

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 731

The President looked at her with a pale face, unable to say a word. Everything he said was against his will, but he had no choice. However, for the sake of medicine and Sylvia's identity and status, he had to say these words.

Sylvia taught him a lesson and defeated him completely.

He would never underestimate women again. When women get tough, he is no match for them.

He suppressed the constantly trembling heart in his chest that almost caused arrhythmia. His voice trembled as he asked Sylvia. "Miss Andrews is right. I am the President. How could I speak recklessly? I will keep my promise."

Sylvia smiled again, dazzlingly beautiful. "Thank you very much, Mr. President."

"I just don't know how you feel about our cooperation?" The President looked at Sylvia with a pale face, afraid she might refuse to cooperate with Middle Evroya any longer.

Medical care is of paramount importance; if medical standards cannot keep up, then riots and disasters are inevitable.

There was an awkward silence in the air; Deborah and her son stared at Sylvia in shock like everyone else present there couldn't believe it either!

How could they have imagined that the famous Chairman of Longevity Pharmaceuticals would be such a young woman who not only looks young but also beautiful?

How could she be so capable?

But reality hit them hard on their faces when they heard Sylvia casually saying, "I've decided to take back that 2% discount, Mr. President."

The discount was not small change; it was gone just like that!

The President's body shook slightly but Harold quickly supported him before he fell down from dizziness or pain or both! "Mr. President..."

He weakly held his chest feeling hurt...

Two percent profit wasn't small money after all! But Harold tried consoling him by saying, "At least our cooperation isn't terminated."

Franklin enjoyed this drama immensely; feeling proud of his woman who showed off her skills so well! A smile curved on his handsome face as he leaned closer to whisper into the President's ear. "Tsk tsk... Mr. President... this is what happens when you underestimate women... feels good?"

The President turned white with anger but deep down knew that it was karma biting back! He shouldn't have underestimated or despised Sylvia nor should have mocked her verbally...

If he could turn the clock back, he would definitely control his mouth.

Isabelle stood not far away, watching the usually high and mighty president make uch a fool of himself, and being slapped by Sylvia.

She has always been afraid of this man, he is like a mountain pressing on her heart from childhood to adulthood. She has never enjoyed her father's love and affection, all she got from him was hurt and humiliation.

However, she found out that this man was just nothing in front of Sylvia.

Isabelle seems to have suddenly crossed the fearful chasm, and she has become extremely brave.

What is there to be afraid of? Isn't he just a man? A middle-aged man? A man who can't even look Sylvia in the eye! In the years to come, in the rest of her life, she also wants to become a woman as towering and resolute as Sylvia.

"It's okay to talk about any woman, do any of you know what she is? She's a piece of trash, she's a slut! She's a shameless woman who gave birth to a child that isn't even our Bentley family's!"

Suddenly, Mrs. Bentley rushed out of the crowd and pointed her finger fiercely at Isabelle's nose, glaring at her and cursing wildly.

"You bitch, you slut, what makes you stand here and fight for women? You think because you're standing here you're not a slut?"

The crowd, who were shocked by Sylvia, suddenly became noisy again.

Just now, the President lost all his face and they hadn't fully recovered from the shock. Mrs. Bentley has actually come up with another crazy and explosive piece of big news?

Isabelle, the daughter of the President, gave birth to Bethany, who was not a blood relative of the Bentley family?

In Middle Evroya, the status of women is low. If a woman dares to cuckold a man, she will face severe consequences. The Bentley family was benevolent enough not to beat Isabelle to death.

She actually has the nerve to come out here and talk about defending women's rights. It's simply ridiculous.

"No way, you're slandering me!" Isabelle looked at the storming Mrs. Bentley with a pale face, "I know you've never liked me, but you can't humiliate me and slander me like that. I haven't even been in a relationship since I was a kid, much less with a man other than Tucker!"

"Isabelle, why are you pretending?" Mrs. Bentley rolled her eyes in contempt. "You cheated on your husband on the night of your wedding!"

"I didn't cheat, I clearly spent the night with Tucker in our bridal suite."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 732

Isabelle defended herself, "We are a married couple and sleeping together is perfectly normal."

"Are you kidding me? You think that man is my son? I'm telling you, it wasn't! You already had sex with that man when my son entered the room!"

Mrs. Bentley scolded harshly, "On the night of my son's wedding, you cuckolded him and humiliated him. You heartless woman."

She cried and cursed at the same time, "Everyone, my son wanted to stop that stranger, but what happened? The man ran away!"

"How is that possible?"

Isabelle's mind was blank, with Mrs. Bentley's grating voice ringing in her ears. "No, it can't be. It's not... that man is clearly Tucker."

"Do you really think you're innocent?" Mrs. Bentley sneered, "You cheated on my son, and you won't even admit it after all these years. The Bentley family has been swallowing our pride for your sake; we haven't held it against you. But now you want to escape from the Bentley family."

"You daughter, Bethany, is not my son's at all."

Isabelle's body swayed and tears streamed down her cheeks. She collapsed onto the ground, completely exhausted. There was no trace of the strong facade she had put up just moments before.

She'd always assumed it was with Tucker having sex with her that night.

To this day she vaguely remembers the faint smell of alcohol on the man's body and his great body with his pecs and that sexy mermaid line.

The man was not at all gentle that night, he was rampant in the dark, but full of male extreme charm. She thought that... it was Tucker.

But later, she inadvertently found Tucker's average body shape, wondering how he was out of shape.

However, since that night, Tucker never touched her again, and he beat and kicked her, and he was also violent towards his daughter.

Not to mention the attitude of her parents-in-law, which was extremely bad.

She tried hard to please everyone in the Bentley family, and endured Tucker's rudeness towards her.

Obviously, the man on the wedding night took her passionately the whole night. Then why did he show no interest in her later?

Over these years, Tucker had never slept with her again, and would rather have sex with any other woman than her. It turned out that she had been raped on the wedding night.

Her tears kept flowing, and her heart seemed to shatter into countless pieces that could never be put back together again.

Pain, despair, and madness come crashing down on her. She is like a fallen leaf in the ocean, always at risk of being swept away by the waves.

No matter how many times she tells herself she must be strong and become as strong as Sylvia. However, faced with this cruel reality, she still felt despair, pain and confusion.

She doesn't even know who the biological father of her own daughter is. Her daughter is a bastard.

She covered her face and cried out in pain.

Mrs. Bentley looked at her disheveled appearance, and the anger in her heart seemed to have finally dissipated. Her face immediately showed a smug expression, looking extremely pleased.

"Isabelle, if you have any shame, you'd better run headlong into the ground right now, and I'll admire you for it."

As she spoke, she looked back at the President. "Since she claimed that she has nothing to do with our Bentley family, does it mean that you, Mr. President, need to compensate us for her infidelity during marriage?"

Anyway, since her son is in jail, the Bentley family doesn't have much of a future. She might as well extort some fortune from the President.

The President frowned at her insatiable expression, feeling extremely annoyed. Stepping forward, he raised HIS hand and was about to slap Isabelle, "Bitch, disgrace!" However, his wrist was firmly controlled by a powerful hand.

The President looked up in surprise and saw a tall man with handsome features, especially his pitch-black eyes that exuded an extreme coldness, as if they were from the polar ice caps.

He exclaimed in surprise, "Mr. Foster?"

Harold was also shocked as he looked at the man, Darius Foster, the CEO of NorthWind Airlines? How did he get here?

Darius shrugged off the President's arm and remained silent.

Instead, he walked to Isabelle and slowly crouched down, instead reaching out his large dry palm towards the tearful woman sitting on her knees.

Isabelle stared blankly at the handsome man in front of her, he was so good looking, a pair of charming eyes flooded with a hint of seductive sexiness, his lips pursed into a straight line, and it could be seen that he was in a very bad mood at this time.

Who is he? Why was he looking at her with such tender eyes? Never in her life had any man looked at her with such gentle and loving eyes. She was a little overwhelmed and a little scared and doubtful.

Just then, she heard the man's pleasant and soothing voice say, "With me here, no one can bully you."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 733

"Mr. Foster, do you know Isabelle? This is my daughter Isabelle," the President observed Darius' attitude towards Isabelle and found her quite pleasing to the eye.

This stubborn girl was still somewhat useful, at least she looked pretty.

Thinking of this, he immediately forgave Darius for his rude attitude towards him earlier.

Darius had cold eyes with a hint of meaning as he glanced at the President and spoke, "Miss Deleon and I are old acquaintances. However, Miss Deleon... may have already forgotten about me."

He knew her? Isabelle widened her beautiful eyes and searched for any information about Darius in her mind. However... it was blank.

Completely blank.

"I don't think I know you," Isabelle bit her pale lip in confusion as she looked at him.

Hearing her soft voice, Darius' ears tingled and echoes of her moans reverberated in his mind. For so many years, those sounds haunted him like a constant reminder that kept him awake at night.

Darius' lips curved into a slight smile with warmth in his eyes when he looked at Isabelle. "It's okay; for the rest of our lives together, I will make sure you get to know me well."

That statement was flirtatious yet seductive. Isabelle had never been in love before; being treated like this by such a handsome man made a faint blush appear on her pale face instantly.

Her expression became even more confused as she stuttered out some words but couldn't seem to say anything coherent. She felt embarrassed, wondering why couldn't she be calm like Sylvia all the time no matter where or when.

Even if she secretly decided to become cool herself someday... but here she was again showing weakness in front of this man! Damn it!

Sometimes she really hated herself for being like this.

The President thought about NorthWind Airlines behind Darius; he suppressed all his previous irritations and licked his face while addressing Darius, "Mr. Foster, can we buy more than one of your latest planes from NorthWind Airlines? Since it's for my daughter's sake?"

Before he could finish speaking, Darius interrupted, "I'm sorry, Mr. President, I planned on selling five planes to you guys cheaply but now I don't want to sell even one anymore."

Not even one!

The smile on the President's face froze instantly, and the muscles on his face seemed to tremble uncontrollably. Why isn't he selling it anymore?

NorthWind Airlines has always worked with Middle Evroya. They know that Franklin is the head of SouthStar Airlines, and it seems like they have made an agreement, MI6 will cooperate with them on new energy but not on aviation.

The aviation negotiation is with Darius' NorthWind Airlines.

"Why? Mr. Foster, we really need your new aircraft. Our current planes are aging and if we don't purchase new ones soon, how will we do?"

The President's mind was confused and he didn't understand why they were not selling it.

Darius's cold eyes swept over the President's pale face, and he reached out to help Isabelle up from the ground.

Isabelle's heart trembled as she felt an extremely strong sense of security emanating from the man. The next second, she was firmly held in his arms.

Her petite figure was tightly pressed against the man's sturdy chest. Feeling it through thick fabric, she couldn't help blushing.

The dryness and redness made it difficult for her to breathe, almost causing her to feel suffocated.

The strong masculine scent lingered around her breath, so intoxicating that it made her dizzy.

Her dizzy thoughts were also wandering wildly, and in a daze she heard the man's magnetic voice ringing in her ear. She could even feel the slight vibration of his chest as he spoke.

"Mr. President, because..."

He paused for a moment, then looked down at Isabelle in his arms with a gentle gaze. His expression was full of tenderness, as if he were looking at a priceless treasure.

"How dare you insult and bully the mother of my child. This makes me very unhappy."

"Where is the mother of your child?" The President looked at him in surprise. "Mr. Foster, I have never met the mother of your child. Where did you get that idea?"

Darius couldn't help but sneer and laugh, his almond-shaped eyes filled with sarcasm. "Mr. President, you're really the first person to pretend like that."

The President still looked puzzled. He really didn't know Darius' wife! Moreover, he had never heard of this man getting married.

Darius is H Rovirsa's golden bachelor, extremely popular, second only to Franklin, and after Franklin was secretly married, Darius, the president of NorthWind Airlines, becomes the most eye-catching and striking one.

All those socialite heiresses sought after him, but never did anyone hear of his interest in any woman. Later on, there were even rumors circulating about his sexual orientation being unconventional.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 734

How come now... he's also secretly married? The President pondered silently.

Not only him, but also everyone present was curious about the identity of Darius' wife.

Isabelle felt a little uncomfortable. This man was good-looking, but why was he a womanizer? He already has a wife and yet he's still being so flirtatious with her.

She couldn't help but struggle, but the man's big hand suddenly tightened. "What's wrong?"

Isabelle blushed slightly and could feel the man's warm breath brushing her cheeks, "You ... You let go of me."

"Why let go?" Darius looked at her indulgently, as if she were a temperamental child. "You gave birth to such a cute and sensible child for me. I could never let go of you for the rest of my life."

Isabelle's red lips parted slightly in shock. Did she hear it correctly? Upon hearing his words, everyone was once again shocked!

What does he mean by saying that? Is Isabelle's child his? How is that possible?

The President's head was buzzing and he couldn't help but take several steps back, almost losing his balance. "What did you say? The child is yours? You're the man? How is that possible? Mr. Foster... what does this have to do with you?"

Isabelle suddenly snapped out of her shock and realized what the man meant. Is he, so excellent and handsome a man, the father of her child?

"The man from five years ago was me, and it was an accident that I would sneak into her room." Darius' voice rang out coldly, his icy hostile eyes swept towards everyone in the Bentley family, "I will not let go of all of those who have bullied Isabelle, all of them."

The cold gaze made the Bentleys' backs suddenly chill, and a shiver ran up their spines. This man... has a scary look in his eyes.

Mrs. Bentley suppressed all her fears and did not want to be looked down upon by these guests, nor did she want to give Isabelle any advantage.

They've all heard of Darius' name.

This man is not only wealthy but also handsome. If Isabelle manages to hook up with him, then in the future... The more Mrs. Bentley thought about it, the angrier she got.

Mrs. Bentley curled her lips. "Mr. Foster, don't say that bastard is your child. You should know Isabelle is none other than a slut. Who knows what tricks she uses to seduce you?"

"You men always like pretty women, but there's not a good one among them. I advise you not to mess around with her. I'm doing this for your own good. What is your status and what is hers?"

"She's the President's daughter, a legitimate heiress and future wife of mine. So tell me... what is her status?" Darius spoke coldly.

The President dryly said to him, "Mr. Foster, are you sure you have the right person? Is she really the woman you had an affair with five years ago? It couldn't be her."

He held onto his last shred of hope that it wasn't Isabelle.

From Darius' expression, it was clear that he wanted revenge Isabelle... Darius ignored them and then reached out his hand to lightly clapped.

Immediately a man pushed through the crowd and respectfully handed him a file.

The man opened it up and took out a document from inside; its cover was very eye-catching with "paternity test" written in large letters.

"Paternity test?" "Whose test is this for?"

"Is it Mr. Foster's and Bethany's?" "Mr. Foster really came prepared."

Those guests who were watching the show were starving for information.

It was obvious that Darius had come prepared; he never fought without confidence or spoke without evidence. So he handed over the paternity test directly to Isabelle. "Open it up."

Isabelle's heart raced so much that she thought it would jump out of her chest. A paternity test...

"It can't be true! You're actually Bethany's biological father? Is this your paternity test with Bethany?" She still couldn't believe what was happening.

How could something so magical happen to her?

"If it's not mine or my daughter's, whose else could it be?" Darius looked at Isabelle's pretty face, which haunted his dreams every night. If circumstances allowed him, he really wanted nothing more than to hold her tightly in his arms right now and kiss her fiercely.

The feeling of having something truly belonged to him was truly addictive.

Sylvia, who had been watching the show all along, raised her eyebrows and glanced over at Franklin who was also watching. The man remained calm and collected despite Darius' appearance, causing Sylvia to smirk. "I didn't know you had a hobby of playing Cupid," she said.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 735

Franklin looked at her with indulgence, his lips slightly curved. "Darius got involved with the ZZ organization in the Middle Evroya five years ago and lost his virginity after more than twenty years of being single."

"We, his childhood friends, all knew about this matter. However, after he resolved the issue and went to look for the girl again, he came back with a disappointed face and told us that she had gotten married."

"From then on, he gave up and never mentioned the matter of losing his virginity again."

No one dares to mention it either. Whoever makes fun of him about this, that's asking for trouble. "I accidentally saw a photo of Isabelle in his wallet compartment before."

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and calmly asked, "So you informed Darius? Isabelle is in a difficult situation here and urgently needs her domineering CEO to rescue herself?"

This is just like a plot in a Mary Sue story where the CEO is overbearing.

I used to live like mud in a swamp, but after CEO rescued me, I became like a cloud in the sky... She automatically imagined a

Mary Sue plot with millions of words.

They were watching the play, while the other people who were in the play didn't have such leisure and ease.

The entire Bentley family had dark faces, especially Mrs. Bentley. She never expected that Darius had everything prepared, even including a paternity test.

She couldn't bring it up in one breath and almost choked on the fact.

But Mr. Bentley was thinking of another terrible thing - they had offended Darius, the CEO of NorthWind Airlines. After that, the Bentley family...

Will there be any good days ahead? No, I don't think so.

At least Isabelle and her daughter didn't lose any limbs. Darius wouldn't mess with them, right?

Mr. Bentley had just comforted himself in this way when suddenly, the butler of the Bentley family stumbled into the hall. "Master... Master..."

"Oh no! Madam! Madam!"

The butler's face turned pale, feeling extremely uncomfortable. He stumbled towards Mr.

Bentley and Mrs. Bentley.

A bad premonition suddenly rose in Mr. Bentley's heart, and he grabbed the butler's arms with a sudden change of expression. "What happened? What's going on?"

The butler was shedding tears while speaking, "Mr. Bentley, our family... our family's company has been besieged by countless creditors, and some people have stormed into our home... ransacking everything, threatening that if we don't give them money soon, they'll..."

He was choked up and unable to speak due to tears.

Mr. Bentley was thunderstruck, feeling as if a heavy blow had slammed into his head with a resounding thud. He remained unresponsive for quite some time.

Mrs. Bentley exclaimed sharply, "We are doing well, how could we possibly be chased for debt? Our company has always been profitable!"

"Madam... this morning, the stock market crashed and our stock price hit rock bottom. Countless individual investors are cursing us, accusing us of fraud and raising funds illegally. Our company has gone bankrupt completely."

The butler was crying loudly. He had been serving the Bentley family for twenty or thirty years and had long regarded them as his own family.

Nowadays, it has resulted in bankruptcy. "Are you mistaken?"

Mrs. Bentley felt like a clown jumping around in front of so many people, as her bankruptcy at home had become widely known throughout the world.

She suddenly glared fiercely at Isabelle and yelled as she rushed towards her, "You jinx! It's all because of marrying you that our Bentley family has become so unlucky. My son went to jail, and the company went bankrupt... it's all your fault!"

However, before she could even reach Isabelle's dress, she was knocked to the ground with a forceful kick from Darius. A look of disgust flashed in the man's eyes as he said, "You've done your own wrongdoings, what does it have to do with Isabelle?"

Mrs. Bentley was lying on the ground, crying bitterly. "Mr. Foster, Mr. Foster, please don't get involved with this woman. She is a jinx and if you stay with her, you'll be unlucky for life!"

"She's not a husband attractor at all! She's a jinx! Whoever is with her will have bad luck for the lifetime!" Mr. Bentley finally couldn't bear

it anymore and raised his hand to give her a slap, "Shut up!"

Mrs. Bentley stared at him in shock and said, "How dare you hit me!" "For this bitch, you hit me?"

"I don't want to live anymore!"

Darius stared coldly at the couple who were exchanging insults and fighting, his eyes filled with sarcasm.

Mr. Bentley pushed Mrs. Bentley aside and stared at Darius with a solemn and hopeless expression, demanding in a stern voice, "Did you do it? Did you seek revenge on Isabelle?"

How could the Bentley family disappear overnight among the four major families if there was no human intervention? How could the Bentley

family's company go bankrupt overnight? He absolutely doesn't believe it.

Darius looked at Mr. Bentley with a half-smile and said, "Just collecting some interest, after all... Isabelle has endured quite a lot in your household."

He admitted it openly, without any fear at all. It was as if he was saying, "Bring it on." If anyone thought they could mess with Isabelle, they had another thing coming.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 736

Mr. Bentley glared at him, his face darkened with anger and his chest filled with rage. His breathing was heavy and he was so angry that he had lost all sense of reason.

"She's a woman who cheated and had an affair, and gave birth to an illegitimate child. The Bentley family has already been more than generous in providing for her! You're going too far by trying to completely destroy us!"

"You should be grateful that we didn't wipe her out, that we didn't strangle that illegitimate child!"

Isabelle listened to Mr. Bentley's constant cursing and insults, her face becoming increasingly unpleasant. She wished she could cover her ears and

not listen!

Her daughter has a father, and she is not illegitimate.

"Then you should also be grateful to me for making your company go bankrupt earlier, otherwise how could you feel this bone-chilling pain?"

Darius looked at Mr. Bentley with a half-smile on his face as he turned red with anger, "And one more thing, my daughter has a father and is not a bastard."

"If I hear you say these words again, don't blame me for showing no mercy." The man's voice was cold and exuded a strong aura.

Mr. Bentley's face turned red and then blue, "You... you..."

He choked on his words, and his body slumped backward heavily.

Mrs. Bentley quickly crawled over from the ground to help him, saying, "Honey..."

"Someone, please, help! Save my husband!" She knelt on the ground, looking utterly disheveled. It was a stark contrast to how she had once arrogantly humiliated and berated Isabelle.

She was now as miserable and embarrassed as she could be. The President's back was covered in cold

sweat.

Darius was definitely a tough character.

It was rumored that SouthStar Airlines and NorthWind Airlines were fierce competitors, and the two airlines often competed fiercely with each other. The two company CEOs could hardly stand each other, wishing they could engage in a life-or-death battle.

Now it seemed that the rumors were completely false.

They got along very well, as evidenced by the familiar interactions between Franklin and Darius. They were clearly good buddies.

All outsiders had been deceived.

He pondered for a while before figuring out what he needed to do now.

He trembled, pointing at the collapsed Mr. Bentley and Mrs. Bentley, "Security, guards! Get rid of these trash for me!" A well-trained team of security guards

immediately rushed over and lifted the Bentleys off the ground.

Mrs. Bentley cried out loudly, "No... Mr. President, they're all bad people." "They ruined our family!"

Her voice faded, and the entire banquet hall fell into an eerie silence. No one dared to speak, no one dared to

utter a word.

The atmosphere was bizarre and frightening.

The silence made it seem as though everyone present was nothing more than puppets, and only occasional breaths could be heard.

After a while, Sylvia couldn't help but chuckle, "What a show." Even when she spoke up, no one dared to

casually respond.

It was Franklin who spoke calmly, "Are you tired of watching the show? If you're tired, we can go back." "Sure!" Sylvia nodded, then turned to

Darius, "Mr. Foster, care to join us?"

Darius finally shifted his gaze to Sylvia. She was a stunning woman, and this was the legendary Mrs. Maskelyne? He had heard she had many aliases.

A woman who could control Franklin must be extraordinary.

He nodded, "Sylvia's command, I can't refuse."

As soon as he mentioned Sylvia's name, Sylvia nearly tripped and fell. This was too... unexpected!

He actually called her Sylvia?

Seeing her usual calm demeanor waver, Franklin couldn't help but playfully curl his lips, "What? Feeling shy?" "Shy my foot!" Sylvia raised her hand and pinched his waist.

Isabelle was led by Darius's large hand and followed the man's footsteps, feeling a bit dazed. As she turned, the President quickly walked up to her and blocked her path.

"Isabelle, can I have a word with you?"

Isabelle paused, looking at the middle-aged man in front of her. These past years, he seemed to have aged significantly, perhaps due to overwork or maybe because of the harsh blow today. He appeared much older.

She looked at him calmly, "What's the matter?"

Seeing her attitude, the President suppressed his displeasure and offered what he thought was a loving smile, "These years, I am really sorry for you, Isabelle. I have been too foolish, and I promise to make it up to you and Bethany. I've been a neglectful father."

If it weren't for Darius, he would never have uttered this apology. He thought Isabelle would be grateful,

that she would be content.

However, Isabelle only gave him a faint glance and said, "I accept your apology, but... do you really want to make it up to me? Or should we just forget about it? Your heart is only filled with thoughts of your stepson. What am I to you? In my heart, my father has long been gone."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 737

The President was seething with anger. He had made the first move to reconcile with Isabelle, but this stubborn woman acted aloof. Did she expect him to kneel and beg for forgiveness? He had extended an olive branch, and yet she refused to take it.

He was fuming, but in front of Darius and Franklin, he dared not do anything rash. All he could do was rub his hands together awkwardly and say, "Isabelle, we're still family. Blood is thicker than water."

"You're right," Isabelle replied coolly. "We have pitiful blood ties left between us. You can go back to your stepson now; I'm just a daughter you can forget about."

With that said, she walked away without looking back.

Darius watched her leave with a smirk on his lips before following after her.

Sylvia shook her head in disappointment as she watched the drama unfold before her eyes.

The President's face turned red with embarrassment as he tried to salvage the situation but failed miserably.

In the speeding car, Isabelle sat next to a powerful man who exuded an intimidating aura. She didn't dare move or breathe too loudly for fear of angering him.

He could destroy the Bentley family with just a snap of his fingers; what chance did an insignificant woman like herself have against him?

Even though she had accepted that he was Bethany's biological father, Isabelle couldn't help feeling lost and scared about what might happen next.

Would he try to take custody of Bethany away from her? If so, there was no way she could win against him in court or anywhere else for that matter.

Her mind raced uncontrollably until his deep voice broke the silence inside the car. "Do you want to come back with me to H Rovirsa or stay here?"

Isabelle looked up at him in shock - did he just ask for her opinion? It seemed like he respected her after all...

Darius looked at Isabelle sitting far away from him, admiring her exquisite figure and delicate face. Her long eyelashes covered her eyelids, complemented by a small nose and pointed chin, forming an extremely youthful appearance.

She was very pretty, especially pretty.

After hearing his voice, she suddenly looked up, her eyes resembling those of a deer, with a hint of disbelief and mixed with fear. He knew he shouldn't scare her, but he couldn't help himself. He was somewhat out of control.

Especially when he thought of the hardships and sufferings she had gone through.

A surge of rage would swell up inside his chest, an urge to obliterate the entire world. He wished for those who had ever mistreated her to pay a heavy price.

"Why aren't you speaking? If you don't want to come back to H Rovirsa with me, the three of us can stay here. Don't you want to be an anchor? I can buy the TV station right now."

Darius deliberately slowed down his speech, as if afraid of scaring her.

Upon hearing his words, Isabelle's face immediately changed. "No, it's not necessary. Don't buy..."

She pressed down the palpitation in her heart and said, "Mr. Foster, are you only temporarily staying with me because of Bethany? I know I don't have money and there's a world of difference between us. If you want her custody, I'm too powerless to resist. But... Bethany and I have been relying on each other for so many years. I can't bear to be separated from her. Please don't take Bethany away from me, can you?"

"I will work hard to earn money and take good care of her. I will definitely be a responsible mother."

Upon hearing her words, Darius's handsome face darkened. What was she even saying?

Was it because he didn't express himself clearly or something else?

How could she think that he would separate them and take their daughter away from her?

Darius exuded a chilling coldness that sent shivers down one's spine.

Feeling the emotional changes of the man beside her, Isabelle, who was already lacking in confidence, felt even worse. She swallowed nervously and quietly glanced at him before quickly lowering her gaze again.

Did he seem even angrier now? So, he really wanted to take the child away?

Isabelle felt a little sad, uneasy, and even more fearful.

If she were separated from her daughter, it would be no different from wanting her dead.

"Isabelle, listen up." The man finally spoke, his voice filled with undisguised anger. "I will not forcefully separate you from the child, nor will I fight for custody. What I want... from beginning to end, is for us to be together."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 738

Isabelle's beautiful eyes widened, not quite understanding what he meant by his words. She understood each word individually, but when put together, it was difficult for her to comprehend.

She looked at him confusedly. "So you're saying that even though you know Bethany is your daughter, you don't want to take responsibility as a father? It's okay, I won't ask anything of you. I'll raise her on my own and it might be tough but I can handle it."

Darius was so frustrated that he wanted to knock some sense into her head and see what was going on inside there. Was his expression not clear enough? Why couldn't she understand him? The driver in front of them was getting impatient and his throat felt like it would burst from the stress. 'Master Darius! When can you win over your future wife? Can't you just speak more clearly? Confess your love already!'

Just then, the car came to a stop at the airport and the driver sighed in relief before saying helplessly, "Master Darius, we've arrived at the airport."

The airport?

Why were they here?

Was Darius taking her back to H Rovirsa right now?

Isabelle started feeling anxious. "I'm not going with you! Bethany is still at the association! Take me back!"

"What are you thinking?" Darius looked at her incredulously before getting out of the car first and extending a hand towards Isabelle, "Get out."

Isabelle bit her lip but didn't dare hold onto his hand; instead she silently got out of the car herself.

Darius felt hurt by how much Isabelle rejected him but didn't show any signs of it. Instead he turned around towards the eye-catching couple who had gotten off their own car.

When Isabelle saw Sylvia again, she finally felt some sense of security return.

She quickly walked over towards Sylvia, almost running, "Miss Andrews, why did we come here?" If she stayed with

this man any longer, then surely she would go insane!

Sylvia smiled slightly, "Isabelle, I'm returning back to H Rovirsa. My business in Middle Evroya has been resolved, and so I should return home."

"Ahh?" Isabelle stared surprisedly at Sylvia. So... Darius brought her here just to see off Franklin and Sylvia?

"Keep up your good work. Isabelle, I believe in your abilities." Sylvia extended a hand, patted gently on Isabelle's smooth face. Isabelle blushed at such an intimate gesture, "Wish you a safe journey, thank you."

"Don't be too polite, Mr. Foster... he should be quite capable," Sylvia glanced at her with a meaningful look and then looked over at the tall man standing with Franklin nearby. "He knocked you up on his first try. That's impressive!"

Sylvia's teasing was evident, and Isabelle's face grew even redder, especially when she thought about how intimately she had slept with this man five years ago and even had a child with him.

Isabelle felt a little bit dizzy.

The passion of that night seemed vividly remembered; it was too embarrassing.

Sylvia knew she had thin skin and didn't pursue it any further. Instead, she looked over at Franklin.

Darius was good-looking, but Franklin was even more handsome. When the two of them stood together, they were an eye-catching male duo that was even more pleasing to the eye than those male celebrities who were hyped up as couples in magazines.

"Thanks."

Franklin smirked and said, "You, the bachelor, have finally found your life partner. Is a simple 'thank you' really enough? That seems too easy for you."

Darius lowered his gaze and smiled, his lips slightly curved. "She seems to be afraid of me. But it's okay, I'll try to date her first." Darius who had never been in love was smiling.

"For so many years, this is the first time I've seen you laugh so heartily," Franklin said as he looked down and pulled out his phone to check the latest news on Facebook. He saw that Aedan had sent several shocked emoji pictures in a row.

"Damn, did you actually help my big brother find his wife? Aren't you two constantly competing?" Aedan felt hurt so much.

When he signed with the Maskelyne Group's racing club, he hid it from his elder brother, for fear that his brother accused him of joining a rival team. But it turned out the Maskelyne Group's CEO and his elder brother were good friends!

Franklin replied directly to him, "You don't understand the friendship between men." Aedan: "Why

don't I understand? Am I not a man?"

Franklin replied: "Because you are still young." Aedan: "I'm just a little

bit younger than you guys!"

Franklin: "Being a little bit younger is still being young. Go play with your car!" Putting away his phone,

he glanced at the time and said, "We should go now." Darius nodded and said, "I'm not going back for now."

Watching their figures disappear, Darius finally turned to Isabelle. "Can I see our daughter?" he asked.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 739

Isabelle looked at him in surprise, as he earnestly sought her opinion. A strange thought crossed her mind - what if he waited for her to agree even if she refused? No man had ever respected her thoughts and opinions like this before. She felt a little overwhelmed and unsure of what to do.

This was the first time a handsome, wealthy man of high status had asked her so gently for her opinion. Her heart raced faster and faster with each passing moment, as waves of emotions surged through her.

For a long while, Isabelle didn't answer him. But Darius remained patient and gentle with his gaze fixed on hers. "If... you don't agree, it's okay to take your time," he said softly. "I can wait."

He really said that! He valued her thoughts so much that he was willing to wait! Isabelle had never experienced anything like this before; it felt wonderful - almost like a gentle spring breeze caressing her cheeks.

Her throat felt dry as she struggled to find the right words. Finally, after some hesitation, she spoke up, "I don't disagree." As soon as she spoke those words, Isabelle's cheeks flushed hotly with embarrassment and shyness.

She lowered her head, her voice soft, "Bethany is studying in the association, and Miss Anto, along with a few other ladies, are her mentors. Miss Andrews said she wants to groom Bethany exceptionally well."

"You mean Sylvia?" Darius narrowed his eyes; he had heard that Sylvia was far from ordinary.

"Yeah, yeah," Isabelle's eyes lit up as soon as she mentioned Sylvia, and her admiration and fondness for Sylvia shone through so clearly that it couldn't be hidden.

Watching this, Darius felt a pang of jealousy, even though he knew Sylvia was a woman. If not, he would've been one hundred percent jealous because the moment she mentioned Sylvia, her whole face lit up.

"Miss Andrews really likes Bethany and has prepared excellent teachers for her. She has a lot of homework too," Isabelle spoke more when it came to her daughter.

Darius knew she had a shy personality, so he didn't interrupt her but listened attentively, his eyes showing a hint of gentle encouragement.

Isabelle blushed again. "I'm sorry if I've been talking too much..."

Darius smiled reassuringly at Isabelles' apology. "No need for apologies. I like listening," Darius said. "Is Bethany doing well in school?" At the time, he thought his daughter was only studying some school courses, with maybe a special talent or two.

But when he followed Isabelle to the association, he was amazed by what he saw. He had always considered himself worldly and experienced, but his eyes went wide at the sight of it all.

"Bethany is working really hard," Isabelle nodded. "Come on, I'll take you to her." An hour

later, they arrived at the entrance of Athena Society in a steady car.

After Isabelle got out of the car, Darius followed her into the building. There were several large buildings inside with gardens and ponds along with many facilities that surprised him.

A billiards room? A shooting range?

Why would there be so many such places in a maternity and child protection association?

As he passed by some wooden stakes, he couldn't help asking, "Who here knows martial arts?"

Isabelle pointed to these wooden stakes. "The shorter ones are for children's practice while we use taller ones." There were also some sandbags as well as swords...

It seemed like he had walked into an arena from a TV drama series.

"Why do you practice this kind of thing..." Darius suppressed his shock inside before looking incredulously at Isabelle.

"For self-defense, you know, to protect ourselves! Miss Andrews said it's best for a girl to have some self-defense skills," Isabelle said with a smile.

Darius pondered for a while before speaking again, "She has quite unique ideas."

"Of course." Isabelle looked proud as she led Darius through two buildings until they reached an empty horse-riding field corner where there were twenty or thirty tall horses in stables nearby.

Darius furrowed his brows; there was even a horse-riding field here? Why did she bring him here?

While he was contemplating this question, Isabelle said, "Bethany is currently taking horseback riding lessons." She glanced down at her phone's time display before continuing, "She might need another ten minutes or so." Horseback riding lessons?

A five-year-old child takes horseback riding lessons?

With one swift kick from the horse, the child was gone! Darius' heart raced at the thought and Isabelle's words caused his face to pale.

"She's so young? How could she be taking such a dangerous class?"

Isabelle extended her slender fingers and pointed towards a line of children on horseback in the arena. "Have you seen them? They're all taking riding lessons."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 740

Darius looked around and saw two female teachers with a dozen children standing in the horse field. It was then that he realized something shocking. The education he thought was good for his daughter and what Sylvia and Isabelle understood as good education seemed to be on different paths.

He thought his daughter would go to class to learn cultural subjects, then attend special classes to develop her talents. But why did his five-year-old daughter have to learn horseback riding? Why did she need it?

He only wanted her to be a happy little princess. What kind of protection association was this? Was it really a protection association or a danger association?

As he silently grumbled in dissatisfaction, Isabelle pointed at a little girl wearing pink shorts and shirt as she said, "This is Bethany."

The little girl had short hair with shiny sweat beads on her forehead that trickled down her cheeks along with some strands of hair sticking onto the wet skin.

Despite being so young, she had an impressive look in her eyes showing determination; one could tell that this child wasn't raised like a delicate flower in greenhouse conditions.

Perhaps because of experiencing many hardships from an early age, she practiced hard. She learned every movement the teacher instructed perfectly despite being young; even mounting the horse's back by pulling its reins were done correctly.

Darius watched anxiously as the little girl flipped over gracefully onto the back of a white pony after putting on safety gear under teacher guidance.

She started galloping forward once patting its back while Darius' heart almost jumped out of his throat thinking how dangerous it all seemed!

"Too risky! Quick-" He was about to rush over but Isabelle grabbed his arm firmly and said with a resolute look, "To let the child grow up, we must learn how to let go."

"I know you may worry about her safety, but this is all for laying foundations for her growing up strong enough later." Her eyes reddened slightly, "Miss Andrews told me that I should not only be a shield for the child but also a teacher who teaches her to fly high and fight her battles."

"Miss Andrews provided such excellent opportunities for us; we have no reason to wince."

Darius was taken aback. Her delicate features were marred by pain, and it cut him to the core. What kind of suffering had she endured to become like this? He suddenly reached out and pulled her into a tight embrace, making it hard for her to breathe.

"I'm sorry, it's my fault for being late," he said. "If only I had investigated more thoroughly and kept someone by your side, you wouldn't have suffered so much."

Isabelle's face was pressed against his chest as she heard his strong heartbeat. She blushed uncontrollably and tried to push him away.

"Let go of me," she said.

Darius immediately released her when he sensed her discomfort. "Don't worry, with me around, no one can hurt you or your daughter."

"I can become stronger and protect my child," Isabelle replied through gritted teeth.

"You don't always have to be strong; sometimes you need rest too," Darius said tenderly.

Just then, the class was over. Bethany jumped off her horse with ease; having spent some time at the association had strengthened both her body and mind.

She ran towards Isabelle with a bright smile on her face. "Mom! You're back!"

Isabelle nodded and asked, "How are you doing in your class today?"

"I love horseback riding! The sound of wind is so soothing!" Bethany exclaimed excitedly before mentioning that they would have shooting lessons later in the evening where she hoped to score 10 rings!

"That's not easy," Darius remarked while admiring his daughter's beauty which resembled both him and Isabelle in different ways - an inexplicable feeling washed over him knowing that this little girl carried his bloodline forward - warm yet surreal!

He knelt down slowly until he was eye level with Bethany who looked up at him curiously as if noticing for the first time how handsome he looked.

"Do you know who I am?" Darius asked gently.

Bethany blinked twice before replying, "You're such a cool uncle!"

However, perhaps it was due to the deep wounds inflicted upon her by the Bentley family in the past that there was a clear sense of alertness in her eyes.