

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 641

Vaughn was a little annoyed when he heard this. "So, which team do you like then?"

"Copperhead! They have been world champions in the past and they will be this year too. What's so good of Jonathan? He may be good in our country, but he's nothing on the world stage!"

Vaughn was getting angry when listening to this. "Jonathan is one of the favorites to win this year! When he competes individually, he always comes first!"

"What does that matter? League of Legends is all about teamwork and

cooperation." "What's the use of individual ability alone? It's a team game."

Vaughn snorted and said excitedly, "I don't want to argue with you guys here. Jonathan will definitely shock everyone at the competition!"

Just then, Isla walked in, holding two tickets for the group games with a smile on her face. "My friend gave me two tickets. Who wants to go?"

"The competition is being held in Okgan this year, and these tickets are being sold for sky-high prices! We didn't even get any," said an excited man.

"We stayed up all night last night trying to get them online, but they were sold out in an instant!" added another person.

"We have so many people here but I only have two tickets," Isla smiled and said, "How about we compete in martial arts? Whoever wins gets a ticket?"

"Martial arts? But we need to go to a training ground for that!" someone

exclaimed. "Let's go to the training ground then," Isla replied enthusiastically.

Vaughn didn't want to fawn over Isla like everyone else did; Isla's attitude towards Sylvia had made him feel uncomfortable lately. So he remained calm and uninterested as he spoke up, "I'll pass on that offer; you guys can go without me."

As soon as she heard Vaughn decline her invitation so rudely, Isla became displeased. "If you're not going, why don't you trim down those weeds growing out there on our lawn instead?"

"Isla, I'm an engineer - not a gardener - how could you ask me to do such things?" Vaughn was shocked by what she had just suggested.

"Everyone has gone to the training ground, and you're just sitting around doing nothing. Why not go fix the lawn? You're doing it for everyone's benefit, so who wouldn't say something good about you when they see it? You can't have such a negative mindset; you need to have a spirit of dedication, understand?"

Vaughn felt like Isla was shattering his worldview.

Was this woman in a bad mood from working as a waitress in the restaurant and projecting her negativity onto everyone else?

The Saunders family is only a third-rate family in Urgford, on the edge of the upper class society of Urgford. There haven't been any capable individuals from the Saunders family for decades.

However, starting with the previous generation of the Saunders family, there was someone talented in computers like Aviana who became high-level management at Crown Techs Group.

Later on, Aviana personally trained Isla to become team leader at MI6.

Nowadays it's an information age. Domestic computer technology started much later than foreign countries and talents aren't as developed or outstanding as those abroad. Therefore, people with computer skills are generally fought over by various factions.

When Isla passed MI6's entrance exam two years ago, many were shocked by her presence.

After all, MI6 is quite mysterious; its personnel are top-notch and cooperate with national organizations. Many people know about MI6 but can never figure out who its mastermind is.

So, Isla has always been proud of her outstanding abilities and good looks.

Since there aren't many girls talented in computers like she is, she enjoys a higher and higher status

within MI6. Who wouldn't take notice of her?

Vaughn knew how Isla usually acted; Sylvia solved that defense system issue several days ago, which probably made Isla angry. Thus, he could see through things clearly: Isla wanted to use these two tickets to regain everyone's attention and focus again, so they would continue praising or flattering her more often than not.

But he didn't like that arrogant attitude Isla had. No matter what she said now, he didn't want anything to do with it anymore. Yet he couldn't totally ignore her since she was still his team leader.

"You should go mow the lawn. It's just spending some time in the sun."

"Yeah! You should go mow it! We'll have one less competitor!" Some colleagues laughed

along. Vaughn said through gritter teeth, "Alright, I'll just go!" Then he left the office.

"Finally, the game has started," Sylvia said as she nestled into the couch with a cup of honey grapefruit tea in her arms. She occasionally took a sip and grabbed some popcorn to munch on. It felt like she was watching a movie in a theater, but she realized that she had never actually been to one before.

"Have you ever been to the movies?" She suddenly kicked Franklin's foot and asked on a whim.

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Franklin hesitated, "No."

This was something that ordinary couples and families would do, but they had never done it before. Sylvia suggested suddenly, "How about we go watch a movie one day?"

Franklin hooked his lips, "Sounds a good idea!" Just then, two excited voices came from the TV.

"First blood! Jonathan takes first blood in just three minutes!"

"He went straight for the Q and the support was great too. Sona's Q was also fierce." "This is a great start!"

"Not bad. Okay, the enemy ADC has respawned and returned to bottom lane."

Sylvia watched with relish while Franklin occasionally played a game or two himself. However, he usually didn't have much time for it.

He only played when he had nothing else to do. But, he didn't expect Sylvia to be so interested in watching the game. He raised an eyebrow secretly.

Then he heard the woman next to him speak in a cold voice, "What about prediction? This movement... he can't dodge it." And then...

Franklin saw on TV that Jonathan's support was pulled over by the opposing team's Blitzcrank. She spoke so

accurately.

"The ultimate skill hasn't ended its CD. It won't work if they force an attack now."

As soon as she finished speaking, Jonathan was slain along with his support. Mid was slain as well. The top laner escaped with low health points left.

Franklin was rendered speechless.

"Miss Andrews, you're even better than the commentators?"

Just then, an abrupt voice suddenly came from outside their window.

Both of them looked over and saw Vaughn holding a lawnmower while stretching his head out to watch the match on TV. Miss Andrews is really amazing this time!

She can predict everything so accurately!

It made her look like some kind of hidden game master or something like that!

"Well, it's nothing really. I've watched many matches before, so I understand," Sylvia said nonchalantly. Franklin glanced disapprovingly at Vaughn, "Why aren't you doing your job but mowing the lawn?"

MI6 hired gardeners and craftsmen; why would someone from their technical department be running around mowing grass instead of focusing on their actual work?

Vaughn felt wronged as he explained Isla having tickets for them.

He wasn't trying to complain but rather felt wronged since Isla bullied him enough already; if Master Franklin misunderstood him again as not doing his job properly, then wouldn't things get worse?

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and put down her popcorn before walking slowly towards the window where she took out two tickets for Vaughn, "I happen to have two extra tickets here; take them."

Vaughn stared at the two tickets in shock, because they were for the finals! Isla only had tickets for the group match. But Miss Andrews was generous enough to give him tickets to the finals! And it seemed like they were really good seats in section A.

The audience seats were divided into four areas: A, B, C and D. Section A was the best place to sit. Regular seat tickets were hard to obtain, and tickets in section A were even harder to get and more expensive! Sometimes you couldn't even buy them at a high price.

Vaughn trembled as he took the two tickets; he felt like he had hit the jackpot. "Thank you, Miss Andrews!" Sylvia smirked and said nonchalantly, "It's just two tickets."

Vaughn didn't know how he managed to return to his office with a dumbfounded expression on his face while his colleagues who fought tooth and nail for group match tickets came back sweating profusely.

One colleague who got hold of group match ticket gloated, "See? The ticket is mine!"

"Yeah, Vaughn, have you finished mowing your lawn?" Another colleague mocked him. Vaughn raised up his hand holding the tickets, "Oh I have tickets too."

"If you do, then pigs can fly." One person sneered at him.

"My tickets aren't fake." Vaughn rolled his eyes, "Don't believe me? Come over here and see."

Immediately, several colleagues crowded around him; after seeing that they were actually tickets to the finals in Vaughn's hand, the two colleagues who were holding group match ones suddenly felt their own weren't so great anymore.

"Where did you get them from?"

"Did they come from mowing lawns?" "Vaughn, tell us quickly!"

Vaughn felt embarrassed as he said, "Miss Andrews gave them to me." He handed one of them over to Atticus, a colleague whom Vaughan usually got along well with. "Let's go together by then."

Atticus felt like he got a windfall. "Are you really giving this to me?" "If not you, who else can I give?" Vaughan grinned.

Just then, Isla arrived at their office, and witnessed everything happening before her eyes.

She looked disdainful. "Who knows if someone got the tickets with cheap tricks? Mine are given by Sabrina Hogan, my bestie, Aettosa's number one socialite and Jonathan's rumored girlfriend!"

"Isla, why don't you ask Miss Hogan if she could give you some tickets to the finals? Vaughan teased, "It shouldn't be difficult, right?"

Isla's face suddenly turned gloomy.

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On the surface, they were best friends, but Sabrina always thought of herself as the top socialite with a noble status in Aettosa, so she actually looked down upon Isla, which made Isla very uncomfortable. She knew deep down she and Sabrina were just toxic friends.

Sabrina gave her those two tickets as if they were worthless trash.

If she asked Sabrina to give her more tickets, she might be humiliated.

Thinking that Sabrina might tramp on her self-esteem and pride, Isla felt sickened.

But now Vaughn was provoking her. If she said she couldn't make it, she would lose face in front of all her colleagues.

She reluctantly spoke up, "Isn't it just tickets for the finals? My best friend has a good relationship with Jonathan, getting a few tickets won't be a problem. But whoever wants them will have to agree to be my servant for a month, serving me tea and water, doing laundry and cooking."

As soon as she spoke, the office fell silent.

Isla, who was beautiful, was their only female colleague in the technology department, so they were willing to spoil her.

But the request she just proposed was just too much. It seemed like she treated them more like playthings than colleagues. "Being a servant for a month is too much!" someone protested.

Vaughn flicked the tickets in his hand and said, "Well, when Miss Andrews gave tickets to me, she didn't demand anything from me."

Upon hearing Vaughn's words, several colleagues who had been silent couldn't help but speak up. "Vaughn, you have a good relationship with Miss Andrews. Why don't you ask her if there is any?"

They now regret deeply why it wasn't them who escorted Sylvia to take a stroll in the first place. If they had known Sylvia was so great earlier, they wouldn't have declined at that time.

Vaughn is really lucky now!

Vaughn scratched his hair a bit sheepishly and said, "I'm sorry. I don't know if she'll help. I'll try."

After hearing this, Isla became even more angry. She suppressed the anger in her heart and stiffened her face as she dialed Sabrina's phone number in front of everyone. "Sabrina."

"What's the matter?" Sabrina, who had just come out of the department, stepped into the hallway and answered, a little wearily.

Her mentor Alondra had become even more irritable since she was eclipsed by Sylvia some time ago. Alondra's assistants were so scared of her that they went to Sabrina first and asked Sabrina to report anything to Alondra, which made Sabrina exhausted.

She enjoyed the praise from her assistants, but it also wore her out.

"Can you give me a few tickets to the finals? You know us computer geeks love watching games," Isla asked over the phone.

Sabrina felt annoyed when she heard that Isla only called to ask for tickets. "Is this why you called me, Isla? Why are you so boring now?" Sabrina's tone was unpleasant. "Never mind, I'll ask Jonathan if he has any. If he does, I'll have someone deliver them to you. If not, forget it."

She hung up and adjusted her mood before calling Jonathan again. "Jonathan, my friend wants a few tickets to the finals. Can you give me two?" Sabrina's voice was gentle as she spoke, "After all, tickets are hard to gain these days. I know I shall not ask you, but we're all friends."

Jonathan had just finished playing in a Best of 3. It wasn't an easy match and winning wasn't effortless

either. So he still felt quite pressured.

"I only have one left here; I'll send it over," Jonathan said indifferently after hearing Sabrina out on the phone call.

"Almost all of our team's tickets have been given away already." He didn't want to offend Sabrina but also didn't want too much involvement with her since she was known for being cunning and ruthless.

Sabrina nodded after hearing his response, "Okay then; I'll go fetch it."

"No need; I'm busy right now anyway. I'll give it to my team manager who will send it to you." Jonathan replied before hanging up quickly without saying more than necessary.

This made Sabrina angry. "Why did he hang up so fast? Would talking with me kill him?"

The image of Jonathan nodding enthusiastically at Sylvia flashed through her mind again which made her feel even more uncomfortable!

He told her not to go there but she insisted on going anyway!

Sabrina hung up the phone and headed straight down into the underground parking garage where she got into her Porsche. Then she headed towards Okgan.

Half an hour later, when she arrived at Okgan's gate, she took off the white coat, threw it onto the car seat and using access card to get in.

She walked through the long hallway, entering the elevator and walking towards the training room where Jonathan was.

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Jonathan's team was called LP, and Sabrina followed the signs all the way to LP's training room. She raised her hand and lightly knocked on the door.

A man's voice came from inside, "Come in."

Sabrina pushed open the door and saw several members of the team chatting with their coach while watching a replay of their recent match. They were summarizing their experiences and making improvements.

When they heard high heels approaching, everyone turned to look at Sabrina. Jonathan was stunned for a moment before looking at her expressionlessly, "How did you get in?"

Sabrina shook her staff pass in front of him, "Just getting a pass." Jonathan

looked at his coach and then stood up. "Follow me."

He walked out of the room with Sabrina, following behind quickly and asking about tickets.

"Where are the tickets? Aren't you happy to see me?" she said playfully while flicking her long hair which had a light fragrance floating through the air.

Jonathan felt annoyed but suppressed it without showing any expression on his face as he said coldly, "Miss Hogan, I am very busy preparing for my match, so I don't have time to entertain you. You can watch our game or wander around nearby after coming here, but please do not disturb me again."

He handed over two tickets, saying, "I got one more from my colleague, so take these two." He just hoped that she wouldn't come looking for him again. He was really fed up!

He didn't feel anything towards her but why did she keep bothering him?

Although Jonathan was raging inside himself, he still maintained his cool demeanor without showing any emotion on his face.

Sabrina felt hurt and upset. Proud as she was, she fell for an e-sports professional player who didn't know how good she was!

Her face turned pale as she took those two tickets from Jonathan, trying hard to suppress feelings of bitterness within herself, "Would you treat Sylvia like this if it were her instead?"

Jonathan lifted an eyebrow incredulously, revealing a hint of surprise on his handsome sun-kissed face, "Can you even compare yourself with her?"

Sabrina couldn't believe what she just heard, "I am Aetosa's number one socialite! What is she compared to me?! Don't push your luck too far, Jonathan!"

"She's my boss. Everything I have today is because of her," Jonathan frowned and stared at Sabrina's angry face. "So if I hear you badmouthing her again, don't blame me for being impolite."

With that, he turned around and left with a straight posture.

"Are you trying to win the championship just for that bitch Sylvia?" Sabrina clenched her fists tightly, nails digging into her palms as she spoke. "If everything you do is for her, then what am I?"

"If you want the world championship so badly just for her sake, don't blame me for being ruthless to her!"

Meanwhile, Isla had been waiting anxiously. She wondered if Sabrina would be able to get tickets.

But she didn't dare urge Sabrina too much - after all, the latter would say something nasty if she got annoyed.

Isla couldn't afford to offend Sabrina and could only wait anxiously.

As the afternoon drew closer to quitting time, Isla finally received a package from a local courier service. When she opened it up excitedly, there were two tickets inside!

She couldn't contain herself and ran out of her private office into the public workspace, shouting, "Hey, everyone! My tickets are here! Are any of you willing to be my servant? If someone agrees, then these tickets are yours!"

Her colleagues looked at each other with mixed expressions.

They usually flattered Isla, but this did not mean they would give up their self-esteem just because of some finals tickets.

Therefore, when faced with such an unreasonable request from Isla, they felt somewhat uncomfortable inside.

Equal relationships require equal respect in order for people to get along happily together.

But what exactly was Isla trying to imply?

Just then, a young member of LP team stood outside their office door, knocking lightly, "Excuse me, is Mr. Vaughn here?"

Vaughn walked over curiously. "That's me."

He looked at the young man in an LP team uniform, feeling slightly dizzy. "Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm part of LP team logistics department." The young man smiled warmly as he handed Vaughn an exquisitely wrapped gift box containing signed keyboard by LP team members along with some merchandise items. "We heard that you're one of our fans, so we decided to send these gifts to you, hoping you won't mind."

The young man smiled brightly as he handed over an exquisitely wrapped gift box containing signed keyboard by LP team members along with some merchandise items directly in front Vaughn's face.

Vaughn was a bit taken aback. "How did I suddenly get a gift package? And a signed keyboard? Does this mean I'll be using the same keyboard as Jonathan from now on?" He laughed foolishly, overjoyed at the unexpected present.

The young man who had given him the gift also laughed. "Yes."

One of Vaughn's colleagues couldn't help but ask, "Why did you give it to him? Why not us?"

"Oh, Jonathan asked me to give it to him. I'm not sure of all the details, " replied the young man nonchalantly before turning and walking away.

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When Vaughn was about to ask Sylvia if this gift had anything to do with her, a colleague spoke up, "Isla, did you tell your best friend Miss Hogan about it and then she asked Jonathan to send it?"

"Isla, aren't you being a bit unfair? Why did you only give a gift to Vaughn?" "Is it because Vaughn did a good job of mowing the lawn?"

Isla didn't expect that Vaughn would receive a gift package personally sent by Jonathan, but she didn't seem to have heard Sabrina mention it!

However, given Sabrina's relationship with Jonathan, it should be easy for Sabrina to ask him for a big gift package. "Well, Sabrina is not bad as my best friend. She may talk back at me, but what she does is pleasing."

With this thought, Isla suddenly felt more confident and couldn't help but laugh happily.

However, her tone of voice appeared modest and a little bit embarrassed as she said, "Vaughn, as long as you're happy, giving such a big gift package is nothing. After all, Sabrina and Jonathan have a good relationship!"

"I heard that it's Sabrina and her mentor Alondra that are taking care of the old Mr. Bennett's illness. So, the relationship between Sabrina and Jonathan is very close!"

Isla looked very embarrassed, but inside she was overjoyed.

She felt she got back the limelight, and this was exactly the feeling she wanted.

Sure enough, a few colleagues began to envy her. "Isla, don't just favor Vaughn alone!" "Yeah, favor us too!"

"We also love LP team's big gift package!"

Vaughn felt that something was off. Isla had been targeting him before, and now she suddenly seemed so kind and friendly? How was that possible?

When he was about to call Sylvia, Franklin suddenly walked in with her.

Upon hearing the commotion in the office, Franklin's stern glance swept over everyone. "What's going on?" he asked.

"It's like this. Vaughn received a signature keyboard gift package from LP team. We are all envious!" whispered a male colleague.

When Isla saw Sylvia come in, she stepped forward, ruffled her hair, and deliberately said to Franklin, "Master Franklin, do you want one? I remember you used to play League of Legends in your spare time."

As she spoke, she swept a provocative glance towards Sylvia.

Sylvia looked at her expressionlessly, then glanced at Franklin and asked, "Do you like it?" Franklin was a little puzzled, "No, not at all."

He didn't follow any e-sports stars on LP team, why would he want their gift package?

Sylvia ignored him and directly pulled out five or six tickets and handed them to Vaughn. "Here are the tickets you wanted."

Vaughn's hands were shaking. He had called Sylvia earlier and told her that his colleagues also wanted to watch the finals. And now, Sylvia had personally delivered the tickets? And there were so many of them?

He looked at the few tickets and realized they were all consecutive numbers. which meant that their seats were all in section A, and they would be sitting next to each other.

This. was too extravagant! She just casually gave away so many consecutive numbered tickets? Everyone was shocked!

Isla's face turned red with anger. Where did Sylvia get so many tickets from? And why was she giving them away for free? It must have been Franklin who helped her get these, because there was no way she could have done it on her own.

Isla felt a mixture of embarrassment, jealousy, and anger towards Sylvia who seemed too good at seducing men.

As everyone pondered over this situation, they heard Sylvia ask if everyone liked the keyboard gift package with signatures on it.

Although some colleagues didn't understand why she asked this question, they still couldn't help but answer enthusiastically. "Yes! It has a signature on it!"

"The keyboard is the same as those used by players! Some team-related presents are also included in it!" Sylvia nodded before dialing someone on her phone. "Send over a few more signed keyboard gift packages."

Jonathan's voice came through loud and clear from the phone speaker. "What happened, boss? One package is not enough?" How about I send ten more?"

"Well, " replied Sylvia calmly. "The one you sent me is only for one person. Do you still have any more of those tickets? The dozens you gave me have been given away."

She had given some to Jasper, Vaughn, Logan. And she almost ran out of them completely.

Everyone listened intently as they heard Jonathan offering ten more packages without hesitation while wondering how close he was with Miss Andrews since she needed such an excessive amount of gifts.

Vaughn excitedly turned towards Sylvia, asking, "Miss Andrews, did you ask Jonathan to send this gift package to me?" Sylvia, who just hung up, nodded. "Yep, what's wrong?"

Her response made the whole office fall into awkward silence. Isla really wished the floor could open up and swallow her!

She thought, "It's Sylvia having someone send the gift package here? Not Sabrina? Damn it! Who the hell spread that rumor about Sabrina? Now I'm humiliated in front of all these people! It's infuriating! To make matters worse, Franklin is also present. This is just unacceptable!"

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Vaughn said to Sylvia as he was unwrapping the big package, "It's nothing really. Someone claimed she sent it and was showing off!"

Sylvia still had a faintly cold expression as she spoke, "This gift package is a limited edition and the keyboard is also very good. It's a special supply from Crown Techs Group and isn't sold on the market, only offered to LP team for use."

"So you mean we all will use limited edition products? Ones that aren't available on the market?" exclaimed a colleague in disbelief.

It was then that everyone remembered that Sylvia was the legendary figure Jess in Crown Techs Group. So, it was not surprising that Jess knew e-sports professional players.

After all, they were using keyboards that were offered by Crown Techs Group. Isla's face was slapped so hard.

She was so angry that she almost fainted. How could this happen?

Why did things turn out like this?

It was all because of that damn Sylvia.

Without Sylvia, her colleagues would flock to get her tickets and she would still be sought after by everyone. But now those who were just praising her were all bowing their heads, as if they didn't know her.

I was all thanks to Sylvia.

Vaughn's gaze towards her was tinged with a hint of mockery. "Isla, in the future, make sure you understand the situation before admitting to anything. Otherwise, your face will hurt quite a bit."

Isla's face was pale. Today she was really embarrassed. Now she was even being mocked by Vaughn.

She was so angry about that.

Taking a deep breath, she said with a forced smile, "How can you say that? It's just a misunderstanding." Vaughn laughed, "Isla, you really know how to give yourself a way out."

Sylvia was not interested in watching them bicker, "I'll leave first."

Franklin wrapped his arms around her slender waist and said, "Let's go. The movie is about to start." Almost everyone present was shocked to hear his words.

"Their master, the workaholic, actually went to the cinema to watch a movie? Are you kidding me?" Sylvia nodded and said, "I don't know if this movie is good or not."

"How about I reserve the whole place if you don't like too many people around us?" "It's better not to. Watching with everyone else is the true way to watch a movie." "Let's go."

Everyone listened as the voices of the two people conversing grew fainter and fainter. So their master actually went to watch a movie for Sylvia's sake?

There was clearly a private cinema in M16, but they chose to go to a public one! The car parked steadily in the underground parking lot of the cinema.

Three people got on the elevator and went straight to the fifth floor. Jasper didn't want to be a third wheel, so he went to another place.

The two of them were sitting in the front. Sylvia was seated to the right of Franklin and she offered him some popcorn, but he declined without hesitation. Sylvia thought popcorn was pretty good. It was part of the fun of watching movies.

The movie officially began, and all the lights in the cinema were off, plunging it into complete darkness in an instant. Immediately after, a very eerie howling wind sound began to ring out.

"Ahem!" Sylvia almost choked on popcorn. She asked the man next to her with a bit of annoyance, "What movie is it?" Franklin remained very calm and said, "It's the highest-grossing movie."

Sylvia always felt that something was not quite right.

Then came a knock on the door, followed by a flurry of hurried footsteps and running sounds.

Without any actors appearing, there was only an endless corridor and the sound of running footsteps. With a loud noise, a bloody head suddenly crashed onto the screen.

Sylvia finally understood that the man had bought a horror movie!

There were several loud screams coming from the surroundings, mostly from female audience members. "You... you like watching horror movies?"

Franklin glanced at her and said, "I thought you liked it." Who the hell likes it!

Sylvia was speechless. "I want to watch a romantic movie."

Franklin reached out and hugged her, "It's okay, horror movies are good too. They can enhance the relationship between couples."

Sylvia nudged him, "Don't hug me. It will affect my movie-watching experience." Sylvia's reaction was completely different from what Franklin imagined!

Jasper searched on Google and found that - if you bring your girlfriend to watch a horror movie, she will cling to you. At this time, you can hug her and comfort her to show how sweet you are.

Franklin turned towards his wife and found that she watched the film joyfully and explained to him from time to time, "The direction of the neck twist is wrong. If the dead is killed in that way, his neck should be twisted in the opposite direction. This director really does not understand the structure of the human body.

"This blood is too fake, it's obviously made up of tomato juice. It's not even plasma!"

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Sylvia grabbed another handful of popcorn and took a sip of her milk tea.

"Ghosts? Ridiculous! It's not hard to understand the principles behind why a face appears in mid-air in this photo. It's all about the camera's imaging quality, angle of light, camera settings, and instant image capture during photography. If these factors combine, it can easily create an image that differs greatly from reality."

The explanation was a bit too technical for those around them who were watching the movie and already scared. But as they listened to Sylvia explain further, they found themselves less afraid and more interested.

When another bloody scene appeared on screen, a girl sitting behind Sylvia asked with admiration in her voice, "Miss Beauty up front, is this death pose and method also incorrect?"

Franklin's face froze at the sudden surge of curiosity mixed with adoration hidden behind the girl's words.

Why did his wife have fans again when all he wanted to do was watch a movie?

Sylvia raised an eyebrow as she spoke coolly, "This time it was done well without any problems."

"Did this director finally get it right once?" A man's voice chimed in.

"Mm-hmm, " Sylvia nodded.

As the movie ended and everyone left the theater, several girls ran towards Sylvia before stopping her.

When they saw Franklin and Sylvia's faces, they were stunned by how good-looking they were.

Not only them, but even other audience members were curious about them both; their eyes filled with surprise at how stunning they looked together.

Sylvia lowered her gaze towards the group of girls blocking their way, "What is it? Do you need something?"

The girls blushed but didn't dare speak up until a middle-aged woman walked over smiling warmly towards them both.

"Excuse me, Miss. May I ask what profession you are studying? How do you know so much about body structure?" "Oh,

" said Sylvia nonchalantly, raising her voice slightly, "I'm actually a doctor."

"Well then," replied the woman, still smiling gently, "I am actually one of Urgford Medical College's professors who brought my students here today specifically because we heard that this film had many extreme techniques regarding human anatomy which we wanted to see for ourselves. We never expected to run into someone professional like you!"

"Are they all your students?" Sylvia asked, looking at the blushing young girls.

"Yes, they would like to invite you to give a lecture to them. Do you happen to have time?" The middle-aged woman said as she took out a business card and handed it over to Sylvia. "This is my card."

Sylvia reached out and took the card, which read: "Haylie Jefferson, Instructor of Regional Anatomy at Urgford Medical College."

Jasper also walked out of the projection room he was in and saw this scene.

He stretched his neck curiously to glance at the card. When he saw the word "anatomy", he then glanced at a few girls not far away.

He couldn't help but think, "Are the girls nowadays so bold? They're interested in studying anatomy. Such a bloody profession."

Then he heard Sylvia smirk, "Ms. Jefferson, I'm not really interested in giving them a lecture, but I can invite everyone to have a cup of coffee to calm down."

Her gaze swept over the crowd, "Are you still afraid now?"

A tall girl with a small voice said, "Are you really unwilling to give us a class? We were looking forward to your lecture."

She held up her phone in front of Sylvia and showed her a Facebook group interface, where the chat records kept refreshing. "Oh my gosh! This young lady is so beautiful and her professional skills are so outstanding!"

"I want, want, want, want! I want to see her!"

"Please make sure to invite her over!"

"Ah ah ah! I can, I want, I love it!"

"You guys are so lucky, aren't you? Meeting such a beautiful and professional lady with such strength!"

"Can you guys make it? If you can't, our whole class can go beg her to come!"

"The cost of her giving a lecture will be covered by the class fund! We still have 5000 dollars in the fund!"

Sylvia was rendered speechless.

They were excessively enthusiastic.

Franklin wrapped his arm around her waist and his magnetic voice rang in her ears, "These kids are so enthusiastic. Why don't you go give them a lesson?"

Sylvia looked at him resignedly and said, "It's okay that I go, but you can't escape it. You go with me to give them a P. E. lesson?"

Franklin gave her a flirtatious look, "I know, you can't do it without me around, right?"

Sylvia was speechless. "Don't act like a rascal."

Hearing her promise, and that a handsome guy's gym class was attached, those girls got excited.

Haylie couldn't help but smile, "Thank you guys, how much is one lesson? You two just ask."

"Talking about money can hurt relationships, although we don't really have any relationship," Sylvia's voice was calm. "This isn't my first time giving a lecture to students at medical college."

Haylie was slightly taken aback when she heard this. "Excuse me, may I ask your name?"

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Chapter 648

"Tomorrow you'll find out," Sylvia said, her lips curled. "I'll be at the medical school at nine o'clock sharp."

"Ms. Jefferson, she's got such a presence!" A girl leaned in to Haylie and admired Sylvia's graceful figure from behind. "She's so young but has so much knowledge in her field."

"When we watched the movie, she showed off her expertise and I could tell she was a real pro. There were some difficult points that I didn't even understand." Haylie became more curious about Sylvia.

When did Urgford's medical circle produce such a talented young woman? Why hadn't there been any news about it? And that handsome young man looked familiar.

After leaving the cinema, it was already past nine in the evening.

"What do you want to eat?" Franklin asked with his deep voice that sounded particularly pleasant in the night breeze. Sylvia felt a flutter. "Let's just grab something and head back."

"Hmm, how about some hot sake or grilled meat?" Just as Franklin spoke, a gust of cold wind blew through carrying light snowflakes from above.

The snowflakes fell like small pebbles onto Sylvia's open palm where they instantly melted into water. "Let's go then; drinking hot sake is not bad on such cold nights." Sylvia nodded before getting into their car.

"It gets really cold up north during winter and there is usually more snow." Jasper started driving while reminiscing his childhood memories. "I used to love snuggling up with my dad during winter, playing with my friends outside making snowmen or having snowball fights. But after moving to Larro, I don't see much of it anymore."

"So why don't you go back home to visit your family at Urgford?" Sitting lazily on the back seat with cool almond-shaped eyes gazing out at falling flakes outside, Sylvia asked Jasper who was driving.

Jasper froze for a moment upon hearing this question, but eventually replied, "I'm not going back."

"It will soon be Christmas followed by New Year," said Sylvia as she curled her lips slightly. "Your mother must miss you quite badly."

Jasper remained silent; he couldn't help but think of Evie's pretty face when he heard about Christmas approaching. Franklin only realized now that indeed Christmas was coming soon upon hearing their conversation.

A glint appeared briefly within Jasper's eyes as he thought deeply about something while Evie sneezed aboard an airplane. She wondered if she had caught a cold even before arriving Urgford?

After getting off the plane, Evie grabbed her luggage and walked out of the terminal with the crowd, arriving at the airport entrance. She hailed a taxi and gave Sylvia's address to the driver. As she watched the passing scenery outside, she felt a little sleepy.

When Jasper, Franklin, and Sylvia returned to MI6 after dinner, they saw a taxi parked in front of them with Evie stepping out of it. The old driver was about to help her with her luggage when Evie lifted it herself and grinned at him, saying, "I got this."

Jasper was taken aback by Evie's sudden

appearance. How did she get here?

Sylvia got out of the car and walked over to Evie, saying, "The flight was on time.

Let's go." Evie greeted Sylvia, cheerfully saying, "Long time no see."

But Sylvia raised an eyebrow, replying, "It hasn't been that long."

As Jasper drove into MI6, he pressed down on his racing heart, trying to calm himself before entering into the lobby where he saw Evie unpacking gifts from her luggage.

One beautifully wrapped box after another came out from her suitcase as she distributed them among everyone present including Master Franklin who received one too.

Evie scanned around looking for Brayden and Jenna but couldn't find them until Sylvia informed her that they were staying in a hotel nearby.

Sylvia asked when Evie would be returning back for training as winter sports were just around the corner, but Evie sighed heavily and complained how much trouble it was. "It's really tiring. I want to retire!"

Sylvia lazily replied, "Go ahead then. It's not like you have nowhere to go after retirement. But I'm not sure if your coach will let you retire easily."

Jasper held his gift given by Evie tightly, feeling its weight, even though it seemed light as feather.

While opening it up, he found a small clay figurine inside which looked exactly like him including his clothes! It depicted him digging mud during disaster relief work!

Jasper didn't know whether he should laugh or cry, seeing such an accurate representation of himself in clay form! He saw that Franklin had also opened his own box, and it seemed to contain a clay figurine too.

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Chapter 649

At first, Jasper was quite touched. He thought Evie was so warm-hearted that she even made a clay figurine to give to him.

When he saw Sylvia's gift box being opened and it was a clay figure inside, he assumed that Evie had sent everyone clay figurines as gifts.

What were the differences among those clay figurines besides size and shape? Soon, he felt his heart being shattered into pieces.

Sylvia held her own little clay figurine in her hand, examining it closely and noticing its extremely small size. It even had a tiny bun on top of its head, which made it look quite different from Sylvia herself.

"Who is this clay figurine? It doesn't look like me"

Evie jump to Sylvia and said with a smile, "Well, my goddaughter!" "Why do you send it to me then?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows.

"Are you really stupid or just pretending?" Evie pouted, "This is my future goddaughter, and Master Franklin is holding my future godson. Ha-ha!"

"Pah!" Sylvia's calm face turned slightly red. "Shameless!"

She thought, "Evie made these figurines to urge me to have children as soon as possible? She's so bold!"

Franklin had felt that the clay figurine in his hand didn't fit him very much, but he felt that it was very cute after hearing Evie's explanation.

Well, it would be even better if Sylvia could give birth to a pigeon pair!

Franklin thought that this gift was good. His eyes burned as he stared at Sylvia, his voice tinged with a slight hoarseness, "Put it on the shelf in our room. It's very nice."

Sylvia was wordless. Oops!

Why did Franklin look at her so passionately!

It made her feel uncomfortable all over when she saw it! "Um, it's pretty good, " Jasper added.

Had everyone joined together to urge her to give birth? Sylvia couldn't help rolling her eyes at the ceiling.

If she wants to have a baby, she must remove the Love Parasite from her body.

If it was not cleared up, it may affect the child's growth and development, but she was not sure. At the thought of this, she met Franklin's eyes that held a hint of longing.

She took a deep breath and said, "I'm tired."

Evie and Jasper exchanged a glance in the living room, whispering to each other. "It seems like Sylvia is really opposed to having children."

"Doesn't Miss Andrews like babies?"

"I don't know, ugh!" Evie pouted in frustration.

Franklin suddenly stood up, his tall and imposing figure even more intimidating.

Franklin walked to the bedroom door, raised his hand and pushed it open, only to see a slender figure standing by the window, looking at the snowflakes outside.

"If you don't want to have kids. You don't have to force yourself. Childless families are happy too," said a magnetic voice from behind her.

Sylvia slightly frowned and turned her head towards Franklin, seeing him walking towards her with a gentle expression on his handsome face.

His stern eyes softened with indulgence. "As long as you're happy and content, whether or not you have children doesn't matter." Sylvia was wordless.

What was this guy talking about? She was just worried that Love Parasite might affect the children's growth; she never said she didn't want kids!

If she could have children, that would be great. But if she couldn't...

Sylvia wasn't sure of her own physical condition because Love Parasite was always like a ticking time bomb for her. "I..." She wanted to explain but didn't know where to start.

"No need to speak. I already know," Franklin said as he hugged her tightly in his arms. His broad chest carried a faint warmth that soothed Sylvia's body.

Her heart skipped a beat as she closed her eyes slowly.

Outside the window, snowflakes were falling heavily while inside it was warm like springtime. Downstairs, Evie and Jasper stared at each other awkwardly.

The atmosphere became inexplicably tense.

Just then, Evie's stomach made an embarrassing growling sound.

Her face turned red as she explained herself, "Um... the airplane food wasn't good so I didn't eat much. Now I'm feeling hungry."

"I'll go check what we have in the kitchen," Jasper smiled at Evie's cute appearance before turning around and heading into the kitchen.

Franklin had his own separate two-story villa in MI6 with an independent kitchen equipped with all kinds of ingredients despite having its own restaurant downstairs.

Jasper skillfully opened up the fridge and found some lean meat along with fresh noodles for cooking purposes while Evie stood by watching him cut meat into small pieces.

Then he stir-fried them over high heat before adding seasoning along with some diced celery. Evie wondering what he was making.

She sniffed appreciatively at the aroma wafting from Jasper's dish!

Upon hearing Evie's movements behind him, Jasper turned to look at her and smiled. "Come help me wash the vegetables," he said.

"Okay," Evie quickly rolled up her sleeves and rushed over, pressing the bunch of spinach into the sink.

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Chapter 650

When Jasper was ready to use them, he found that the vegetables in the basin had been ruined by Evie's hands.

He couldn't help but chuckle, "You wash vegetables with so much force."

Evie blushed and rubbed her hands apologetically. "It's my first time washing vegetables. I can't control my strength."

"Coincidentally, it's also my first time cooking for a girl." Jasper said as he threw the washed vegetables into the pot.

Listening to Jasper's words, Evie inexplicably felt a little spoiled and sweet.

Maybe she was thinking too much.

Although the vegetable leaves were a bit mushy from being washed too hard, it didn't affect the taste of Jasper's cooked noodles at all.

In no time at all, a steaming bowl of celery pork noodles was served on the table.

Evie exclaimed and picked up her fork to eat but then remembered that Jasper hadn't come over yet so she quickly put down her fork again.

When Jasper brought over another bowl of noodles, he saw Evie sitting upright waiting for him.

He couldn't help but smile when he saw this. "There is no one else here; you don't have to wait for me."

Upon hearing this, Evie quickly picked up her fork. "I'll start eating!"

Her eating habits weren't elegant but they were natural and unpretentious.

Jasper felt this bowl of noodles tasted especially good today when he thought Evie worked together with him on it!

Evie was really hungry so she wasn't thinking about anything else except eating.

"Thank you for giving me that little clay figurine; I really like it." This was actually his first time receiving a gift from a girl.

He wanted to say that he would return something back as well but after some thought, he decided not to bring it up until he was ready.

"I'm particularly good at making clay figurines; I can make one in just minutes," said Evie nonchalantly. "So there's no need to thank me; It's effortless."

"I know how to do many things," replied Evie with an adorable expression on her face. "I can also make candy! Have you ever tried them? And I'm pretty good at making small crafts too."

"When I was studying before," continued Evie excitedly, "I loved secretly making small toys during class like windmills or cars. I could make many things! And I could weave beautiful bracelets using red string."

"I made many back then and sold them to my classmates."

"Why sell to them?" Jasper looked at her curiously.

"Because I need to make money. The boutique sells their scarves for tens of dollars, but I only charge ten. And my designs are even better than theirs, so my business is doing really well," Evie boasted about her past success in school, her face glowing with pride.

"I've made so much pocket money from it and even sold them my little clay figurines and toy cars," she continued.

"Why are you so obsessed with making money?" Jasper furrowed his brow, wondering if there was a bad history between Evie and the Anto family. "Do your parents not support you?"

"Of course not. I'm not their biological child," Evie rolled her eyes. "But later on, I become an athlete and earned prize money from winning competitions."

She finished the last bite of noodles before wiping her mouth clean. "That was delicious! Thank you!"

Watching Evie's carefree demeanor made Jasper's heart ache slightly.

When he thought about how poorly she had been treated by the Anto family in the past, his protective instincts kicked in.

"You go rest in your room; let me wash up," he offered kindly.

"How can I let you wash dishes when you cooked? Let me do it!" Evie quickly grabbed both their bowls and headed towards the kitchen but slipped on something along the way causing both bowls to shatter into pieces.

Jasper chuckled at what happened before saying, "Well, now no one has to wash dishes."

Evie blushed as she picked herself up off of the floor while holding back tears of embarrassment over what just happened.

"Are you hurt?" The man didn't ask about his broken dishware but instead asked if she was okay while looking down at her worriedly.

"No, I'm fine." She went to grab a broom but saw that Jasper had cleaned up all of broken glass shards without any hesitation or complaint which only made Evie feel guilty for breaking his dishes.

"It's no biggie; go rest now." Jasper smiled reassuringly at her before adding,

Evie turned around, dragging along with luggage towards staircase corner when suddenly heard Jasper say, "Hey, wait."

She turned around, only to see him walking towards him, so she asked, "What's wrong?"

"I noticed that there's a piece of vegetable leaf stuck on your head."

"Really?" She wrinkled her nose, readying herself to touch head when Jasper said, "Let me help."

She felt the man's warm palm caressing the top of her head and he even rubbed it.