

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 681

Early the next morning.

In the slowly swaying morning mist, a black car drove out of the gate of MI6.

Sylvia nestled in Franklin's arms, watching the scenery outside the car window slowly pass by. "If you're tired, sleep a little longer."

A calm voice sounded behind Sylvia, and a large hand wrapped around her slender waist, lifting her up and locking her into a warm embrace.

Being held so intimately by Franklin, Sylvia had no objections. She looked up and met his sharp gaze, "Shall we go to the airport?"

"Yes." Staring at Sylvia's fair, pretty face, Franklin stroked her smooth hair from time to time.

"Get some sleep." Adjusting Sylvia into a relatively comfortable position, with his large hand pressing her head against his chest, Franklin said faintly.

With her head pressed against that fine chest, Franklin's words were heard in her ears.

Upon hearing this, Sylvia immediately understood that there was still some time left before reaching the airport. After a moment of thought, she obediently followed and leaned on Franklin to rest with her eyes closed.

About an hour later, the car slowly came to a stop.

The fog slowly dissipated. The previously blurry buildings and trees around became visible as a whole, almost all revealing clear outlines.

Sylvia slowly opened her eyes and saw that the earth was gradually covered with a layer of golden halo. The sun is out.

The fog has dispersed.

They arrived at a private airport's tarmac. A red helicopter was

quietly parked there.

Sylvia was carried onto the plane by Franklin and she sat down, picked up her phone, and posted a message on Facebook. Then she put the phone away, found a comfortable position in Franklin's arms, and closed her eyes.

The airplane's propeller whirred as it fanned the air, and then slowly ascended into the sky. Heading towards their destination.

At the same time, a private plane took off in Larro and flew towards Middle East.

There are over ten men in black on the private plane, and hundreds of boxes of drugs are loaded. The leading man has a cold expression on his face, "The boss has flown to the Middle East first. We must immediately go to meet her. There can be no mistakes this time. Do you hear me?"

"Heard it!" The men in black responded with a loud voice. Then they took their seats

one after another.

Three hours later.

The plane landed at a private airport.

Sylvia and Franklin got off the plane together and immediately got into a limited edition Rolls-Royce, which smoothly drove on the road.

An hour later, the Rolls-Royce slowly approached a private villa in the suburbs. The tightly closed iron gate

slowly opened to let it in.

In the car, Sylvia, who had been keeping her eyes closed all along, finally opened them.

Her cold eyes looked out of the window, only to see the car stopping in front of a magnificent villa, where countless black-clad men had been waiting for a long time.

Jasper, who was in the driver's seat, immediately got out of the car and opened the door for Franklin. "Master," Jasper respectfully

called out after opening the car door.

Franklin nodded and immediately stepped out of the car with long strides. His sharp eyes scanned around, taking in everyone's expressions in an instant.

"Mr. Maskelyne, you finally arrived."

As Franklin got off the car, a voice with a hint of respect sounded. A middle-aged man stepped forward a few steps and warmly greeted Franklin.

"Mr. Arnold," Franklin nodded lightly and greeted the other person.

His voice was indifferent, but mixed with a sense of detachment that was irresistible. Justice Arnold was suddenly embarrassed.

However, he was familiar with Franklin's personality and did not feel uncomfortable. He still warmly said, "Please come in quickly, the others have arrived."

Franklin glanced at Justice and nodded, but didn't go in.

Instead, he turned and bent down to poke his tall body into the car.

Justice was stunned and couldn't help but look over toward the car, only to see that Franklin had actually carried a beautiful woman out of the car.

The woman is extremely beautiful, with fair skin and delicate features. Especially her cool gaze, which bears a striking resemblance to Franklin's distant eyes.

A hint of amazement flashed through his eyes instantly! What a beautiful woman!

But... who is she exactly? How could she make Franklin personally escort her out of the car?

Who doesn't know that Franklin is not interested in women and has always been a loner? In the past, when someone intentionally sent women to his room, he threw them out.

Unbelievable!

Justice's eyes widened in shock as he stared at Sylvia without blinking for a moment. Sylvia's red lips were pursed

and her indifferent gaze swept over Justice.

Such a strong and cold gaze!

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 682

"Mr. Arnold?" Justice stared at Sylvia in a daze.

A cold and chilling voice suddenly resounded.

Justice suddenly came to his senses.

He looked up in a panic and saw Franklin staring at him coldly.

The cold eyes contained a huge possessiveness and dissatisfaction, making Justice feel suffocated and instantly embarrassed.

"Ah, Mr. Maskelyne, I..." He was about to stammer out an apology, not even sure why he felt the need to apologize.

But he was interrupted by Franklin, who said, "There won't be a next time!"

The man's eyes were filled with an unpleasant emotion, and his whole body exuded a sense of dissatisfaction.

Feeling the man's displeasure, Justice suddenly felt cold sweat seeping down his back.

Franklin put Sylvia down on the ground and grabbed her soft little hand before speaking coldly, "Let's go."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Maskelyne, please come this way."

Justice quickly made a gesture of invitation with his hand and avoided looking at Sylvia again.

Franklin from H Rovirsa is not just an ordinary person. He is the initiator and owner of new energy, and he manages MI6, which is not an ordinary organization.

They rely on Franklin's new energy technology here in the Middle East.

It is said that he has always been domineering and strong, extremely cold, and his methods are also decisive.

Even as a district head who has seen many grand occasions and important figures, I still couldn't help but feel intimidated when

facing him.

The reason why we invited Franklin this time is because there have been problems with the development of new energy. Those high-tech advanced systems seem to have been infected by a virus or "Trojan horse", and they have all been paralyzed.

No matter how their technicians analyze or crack it, they are unable to control it.

They spent a lot of money on importing MI6's new energy plan, but it can only be shelved.

Looking at Justice's cautious and respectful appearance leading the way ahead.

Sylvia glanced at the domineering and possessive man beside her again, and couldn't help but curl her lips.

Mr. Maskelyne is indeed a tough guy, exuding such a domineering presence wherever he goes.

And for Franklin's behavior just now, Sylvia couldn't help but feel a burst of pleasure inside.

There is a feeling of being intensely cared about by him.

She followed Franklin into the villa and walked into the hall.

After seeing the scene in front of her, Sylvia frowned.

The status of women has been low, and she knows it.

A group of men sat on the sofa, and in front of each man knelt a young girl, each very scantily dressed, holding a tray with fruit and wine in her hands.

Every girl was bowing her head with a respectful expression.

There was even a man who reached out and clasped the waist of the girl kneeling in front of him, and directly took her into his arms, and he wanted to fondle the girl.

A look of panic flashed across the girl's face, but she dared not resist.

They were all playthings of men.

"What kind of people are these?" Sylvia's voice rang out coldly, with a hint of anger that even she couldn't detect.

Franklin glanced at her and said, "These people are some tycoons from the Middle East."

Sylvia couldn't help but curl her lips with a hint of disdain. These people are really disgusting.

But she knew that things are not all black and white in this world.

She closed her eyes and scanned the surroundings casually, forcing herself not to look at those girls being humiliated.

The atmosphere was somewhat oppressive all the way.

Justice led them through these local tyrants and went straight to the second floor.

After going upstairs, Justice led them to a luxurious conference room. There were several men dressed in black guarding the door.

"Mr. Arnold," the man in black greeted Justice politely.

"Please open the door, our esteemed guest has arrived," Justice said as he reached to push the door open.

However, they were stopped by the black-clothed men. "I'm sorry, Mr. Arnold, if you want to go in... we need to do a body search," the man spoke in a businesslike manner.

These people were playing this kind of trick?

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 683

Mr. Arnold's face turned unpleasant at the words of the black-clothed man, and he glanced at Franklin. Search for

Mr. Maskelyne's body?

"Huh-" Jasper, who had been following behind Franklin, let out a cold laugh. He

dashed forward to kick the black-clothed man's legs.

Plop!

The man knelt down directly, forced to tilt his head in embarrassment, and at this time Jasper's palm mercilessly tugged at his hair, and the black muzzle of the gun had been against the man's eyebrows.

Jasper's movements were so fast that the men in black didn't have time to react, and he had subdued the man. The

other three reacted and immediately pulled out their guns and pointed them at Jasper.

Mr. Arnold, who was standing on the side, saw this scene and immediately spoke anxiously, "Mr. Maskelyne, let's talk. Please don't get angry."

He quickly tried to salvage the situation as a responsible peacemaker. Now...

As the rumors suggested, Franklin is not easy to mess with. Indeed, he is not someone to be messed with!

"Mr. Arnold, if you have this attitude, it seems that we don't need to solve the issue of new energy," Jasper glanced coldly at Mr. Arnold and spoke, making him feel embarrassed instantly.

The issue of new energy is urgent, but... it has now become such a mess. He is

more distressed than anyone else.

It's like lifting a stone to hit his own foot, and there's no way to express the bitterness. How

dare they propose to search the owner of MI6?

He was extremely annoyed, but he dared not show it.

He hated these men in black who put him in such an awkward situation.

He was a little anxious, and fine beads of sweat appeared on his forehead unconsciously.

He glared at the group of men in black. Franklin was invited here by them as their distinguished guest.

Wherever this man goes, who dares to search him? Even the president of the Middle East is here now, and he probably wouldn't dare to search him either!

"Oh my, I was wondering why it was so lively outside. It turns out that Mr. Maskelyne has arrived." A

cheerful voice suddenly sounded, followed by the opening of the door to the conference room. A

middle-aged man slowly appeared at the door.

The man glanced around, waved his hand to signal those black-clad men put away their guns.

Then he came to Franklin with a smile, "I'm sorry, Mr. Maskelyne, these people are so foolish, you won't sink to their level? Right?"

The words sounded polite, but it was clearly a warning to Franklin.

Sylvia's eyes flickered as she wondered how these black-clad men could have asked for a body search without the middle-aged man's orders.

But if Franklin got angry and fought with these men, he would lose his identity and face. Franklin looked at the middle-aged man expressionlessly.

His cold face showed no emotion, and his dark eyes were like ancient wells with no ripples.

But there was an eerie aura emanating from him that made the middle-aged man shiver as a chill ran down his spine.

However, he gritted his teeth and held on.

Although he pleaded with Franklin about the new energy project this time, he did not want to be under Franklin's control forever.

He wanted to take control of things; otherwise, Franklin would think that their future projects couldn't do without MI6. It would be bad news for him.

For quite some time, Franklin slowly raised his hand to signal Jasper to put away his gun. His cold voice sounded, "Mr. Santana's way to welcome me really opens my eyes."

Mr. Santana's face changed slightly but a smile was still on his face as he continued, "Mr. Maskelyne, no more pleasantries; please come in quickly." He gestured invitingly as he turned sideways.

Mr. Santana is very cunning; Sylvia thought inwardly while glancing at Mr. Santana who had a smile on his face all along. She then looked at those arrogant black-clothed men who now bowed their heads obediently - acting so docile.

Did they really think that Frankin was stupid? Sylvia could now confirm one hundred percent that this so-called body search was arranged by Mr. Santana himself.

Justice had been feeling uncomfortable standing by all along and quickly said politely, "Mr. Maskelyne, please come inside." He secretly wiped off some sweat from himself.

The new energy project had always been coordinated between him and MI6 before. But suddenly Mr. Santana, the Minister of Civil Affairs intervened.

This is just too much! And now I have to listen to everything Mr. Santana says!

Franklin glanced coldly at Justice, his icy gaze making Justice's heart skip a beat. But luckily the gaze quickly shifted away.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 684

Justice was secretly relieved and silently watched Franklin stride towards the conference room. He finally felt a little better.

When he was about to lift his foot and go in. "Bang!"

Suddenly a gunshot rang out from behind him. He watched as a bullet whizzed past his ear. He stood stiffly in place, his whole body rigid.

Not only he, almost everyone was frightened and looked stiffly towards the source of the gunshot.

The man in black who asked to search Franklin just now was falling to the ground, covering his bleeding left hand! He was in so much pain that his face turned pale, and he fell to the ground.

Everyone was shocked as they watched this scene.

"Since you don't know Franklin, then get to know him well and remember him." A cold voice sounded, instantly attracting everyone's attention.

Franklin's narrow eyes glinted with a hint of sharpness.

And everyone saw the woman with beautiful and eye-catching face hold a silver pistol in her hand, and slowly blow a breath at the muzzle.

Her movements are charming and elegant, yet alluring and icy.

Mr. Santana's face looked extremely unpleasant, with a strong anger in his eyes. Who was this woman who dared to provoke him? His voice was filled with uncontrollable fury as he asked, "Who are you?"

Sylvia's lazy almond eyes met Chaz Santana's angry face, her red lips slightly curved and a disdainful expression appeared on her beautiful face. "Do you even deserve to know who I am?"

Arrogant!

Too damn arrogant!

Everyone was staring in shock at Sylvia's stunningly beautiful face. It's ridiculous!

She naturally wants to protect and fight back for her man who is being bullied. "You - !"

Chaz's face was livid. He was so angry that he was about to draw a gun.

"She is the deputy chief of MI6," Franklin's cold voice suddenly sounded. Chaz froze, looking at Franklin in disbelief before finally turning his gaze to Sylvia.

When did MI6 have a deputy chief? Still a woman?

Sylvia never expected that Franklin would directly make her the deputy chief in command of MI6.

She glanced at Chaz, who was stiff all over, and then the silver pistol in her hand spun beautifully in the palm of her hand. Then she threw the pistol into the air, and it landed squarely in her palm.

"Bang bang bang!"

Three shots in a row!

The speed was so fast that it was impossible to react. "Ah!"

"Ah!"

Three consecutive screams of despair followed one after another.

Chaz turned his head in shock, and saw that all three of his black-clad subordinates had hugged his left hand and collapsed to the ground howling.

Blood continued to ooze from their wounds, and a faint smell of blood wafted in the air. "You-" Chaz's face had gone

from ashen to pale, and he glared at Sylvia in anger. "You..." But he was so angry that he couldn't say a word.

This woman is too arrogant and thinks too highly of herself.

"Am I doing too well? You're so pleased that you don't know how to praise me." Sylvia smirked and looked at Chaz coldly, "It's my honor to be able to help Mr. Santana teach those who lack insight a lesson."

Her principle is: You can mess with her, but not with her man! No way! Listening to Sylvia's words that were full of hidden sarcasm.

The meaning of the words he spoke when he just greeted Franklin is completely opposite.

Chaz glared at Sylvia with a viciousness reminiscent of a ferocious wolf, seething with anger. The woman directly and invisibly slapped him hard on the face.

He intended to give Franklin a show of force, but unexpectedly encountered this tough woman. Chaz couldn't swallow this anger, he looked at Sylvia for a while and then approached Franklin. "Mr. Maskelyne, this... this is just a small matter. She is being so nitpicky..."

Before he could finish his words, Franklin interrupted him. "She is just teaching your subordinates on behalf of you. Mr. Santana, as a man of high status, surely wouldn't bother with a woman like her, right?"

The atmosphere instantly became extremely tense.

Justice, who had been stiffly standing by the side, was scared to the point of breaking out in a cold sweat. This atmosphere was too creepy.

He couldn't help but secretly blame Chaz. Why did he have to provoke Franklin when everything was fine? Was MI6 easy to mess with?

He felt uncomfortable all over as he watched these people. He didn't dare to speak up, and even the peacemaker couldn't do anything about it.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 685

It's ridiculous. A mere minister wants to challenge MI6 and Franklin.

Jasper thought Chaz was just asking for trouble! And at this moment, Chaz was regretting it deeply. He felt that he had gotten himself into a huge mess.

The new energy sector had always been managed by Justice, and he knew it was some chicken gravy spilled on his tie. So, he ran over to manage the new energy sector as soon as he took office.

But as soon as he took over, problems arose with new energy development.

He believed that Franklin sold them substandard products and wanted to teach him a lesson. But his opponent fiercely slapped him several times in the face.

Franklin looked at Chaz with an expressionless face all along but then shifted his gaze onto Sylvia where there was tenderness flashing in his eyes.

When she defended him like this, it made him feel sweet inside like swallowing ten pounds of honey.

"Mr Maskelyne," Sylvia said calmly while looking at Chaz's pale face which now showed signs of anger mixed with fear from her previous actions towards him.

"I believe Mr. Santana is such a big man who won't bother about getting into an argument with me." She continued, "However, since MI6 has such good relations with Middle East, I sincerely hope Mr Santana will choose people who have better vision next time."

Jasper couldn't help but turn away when Miss Andrews spoke. She really is something else! He couldn't help but laugh quietly to himself.

She talked about how they lacked vision and how their relationships were good... hahaha! What angered Chaz even more was that this woman actually put on airs for them under the guise of being kind-hearted towards Middle Easterners!

It almost made him faint on the spot out of anger.

His old face would be swollen by this woman if she kept going on like this! But

he couldn't say anything back; not even a word came out from his mouth. He

had never heard before that MI6 had such a formidable character before!

When did she actually join MI6?

He was about to go crazy with this woman.

Jasper thought Miss Andrews was absolutely insane.

Sylvia still stood there calmly, her slender and delicate figure exuding a powerful aura that should not be underestimated.

She sneered inwardly.

A faint smile appeared in Franklin's narrow and profound eyes.

It seemed to emit a dazzling and attractive brilliance, which was addictive.

Sylvia inadvertently looked up and met the man's eyes. For some reason, she seemed to see appreciation in his eyes.

Sylvia couldn't help but feel her cheeks getting a little hot.

Sylvia slowly suppressed the palpitations in her chest.

Chaz finally spoke, "Deputy chief, I'm really sorry. It's true that my vision was not good and I didn't choose the right subordinates. Please come in everyone, quickly."

"Chaz, the deputy chief was right, you should have opened your eyes wider and known better."

Just as Chaz finally spoke up, a deep voice filled the conference room.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow.

Is there really a big shot in charge here?

When the person speaking called out his name, Chaz's expression immediately became even more unpleasant.

He suppressed the restlessness in his heart and forced an awkward and stiff smile on his face. "Mr. Gamble, you're absolutely right. It's all my fault. Please come in, everyone."

Franklin strode forward with his long legs, heading inside.

The entire conference room was spacious and magnificent, decorated in a very luxurious manner.

In the center of the entire conference room is an oval-shaped conference table, which appears grand and luxurious as a whole.

Sylvia also stepped inside.

Three men were sitting in the conference room, with the leader being a tall and handsome man in his early thirties. He was wearing a perfectly tailored black handmade suit that exuded an air of authority from head to toe.

"Mr. Maskelyne, long time no see."

The man stood up and walked slowly towards Franklin. He extended his hand and shook hands politely with Franklin.

"Mr. Gamble," Franklin greeted politely.

At such a young age, she was already calling Chaz by his name. He held the position of minister in the Middle East region, where there were several ministers including those for public welfare, finance and military supply. However, it was the military supply minister who held the highest position among them all.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 686

"Is this young man Harold Gamble, the military supply minister?" Sylvia wondered as she looked at him. He was in his early thirties and held real power with his control over military resources in the Middle East.

"Mr. Maskelyne, this situation is very tricky. Our countries have had a strategic partnership for developing new energy sources, but there have been some mistakes," Harold said straight to the point. "The entire system's stability has been compromised and we need your help to solve this problem."

"It would be great if we could take our new energy development to a higher level." "We'll meet whatever you need as long as you agree to assist us." Harold promised.

"If you can provide us with some technical talents, that would be even better," he added.

Harold's intentions were clear and his demeanor was vastly different from Chaz's earlier attitude.

Sylvia thought to herself that men with vision like Harold are truly different; only they can rise so high up in society by recognizing current situations and taking appropriate action when necessary.

Franklin locked eyes with Harold coldly; he exuded an unyielding authority that nobody could refuse. "Mr. Gamble, I came here specifically for solving our new energy issues."

"But first we need to identify where exactly these problems lie before finding solutions."

Harold breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing Franklin say this despite their earlier conflict at the door. "Alright then, Mr. Maskelyne... but I'm not sure what you want..."

Franklin spoke coolly while deepening his gaze, "I heard about an unnamed island near Middle East recently discovered. I want ownership of it."

Upon hearing Franklin's request, Harold furrowed his brow. "Mr. Maskelyne... that island is within Middle Eastern territory... I may not meet your request..."

He finished speaking before smiling warmly again, "But let's put it aside for now. You must be tired from traveling, why don't we relax? Chaz! Why don't you bring those girls inside?"

Chaz turned around immediately after hearing him speak and ordered Justice, "Mr. Arnold! Quickly arrange some beautiful ladies along with talented performers! And bring two decks of cards too so everyone can unwind!"

Justice quickly went out as soon as he received the order.

As he walked, he muttered to himself, "What's going on? How come Mr. Gamble is getting involved

too?" And from the looks of Chaz, it seems like the matter of new energy has been handed over to Mr.

Gamble? I can't figure it out.

A few minutes later, Justice brought about five very beautiful girls back to the conference room, who were not only beautiful, but also very sexy and revealing in their dress.

Sylvia calmly watched these girls.

Then he gave Franklin a cold glance again.

As if sensing her eerie gaze, Franklin glanced at her from afar.

The man remained as cold and dominant as ever, casting another glance at those people from the Middle East with their hypocritical expressions.

"What's the point of having women come over when men are playing cards?"

"Mr. Maskelyne, women can be great companions. Isn't that right?" Chaz chuckled and stared at Franklin with a creepy smile on his face as Franklin remained expressionless and indifferent.

"Sorry, I only like playing cards, I don't like beautiful women."

After Franklin finished speaking, he boldly sat down in front of the conference room.

Sylvia nodded in admiration.

If Franklin dared to get involved with this woman, I'll be the first one chopping his hands!

Harold chuckled and sat across from Franklin. "Mr. Maskelyne, how about we play a game?"

"What's the stake?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows and spoke before Franklin could, looking towards Harold. "It's no fun without a stake."

When Harold looked at Sylvia, there was a flash of amazement in his

eyes! What a beautiful woman!

Did she just fire a gun outside?

He smirked and a smile appeared on his handsome face. "Does the deputy chief also have an interest in

playing?" Sylvia sat down next to Franklin with a graceful and cool demeanor, displaying a sharp and assertive presence.

Even though there were several beautiful young girls in the meeting room, she still stood out as the most eye-catching and attention-grabbing one.

The woman's slender and fair fingers seemed to casually play with the cards on the table, while her dazzling eyes shone with a cold light like glass.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 687

Upon hearing Sylvia's voice, Harold and Chaz's faces both changed.

"It's just for entertainment, why bother..." Harold slowly spoke while his gaze fell on Franklin who had a look of indifference.

"So... Mr. Gamble, are you saying that you can't afford to lose?" Sylvia smirked with her luscious red lips that were captivating. Even if he wanted to refuse her, she wouldn't allow it.

Her almond-shaped eyes scanned the group of officials who looked sly and cunning before turning her gaze towards the always composed Franklin.

He still had an arrogant expression. His strong presence was enough to make one shudder in fear while his stern eyebrows hinted at a hint of killing intent.

Only when he looked at Sylvia did a flash of indulgence flash through his eyes as if she was a shining star among these dominant men; radiant and impossible to ignore.

Harold's eyes flashed with anger as this woman had just slapped their faces hard earlier by daringly using the small island as a bet now forcing them into accepting it successfully!

If they didn't accept it, then it really meant that they couldn't afford to lose.

Sylvia walked up to the conference table with her hands picking up the deck of cards lazily while washing them," What? Mr. Gamble hasn't made up your mind yet? You guys brought out these cards yourselves and suggested playing one game too! Now..."

Her pupils were icy cold but carried a hint of disdain within them.

Franklin's deep-set eyes flickered slightly before looking at her beautiful face.

"It seems like you're very interested in playing, deputy chief." Harold politely said.

Just then, a man dressed in black hurriedly entered the conference room, approaching Chaz, whispering something into his ear.

Then Chaz sent the man in black away before walking towards Harold and saying something under his breath.

Harold raised an eyebrow, showing off a smile before turning back to Sylvia, "Since you want to play so much, then I'll play one game with you."

As he finished speaking those words, a tall figure stepped into the conference room, making its presence known immediately.

Chaz felt a sense of satisfaction. When he saw Sylvia wanting to bet on the small island, he immediately sent someone to find Hunter, the famous gambling king in the Middle East.

Hunter was unbeatable when it came to gambling in the Middle East. With

this man around, how could this woman win? It was impossible!

Chaz felt confident that if he could pull this off, Harold would be pleased with him. Harold had also met Hunter before and nodded towards him. As long as Hunter was present, they were sure to win.

She was just a woman who knew how to play cards. What chance did she have against the gambling king?

Thinking of this made Chaz laugh calmly and confidently. "Deputy Chief, this is our gambling king Hunter."

Jasper and Franklin's faces changed slightly when they heard that this tall man was a gambling king.

"Deputy Chief wants us to use the small island as the stake," said Hunter without forgetting his mission at hand What is your stake? If you lose..."

Sylvia looked at Hunter up and down before bursting into laughter. "I never lose."

She sounded extremely arrogant!

Hunter had been highly respected here; he had never lost before! Now a woman is so arrogant in front of him?

He suppressed his disdain and anger inside him but asked calmly, "However, regardless of winning or losing, we need stakes for both sides to play properly."

"Alright then," said Sylvia confidently while her beautiful face exuded powerful self-assurance after firing four shots earlier. "If I lose, you give me back those four bullets I shot earlier."

Everyone present froze upon hearing her word. She

just fired four shots! If all those bullets hit her... Was

she suicidal?

Franklin frowned deeply with an inexplicable panic creeping into his low-pitched voice. "I forbid it!"

How could she do such things?

Sylvia raised an eyebrow as she glanced over at him, "It's only four shots. What are you afraid of?"

"If she loses, MI6 will take over everything related to your new energy projects for free," Franklin grabbed Sylvia's delicate hand tightly as he spoke with suppressed emotions.

Sylvia paused for a moment. He just used their latest research technology as the stake?

"I won't allow you any harm." The man lowered his gaze onto her exquisite face firmly while speaking these words out loud. "I won't lose," Sylvia said, a little stunned.

"Even if there's only a one in a thousand or one in ten thousand chance, I won't allow you to take the risk," Franklin tightened his grip on her small hand. "It's just a bet after all. Nothing is more important than you."

Sylvia felt warmth in her heart and looked at Hunter. "How do you want to play?"

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 688

And the others were shocked as they stared at Franklin and Sylvia.

The flirtatious and affectionate atmosphere between the two instantly gave Harold and the others a new understanding of Sylvia. A woman who could make Franklin notice and care about must be an extraordinary woman.

Who exactly was she?

"Let's play a game of high-low," Hunter glanced at the cards on the table. "It's the simplest way to play." Sylvia raised her eyes, her delicate features unforgettable.

Especially her cold temperament, which matched Franklin's aura perfectly.

Her slender fingertips held a playing card, making her look stunningly beautiful. Her pupils emitted a seductive light under the lamp light.

"Are you sure you want to play high-low?"

Her words made Harold and others confused about what she meant.

Sylvia casually spoke up, "There are people in this world called geniuses, understand?"

Harold's expression became extremely strange for a moment as he looked at Sylvia. He felt that this woman was very mysterious but didn't know whether or not to believe her words since people who claimed to be geniuses were rare indeed. He was skeptical when he heard Hunter sneer, "Deputy Chief loves joking around."

"If you don't believe me, let's get started."

Sylvia nodded without shuffling; instead she glanced over at Harold and said, "Shuffle them." Harold was speechless.

Was she ordering him? Was she asking him, the highest-ranking minister, to shuffle cards? To be her card-shuffling minion?

However, what made him even more speechless was that he actually went over there obediently to shuffle them. When it dawned on him, he had finished shuffling!

This... was really inexplicable!

Why did he listen to this woman's orders?

Seeing Harold involuntarily becoming Sylvia's minion for shuffling cards almost made Jasper laugh out loud. He couldn't help but move his lips, silently saying: Miss Andrews is amazing!

Franklin sitting next to Sylvia lazily crossed his long legs with an indulgent smile on his handsome face; his wife must be a genius after all...

And everyone else stared at her like they saw some kind of monster...

Normally in their minds, Harold was so high up that no one could reach him! Even the vice president would show some respect when meeting Harold.

Now, this woman actually ordered him to shuffle? And he obediently did it? Harold was really frustrated.

Why should he listen to this woman's orders? At that time, he didn't know why, but when he sensed the powerful aura emanating from her body, he involuntarily wanted to submit.

Damn it!

He is the highest-ranking minister. He really lost face this time.

As he regretted it, Sylvia's cold voice sounded again. "Let's not stand on ceremony! Whoever has a higher hand wins. Best two out of three rounds. How about that?"

Hunter sat in his seat and nodded lightly.

"For fairness' sake, please let Mr. Gamble deal!" Sylvia ordered Harold very impolitely again.

Harold decided not to be a dealer anymore this time. He cleared his throat and was about to refuse when Sylvia said, "Only Mr. Gamble is qualified as a dealer here because Mr. Gamble has the highest rank."

Harold turned green with anger; if he didn't deal... did that mean his rank wasn't high enough?

So dealing cards was only because of his high rank? So that made him qualified? Damn it!

He couldn't refute her at all.

So he reluctantly picked up the stack of shuffled cards and began dealing one card each for Sylvia and Hunter respectively. Jasper could hardly contain himself from laughing out loud; Miss Andrews was too awesome!

Franklin's deep-set eyes flickered as they gazed intently at Sylvia who seemed radiant with an unusual glow.

After dealing five cards, Hunter began looking down at his own cards one by one while letting out a sigh of relief after seeing them.

However... when Hunter looked up again after checking his hand thoroughly - he saw a faint smile on the lips of the woman sitting across from him.

For some reason unknown even to himself, seeing those sparkling eyes and those slightly curved red lips made him feel uneasy deep inside.

"Please reveal your hands," Harold dutifully played along as their card dealer.

Hunter revealed his hand directly without any hesitation: four identical faces plus one single card which brought some relief to his supporters, who were sitting around watching eagerly; they couldn't believe that on their first game, Sylvia would have gotten herself a straight flush!

"Four of a Kind, not bad," she nodded.

Chaz thought she had a bad hand and couldn't help but smirk, his eyes glinting with challenge and pride. "Deputy Chief, it's your turn to show your cards."

Four of a Kind is when you have four cards with the same face value plus one other card.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 689

Sylvia blinked, a hint of amusement flashing in her beautiful eyes. "It's my turn to show my cards," she said.

Almost everyone was nervously watching the poker cards in her hand, especially Jasper who seemed worried and tense. He was afraid that Sylvia would lose and end up losing the new energy source.

"So... Deputy Chief, what do you have?" Chaz pretended to cough lightly and asked softly. "Nothing much, see for yourself," Sylvia glanced at everyone before revealing her cards.

As soon as she revealed them, everyone's eyes widened at the sight of her hand. A few cards were gently lifted up by her fingers... Then...

Chaz's face froze as his heart sank to the bottom of his stomach. "How is this possible? You actually..."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you. I have a straight flush," Sylvia said with a dazzling smile that made it hard for anyone not to be attracted.

Hunter looked unhappy with this turn of events. This woman had such incredible luck! She got a straight flush on the first round!

He himself only had four-of-a-kind but he reminded himself that he was still the gambling king who had never lost before. It was just one round after all; he didn't believe that this woman could keep having such good luck throughout all three rounds.

Harold frowned slightly; even he hadn't expected Sylvia's luck to be so good on the first round. "Let's start with round two now," he said as he began dealing out five more poker cards each for both Hunter and Sylvia.

"This time let Deputy Chief go first," Hunter politely suggested since it had been him who went first on the last round.

Sylvia gave him an indifferent smile and hadn't even touched any of those five new poker cards since Harold dealt them out earlier on.

"Are you sure?" she asked coyly.

Looking at the smile on her lips, Hunter had a bad feeling.

He quietly exhaled some air, trying not to worry too much, because surely she couldn't be lucky twice in a row... She didn't even look at her own card yet...

"Deputy Chief should go ahead," Hunter gritted his teeth together tightly while trying hard not to show his anxiety.

"That's what you said," nodded Sylvia calmly before quickly flipping over another straight flush from underneath those five newly dealt-out poker cards.

Hunter's face turned extremely gloomy immediately after seeing this outcome once again... "How is this possible? How did you..."

"These cards were dealt by Mr. Gamble, and the deck was shuffled by him too. Surely he wouldn't intentionally give me good cards, right?" Sylvia's eyes flashed with a hint of wickedness. "So, gambling king, are you willing to accept defeat?"

Best two out of three.

Sylvia had already won two rounds straight.

Hunter's face turned ashen and he couldn't even utter a word while pointing at Sylvia. Harold's face also darkened; he never expected Sylvia would be so lucky.

Sylvia sneered. "What? Can't accept it?"

She curved her red lips and her eyes sparkled with fierce light as she emitted a terrifying aura. "How about... I give you another chance?"

"What do you mean?" Chaz pointed at her angrily. "You must have cheated."

"Me cheat? I didn't even touch the cards throughout the game! Every card was dealt and shuffled by Mr. Gamble himself! How can you blame me?" Sylvia looked innocent.

Harold patted Chaz stiffly on his shoulder before stepping forward to face Sylvia. "Deputy Chief said we could have another chance. What do you want to bet on?"

"Mr. Gamble is truly a great leader indeed, unlike some petty minister," Sylvia smiled charmingly as she suddenly took out her silver pistol from her pocket and spun it elegantly in her palm.

Click!

She opened the magazine as all six bullets fell onto the table with clattering sounds. She picked up one bullet then loaded it into the gun before playing around with magazine, making more clicking noises.

Everyone watched in shock without understanding what she intended to do next.

After finishing all these actions, Sylvia smirked at Harold. "How about this? Let's play something thrilling. If your gambling king lost to me, the ownership of this island should belong to MI6."

"But since you're not happy about losing," Her cold voice echoed through the large conference room. "Let's play Russian Roulette instead. There is only one bullet inside this gun. If Mr. Gamble points it towards his head but doesn't die, the island will belong to us. But if he gets shot accidentally, then we don't want this island anymore."

"What do you say? Leave everything up to fate; let God decide."

As soon as she finished speaking, Chaz immediately roared in anger, "You're going too far! You're basically asking Mr. Gamble to go die!"

"You're going too far! Mr. Gamble, don't agree to her demands!" Sylvia's lips curved into a smirk. "Mr. Santana, haven't you noticed something?"

"What?"

"That the decision-making power lies in my hands, not in yours or Mr. Gamble's."

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 690

Chaz's face stiffened, his features contorting as he stared at Sylvia. This woman was a devil.

Chaz regretted messing around with MI6. Now, karma had caught up to him! If something happened to Harold, the president would never forgive him!

Harold never imagined that a woman could push him this far. But his eyes remained locked on Sylvia; she was like a natural radiance, so eye-catching and thrilling! He couldn't help but take a deep breath.

"I'm in."

"Mr. Gamble!"

"Mr. Gamble!"

Justice was shocked, as were the others who cried out in unison trying to stop Harold from making this crazy bet.

Everyone stared at him and then at Sylvia except for Franklin; he didn't even blink an eye or quiver an eyelash.

Justice couldn't help but ask Franklin, "Mr. Maskelyne, isn't this going too far? Deputy Chief's bet is really not appropriate?"

He looked anxiously at Franklin and sadly realized that Franklin didn't seem interested in stopping this crazy woman.

Could it be...

His breath caught in his throat as he stared fearfully at Franklin.

Could it be that this man...

Franklin sat there expressionless for what seemed like forever before slowly looking up at Justice with such calmness that no one could guess what he was thinking inside.

"She has always had a bad temper, so I usually have to listen to her."

Franklin's voice lacked any inflection yet chilled everyone present down to their bones. What did he mean by that?

For the first time ever, the people present discovered something shocking. They realized that... this woman seemed to influence Frankin's thoughts, and it appeared as though even Franklin had to listen to her. Who exactly is running MI6?

Or perhaps, this woman is even more terrifying than Franklin himself?

Sweat beads formed on Chaz's forehead. He wiped them away with his sleeve. What kind of person did they mess with?

"You asked for our MI6 to solve the new energy problem. And what happened? You looked down upon the MI6's representatives. The game has started and it won't end just because you say so. Do you understand?" Sylvia's voice was slow and seductive as she spoke these words, making her the ultimate hunter in this situation.

Although her tone wasn't cold or harsh, everyone shuddered at her words.

"Deputy Chief, forgive us for our ignorance."

Harold chuckled. "It's all our fault. I guarantee with my reputation and position that we will never make such mistakes again."

He was always high above everyone else wherever he went; people would fawn over him and praise him endlessly.

But now he had been slapped in the face by this woman and trampled underfoot like a helpless victim.

She was like an elegant queen who commanded respect from those around her.

And she definitely had that power over them all.

If they had any thoughts of challenging MI6 before, they were gone now without a trace.

"Mr. Gamble is wise," Sylvia said coolly as she glanced at him before handing Harold a gun. "Since you're so wise, let's get started."

Her words fell heavily on Justice and Chaz once more.

Chaz stared at the gun with his face turning white as if it were death itself incarnate.

After all this time talking about it, he thought Sylvia might change her mind.

But he never expected this crazy woman to still push Harold to Death's door.

Chaz couldn't help but swallow hard before pleading again, "Deputy Chief... can I take Mr. Gamble's place..."

If Harold died, then Chaz would surely be killed by the president. It was better for Chaz to die instead of letting Harold die...

The more he thought about it, tears began welling up in his eyes.

This was his own doing - let him bear responsibility for it himself!

"It's just a gun. There is only one bullet inside anyway!" Sylvia said nonchalantly while moving her red lips as if discussing something trivial like eating or drinking water.

She paused briefly before adding, "Mr. Santana... I wanted you to replace Mr. Gamble but unfortunately you're not worthy enough."

Chaz's eyes rolled back in his head, and he nearly passed out.

This woman was a devil.

A real-life devil.

He fell to his knees in front of Franklin with a thud, begging and weeping, "Mr. Maskelyne, please... make Deputy Chief stop... it's all my fault, every last bit of it."