

## Chapter 601

Her back was pressed against the wall and she sat crouched on the floor without any dignity, staring at the ground with her eyes listlessly.

Tears slipped down her cheeks one by one.

She was aggrieved and upset, sad and humiliated.

She, Sabrina, had never been so humiliated in all her life.

She was the top socialite of Aettosa and had always been looked up to by others. When had she ever been beaten up so badly by others?

She was so angry that her face turned white.

At the bottom of his heart, he hated and feared Sylvia.

She grew up being held in high regard, and when had she ever been in such a mess? She ...

Her gaze was fixed on the ground, she must take revenge. She must make Sylvia suffer!

When Alondra saw Sylvia finally let go, she quickly walked over and hugged Sabrina, who was sitting on the floor. "Sabrina, how are you? Don't you scare me."

Sabrina looked up at her with a pale face, "Ms. Wolfe ..."

She held onto Alondra tightly with a red mark around her neck which was very conspicuous.

Painful and uncomfortable, she finally couldn't help but cry out in pain, as if she was releasing all of her fears.

Sylvia glanced at this foolish pair, then looked at Weston, who had been watching the show, "Is the medicine real or fake?"

Weston couldn't help but laugh, "Of course it's real. If you have fake medicine in your hands, then no one in this world has real medicine in their hands."

As soon as he said this, everyone in the room was stunned again. What did they just hear?

All those drugs were real?

Alondra didn't expect it either; she stood up with Sabrina in her arms, "Mr. Gracia, what did you say?" "Ms. Wolfe, these drugs are real." Weston looked at Alondra calmly.

After a pause, he added, "It's better not to come looking for me next time, when something like this happens, because... it's just too boring."

Another hard slap in Alondra's face.

Alondra's face was red for a while and blue for a while. She was embarrassed.

All day today, she had been eclipsed and slapped in the face. Now even Weston hit her in the face.

She was angry, furious, and humiliated. She was a surgery expert and surgery.

Her student was bullied by Sylvia, and now Weston had come to bully her.

Raiden stepped forward to mediate, "Since they're real, it would be great, Miss Andrews, thank you for the medicine. The Bennett family will definitely hold a thank-you party some day. I hope you'll be able to make it."

Sylvia just spoke lightly, "Let's talk about it sometime."

Jazlynn looked very unhappy. "Raiden, how could you be so quick to..." "... befriend Sylvia?"

Raiden, as the eldest son of the Bennett family, thought he must carry himself with dignity and responsibility.

So he made a few more polite remarks to Sylvia, who listened with some impatience and said to Franklin, "Let's go."

Franklin stood up slowly, his slender and upright figure standing beside her, and the two looked extremely well matched. His deep eyes scanned everyone in front of him before finally landing on Alondra. His cold voice was like ice-cold frost. "If I find out that someone has designs on my wife, don't blame me for being impolite."

Sylvia froze; Was he backing her up?

She didn't need Franklin to stand up for her, as she was powerful enough. But for some reason, she felt warm inside.

The feeling of being protected by someone was sweet.

Alondra clenched her fists, shocked by Franklin's powerful aura. However, she was extremely unconvinced.

What background could a thug from Larro have? And yet here he was spouting off like this!

She couldn't believe that she didn't have the means to teach Sylvia and Franklin a lesson. She made up her mind that she would get back at Sylvia.

Then she saw Jonathan following Sylvia with a respectful face, and also reached out and thoughtfully pressed the elevator button, "Boss, let me escort you downstairs."

Weston scanned the crowd, "The medicine is real, and in the future, I advise you to have your own judgement. Farewell."

After saying that, he turned around and caught up with Sylvia, "Boss, since you are here in Urgford, go and sit in my auction house? Taste my good English black tea?"

Sylvia glanced at him lazily, "I'm busy." "Hey, come on, don't be so heartless!"

The serious and cold Mr. Gracia in the eyes of others, acted like a child in front of Sylvia begging for favors.

Jonathan couldn't stand it, "Boss, better come to my club. You've never bothered us since you invested in us! This is not good." Jonathan's club was sponsored by Sylvia?

Everyone listened to their conversation while waiting for the elevator, and they were all shocked.

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"That club is now the most promising one among all the esports clubs in the country."

"I've always heard that Jonathan had a big investor behind him, but I never thought it would be Sylvia."

"I find it a bit strange. How could someone from a small town like Larro have such good investment vision for a club?" "I think so too. It's too strange."

"But even Mr. Gracia calls her 'boss!'"

Alondra and Sabrina overheard this conversation and felt nothing but sarcasm. The two women looked at each other with eyes full of hatred.

Sabrina hugged Alondra tightly. "I must make my mother help me seek revenge."

"Sabrina, you have been wronged, it's my fault for not protecting you." Alondra cried uncontrollably. "It's all because of my incompetence."

"No, you're not to blame. Sylvia is." Sabrina stared at the closed elevator doors with hatred in her eyes. "I've never been threatened like that

before in my life - choked by someone holding onto my neck - I thought I was dying!"

"Sabrina, don't say anymore about it. Forget those unpleasant memories," Alondra held Sabrina tightly and said. "Come on, let me take you away from here," she added.

Raiden didn't want to offend Alondra either; he walked over apologetically and said, "I'm sorry; I didn't expect Sylvia to really make it."

"Raiden... it doesn't matter anymore; there's no need to mention her again," Alondra looked defeated as she had never been slapped so hard before since becoming famous.

In fact, no one dared slap her face until today.

She lost face here today but she would definitely regain what she had lost someday soon... She would make sure that Sylvia paid for what she did.

Sylvia and Franklin went straight back to their hotel after leaving the club.

Jonathan personally drove them there while Weston wanted to say something to Sylvia, and seeing Franklin's dark expression made him want to talk to Sylvia even more.

So...

At the hotel entrance, Weston deliberately untied his scarf which he had wrapped around his neck and flirtatiously wrapped it around Sylvia's slender neck, saying, "Urgford is colder than Larro; next time when you go out, wear something thicker."

As he spoke quickly yet smoothly wrapping up his scarf around her neck where traces of warmth were still left by him earlier on. Upon seeing the knot, he nodded in satisfaction and glanced at Franklin from the corner of his eye.

He quickly withdrew his gaze and said, "Boss, I wanted to talk to you about something but you look tired today. Let's talk tomorrow."

Sylvia lazily nodded her head and said, "This scarf is nice and warm."

She didn't notice Franklin's dark expression or Weston intentionally tying the knot.

"Do you want to come see an auction with me the day after tomorrow?" Weston asked. "I'm busy," Sylvia replied coldly as she stood outside the hotel, feeling drowsy.

She meant that she had no time for him.

"What about the Old Mr. Wells' tea party this year? Do you have time for that?" Weston asked again.

Sylvia finally sobered up a bit and asked, "Does the Old Mr. Wells hold a tea party every three years? Is he holding one this year?"

"Yes," Weston answered.

"Okay then, I'll attend it for the Old Mr. Wells' sake," Sylvia said impatiently while giving him a glance. "Why do you always talk so much? Are you done yet? If so, I'm going upstairs."

When Sylvia finally started shooing him away with impatience in her voice, Franklin felt slightly relieved.

"Honey, it's windy here. Let's go back inside," Franklin suggested before pulling her into his arms gently, after which they left together while being intimate with each other in public view, causing Weston's eyes behind his gold-rimmed glasses to flash quickly before revealing a faint smile on his lips, saying, "Go ahead."

Franklin looked extremely cold-hearted and domineering as he stared at Weston who remained unfazed by it all while smirking provocatively before turning around briskly.

Snowflakes fell from above without any warning.

Jonathan felt like slipping away unnoticed, due to their intense confrontation which was too much for someone like him to interfere easily!

Therefore he decided it would be best if he left quietly by himself instead of getting involved further into their silent power struggle.

He rubbed his hands nervously before saying goodbye respectfully, "Boss, Master Franklin, I'll head back to the hospital now! Call me if there's anything!"

Sylvia gave a slight nod while walking away hand-in-hand with Franklin towards their hotel suite where they ordered room service shortly afterwards asking each other what they wanted to eat next.

Sylvia suddenly realized something - she was very hungry.

"Just order whatever you want to eat and then go to sleep," he said, his eyes fixed on her face. After a moment, he added, "I'm really angry."

"Huh? What are you angry about?" Sylvia was a bit slow on the uptake. What could he possibly be angry about?

"Why are you wearing another man's scarf around your neck?" Franklin walked up to her and hooked his finger around the knot of the scarf, then proceeded to untie it.

Then... he discovered that the knot was actually tied very tightly. Damn Weston.

"Weston is my friend," Sylvia lowered her head and glanced at the gray-blue scarf around her neck. The style was nice, and so was the color. She came to a conclusion that Weston had good taste.

"But you can only wear the scarf given by me," Franklin's lips curled coldly. Sylvia finally realized a problem -

Franklin got extremely jealous.

She couldn't help but want to laugh, "Master Franklin, are you jealous?" "Hehe," Franklin sneered, "Mrs.

Maskelyne, you're playing with fire."

Sylvia continued to provoke him, "Master Franklin, I really like this scarf. Hmm... I don't want to take it off!" As soon as she finished speaking, she saw Franklin's handsome face turn dark with anger.

His well-defined fingers roughly grabbed onto the scarf in an attempt to take it off. However, after some time, he still hadn't managed to untie it.

There seemed to be an inexplicable sense of impatience emanating from him. He took big strides towards a cabinet before finding a pair of scissors.

Sylvia blinked her eyes in confusion, "What do you plan on doing?"

Before she could finish speaking she saw her scarf being cut into two pieces by those scissors with a crisp sound. "The scarf offended you?" Sylvia felt sorry for Weston's gift now ruined by this incident..

Franklin's sinister gaze revealed possessiveness, "Only things I give can appear on your body!"

Sylvia pursed her lips; this person had become one of those Mary Sue CEO types again! Before she could voice out anything more, she saw Franklin directly dialing someone on his phone,

"Help me get all brand new scarves from every counter in the mall."

"Are you crazy?" Sylvia touched her own neck, "I only have one head okay? How can I wear so many scarves?" "You wear one scarf per day, and they must all be gifts from me."

Franklin's beautiful face sparkled with intense possessiveness, "I won't give other men any chance!"

"But Weston is just my friend."

"Honey, don't mention him again." Franklin's tone became icy. Sylvia took a deep breath. "Don't be so jealous, okay?"

"I only get jealous because of you," Franklin said, pressing his forehead against hers. His deep gaze was like an irresistible vortex that she couldn't escape from.

Then she heard his magnetic voice say, "So, be good."

His voice was seductive and low, making Sylvia's ears burn. She instinctively pushed him away but he pulled her into his arms with force.

Sylvia hadn't reacted yet when his hot breath hit her face, making her blood boil almost instantly. This...

She felt embarrassed.

The man hadn't done anything yet why did she feel short of breath and dizzy?

The familiar feeling of Love Parasite from before suddenly rushed over her heart crazily. She thought miserably: Could it be there was a seizure after it rested for so long?

Before she could get annoyed or frustrated about it though, her hands hooked around Franklin's neck. Then as if out of control, she kissed him in temptation...

Just then there was a knock at the door outside their room. Sylvia froze.

Franklin suppressed his rapid breathing and pressed her down onto the sofa. "Be good. I'll go answer the door." Sylvia blushed bright red which made her look like a delicate rose bud just starting to bloom.

Franklin opened the door to see a hotel waiter standing outside pushing in a small cart.

"Enjoy your meal! If you need anything, just call me; I'll be right outside," said the waiter cheerfully.

Franklin looked at him deeply with flames of passion flickering in his eyes before saying hoarsely, "No need for that; please leave."

"Okay then! Enjoy your stay!" The waiter nodded before leaving them alone again.

Franklin turned around, only to find that Sylvia had disappeared from the sofa completely!

He raised an eyebrow curiously, then strode towards their bedroom where he heard splashing water coming from inside their bathroom...

"What are you doing, honey?"

"Taking a shower," Sylvia said irritably.

Was he stupid? Couldn't he tell that the sound of running water meant she was taking a shower? "So, you're purposely trying to seduce me?" His voice had a hint of teasing in it.

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Sylvia gave him a glance, "Narcissism is a disease that needs to be cured." She was so hungry that she hurried to the small cart, raising an eyebrow.

Franklin saw that she was really hungry and hooked his lips. He stretched out his big hand and took the dishes from the small cart.

Even doing something as simple as serving food makes him particularly elegant and charming.

He only wore a black shirt with rolled-up sleeves, revealing his slender and powerful forearms with sleek lines.

When he served the food, he used force on his upper arms. His muscles bulged slightly, lifting up the sleeves of his shirt a little bit.

It looked especially alluring.

Sylvia saw this scene and suddenly felt her cheeks flush with an accelerated heartbeat. No way...

She couldn't control herself anymore.

Franklin arranged everything neatly on the tablecloth.

When he raised his head, he saw Sylvia standing there looking at him as if suppressing something inside of her. He couldn't help but frown and reached out to grab her arm, "What's wrong?"

Sylvia's face turned red hot as she shook off his hand, "Nothing. Let's eat; I'm hungry." She hurriedly sat down, picked up a fork, and took a bite of crispy fried shrimp

Franklin ordered all kinds of dishes that Sylvia liked.

Sylvia lowered her head tightly, gripping onto the fork, "It tastes good." "Aren't you going to comfort me?"

Franklin suddenly spoke up coldly "You're not three years old." Sylvia retorted back

"I'm angry yet jealous but you don't care." He looked at her calmly 'Is this guy throwing tantrums?' thought Sylvia.

She raised an eyebrow playfully, while staring into Franklin's deep eyes, which instantly made heat rush through every inch of herself again.

Her heartbeat accelerated before she stuffed more food into her mouth.

However, when delicious cuisine entered into her mouth, it felt like chewing some spicy food and made her even hotter. Clink! She smashed the fork on the table.

Franklin was surprised by such sudden action. He looked up, only to see a strange flush had appeared on Sylvia's face, resembling someone who'd drank too much alcohol.

"You..." Before he said more, Sylvia pounced on him and both of them fell towards the sofa behind the table. She gazed at him alluringly, as if she wanted to take him.

She pressed one hand on his shoulder, while lifting his well-defined jaw with the other, "Tonight, you're mine!" Then, she leaned towards him to kiss his lips.

Her fragrance wafted into his nostrils.

Being seduced by such a seductive side of Sylvia, Franklin felt his heart beat faster.

The next second, Franklin switched positions with her and pressed on top of her, making her back against the soft sofa. "My queen, as you wish."

...

A wonderful night.

When Sylvia woke up, it was the next morning.

She rubbed her temples and felt uncomfortable as if suffering a hangover.

Last night's memories popped up into her mind. With her eyes closed, she regretted acting too recklessly last night. Just then, the bathroom door was pulled over, and Franklin stepped out with a towel around his waist.

Beads of water slipped from his hair down his muscular chest, which was so perfect that it could made all the women swoon. His dishevelled wet hair flaunted his perfectly handsome face.

He casually grabbed one towel and put it on his head.

He even looked elegant and graceful when rubbing his hair. He was definitely God's masterpiece.

"Go somewhere with me?"

Sylvia raised an eyebrow, "Where?" "You'll know."

Franklin didn't tell her directly.

Half an hour later, they grabbed several bites of breakfast and walked out of the hotel. After a night's snowing, the world was shrouded in white.

Sylvia wore a white wool coat that was impeccably tailored, and a white beret on her head. She looked like an innocent elf in the snow with her flawless appearance.

Franklin donned a black cashmere coat that accentuated his tall and lean figure. His deep-set eyes were as mysterious as ancient pools.

His handsome and suave demeanor was complemented by his long legs wrapped in black pants.

As he walked, his open coat made him look like a walking statue exuding elegance, refinement, and irresistible masculinity. The two of them matched each other perfectly as if they were wearing couple outfits.

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Sylvia stood with her hands in her pockets, looking at Franklin. "Was it intentional?" she asked.

These two sets of clothes were sent over by Franklin's people, with the exact same brand and extremely similar styles, apart from the colors.

So was this secretly showing off matching outfits for couples?

"It's not strange I wear the same outfit as my wife's." Franklin took out a limited-edition blue scarf, walked in front of her and wrapped it around her neck.

Sylvia was speechless.

Franklin's actions were very gentle, but his tone was extremely domineering.

"If you want to wear a scarf, there are plenty in the closet, feel free to choose." After he helped her tie the scarf, he let go and admired it around her neck.

The blue highlighted the delicate features of her beautiful and eye-catching face. She was

wearing a pair of white boots on her feet.

She appeared so elegant that she seemed like a noble lady who had stepped out of a European painting. Sylvia couldn't

be bothered with this man's bad taste.

Did this man really like her to dress like this?

She felt more comfortable wearing a pair of sneakers and a pair of sports pants, preferably with fleece lining to resist the cold wind.

With this thought in mind, they went straight to the car.

Jasper was waiting there, he opened the car door and Sylvia got in, with Franklin sitting closely beside her.

The snow on the road had been cleared to both sides, and many sanitation workers were carrying cleaning tools to clean the roadside.

Sylvia glanced at one of the workers with frozen red hands and couldn't help but send a message to Weston. "Provide

hot water, a pair of gloves, and a lunch voucher to all the sanitation workers in the city."

Weston was in a meeting when he heard his phone ring. He couldn't help but smile as he checked it and said, "Copy that, boss." Putting

down his phone, he looked up to see the shocked expressions of his subordinates sitting around him.

He conveyed Sylvia's message and then continued to speak, "My boss is truly kind-hearted and beautiful; it's impossible not to love her."

"Mr. Gracia, what does your boss look like?" asked a curious subordinate.

"Like a fairy." Weston smiled more brightly and nudged his subordinate, "Back to business. Which route shall we choose to transport the cargo?"

The car drove on the Urgford highway for about an hour.

Sylvia leaned against the car window, looking at the white world outside. "Why is it taking so long?" she asked with a hint of boredom.

Franklin reached out and played with her hand. "We're almost there," he said with a smile. His lips

curved into a smile, and his usually stern face softened when Sylvia was around.

His dark eyes lingered on her red lips, straight nose, and watery eyes. She was alluring to him even when she lazily rested her head against the car window.

His burning gaze occasionally landed on Sylvia as they entered the castle.

A maid respectfully waited in the courtyard to open Franklin's door. He got out of one side of the car and picked up Sylvia from the other side.

Sylvia struggled for a moment but couldn't break free from his embrace.

She heard Franklin coldly order the maid about lunch arrangements before walking into the castle himself.

Then his housekeeper bowed at him respectfully, "Master Franklin, the Old Mr. Cantrell has been waiting for you for some time." "The Old Mr. Cantrell?" Sylvia jumped down from his embrace.

Franklin then let go of Sylvia, raised his hands to straighten her collar, "Let's go. I'll show you someone." "Is this

your territory?" Sylvia lifted her eyelids to glance at him.

"Yes, this is MI6," he replied in a cold voice.

MI6 sounded like some kind of secret intelligence base or military intelligence agency.

"Sir." As they stepped into the hall, two rows of black-clad men stood there waiting for them; upon seeing Franklin enter, they bowed at him in unison.

Sylvia was still pondering over MI6 when an elderly man sitting behind several men caught her eye instead.

Although Ramiro Cantrell was nearly seventy years old now, he held onto an ancient-looking instrument that must be priceless! She raised an eyebrow; if she wasn't mistaken, this should be Ramiro Cantrell - one of music industry's most famous names! What was Ramiro doing here?

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Just as Sylvia was wondering, she suddenly saw a woman in a red dress walking towards them confidently in high heels. The woman had long wavy hair cascading down her back and seductive eyes that sparkled with allure.

When the woman saw Franklin, she quickly flashed a hint of admiration in her eyes before hurrying over to him with a joyful expression on her face.

"Master, you're back?" She looked at Franklin and then turned to Sylvia. "Honey, this is the MI6 headquarters, and this is Isla Saunders, the leader of the computer technology department."

Sylvia glanced at Isla who seemed to have just noticed her presence beside Franklin.

As soon as Isla caught sight of Sylvia's exquisite face, she was momentarily stunned by her beauty.

This woman was too eye-catching! Isla thought to herself. She always believed that she was beautiful and attractive enough. But now Sylvia appeared even more perfect than her: Sylvia's delicate facial features were impeccable; lips were naturally red. Most

importantly, Isla realized that Sylvia wasn't wearing any makeup!

Yet her skin glowed under the light.

She wore only a simple white coat which outlined her curvaceous figure beautifully - it was enchanting yet pure at the same time.

Isla had an inexplicable sense of crisis. However, she didn't show any signs of discomfort or reveal what went through her mind but instead smiled politely while greeting Sylvia, "Hello there! My name is Isla."

"Sylvia." Her voice sounded neither arrogant nor unpleasant.

Isla smiled while looking at Franklin, "How long are you planning on staying here in Urgford?" Franklin remained expressionless, "As long as my wife stays here."

In other words, he follows along with his wife!

Hearing him repeatedly mentioning his wife made Isla feel very uncomfortable inside.

Although she had heard rumors about Franklin being married before from other colleagues previously, it still felt different hearing it directly from him now.

Now he had actually brought her in front of everyone, and Isla couldn't ignore this fact anymore.

She felt uneasy as she glanced at Sylvia. Wasn't it because this woman was pretty that Franklin was attracted to her? It must be it.

That was what she thought in her mind, but she said, "I really hope Miss Andrews can stay here for a while longer."

MI6 was a relatively secretive organization. All the people here had skills comparable to those of special agents. Recently, MI6 had been developing new energy sources, but it seemed to have hit a bottleneck and hadn't made any major breakthroughs yet.

And new energy was closely related to some future high-tech developments and was very complex.

Franklin came back this time just to learn about the progress of new energy development.

If there were any breakthroughs or achievements in new energy development, it would be of great contribution to the entire country.

After all, H Rovirsa isn't an oil-producing country; every year they spend a lot of money importing oil from other oil-exporting countries just so they can use it throughout their empire.

What H Rovirsa doesn't lack most is electricity. If electric power can be developed and used well enough, much oil can be saved. It can also reasonably eliminate some environmental pollution caused by oil consumption.

But now Ramiro was still here; Isla said to Franklin, "Master Franklin, this is the Old Mr. Cantrell; he has been waiting for you for quite some time."

Franklin strode forward with his long legs and stood before Ramiro with extreme respect, "The Old Mr. Cantrell, your zither is worth quite a bit. I've heard that your health hasn't been good lately and you're looking for someone who might take care of your zither if anything happens. What do you think about her?"

The Old Mr. Cantrell's eyes were old but imposing as they fell on Sylvia; he coughed twice suddenly, then spoke, "I'm afraid my time left isn't much, if Miss Andrews has any outstanding qualities, then giving away my zither is my pleasure, but if not, sorry, even if someone offers me an exorbitant price, I won't sell it."

Everyone present knew Ramiro's status and identity in Urgford's music circle

This old man had countless disciples and owned a priceless zither, but he did not intend on passing it onto any of his disciples.

Isla glanced at Sylvia with a tinge of jealousy. She had undergone rigorous training in piano and flute since childhood, so why wasn't she recommended by Master Franklin?

After hearing Ramiro's words, Isla gathered her courage and spoke up. She looked at Franklin, then Sylvia before addressing Ramiro directly.

"Old Mr. Cantrell, Master Franklin, since this zither is meant for someone who is destined to have it, do I have a chance to compete for it?"

Sylvia remained silent as she observed Ramiro's body condition closely.

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The elderly man was nearing the end of his life, and his body had shown signs of aging. Life, death, sickness were natural laws that no one could stop.

She frowned slightly and felt something wrong with Ramiro's lung.

However, without a detailed examination, she couldn't easily come to a conclusion.

Then she heard Mr. Cantrell's voice, "Anyone can have this zither as long as they are destined for it." As he spoke, he coughed violently twice.

Franklin looked displeasably at Isla when Ramiro spoke up like that. But since

Ramiro had spoken up, he couldn't say anything else.

He just looked coldly at Ramiro and said, "Mr. Cantrell, I think this piano is very suitable for my wife. How did you determine who is destined for it?"

Ramiro turned pale because of his violent coughing fit; he looked very weak indeed.

Standing behind him was a young man who gently patted him on the back and spoke on his behalf, "My master said that this zither has spirituality; it has been in this world for thousands of years and has already absorbed the spiritual energy of the world around us... So anyone who is truly destined will feel its signal."

Isla's smile froze on her face; what kind of nonsense was this? Did they really believe in some kind of mythical legend? Wasn't everything just based on what Ramiro felt like doing?

So Isla decided to perform herself well. "Mr. Cantrell," she suggested brightly, "Why don't I play you something on the piano or flute? You can see how talented I am!"

She wanted to perform before Sylvia so that she could make an impression first; after all, the first impression always counts!

And since most MI6 agents weren't exactly musically inclined, they naturally gravitated towards Isla due to their close working relationship with her over time.

Some even thought that Franklin would eventually marry her! But now there was Mrs. Maskelyne suddenly appearing out of nowhere.

Some of them couldn't quite accept it and felt sorry and sad for Isla. After all, in their eyes, Isla was the best.

She matched Franklin perfectly.

Not only was she beautiful, but her computer skills were also extremely high.

It was said that there was a group called "Secretly, Greatly" that wanted to recruit her back then. But she didn't go because she couldn't bear to leave MI6.

For Master Franklin's sake, she gave up her bright future.

Although MI6 was also good, it was said that "Secretly, Greatly" served the country directly as a national level institution under the

president's direct control.

When they heard that Isla would perform, several of her colleagues immediately brought out a piano from the music room and even grabbed a flute.

Isla softly thanked them, "Thank you all so much! I will definitely do my best." She smiled

a sweet and attractive smile.

"Isla! You're welcome!" "Good luck!"

Isla sat down behind the piano with her fingers resting on black and white keys.

A melodious "The Blue Danube" flowed out from her fingertips as piano music echoed continuously over the entire castle, sounding very pleasant to hear.

Sylvia listened quietly to this song; objectively speaking, Isla's piano skills were slightly stronger than Tiffany's but not quite as good as Jenna's; compared to Sylvia, there was an even greater gap between them.

She just listened without expressing any opinions or suggestions, seeming like everything had nothing to do with her; she was like an outsider looking in...

The song ended quickly and Isla confidently stood up before walking over towards Ramiro, "Mr. Cantrell! What do you think? How did I do?"

"You played well on piano, but unfortunately, Miss Saunders, you're not fit for it," the Old Mr Cantrell shook his head disappointedly.

Isla's face stiffened as she spoke urgently, "But I can play flute too! Why don't I play another piece for you? Please don't reject me so soon!"

If she could get Ramiro's zither, she would finally be respected by those in the music industry and receive even more admiration from her colleagues at MI6.

Living in a male-dominated group like MI6, she was used to being admired by all sorts of men every day. So...

She was currently angry and frustrated but didn't dare to throw a fit at Ramiro.

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Ramiro just looked at Isla calmly, his voice tinged with fatigue. "It's not necessary, Miss Saunders." Ramiro

couldn't help but start coughing violently again, his face as white as a sheet of paper.

Sylvia frowned at the disciple who had been patting him on the back. "How long has he been coughing?"

"My master has poor lungs since he was young. He starts coughing when exposed to cold air and it has become increasingly severe over the years." The disciple's eyes were red with concern for Ramiro. "He was recently diagnosed by the hospital..."

Before he could finish speaking, Ramiro interrupted him. "River Cantrell, shut up!"

"Master!" River couldn't help but cry out softly. "Please, let's go overseas for surgery to remove your lung cancer cells so you can live many more years."

So it was cancer...

After hearing River's words, almost everyone present sighed and looked sympathetically at Ramiro.

Ramiro had stopped coughing now and had been covering his mouth all along until he spread his palm.

When River saw the blood-red in Ramiro's palm, he immediately pulled out a tissue and rushed towards him.

"Master, let's go now! Don't look for anyone who's fit for you zither; you've gone many places and tested many people!" He

hastily wiped away the blood from Ramiro's palm while tears fell down like raindrops.

Ramiro shook his head weakly while holding onto his zither tightly with an exhausted look in his eyes. "No, I must find that person. I have to give my Phoenix to him... I must give my Phoenix to him. Otherwise, I'd rather take Phoenix into my grave!"

He swayed like a candle flickering in the wind about to be extinguished any moment, but there was still a strong desire to search for that person in his eyes.

If it weren't for such a strong desire, his life might have ended long ago.

Just then, Sylvia squatted down, went up in front of the master and disciple, and took Ramiro's pulse accurately yet professionally.

All present were stunned by her gesture.

River looked anxious, "What are you doing? I must take my master to hospital right away!"

Sylvia glanced expressionlessly at him, "Can't you tell what I'm doing?"

Taking pulse!

The MI6 members were shocked that Mrs. Maskelyne could take pulse.

It was a skill that seemed so distant from their lives. Yet they heard it and even saw it.

Could this be a hoax?

Isla looked at Sylvia strangely. "Miss Andrews, if you don't understand, maybe you shouldn't do these strange things. If it delays the treatment of the Old Mr. Cantrell, you won't be able to bear the responsibility."

"Is there something strange about taking pulse?" Sylvia lifted her eyelids and spoke coldly.

"The Old Mr. Cantrell is not an ordinary person," Isla said cautiously, as if Sylvia was causing trouble on purpose. "I'm afraid you'll cause trouble for Master Franklin..."

Sylvia couldn't be bothered with an Angelic bitch like Isla.

She carefully took his pulse and consulted Ramiro about his daily routine and eating habits.

Ramiro didn't seem to be repulsed by her behavior too much and answered truthfully.

After all, he was too tired to resist or provoke Sylvia.

He sat weakly on the sofa as if he had passed out if not for his chest still rising up and down.

"You have severe lung heat with multiple nodules in your lungs," Sylvia withdrew her hand from him and took out a bottle of medicine from her bag before pouring out one pill and giving it to Ramiro. "This can temporarily relieve your discomfort so that your coughing won't be so severe."

"Miss Andrews, are you sure?" River hesitated.

Isla stepped forward with furrowed brows towards Sylvia. "Miss Andrews, is this medicine really effective? Don't just give others any random medication; some medicines are poisonous! If you don't know anything about them, then don't give them casually."

She really couldn't stand how pretentious Sylvia was acting: pretending she knew everything while taking pulses - ridiculous!

But in front of Franklin, she spoke very tactfully.

Ramiro sighed deeply before saying to River, "Forget it; It's just one pill after all... How long can my dying body last anyway? I

believe Miss Andrews wouldn't harm me since there are so many witnesses here today."

"Trust her this one time," Ramiro signaled to River to bring the medicine over. "I heard that yesterday, the old Mr. Bennett was awakened by a young woman using acupuncture needles, and that woman came from Larro."

River reluctantly took Sylvia's pill and handed it over to Ramiro. He observed the pill for a moment before placing it directly into his mouth. "So, Sylvia, you're the one who woke up the old Mr. Bennett?"

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 608

"Mr. Cantrell, you really have a keen eye," Sylvia said modestly. "This is RL 133, it's good for your body when taken, but your lungs still need a detailed examination."

"Can there be any misdiagnosis in the examination done at Urgford Hospital?"

River did not expect that Sylvia would take out RL 133 and was even more surprised that Sylvia really had medical skills. The MI6 members were also stunned.

Mrs. Maskelyne really had medical skills? And she

even saved the old Mr. Bennett?

It was said that the old Mr. Bennett was unconscious for a long time and needed to undergo brain surgery. But they

didn't see it with their own eyes, so they were half-believing.

When they heard Sylvia admit it, Isla suppressed her annoyance and smiled insincerely, "Miss Andrews, are you deliberately replacing someone else? Did you really save the old Mr. Bennett?"

Upon hearing Isla's words, Franklin's face darkened and he spoke extremely coldly, "Isla, I was there at the hospital with my wife and saw it with my own eyes. Was what I said also false?"

Isla blinked her eyes several times; Franklin rarely used such a cold tone to speak to her.

Although he was usually aloof from everyone else around him, she could always comfort herself by thinking that he treated everyone like this.

But now suddenly he defended and spoiled Sylvia so much.

In an instant, Isla realized something - he wasn't that cold as he appeared to be; his tenderness was only given to a woman named Sylvia Andrews!

She looked at Franklin, feeling uncomfortable yet bitter in heart, while suppressing her own sadness, "Master, that wasn't what I meant; I didn't want to hurt Miss Andrews; I'm just afraid she'll cause trouble for you, for us MI6. After all, the Old Mr. Cantrell isn't an ordinary person."

She pretended to be very considerate, as if she had been wronged by Franklin. It really

disgusted Sylvia.

Yet Sylvia wasn't bothered and just took Isla as one of Franklin's subordinates. She

would only teach Isla a lesson when the latter crossed her line.

After taking RL 133, Ramiro drank some water.

Then he stood up with River's help, "RL 133 is expensive. River, transfer fifty thousand dollars to Miss Andrews." "No need,"

Sylvia shook her head. "It's just a pill, nothing special."

"Send someone to escort the Old Mr. Cantrell back," Sylvia looked at Franklin. Franklin

nodded but seemed a bit disappointed. "Won't you perform?"

He thought the zither and Sylvia were a perfect match.

After hearing that Ramiro was looking for someone fit for it, he specially invited him over. The zither

was entirely antique red, extremely gorgeous yet exuded the weight of history. One couldn't help

but feel joy after seeing it and knew it was an excellent zither.

But Sylvia smiled and said, "I can't play the zither, and I don't think I'm that person fit for it either. It has spirit; let's give this opportunity to the truly fated person."

Her smile made people feel extremely comfortable; the Old Mr. Cantrell raised his eyebrows and looked at her. "I didn't expect Miss Andrews to keep her original intention." He shook his head again, "Well then, let's go."

River supported him as he deeply glanced at Sylvia once more before saying, "I remember this favor of yours regarding this pill. If there is ever an opportunity..."

He hadn't finished speaking when Sylvia interrupted him, "Old Mr. Cantrell, I gave you this pill because I happened to have it, not so you would owe me anything in return or repay me later on someday." She continued calmly, "So it's just a pill that fulfills its function."

The Old Mr. Cantrell was stunned by what she said; he could hardly believe it himself.

Many people fought tooth-and-nail over RL 133? And yet she gave it away without any expectation of repayment?

However, he couldn't help but wonder if she had deliberately acted like this in order to win his favor or gain something from him- perhaps even getting hold of his precious zither?

He had seen too much in life-people and things of all kinds-and so found himself unable to stop thinking about these possibilities. But

receiving medicine from Sylvia did shock him slightly nonetheless.

What he didn't know was that Sylvia did speak out her true thoughts. To Sylvia, it was just one pill of RL 133. Isla

couldn't help but frown when seeing Sylvia acted like money was nothing to her. It was so sickening!

Nevertheless, she still smiled sweetly at Ramiro, "Mr. Cantrell, please come visit us if there's another opportunity." "Send the

Old Mr. Cantrell back," Franklin ordered a few of his subordinates.

Vaughn immediately walked over and said, "Mr. Cantrell, please follow me."

Lately, it seemed that Sylvia had often seen elderly people of this kind, which really put her in a bad mood.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 609

They had just seen off Ramiro when Isla's phone rang. She looked at the caller

ID and answered, "Hello."

"What did you say?" Isla's face changed as she stared in disbelief. "Our system has been attacked and is on the verge of crashing? Who did this? How dare they attack MI6's defense system?"

Hearing Isla's high-pitched voice, everyone present was shocked and crowded around her. "Isla, what happened?"

"Someone attacked us? Our defense system was developed by you and everyone else together. How could it be attacked to the point of collapse?"

Isla hung up with a pale face and walked quickly to Franklin. She looked up at the

handsome and cold man in front of her.

"Master, I need to go back to the technology department immediately now. It seems that our newly developed energy source has been targeted by someone who wants to steal it. If..."

"Go quickly," Franklin said in a deep voice with a cold look in his eyes. "Everyone go! Summon all MI6 technical experts to the technology department, with

Isla as commander."

"Yes," Isla nodded immediately, turned towards direction of the technology department.

This castle covered an extremely large area; The technology department was located on its sixth floor. Isla took the lead into elevator while others followed closely behind her.

Franklin looked down at Sylvia beside him. Her clear eyes were tinged with indifference.

"I may not be able to accompany you today, but I'll find someone to take a stroll with you," Franklin apologized, looking at Sylvia and saying, "Is there anyone..."

Sylvia interrupted him, "I know someone attacked MI6's computer system. Don't worry about me. You guys handle it first while I stroll around here casually. Since this castle is so big, there should be some interesting places nearby for me."

But Franklin wasn't reassured. She had just arrived here.

There were many secret places within MI6 which were forbidden areas.

If she didn't have clearance or got into conflict with guards, then things would not be good.

Franklin curled his lips slightly toward those black-clad men behind him, asking, "Is anyone willing to accompany Sylvia for a walk nearby?"

How could an important member of MI6 accompany a woman at this critical moment? Now everyone wanted information from technology department anytime.

They especially wanted know if their research results had been stolen by someone else.

Franklin frowned and spoke with some displeasure, "My wife is the mistress of MI6. What's with your attitude?" The three words "mistress of MI6" instantly made these people very dissatisfied.

They weren't dissatisfied with Franklin; they were dissatisfied with Sylvia.

An unfamiliar woman who just happened to be a little prettier and from a small place like Larro. What could she possibly do? Even if she knew some medical skills and could get an RL 133 pill, so what? She was far inferior to their Isla.

Isla was now urgently working on saving the system while she wanted to stroll around the castle! That was the difference! That was the gap between them!

Seeing that his subordinates were indifferent, Franklin became even more uncomfortable. "So it seems my wife is nothing in your eyes..."

Just as he was about to lose his temper, Sylvia pulled his arm gently. "It's okay. I can handle this myself." "Honey..."

Franklin knew that MI6 was always exclusive but he never expected them to reject someone so important to him.

"Everyone is busy working on saving the system; it's understandable for them to be worried about it," said Sylvia coldly. "Don't waste too much time on me and go back to work."

Suppressing his anger, Franklin pointed at a random man and ordered him, "You must accompany her."

The man panicked when he heard this, "Master, I'm an essential member of the technology department! I have work waiting for me there. I need to leave now!"

After speaking hastily, he rushed towards the elevator as if there was something chasing him from behind.

All those men were afraid of being singled out by Franklin and ran away one after another until only Vaughn remained...

Scratching his head awkwardly, Vaughn said, "I don't know much about computers; Master, you should go now. I'll stay here with your wife."

He really didn't think everyone had to rush up together anyway.

Franklin gave him an approving look before quickly leaving with Jasper after giving some instructions for Sylvia.

Inside the technology department room, Franklin looked very unhappy when sitting in his seat and thinking about how disrespectful those men had been towards Sylvia earlier.

He wondered if they had become too relaxed around him, which made them forget who was really in charge at MI6. They dared treat his wife so disrespectfully.

It made him very angry but it wasn't exactly a good time for losing his temper right now... Everyone had more important things to do.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 610

He suppressed his anger and decided to deal with them later.

"Uh oh! Isla, they've destroyed our entire system and are about to attack us!" A technician suddenly shouted.

Isla's face turned as white as paper. She pushed the technician aside and sat down at the computer, furiously typing on the keyboard. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop the intrusion.

"How is this possible? My aunt said that this system was indestructible. Why is it like this?" Isla looked at the out-of-control computer system as their opponent had taken control.

They were about to steal all of their research databases.

Tears welled up in Isla's eyes involuntarily. "Master, I'm sorry... I'll call my aunt now. She's a senior manager at Crown Techs Group with many talented people under her command, and she herself is also a computer expert who can definitely help."

"We're having problems, but we're asking for help from Crown Techs Group? Isn't that giving them an opportunity to humiliate us?" A man couldn't help but say, "Isa, didn't you say that this system was the most solid and unbreakable in the country?"

Hearing his dissatisfaction, Isla trembled inside and said angrily, "Don't forget that you were also involved in designing this system back then! Now something has gone wrong, so why blame me alone? Are we blaming each other now?"

"My aunt is a senior manager; what's wrong with me inviting her over?" Isla said irritably, "Are you going to watch our entire MI6 go down in flames or do you have someone more capable than my aunt or Zero from Secretly Greatly? If not, then I'm calling my aunt right now."

Isla took out her phone almost frantically.

Jasper glanced at her before looking back at Franklin who had been expressionless all along; his dark eyes were so deep they seemed bottomless.

"Master... what should we do now?"

Franklin spoke coldly. "Isla, make your call."

Upon hearing Franklin's words, there was a hint of joy on Isla's face; she quickly made her phone call.

After hanging up, it seemed like Isla finally found some sense of accomplishment.

"My aunt says she'll be here soon. My computer skills are taught by my aunt personally; she's much better than me."

Since Franklin had spoken, no one else dared to say a word in the entire computer technology department.

The atmosphere was suffocating and everyone was doing their best to resist, even though they knew it was futile and they couldn't stop the other side's actions.



The headquarters of Crown Techs Group was in Urgford, but Adriel, the chairman of the board, loved to stay at Larro's branch all year round. There were rumors that he had an old lover in Larro or that he liked Larro's climate... In any case, there were various versions.

After receiving Isla's call hastily, Aviana Saunders rushed over from Crown Techs Group headquarters.

Isla personally came to pick her up at the castle gate and told her everything on the way.

After stepping into the elevator, Isla begged Aviana while holding her hand, "Auntie, you must help me. If you can't help me this time around, then how am I supposed to continue working for MI6?"

"Okay, don't be so clingy. I need to see what's going on first before I can draw any conclusions. Young people nowadays have more brains than us older folks; I'm not sure if I can solve this problem," Aviana patted Isla's hand as they arrived on the sixth floor together.

As soon as they stepped into the technology department, everyone immediately looked towards them.

Franklin took a look at Aviana. She was about thirty-five or six years old wearing a beige windbreaker, looking very smart with her attire.

Aviana's technical skills were also well-known in Urgford.

Since she held a high position within Crown Techs Group, she was certainly not something else.

It was said that she had countless technical talents under her command including some of industry's strongest computer experts!

And her skills were top-notch too!

After briefly greeted Franklin upon arrival, Aviana sat down in front of a computer screen.

Time ticked away second by second until twenty minutes later when she stood up again.

Jasper asked anxiously, "Ms. Saunders, how did it go? Can you intercept it?"

Aviana looked somewhat ashamed with an unpleasant expression on her face, "I'm sorry, but unfortunately the opponent is too strong for me. My skills aren't good enough, so it seems like you'll have to find someone else."

"What?" Isla suddenly turned pale with shock, "Auntie, what are you saying? Did you not take this matter seriously?"

"Isla!" Aviana shouted sharply. "Is it so difficult to admit that you're not so capable? It's true that I'm not skilled enough, and that I can't save the situation."