

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 671

She stared at the man who was getting closer and closer to her in disbelief. Logan,

the CEO of Longevity Pharmaceuticals?

This man always appeared at various press conferences and on TV. Why was he here?

How could this be happening?

Longevity Pharmaceuticals had a huge influence in H Rovirsa over the past two years, especially since they developed many new and effective drugs.

So... why was Logan here? And why did he seem to know Jasper?

"Jasper, where's my boss?" Logan approached Jasper with a smile. "Luckily I'm still at Urgford's branch. If I had gone back to Larro, who would have delivered this medicine?"

He acted as if he were the most important person by his boss' side. Isla

felt her face stiffen even more as she listened.

No... it couldn't be what she thought it was, right?

The so-called "boss" that Logan mentioned - could it be Sylvia? But

how could that be possible?

If not Sylvia, then maybe Franklin? But when they were in the hospital room earlier, Sylvia had said that someone would deliver the medicine - not Franklin.

Isla felt a burning sensation on her face as if someone had set fire to it. It made her dizzy and almost unable to stand up straight.

Who exactly was Sylvia? And why did Longevity Pharmaceuticals' CEO come all this way just to deliver medicine for her? And using such an intimate tone of voice too...

Then Isla heard Jasper say. "Miss Andrews is currently giving Ricardo acupuncture in his hospital room. Mr. Mertens, please follow me."

It confirmed Isla's suspicion - it really was Sylvia!

Her mind went blank for a moment as she realized that everything she thought about Sylvia turned out to be true...

She followed behind Jasper and Logan into Ricardo's hospital room where they found him lying quietly on his bed with several needles sticking out of his head like antennas.

He looked peaceful like he was sleeping with both eyes closed shut tight...

Logan took out several bottles of medication from his bag eagerly. "Boss! These are all anti-radiation drugs you wanted! Let us see if these work after he takes them."

Sylvia took them over without any emotion or expression showing on her face, "Give everyone in Ricardo's lab one bottle each."

"Okay." Logan nodded immediately, "I'll arrange for delivery right away."

The flattering tone made Isla feel extremely bitter in her heart.

Why is the CEO of Longevity Pharmaceuticals being so polite and courteous to Sylvia? Trying to please her? It

must be because Sylvia has seduced him!

Isla felt very nervous and anxious, as if she was standing here like a jumping clown.

However, she was stubborn and refused to leave.

She insisted on seeing what else Sylvia had up her sleeve.

"Thank you, Mr. Mertens. MI6 will settle all expenses with Longevity Pharmaceuticals." Franklin's deep eyes showed a hint of coldness.

"The medicine is given away by my boss. Franklin, why are you being so polite?" Logan curled his lips.

"Smooth talker!" Sylvia raised an eyebrow. "We're giving all these medicines to MI6 for free. In return, MI6 can develop some new energy-efficient vehicles that can save manpower and resources, which will be useful for my company Longevity Pharmaceuticals."

Isla couldn't help but retort when she heard Sylvia's words, "Miss Andrews, do you think it's easy to develop new energy-efficient vehicles? You make it sound as easy as eating and drinking."

Sylvia glanced over at Isla who was still here. After not hearing her voice for a while, Sylvia thought Isla had left!

"Aren't you the leader of the computer technology department, Isla? I believe these things shouldn't be difficult for you, right?"

Sylvia immediately laughed and said, "Instead of staying here to mock me while watching over Ricardo, why not go back and study more?"

Isla's face immediately turned gloomy, "You!"

"What's wrong? I'm here taking care of Ricardo, getting him medicine. Even though MI6 isn't in your charge, you should at least say thank you to me."

Sylvia calmly looked at Isla, with a hint of sarcasm flashing in her eyes. How

did this woman become the head of MI6's technology department?

Isla took a deep breath and kept reminding herself - Franklin is here. Don't be fooled by Sylvia, that cunning woman. Sylvia

sized her up with a quick glance and thought, "Isla's learned how to hold back her anger?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 672

However, she didn't have the mood or time to argue with Isla here. She glanced at the time and walked over to Ricardo's bedside, starting to remove the needles.

After removing all of the thin and long silver needles from Ricardo's head, she put away the needles. She said to Franklin, "He may wake up in about ten minutes."

Franklin nodded his head and gave a cold glare towards Isla, who was disgusting and annoying.

He used to think that her computer skills were excellent when she was one of the top candidates for employment.

However, he did not expect her arrogance and conceit now. She completely disregarded Sylvia.

But Isla had not made any fundamental mistakes yet; MI6 would not be so ruthless as to eliminate someone who had contributed for several years just because of personal issues.

He suppressed his displeasure towards Isla. "Isla, have you finished everything in the technical department? You actually have time to waste here."

"Master Franklin, Ricardo will wake up in a few minutes. I want to wait until he wakes up before I go back," said Isla.

Isla wasn't stupid; she naturally heard Franklin trying to get rid of her. But the more he repelled her like this, the more she wanted to stay here. The more she didn't want Sylvia to stay alone with him.

She was extremely jealous and bitter.

Her eyes were filled with pleading as she said, "Let me see Ricardo safely awaken before leaving." If someone didn't know better, they would think that they had a deep friendship.

Upon hearing this statement from Isla, Franklin became annoyed inside. "Do what you want."

Logan also noticed Isla's hostility towards Sylvia, so he leaned over next Sylvia, asking, "Boss, when are you going back to Larro?"

"In a few more days," replied Sylvia as she put away her phone. Since Cody's case hadn't progressed yet, she couldn't leave Urgford right now .

Just then after about ten minutes passed by, Ricardo still lay quietly on his hospital bed without any signs of waking up. Everyone waited silently without making any noise.

Isla couldn't hold it anymore, she spoke first, "Miss Andrews, could it be possible that your diagnosis is wrong? Why hasn't Ricardo woken up yet?"

"Or is it possible... that you simply don't know how to give acupuncture properly?"

"How could someone as young as you possibly know how give acupuncture?"

Logan was irritated by what Isla said. "You bitch! Can't you keep your mouth shut? You've been chattering all day long, and now dare question my boss' abilities."

Isla had never been treated so rudely by a man before, and she was completely stunned. She stared at Logan in disbelief.

"You... you're a big CEO, how can you be so vulgar? You..."

It completely overturned her perception of the Longevity Pharmaceuticals' CEO.

She looked a little depressed at Franklin and asked, "Master... how could he treat me like this?"

Franklin sneered, "Isla, Mr. Mertens is being too kind to you. I would rather have Jasper throw you out." Isla felt as if she had been struck by lightning and looked heartbroken with tears welling up in her eyes. "Master... I've still worked here for so long. Do you have to treat me like this just because of her?"

"She's the head of MI6," Franklin's voice was full of endless coldness. "You questioned the head of MI6 just now; you know what punishment you'll receive. Go back and receive your punishment."

Isla bit her lip uncomfortably with tears but no one present seemed to care about her. Just then, Ricardo coughed twice, drawing everyone's attention towards him.

He sat up slowly holding onto the edge of his bed.

After his vision cleared up, Ricardo smiled at Sylvia, saying, "That was great! For years now I've never felt as relaxed as today! My head feels especially comfortable."

Franklin visibly relaxed upon hearing that statement.

"Glad it worked out for you, Ricardo; seems like acupuncture has its benefits."

"I'll come tomorrow again for another treatment." Sylvia nodded, then pointed towards some medicine on the bedside table, "Just follow instructions on these pills; they're effective medicine that will benefit your body"

"Thank you!" Ricardo laughed, feeling grateful.

After exchanging pleasantries with each other, they left an attendant nurse behind to look after Ricardo while Sylvia walked out alongside Franklin followed by Logan and Jasper.

Isla was left alone without anyone caring about her. She had no choice but to catch up with them in frustration.

Ricardo watched Isla's retreating figure, squinting slightly. He felt that Isla would cause more trouble anytime soon.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 673

Early the next morning, Franklin was called away by several of his MI6 subordinates in a hurry, not knowing what business they had to attend to.

Sylvia was walking alone by the lake at MI6 when Isla intercepted her.

Isla was dressed in a smart women's professional outfit and looked very much like a white-collar worker.

She touched her wristwatch and smiled slightly at Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, do you have time to go somewhere with me?" Sylvia raised an eyebrow and looked at her calmly without saying anything, not understanding what Isla wanted from her.

Upon seeing that she didn't respond, Isla's lips curled up with a hint of disdain as she said, "What? Are you afraid to go with me? I just thought you might be bored here all alone so I wanted to take you out for some fresh air. If it doesn't suit you or if you're not interested, then forget it."

Sylvia spoke in a calm voice, "Where do you want to take me?"

"I want to take you somewhere fun since there isn't much for entertainment around here. You don't have any friends here, so I thought I'd show you around. You're not scared, are you?" There was provocation in Isla's eyes.

Sylvia wasn't foolish enough to believe that this woman just wanted company for fun; she gazed steadily into Isla's eyes and said with a slight smirk on her lips, "Sure! Let's go."

"Alright then."

Sylvia followed Isla into her red Porsche and fastened her seatbelt once inside.

Isla sat in the driver's seat while casting an evil glance towards Sylvia as she deliberately reminded her, "I'm going to drive now. Miss Andrews, make sure your seatbelt is secure."

As expected... it was exactly as Sylvia had imagined it would be.

With one swift turn of the steering wheel, Isla's red Porsche zoomed out onto the road leaving everything else behind them. But... was this speed supposed to impress Sylvia?

She remained calm sitting beside Isla on the passenger's seat without any expression.

The scene that Isla had imagined never happened - no pale faces or trembling bodies or upset stomachs or screams... None of it happened...

She pressed down hard on gas pedal, pushing the speed up close two hundred miles per hour which made even herself feel uneasy but still tried pretending everything under control while saying nonchalantly, "Don't worry about my driving skills, Miss Andrews... I can handle this speed."

However, she heard a cold female voice faintly sounding, "If you modify the ECU, replace the stainless steel exhaust system and other methods, you can adjust the 3. 8-liter horizontally opposed six-cylinder twin-turbocharged engine that Porsche 911 Turbo is equipped with from its original 540 horsepower and 72. 4kg to 680 horsepower and 88. 7kg. The horsepower part almost approaches the original factory's 700-horsepower of the 911 GT2 RS, while torque is far higher than its original level of 76. 5kg."

"After modification, acceleration only require 2. 9 seconds so... if you don't modify it, then this will be your maximum speed." Isla's face stiffened.

What was this woman talking about?

Why couldn't she understand anything?

It seemed very professional and impressive? She must be talking

nonsense right?

Isla thought she looked cool holding onto the steering wheel at a high speed but suddenly... it didn't feel so good anymore. Her stomach churned and her face grew paler by the second.

She had intended to make Sylvia uncomfortable, nauseous or scared... and then mock her a little bit. But now... she felt like she couldn't take it anymore.

Furthermore, the car kept weaving through downtown traffic with heavy flow, and Isla had to constantly dodge surrounding vehicles several times nearly colliding with cars in front!

She gritted her teeth trying not to scream. Because she gripped on to the steering wheel too tightly, the veins pop out on her hands.

She didn't know how long it took but finally, the car made a creaking sound followed by an ear-piercing noise as it stopped in front of a private club.

Sylvia saw that Isla's face was slightly pale, "Are you okay?"

Isla's stomach churned again, but she didn't want Sylvia to look down on her.

She forced out a stiff smile, "No, I'm fine. My driving skills are excellent. I drove extremely steadily." Still not giving up, she asked Sylvia, "Were you scared just now?"

Sylvia glanced at her, "Why should I be scared?" Isla was rendered speechless.

She drove so fast just to scare Sylvia, but the latter didn't seem to be scared at all.

Isla tried hard to maintain composure, gripping onto every last shred of calmness as she said through gritted teeth, "As long as you're not afraid." She wanted Sylvia to know that she was the kind of woman who could outshine her no matter where they were.

Sylvia was nothing more than trash except for knowing some medical knowledge. Sylvia wasn't worthy enough to stay beside Franklin.

Sylvia got out of the car and looked towards the main entrance of the club. It was only then Isla discovered that this was a horse-racing course.

She glanced at Isla without a word, her eyes showing a hint of indifference. "Miss Saunders, I'm not sure what kind of game you want to play with me."

"There's horseback riding, shooting, and many other activities inside. Why don't we go in together and have some fun? I don't like the things those delicate ladies enjoy."

Her gaze towards Sylvia was full of provocation.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 674

Sylvia didn't decline her invitation. "Since you like those sports. I'll join you, Miss Saunders."

Isla looked Sylvia up and down, feeling that Sylvia was trying too hard to appear calm. She must be deliberately pretending to be composed.

Can a woman from a small place like Larro compete with her in these high-end activities? Shooting, horseback riding? She definitely can't.

So Isla was secretly proud, she must let Sylvia see what a real celebrity is.

She then said to Sylvia, "Shall we just go and play a game? Have a competition?" As they were talking, the manager of the club approached them.

Isla often came over to play with a group of Urgford's young masters and young ladies. The manager immediately greeted her with enthusiasm, "Miss Saunders, you're here." He glanced at Sylvia and saw a stranger's face. "Who is this...?"

"This is Miss Sylvia," Isla introduced, and then said to the manager, "Take us to the shooting range." "Okay, okay. Please come this way, ladies," the manager said quickly.

After arriving at the shooting range, Isla suppressed the discomfort in her chest and said to Sylvia, "Wait for me. I need to go to the restroom."

She walked quickly into the bathroom and immediately started vomiting into the toilet.

Is that Sylvia pretending or is she really not feeling well? She doesn't seem uncomfortable despite driving so fast. Isla felt increasingly unhappy and ended up vomiting for a while before finally feeling some relief.

She walked out of the cubicle and then took some water to rinse her mouth a few times before feeling a little more comfortable. Damn it. Sylvia must also be uncomfortable, but she is forcing herself to pretend otherwise.

As soon as Isla thought about it, she felt much better in her heart.

She looked at herself in the mirror and took out a lipstick from her bag to touch up. After feeling that she looked better, she pretended to be calm and walked out as if nothing had happened.

Inside the racecourse, there are not only shooting ranges but also other entertainment venues such as billiard rooms, chess and card rooms, and golf courses.

It covers almost all entertainment projects and is very lively.

And from time to time, there are some people familiar to Isla, all of whom are young gentlemen from Urgford.

This is Sylvia's first time here. The shooting range is quite large and there are many young masters and some beautiful women, including internet celebrities, accompanying them inside.

Shooting is both handsome and cool to play, so it has been deeply loved by these upper circles in recent years.

The archery used in movies and TV shows is similar to the one used in competitions here, Sylvia raised an eyebrow. Playing with this kind of bow and arrow? That sounds interesting.

This is usually a place for the rich and famous. So naturally, everything here is top-notch. Once the arrows are shot, a high-tech screen will directly report on their performance and display how many rings they hit for everyone to see.

Isla often came to play this game; she picked up the bow and arrow and adjusted it professionally. Sylvia just glanced at it before trying to pull it back.

"Miss Andrews, why don't we play something simpler?" Isla thought to herself that this country bumpkin probably hasn't played with the bow and arrow even once?

Sylvia looked at her calmly. "Sure."

"Let's make it three games out of two wins," Isla continued speaking. "I invited you here; you can go first." Sylvia blinked her eyes. "Miss Saunders, you first. I'm not in a hurry."

She looked stunning when she appeared on the archery field, immediately attracting many people's attention. So cool! She became the focus of attention instantly.

Unconsciously, their competition attracted many people's attention.

Isla wanted to show off deliberately. She didn't refuse but walked straight up onto the shooting platform, then squinted her eyes aiming at an arrow target not far away from them.

Her way of holding onto the bow and arrow was very standard while being beautiful

already. "Nine rings!"

A mechanical voice sounded directly on the big

screen. Everyone looked at this achievement in

shock.

After all, archery tests arm strength significantly among girls; this result is considered good enough!

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 675

After all, many professional archers only have this level of skill. Hitting the bullseye is only even difficult for experts, and hitting a nine is already quite impressive.

Most men can only hit a seven or eight ring. But

Isla actually hit a nine ring on her first try? "Miss

Saunders, you're really something."

"She's always been good at archery. The Saunders family has trained her exceptionally well." "And

she's also the team leader in MI6. She's talented and beautiful."

Whispers could be heard all around them.

Isla listened to them with a sense of pride, but she didn't show it too obviously. She just smiled at Sylvia and said, "Miss Andrews, it's your turn now."

Sylvia looked at her expressionlessly and casually raised her bow and arrow before shooting without even aiming properly! She

barely glanced at the target before releasing the arrow.

Everyone felt sorry for her as they watched how casual she was being. They probably thought that Sylvia had no chance of winning since she wasn't very professional-looking or serious about it.

She didn't even aim properly; how could this work? However...

Bang!

"Ten rings!"

The mechanical voice rang out through the entire arena.

The whole place became extremely quiet in an instant - even quieter than when Isla had shot a nine earlier! Everyone

stared wide-eyed in disbelief at Sylvia.

Ten rings?

Are you kidding me?

She didn't even aim properly, did she? Wasn't her posture incorrect when pulling back on the bowstring earlier?

Isla often came here to play, so everyone knew that she was skilled enough to hit a nine. There was nothing surprising about that. But... why was Sylvia able to shoot better than Isla by hitting ten rings with such ease?

This...

Can anyone just shoot ten rings like it's nothing nowadays?

Isla stared stiffly at Sylvia, feeling shocked beyond words. When she saw Sylvia's posture earlier, Isla had secretly rejoiced because surely victory would be hers! But now...

She felt like everything was going blank in her mind as if someone had knocked over all of her thoughts onto their side. Isla

gritted her teeth in frustration, convinced that Sylvia was just lucky to hit ten rings.

Judging by Sylvia's posture, Isla could tell that Sylvia was just a beginner.

Isla had practiced tirelessly for weeks leading up to such skills. How could she let Sylvia outdo her so easily?

Taking a deep breath, Isla tried to calm herself down. She told herself that it was just luck on Sylvia's part and that she could still win if she focused.

But as soon as Sylvia took aim again, Isla knew it was over. Another perfect shot landed right in the center of the target.

"How is this even possible?" Isla exclaimed aloud. The entire room fell silent once again as everyone stared at Sylvia with awe and disbelief.

Sylvia remained nonchalant despite all the attention. She casually picked up another arrow and let it fly with ease. Hitting yet another bullseye! But this time something even more incredible happened: The arrow pierced through an earlier shot already lodged in the center of target!

Everyone gasped at what they had witnessed - an impossible feat of skill and precision beyond anything they had ever seen before.

Isla felt humiliated standing there watching from afar - like a clown who couldn't keep up with a real performer.

All those fantasies about crushing Sylvia underfoot were shattered now; there was no denying how truly talented she really was...

She clenched her fists tightly, feeling like she was bringing shame upon herself. So...

It suddenly dawned on her that driving so fast really didn't matter to Sylvia! And

Sylvia's talk about accelerating was truly professional!

She wasn't just bluffing.

Sylvia put down the bow and arrow in her hand and looked quietly at Isla. "Miss

Saunders, best two out of three. Okay?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 676

Isla stared at Sylvia with unwavering determination, even though she had lost and she was so humiliated. "Miss Andrews, I never expected you to impress me so much," Isla said calmly, trying to hide her defeat.

She paused for a moment before lifting her head up high with a hint of arrogance. "I want to challenge you in horseback riding. Do you dare?"

Since childhood, Isla had been an excellent horse rider and had undergone rigorous training from the Saunders family. She couldn't believe that she would lose in something that she was so good at.

Sylvia glanced at Isla before replying confidently, "Sure."

Feeling proud of herself, Isla picked out a tall horse as she knew how to choose the best one while Sylvia casually picked out an ordinary one.

The two beautiful women were so serious about their competition that it made the onlookers more excited than ever as they followed them into the racecourse.

"The horse chosen by Miss Saunders is the best among all horses here," someone whispered. "I don't think it looks good

for the other woman," another person commented.

"She's too casual; picking just any ordinary horse." "I'm sure Miss Saunders will

win."

As people discussed amongst themselves, both Sylvia and Isla arrived at the starting point inside the racecourse.

Because of their competition, several people who were racing horses there left immediately, leaving space only for them both.

One staff member held up a gun and asked them if they were ready. Both women pulled on their reins calming down their restless horses while waiting for him to fire his gun signaling start time.

"BANG!" The sound echoed through airwaves as both horses took off like lightning bolts leaving behind dust clouds behind them.

"Go!" commanded Isla as her body pressed tightly against her mount's back while adjusting herself according its speed changes during gallop which showed off years of experience riding such animals. Her chosen steed was undoubtedly one of this stable's finest specimens making everyone cheer loudly when they saw how well it ran under its rider's guidance .

Meanwhile, Sylvia rode elegantly but not frantically like Isla did, instead enjoying every moment spent atop.

The two beautiful women engaged in fierce competition on the racetrack causing all spectators around them go wild with excitement!

She had long hair that floated in the wind. She remained surprisingly calm, even with the constant buzzing of the wind in her ears.

At that moment, she was so beautiful that it took one's breath away. Many men couldn't help but

cast their gaze upon her.

Unlike Isla, who clung tightly to the horse's back, her posture was straight and eye-catching, like a proud plum blossom in the cold snow.

Her straight and slender legs tightly clamped the horse's belly, even if she fell behind Isla a little, there was no sign of nervousness.

It seemed like... it didn't matter. She remained calm and

indifferent.

Isla always ran ahead, feeling secretly proud. "Sylvia, I don't believe I'll fall behind you!" she thought to herself. It was about the final lap.

The horse beneath her suddenly became restless, causing her to bounce and sway on its back. She was almost kicked out

every time.

Isla's face changed. She held the horse's neck more tightly as she could imagine how dangerous it was if she tossed onto the ground from the horse's back.

Gradually, her hands didn't feel like her own anymore. She was about to lose

consciousness.

Her legs sandwiching the horse's belly gradually became weak.

She panicked more and more, and the more she panicked, the tighter she hugged the horse's neck. The tighter she hugged, the

more irritable the horse became.

Isla's thoughts were in a mess.

Fear and nervousness were mixed together. What was going on with this

horse?

Why did it suddenly start going crazy?

She pulled the horse's brown hair unconsciously with great force.

As a result, the horse actually let out a roar and raised its front hooves high! At this moment, Isla had

no strength left!

There was a loud noise in her head, and her whole body was thrown violently into the air by the horse. She wanted to catch

something, but she couldn't catch anything!

She heard the panicked screams of the onlookers outside, and she closed her eyes in despair! She gritted her teeth in

frustration, wondering why the horse suddenly went berserk.

Do I have to lose my proudest riding skills to Sylvia?

She closed her eyes and allowed herself to be tossed off her horse. I'm so unwilling.

Will I become a laughingstock of the town later? Sylvia must be very proud too,

right?

Isla got angrier and angrier, the more she thought about it. But now, she could only

admit that she was unlucky!

Suddenly!

At this critical moment, someone couldn't help but exclaim in shock! "Oh my god! How dare she?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 677

And at this moment, Isla, who had been thrown off the horse, did not feel the pain she should

have felt. It was in that instant when she fell that a white figure suddenly leaped from behind her!

The figure landed directly on her horse's back and then leaned forward to catch Isla with one hand just as she was about to fall to the ground.

She lifted Isla up and placed her in front of herself, facing her!

Isla's red lips were slightly open as she stared at Sylvia in shock. The woman's fair and delicate profile looked particularly charming under the winter sun, as if emitting a faint halo.

There was no emotion in Sylvia's cold almond eyes; it seemed like saving Isla was an insignificant thing that couldn't stir any emotional response from her.

Sylvia held Isla tightly against herself with one arm while pulling on the reins with the other.

Her long and powerful legs squeezed tight around the horse's belly; it struggled at first but every time it did so, Sylvia would tighten her grip until it felt pain.

It let out a whinny before gradually calming down and slowing its pace.

"Miss Andrews..." Isla clung tightly to Sylvia's sleeve; even now, her body still trembled slightly. Her heart beat extremely fast as if it were about to jump out of her chest.

She gazed incredulously at Sylvia's beautiful face.

I've been so hostile towards her. Why does she come to save me?

In that moment when Sylvia jumped over just now, it was cool and awesome! She had never seen such a cool girl before!

Her head spun dizzily but despite feeling uneasy inside, she couldn't help but wrap both arms around Sylvia's slender waist. As she breathed in deeply Sylvia's unique fragrance, she finally found some peace within herself...

Isla felt like collapsing. How could she find peace by hugging

Sylvia? The onlookers were shocked by what they saw.

Some went from tense expressions into relaxed ones.

Fortunately, nothing happened. After all, no one wanted tragedy here...

In the crowd, there were a pair of eyes that stared at Sylvia's figure

intently. She felt a cold sensation, as if she was being watched by a

poisonous snake. She looked up and saw a sea of people staring at her.

As her gaze swept over their faces one by one, Sylvia couldn't help but feel

strange. Just moments ago, she had sensed the gaze as if a hunter was

watching his prey.

It wasn't her imagination, but when she looked over, it suddenly disappeared.

Under Sylvia's control, the horse gradually calmed down and its pace became less frantic. Isla also felt it and noticed that the horse was slowing down more and more. The staff from the stable rushed over to see that everything was under control before coming to lead the horses away.

"Miss Saunders, are you okay?" They asked.

Isla was helped off the horse by Sylvia and managed to stand on her own feet despite feeling weak in her

legs. "I'm fine," Isla said with a slightly red face as she looked at Sylvia gratefully.

Her back was soaked with sweat; she didn't have any strength left in her body.

Sylvia glanced briefly at Isla's flushed expression before saying calmly, "Let's go; I'm tired

too." She suggested they go for coffee to calm their nerves together.

Isla followed behind like an obedient servant as they made their way towards the café area where they ordered drinks - latte for Sylvia and Blue Mountain coffee with added sugar for Isla who had quite a sweet tooth!

As they sipped their drinks together in silence, Isla watched Sylvia drinking hers elegantly.

Somehow, she blushed.

The longer she stared, the more ashamed she grew.

When Sylvia shifted her gaze towards her, she lowered her head hurriedly and sipped the coffee. Then she heard Sylvia's voice, "Franklin and I are a couple being through thick or thin. You'd better not harbor any feelings towards him."

Isla never expected Sylvia to be so straightforward. Her gaze froze for a moment.

It took her a while for her sluggish brain to catch up - she and Sylvia... were love rivals!

But all those thoughts and words about wanting to provoke Sylvia, or mocking her, or... disdaining and looking down on Sylvia - they were gone now.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 678

Sylvia was special, and it had nothing to do with where she came from or her family background...

She was just that unique, that dazzling, that eye-catching.

Radiant enough to make one's heart throb.

For some reason, Isla suddenly had a terrible thought that even she found unbelievable.

In this moment, she suddenly felt ridiculous for running over here for Franklin and being jealous of Sylvia. And then even more childish for competing with Sylvia.

Her auntie was right. There were still many things she needed to learn. She stared at Sylvia blankly for a while before finally speaking up, "Miss Andrews... would you be willing to take me as your apprentice? I want to learn about computer skills from you and also archery... can you tell me why my horse lost control?"

Sylvia looked at Isla for a few seconds without hiding anything before saying, "Because you held onto the horse's neck too tightly. It wasn't comfortable and became agitated. Especially when its belly was squeezed tightly."

Isla looked at Sylvia with clear eyes. "I don't understand why you saved me."

Sylvia looked at her as if looking at an idiot. "Do I have to watch you die?"

Isla couldn't help but twitch the corner of her mouth under Sylvia's oppressive gaze as if she had asked a very stupid question.

Sylvia said sharply, "Forgive me for being blunt, Miss Saunders, but I don't want to waste too much time on dealing with women around Franklin. The best way is... to ignore them."

This statement was particularly sharp and could even be considered impolite.

But Isla didn't flinch or feel embarrassed in any way; there was even a hint of inexplicable enthusiasm in her eyes as she spoke up again, "... Miss Andrews, I... I'm not interested in Master Franklin now; I just want to learn from you..."

As she spoke more words, she blushed more.

"I think Vaughn has great taste since he is on your side early on! If I take your side now, will it be too late? But compared to him, I know how better how girls like makeup products or shopping... so much better than him."

She was praising herself, trying to win Sylvia's favor.

"Sorry, I'm not interested in you," Sylvia said calmly.

She refused her bluntly.

Isla suddenly felt uncomfortable, even more so than when she found out that Franklin liked Sylvia.

She couldn't help but lower her head and sink into a feeling of self-disgust.

It must be because she had been foolish before and treated Miss Andrews badly, so Miss Andrews treated her like this now.

She...

She had to behave well and be nicer to Miss Andrews.

Make Miss Andrews take notice of her.

So...

At dinner that night, Franklin couldn't help but frown as he watched Isla eagerly helping Sylvia with the food like a busy little bee.

Vaughn and the others were also shocked at Isla's behavior.

They all knew that she had extreme hostility towards Sylvia before. How could she suddenly change so much after one day had passed?

Franklin's cold gaze swept over Isla as his chilly voice rang out, "Isla, what are you up to? If you dare..."

Isla interrupted him with a grievance, "Master, I just want to know what Miss Andrews likes."

As she spoke, she looked at Sylvia with concern again, "Miss Andrews, do you like potatoes? This beef is also very good. And these crispy fried shrimps are all fresh."

"Are you trying to come up with something again?" Vaughn asked in confusion, "Isla, Miss Andrews had never done anything against you. Just came at me if you have a problem with her."

"When did I ever have any problem with her?" Isla became even more aggrieved. "Let me tell you guys, it was my fault before, but from now on, whoever dares bully Miss Andrews will have to get through me first!"

As she spoke again, she helped Sylvia pick up some food, and then poured soup for her earnestly once more

Everyone was speechless.

Franklin looked at this weird scene with a slight headache.

He finally understood everything especially after seeing the familiar fanaticism mixed with admiration in Isla's eyes when looking at Sylvia

So it turns out... this so-called love rival has become one of Sylvia's fans?

He couldn't help putting down his fork and rubbing his temples.

His wife is so charming that both men and women seek after her.

Vaughn, Jasper and the others, who hadn't quite understood what was going on, saw Isla holding a plate of fried mushrooms with a slight blush on her cheeks as she pushed it towards Sylvia. Her voice carried a hint of inexplicable shyness as she said, "Miss Andrews, this is a dish I made myself. Would you like to try some?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 679

"Thud!"

Vaughn fell off his chair with a shocked expression on his face. He landed hard on the floor, wincing in pain. "Holy crap!"

"Are you possessed by a ghost?" "Isla, what's going on?"

Vaughn looked like he had seen a ghost, his expression was horrifying.

"Can your food be eaten? Did you intentionally poison it and wait for Miss Andrews to eat it?"

Isla glared at Vaughn with some annoyance and then looked at her other MI6 colleagues who were also staring at her in horror.

She stomped her foot in frustration. "How could I possibly harm Miss Andrews? What are you all saying? I... I can cook, maybe not as well as a chef but I won't poison the food."

As she spoke, she quickly picked up a fork and took a bite of the fried mushroom herself. "If this is poisoned, I'll be the first one dead."

Sylvia interrupted her righteous indignation. "Let me taste it."

Her cool voice sounded like summer water flowing into Isla's ears. Her beautiful face was filled with gratitude. "Miss Andrews, why are you so good to me? You're too good to me..."

She leaned closer to Sylvia and stared directly into Sylvia's fair face with her flirtatious eyes. "Is it delicious or not?" Sylvia nodded slightly,

"The taste is pretty good."

Isla looked pleasantly surprised, "Really?" "Mm-hmm."

"That's great! Can I cook for you every day from now on? I can learn many different types of cuisine." Isla was brimming with enthusiasm about cooking.

Franklin frowned disapprovingly when he saw Isla acting as if she were in love and making such sweet gestures towards Sylvia; he felt very uncomfortable about it all.

His serious tone became cold as ice when he spoke, "Isla, do you have nothing better to do in computer technology department?"

Isla froze immediately upon hearing Franklin's words; she felt an icy breath rushing towards her face which made her shiver involuntarily. When their eyes met, she quickly turned away from Franklin's cold gaze .

Her desire to get close to Sylvia suddenly deflated like punctured balloon.

"... Miss Andrews..." She looked pitifully at Sylvia, looking just like an injured child.

"I... I'd better stay away from you, otherwise Master Franklin will get angry. I don't want to make him angry, it's all my fault..." She was almost crying...

Franklin's face suddenly stiffened, did he just encounter Angelic bitch? And the one that

Angelic bitch is accusing is actually me?

Isn't this situation too bizarre?

And then, he saw his wife put a piece of fried mushrooms to Isla's lips. "You haven't tasted what you cooked yet, right?" Isla's eyes shimmered with moved tears, "Thank you..."

Miss Andrews actually fed her vegetables herself! "Sylvia?"

And just at this moment!

Suddenly, a familiar and shocked voice came from the entrance of the restaurant.

Sylvia looked up and saw Poppy running towards her with a backpack on her back and round eyes staring at her.

"Sylvia! How could you feed her vegetables? You've never even fed me!" Poppy looked at her heartbroken, as if Sylvia was a heartless person.

She angrily put down her backpack and saw that there was no space next to Sylvia. She forcefully pulled a chair and squeezed it next to Sylvia.

"I don't care, you have to feed me."

She finally had a day off after a long time and came back from the film school, but what happened? She just saw a picture of Sylvia doting on another woman.

She was not doing well at all.

Why are there more and more people competing for Sylvia's attention?

Before, it was just James, Romeo and Jenna fighting for attention. Now there's another one? "Who... who are you?"

Isla stared at Poppy in surprise. How did a little girl suddenly run over? And she's quite pretty too. "Let me tell you, Sylvia is my sister-in law. We're very close!" Poppy held Sylvia's hand.

Upon hearing this, Isla immediately understood that she was the Franklin's sister. So what?

She was determined to become the best friend of Miss Andrews.

She stood with her hands on her hips and said, "Ha! Sylvia is your ex-sister-in-law. I heard she got divorced from Master Franklin, so that's all she is to you now."

Franklin's flawlessly handsome face appeared cold and stern, with a palpable aura of anger emanating from him. It was clear that he was extremely displeased.

"Get them out!"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 680

The man's deep and icy voice echoed over the restaurant as he wore a cold smile without any warmth. His narrow eyes locked onto the woman who was sitting with two other women, vying for her attention. "Let's get married now! Immediately!" He couldn't wait anymore.

"Is this how you propose?" The two girls almost simultaneously frowned and spoke to Franklin.

Their tone was full of naked contempt.

Poppy and Isla, who had just been arguing fiercely, both looked at Franklin at the same time.

"Where are the flowers, candles, engagement ring?"

"What about balloons, ribbons and kneeling on one knee?"

Franklin closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. "Arrange everything! Vaughn, Jasper! Get them out of here!"

"Hehe..." Suddenly there was a burst of laughter.

Franklin froze in surprise as his usually calm face showed a hint of shock for once.

He stared at Sylvia in amazement while she smiled brightly; it was an especially relaxed and pleasant smile that she rarely displayed because it seemed like her shoulders always carried heavy responsibilities all the time.

"Honey," Franklin blurted out uncontrollably. "You look so beautiful when you laugh." She looked like a rising sun that shone brilliantly causing his heart to skip beats and his Adam's apple to move up and down.

Sylvia thought it was quite interesting watching two girls confront Franklin together while he felt jealous; their interaction made quite an amusing scene indeed. She couldn't help but laugh since this kind of scene is rare to see: The CEO being jealous over trivial matters and bickering with two young girls.

"Alright everyone, just eat your food nicely," Sylvia glanced at Poppy before asking if she enjoyed studying film at school.

Poppy nodded and said, "Sylvia, my classmates are all so beautiful and handsome!" Poppy giggled in response. "Our teacher is also very funny and humorous, we have a lot of classes together."

As soon as she opened her mouth, she began to talk non-stop about her campus life.

"You even have classmates who are my fans... it makes me feel so surprised," Sylvia replied.

"Wow, I came back today... with a task," Poppy rubbed her hands together and quickly took out a bunch of notebooks from her backpack.

She placed them in front of Sylvia and handed her a pen.

"What's this for?" Isla asked curiously.

"Oh come on, don't you know? My sister-in-law is amazing. Who wouldn't want Master Keturah's signature?" Poppy tried to please Sylvia. "Last year when my work was released, everyone knew your name."

Maybe some older people didn't know who Sylvia was but almost all young people did.

Sylvia couldn't help but laugh at the situation. "Don't do this kind of thing again in the future."

However, she didn't refuse and signed her name directly with ease.

Poppy happily collected the notebooks while raising her head only to see Franklin's dark face again. Her expression froze as she asked him, "Franklin, why do you look so angry?"

Franklin just felt that there were too many obstacles on his way to win his wife over.

So, there were some girls at school eyeing his wife?

Just then, Jasper's phone rang.

He answered it and suddenly changed his expression. "What did you say?"

Franklin looked at him with furrowed brows. "What happened?"

Jasper urgently said, "Master, our new energy products were exported to Middle East and some remote areas and countries but Kenneth just called saying something happened over there."

Lunch ended without any joy or satisfaction.

Franklin hurriedly left with Jasper and Isla calling for an emergency meeting.

And at that moment Sylvia also received news.

"Okay I got it."

She looked at the address sent by the other party.

Also Middle East...

Middle East... it really was an accident-prone area.

Night fell as stars twinkled in the sky above.

Sylvia sat in front of a silver laptop computer on the desk in her bedroom typing away furiously on its keyboard with ten fingers flying across it smoothly.

Franklin didn't return until late at night. As soon as he walked in the door, he spoke up, "Let's get married when I come back. I'm heading to the Middle East tomorrow. You want to come with me?"

Sylvia closed her laptop and her cool gaze flickered slightly, "Perfect timing, I also have a trip planned to the Middle East."