

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 691

"I'm sorry, I can't control her," Franklin replied crisply, his icy eyes seemed filled with countless shards of ice. Chaz felt like he was falling into an abyss, chilled to the bone. Franklin's message was clear: he didn't want to be involved and was supporting Sylvia's actions.

They had to play along even if they didn't want to.

"Mr. Gamble, look at Mr. Santana's courage! If you didn't know any better, you'd think I'm sending him to the guillotine!" Sylvia drawled slowly.

Harold saw Sylvia looking at him with a hint of a smirk on her lips. "Stop delaying time; it's just one shot," Sylvia said calmly as she threw her gun in front of Harold.

Almost everyone jumped when they saw how quickly she tossed the gun towards Harold.

Especially Justice and his crew who were staring white-faced at Harold holding that gun, afraid that he would shoot his own head!

Harold looked at the gun in his hand and turned pale; no one had enough courage for suicide - especially those who held power and money like them!

The world is full of temptations; why would anyone choose death? Though he reluctantly accepted this bet.

Sylvia taunted him, "Mr. Gamble, are you going to back out now?"

This man looked good enough with plenty of charisma but lacked bravery! Since they dared bully Franklin, they gotta pay the price.

Hearing Sylvia's voice made Harold tremble as he reached out for the gun before slowly raising it towards his temple...

He couldn't bring himself to say anything or ask Sylvia for mercy; fear choked him up inside! As Middle East's youngest minister with military power under his belt, how could he beg a woman not to kill him?

If something like this happened, how could he face the President or all those people under him?

Harold gritted his teeth and kept telling himself in his mind, "I won't fail. I can't be that unlucky. I will definitely be able to avoid it." Even though he kept comforting himself inside, he just couldn't pull the trigger.

Who can do this?

Sweat began to seep out of the palm of his hand holding the gun.

"Mr. Gamble... If you really can't continue, why don't you just give us the island?" Sylvia smirked and leaned in close to Harold, with an evil glint in her eyes.

The man's black eyes stared at her in surprise, noticing that the woman in front of him had skin as fair and smooth as milk, without any visible pores or blemishes.

Such a woman... so stunningly beautiful.

At least he shouldn't be looked down upon by this woman! Everyone stared at

Sylvia in disbelief.

This woman... How can she be so arrogant? Did she really force Harold to beg for mercy? She actually forced Harold to give the island.

Harold's face turned gloomy for a moment, and his heart instantly became cold and heavy. But he just doesn't want to be looked down upon by Sylvia.

Justice swallowed hard and looked at Harold, whose face was pale with distress.

New energy project was profitable, so it was always under his management before, but Harold and Chaz took it away from him. The two ministers probably thought Franklin was easy to deal with since he didn't hold any position in H Rovirsa, but they forgot that the influence of MI6 in H Rovirsa could not be ignored at all.

Justice wondered if they regretted having provoked Franklin.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and looked at the silent Harold. "What's wrong? It's been so long... Aren't you able to do it, are you? Or should I help you?"

Harold's face looked extremely unpleasant.

With rage inside his chest, he took a deep breath and pulled the trigger.

The moment he did so, everyone widened their eyes, and Chaz couldn't help but whisper, "Mr. Gamble!" Many of

Harold's subordinates also clenched their fists, staring at Harold in disbelief.

This was an absolutely deadly gamble.

If Harold had not died, the island would still belong to MI6.

If Harold as unfortunately shot and killed, then... MI6 won't need that island anymore. So... what the result was, Harold wouldn't gain any advantage.

Click.

The air seemed to be thick and heavy. He didn't

die...

He didn't get shot... He was

lucky...

He didn't know whether to be grateful or bitter.

Because he didn't die, the island would have to belong to MI6.

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"Mr. Gamble..." Chaz quickly stepped forward and supported Harold's sweaty back, looking at him with concern. "How are you?" "Fine." Harold's voice was hoarse, with a hint of inexplicable exhaustion.

He raised his head and met Franklin's cold and frightening deep eyes.

He couldn't help but curl his lips. "Mr. Maskelyne, I'm willing to admit defeat in the bet. Although the island is gone, I don't want to die either. I even feel lucky that I didn't die."

"It shows that compared to life, that island means nothing." Franklin spoke coldly and then signaled Jasper to handle the transfer procedures for the island.

Chaz was unwilling but knew that they had to give up the island. And all new energy technologies were still in MI6's hands.

They were still passive.

A fawning expression appeared on Chaz's face. "Mr. Maskelyne, no need to bother yourself. I will take care of all these procedures for you today."

Jasper lowered his eyebrows. "Then thanks, Mr. Santana."

Chaz held his breath and forced a smile on his face, "You're welcome."

"Well then, since it's settled, we won't disturb you any longer today... This play has been very enjoyable for me." Franklin stood up from his chair as he spoke.

The man was extremely tall with a stern face exuding faint killing intent.

Harold could only accompany him with a smiling face, "The trouble with new energy... I wonder when Mr. Maskelyne can help solve it?"

Franklin just gave him a cold glance, "No rush, we're not leaving tomorrow anyway."

As he spoke, he took a step forward and grabbed Sylvia's small hand in his large palm; the cold lines on his face softened slightly, "Honey, let's go."

That gentle yet indulgent voice made it seem like the man who had been full of murderous intent just now wasn't him at all Sylvia lazily glanced at him, "Okay!"

Seeing their interaction made everyone almost gasp

for air. Especially Harold; he stiffened completely

where he stood

Franklin got married... Many people knew about this matter; this man never deliberately concealed the fact that he was married So... Is this deputy chief his wife?

Franklin was telling everyone clearly: This woman belongs to me! Whoever dares have any crooked thoughts towards her will be bored out of their minds!

Harold felt a chill run down his spine. Just moments ago, he had been curious about Sylvia and even slightly attracted to her. But now, all those feelings had vanished without a trace.

Franklin led Sylvia out of the meeting room by the hand and waited until they were in the car before bursting into laughter. "Honey, you're amazing! You're incredible!" He couldn't help but feel satisfied thinking about how Sylvia had taken care of Chaz and his cronies. It was especially satisfying when she slapped them in the face.

He had wanted to laugh earlier but held back until now. With a smirk on her lips, Sylvia's eyes showed a hint of mockery as she said, "Anyone who dares to mess with my man is just asking for trouble."

Franklin sat next to her and watched as she laughed merrily with eyelashes fluttering like wings. His eyes softened with tenderness as he spoke in his deep voice close to her ear, "My wife, you're amazing." She turned her head and blinked at him before laughing again.

Unable to resist himself any longer, Franklin pulled her into his arms while running his large hands through her soft hair. His deep voice rang out once more saying, "My wife is the best in this world."

Sylvia's heart bubbled over with joy at hearing such loving praise from him.

Her beautiful dark eyes sparkled even brighter than before while Jasper asked curiously, "Miss Andrews, did you have good luck or what? How did you get two straight flushes?"

"Did you forget?" She curled one corner of her mouth up slyly, "I shuffled the cards beforehand so I knew exactly what they looked like." Harold shuffled them again afterward but only half-heartedly because he was preoccupied with something else. "So when it came time for me to be dealt cards again, I got lucky because I knew where all my good cards were."

Jasper was shocked by how sharp Sylvia's memory was. "What if Harold kept shuffling? What if he went crazy shuffling?"

Sylvia shrugged nonchalantly, "It wouldn't matter since I already knew where all my good cards were from shuffling them myself earlier."

"The same principle applies to shuffling cards too! All the cards I shuffled were arranged in order, with four ones and four twos each. No matter how he shuffles them, they will be mixed up. But because of their previous arrangement, he cannot shuffle them into complete chaos."

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Jasper looked at Sylvia in awe, his eyes full of admiration. Miss Andrews was truly amazing to be able to handle this situation so well.

"I know I'm amazing," Sylvia said in a cool voice.

Jasper's face suddenly turned black as he realized he had been staring at Sylvia for too long. He felt uncomfortable and couldn't believe he had been caught off guard by Miss Andrews.

Sylvia didn't bother with him and lazily leaned into Franklin's arms. She had a pleased smile on her lips knowing she could help Franklin with the ownership, usage rights, and mining rights of an entire island - what a great deal!

"Honey," Franklin's deep voice suddenly rang from above her head. When Sylvia looked up, she saw him looking down at her with no trace of his usual coldness or indifference but only indulgence.

"What do you want as your reward?" Franklin asked while gently caressing her jaw. Her silky smooth skin made it hard for him to let go; today she not only amazed him but also made his heart race and intoxicated him.

"A reward?" Sylvia raised an eyebrow when she heard that question from Mr. Maskelyne. "Can you pick stars for me?"

Looking at the way her lips curled up slightly, Franklin found it adorable that she rarely showed such liveliness since usually she was always so cold and distant towards others around her despite being only in her early twenties.

He tightened his grip on her chin before whispering softly into ear. "I can even get you the moon."

The next second, before Sylvia could say anything else, Franklin kissed those luscious red lips passionately while holding onto both sides of her face firmly yet tenderly. "I will give everything I have to you if you want."

Sylvia blinked those dark eyes expectantly, "I want to see you dance..."

Franklin was slightly surprised but after thinking about it for a moment, he replied slowly, "Sure."

Jasper who was driving ahead heard their conversation and was slightly shocked by how easily Mr. Maskelyne agreed to Miss Andrews' unreasonable request. Making such an aloof man dance would be quite something! Jasper couldn't help but smirk inwardly, feeling sorry for Mr. Maskelyne.

Suddenly, Jasper slammed on the brakes, causing the car to emit a loud and jarring screech of emergency braking.

Franklin couldn't help but hold the woman in his arms tightly, making sure she wouldn't be knocked or bumped into anything. Frowning and lowering his voice, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"A woman suddenly rushed out..." Jasper's face turned pale as he had almost collided with her just now. Sylvia squinted and looked at the woman who suddenly rushed out in front of the car.

The woman's hair was dishevelled, her hair was messy, but that beautiful face was permeated with a trace of a pitiful look that people couldn't help but feel pity for.

Especially her hand held a roughly five-year-old little girl whose face was thin, looked as if she'd suffered long-term malnutrition, but her features were good-looking, somewhat similar to the woman's.

Were the two of them like mother and daughter?

Sylvia nudged Franklin's large hand that was clasped around her waist and said, "Get off the car." The man let go as instructed, and then opened the car door.

The two of them arrived in front of the woman and child. The woman was sitting on the ground in a disheveled state, holding the child tightly in her arms.

Sylvia looked at her swollen ankle and it was clear that she was lucky since Jasper had braked in time.

However, due to panic and eagerness, the woman twisted her foot.

Hearing footsteps, the woman looked up in fear and stared with wide eyes at the two men and one woman standing in front of her.

She held the child tightly in her arms, her voice trembling with fear and anxiety. "Please, please, we didn't mean to...", she pleaded.

She spoke while staring in panic with widened eyes towards the gloomy alley behind her. It seemed like there was something scary chasing after her.

Sylvia couldn't help but feel a soft spot in her heart, especially when she saw the pale complexion of this little girl.

She crouched down and softened her cold expression, deliberately slowing down her voice as she looked directly at the woman in front of her.

"We are not bad people, Miss. If you have any difficulties, you can tell us and we can help you."

She hurriedly tried to stand up, but as soon as she did, a sharp pain shot through her ankle. Her body swayed and she fell once again in front of Sylvia.

However, she stubbornly refused to show any signs of helplessness or vulnerability.

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Sylvia frowned as she watched her clenching her teeth and enduring the pain. Unable to resist, she reached out and supported her.

At that moment, suddenly out of the alley rushed five or six men dressed in black, each of them fierce, carrying steel rods, looking very terrible.

After surveying their surroundings, the men finally locked their gaze on the woman. The woman's face instantly turned very pale.

"How dare you run away? Try running away again and see what happens."

The head of the group revealed an evil and disgusting smile on his face. "You are a member of the Bentley family no matter what happens. Now you must come back with me!"

The woman watched as the men closed in step by step, her face pale as paper as she stared at them. "I've had enough! I must divorce, I must go back to my father," she said determinedly.

"Do you think your father doesn't know about your situation?" The man couldn't help but sneer, his face full of mockery. "He just sees you as a pawn to solidify his position. You're nothing more than a link between him and the Bentley family."

"You're talking nonsense!" The woman's face became even more unpleasant after hearing the man's words.

Her heart sank slowly and felt cold... Does her father really know everything? Yet he watched her live in such difficult circumstances?

Her breathing was painful.

As she watched several men rushing towards her, intending to take her away.

Suddenly, a cold voice sounded, "Are you going to take her away? Have you asked me?" Men seem to have only just discovered Sylvia's existence.

The head of the group looked at Sylvia with a wicked, disgusting look on his face. "Wow, I didn't know there was such a beautiful lady here." "Ha-ha!"

Several of his henchmen behind him immediately burst into laughter, the sound of which was anything but friendly. It exuded endless creepiness and disgust.

Sylvia looked at them with a cold expression, as if looking at some disgusting garbage. "It really dirtied my eyes."

As soon as she finished speaking, Jasper rushed out and took a step forward, lifting his long leg to kick the man.

The man was caught off guard and kicked to the ground, causing him to scream in pain as he clutched his chest where he had been kicked.

"It's you I'm targeting!" Jasper sneered. Although his martial arts skills were not as good as Miss Andrews', he still had more than enough to deal with these few trash.

Seeing that their boss was being beaten, the rest of the men rushed towards Jasper immediately. But

Jasper was obviously much more skilled than these people who had no martial arts skills.

In just a few minutes, these men were knocked down to the ground. Several people were lying on the ground, groaning and moaning.

Sylvia stepped on the palm of the leading man, and her feet exerted force.

Everyone could almost clearly hear the sound of the man's hand bone being cracked. He cried out in pain, "Ah--"

The screams scared that five year old little girl who then cowered even more in the woman's arms.

Sylvia let out a low laugh, "Isn't it just that I stepped on your hand bone and broke it? Do you need to scream so loudly?"

"Just you wait!" The man's forehead was beaded with sweat from the pain, but he still didn't forget to threaten Sylvia, "Do you know who I am? I'm the Bentley family's ... butler."

"I don't care if who you are. It's your luck that I spare your life." Sylvia lifted her foot and coldly looked at the man. "Go back and tell your master that I'm taking care of this woman now. If he wants to bully her again, he'll have to get past me first."

The man was helped up by his two subordinates. He was so embarrassed as he didn't expect her to be that strong. She even broke his hand bones.

He held his swollen and bleeding hand, in so much pain that he almost passed out.

"I won't let you off!" he called out with a lack of confidence, glancing at his subordinates. "Let's go!" His subordinates did not dare to stay any longer and immediately followed him, leaving dejectedly. Sylvia then turned to the woman behind her and said, "Get in the car."

The woman was taken aback. She never expected that even at this moment, Sylvia would still protect her... She had

never seen any woman like Sylvia before.

There was a hint of admiration and shock in her eyes.

Just now, Sylvia seemed like a goddess... tall and majestic. She had

never seen any woman like Sylvia before.

A hint of admiration and shock flashed in her eyes.

She wanted to become a woman as strong as Sylvia who could protect herself.

Unfortunately, she was just a weak woman, unable to even protect her own child. The thought made her heart sink even further.

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"I'm Sylvia Andrews. And he's my husband." Sylvia made a brief introduction. Sylvia...

Her name is Sylvia... such a beautiful name.

Isabelle Deleon thought to herself quietly, Sylvia didn't look very old, but why did she have such an imposing presence? Her heart couldn't help but tremble a little.

Her eyes occasionally stole glances at Sylvia. Franklin, on the other hand, had a moment of confusion when he heard Sylvia introduce him. He thought she would say "This is Franklin" or "This is my boyfriend"... he didn't expect her to directly introduce him as her husband.

Husband...

The word echoed in his head repeatedly. It made him unconsciously lift the corners of his mouth and smile. He looked out the window at the passing scenery with great joy.

The car quickly stopped in the hotel's underground parking lot. Sylvia had been looking down at her phone on the way, occasionally tapping on the screen as if checking Facebook.

After parking, she put away her phone and looked at the mother and daughter next to her. "Get off here; there's food in the hotel. I'll order you something." She opened the car door and got out first.

Franklin and Jasper also got out of their car together with this mother-daughter pair and entered into an elevator that led them up to their floor level where Jasper quickly arranged for a new room for them right next door to where Sylvia and Franklin were staying.

Sylvia took them into their room, then said, "You can stay here temporarily; don't think too much." "Thank you,"

Isabelle gratefully looked at her saying, "I really appreciate all your help."

"It's nothing," replied Sylvia nonchalantly before adding, "Let me take a look at your foot first."

Isabelle hesitated for a moment before limping over to sit down on one of sofas nearby, then lifted up pant leg revealing a swollen ankle.

Sylvia squatted down in front of Isabelle, lifted up Isabella's foot, then pressed it gently while kneading it lightly, making Isabella immediately let out cries of pain from being touched so hard!

"You haven't broken any bones; just sprained it slightly, so resting for a few days will make things better," said Sylvia as she put down Isabella's foot before turning towards Bethany, the little girl, who was staring intently with big eyes. Sylvia then asked, "What's your name?"

"I'm Bethany Bentley," replied the little girl sweetly with a sweet voice.

"That's such a lovely name!" smiled Sylvia who reached over patting Bethany gently on top of head afterwards! The feel of it

startled Sylvia.

"Don't move, let me take a look at your head."

The little girl sat there obediently. Sylvia gently pushed her hair back, and saw an ugly scar the size of a fist... Horrifyingly, it was

concealed beneath a thick mane of hair.

She was startled and a hint of shock flashed in her eyes, "How did she get that on her head?" That scar looked

like it was caused by a burn or scald.

The scar shape seemed to be a few letters - "Bentley". Who was so

insane to hurt such a innocent little girl?

"The customs in our country. After all girls are born, their family surname will be branded on their head. Some girls cannot bear this pain and may die."

Isabelle hugged Bethany with a heartache, "She is not only my daughter, but also a part of me." How despicable,

what kind of bad customs is this?

Why do some people take pride and pleasure in hurting women in this world? Sylvia's chest

was heaving with anger.

She took a deep breath and looked down at the innocent Bethany with affection. "Bethany, is your head still hurting?" "It doesn't hurt

anymore..." Bethany shook her head.

At this moment, room service has been delivered.

Jasper specifically ordered the most exquisite and expensive set menu.

Meat and vegetables complement each other, with a perfect balance of color, fragrance and taste. As soon as it

was opened, a burst of fragrance wafted into the nose.

Isabelle sat down at the table with her child and cautiously glanced at Sylvia, as if she couldn't believe she had really met such a kind-hearted person.

"Hurry up and eat. The kid is starving."

Sylvia sat down on the sofa and Franklin sat down next to her.

The man suppressed his shock and held her hand, "Don't feel too bad. Society is developing, and people's thoughts here cannot be changed overnight."

"But... I want to make a change!" Sylvia curled her lips and a hint of coldness flashed in her eyes. "I want to completely overthrow the

darkness and shine the light in."

"Honey..." Franklin couldn't help but call out to her in a low voice, "Whatever you want to do, I will always be by your side."

Jasper expressed his concern, as he could easily see Sylvia's ambition. She wanted to change the status of women in society, which was quite a daring thought. How could she possibly achieve this in such a short time?

Sylvia smirked and said, "How will we know the outcome if we don't even try?" Just then,

Isabelle's timid voice interrupted them.

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The three of them looked at her simultaneously, and a hint of hesitation flickered in her eyes. "Can I... ask you to take me back to my father's house?"

Sylvia was about to answer when suddenly there came a loud banging on the door from outside, the sound was very rough.

She frowned and looked over to see Jasper standing at the door, asking in a deep voice, "Who's outside? That's very rude."

"Give me Isabelle!" a man cursed in an evil voice, "How dare a bitch run away? Let's see how I'll teach her a lesson today!"

Isabelle heard the familiar, nightmare-like voice and her face turned pale. She instinctively held her daughter Bethany tightly and exclaimed, "It's him! It's him!"

She looked terrified and screamed.

Sylvia raised her eyebrows, it seemed that she didn't need to guess who the man outside the door was.

She gave a cold laugh and gestured for Jasper to open the door, just as he was about to raise his hand.

The door of the room was kicked open with a loud bang from outside.

A sharp-cheeked man burst in with several men in black.

Every man's face was fierce and menacing. They gazed at Isabelle viciously as if she was at the mercy of them.

The leading man rushed towards Isabelle with strides, and was about to reach out and grab her hair. Isabelle was so frightened that she put her head in her hands and shrank into the corner of the sofa.

Just then, a sudden wail sounded.

Immediately following was a loud bang, the sound of a heavy object hitting the ground.

The sharp-cheeked man fell heavily onto the ground. It hurt so much that he howled in agony.

Isabelle quietly lowered her hands from covering her head, only to realize that Sylvia's long legs were slowly retracting. So, was it Sylvia who delivered that cool and domineering kick just now?

She looks so handsome!

How can she be so cool?

She somehow got up the courage, stood up from the sofa, and kicked the man still lying on the ground. She kicked and cursed, "Tucker Bentley, you bastard, you trash, I must kill you!"

Tucker was so angry that he grabbed her foot and pushed her to the ground, "Bitch, you dare to hit me! Who gave you the courage?"

Isabelle was pushed hard by him, and her head hit the ground with a bang. She turned pale in pain and covered her head.

"How can you abuse your wife?" A large palm suddenly reached out and clasped Tucker's collar, directly lifting him up and throwing him so hard that he was thrown two meters away like a sandbag.

It fell heavily again.

"You scumbag, you actually cuckold me!" Tucker glared fiercely at Jasper and cursed Isabelle.

Jasper made a face and wiped his hand, as if disgusted by Tucker's dirtiness. "Don't insult me with your foul mouth."

"You even have the heart to brand 'Bentley' on your own daughter's head." Sylvia stared at him coldly, as if she was staring at a dead person. "Since you like it so much, how about I brand one on you head today too."

Tucker's face turned green upon hearing this, "What did you say? Do you know who I am? I am the young master of the Bentley family! My father is Edwin Bentley, the Minister of Finance!"

"So what?" Sylvia smirked. "It doesn't matter who you are."

"You can't do it!" Tucker got up from the ground and said to his men, "hit them and take them all down!"

One minute later, Tucker stared at his fallen subordinates on the ground with a shocked expression, his mind completely blank.

How could this woman in front of him make it so easily within a minute?

Sylvia raised her eyebrows and looked at him coldly, "What? Is there someone else?"

Isabelle was also amazed by Sylvia's domineering and heroic demeanor.

And then she heard Sylvia's cold voice, "Did you see clearly?"

Isabelle stared at her, her voice sounding uncertain, "Ye-yes."

"Next time, just hit him like this, got it?" Sylvia's lips curled into a charming smile. "Isabelle, listen carefully. Girls can also be independent and strong, and can surpass men!"

These few pieces of trash could have been taken care of by Jasper, but Sylvia wanted Isabelle to experience firsthand what it meant for a woman to possess power.

Otherwise, she would always feel like the disadvantaged party and never be able to break free from the darkness and harm brought upon by this patriarchal society.

The daughter-in-law of the Minister of Finance was surnamed Deleon.

Sylvia had long suspected Isabelle's father was the President in this country.

So... even the daughter of a president can be subjected to this kind of abuse in her husband's family, let alone the daughters of ordinary people.

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Sylvia's expression became serious and cold.

Her slightly raised eyes slightly swept towards Tucker who was lying on the ground in a sorry state, "Mr. Bentley, I advise you to be sensible and get lost."

"You ... you wait for me!" Tucker angrily and humiliatedly climbed up from the ground. Before leaving, he viciously glared at Isabelle, "Bitch, don't think that I can't do anything about you if you've found a backer!"

Isabelle looked at Tucker's back as he left, stood up with a palpating heart, came to Sylvia and said with a grateful face, "Thank you, Miss Andrews."

"You're welcome." Sylvia curled her lips, those seductive almond eyes glistening as she looked at Isabelle, "Would you like to be like me?"

Isabelle looked at her with a bit of puzzlement, "Miss Andrews, what do you mean?"

"Be a cool and powerful woman like me." Sylvia's face was delicate, but the words she said were domineering, "Hit the scumbag and demand justice."

Isabelle said as if she had made up her mind somehow, "I do, I want to. I especially want to. I dream

about it." "Very well." Sylvia nodded, then just picked up her cell phone and dialed someone, "Where are you guys?" "Good."

"I'll leave the people with you. I want to see results in a

month." "Also, make sure the child receives good teaching."

"I'll send you the address."

After saying that, Sylvia hung up the phone.

Isabelle stared at her in a daze, "Miss

Andrews..." What did she mean by that?

"My friend has an organization around here that takes in women and children in need, but they're pretty meager, and

although they have a reputation now, it's not nearly enough."

Sylvia looked at Isabelle with downcast eyes, "Would you like to join this organization and work with them to defend women and children?"

Isabelle's heart fluttered as she looked at Sylvia with a bit of disbelief, "You're talking about Athena Society for the Protection of Women and Children?"

She had heard of this Women and Children Protection Association, but she had heard that the staff inside were all mysterious, and that each of them had very strong working abilities and skills.

It would be impossible for ordinary people to go in and

work. "Yes." Sylvia nodded, "Any idea why it's called

Athena?" Isabelle shook her head.

"Because Athena is the goddess of wisdom and justice in ancient Greek mythology. She represents strength, courage, and kindness," Sylvia's lazy voice echoed in the room as the light spilled over her, enveloping her in a hazy glow that made her look unreal.

"I hope all women in Middle East can be as strong and brave as Athena. Say no to violence, say goodbye to humiliation."

"All staff members at Athena are highly skilled. They will train you and educate your daughter well. Be self-reliant, be proud of yourself."

"Miss Andrews... thank you." Isabelle's tears flowed down her cheeks uncontrollably as she covered her face with both hands. She never expected to meet someone like Sylvia after being abandoned by the world.

Little did she know that Sylvia not only changed her life but also countless other women's

fates. In the near future, everything would change for Isabelle and even for her daughter.

Her feelings were indescribable - a mixture of despair from falling into an abyss and hope from finding a lifeline that could pull them out of pain.

She was like a traveler lost at sea who finally saw driftwood that could save them from drowning or lead them out of agony.

"Isabelle, I know everything about you; I know you're one of the Deleons," Sylvia said while looking at her. "So don't disappoint me after joining Athena; study hard and change yourself. You carry not only your own fate but also those of all women in the Middle East on your shoulders because you're the President's daughter."

Isabelle stared at Sylvia incredulously without knowing what to say or do next. When there was knocking on their door outside, Jasper opened it up, seeing Logan standing there. Surprised, he asked, "Why are you here too?"

"I have something to attend to here," Logan's handsome face seemed to radiate with sunshine as he strode into the room on his long legs. His gaze swept around the space before finally settling on Sylvia. "Boss."

"It's her," Sylvia's eyes flicked towards Isabelle and her child. "Take them away and train them according to my program." "Okay, I'll follow your plan," Logan replied respectfully.

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"Follow me, Miss."

Isabelle cast a reluctant glance at Sylvia and said, "Miss Andrews, goodbye." "Goodbye."

Logan left directly with Isabelle and Bethany, leaving only Franklin and Sylvia in the room, along with Jasper and the rest of their group.

Franklin raised his eyebrows and looked at the woman whose face remained unchanged. "When did you get involved with the Athena Society? I had no idea."

Sylvia couldn't help but laugh, "You're still a lawyer, aren't you? Did you tell me that?"

"So, you're telling me that we are even now?" Franklin extended his long, well-defined fingers and lifted her chin, his eyes showing a hint of indulgence. "But... I've only revealed two or three identities, unlike you who always revealed identities that I couldn't even imagine."

"So... you don't like it when I reveal my identities?" Sylvia's dark eyes emitted an eerie light. "If you don't like it, then I won't do it in front of you anymore."

"No... I really like it."

Franklin raised his eyebrows, and his lips couldn't help pressing towards her tender lips.

Jasper blushed and quickly averted his gaze, showing great perceptiveness as he pushed open the door and hastily fled the scene.

Tsk tsk tsk. Showing PDA again!

Thinking of this, he couldn't help but take out his phone and send a Facebook message to Evie. "You know what? Your boss and my master are making out."

After a while, Evie replied, "I'm doing hard labor in middle East while my boss is making out with her man. So sad!"

Jasper's eyes were fixed on the words "middle East", and he couldn't think of anything else. The only thought in his head was that Evie was also in the middle East.

He didn't even realize how excited he was feeling. He glanced at the tightly closed door behind him.

Master and Miss Andrews are making out, while I have much free time now. How about I go see Evie? So...

Jasper replied to Evie directly, "Shall I help you? Come on, give me your location." In half an hour,

Jasper drove directly to Evie's location using the map navigation. Standing at the entrance of the Athena Society, Jasper felt a bit speechless.

How come Evie is also in this association?

So, it turns out that Miss Andrews really did establish this association? Miss Andrews is so amazing, isn't she?

It's so magical no matter how you think about it. Oh well, shouldn't I

have gotten used to it?

At the entrance gate, the security guard stopped him. "Please show me your pass." Jasper was speechless.

It seems hard to get in.

He hesitated for a moment and sent a message to Evie. After a while, Evie came out wearing an adorable Lolita dress and bouncing around. "Mr. Security, this is my friend."

"Okay, Miss Anto."

The security guard immediately let him through. Once Jasper stepped inside, there was an uncontrollable smile on his handsome face.

Evie was still cute as ever with her little red face and thin layer of sweat on her cheeks and forehead making her even cuter. "What were you doing? Why are you sweating?"

"Don't even mention it. I'm helping a little girl with homework," Evie said with an exasperated expression. "This little girl is really hard to deal with. Why are kids' homework so difficult these days?"

Jasper wondered if the girl was Bethany who was sent over by Miss Andrews?

He followed Evie into the training room where he saw Bethany practicing horse stance.

"My boss says that this girl needs to learn martial arts from a young age in order to protect herself in the future," Evie gasped for breath before pointing at several other girls in the training room. "All of them... are children taken in by our association."

Jasper was shocked. "So these children were abandoned or orphaned?"

"Yes." Evie nodded her head before continuing, "They all need to practice martial arts as well as study regular subjects." "This..." Jasper didn't expect Sylvia would do something so amazing, training these girls and educating them.

"All children stand at attention!"

Evie shouted lowly, causing all of the little girls who were already trained professionals to line up neatly in front of her. "At ease!"

"Attention!"

"Show what capable girls can do to Jasper!" A serious expression appeared on Evie's face before she said sternly, "Begin!"

As soon as she spoke those words, more than ten little girls began punching uniformly together without any hesitation or delay whatsoever.

Their moves wasn't powerful enough but very standard. Given enough time, they should be able make some progress from their practice sessions!

Jasper's nose twitched with a hint of sourness as he couldn't help but raise both hands to applaud. "You are the best! You're not inferior to any boy!"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 699

He had never felt as strongly as he did now that what Sylvia was doing was extremely meaningful. He couldn't find the words to describe his current feelings.

The children's eyes were so pure and clear. They should have been loved by their parents and cherished by their families as they grew up, instead of being abandoned because of their gender.

No one can choose their parents or family, especially not their gender.

Jasper took a deep breath, lowering his voice with a slight nasal tone, "What can I do for everyone?"

Evie stared at him with her big round eyes, a hint of surprise flashing in them like she had just seen something exciting for free labor.

"You can do so much!"

In the following time, Jasper became the temporary coach for these children, teaching them boxing and physical training... He didn't expect teaching young children would be so tiring.

These children were well protected inside the association and educated to be polite; it was evident that almost none of them had any emotional shadows.

Even so, he was still exhausted, more tired than if he'd fought ten big men.

As he wondered where Evie went, Evie changed into a sleek sportswear outfit before saying. "Kids! Let's go take shooting lessons!"

Jasper was speechless.

Was she serious? After boxing lessons came shooting lessons... teaching such young kids how to shoot?

Jasper thought teaching them how to shoot already seemed bizarre enough... but when he followed Evie and these kids to the shooting range afterward, he was stunned!

Because these kids were practicing with real guns! Although those guns looked small in size, they were definitely real firearms!

His head started spinning; after briefly feeling confused about what just happened, Jasper rushed over towards Evie. "Are you crazy? You're giving such small children real guns?! What if..."

"We don't use fake ones," Evie looked at him like an idiot while saying. "Can fake guns produce recoil similar to that of real ones? The endurance of this kind of recoil needs cultivation from an early age!"

"But they're still so young!" Jasper still couldn't accept it.

"Because they are young, that's why they use small guns," Evie chuckled, revealing her perfectly aligned white teeth. "These guns have all been modified by my boss to be compact and just the right size for children to hold."

Modified...

As expected...

Only Sylvia could do something like this.

"But..." Jasper wanted to say something but was interrupted by Evie's commanding voice towards the children. "Come on, let this silly uncle see what you're capable of!"

"Listen to my command, get ready!"

Then he saw Evie holding a gun in her small hands and heard a loud bang.

The children who had stood in front of the shooting range pulled their triggers at the same time with their small handguns. "Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bang!"

The sound of several shots rang out.

Jasper was shocked as he watched this scene with his mouth slightly open. What did he see? He saw more than ten little kids hitting bullseye every single time! Ten rings!

Not one missed shot!

They were so young, and yet such good marksmen?

"A good teacher produces outstanding students, understand?" Evie tiptoed and stretched out her arm to pat Jasper's shoulder. Oh my goodness, she made that move so awkwardly. She would never do it again.

Why is this man so tall for no reason?

"They're only that young..." Jasper's eyes sparkled with amazement at how these kids could hit bullseye every time. He still couldn't quite accept it.

"The average age is eight," Evie grinned happily. "It's mainly because I'm great at teaching them." "So... impressive."

Jasper looked at Evie's cute expression and those eyes begging him for compliments or praise; she was simply adorable beyond words.

He couldn't help but reach out his big hand and ruffle her hair. "Awesome."

"Well yeah... I've trained them for two years!" Evie giggled happily. "I spend at least three months here every year. Even when I leave, there are other masters who strictly monitor them, so they don't slack off."

At these words, Jasper was stunned.

"So has this association been around for a long time?"

"Well... four or five years now," said Evie, tilting her head slightly sideways. "When my boss started this association, I was still very young, but she is a visionary woman with great courage too."

"Some girls who came from our association have started working." "Working?" Jasper

became even more amazed than before.

"Right, the first group of girls we took in were all teenagers at the time, probably in their early twenties now," Evie said nonchalantly. "Each of them had their own path to take, and the routes they took were all decided upon after discussions with my boss."

"Routes?" Jasper was even more shocked. "What kind of routes?"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 700

Evie looked Jasper up and down, "Why do I feel like you're a bit slow in the head?"

Jasper fell silent.

Was he being looked down upon?

"All the girls here have the same goal when they join our association, which is to change the social status of women in Middle

Evroya. So how could they be doing ordinary jobs?"

"So... did they enter a government office or some other organization?" Suddenly, a terrible thought popped into Jasper's mind.

That Sylvia was going to overthrow the entire national structure of this region?

She would infiltrate all aspects of this region with her trained girls and then use her efforts to carry out all future reforms.

It was very likely that in the near future, she would be able to overthrow the regime in the Middle Evroya and let women dominate it instead?

No, it couldn't be true.

How could Miss Andrews have such thoughts?

His own idea must be wrong.

He shook his head and threw his thoughts out of his mind.

Then he heard Evie's voice again. "Of course! At least, they should be teachers."

"We are training modern women who are knowledgeable and cultured, not worthless people."

Evie looked proud and then rubbed her stomach. "Ah, I'm a little hungry." She glanced at her watch; it was already evening time.

"Kids, hold on for ten more minutes; class will end soon so we can go eat."

"Yes!" The children answered loudly together as their young voices echoed across the shooting range.

Ten minutes later, Jasper followed Evie to come to an association restaurant where everything was decorated very low-key like a cafeteria from when he attended the college years ago. Tables and chairs were placed around with various windows serving different dishes for people who wanted them.

After scanning around once more time, Evie frowned slightly.

"Why hasn't Miss Deleon come yet?"

"Isabelle?" It wasn't until now that Jasper remembered Isabelle had also been sent over by Sylvia.

"Yeah," Evie nodded as she glanced at children eating their meals before turning back towards him again. "You guys eat first; I'll step outside to handle something."

Jasper quickly stood up, following behind Evie, as they left together through another door leading outside where he finally realized just how big this place really was.

Not only were there shooting ranges and training grounds, but also sports facilities like basketball courts, volleyball courts, swimming pools, and even a golf course and game room.

After following Evie to several places, Isabelle finally found her practicing basic skills at the training ground. Sweat beads covered the woman's forehead while her clothes were soaked with sweat on her back. However, she still held a squatting position without moving.

Evie raised an eyebrow and walked up to her. "It's time to eat, dear. Even if you're eager for progress, you can't rush it like this! You still need to eat."

Isabelle's face turned red from sweating as she heard Evie's voice and looked at her. "I want to practice... I want to become stronger... I want to make Miss Andrews proud."

"Dear, you're not becoming stronger not for my boss but for yourself and all the women in Middle Evroya. So don't try to emotionally blackmail my boss," Evie said firmly.

Evie was unhappy that some random woman wanted attention from her boss when her boss already had so much charm that attracted people everywhere she went.

So she spoke with conviction, "If you want my boss to notice you or be proud of you someday, then work hard on improving women's status in your country first. When that happens... do you think she won't see how amazing you are?"

Ha! This girl thinks she can compete with me? She is too naive compared with me who is always by Sylvia's side.

That was what Evie thought inside as she watched Isabelle hesitate before eventually putting down both arms since they were sore after squatting for so long; then leaning against the wall just so that she could stand upright.

But when Isabelle took one step forward again, she almost fell but Evie was able to catch her quickly. "Be careful."

"Thank you." Isabelle rested for a moment before moving forward.

With each step, her eyes hardened.

She looked out over the field at the flaming clouds, and there was only one thought in her mind, and that was, she must live up to Sylvia's expectations!

Evie tilted her head slightly as she watched Isabelle walk away confidently despite having squatted for such a long time earlier without any support from others.

"She is quite strong-willed," remarked Evie aloud.

She believed in her boss' judgment. Isabelle could definitely do it.