

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 711

After a moment, Vaughn spoke up, "But... our Miss Andrews actually... managed to handle this Trojan horse?"

"Wasn't it Zero who created this Trojan horse?" Isla swallowed nervously, suddenly struck by a terrible thought. She spoke slowly, "Could it be that Miss Andrews is Zero?"

"You're talking nonsense!" Vaughn immediately rejected the idea. "How could she be a spy? Zero is definitely a man and besides... Zero is a spy with countless tasks to attend to. How could he be someone idle like Miss Andrews? And why would he come here with us to the Middle Evroya?"

As he spoke, Isla began to see some sense in his words.

"I was just guessing randomly," she said hesitantly. "If it really were Miss Andrews though, then wouldn't we have met a spy in our lifetime?"

"Isla." Vaughn looked at her with mixed emotions.

"What's wrong?" Isla blinked her eyes.

"I feel like ever since you met Miss Andrews, you've been daydreaming quite heavily," Vaughn scrutinized her from head to toe. "Are you perhaps a lesbian? All your crush on our young master before was fake and your true love lies with Miss Andrews instead?"

"Get lost!" Isla couldn't help but punch him lightly on the arm as her face turned bright red and there was still some shyness in her beautiful eyes. "Miss Andrews is my idol for life! You know that right?"

"What are men compared to idols? Idols are my true love!" The

rest of them were still shocked though.

Sylvia.... she actually solved Panda Byebye?

The difficulty level of this Trojan horse was completely on par with something like Gray Pigeon that swept across the world years ago.

What kind of expert level did she possess? To be able to handle even Panda Byebye?

She's too amazing!

Extremely amazing!

"She's amazing! She's too amazing! Not only did she solve the Trojan horse but also explained our system so well."

"Yes... just who exactly is MissAndrew - what kind of expert level does she possess?!"

They continued whispering their praises softly while Isla peered through the crack again before turning back towards these colleagues once more.

"Miss Andrew has made our system even more incredible. "

"How did she manage that within such short amount of time?" asked an astonished Vaughn

"I just saw that some details of the system have changed. She probably found some problems while explaining and solved them on the spot," Isla said, her eyes widening in surprise.

"How did she do it?"

Isla faced MI6's system every day, and even the slightest change couldn't escape her notice. So she was sure she hadn't seen wrong.

When Vaughn heard this, he thought he was hallucinating. "What did you say?"

"I can't lie to you. I know what the system looks like," Isla said with disbelief on her face.

Suddenly, she realized something: whoever became Sylvia's enemy would die a miserable death, but whoever became Sylvia's friend would be very happy.

She shuddered at the thought and was grateful that she had stopped provoking Sylvia earlier. It would have been foolish to stand against such a powerful woman.

And now someone who made that foolish choice sat next to Justice in anger: Chaz couldn't contain his rage at how powerful this woman was. No wonder Franklin valued her so much!

MI6 had almost unlimited glory; those experts and professors represented their countries and institutions were ready to sign contracts with MI6 to buy their new energy systems.

With so many contracts signed, MI6's reputation skyrocketed! If before they only had a small reputation, now they were even more famous than ever before!

Moreover, these countries attending the hearing generally lacked oil resources or struggled with high international oil prices; they preferred new energy sources instead of traditional ones.

After sending off these experts and professors, Jasper hugged a pile of newly signed contracts with a joyful smile.

Harold also smiled widely as he congratulated Mr. Maskelyne for successfully completing this hearing.

Justice came over too with an admiring look on his face as he gazed at Sylvia. "Deputy Chief when will you upgrade our system? Can you help us solve our previous problem?"

But instead of answering Justice's question directly, Sylvia looked towards Chaz behind them, coldly saying "Before we do anything else, let's solve our Trojan horse problem first."

Harold frowned. "Wasn't it already solved?"

"It has been resolved, but it was a deliberate act to plant this Trojan horse onto our MI6 computer system. Mr. Gamble, on your turf and under your watchful eye, someone is targeting MI6. Don't you have anything to say about that?"

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Sylvia glanced at him nonchalantly before speaking. "Deputy Chief, please watch your words. How could something like this happen? Your MI6 staff made a mistake, how can you blame us?" Harold still looked displeased.

"Is it your problem? Is it your responsibility? The truth will come out soon." Sylvia's lips curved into a mocking smile. Franklin

sneered. "Mr. Gamble, I've sent people to investigate and I believe the truth will come out soon."

The MI6 staff also crowded into the conference room.

Isla stood in front of Sylvia wearing a yellow dress that made her look as beautiful as a rose. "Before locking the workshop door last night, I checked the system and found no problems before leaving and locking the door."

"And when we left together last night, it was after 11 PM," Vaughn added, "This morning, we found that the laptop didn't work when we turned it on."

"Someone must have secretly entered our workshop last night," Isla continued. "So Master Franklin, you must find out who is harming MI6."

Harold was silent for a moment before saying, "Your room key card should only be in your hands so... you should check if there is an insider at MI6."

"There's no point in guessing, Mr. Gamble," Sylvia smiled at him. "I suggest you investigate thoroughly. It would be wise to avoid any accusations of injustice from us later on."

Harold's face darkened slightly; Sylvia was slapping his face with her words and provoking him fiercely.

He had some good feelings towards her earlier but now he felt she was an ungrateful woman who couldn't be controlled. "We're leaving!" He snorted and turned to leave with Justice and Chaz.

Chaz walked to the door, then turned back to look at Sylvia; her cool gaze fell on him as if she knew everything which gave him chills down his spine...

It seemed like nothing could hide from those eyes of hers.

After seeing them leave, the MI6 members gathered around Sylvia adoringly. Vaughn's eyes were sparkling. "Miss Andrews, how did you fix that Trojan horse?"

"Panda Byebye! That's not an ordinary Trojan horse," Isla was curious. "Can you teach us?"

"Well, it's really simple." Sylvia walked directly to the computer she had been using earlier. "I'm going to install Panda Byebye now."

Install... install it? Are you

kidding me?

Everyone was shocked by her voice!

Vaughn's face changed, "Miss Andrews, don't do that... this computer is fine. If you install it again, it will..." Before he could finish his sentence, he got stuck.

Because...

He saw Sylvia writing Panda Byebye on the spot...

The source code of Panda Byebye kept flowing out from under her fingertips. Everyone was shocked.

How many people in this world can create Panda Byebye?

Even these top computer technicians in the country couldn't figure it out, but Sylvia could! In no time at all, Sylvia finished writing the code.

After finishing everything up, she started up Panda Byebye directly.

Then the computer went black with garbled code. She began demonstrating while explaining at the same time. Those who were completely stunned just now quickly perked up their ears and listened to her lecture carefully. She stood in front of the computer screen with a radiant glow as if emitting a seductive light from head to toe.

"Okay then, it's that simple."

Sylvia cleared away the Trojan horse while fixing up the computer at once.

After finishing everything up, she lifted her head and met everyone's stunned expressions. They were all dumbfounded.

She made such a complicated solution sound so easy...

Some people said they didn't understand after reading through once...

At least Isla understood what happened; she looked excitedly at Sylvia with admiration and excitement in her eyes. "Miss Andrews, you are simply a fairy!"

Franklin had been silently watching her all along; when she finished working, he reached out his hand towards hers. "Let's go eat."

Sylvia nodded and looked over towards him; his tall frame wrapped tightly in a suit accentuated his perfect inverted triangle physique making him even more eye-catching.

She couldn't help but reach out for his hand as well and shook hands with him.

The handsome couple standing together was especially eye-catching. Isla looked at them, feeling unexpectedly calm. She had truly let go of Franklin and her foolish one-sided love for him.

Feeling like she had been a big fool before, she chuckled self-deprecatingly and moved closer to Jasper. She asked him in a low voice, "Jasper, how's the investigation going?"

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Jasper's expression was cold and

indifferent. "We have a lead," he said.

Franklin had taken Sylvia's hand and was walking towards the conference room exit. The rest of the MI6 team quickly followed, all anticipating a result. They wanted to find out who had caused harm to MI6 and bring them to justice.

They started by checking the hotel surveillance footage but found nothing unusual. However, Jasper soon discovered that someone had tampered with the surveillance system. He immediately called Isla and others to restore the data.

For these MI6 technicians, restoring data was easy work, but even after they recovered it, they didn't find any suspicious people entering or leaving the workroom.

"You guys go back first," Jasper told Isla. "I'll check other

things." They had identified their target; they just needed

evidence.

"Check all of their nearby surveillance cameras," Jasper said to his other subordinates. "I don't believe we won't find any evidence."

"Don't forget about the hotel entrance cameras too," Jasper added after thinking for a moment.

Finally, in late afternoon on the second day of searching for evidence, they found something substantial: A video uploaded by a hotel guest onto her social media platform showing what her room looked like at this particular hotel - she happened to be a travel blogger who liked taking pictures wherever she went - captured footage of an unknown man passing her at a corner which she filmed without realizing it; not only that but also caught him using his spare key card opening up MI6's workroom right after brushing past her!

The blogger continued filming, unaware while this man nervously entered into one of those rooms!

Everyone could clearly see from this video that this man was none other than Chaz's secretary and brother-in-law, Tucker! Tucker always held an honorary position as Chaz's secretary receiving paychecks doing little more than running errands here or there whenever needed since he wasn't much help in getting things done properly anyway!

Chaz rarely let him accompany him on business trips because he knew how unreliable Tucker could be.

This time, Chaz assumed that Tucker would be an unfamiliar face, someone the MI6 operatives hadn't seen before. He couldn't trust anyone else to do this job, and after all, Tucker was his own brother-in-law. Chaz thought that no matter what happened, Tucker probably wouldn't betray him.

Little did he know that the MI6 operatives had encountered Tucker before and had given him a thorough beating. "Why him?" Jasper's face darkened.

Why would this person want to harm MI6? Was it because of Isabelle?

At this point, Jasper didn't know that Tucker was acting on Chaz's orders.

In Harold's office, he exuded an air of anxiety. His handsome face betrayed his impatience.

Justice stood before him, head bowed and silent. But inside he seethed with anger: I had everything under control, but you just had to take it away from me. And now we're in trouble again. The new energy system is urgently needed and many small countries are willing to cooperate with MI6 to buy it from them. But no, you just offended MI6! Are you out of your mind?

But he dared not say or do anything; after all, he was powerless in the grand scheme of

things. "What do we do now? Have they found anything yet?" Harold asked sternly.

"Could it really be one of our own doing this? Who could be so foolish?"

Chaz saw that the door was open as he approached Harold's office. He paused at the threshold upon hearing Harold's words; there was a hint of discomfort in his eyes.

"Mr. Gamble," Chaz said cautiously as he entered the room, "don't get angry just yet - I'm sure MI6 is trying to frame us."

"What do you know?" Harold snapped irritably. "Is Franklin someone who talks without thinking? Is Sylvia someone who falsely accuses others at will? They're clearly not easy targets - who would dare provoke them?"

He looked at Chaz with growing frustration. "You went out of your way to show them up a few days ago - now look what happened! They've sold their new energy system everywhere! And they're even big shots capable enough to handle Panda Byebye!"

"Do you know what Panda Byebye represents in international computer circles? It ranks among the top ten most difficult-to- remove Trojans."

"If Sylvia were such an idiot," Harold continued angrily, "would Franklin even be with

her?" "You! You!" He fumed more intensely. "You've made me so angry!"

The more Harold thought about it, the angrier he became.

He had intended to apply the new energy system to the military, given that he was the Minister of Defense. But now, he had to swallow his pride and build relationships with MI6. He regretted not maintaining his good relationship with MI6 from before, and now Chaz had ruined everything.

Back then, he had wanted to exert some pressure on Franklin so badly. Now, his face hurt just as much as his heart was filled with frustration.

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Chaz heard Harold cursing at him.

Thinking that his power is not as great as Harold's, he can only play a subordinate role and turn a deaf ear to what he hears.

However, he still wanted to save face. He whispered, "Mr. Gamble, I'm sorry. It was a moment of madness that led me to do such a thing."

"Is apologizing enough? If it is, then why do we need the law?" Harold glared at him irritably. "Just go away and don't let me see you again."

It was annoying just to look at him.

Chaz quickly turned around and left. After he got into the elevator, he remembered that he was supposed to find Harold to apologize and admit his mistake.

But as he thought about Harold's attitude towards him earlier, he couldn't help but feel that if he told the truth, Harold would probably kill him on the spot.

He felt lucky again and thought, "Is Franklin really that amazing? Can he uncover the truth?" Moreover,

he found a computer expert to clear all the monitoring footage.

With this thought in mind, he felt that his desire to confess was utterly screwed up.

What he didn't know was that he had just entered an elevator, and another elevator next to him had stopped on the same floor. Two men stepped out of it, both tall and muscular with lean bodies wrapped in black suits that accentuated their forms.

Two men came directly to Harold's office, one in front and one behind.

Harold's face stiffened when he saw Franklin, but then he forced a rigid smile and said, "Mr. Maskelyne, it's not very hospitable of me to keep you waiting. Please have a seat."

Franklin lazily looked at him, with narrowed sharp eyes and an air of nobility emanating from his entire body. As he

casually sat on the sofa, a chilling coldness emanated from the corner of his eyes.

"Mr. Gamble, please call Mr. Santana and his nephew Tucker over here." A simple

sentence felt like a heavy hammer hitting Harold's heart.

At this moment, Tucker was feeling proud at home.

Chaz did him a big favor and gave him a reward of one million, but his frustration and dissatisfaction with Isabelle made him angry.

He got up and walked out, clutching the bank card inside which there was one million dollars.

Driving his own Ferrari sports car, he headed straight to the garage and set off towards a certain clubhouse. He needed

to meet his sexual desire by playing around with some beauties.

The car parked directly in front of the clubhouse, and a procuress smiled and squinted her eyes when she saw him. "Mr. Bentley, please come inside. Zoe, Lisa and everyone else are all waiting for you!"

Tucker showed a lecherous smile and said, "Alright then!"

He was brought directly by the procuress into a spacious private room. Inside, several women lounged on the sofas, some reclining, some lying down, all dressed provocatively and stylishly, waiting for him.

The procuress quickly said, "Mr. Bentley is here, take good care of him. Do you understand?" "Oh, I

see!" said the heavily made-up woman in a coquettish voice.

The procuress gave a few more instructions and then cleverly went out.

The women immediately surrounded Tucker, placing him right in the center, and Tucker was feeling a bit lightheaded.

Sure enough, the fragrance of women outside is irresistible. They speak with a gentle and charming tone, and know how to please you.

He was showing off, suddenly!

The door to the private room was kicked open by several burly men who stormed in and pinned Tucker to the ground. Women

screamed in terror and scrambled to hide.

Tucker was also taken aback and angrily exclaimed, "What are you doing? Do you know who I am? I am the President's son-in-law! The young master of the Bentley family!"

"So what? We've got you!" a man in black yelled as he kicked Tucker down and forcefully pressed his foot against Tucker's chest. "You piece of garbage!"

"Ah! It hurts so much!" Tucker wailed.

However, several men immediately detained him and dragged him out.

Several women rushed out as well, only to find the procuress wearing an equally puzzled expression. "Sir, what's going on here?" she asked.

"It's none of your business! You better shut up and stop asking!" The man had a cold expression as he quickly dragged Tucker, who had a pale face, away.

"Okay, okay, I'll go up right away."

After hanging up Harold's phone, Chaz looked confused.

'Just now Harold was screaming and yelling at me like crazy, how come he suddenly let me go up again? It's strange. Harold has great power and I can't say no.'

He had no choice but to resign himself and get back on the elevator. As soon as

Chaz walked in, he found both Franklin and Jasper there. Several other leaders

from the Ministry of Justice are also present.

Anxiety began to well up inside him, but he could only step inside, forcing a stiff smile as he greeted everyone in the room. "Why are you all here?" he asked, his voice sounding forced and awkward.

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"Mr. Gamble," he greeted Harold first.

A cold anger flickered in Harold's eyes, and he completely ignored the greeting, his

demeanor icy. This made Chaz feel even more uncomfortable. He turned to Franklin and

said, "Mr. Maskelyne." Franklin responded with a cold smirk.

Chaz's heart was pounding wildly as he looked at the other people in the room, trying to understand what was

going on. But he suppressed his unease and asked, "What brings you guys here?"

"We were invited by Mr. Gamble," replied a deputy minister of justice with a slight smile. "He invited us to watch a play.

So..." He looked at Harold again and asked him, "Do you know what kind of play it is?"

"It will start soon," Harold answered curtly while suppressing his

anger. The atmosphere in the office became increasingly

strange and eerie.

Jasper had an expression of disdain on his face that made Chaz feel like he was the clown in this play - but what kind of play? No... it couldn't be true!

The tension grew thicker by the second until Chaz felt like all eyes were on him alone as if they had stripped him naked without telling him why they called him back here or offered him a seat.

His face burned with pain! He took a deep breath before turning towards Harold once more. "Mr. Gamble, is there anything specific that you wanted me for?" His voice trembled slightly from fear.

"It's not a big deal, but during the hearing today, do you know why Panda Byebye invades the new energy system?" Harold's voice was soft.

Franklin raised an eyebrow lazily, his sharp gaze sweeping over Chaz, making Chaz's heart race. With just one glance, this man's presence overwhelmed everyone in the room.

Chaz's face went pale; under such weird circumstances, even speaking seemed difficult for him. "I... I don't know anything about Panda Byebye mentioned during today's hearing... I am not good at computers..."

As soon as these words left his mouth, sweat beads began forming on his forehead while fear gripped every inch of his body, because deep down inside, he knew very well that Tucker had been responsible for planting that Trojan horse into the system after learning how to activate it from someone else who claimed it was extremely powerful...

This Trojan horse was also purchased at a high price from Harold's brother Christian Gamble. It is rumored that Christian has some connection to Secretly, Greatly. The reason why Harold is so powerful in the Middle Evroya is just because his younger brother has a good relationship with Secretly, Greatly. The President highly values the Gamble family, particularly Harold.

Christian is a computer expert and has a great reputation in the Middle Evroya. Harold is also very talented in computers, and the entire country's computer system is controlled by these two brothers.

He suppressed the thrill in his heart and pretended to

be calm. "So, what do you think is going on?"

Harold instructed his assistant to turn on the office projector and directly projected it onto the snow-

white wall. The video of Tucker entering the MI6 workroom in the hotel is now presented before

everyone's eyes.

Chaz's face turned pale. "Why is Tucker so troublesome? What was he doing in the MI6 room? He never knows when to stop, it's too much! I'm going to call him right now and bring him here!"

"No need!" Harold couldn't help but sneer, "Someone come!"

Chaz hasn't reacted yet, bang!

One of the men forcefully tossed a sack in front of him. Tucker paused for a moment, then heard a muffled "whimpering" sound coming from inside the sack, causing him to jump in surprise.

He took two steps back and asked, "Is there someone in here?"

The sack's opening was untied, and as it slowly slid down, a man emerged from inside. He had a white cloth stuffed in his mouth, and his hands were bound with ropes. He looked disheveled and battered, with bruises and swelling on his face.

But his true face could still be vaguely seen. After careful recognition, Chaz's face turned pale instantly. "Tucker? You..."

He stared at Tucker in disbelief, then frowned at Harold. "Mr. Gamble, what do you mean? Even if Tucker went into the MI6 room, you can't prove that he put the Trojan horse in there. He might have just been curious and went in to look at the decorations."

"How could you beat Tucker like this? It's such disgrace to both the Bentley family and the Santana family?"

"We've always kept the peace between us, and we've shown great respect to your Gamble family. Why would you treat my nephew like this?"

Seeing Tucker being roughly treated like this made Chaz feel compelled to speak out. Who knew how the Gamble family might take advantage of this situation!

Chaz's questions stunned everyone present.

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Did Tucker run into someone's room just to look at the decoration and furnishings? How was it

possible? Watching Chaz calmly talk, others just felt Chaz was treating themselves like fools.

Harold was filled with anger, and if it weren't for this Chaz, he wouldn't have been in so much trouble.

MI6 is now very popular, with so many small countries flattering Franklin, and he also relies on Franklin. Yet Chaz can't know what's right to do. It's simply detestable.

'He may have brought his own downfall upon himself, but if he drags everyone down with him, he can't blame me for punishing him.'

Whoever can hold the position of minister must have some tricks up to their sleeves, don't they?

Harold met Chaz's gaze with a dark expression and spoke slowly and deliberately, "Tucker has confessed. He planted a Trojan horse on the MI6 computer at your command."

Chaz tightly clenched his fists, his face turning pale. He couldn't help but widen his eyes, with shock and panic written all over his face.

How is that

possible... This

bastard.

Did he actually admit it?

Tucker's mouth was stuffed with a white cloth, his face filled with terror as he stared wide-eyed at Chaz. His mouth emitted a constant whimper.

Chaz was trembling with anger, and he slapped Tucker across the face. "You little brat, I knew you were nothing but trouble! I warned you so many times, don't ever tell the truth, and if you do, both of us will face the music!"

Tucker's vision went black, and the piece of white cloth he had stuffed in his mouth was knocked out, falling to the ground.

Finally regaining his freedom to speak, Tucker cried out in anguish, "Chaz, Chaz, I didn't say anything! I didn't confess! Harold tricked you..."

Chaz stood there, feeling his

head buzzing. He fell for the

trap!

He was cheated by Harold!

He was so stupid that he admitted it himself.

His hands were trembling and his face was pale, but he still wanted to argue, "Mr. Gamble, let me explain... I was just angry and didn't think Tucker would actually set up a Trojan horse..."

He seemed to be greatly wronged, and slapped Tucker in the face again. "You bastard, why did you slander me? I am your uncle! I have always been good to you, and it's none of my business if you created the Trojan horse!"

At home, everyone was always pampering him. But now, after helping Chaz with a favor, he was being beaten up by Harold's men and even by Chaz himself? The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. "Chaz, I helped you out and you still hit me? Didn't you just give me one million dollars?"

Harold couldn't believe that even at this point, Chaz was still trying to defend himself and shift the blame. He shook his head in disappointment. "Chaz, things have come to this point and yet you're still trying to argue your way out of it?"

Chaz quickly looked towards Harold. "Mr. Gamble, this has nothing to do with me! It was Tucker who caused all of this trouble! Even though I'm his uncle, I have no choice but to do what's right."

He then turned towards the officials from the Department of Justice. "Take Tucker away and deal with him however you see fit."

"Chaz," Harold waved his hand as his assistant immediately brought out a bank card, "This bank card has both your fingerprints as well as Tucker's fingerprints on it; there is one million dollars inside which belongs to Tucker."

"I'm his uncle; what's wrong with me giving him a bank card?" Chaz continued stubbornly.

"It's not about giving him a card; but... there is a recording," Franklin finally spoke up after remaining silent for so long; his eyes were cold as ice while speaking nonchalantly.

The color drained from Chaz's face until he almost fainted upon hearing those words. "What... what does that mean?"

Franklin remained silent while Jasper chuckled softly before explaining, "Don't you know? Panda Byebye comes equipped with recording function which can only be extracted during decryption."

"So since the moment when you got hold of Panda Byebye, it started recording everything without our knowledge. We just weren't sure whose voice had been recorded until now, and it turns out that voice belongs to none other than yours!"

"No! That can't be true! When I bought Panda Byebye from Christian, he never told me it could record!" Chaz growled furiously. "Tsk tsk tsk..." Franklin looked at Harold coldly. "It seems like Christian is involved in all of this?"

After hearing what Chaz said earlier, Harold's face turned grim.

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This is getting ridiculous.

He thought he was going to get Chaz, but ended up getting himself

instead? Damn it!

He had never been so angry before.

What a fool Christian was for selling that Panda Byebye to Chaz. Who knows if Franklin will think that Harold, as the older brother, instructed Christian to do it!

Harold's vision went black and he almost passed out from anger.

The colleagues from the Department of Justice had taken Chaz into custody and said matter-of-factly to Harold, "This situation has serious implications. As for Christian... we ask Mr. Gamble to handle it fairly."

"Mr. Bentley and Mr. Santana will be taken away with us."

Chaz and Tucker maliciously planted the Trojan horse in MI6's computer system which severely damaged their own new energy interests as well as their relationship with Franklin - who provided them with new energy in the first place.

It was only natural for them to be dealt with accordingly.

If Christian knew what Chaz intended to do with the Trojan horse when he sold it to him, then he would have committed a

crime. If he didn't know, then punishment would still likely be unavoidable.

Harold was shaking all over from anger; his face turned white as he said coldly to Franklin, "Mr. Maskelyne, I will give you an explanation about this matter."

"Well... I'll wait for Mr Gamble's good news," replied Franklin, standing up tall; making the office feel cramped once again.

The man strode off on his long legs encased in suit pants, leaving Jasper behind who looked deeply at Harold saying, "I hope Mr. Gamble won't disappoint my young master."

With those words spoken, Jasper quickly followed after Frankin, leaving only Harold and his assistant behind in the office chair, exhausted by cold sweat thinking about Christian... Damn him!

At the Gamble mansion, Christian stayed up all night working on programming along side several colleagues until dawn broke through.

He slept until past two o'clock in afternoon before stumbling downstairs looking disheveled telling one of his servants, "Make me something eat or I'll starve."

Just as he was about to turn around and go back upstairs to sleep for a while, Harold suddenly stormed into the living room with an aggressive demeanor, glaring at him with a dark look in his eyes.

It startled him, and his drowsy expression was instantly replaced with a bewildered one as he looked at Harold. "Bro, why are you looking at me like that? Your expression is really scary!"

Harold maintained a calm expression as he stared sternly at Christian. "Tell me, how did you make a deal with Chaz? What exactly have you done?"

Christian looked a bit stunned and took a moment to respond before saying, "I didn't do anything... he just wanted a Trojan horse, so I gave him one. What's the problem?"

Harold coldly rebuked, "Do you think the Gamble family isn't chaotic enough? Why did you have to get involved with him! Do you even know what he did with that Trojan horse?"

Christian's mind went blank, and his previously confused and muddled brain was now even more bewildered.

What can he do? Is he allowed to kill people and break the law?

Upon hearing the argument between the two brothers, old Mrs. Gamble quickly came out of her room and looked at Harold, who was furious. She felt sorry for her young grandson and asked him, "Harold, what's wrong with you? You started yelling at your brother as soon as you walked in. Your brother stayed up all night last night!"

"Grandma, please don't always protect him. He always makes mistakes and you protect him, which has led to the current disaster!" Harold became irritated when he heard that the old Mrs. Gamble was protecting his brother.

"How much bigger can it get? He's either at work or at home every day, glued to his computer. What kind of trouble could he possibly cause?" The old Mrs. Gamble still feels sorry for her grandson.

Christian had no idea what Chaz had done, and he was very annoyed. "Do you think you're a minister? You can come home and yell at me? It's just a Trojan horse. Can it really turn the world upside down?"

Harold was restless and his chest heaved with anger.

There was anger burning in his eyes as he walked straight towards Christian, raising his hand and slapping him across the face with a dark and brooding expression.

"Are you still shameless enough to say that? Let me tell you, you've turned the world upside down!"

Christian was left dizzy and seeing stars from the force of the slap.

A hot and painful sensation on the face.

Mrs. Gamble had just returned from outside when she saw her son being slapped by Harold. She walked over angrily and stared at Harold, saying, "What do you mean? How dare you hit your brother?"

Christian looked up, clearly stunned by Harold's outburst. "... I just provided a Trojan horse..."

"You still won't admit it!" Harold was so angry he could barely contain himself. He had always loved his half-brother, even though his stepmother always seemed to have something against him and nitpicked at everything he did.

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Now, in addition to being angry, the most heartbreaking thing for him is disappointment. He's really too disappointed.

"Franklin came at me with evidence! And you're still trying to argue here. Can Panda Byebye be transmitted outside? How many times have I told you not to let it out? Chad from Secretly, Greatly and I are online friends. We have a close relationship."

"I said that Chad and you were online friends just so that you could stand firm at the Information Department. But what happened? You enjoyed the convenience and benefits that Chad brought you, but still transmitted this Trojan horse outside!"

Harold was shaking with anger.

Christian looked at him with swollen red face and nervous expression.

"Do you know what happened? Franklin came to investigate, and Panda Byebye was taken care of by his wife! Not only that, but Chad called me on the way asking about what happened! And he wants to cut off contact with me!"

Harold was furious!

Mrs. Gamble also realized that things were more serious than she had imagined. "Chad? Secretly, Greatly? What's going on? What conflict did Christian have with them?"

Even old Mrs. Gamble felt dizzy listening to all these young people's stuff because of her age.

But as an old lady from a big family, she had heard of Secretly, Greatly before - it was supposed to be very powerful. So she nervously asked Harold, "Harold, explain clearly what happened, how did your brother offend Secretly Great?" Christian's head was in chaos; there seemed a mess in his mind.

Didn't he just sell it to Chaz?

How did he offend Secretly Great?

"He brought this upon himself! Let him tell you himself!" Harold angrily shouted back.

"Christian speak up!" Mrs. Gamble had always been dissatisfied with Harold taking charge now; when she first entered the room, she thought he would bully her honest son again.

Now even she is getting anxious because Secretly, Greatly isn't easy to deal with!

Moreover, the reason why the Gamble family can stand firm in Middle Evroya is because Harold has some friendship or rather online friendship through school alumni network connection between him and Chad.

The Gamble family has benefited greatly from their association with Secretly, Greatly. The Middle Evroya is not very developed and relies on the surrounding larger countries for survival. However, there are several major families within the country, and the Gamble family was able to rise to become the top family due to their connection with Secretly, Greatly.

Everyone assumes that they have a good relationship with Secretly, Greatly and therefore shows them some respect in everything they do. Secretly, Greatly is extremely mysterious and powerful; ordinary people dare not offend them. So when it comes out that the Gamble family has some connection with them, they are looked upon favorably.

Harold is really getting angry now. When he interacts with Chad, he feels like he's groveling at his feet. Luckily, Chad isn't one of those people who thinks highly of himself just because of his status. Harold hopes that one day he will have a strong enough connection so that Chad can introduce him to some big shots within Secretly, Greatly...

But now things have taken a turn for the worse - Chad was very unhappy about Christian spreading Panda Byebye and told him if it happened again, would be done as friends forever! He also told him not to refer to themselves as friends anymore or mention knowing anyone from Secretly, Greatly.

This is basically no different than breaking off all contact!

Harold's anger surges inside him; he wishes he could slap Christian across his face right now! If he loses his connection with Secretly, Greatly. how will he ever get ahead? The other families are watching closely - it wasn't easy for someone as young as Harold to rise up into such an important position... if he loses connection to Chad... will his position still be secure?

He looks disappointed at Christian, "Dad died early, I've always loved you but what do I get in return? Your mother thinks I'm harming you every day, and now look what happened... you're hurting our entire Gamble family. If I can't keep my position stable, I'm afraid you won't stay long at Information Department either."

The old Mrs. Gamble and Mrs. Gamble were both shocked by this statement. "How did things get so serious?" "Harold, you should forgive Christian this time since he's still young."

"Still young? How many times can I tolerate him? Our Gamble family relies on the connections with Chad, otherwise others

would just look down on us. Chad and I have cut ties, so in the future... if the Gamble family falls, don't blame me, blame him!"

"He gave the Trojan horse to Chaz, who then planted it into MI6's computer. The president entrusted me with the new energy cooperation project and now... not only have we offended MI6 but also Chad."

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 719

The two women were shocked into silence. Mrs. Gamble's face was pale, as if she had been slapped countless times by Harold himself.

She stared at Christian in disbelief. "Christian, is everything your brother said true? If this MI6 energy partnership falls through... you won't just get a slap from your brother, you'll be sitting behind bars!"

Both old Mrs. Gamble and Mrs. Gamble looked disappointed in Christian. He was the youngest son of the family and always spoiled by everyone, unlike his older brother who ran things for the Gamble family.

But now he had made such a mistake...

Christian clenched his fists so tightly that he almost broke his own fingers. He couldn't speak; he never thought Chaz would do something like this.

In the end, it hurt not only him but also his brother and their entire family.

He just wanted to make some money - he thought there was no use keeping that Trojan horse on his computer all day long when it could be exchanged for cash instead...

It was that simple.

Even though they pampered him so much, even the old Mrs. Gamble couldn't help but get angry at him now; she picked up her cane and hit Christian with it hard. "What's wrong with you? Tell me! Why did you do such a thing? Are you stupid?"

What did they rely on to have their current status as part of the Gamble

family? Wasn't it because Harold knew Chad?

But before Christian could finish speaking, there suddenly came a loud noise from outside, mixed with urgent footsteps from their butler along with other voices. "Excuse us! What are you doing here? Let me inform Mr. Gamble!"

"Why are you barging in like this?! Ow!" There came another sound - as if someone fell down outside.

Harold couldn't help walking towards where all these sounds were coming from. He saw Raul sitting on the ground looking disheveled and hurt; he then quickly went over to help him up and asked, "Raul, are you alright?"

"I'm fine."

Harold turned around angrily towards these policemen who had barged into their home without any warning or permission whatsoever!

"What do you want?" Harold demanded an answer while one police captain showed them an arrest warrant against Christian for hacking into computer systems illegally!

"Mr. Gamble," The captain spoke directly towards Harold. "I'm sorry we have to take Christian away right now."

Christian never expected the police to show up. He was pale with fear, and he scrambled behind Harold, pleading for help. "Harold... I don't want to go to jail. Please save me!"

Even though old Mrs. Gamble was furious, she had no choice but to care about her grandson. "Mr. Jett, my Christian is just a child who didn't understand the severity of the situation and had no ill intentions when he sold that Trojan horse to Chaz."

"Can't we work something out? Considering all that my family has done for you in the past, can you let

Christian go?" "Old Mrs. Gamble, everyone is equal before the law," Mr. Jett said sternly.

Harold didn't expect Mr. Jett to be so harsh either; he took a deep breath and tried his best to remain calm as he spoke up, "Mr.

Jett, we have always been on good terms with each other; while it's true that Christian made a mistake here today, but does it really warrant an arrest?"

"Don't blame me for not helping you on this matter," Mr. Jett replied coldly. "If both Chaz and Tucker were caught except him, it would make people suspicious of the fair legal treatment."

Mrs. Gamble quickly pulled out a bank card from her purse and handed it over with an apologetic expression. "Mr. Jett, please let Christian go considering our long-standing friendship between our two families; he's still young and doesn't know any better yet. I'll scold him properly later."

However, Mr. Jett pushed her hand away directly while looking at her mockingly, "Young age? Is this really about being young or ignorant? This is clearly breaking the law! Besides, he's already an adult man now. How can someone like that still claim

ignorance? That would make them nothing more than giant babies!"

After hearing Mr. Jetts' sarcastic words, Mrs. Gamble almost fainted from anger. She was used being treated like royalty among other high society ladies, but nobody ever dared talk down upon her like this before.

But, the police did not give them any more time. They signaled their men behind them, and they went ahead arresting Christian. Christian couldn't help struggling as they came closer, "Harold, save me, save me!" But no matter how much he struggled, it was useless against several policemen who quickly apprehended him. He even got handcuffed too!

Old Mrs. Gamble watched in heartbreak as her beloved grandson was taken away by the police. She was nearly fainting and shouted with great emotion, "What gives you the right to arrest him? Let me tell you, the Gamble family is not one to be messed with. If you want to take him away, you'll have to step over me first."

She stood in front of several police officers with her cane, ready for a showdown.

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 720

Mr. Jett found it laughable. "I didn't order the arrest, old Mrs. Gamble, this is a presidential command. The seal on this arrest warrant was stamped by the director, I am just executing orders. So... if you have any complaints, you can go to the President."

The President...

Upon hearing that it was a presidential command, almost everyone in the Gamble family turned pale.

They all stared at Mr. Jett in shock.

After speaking, Mr. Jett coldly ordered, "Take him away!"

So... the Gambles didn't even have time to react before Christian was taken away.

By the time old Mrs. Gamble reacted, he had gone far away and she cried out mournfully, "This is an injustice!"

She collapsed onto the ground and Harold rushed to catch her saying, "Grandma--"

After settling down old Mrs. Gamble, Harold hurriedly prepared to go back to hotel.

This incident could only be Franklin's doing if it could alarm the President.

When Mrs. Gamble saw him preparing to leave, she immediately grabbed his sleeve and tearfully said, "Harold, I'm sorry for always being mean to you. I know I say some hurtful things but don't take them too seriously. We only have you and your brother Christian left in our family. He's your real brother, you must save him!"

Harold was already annoyed with her, and usually ignored her mischief. But now seeing her come over again, he couldn't help but speak harshly, "If you hadn't spoiled him, would he still make such a big mistake?"

"Harold... it's too late for that now. You must save him!" Mrs. Gamble cried. As long as she could get her son out, she would listen even if Harold said hurtful things.

Harold couldn't be bothered with her anymore, so he turned around and left.

In just one day, the once confident Mr. Gamble became anxious, hurried, and disheveled.

Franklin sat on his sofa, his long legs elegantly crossed as he held his phone glancing down at it from time-to-time.

After Harold entered, his cold, indifferent gaze briefly swept over the men before shifting away. "Mr. Gamble, is there something you need?"

Harold suppressed his frustration, speaking calmly, "Mr. Maskelyne, isn't it a bit harsh to go for the jugular? My brother may have made a mistake, but does that warrant sending him directly to prison?"

"It's precisely because of your leniency that he made this mistake. Today, it might be a minor offense, but who's to say he won't be selling our country's secrets tomorrow, Mr. Gamble? Especially considering he works in the Information Department. A brother who can't differentiate right from wrong - do you think your future career will remain smooth with him around?"

Franklin raised an eyebrow and looked at Harold with a cold expression.

Harold's face stiffened and he felt like he had been hit over the head.

"Teach him a lesson so that he learns his lesson. With you as his brother protecting him all the time, he'll never take responsibility for himself." Franklin picked up the tea on the table and took a sip before saying to Harold, "Go back now. I can't help you with this."

Sylvia walked out of her bedroom and saw Harold looking upset. She had just answered a phone call - how did she end up seeing Harold when she came out?

Harold also saw Sylvia and with one last hope in his heart, begged her pleadingly, "Deputy Chief, can you please spare my little brother?"

Sylvia was taken aback for a moment before asking, "What happened to your little brother?"

Harold remained silent.

Was this woman pretending to be stupid or deliberately humiliating him?

"He's in jail," Franklin said elegantly while pouring tea into Sylvia's cup; tea leaves floated up and down inside it.

His voice was deep yet mellow which echoed throughout the entire room; it was extremely pleasant to listen to.

Sylvia couldn't help but curl her lips slightly. "I see... Mr. Gamble, I cannot save him then."

It seemed like Franklin did it? He acted so fast this time around! It caught her off guard!

"Five million dollars," Harold gritted his teeth as he spoke.

"Talking about money hurts feelings," Franklin handed Sylvia her cup of freshly brewed tea while looking at her tenderly with narrowed eyes; "Just brewed - try some."

Sylvia thought that this man was really bad now but very cool!

"Go back now," Sylvia took a sip of tea which spread its fragrance inside her mouth, "Mr. Gamble will have an easier life without such troublemakers like your little brother around anymore."

"Oh by the way," Franklin added nonchalantly, "MI6 has solved your new energy problem for you guys."

As soon as Harold left them, he received a phone call. "Yes, I'll go there right away!"

Thirty minutes later... At the President's office, the man had a fierce look on his face as he slammed a file onto Harold's face. "What's going on? What does Longevity Pharmaceuticals mean?"

Harold winced in pain as the file hit him, but he still picked it up to read it.

After reading it, he was shocked. "Mr. President, their demands are too extreme!"