazy?

Alondra forced down her anger and jealousy; her research lab had been working on a drug similar to RL 133 and even better than it, and she tried to get a head start, but she could never get the results.

She said to Tiana with a smile on her face, "Mrs. Bennett, how about this? Give me this bottle of medicine, I will take it back to study and analyze the ingredients inside, if it is really RL 133, then we will all be relieved. If it is, all the better, if not, it will allow the old Mr. Bennett to avoid some unnecessary damage."

She looked at Sylvia with a stiff expression and a false mildness on her face, "Miss Andrews, being still young, might have been tricked."

Sylvia was stunned by Alondra's cheekiness. She didn't miss the flash of greed in Alondra's eyes.

She couldn't help but be exasperated, "This medicine was sent out by me. Do you want to analyze it so that you can mass produce it?"

Everyone was shocked that Sylvia

confronted Alondra so bluntly. Alondra

was a respected medical expert with high

status and fame. Yet she was suspected

by a young woman.

She was really angry about Sylvia's rude manners.

Her face turned green with anger. "You... you think I need your pills? Do you really think I covet them? You're just projecting your own ill intentions onto me!"

But Sylvia really hit her where it hurt, that was what she thought. But she couldn't possibly admit it.

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"Ms. Wolfe took it to the lab because she was afraid you'd be fooled. You didn't appreciate it and even criticized her?" Sabrina held Alondra, who was so angry that her chest heaved, "Ms. Wolfe, don't care about this kind of person. She doesn't know how to appreciate kindness."

Sylvia indifferently looked at them, "The key to making RL 133 lies in lysimachiae, which ordinary people cannot cultivate. I heard about those drugs you study, and what you are missing is lysimachiae."

"What ... did you say?" Alondra's face turned pale.

"Lysimachiae?" She had never even heard of such a thing.

'What is lysimachiae?'

"Yeah, lysimachiae," Sylvia put away all the information she had just received on her phone about Alondra's life story which she asked Alby to investigate for her.

Alby was very efficient and sent her all the answers that Sylvia needed within minutes.

Alondra, a nationally renowned professor of surgery, had a private research lab that many investors supported financially. She had been researching an anti-aging drug for some time now but hadn't achieved significant results yet.

Therefore, Alondra was extremely anxious lately and under immense pressure, since investors would hold her responsible if they didn't see any progress soon enough.

Alby also sent her a copy of the ingredients of the drug that Alondra had researched.

With just one glance, she could see the lack of ingredients inside and Alondra's distress.

"What the hell is lysimachiae? We've never heard of this thing, I only know of strychnine," Sabrina said nonchalantly at Sylvia, her tone aggressive and disdainful.

Those around were also confused.

"Lysiamchae isn't something money can buy easily," Sylvia chuckled while explaining further, "It's actually an herb shaped like coins."

She suddenly took a step in Alondra's direction, and Alondra couldn't help but take a step backwards.

After retreating, she snapped out of it. Why should she lose face against someone like Sylvia, who only in her early twenties? Why should she show fear?

But as soon as she raised her eyes, she met Sylvia's dark eyes, with long lashes covering them, looking like a witch that confused people's minds.

"I told you the formula, you can make any medicine you want, you can even make RL 144 out of it."

Sylvia's red lips were slightly curled, charming and seductive, and a hint of mockery flashed across her eyes, "Do whatever you want! I'll wait."

Alondra stared at Sylvia incredulously, "You know the formula for RL 133? How do you know about lysimachiae, you're making it up, aren't you?"

"Yeah, you took a fake drug out to fool us in order to harm the old Mr. Bennett, and you didn't let my mentor take it to the lab, and now you're making up something that doesn't exist!"

Sabrina also straightened her chest, for the first time she found herself, as Aettosa's top socialite, being dwarfed by Sylvia. It was a feeling that made her feel very uncomfortable.

She disliked Sylvia very much, especially when she saw how polite Jonathan had been to Sylvia, practically doing whatever she was told.

She hated Sylvia to

the core. Now ...

"Proof speaks louder than words. I heard that ... one pill of RL 133 was sold on Mr. Gracia's auction. How about having Mr. Gracia come over to identify it?" Suddenly the hospital's vice president said in a low voice.

Immediately there was an uproar, "Mr. Gracia auctioned off one pill?"

Really?" "How much did he sell it for?"

"How do you know that, Mr. Vice President?"

The vice president was a bit embarrassed - could he say that sometimes he went to auctions himself and bought some trinkets there?

"Well... I just heard from someone else..."

Alondra, however, seems to have grabbed the last straw, "Sabrina, you immediately go and ask Mr. Gracia to come over in my name. Make sure he makes that trip and comes to the hospital as soon as possible."

Sabrina nodded and turned to leave.

Sylvia thought they were really boring. She was so tired and she had to be here with such a group of people to study

whether her medicine was real or not?

It was beyond tedious!

"Mrs. Bennett, you keep the medicine and remember to give the old Mr. Bennett. I'll leave now; just tell me the identification result later."

"Miss Andrews, you're leaving so soon? Are you scared now or feeling guilty?" Alondra glared at Sylvia; she must hit Sylvia's face hard today.

She must teach Sylvia a lesson and make the latter realize what a real expert

meant! She believed that Sylvia saved the old Mr. Bennett by good luck.

And it was not because Sylvia was a real talent.

All day today, she was overshadowed by Sylvia, so she felt hatred

and anger. But in front of so many people, she couldn't do anything to

Sylvia.

"Why should I be afraid?" Sylvia raised an eyebrow, her eyes calm and indifferent.

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"Because you knew the medicine was fake, you were guilty and scared."

Alondra curled her red lips slightly in triumph, as if she had spotted Sylvia's

weakness. She was sure that medicine provided by Sylvia were fake.

She didn't think someone like Sylvia could have so many pills of RL 133.

Maybe some bigwig or senior official could own so many, but it could never be Sylvia, a shallow doctor from

Larro. Alondra sneered as she stared at Sylvia condescendingly as if she were the sanctioner.

Sylvia stood expressionless, seeing Alondra, the so-called expert, as a clown, "Do what you want. You can say whatever you want."

She sat down directly on a bench aside and folded her arms above her chest, "I'll just wait here for your

identification." Franklin came over and sat next to her, his long arms reaching out to wrap her into his arms.

His large, slender hand reached out to press her head onto his shoulder, "You can sleep for a while in my

eyes." So ...

Everyone in the room stared at the scene in shock.

Franklin dotingly looked at Sylvia in his arms, who slowly closed her eyes and nestled on his shoulder for a

nap. She was really tired. She had barely slept, and rushed over non-stop.

Then she was surrounded by so many ridiculous people who babbled nonsense all along, which made her have a

headache. Yet, among the crowd, she could sleep soundly.

It was half an hour later when Mr. Gracia arrived.

Sabrina stepped out of the elevator with a young man, her face smug and complacent as if she was ready to crush Sylvia, slap Sylvia in the face, and destroy her.

It was as if she had seen the scene where Sylvia lost

face. She felt excited.

"Mr. Gracia, this way please."

She stepped on her high heels and arrived in front of the crowd with Weston Gracia with her head held

high. "Mr. Gracia," Alondra greeted Weston immediately, looking at him with a warm smile on her face.

Everyone looked at Weston in unison. The man had a handsome face, wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, looked elegant and gentle, not at all like the owner of Urgford's largest auction house, or the rumored ruthless man.

They all secretly speculated that Weston would expose Sylvia's lies and hit Sylvia in the face.

Many people were looking at Sylvia, who still had her eyes closed, with a look of watching a good

show. As if unaware of Weston's arrival, Sylvia was still sleeping.

"Mr. Gracia, we have a bottle of RL 133 here, and I heard that one pill was auctioned off on your auction some time ago, so I guess you know it very well. Can you help to identify whether this bottle is real or not?"

Alondra smiled elegantly and decently as she looked at Weston.

Weston raised an eyebrow and swept a glance at Sylvia on the bench with her eyes

closed. What was going on? Since Sylvia was here, she wasn't needed here to identify

RL 133?

But Alondra had a great reputation in Urgford. Weston, as a sophisticated man, would show some respect for

Alondra. Tiana saw Weston's arrival, took a deep breath, and handed the bottle of medicine in her hand to the

handsome man. Perhaps because she was too nervous, the transparent porcelain bottle in her hand was faintly

wet with her sweat.

Alondra noticed it and sneer

silently. She believed this drug was

100% fake.

Weston took the small transparent porcelain bottle into his hand, then opened it and poured out a

pill. The dark brown pill lay quietly in his palm.

He looked critically at the pill, and then at the small porcelain bottle inside his hand.

Sylvia gave away so many pills all at one; it seemed that Sylvia and Mrs. Bennett were in a good relationship?

As Weston surveyed the pill, almost everyone's hearts were in their throats; they were desperate to know the

outcome. They wanted to know if the drug was real or fake.

Especially Alondra and Sabrina, both of whom could not wait to wake Sylvia up, and told Sylvia that she was about to be slapped in the face!

However ...

Just as everyone was staring at Weston, they saw him striding towards

Sylvia. He swept a glance at Alondra, "Did she give you this medicine?"

Alondra froze, "How do you know?"

Was Mr. Gracia so amazing? He even knew that Sylvia brought the medicine over here. It seemed that Mr. Gracia could really see that the medicine was fake?

So, was he going to slap Sylvia in the face?

Alondra thought to herself, and the more she thought about it, the more she looked forward to seeing Weston slap Sylvia in the face. She even hoped that Weston could throw those pills right into Sylvie's face.

'Let's see how arrogant she'll be then!'

Sabrina's eyes betrayed a hint of nervousness; she was in the same mood as

Alondra. This drug was 100% fake.

It must be a fake.

Everyone else in the room was also staring nervously at Weston.

Raiden couldn't wait to know the result and ask somewhat urgently, "Mr. Gracia, is this drug ... real or fake?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 599

"Yeah, Mr. Gracia, say something! After all, this medicine is meant for my dad." Jazlynn also said curiously, "It's best if it's real; if it's fake ..."

She didn't say anything further, but her expression revealed her true thoughts. She just wanted Sylvia to get slapped in the face!

She even privately hoped that the medicine was fake; even if the old Mr. Bennett could not take the good medicine, she wanted to see Sylvia was hit in the face.

Dozens of pairs of eyes were fixed on Weston, and the whole corridor was quiet.

Franklin's eyes were downcast, his thick eyelashes covering his eyelids as he kept his eyes on the phone

screen. It was like everything here had nothing to do with him.

He was so quiet that even his breathing was silent.

And his other hand had been holding Sylvia's waist, so that the latter would not slide

down. She stayed nestled in his arms, breathing evenly.

Just then ...

Weston suddenly bent his straight back, lowered his head, and in a respectful tone, rushed the woman, "Boss, don't sleep ... wake up?"

Not only respectful, but also damn careful.

The attitude was exactly like Jonathan treating Sylvia

earlier. Everyone was shocked and stared in disbelief.

What happened?

Weston, the owner of Urgford's largest auction house who everyone called Mr. Gracia respectfully...

Mr. Gracia's position in Urgford was quite extraordinary. He had a wide range of contacts, and knew countless

bigwigs. Now...

Mr. Gracia actually acted like a submissive subordinate in front of Sylvia?

Alondra's face, which had revealed a look of delight and expectation,

became stiff. All the anticipation and the longing in her eyes before, all

turned into shock.

The muscles in her face twitched, "What did you ... you say? How is that possible?"

She almost screamed out loud without caring about her image as an expert or a professor, she was so shocked that her voice almost cracked, "Mr. Gracia, are you kidding me!"

How could he condescend to call Sylvia "boss"?

Alondra almost suspected that something was wrong with her ears.

Sabrina held Alondra up when she almost fainted. Her high-class demeanor disappeared completely at this moment, leaving only shock beyond belief.

"Mr. Gracia, are you mistaken? Did you make a mistake? She ... is just some country doctor from Larro, a small place, she ... is just a ..."

Sabrina was about to say something else when she was suddenly interrupted by Weston's displeased voice, "Miss Hogan, please mind your manners and status. Although my boss has been living in Larro for a long time, her position in my heart is unmatched."

Weston's voice was resounding and thick with

displeasure. Anyone could feel how much he

defended Sylvia.

Just then, Sylvia slowly opened her eyes, and her pretty almond eyes were faintly bloodshot, revealing her discomfort due to lack of sleep.

She had a bad sleep; it meant she would be in an extremely bad

mood. And she would be furious if she was short of sleep.

She was able to hold back her anger until now, all because of Jonathan.

She raised her bloodshot eyes and scanned Alondra and Sabrina, the annoying pair, "Shut up."

His voice was faintly hoarse, "No one thinks you're dumb if you don't speak. Scream again, I will teach you a good lesson."

"Who do you ... think you are? Do you really think you're a big shot?" Sabrina shouted unhappily as soon as she heard Sylvia's words.

The next second!

Sylvia suddenly scurried to Sabrina.

No one saw clearly how she came in front of Sabrina within a moment.

Sabrina's eyes widened as if she had seen a ghost, and she stared in horror at the beautiful, eye-catching face that was close at hand.

Sylvia suddenly reached out and gripped Sabrina's neck, staring at her without any

emotion. Sabrina shuddered, she had never been so scared, she breathed with her mouth

wide open, "Ah-"

She tried to escape, but Sylvia held her neck so tightly that her face turned red and she could barely get a

word out. She was like a fish that was deprived of oxygen and was about to dry up and die.

"What are you doing! You're killing her!" Alondra snapped out of her shock and she raised her hand to yank Sylvia's arm, "You let go!"

Sabrina was the student she was most proud of. Not only was she from a good family, but also very smart and

professional. How could she let anything happen to Sabrina?

How could she have ever imagined that Sylvia would be so terrible and dare to strike in broad daylight?

"I hate being disturbed while I'm sleeping in my life." Sylvia's expression was cold, with inexplicable annoyance.

Franklin couldn't help but remember the time ... Sylvia was disturbed by Romeo and Paul early in the morning and then they were whipped by Sylvia...

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 600

"Mr. Gracia, Mr. Gracia!"

When Alondra saw that she could not persuade Sylvia, she immediately turned to Weston, "Mr. Gracia, what is going on? How can she go so far? She is too lawless."

Raiden also spoke up anxiously, "Miss Andrews, calm down, Miss Hogan is unintentional, she is the top socialite of Aettosa, do you know who her mother is?"

"Who her mother is has nothing to do with me." Sylvia coldly lifted her eyelids; everyone present was secretly alarmed by her audacity.

"I ... I'm telling you, Sylvia, her mother is Lucille, Secretary of State in Aettosa, a big shot you'll never connect with in your lifetime." Alondra was angry and anxious, if something happened to Sabrina around her, Lucille would not forgive her, and her lab would probably have to close down.

She didn't want to see that scene.

Weston spread his hands and shrugged his shoulders with a smiling face.

"Don't look at me! I can't do anything about it. My boss has lost her temper and I can't stop her."

He certainly didn't want his boss to throw him out!

Sabrina had brought this upon herself by insisting on provoking his boss like that – who else could be blamed?

Alondra was so anxious that her face turned white, watching her beloved student being suffocated by lack of oxygen and trying to prize open Sylvia's hand.

However, it was all in vain.

Sabrina was no match for Sylvia at all.

"Sylvia, it's my fault for picking on you. Yet my suspicions have a hold, since you suddenly brought out so many pills." Alondra gritted her teeth and admitted her mistakes towards Sylvia, "But you can't vent your anger on Sabrina; she hasn't offended you; just let her go!"

It was better relying on herself than others...

Alondra looked around at the Bennetts, none of whom would stand up for her.

She was uncomfortable. All of them usually fawned over her, but no one helped her when she was really in trouble.

She was so pissed off!

She couldn't stop staring at Sylvia's pretty and eye-catching face, which looked even better than those of the actresses.

But how could she be so cruel?

What sane woman would choke a girl and not let go?

Sabrina was so uncomfortable that she almost suffocated and her face was scarlet red.

Her slender neck was so uncomfortable that it seemed as if it would be snapped by the cruel woman in front of her in the next second.

"Master Jonathan! Master Jonathan, you are close to her, please help me plead for mercy!"

Alondra was desperate and finally had to turn to Jonathan.

Jonathan looked at Sabrina expressionlessly. Sabrina's eyes were filled with tears and looked pleadingly at the handsome man with a loving look.

As if praying to Jonathan.

But Jonathan looked on coldly.

On the contrary, in his eyes, Sylvia, who was holding Sabrina's neck, was simply handsome in her movements.

Sylvia's eyes were cold, with a faint bloodshot, her hand that clasped Sabrina's neck looked like a perfect work of art.

Jazlynn was so angry that she cursed, "Who are you? Who are you to be so arrogant on the Bennett family's turf? I'm telling you, I'm calling security right now to get you out of here."

Alondra almost fainted with anger as soon as she heard Jazlynn's voice.

"Don't you scream! Aren't you stimulating her even more?"

"But we can't just stand by and watch Miss Hogan get choked to death by her, can we?"

Jazlynn had no other ways out, "Miss Hogan is Aettosa Secretary of State's daughter, if you dare to hurt her, you are hurting a foreign guest. Do you know that? This is going to cause an international dispute."

Sylvia snorted, "You know so much, why don't you become a diplomat?"

Jazlynn pursed her lips with a grimaced face, if she could be a diplomat, what would she be standing here for?

This damn Sylvia was so sharp-tongued!

Franklin couldn't help but let out a chuckle after hearing Sylvia's retort.

How could his wife be so lovely?

Jonathan also wanted to laugh, but he held back when he thought that Jazlynn was his aunt.

Finally it was Tiana who sighed and whispered to Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, how about letting Miss Hogan apologize to you? Don't be angry."

Sylvia glanced at Tiana and then at Sabrina, who was pinned to the wall and choked by her.

She was just irritable, tired and exhausted after getting up early in the morning and dealing with so many people for so long.

She especially wanted to sleep.

Sabrina was chirping and provoking her.

If it was someone else, he or she would have been pressed to the ground and beaten.

Even if she was annoyed, she would not kill someone in public.

She loosened her grip.

Sabrina's body suddenly slid down the wall to the floor.

So scary ...

What a terrible woman.

The powerful aura that permeated Sylvia's body made Sabrina shudder.

For a moment she seemed to see the devil from hell.

This woman ... could not be messed with.