

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 721

"These medications must be used for the treatment of women, what kind of contract is this? If we don't sign it, the medication won't be supplied! They also require major hospitals to promote female doctors and nurses, otherwise they won't supply. They also require fair and timely treatment for female patients. Male patients cannot be treated first..."

"Longevity Pharmaceuticals has too much control! How we use the medicine has anything to do with them?"

"This... this is unbelievable..."

Harold stared at the contract in shock. "If we sign this contract, the women in our country will have a place in the medical system here."

"I heard that Longevity Pharmaceuticals' chairman is a woman..." The President pondered for a moment before speaking again. "Longevity Pharmaceuticals' drugs not only have good efficacy but are also priced more fairly than other pharmaceutical companies in other countries. And they also propose conditions, look further down."

Harold continued reading and was shocked again after a while. "If we agree to their proposed requirements and implement them, drug prices will drop by two percent?"

The imported drugs from Longevity Pharmaceuticals are worth billions of dollars; if prices drop by two percent, they will save a lot of money.

But this condition... It's difficult for them given their current

situation. Male superiority over females dominates...

Letting females take charge...

"Why did Longevity Pharmaceuticals propose these requirements? What benefits do they get?" The President frowned deeply as he couldn't understand how these conditions would benefit Longevity Pharmaceuticals.

Harold felt that since M16 arrived in Middle Evroya, everything had been inexplicably strange.

But he couldn't pinpoint exactly what was strange about it all.

"Mr. President, should we agree or not?" Harold didn't understand what the other party meant either but saving money was important!

He wanted to know how the President would decide on this matter.

"Agree. Of course I'll agree," said the President expressionlessly but added, "However... this contract needs an expiration date - two years."

"Okay, I'll talk to Logan right away," Harold said as he picked up the files. But he didn't leave. He hesitated and looked at the President, who was looking at him with a displeased expression and a stern tone. "Mr. Gamble, I thought you were a sensible person, but unfortunately, you have a troublesome younger brother. What? Are you going to plead for him?"

Harold's heart sank when he heard the President's

words. It WAS really over.

Before he could plead for his brother, the President cut off all his words.

His face turned pale as he tried to respond stiffly, "Yes, Mr. President is right. Christian made a mistake and should be punished equally before the law."

The President was satisfied with his answer and said, "You may go now. Franklin is not an ordinary man; be careful in dealing with him this time around... I didn't expect Logan to be so tough this time around... I'll leave these two matters in your hands."

"Yes..." Harold replied before leaving.

The President did not take away his power nor did he stop him from managing new energy projects; instead, he even entrusted drug imports to him.

Although Harold felt uncomfortable and worried about Christian deep down inside of himself at that moment... he felt somewhat relieved. As long as he still had the favor of the President, one day it might help save Christian out of prison.

Inside of the hotel room, Logan looked outside anxiously, then took a deep breath before turning back towards Sylvia who was sitting on the sofa playing on her phone.

He was still nervous. "Boss, will they agree?"

If they don't agree, then isn't our cooperation ruined? The company has been working overtime producing drugs recently. If their orders are canceled, then there will be stockpiling issues.

"Of course they will," Sylvia replied while looking confusedly at Logan like what kind of question is that? She answered while chatting on the chat group of "Secretly Greatly"

Alby: Tsk, Chad, what's up? Do you know some little scumbag who dares use our name for business purposes? And leaked Panda Byebye too?

Chad sent an emoji showing how miserable it all made him feel.

Chad: How would I know that idiot would do something like this?! We graduated from the same school but people can hide their true intentions under smiles... Anyway I've already apologized myself personally to Zero for my mistake.

Zero: No need to apologize, just take on a few more cases or help me wrap up some existing ones. Like Cody's case? How's the investigation going?

Sylvia's been busy with Middle Evroya affairs lately, so Alby and the others have been working on Cody's case.

Chad: We've made progress. Cody was indeed innocent.

So it seems they've found some evidence.

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Sylvia felt a little more comfortable.

Zero: Wait for me to go back, I have been on a business trip recently.

Chad: Business trip? Bro, where did you go for your business trip? Last time I went to find you, I ran into some stupid thing pretending to be you. It made me sick.

Alby: Oh my god, someone dares to impersonate our Zero? Are they crazy? Who is it? Chad: It seems to be someone named Tammy?

Everyone started to passionately curse Tammy.

Sylvia couldn't help but frown when she read it. Tammy had pretended to be her? It was really speechless.

In the end, Chad summed it up: Haha, who doesn't know that our Zero is a handsome young boy? She's an ugly girl pretending to be Zero, it disgusts me.

Sylvia: "..."

Alby: "..."

Alby vaguely remembered the last time Royal Galaxy caught fire, he went to rescue and Zero called him for help. He remembered very clearly that Zero was a girl.

Although he arrived at the scene later, he did not see Zero and missed her.

Sylvia lazily typed on her phone, "Don't bother with that woman Tammy, everyone should pay more attention to Cody's case. And don't let Winter go either, she definitely has evidence of Clark's crimes in her hands."

"Don't worry," Alby replied. Sylvia just quit

directly.

As she heard the familiar footsteps outside the door, she lifted her almond-shaped eyes and looked towards the entrance. She saw a man pushing open the door and his slender figure caught her eye.

Jasper followed closely behind, holding two gift boxes in his hands.

The packaging was very exquisite and gorgeous. Sylvia raised an eyebrow and asked, "What's wrong?"

Franklin curled his lips and approached her, his gaze falling on Logan again. "Mr. Mertens always seems to be everywhere my wife goes," he said.

Logan sensitively sensed the strong jealousy in the man's words, and couldn't help but curl his lips. "Seems like you're jealous?" he said.

"Don't be naughty!" Sylvia reprimanded lightly.

Logan grunted in frustration, "I don't want to see you two showing PDA, so I've decided to go back to my room." Franklin sat down

next to Sylvia and gestured for Jasper to bring the gift box over.

Sylvia looked at the gift box, a little confused. "What is this?" she asked. "Here you go." The

man's voice was deep and elegant.

But Sylvia still opened the gift box, and inside she found a beautiful set of evening gown. The light purple color complemented her skin tone perfectly, and the style was simple yet sophisticated. There was also a pair of matching silver high heels.

This man was out for half a day just to buy this? "A dress?"

"Beautiful Miss Andrews, may I have the honor of inviting you to attend tonight's presidential palace banquet?" Franklin reached out his hand and made an inviting gesture.

Sylvia laughed and patted his big palm with her hand. "A banquet hosted by the President?"

"Yes," Franklin nodded. "the Gamble family, Santana family, and Bentley family all suffered losses this time around. The significance of the President hosting this banquet is self-evident."

Sylvia nodded again before opening another box. Inside she found an expensive set of purple diamond jewelry that included not only a necklace but also matching earrings.

The diamonds sparkled in the light, dazzlingly bright. This was a set

that no woman could resist.

And...

When Sylvia saw this kind of jewelry, she was shocked. Because...

It was a limited edition X brand jewelry designed by herself! Only ten sets were sold worldwide at that time; many wealthy women had fought over it but couldn't get their hands on it.

She didn't expect this man to actually buy one set of her own designed jewelry and then give it back to her as its designer! This feeling...

was somewhat strange.

"You... you want it? I can leave you one set... why do you have to fight for it?" It took Sylvia quite some time before she recovered from shock; however, there were still traces left in her eyes.

"Buying my wife's designed jewelry is even more meaningful." Franklin's lips curved into an extremely charming smile while his eyes showed fondness towards Sylvia. "If I let you save me one set, then there would be no meaning."

He took out the jewelry himself and helped Sylvia put them on; Her skin was snow-white like jade while her eyes resembled stars - wearing this purple diamond necklace made her look even more elegant and noble.

"This piece is called 'Feather' because its design resembles feathers," said Sylvia with a slight smile as she spoke softly. "Wearing my own-designed jewels feels different somehow - very magical."

"Very beautiful," Franklin lowered his gaze before planting a kiss on her forehead and glancing at Jasper who then clapped understandingly!

Soon after, a group of men and women walked in, carrying large makeup cases. Sylvia knew immediately that they were Franklin's styling team.

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The styling team worked quickly and efficiently, with a great sense of fashion. The dress that Franklin chose was not only expensive but also very elegant. After about an hour, the styling team finished and left.

Time passed slowly until it was time for the banquet to begin. Franklin and Sylvia got into their car together, which drove smoothly towards the location of the evening banquet.

At seven o'clock in the evening, guests gathered at the Presidential Palace Banquet Hall. Many important politicians were present, mingling with each other while crystal chandeliers sparkled overhead. Waiters dressed in uniform moved back and forth serving guests.

Behind the Presidential Palace Banquet Hall were several corridors and a pond before reaching where the President resided - a separate three-story villa decorated luxuriously.

Deborah herself helped the President tie his tie while saying softly with a smile on her face, "Isabelle should come back for this occasion as well since she is still considered part of our family even though she married into the Bentley family. I wonder if the Bentleys will bring her here tonight."

Upon hearing Deborah's words, the President became annoyed at his daughter.

Thinking of his idiot son-in-law, he said, "What's the point of having her come back? She is just an abandoned woman whose husband is in jail now without any ability to keep her mother-in-law happy or even give birth to a son after so many years of marriage! If she could have given me a grandson, then maybe I would look at her differently."

"Don't be angry," Deborah said insincerely while secretly feeling pleased inside. "It's not Isabelle's fault that she can't conceive... it's fate."

The President became even more agitated when he thought about how useless Isabelle had become after marrying into the Bentley family; he had hoped they would help him gain more power but instead Isabelle's husband went into jail.

Fortunately, Harold from the Gamble family proved himself reliable enough.

"By the way, Waylon has been busy all day outside. He never slackens in carrying out the tasks you assign to him. I wonder if he knows that we are having a banquet tonight. If he comes back..." Deborah carefully observed the President's expression.

"Let him back and greet the guests at the banquet hall. Boys will become the backbone of the future."

The President's expression softened after mentioning his stepson.

'Although my daughter is useless, fortunately this stepson, who was brought by Deborah, behaves very well and obediently. He doesn't act out and has won my heart.'

The President was willing to support his stepson, although they were not related by blood. If trained properly, perhaps his stepson could handle some bigger responsibilities.

He and Deborah were a couple who got together later in life. His first wife passed away when Isabelle was young, and he

remarried Deborah, who had been his first love. When he found out that she had divorced her husband and was struggling to raise her child alone, he immediately began pursuing her.

At that time, he was not yet the President... He never thought so many years would pass in a blink of an eye.

After the two got married, Waylon changed his original surname and followed her name, becoming Waylon Deleon.

Deborah felt secretly delighted after listening to this. Her son was indeed capable, and perhaps one day in the future, he might even become a president.

She was dreaming of this beautiful scenario in her mind and couldn't help but say in a coquettish voice to the President, "It's all thanks to you being good to him, always taking him out to see the world and learn. Those people only give Waylon a second glance because they want to show you respect." With that, she gently nestled into the president's embrace.

The President likes her to be humble and submissive. As a woman, she should have a gentle, caring and virtuous demeanor, take care of the family and children, fulfill her duties as a woman. This is what a woman should look like.

Only when a woman does her own part well, will a man cherish and spoil her.

If Sylvia were here and knew about the President's disgusting thoughts, she would undoubtedly not hesitate to give him a good slap across the face.

Is the value of women only in giving birth and serving men? That is too

narrow-minded. The value of women goes far beyond this.

Women can live more exciting lives, and they can also live more authentically, living freely and doing whatever they want.

Nowadays, it's a new era where women can also have their own careers and lead exciting lives. They can do whatever they want to do.

"Notify Waylon to come back quickly. Not only will Mr. Maskelyne from MI6 appear at the banquet, but Logan, the CEO of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, will also come to participate. These two are not ordinary people. If Waylon can win their favor, then in the future he will..."

The President didn't finish his sentence.

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But Deborah's heart was bursting with joy.

This was all about connections. If you didn't take advantage of the opportunity to meet big shots, then you were a fool.

Their country was just a small one, but they had developed well in recent years because they always cooperated with big shots to seek benefits.

Deborah quickly sent a message to Waylon with excitement, "Son, come back quickly. Your dad wants to introduce you to some amazing people."

At this time, Waylon had reached the gate of the Presidential Palace. He lowered his head and replied to Deborah as he walked forward. "I know, I'll be home soon."

Just as he stepped through the gate, he heard the sound of brakes from behind him. He turned around in surprise and saw a woman in a white dress getting out of her car.

He raised an eyebrow and was about to whistle at her when he realized who she was - Isabelle.

"Isabelle? Who let you come back?" His tone was full of disdain and mockery. "You're just an abandoned wife whose husband is in jail - how dare you come back?"

Isabelle walked towards Waylon on high heels expressionlessly. "I am the President's daughter; I can come back anytime without anyone's permission."

Waylon thought Isabelle would tremble like she used to before and be timid and afraid again; however, he didn't expect her to be so tough now.

He stared at Isabelle incredulously, "What has happened? You dare talk to me like

that?" Isabelle retorted confidently, "How I speak is my freedom; it's none of your

business."

Her face looked elegant with makeup; she shone brightly with confidence unlike before when she appeared weak as if being bullied by others all day long.

How could one person change so much within such a short period?

She felt like being reborn!

Waylon couldn't keep up with what was happening. "I heard that you escaped from the Bentley family, Tucker went into prison too, and the Bentleys hate you. How dare you show up here tonight! The Bentleys will definitely come!"

Isabella kept walking past him while speaking coldly, "So what? Am I supposed to fear them?"

He followed Isabelle, with a look of disgust on his face, warning her in a stern voice, "Let me tell you, my dad has invited some important guests tonight. You better not cause any trouble and keep your mouth shut. If you dare offend the guests, I'm telling you there will be consequences!"

Isabelle didn't even look at him and continued walking forward with a cold

laugh. How dare this jerk ignore him like that? She never dared to do that

before.

Waylon became angry and reached out to grab Isabelle's arm to push her!

But he didn't expect Isabelle to dodge it and slapped him. "I am your sister. Show some

respect!" Waylon was stunned.

He... he got hit? He was beaten by this woman named Isabelle?

While he was still in shock, Isabelle had already walked away.

Waylon was so angry that he gritted his teeth. You wait for me, bitch!

He grumbled as he entered the banquet hall where the President and Deborah were greeting guests. He didn't dare approach them because he wasn't sure if there were any red marks on his face from the slap.

He quickly went into the restroom but when he looked in the mirror... he was dumbfounded.

There were clear five-finger marks on his left cheek! He quickly sent a message to the butler asking for ice cubes so that he could soothe it immediately.

Deborah waited anxiously for Waylon's arrival but she couldn't find him

anywhere. Why did her son drop out at such an important event?

She sent another message urging Waylon to hurry up.

Just as she finished sending it off, she saw Isabella enter through one of doors leading into banquet

hall. She froze instantly upon seeing her.

In hushed tones, Deborah scolded, "What are you doing here? Do you think this is an appropriate place for someone like you who was abandoned by her husband?"

Isabella gave Deborah a blank stare before replying, "I have something important I need to talk about with my father." She had tried numerous times before reaching out to the President Palace, only being turned down each time.

Holding up an invitation card, she said nonchalantly, "I came here with an invitation." Deborah frowned suspiciously at her, "How did you get hold of one?"

"Why can't I have one?" replied Isabel dismissively as she walked past Deborah without another word.

Deborah looked Isabelle up and down, feeling like she had changed a lot. Isabelle used to never be so bold or confident, let alone speak so coldly and bluntly.

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'Isabelle looks like she's lost that timid demeanor?' Deborah frowned as she looked at Isabelle. She was wearing a white waist-cinching dress, with long and slender legs that were as fair-skinned as a peeled egg. Her long hair was pulled up into a princess bun.

She had an icy expression and her eyes were cold, with an inexplicable aura surrounding her.

Is this still the same Isabelle?

It's like she's been replaced by someone else.

The old Isabelle used to be so weak in Deborah's eyes, letting people bully her. After getting married, things only got worse for her.

The Bentley family didn't treat her well either, especially after she gave birth to a daughter. In places like the Middle Evroya, having daughters is considered bad luck for big families.

It's easy to imagine how poorly treated she must have been in the Bentley family and it was said that Tucker would beat and scold her at any given opportunity. Even the President didn't like her and ignored everything about her.

How could such a woman suddenly change so much?

Or is she pretending? Pretending not to be afraid?

She must be forcing herself through it all because before this moment, the President never took her out on such important occasions nor did he ever let Isabelle attend them either.

How could she be so calm now?

Deborah firmly believed that Isabelle was just putting on an act; there's no way this sudden change could have happened overnight!

"I advise you to leave quickly before your father sees you here," Deborah sneered disdainfully at Isabella. "A woman like you who brings nothing but bad luck doesn't deserve to appear in such significant events."

She continued with another cold laugh, "Who knows where you got your invitation from? Did you steal it or sleep with some random guy just for one?"

If it were before, maybe those words would have humiliated or scared Isabella but not now

anymore... Ever since living in Athena Society for some time, she wasn't the same timid girl anymore!

Like Sylvia, she also wanted strength! She couldn't continue being weak, allowing others to trample over her! She needed protection both for herself and other women facing similar persecution!

She would never easily show weakness again, so she lowered her head and smiled with a hint of contempt, "I'm not like the second wife of Mr. President who slept with a man to climb up the social ladder and become so-called first-lady, I received this invitation letter with dignity."

Her words were a blatant humiliation of Deborah, and upon hearing them, Deborah's face turned

pale. It is well known that she is the President's second wife, not his original first lady.

However, no one has ever confronted her face-to-face, and she has always been proud to be the First

Lady. Now Isabelle dares to call herself the second wife of Mr. President in front of so many people!

This is like a blatant slap in her face!

Deborah took a deep breath and kept reassuring herself that there were many people around, she had to maintain her composure and not stoop to the level of this despicable person.

She maintained a stiff smile on her face and looked past Isabelle. Then, her expression became natural and there was a hint of inexplicable provocation in her eyes as she said, "Isabelle, guess who just arrived?"

Isabelle frowned and turned her head to see Tucker's parents, Mr. Bentley and Mrs.

Bentley. When the other party saw her, they couldn't conceal the disgust in their eyes.

Deborah continued, "Isabelle, why didn't you say hello to your in-laws? That's so rude of you."

Without waiting for Isabelle's response, she quickly continued, "Mr. Bentley, Mrs. Bentley, I'm really sorry. I didn't teach Isabelle well enough and that's why she lacks manners. After all, I'm not her biological mother and she doesn't listen to me as everyone knows."

"She dares to defy you? Let her try," the President's voice sounded from behind the group.

As soon as Isabelle heard that familiar and authoritative voice, her spine straightened up instantly.

He's here... He finally arrived.

Her beautiful eyes looked at the President, who was dressed in a dark traditional costume. He was tall and imposing.

Unfortunately... he has the kind of mindset that all men here have.

Isabelle knew as soon as she heard his words that he was exactly the same as before, with no changes whatsoever.

Women are regarded as worthless in his eyes.

He looked disgusted and spoke with revulsion, "Ever since she married into the Bentley family, we haven't had a peaceful day. Now, our son is in jail, all because of her. She's a jinx."

"Honey... our poor son..." Mrs. Bentley couldn't hold back tears of sorrow.

In her eyes, there was a hint of hatred as she looked at Isabelle. She wished she could strangle Isabelle to find some relief.

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Isabelle had long been accustomed to being looked at this way. She gave a cold expression and said, "Since you're here, I have something to notify all of you."

"What?" Mrs. Bentley frowned and stared at her.

"My marriage with Tucker is null and void from today onwards!" Isabelle stood straight in place, her slender neck slightly raised like a lone swan fighting alone.

She hated the Bentley family, she hated everyone who had hurt her.

Including her father!

As the child of the President, there was always a rule that if either the son-in-law or daughter-in-law committed a crime, their marriage would automatically be invalidated once they were imprisoned if their spouse wanted to end it.

Although this rule existed for many years, there had only been cases where the President's son or daughter-in-law got divorced but never before had there been cases where his daughter abandoned her husband.

Everyone was in an uproar.

"Oh my god! How can women take the initiative to ask for a divorce?"

"Here we only give men the right to initiate divorce."

"That's right... If she gets divorced, who will dare marry her? Why is she so fierce? No wonder she didn't live well."

"She must be too aggressive."

Isabelle heard these various whispers from those present constantly ringing in her ears but it seemed as though she hadn't heard any of them at all.

The President angrily raised his hand towards Isabelle's face and slapped it hard.

"You jinx! Try asking for a divorce today! I don't agree!"

"There is a rule that once he goes to jail and as long as I agree, we can dissolve our marriage. I am dissolving our marriage now and everyone here is witness!"

Her face quickly became swollen on one side after being hit but it seemed like she felt nothing at all; pain had already left her body long ago.

She numbly looked at the President without any emotions in those beautiful eyes, just quietly looking at him like he was some stranger.

She wasn't even seeking their approval, but just notifying them!

Recently Isabelle has matured quite significantly inside Athena Society. She knew she could never depend on anyone else. She was determined to stand on her own, to become a strong individual who controlled her own destiny.

Although deep down inside, Isabella knew what kind of reaction the President would have given beforehand, sadness lingered within herself. 'He never shows any tenderness towards me, not even a little bit.'

"You're out of your mind! Who do you think you are? You don't deserve to get divorced!" The President's chest heaved with anger, feeling utterly embarrassed.

How could he have such a rebellious daughter?

"I do deserve it! I'm an independent person too!" Isabelle stared at the President with her dark eyes, unblinking. "Not only do I want a divorce, but I also want to work. I want to support myself and fulfill my own life's value."

"You dare work? As the daughter of the President, how can you go to work?" The President became even more furious upon hearing this. "Women need men to support them! Who would hire you? I'll make sure your employer fires you immediately!"

The director of the TV station trembled as he stood up and spoke, "Miss Deleon applied for our anchor position yesterday. She is highly professional and capable of being a news anchor..."

"Fire her! Right now!" The President roared in anger, feeling challenged by his damned daughter in front of so many guests.

How could he tolerate this humiliation?

"I earn my living through my own abilities and hard work. Why should I be fired?" Isabelle said coldly.

"You shameless woman! How dare you become an anchor?! And why did you choose such an attention-seeking job?" The President pointed at Isabelle furiously. "Get someone here and tie her up for me before sending her back to the Bentley family where she belongs."

"Mr. President, isn't that going too far?" Suddenly, a clear voice rang out from the entrance of the banquet hall.

Everyone couldn't help but look over curiously when they heard this beautiful voice; they saw a striking man and woman walking in together.

The man wore a black suit that accentuated his tall figure; his thin lips complemented his straight nose bridge while narrow eyes adorned his handsome face, making almost every woman present blush uncontrollably as they tried their best not to stare too much.

A woman's arm was wrapped around his.

As their gazes followed the arm, they saw a beautiful and elegant woman. She was dressed in a light purple evening gown that hugged her curves perfectly, making her even more graceful and alluring. The purple diamond necklace around her neck sparkled under the lights, catching everyone's attention.

Once they got a good look at her face, they couldn't help but hold their breath. She was stunning! Her features were delicate and flawless, especially those almond-shaped eyes that shone like stars.

Is that really her speaking?

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How could a woman dare to challenge the President?

Isabelle is, after all, the President's daughter. Who does Sylvia think she is?

Almost every man in the room had this thought when they saw Sylvia. Although she was beautiful, what good was that? She was just a decoration and an accessory for men.

A few men recognized Franklin's identity and immediately approached him with smiling faces to greet him.

"Mr. Maskelyne, you're here?"

"Mr. Maskelyne, it's been a few months since we last met. How have you been?"

"And who is this person next to you...?"

Franklin was the head of MI6 and had worked with them on developing new energy sources and other important matters. He had met many important figures from the Middle Evroya before.

So these people knew that Franklin had a special status.

Harold, the minister, also walked over and greeted Franklin politely.

Then everyone saw... not only did he greet Franklin politely but he even complimented Sylvia by saying "Miss Andrews, you look beautiful today."

A few noble ladies recognized Sylvia's necklace and earrings as designs by X - an internationally renowned designer - their eyes filled with envy and jealousy as they looked at her.

X's works were always expensive; this set of jewelry was even limited edition made from rare purple diamonds which matched

perfectly with her purple dress.

Elegant yet luxurious - everything about her exuded wealth!

But what good did wealth do? She still didn't have any family or social status...

The President saw Harold being so respectful towards a woman which disgusted him greatly! 'Harold has become more useless than ever! What reason does he have to greet a woman like that? He even lowered himself to greet this woman! He really doesn't take himself seriously as minister anymore!'

The President despised women from his heart.

Harold felt embarrassed when he caught sight of how the President viewed women but wanted nothing more than telling him how amazing Sylvia truly is! He especially wanted to emphasize one point: Don't mess with this lady! She's awesome!

However, the President didn't give Harold any chance or time for it..

The disdain in his expression was palpable, as he exuded the air of haughtiness. "Miss, don't you know that you should show some respect when speaking to me? Since you know I am the President, you should give me the respect I deserve."

Although he didn't want to bother with Sylvia, he remembered that she was brought here by Franklin and felt that he had to greet her despite his inner contempt for Sylvia.

Harold sweated profusely on behalf of the President. He really wanted to tell the President loudly how impressive this woman was! You need to stop now!

But there seemed no opportunity...

He could only watch as the President walked further down his path of self-destruction...

His heart was pounding.

"Mr. President, if you want respect from others, shouldn't you first show some respect for your own daughter?" Sylvia raised her red lips with a mocking glint in her eyes.

The President really made her nauseous. He led countless men in this country who were responsible for so much persecution against women and children.

The President thought that if he showed his prowess, Sylvia would be scared out of wits; after all, she was nothing more than a woman.

But instead...

This woman dared challenge him again without any fear!

His eyes were filled with disdain as he spoke mockingly, "Mr. Maskelyne, does this lady always speak so eloquently? Women should obediently follow men's orders no matter what."

Franklin lifted up his handsome face slightly; deep within those eyes lurked an inexplicable coldness as his voice remained devoid of emotion. "Mr. President, we have always treated each other equally; she can say whatever she wants because it's her freedom." He paused before adding, "No matter what she does or says... I will support her."

The President had been slammed twice by Franklin already, leaving him feeling very uncomfortable inside.

Deborah had just witnessed an entertaining scene unfold before her very eyes; especially when Isabelle got slapped by the President earlier on, it made Deborah feel particularly satisfied inside.

Now she quickly played the role of a dutiful wife, "Mr. President... Mr. Maskelyne has come all this way which must have been quite tiring for him; Waylon will be here soon."

Her son finally arrived and walked over after she urged him many times.

When the President heard Deborah's voice, he couldn't help but think of Franklin's identity. He stiffened his face and waved to Waylon, who was walking towards them from a distance. "Waylon, come here. This is Mr. Maskelyne." Waylon had just come out of the bathroom and his face was extremely stiff due to the numbness caused by the ice covering it. He wanted to smile but couldn't manage it at all.

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Before even reaching Franklin, a nonchalant voice was heard saying, "Waylon, sounds like this guy needs to be taught a good lesson."

The President's face immediately turned extremely

unpleasant. The anger in his chest was almost uncontrollable.

How could this woman be so outrageous? She had the nerve to act like this when he had been nothing but polite and respectful because of Franklin.

If it weren't for Franklin bringing her here, he would have already ordered her out.

He looked at Sylvia with an icy expression. "What do you mean? He is still my son. You are disrespecting us too

much." In other words, she didn't even consider him as the President.

Sylvia lazily glanced at the President and spoke casually, "Oh, nothing. I just felt emotional when I heard the name

Waylon." It was that simple!

Waylon finally managed to relax his cold expression and speak up. He couldn't help but look at Sylvia with

amazement! What a beautiful woman!

That radiant face and noble temperament all over her body... when did they have such an amazing woman in high society? Why didn't he know about it?

He never thought much about his own name before but now being told by such a beautiful woman that it wasn't very good made him feel embarrassed all of sudden.

Who wouldn't want to leave a good impression on such beauty?

Isabelle felt slightly better hearing Sylvia mock the DeLeon family father-son

duo. She walked straight up to Sylvia with a smile and called out softly, "Miss

Andrews."

She was pretty enough but always carried herself like an uptight heiress who couldn't let loose until now where she smiled ever so slightly which made her look like blooming lilies.

Sylvia glanced at Isabelle and patted her shoulder gently while saying, "Tomorrow is your first day of work; make sure you perform well."

The President saw two women having harmonious interaction which only added more displeasure onto his

face. He asked sternly, "Do you know each other?"

They actually knew each other; this must be because of this unruly woman who corrupted Isabelle. This woman clearly wasn't someone easy to deal with as she went against him everywhere! Franklin really didn't know how to educate women!

Isabelle turned around towards the President while suppressing any emotions from earlier and then said blankly, "Miss Andrews saved my life."

The President looked at Isabelle, who had just been all smiles moments ago, and suddenly felt like he was talking to a stranger. He felt very uncomfortable. He couldn't really get angry though, after all, he was Isabelle's father. Even though he

considered her garbage, she did save his daughter's life.

Out of the corner of his eye, he suddenly saw Logan walk in from outside and his eyes lit up. He turned to Waylon and said, "This is Mr. Mertens from Longevity Pharmaceuticals." Waylon quickly greeted Logan with respect and politeness, saying, "Mr. Mertens, hello! Your name precedes you."

Then he turned back to Franklin and said, "Mr Maskelyne, your new energy development for MI6 has really opened our eyes! And both of you are from H Rovirsa, so I'm sure you know each other?" His words were flawless.

The President finally started feeling a little better listening to this conversation.

After all, a son is always better than a daughter.

He suddenly felt proud again, saying, "Mr. Mertens, Mr. Maskelyne, this is my son, Waylon, who may be young but is respectful towards me."

"Son? Shouldn't you call him stepson instead? Otherwise someone might think that he's your biological child!" Sylvia's cold voice interrupted before Franklin or Logan could say anything else.

She pushed Isabelle forward next to the President saying, "Take a good look at her; she's your real child."

The President turned green with anger while Deborah looked extremely upset as well wondering why this woman keeps making things difficult for her son?

Her son graduated from an elite university; conducts himself properly in society unlike other spoiled children who cause trouble everywhere they go; he works hard every day... she thinks that her own son is outstanding!

The President was also very angry but took a deep breath before speaking again, "Though Waylon is my stepson, I've always treated him as my own, especially because Waylon and I have a great relationship, and he shows me a lot of respect. Unlike my daughter who seems to overlook her father and stepmother, always looking to defy authority."

Isabelle kept telling herself that it didn't matter if there wasn't any family love between them but... she still felt deeply hurt by what the President had just said.

She gritted her teeth against the pain in her heart and slowly spoke with a pale, pretty face. "There's also this kind of father who forces his daughter to marry into a terrible family, arranging a marriage for her and pushing his own daughter into a terrible marriage. He knows that his daughter is living in hell but doesn't care at all. Isn't it chilling?"

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 729

As soon as she spoke these words, some of the women present showed expressions of sympathy on their faces, while others looked as if they could relate to her.

For these women, simply living here and being women were their sins.

Men will never understand, let alone comprehend, the pain they inflict upon women.

And those men just looked indifferent, thinking that women are worthless and only serve as tools for passing on their family line.

The President's face turned pale and then green.

In short, it was very embarrassing. He felt extremely angry when his daughter exposed his shortcomings in public.

He felt so embarrassed.

Anger welled up on his face, and the fury in his eyes was almost impossible to conceal. He seemed to want nothing more than to slap Isabelle right then and there.

How could he have such a worthless daughter who is nothing but a jinx? Not only that, she even dares to insult him and question him.

What makes her do so?

He couldn't bear it anymore and shouted in a stern voice, "Get out of here!"

Isabelle sneered, "You could only shout at me. But I have an invitation, so I can't just leave because you tell me to. And today, I'm not just representing myself at this party."

"What... what do you mean by that?" The President's face was devoid of color and he felt uncomfortable all over.

Deborah couldn't help but say, "Isabelle, no matter how many conflicts you have with your father, you can't embarrass him in public and not give him face. He is the President and in charge of the Middle Evroya. When will you grow up a little?"

Waylon immediately chimed in, "Dad is usually good to you. Don't take advantage of him and be ungrateful. You said you came to attend the banquet, so just enjoy it and don't cause trouble here."

Looking at the disgusting faces of this family of three, Isabelle felt so sick. It was absolutely revolting.

"Mr. Mertens, Mr. Maskelyne, I apologize for the inconvenience." Waylon then turned to Franklin and Logan, his demeanor polite and composed, a complete contrast to his disdainful attitude towards Isabelle earlier.

The President took a deep breath and decided not to deal with Isabelle for the time being. He would wait until after the banquet was over to handle her.

Now he has more important things to attend to, but he manages to force a warm smile and says to Logan, "Mr. Mertens, Mr. Gamble should have discussed the contract with you. I wonder how you has decided?"

Logan looked indifferent and said, "Mr. President, Mr. Gamble did talk to me in detail, but there are some details that I still need to consult with my chairman, as long as she has no problem with it, I have no problem with it."

"Chairman? That's fine, sure. It's okay to ask for your chairman's opinion." The President nodded. "I wonder when the chairman will reply?"

Logan smiled with lowered eyes. "You don't have to wait too long; she can reply now."

"Now?" The President looked at him in confusion before quickly realizing what was happening. "Are you going to call her now?"

"No, she is also here," Logan said casually.

The President was shocked and all his anger towards Isabelle disappeared instantly.

He looked pleasantly surprised but also slightly annoyed as he spoke with a hint of complaint, "Mr. Mertens, the chairman is here at this banquet? Why didn't you tell me earlier? I... I'm so rude!"

Not only had he been impolite but also had an argument with his daughter at the banquet which made the chairman laugh at him.

He didn't know if the Chairman would have a very bad impression of him now.

The President suddenly felt uneasy.

He subconsciously scanned everyone present and asked Logan carefully, "Excuse me, Mr. Mertens, who is..."

Before he could finish speaking, he choked on his words... unable to say anything anymore!

It felt like someone stuffed a huge cotton ball into his throat; it was as if lightning struck on a clear day!

His eyes almost popped out of their sockets!

Not just him but everyone present stared in shock at Logan!

The air froze for an instant! Everyone held their breaths and stared without blinking, afraid they might miss something important!

"Hello Chairman," Logan respectfully greeted Sylvia.

Sylvia lazily glanced over at him; her stunning features were captivating beyond measure.

She already had fair skin which appeared even more radiant under the light making her look like a fairy queen who outshone everyone else in beauty.

All those present were stunned speechless; they doubted whether they heard correctly or not? How could it be possible? Longevity Pharmaceuticals' Chairman turned out to be such a beautiful woman? Is this some kind of mistake?

The President felt hot all over his face as if burning up; he wished that he could disappear right there and then or take back everything that he said earlier!

Sylvia was actually the chairman of Longevity Pharmaceuticals? How is that possible!

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 730

Harold, equally shocked, widened his eyes in astonishment. Without waiting for the President to recover, he quickly spoke up again, giving the President a slap in the face. "She is also the Deputy Chief of MI6... and Franklin's wife."

A sudden thunderclap!

He thought this woman was just a companion that Franklin brought along to play with.

The Deputy Chief of MI6... the President almost fainted with his eyes rolling back.

He only felt that his face was hurting more.

After Harold finished speaking, he seemed to have finally revealed some kind of earth-shattering news and let out a sigh of relief.

He had been unable to find an opportunity to tell the President about Sylvia's identity, but now he finally spoke up.

No matter how powerful and eloquent the President may be when facing his subordinates, at this moment, he is speechless and unable to utter a word.

He watched helplessly as Sylvia curled her crimson lips and spoke in a cool, lazy voice, "I heard that Mr. President has been displeased with my Athena Society for a long time. You've been suppressing us in every aspect of our work. Now I'm here, if anyone has any opinions or suggestions, feel free to talk to me face-to-face."

Athena Society...

The President was stunned by Sylvia's words, and how come she mentioned the association again as soon as she opened her mouth?

What is all this about? Isn't this woman the chairperson of Longevity Pharmaceuticals? Why is she now involved with that association again?

For some reason, the President suddenly had a bad feeling in his heart, wondering if Sylvia was the mysterious president of that protection association.

No, it's not possible... Her power couldn't reach over to the Middle Evroya.

"Miss President, my father has always been stubborn and unwilling to see any improvement in the status of women. You don't need to waste your breath talking to him."

At this moment, Isabelle spoke softly to Sylvia, her tone filled with contempt for the President.

The President's mind is blank.

President... President...

She turned out to be the president of that protection association.

How can a woman have so many identities?

Is it even possible for such an impressive woman to exist?

The President couldn't accept this reality. He looked down on women, believing them to be nothing more than tools. How could they compare to men in terms of ability, intelligence, or physical strength?

No! It couldn't be true!

As he struggled with this realization, he saw Sylvia not far away. She smiled gracefully and confidently waved her hand.

"My dear members," she said. "Won't you come say hello to the President?"

And so many women at the banquet stood up.

In unison, they said to the President. "Hello, Miss Andrews, hello, Mr. President!"

The President raised his head in shock and stared at these women - some were wives of officials while others were CEOs of major corporations... even journalists and servers from the banquet...

They had infiltrated every corner of the hall! They were all members of Athena?!

How was it possible? When did Athena grow so powerful?

He took several steps back in disbelief.

"You... you... how is this possible?" he stammered.

At that moment, three female chefs dressed in kitchen uniforms rushed over upon hearing what happened. They respectfully greeted Sylvia:

"Hello, Miss Andres, hello, Mr. President! We may have been late but we will never miss out."

Sylvia nodded approvingly before turning back towards the President.

"The power of women may arrive late but it will never be absent," she said firmly. "I hope you remember my words today."

The President's face turned pale as he stared at her without being able uttering any words.

His heart pounded fiercely, almost jumping out from his throat!

After taking several deep breaths later on, he finally spoke, "No... no objections." He paused before continuing weakly, "How is it even possible for me objecting anyway? From now on, we must protect our vulnerable groups like women and children vigorously; we cannot let them suffer any harm."

He had no idea what he had just said. It was as if his soul had been sucked out of him, leaving him to unconsciously speak words he didn't even understand.

Sylvia's voice was strong and forceful, hitting him hard in the heart.

"I hope Mr. President remembers what you said today. Everyone here... is a witness!"