

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 631

Plop! Cody's body fell heavily to the ground.

His vision went blurry and he immediately passed out.

The prison guard watched as he lay on the ground, furrowed his brow, and was about to lash out. But then he noticed four young men and women standing across the glass walls.

He suppressed his annoyance and rushed to help Cody, who had fallen to the ground. He shouted loudly into the walkie-talkie, "Help! Quick, Cody seems to have fainted!"

"Dad! Dad!"

Brayden's heart ached and his heart almost jumped to his throat. He stared at Cody lying on the ground with bloodshot eyes, pounding on the glass with both hands and shouting through it, "Dad, Dad, how are you?"

This glass was so heavy that the people inside couldn't hear what he said at all.

Not only him, Sylvia and Franklin were also anxious, but at this moment anxiety was of no use.

Franklin said directly, "I will immediately assist him in obtaining bail for medical treatment as his lawyer. Brayden, you need to calm down."

"How can I calm down? That's my dad!" Brayden impatiently banged on the glass, wishing he could smash it. The sheriff hurriedly brought some prison guards over, but did not bring any doctors.

The prison guard immediately said, "Where is the doctor? Where is the sheriff?" upon seeing the situation. The sheriff glanced at Cody lying on the ground with a flushed face and said, "The doctor is off today."

Sylvia was so anxious that she tightly pursed her lips. She stopped a prison guard outside and said, "Hello, I am a doctor. Can I go in and save him? I want to know the patient's condition."

"This..." The prison guard frowned. He couldn't make the decision, especially since Sylvia was an outsider. How could she enter a place like that as an outsider?

"Are you going to just watch him die?" Brayden rushed to the prison guard, grabbed his collar, "Can't he see a doctor just because he's locked in there?"

Obviously, the sheriff did not bring a doctor with him; there must be a reason for it.

Things were not so simple.

So Sylvia became even more anxious, but in this kind of place, they couldn't be reckless or resort to violence.

Sylvia let out a sigh, then she held up her physician qualification certificate. "Take a good look. I am a nationally certified doctor. I am not fake. Now please immediately let me enter and treat the patient! If the best treatment time is missed or anything happens to the patient, can you afford to bear the responsibility?"

Sylvia had a cold demeanor, and her beautiful and striking face exuded a stern seriousness.

Franklin also exuded a chilling vibe. He spoke in a voice that sent shivers down one's spine, "Please be understanding. The patient's life is in danger. If you don't tell the sheriff inside that we need to come in, don't blame us for showing no mercy."

After he finished speaking, he slammed his fist on the glass! Bang!

His fist punched a crack in that glass.

The glass was tempered glass and had been thickened and reinforced. It was said that even bullets cannot penetrate it. Yet a crack appeared on the glass because of this man's punch?

Frightened, the guard pulled out his pistol and pointed it straight at Franklin, his voice trembling. "... Are you going to break into prison? I... I'm telling you, you're all going to jail!"

"I am only guilty of damaging public property, according to H Rovirsa's legal rules. For minor cases, the fine is 5, 000. For serious cases, compensation must be made and a fine of 10, 000 will also be imposed. So... how could I possibly have committed a crime? Or do you want to be that glass?" The man's voice was so cold.

The prison guard's hair stood on end as he listened.

At this moment, the sheriff and several prison guards on the other side of the glass were also staring in shock at the crack.

What kind of strange power was this?

Wasn't it too scary?

Just as they were shocked, they heard the voice of the prison guard coming from the walkie-talkie, "Boss, boss, there's a woman outside who is a doctor and she wants to go in and treat the prisoner... Can she come in? Boss..."

The voice of the prison guard was filled with a sobbing tone, indicating how frightened he must have been.

"Wait a moment, I'll take some guards and go out." The sheriff immediately led a few prison guards and rushed out.

They all held guns in their hands, and pointed their black muzzles at Sylvia and Franklin.

"I must treat him today, even if I have to take the blame for assaulting prison guards!" Sylvia sneered, exuding confidence.

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She finished speaking and was about to take action. These scumbags were simply too outrageous.

Franklin grabbed her arm and raised his own phone. "The old Mr. Bennett, yes, we're at the prison. Can you help us out?" As he spoke, he handed the phone over to the sheriff. "It's for you."

The sheriff was taken aback for a moment, then took the phone and said, "The old Mr. Bennett? Hello, hello. Yes... Okay, okay. I'll let her in right away. Alright, alright..."

After hanging up the phone, the sheriff put on a gloomy look, as if he had been invisibly slapped hard several times. Now he was really in a dilemma.

Previously, he had to respect Mrs. Ritter's order to torment Cody.

Just after he did that, the Bennett family instructed him to take good care of Cody. He didn't how to make a win-win choice!

Well, he might as well focus on making Cody receive medical treatment, because he could not afford to offend either the Ritter family or the Bennett family.

Then he forced a smile, "Dr. Andrews, please come this way. If I had known you saved the old Mr. Bennett, I would have let you in earlier."

"I remember you. You really are a good sheriff," Sylvia mocked while following the sheriff into the prison.

The sheriff's current concern was that if Sylvia discovered Cody's condition, especially the whip marks on his body, what would happen then...

Getting a reputation for mistreating prisoners was something he could not afford to bear. These prisoners had

not been convicted yet.

They were not considered real criminals yet.

The sheriff was extremely anxious and uneasy at those thoughts.

However, he didn't show his uneasiness and instead personally brought Sylvia to Cody. He didn't go

anywhere and kept a close eye on all of Sylvia's actions.

Sylvia squatted in front of Cody, there were no inspection tools here, so she could only take his pulse. As soon as her fair

and slender fingers touched the man's pulse, she was slightly taken aback.

His body temperature was so hot.

He had a high fever as high as 105 degrees. How could he have

such a high fever?

After a while, she withdrew her hand and reached out to flip his eyelids to check his pupils. A few minutes

passed, Sylvia lowered her gaze and her face became very serious.

Swish!

Before everyone could react, they watched Sylvia tear off Cody's clothes. The sheriff was

shocked.

Damn it!

Sylvia guessed that Cody had been tortured in the prison, but when she thought welts on Cody's bare chest and back, her pupils shrank violently and her chest churned with overwhelming anger.

"Damn it! You tortured him with whips!"

Her beautiful eyes were filled with anger, staring fiercely at the sheriff.

"Dr. Andrews, it's not our fault. He tried to escape! We couldn't let him get away, so we took certain measures. Don't worry. He won't die." The sheriff rubbed his hands together and spoke directly. Anyway, Cody was unconscious and couldn't defend himself.

Sylvia had never felt so frustrated.

She suddenly felt so powerless. She couldn't do anything about his kind of trash. She said through

gritted teeth, "If I found you beat him again, I won't spare you." She was so angry that her chest was

heaving hard.

At this moment, Brayden and Franklin, who had been watching the situation inside all along, were also shocked by the intertwined red and swollen scars.

How could this happen?

"I'm going in, I'm going to kill these bastards!" Brayden reacted, and was about to rush in angrily. Franklin immediately

stopped him, "Brayden, calm down."

"How can you expect me to stay calm? That's my dad! My dad!" The usually handsome and sunny man now had bloodshot eyes. "Franklin! That's my dad! How could they do this to him? He's over fifty years old... Even young people can't handle it... How can he bear it? He..."

Brayden's eyes welled up with tears, and he couldn't contain the pain and anger that consumed him. It was overwhelming, and he couldn't hold it in for even a moment longer.

"Believe me, Sylvia will cure him. Sylvia will definitely have a way," Franklin pressed Brayden against the wall with his big hands tightly gripping his shoulders. "Don't make a scene. One day we will definitely avenge Cody, but causing trouble now won't do any good."

"Brayden..." Jenna couldn't hold back anymore. She looked at the wounds on Cody's body, and her tears flowed out. She cried and threw herself into Brayden's arms, "Brayden... I'm so sad... I'm so useless, I can't save my godfather..."

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Brayden's heart trembled slightly as the young girl tightly embraced his thin waist. Her tears wetted his shirt and quietly seeped into his skin, scorching hot.

It made his heart skip a beat.

His irritable mood suddenly seemed to calm down.

He closed his eyes and swallowed all the pain, sadness, irritability and anger in the depths of his heart.

Franklin saw his gradually calming expression and slowly withdrew his hand. "Sylvia is inside. Even if you don't believe me, you should trust her."

Brayden regained his sanity and tremblingly reached out his hands, gently embracing the girl in his arms. His voice was hoarse as he said, "Jenna, don't be afraid. Dad will be okay."

Inside, Sylvia had had someone carry Cody into the prison doctor's office.

She looked around the medicine shelf behind the desk, which displayed various kinds of medicine, but none of them seemed significant in her eyes.

She hurriedly found several special medicines and then fed them to Cody.

She found the drip bottle and several medications needed for a drip, mixed and shook them, then injected them into the drip bottle.

Only then did she pinch Cody's arm, and quickly gave him an injection. The thin needle pierced into the blood vessel of Cody's arm, and then she began to help Cody treat the wound on his back again.

Some of the wounds were deep and still oozing blood. It was freezing here, and the speed of wound healing would also be slowed down.

Sylvia looked at the liquid in the drip bottle, took out a small bottle from her bag, poured out a pill of RL 133, and stuffed it into Cody's mouth.

RL 133 was only used for strengthening the body, and he could not get any supplements to regulate his body here. The sheriff

looked at the pill in Sylvia's hand in shock. Others may not know it or recognize it.

But he had seen this kind of pill at an auction before.

It seemed to be called RL 133... It was said that one pill of it cost 500, 000. Why was she

just feeding Cody one so casually now?

What was the background of this woman? Who was she exactly?

The sheriff could tell that she had more than one pill of RL 133. He wondered if this woman was a big wig, but he had never heard of her before.

As for the handsome guy before this woman, he'd never heard any famous lawyer named Maskelyne from Larro. He only knew Lawyer Maskelyne from Urgford made a big name years ago after winning a case. In his opinion, that famous lawyer should be at least in his forties.

He followed Mrs. Ritter's orders to mistreat Cody. Would there be any serious consequences? He felt a little

uneasy. He was just a sheriff and he couldn't afford any consequences.

As he thought about it, he kept comforting himself: no, nothing would happen. They were just a group of young people with no background or

connections.

It was just about mistreating a prisoner. He didn't have to reap any consequences. Thinking of that, he regained his confidence.

"I'll keep watching him tonight until he wakes up," Sylvia said coldly to the sheriff. "Since your doctor is not here, as a doctor myself, I have to take responsibility for the patient."

"Well..." The sheriff looked hesitant. "You're not one of our staff after all; isn't this inappropriate?" "Then please ask your superiors and file a report," Sylvia remained expressionless.

"Please don't make things difficult for me," the sheriff looked stern.

"I'm Cody's good friend and also his doctor." Sylvia looked at him calmly with her icy gaze. "If you don't want to file that report, I wouldn't mind doing it myself."

"You!" The sheriff gritted his teeth and glared at her. "Don't push your luck!"

"You can arrest me if you want!" Sylvia lazily glanced at him; she now felt disgusted by everyone here.

She stood up without bothering these people anymore and measured Cody's temperature again after feeding him medicine and hooking him up to an IV drip.

His temperature started dropping, although he still had a low fever.

"Yadiel, Kian, you two stay here with her! If she dares act recklessly, then arrest her!" The sheriff finally could only order two prison guards to watch over Sylvia.

This place was heavily guarded, so he believed that even Sylvia wouldn't dare do anything out of line. Sylvia took out her phone and called Franklin, explaining what happened inside.

In the end, she said, "You guys go back first. I'll stay here." Franklin hesitated for a moment, "Okay."

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After hanging up the phone, he relayed the message to Brayden and said, "Brayden, take Jenna back with you. I'll stay here." He wanted to be there for Sylvia when she came out. He couldn't bear to leave her alone.

"How could we possibly leave?" Jenna's eyes glinted with determination. "Brayden, I don't want to go. I want to stay here." Brayden nodded in agreement. "We won't leave. It may be cold at night, but at least there's heat inside."

"Okay," Franklin said as he looked through the glass but saw nothing inside. Time passed slowly as they waited anxiously.

Sylvia stayed by Cody's side with two prison guards who were struggling to keep their eyes open from exhaustion.

Yadiel glanced over at Sylvia who still looked spirited despite being up all night and admired her resilience. "How does she have so much energy? Do all beautiful women have this kind of stamina?"

"I'm so tired," Kian said as he leaned towards Yadiel for support while they both dozed off.

As dawn approached, Cody slowly opened his eyes while lying on a hospital bed, feeling a throbbing headache that felt like an explosion in his head.

He stared blankly at the ceiling for a moment before realizing that his prison bed wasn't like this - it had another bunk above him... why was there only a ceiling now?

Suddenly, he heard a familiar voice say, "Cody, are you awake?"

He turned abruptly and saw Sylvia sitting next to him looking stunningly beautiful; her face caught his attention immediately causing him shock, "Sibbie? What are you doing here?"

"You're sick... very sick," Sylvia replied, looking up briefly at the IV bag, which had been refilled three times. After this IV drip was finished, Cody could recover quickly and suffer less from pain or illness.

"How could they let you come in here?" Cody asked, still surprised by her presence.

"I'll leave when the sun rises," she replied, glancing over at two nearby sleeping guards who finally succumbed to fatigue.

"Cody, listen carefully," Sylvia continued speaking softly but firmly, "We will find a way to save you and clear your name. We've found the Carson family and the Wilson family targeting you; we will also find evidence that can help prove your innocence."

"Sibbie..." Cody was shocked, "the Carson family? the Wilson family?"

He had guessed that Clark would retaliate against him, after all, he had been checking the Wilson Group. It was just that he didn't expect Clark to strike so ruthlessly and quickly!

"Yes, this is a bottle of RL 133. You put it away. If you feel unwell, just take one pill." Sylvia stuffed the medicine bottle she carried with her into Cody's hand.

"RL 133? It sounds familiar..." But suddenly Cody couldn't remember when and where he heard it. Cody frowned, his head still aching.

"It's just medication for strengthening your body," Sylvia said lightly.

If anyone in the Bennett family heard it, they would be envious of Cody, for he could take such precious pills.

"Cody, there's something I've always wanted to ask Yasmin face to face, but I don't think she might tell me." Sylvia hesitated, staring at Cody with clear eyes.

Cody was startled, and looked at her with some doubts, "What do you want to ask?"

"You should also know that Monica Evans is my mother. When I was recognized by the Evans family, Yasmin also knew it. Why didn't she tell me that she and my mother were best friends?"

This had always confused Sylvia.

She heard Tiana said that when she was studying, she, her mother and Mrs. Wright were good friends. Why didn't Mrs. Wright tell her that she and Monica were good friends?

Cody didn't expect Sylvia to ask this question.

A trace of embarrassment flashed across his haggard face.

"Your mother Monica is a very good, outstanding woman. Yasmin has always been a good friend with your mother, and your mother has helped her a lot."

"Yet Yasmin is so sentimental that she couldn't accept the reality when your mother passed away. She shed tears every day, and even suffered from depression for a while. Later... I asked someone to hypnotize her. In her memory, she only has a good friend who

has passed away, but she doesn't remember her good friend's name."

"Yasmin only had a vague memory of Monica. That's why she didn't react when the Evans family announced your relationship with them at the auction."

"I'm sorry, Sibbie... I didn't want to lose her. Even without that part of her deep friendship memories with your mother, she still feels it. She'll make the pork rib soup your mother taught her and she can't help being good to you. It was my selfishness that resulted in all this..."

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Sylvia stared at Cody in shock. Hypnosis... Mrs. Wright was actually hypnotized, and as a result, she lost all her memories of Monica? This was too terrifying.

So anyone who knew how to hypnotize could just take away someone's memories?

"Who did it? Who hypnotized her?" Sylvia's face turned pale. She rarely got emotional, but she couldn't accept what had happened.

Cody cleared his throat. "I heard he passed away already. It took me quite some time to find him back then. His name was Felipe, and he was a famous hypnosis master. If you search for him on Google, you can find news articles or stories about him." Sylvia frowned.

She had lost many childhood memories; Franklin said that she saved him and his sister when they were young, but there wasn't even a single image about it in her mind.

Had the part of her childhood memory that she lost also been taken away by hypnosis? She needed to

know the truth.

"What are you two whispering about?" Suddenly Yadiel's voice interrupted them; Sylvia looked over and saw that Yadiel and Kian were awake, rubbing their eyes.

Sylvia checked Cody's temperature again and breathed a sigh of relief, "Your fever is reduced finally."

She stood up from the chair and prepared some medicine for Cody, "I've prepared five days' medicine for you. Remember to take it after every meal."

Cody's eyes filled with gratitude, "Sibbie, I'm sorry." "You didn't do

anything wrong," Sylvia replied calmly.

Sylvia smiled with relief. "Yasmin has always been so good to me regardless of whether she remembers my mother or not! Isn't this the most precious thing?"

After finishing speaking, she pushed open the door of the doctor's office before turning back towards Cody, "Take care of yourself."

Yadiel escorted her out quietly.

She stood on a long corridor where faint morning light filtered through windows, casting an ethereal yet chilly glow.

Yadiel whispered softly, "Dr. Andrews, you can see the exit when you walk out of this lobby. I won't escort you any further." Sylvia nodded her head. "Thank you."

She walked towards the lobby with a straight posture, but she soon froze.

In the corner of the lobby's lounge area sat a man on the couch. He looked up at her when he heard footsteps. Franklin?

He didn't leave?

He actually waited for her all night on that couch? Sylvia's heart skipped

a beat.

Then she saw him stand up and stride towards her.

In the faint morning light, he seemed to be bathed in a soft glow that made him look unrealistically handsome.

Brayden and Jenna, who were sitting on another couch nearby holding each other, woke up at this moment and looked over at Sylvia.

"Brayden..." Jenna murmured before Brayden leaned in close to her ear and whispered softly. "You're up?"

"Mm-hmm." Jenna rubbed her sleepy eyes and turned to look at Sylvia and Franklin. She had been so tired last night that she had curled up in Brayden's warm embrace and fallen asleep without realizing it.

Was it already morning?

Meanwhile, Franklin stretched out his arms towards Sylvia and pulled the slender woman tightly into his embrace.

"Sylvia... Sylvia..." His low voice sounded like an exquisite cello playing; he held onto her so tightly as if embracing a precious treasure that was lost but found again.

Sylvia pressed herself against his hot chest; she could almost hear his strong heartbeat clearly. "I'm here, I'm

here." She couldn't help but reach out to hug him back tightly too.

An hour later, they returned to their hotel room, only to find out that Brayden and Jenna were staying in the same hotel too.

As they got off from elevator preparing to go back their own rooms, "Sylvia," Brayden hesitated before calling out Sylvia's name softly. "There is something I want to discuss with you."

"What is it?" Sylvia asked calmly while looking directly into his eyes.

Five minutes later, there was silence along the corridor where one could hear even a pin drop sound...

Just when Brayden thought Sylvia would refuse him, suddenly he heard her cold voice saying, "Three o'clock this afternoon. Take me there."

"I am sorry," said Braydon, lowering his head, "but for my father's sake, I have no other choice."

He really had no other options. He used to live a carefree life as the mayor's son, but now he was the prisoner's son. All his friends and relatives were avoiding him except for Sylvia and Franklin who were still willing to help them.

"It's no biggie. We're family," Sylvia said, thinking of Mrs. Wright's memory being taken away and feeling a pang in her heart. She looked at Brayden and her gaze softened, "See you this afternoon. Take a good rest before that."

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After returning to the room, Franklin pulled her onto the couch. His face was cold and stern, his eyes icy. "Cody's injuries were not an accident. It seems that some people are deliberately targeting him."

"The more they want to target Cody, the less we can ignore it," Sylvia said with a hint of severity in her eyes.

Yesterday when they first stepped into the prison yard, she heard the sheriff on the phone addressing someone as Ritter! This afternoon, she would meet with Mrs. Ritter.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Brayden brought Sylvia to a private room at a club as promised.

Standing in front of the door of the private room, Brayden raised his hand and knocked. They heard a voice from inside say, "Come in."

As soon as they entered the private room, Sylvia saw an extremely elegant lady sitting on a sofa and holding a highball glass filled with red liquid that she gracefully swirled around with her fingers painted in Chanel nail polish.

She wore an updo hairstyle and black silk stockings paired with high heels along with an oversized black fur coat draped over her shoulders.

The heating was turned on inside this cozy private space, but Sylvia felt like she was still out of place here among these elites.

"Master Keturah?" Mrs. Ritter pursed her lips slightly and gestured for Sylvia and Brayden to sit down before speaking again, "Please have a seat."

Sylvia sat quietly across from Mrs. Ritter, waiting for her to speak, as if anticipating what would come next.

Mrs. Ritter did not expect Master Keturah - who had been rumored about - to be so young and beautiful; standing out even among all those beauties within entertainment circles including award-winning actresses or models who were considered top-tier celebrities themselves!

Especially given that air of elegance surrounding Master Keturah which made it almost impossible for anyone's gaze not be drawn towards her.

But good appearance meant nothing to those real socialites within Urgford's upper echelon circles!

In Mrs. Ritter's opinion, someone like Master Keturah could only take on several apprentices or students at best while lacking any other notable talents or skills beyond music.

"Mrs. Ritter, I'm curious why you invited me here today," said Sylvia, getting straight down business after taking their seats.

"Well, it seems like Master Brayden hasn't given you much information." Mrs. Ritter smiled before continuing, "My daughter Ashlyn loves music very much. I heard that you have won international awards and you're also president of International Piano Association, so I wanted to invite you over as my daughter's teacher."

Sylvia raised an eyebrow, her cool gaze swept across Mrs. Ritter. "I'm sorry, but I have no plans to take on any apprentices." She had only taught Jenna so far and didn't have the time or inclination to teach anyone else.

Mrs. Ritter's face darkened at Sylvia's words, but she quickly composed herself when she remembered Sylvia's status in the music industry and her abilities. "Master Keturah, please don't reject me just yet. Why not appreciate my daughter's talent before deciding?"

As Mrs. Ritter spoke, a glass partition in the private room slowly rose up to reveal a piano with a woman sitting in front of it playing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata". The music flowed from her fingertips and filled the spacious room.

The performance was good, but Sylvia wasn't interested.

Mrs. Ritter beamed with pride - this was her masterpiece! Her daughter would become one of the top socialites and receive the best education possible - envied by all other socialites.

After finishing playing, Mrs. Ritter turned to Sylvia with a smile on her face and asked for some advice, "Master Keturah, how do you think of my daughter's performance?"

Sylvia sitting on the sofa glanced at Ashlyn before speaking nonchalantly. "It was okay, not bad." Everyone could tell that Sylvia wasn't impressed by what she heard.

Mrs. Ritter suppressed her anger and tried again, "Since it wasn't bad, why not take my daughter under your wing?" She continued without waiting for an answer from Sylvia, "After all, about what Master Brayden has entrusted me with, I can certainly help him out."

Sylvia lazily lifted her eyes before settling them on Mrs. Ritter's shrewd face. "Mrs. Ritter. I'm not against taking on an apprentice. However, Cody is suffering in prison right now. How do you plan to help him?"

"My mother is the distinguished lady of the Ritters family! Do you think she's just some ordinary housewife? Her connections are beyond compare – especially since my grandfather was one of founding fathers who received countless medals during his lifetime!" Ashlyn interjected confidently.

Suddenly there came a familiar voice from beside piano.

Sylvia glanced up and saw Ashlyn, who had been playing the piano earlier, turn around and adjust her shoulder-length hair. The familiar face immediately caught Sylvia's attention.

Ashlyn looked at Sylvia with a haughty expression on her face. Their eyes met, but Ashlyn's arrogant demeanor quickly changed as she exclaimed in a sharp voice, "What are you doing here?!"

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Upon hearing this, Mrs. Ritter furrowed her eyebrows slightly, displeased with her daughter's behavior. She sternly rebuked Ashlyn, "Ashlyn, this is Master Keturah. Have you met her before?"

"Mom." Ashlyn immediately stepped on her high heels and threw herself at Mrs. Ritter. "She was the woman who bullied me that day. She asked her husband to kick me out of the mall. It was so humiliating! You must teach her a good lesson for my sake, Mom!"

Mrs. Ritter looked at Ashlyn with mixed feelings, and then turned to Sylvia. A few days ago, Ashlyn went back home so angry that she was about to collapse.

Mrs. Ritter then knew her daughter was bullied when shopping in the mall. She didn't expect the

woman who bullied Ashlyn was Sylvia.

This was really coincidental.

At the time, the Ritter family sent someone to that mall to check the surveillance footage and try to identify the husband and wife, but they were refused by the mall.

The Ritter family was extremely angry about this. Since they held a lot of power in Urgford, they couldn't believe that their own daughter had been subjected to such treatment.

Daring to be arrogant on the Ritter family's territory.

Mrs. Ritter never expected that this person was actually Sylvia.

She was so angry that she gritted her teeth, but then she remembered that Jenna and Brayden needed her help, and she also needed Sylvia's help.

They were just using each other, and she believed that Sylvia was a smart person who knew what to do.

With this in mind, she looked at Sylvia with a haughty posture and spoke in a tone that seemed to be giving charity, exuding an inexplicable sense of superiority.

"Master Keturah, you were so rude to my daughter two days ago. If it were anyone else, I would have tortured her in a hundred ways to make her apologize, but."

"But what?" Sylvia's almond-shaped eyes lazily met Mrs. Ritter's arrogant gaze. It seemed that Mrs.

Ritter's arrogant attitude was completely ignored.

Mrs. Ritter furrowed her brows slightly and thought, "Why does Sylvia look so tough?" However, she

believed that Sylvia would finally give in no matter how tough she was.

With this thought in mind, she suggested, "However, since we need to cooperate with each other, I will pretend that this never happened as long as you are willing to teach and guide my daughter in her piano skills."

Brayden looked at Sylvia's calm appearance, his lips moved but he didn't know how to speak up. "Mrs. Ritter, I think

there should be a misunderstanding. How could Sylvia bully Miss Ritter?"

Sylvia could hear the suppressed anxiety in his tone. She turned her head and glanced at him, her beautiful pupils shining. "I just bullied her," she said.

She raised her eyebrows, her voice was cold as she calmly asked, "So what?" Upon hearing her

words, Brayden looked at her in shock.

Awesome!

He couldn't care about anything else and could only lower his voice, "Sylvia, the Ritter family..."

The Ritter family is powerful in Urgford. It's not a good idea to act so recklessly in front of them, is it? Sylvia wasn't scared at all.

She sat on the couch and leisurely looked over at Mrs. Ritter.

Her beautiful eyes stared at Mrs. Ritter, and their eyes met. Mrs. Ritter was so angry with her arrogant look that she almost had a stroke on the spot.

"Sylvia is really ungrateful. I have praised her so much, but she still doesn't know how to appreciate it and doesn't understand the current situation."

Her brows furrowed so tightly. "Sylvia, what do you mean by this? I treated you with kindness and respect. Do you really think that nobody in the Ritter family will stand up to you? Not only did you dare to bully my daughter, but now you're being so arrogant. Let me tell you, Urgford is my territory."

"It's easy for me to make you disappear forever!"

"It is your honor to have my daughter as your apprentice. I respect you, but do not be ignorant of propriety. Otherwise, you might have a hard time."

After Mrs. Ritter spoke sternly, Sylvia simply raised her eyes, spoke concisely and shockingly, with a calm expression on her face, "I won't accept her."

Mrs. Ritter laughed angrily, gathering her fur coat around her. Her voice was calm but tinged with smugness. "You won't take my daughter? I suppose Cody is enjoying his time in prison? It's fine if you say no, but are you really willing to ignore Cody's life? Can you bear to see him suffer in that living hell?" Cody was their weak

spot.

Mrs. Ritter knows exactly where to pinch when it hurts.

There was a gleam of pride in her eyes, "I can make sure Cody's case will be thoroughly investigated if I take action. And at least with my help, his life in prison would be a little more comfortable. Are you sure you don't teach my daughter?"

She stared fixedly at Sylvia, not missing any subtle changes in her expression. The light inside the room shone on Sylvia's face.

From beginning to end, Sylvia remained expressionless. She parted her red lips slightly and uttered two words, "Not interested." She stood up to face Mrs. Ritter.

She was tall enough. Even though she was wearing flat combat boots, she was still taller than Mrs. Ritter who was wearing high heels.

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She glanced over Mrs. Ritter's angry face, her beautiful eyes were slightly raised. "It's you who cause Cody to suffer ordeal in prison. Am I right? To coerce me, you even resorted to such disgusting means!"

Brayden was greatly shocked when he heard Sylvia's words. He gritted his teeth, a hint of resentment flashing in his eyes.

Sylvia's pretty eyes stared at Mrs. Ritter's gloomy face. "I've seen how undisciplined and untutored you are, the so-called ladies of the Ritter family. It's a pity that descendants of the Ritter family are someone like you."

She slightly lifted her chin, her slender neck as elegant and beautiful as a swan, exuding an unattainable dominance. "A great family will rise and fall, don't think you are invincible in the world. There is always someone better, more powerful than you."

Mrs. Ritter's face turned pale with anger, "Sylvia! You!"

Ashlyn grabbed Mrs. Ritter's arm and said, "Mom, I've told you before that she's not a good person. You haven't seen how she bullied me before, she was even more arrogant then. She has no shame!"

Sylvia lowered her head and smiled, "Mrs. Ritter, I suggest you better investigate who the old lady your daughter humiliated really is."

"What do you mean? Isn't she just a dirty old hag who doesn't even deserve to carry shoes for me." Ashlyn pointed at her and said snappishly, "What's your problem? You don't suck up to a rich lady like me but help that old hag out! Trash attracts trash, huh? You are not even worthy to talk to a noble lady like me!"

Sylvia smiled stunningly, like a peony in full bloom, eye-catching and charming.

Even if Mrs. Ritter was angry, she couldn't help but be shocked by her stunning beauty.

Fortunately, this woman did not enter the entertainment industry. If she had, there would be no way for other female celebrities to gain popularity.

"Miss Ritter, I've recorded what you just said. In the future, don't regret what you've said today." Sylvia shook her phone and then said to Brayden, who had been staring at her in amazement for a long time, "Let's go!"

Brayden was a bit confused.

Following Sylvia, he stepped out of the private room. It wasn't until he saw that the car had been started that he realized what was happening.

Did they just come out like that?

What Sylvia had done just now was really impressive! "You."

He wanted to say something, but was interrupted by Sylvia, "Focus on driving." Brayden was speechless.

The car drove up to the hotel entrance and they got out.

Brayden hesitated before speaking, "Sylvia, you offended her. Aren't you afraid of her retaliating against you?" "Are you scared?"

Sylvia raised her eyebrows, looking very unrestrained.

"I..." Brayden thought for a moment and said, "I'm not afraid. Anyway, I have no money now and my life is at stake." "That's fine then,"

Sylvia smirked, "If you're not afraid, why should I be?"

Brayden somehow felt touched when hearing this?

In the private room, Mrs. Ritter's face turned pale with anger as she swept the several bottles of expensive red wine on the table to the ground, immediately making crackling sounds.

The waiter who had been standing outside heard the noises and rushed in, "Madam, what happened?" "Are you okay?"

Mrs. Ritter lifted the glass in her hand and smashed it onto the waiter's face. "Fuck off!"

The waiter was so scared that he quickly closed the door of the private room and backed out.

Ashlyn was also scared and quickly hugged her head, not daring to approach.

She swallowed hard and said, "Mom. don't be angry. That woman is just an ungrateful bitch."

"Sylvia! You're so disrespectful to me. Just wait and see!" Mrs. Ritter's face was twisted with anger and her eyes were filled with hatred.

I'm the mistress of the Ritter family, a prominent family that has stood in Urgford for nearly a century and has been honored over the years.

Many small families are attached to the Ritter family.

Now Sylvia is so ungrateful and stubborn that she doesn't know what's good for her. Isn't she just good at playing music?

What is she so proud of!

She's just a despicable woman!

Given her social status, she is not even worthy of being mentioned in the same breath as a high-ranking lady! Yet she has the audacity to be so arrogant and conceited when I took the initiative to reach out to her despite our class differences!

"Mom. we don't necessarily have to find Sylvia. There are many musicians out there. How about you help me find another one?" Ashlyn cautiously observed her mother's expression.

"Don't worry, Mom will contact Clare for you. Even if you have to fly abroad every time to study with him, we won't choose Sylvia." Mrs. Ritter took a deep breath and regained some of her rationality after venting her anger earlier. "It's just learning the piano. There are plenty of piano masters in this world besides Sylvia! What is she anyway?"

Ashlyn quickly nodded, "Yes, yes, yes, my mom is right."

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Chapter 639

After calming down, Mrs. Ritter immediately picked up her phone and dialed a number. "Don't kill him. Just torture him! Make sure he suffer!"

The person on the other end said something that made Mrs. Ritter explode in anger. "Do you not want your job anymore? Do you not want your daughter to go to film school?"

The sheriff could only nod and promise, "Okay, okay, Mrs. Ritter. Don't worry. I'll take care of it." After hanging up the phone, the sheriff put on a gloomy face.

"Is this old hag crazy? The Bennett family is protecting Cody secretly. How dare I make a move?"

He sighed deeply and felt like he was in such a dilemma that he couldn't offend anyone on either side.

He was just a sheriff after all. He might as well treat Mrs. Ritter's words as if they were nothing. After all, compared with Mrs. Ritter, the old Mr. Bennett had more authority.

He weighed his options for a while before returning directly to his office. Larro Detention Center.

Winter anxiously waited outside the visiting room and kept looking inside through the glass window until two minutes later when two prison guards brought Clark over.

Clark looked much haggard now with an aged face which carried both desolation and gloominess. He sat down behind the glass window and picked up the microphone.

When Winter saw him, she couldn't help but feel heartbroken, but she restrained herself very well, because she had many things she wanted to say.

However, at that moment, she didn't know what exactly should be said. "I'm in jail now. Have those people bothered you?"

Clark spoke first; his voice sounded hoarse as if he were someone who had been traveling long distances in desert sand dunes.

His eyes fixed tightly on Winter, carrying inexplicable greediness mixed with longing, as though she were his source of water or medicine, without which he could not survive or breathe properly.

Only seeing her made him feel alive again!

"Not yet. Are you okay?" replied Winter, struggling hard to open her mouth while trying hard not to cry, since Clark must have been having tough times inside there!

"Not bad. I lead a quite leisure life. Food and drinks are available. The meals are satisfying and I no longer have to worry about the office politics. Life is much easier than before," Clark said with a casual tone.

There was a hint of sadness and helplessness in his delicate and handsome face.

"Ugh-" Suddenly, Winter covered her mouth and turned away, dry heaving for a moment.

Clark looked at her in astonishment behind the glass, "What's wrong with you? Are you feeling unwell?"

Winter's face turned a little pale. "I haven't been feeling well in my stomach these past few days. It's nothing serious, so don't worry."

They rarely talked so calmly like this. He used to be too dominant and overbearing. He may even treat her very rudely sometimes.

But now he became different.

Winter took a deep breath and said, "It's getting late. I have to go back. I'll come see you another day." "Winter." Clark suddenly called out to her.

Winter was taken aback and stared at him with wide eyes. "Clark, is there something else?"

"Winter, listen to me. Don't come to me again," Clark's gloomy eyes stared at her firmly. "I am an ominous person. Don't come to see me."

"Don't say that. The verdict hasn't been announced yet. Maybe there's still hope," Winter said, choking back tears that were welling up in her eyes.

Actually, both of them know that there could never be a good outcome. But she still wanted to say that to comfort Clark.

"There's no hope. You should leave Larro and find a quiet place where no one knows you and live well," Clark said as he stood up and slowly walked away.

His hands were handcuffed and his feet were wrapped in shackles, making his steps appear extremely heavy, and his back seemed to be stooping.

Winter stood still, and her tears finally burst out. Clark...

She wiped away the tears on her face and went straight to the hospital after leaving the detention center. An hour later, when she looked at the test results, she was both happy and sad.

She didn't expect that she was pregnant again.

Why did fate have to play such a trick on her? After Clark had an accident, she unexpectedly became pregnant again. She looked at the cloudy sky and made a bold decision.

Taking a deep breath, she got into the red Porsche and started the car. The car shot out like an arrow and merged into the traffic flow.

Urgford Hospital.

Outside the window, heavy snowflakes were falling silently, covering the earth. Sylvia sat by the hospital bed, slicing an apple for the old Mr. Bennett.

"Thank you for that call the other day. Without it, Cody might have suffered even more," she said.

She cut the apple into small pieces and placed them on a small plate before offering it to the old Mr. Bennett.

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Chapter 640

"Stop with the polite talk. If it weren't for you giving me acupuncture treatment, I might have had to undergo brain surgery," said the old Mr. Bennett. "This is called helping each other out."

"Anyway, thank you," Sylvia smiled.

Just then, Jonathan rushed to the door and stopped, his hair and head covered in fine white snowflakes.

"This snow is too much. I went to the supermarket to buy some daily necessities and got soaked in snow," he said as he stomped his feet at the entrance of the ward before shaking his head vigorously to get rid of any remaining snowflakes on his hair.

He carried a shopping bag filled with miscellaneous small items along with a bowl of oden.

"Grandpa, this is for you. No spicy peppers added."

"How can it be delicious without spicy peppers?" The old Mr. Bennett suddenly became unhappy.

"You're still sick now. You can't eat anything stimulating." Jonathan was strict. "If you don't want it, I'll give it to my boss instead."

"If you let Sibbie eat it instead of me, then you'll have to buy another one with spicy peppers for me."

"I won't fight over food with you; go ahead and eat," Sylvia couldn't help but smile while watching these two mischievous grandfather-grandson duo play around like kids.

Jonathan handed over oden to his grandfather before turning towards Sylvia. "Boss, will you come watch my game in a few days?"

Sylvia lazily glanced at him. "Not interested."

"Boss, please show some face!" Jonathan was somewhat frustrated as he pulled out a stack of tickets from his pocket. "I brought all these tickets here; surely they can't go unused?"

"You can leave them here. But whether or not I watch your game remains uncertain." Sylvia took those tickets from him and put them into her pocket while saying, "I heard that your opponents are very strong this year, so take care when training so that you won't lose face by underperforming."

"When did I ever underperform? I am undoubtedly an excellent ADC!" Jonathan immediately became unhappy as indignation appeared on his face.

"All right! Stop boasting about yourself here," Sylvia interrupted him while speaking to the old Mr. Bennett. "I'm going back now; take good care of yourself. I'll come see how things are another day."

The old Mr. Bennett was enjoying eating oden too much by now. "Since there's heavy snow outside anyway, why don't wait until after its stopped?"

Sylvia smiled, "Walking in snow has its own charm."

With that said, she left the hospital room with Jonathan following her out to the elevator doors. "I gave you tickets for both group matches and finals - make sure you come!" he urged.

"If your team makes it into finals, then I'll go there; otherwise why bother going for group matches?" Sylvia replied coldly as if she were talking about falling snow outside.

"Fine! We'll definitely make it into finals," Jonathan grumbled as he watched her step into the elevator.

Jasper was waiting for her at underground parking lot when she arrived downstairs; he greeted her by saying, "Master Franklin is busy at MI6 today, so he asked me to pick you up instead."

Sylvia nodded; she had thought they would be returning back to their hotel but anywhere would do really.

The next morning, Sylvia turned on a screen early in order to watch live coverage of a gaming tournament while sitting on a couch with a bucket of popcorn beside her.

Franklin walked out from his room, only to see Sylvia watching an e-sports match intently in front of TV.

"Do you like watching this?" He asked curiously.

"Jonathan is playing today," She grabbed some popcorns and stuffed them into mouth.

League of Legends had become popular worldwide over recent years due its competitive tower-pushing gameplay style. This year, the annual world championship was held in Urgford's Okgan that attracted countless fans around globe who loved gaming feverishly.

Jonathan's team had always been ranked the first place in its group. Teams were divided into all four groups where top two teams advanced onto quarter-finals.

At MI6's computer technology department, Vaughn along with several other members were also watching live streaming videos of games together.

"I think Jonathan's team will definitely win the championship this year!" Vaughn was a fan of Jonathan.

One of the team members sneered, "Come on, let's face it. You know well the level of H Rovirsa's players. They should just give up."