

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 751

Katie was feeling a bit down, "Maybe my sister-in-law really dislikes me! After all, since my debut, I haven't had many works, and the internet users keep comparing me to my sister-in-law, saying things like my sister-in-law has made significant contributions to the conglomerate, she's elegant and graceful, and she's perfect in every way!"

"I'm the only one who's not good enough. I'm really tired of this life where people constantly compare me to my sister-in-law." "Aren't I young? Aren't I pretty?"

"My sister-in-law is almost forty, and I can't even measure up to this older woman?" Katie vented her frustrations, directing all her anger at Kareem.

The more she thought about it, the less she understood why she couldn't surpass Carolyn.

Kareem got up, poured her a glass of water, and handed it to her. "Katie, you are unique, you are the most special. Don't forget, you are the little princess of the Mcguire family."

Katie held the glass with both hands and grew angrier the more she thought about it. "But the internet users will just insult me! Why do they like my sister-in-law so much?"

Kareem looked at her gently, like a caring older brother. "Your sister-in-law is an outsider after all; we are siblings with blood ties. Katie, sometimes you can't trust others too much, you know?"

Katie felt uncomfortable hearing Kareem's words. "But my sister-in-law is always good to me. It's just that internet users like to meddle and compare."

"No matter how good she is to you, there's no blood relationship. Don't you know there's something called a 'trolls' in this world?" Kareem opened his phone and accessed the Twitter interface.

"Look at these comments, especially those criticizing you. They don't seem like genuine internet users."

"But... who would pay for a 'trolls' just to insult me?" Katie looked at the profiles Kareem had opened, starting to see the sense in Kareem's words.

"Who benefits from it? That's who paid for it. Can't you figure this out?" Kareem sighed, looking tired. "Our Mcguire family is a large and thriving business. There will always be people wanting to embezzle, line their pockets. Lukas is no longer here. Do they have to kick me and you out too for her to feel at ease?"

Katie stared at Kareem in shock. "Kareem... are you saying that my sister-in-law is the one who bought the 'trolls' to insult me and tarnish my reputation?"

Kareem quickly covered her mouth, looking around cautiously, as if afraid someone might overhear. "Don't speak so loudly. I didn't say it was your sister-in-law."

Katie widened her eyes, looking at him. "Sob, sob, sob..."

Kareem released her mouth after ensuring no one was eavesdropping. "Don't jump to conclusions, okay? Now, with Uncle getting older and your sister-in-law in power, be careful not to say this loudly. We might both be in deep trouble if she overhears."

Although Kareem didn't confirm it, Katie had already made up her mind that Carolyn was the one behind the 'trolls' attacks.

She felt upset. She had always respected Carolyn, and Carolyn had shown a lot of affection toward her, but it had all been a facade.

This hypocritical woman.

"So, what should we do now?"

"What else can we do? Be cautious, bide your time. When the day comes for you to become the sole heir, that'll be our golden opportunity." Kareem whispered, "Haven't you noticed how she fiercely protects her brother? Why doesn't she protect you?"

"Good point." Katie, who had been swayed by Kareem's words, was no longer as respectful and affectionate toward Carolyn. She sighed in frustration. "The Mcguire family has treated her well, and yet she's so harsh with me."

"Alright, my dear Katie, my lovely little sister. For now, focus on making your mark in the entertainment industry. Then, when the time is right, you can study and develop yourself, and make sure to influence Uncle to announce the heir soon. It would be great if you become the heir. We'll have good days ahead." Kareem continued to manipulate Katie, and she was seething with anger.

"People are so two-faced! I'm so furious!"

"Katie, you're just too honest, too pure. That's why she played you like a fiddle. I'm doing everything for your own good," Kareem said with concern. "In the future, you have to be more careful, okay?"

"Kareem, don't worry," Katie nodded, her eyes filled with anger.

"Don't be so naive, showing everything on your face. Don't lose your temper when you see her tomorrow, act just like you used to, you know?" Kareem quietly advised Katie. "She's a very shrewd woman. Don't let her see through you. If she does, how are we going to turn things around?"

Katie looked at Kareem admiringly. "Kareem, you're really something. I'm so lucky to have you in the family. I wouldn't even know who truly cares about me."

"Alright, my naive little sister, go back to your room and get some sleep." Kareem had achieved

his goal and was now urging her to return to her room. "Okay, good night."

Katie turned and left.

Watching her retreating figure, Kareem's face displayed a hint of disdain. Katie was just a pawn. He hoped she could be a good one.

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Today was Cody's court date, and Franklin had risen early. Sylvia followed suit. After double-checking the case documents, the two of them headed to the courthouse.

The atmosphere was extremely solemn.

When Cody was brought in, almost everyone's eyes were on him. He appeared worn and considerably thinner. Brayden, Sylvia, and Jenna sat together in the public gallery, silently watching Cody's figure, their eyes slightly teary.

There were some media people around, and when they saw Franklin taking the defense lawyer's seat, they were somewhat surprised.

"I heard the once-celebrated Lawyer Maskelyne, who shocked Urford, is back." "Could it be Franklin?"

"So young?"

"Oh my! Can Cody really get away with this?"

"With all the evidence against him, he probably won't get away with it, right?"

...

Jasper whispered to Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, the news about Master Franklin's comeback is trending." Sylvia: "..."

Previously, she had gone viral like crazy, and now it was Franklin trending. She found it a bit unusual. She took out her

phone and checked Twitter, finding the trending topic about Franklin.

#Lawyer Maskelyne Returns to the Scene

Clicking into it, she saw pictures of Franklin and the photos from the courtroom today. The reporters were quick. "These people..."

Sylvia was speechless. "They probably didn't expect that Franklin is the high-priced lawyer." She read the comments below, where netizens expressed disbelief that Mr. Maskelyne was a lawyer.

"How is that possible? Mr. Maskelyne only knows how to fly planes, right?" "Still a lawyer? Isn't

that a bit too much for The Wright family to save money?"

"They're definitely losing this case. The high-priced Lawyer Maskelyne is just a coincidence in the names." "Yeah, how could it be the same person? This is just riding on the popularity of the old Lawyer Maskelyne, right?" "It feels like a publicity stunt."

Sylvia scrolled through the comments for a while and then put her phone away. "These people don't believe he's a lawyer." "Mr. Maskelyne will prove them wrong with his actions," Jasper said confidently.

In the following hours, everyone witnessed what it meant to be eloquent, and what it meant to have the hammer of evidence slam into your face.

Franklin stood there, tall and exceptionally handsome, his expressionless face radiating a powerful aura. Every piece of

evidence presented was well-founded and lawful.

The evidence previously used for the report couldn't withstand this scrutiny.

With the evidence Sylvia and M16 had gathered, Franklin systematically cleared Cody's name of all accusations.

Cody, on the defendant's bench, looked at Franklin in disbelief. The man he had thought of as a child was now putting in all his efforts to save him. It was an incredible feeling.

Sylvia also watched Franklin, his resplendent beauty shining under the lights, radiating a brilliant aura. She couldn't help

but feel a flutter in her heart.

In his dark eyes gleamed determination, and his tall, commanding figure exuded determination. He was like a

beacon in the crowd, impossible to look away from.

Franklin's every movement and gesture exuded elegance, especially his unruffled self-confidence, making him seem more like a noble prince emerging from a royal castle than a lawyer.

Everyone had to bow to his voice, his evidence, his world!

He was the king of this courtroom, exuding an air of condescension and wild authority.

"I have presented my evidence. These are the documents for your review," Franklin said, submitting the files to the judge. The judge, only now recovering from the captivating presentation of evidence, hurriedly began to review the documents. "We will deliberate with the jury.

Please be patient," the judge announced.

Waiting was excruciating. Each minute and second felt like an eternity. Brayden, in particular, clenched his fists tightly, and his palms were sweaty.

A soft, cool hand gently grasped his. He looked in surprise to find Jenna, her fair hand covering his, her sweet voice saying, "Godfather will be fine."

Brayden's heart warmed, and he nodded firmly. "He will be."

In contrast to their anxiety, Franklin's face appeared much calmer. There was hardly any expression on his handsome face. He sat quietly in his seat, hands clasped, exuding confidence, as if he was absolutely certain this was a case he was destined to win.

Sylvia shifted her gaze away from him, looking to her right, where a seat was originally reserved for Mrs. Wright. Her flight was delayed, and she didn't know if she had arrived in Urford yet.

Even though Cody was handcuffed, he stood proudly as if he weren't a defendant but a resolute man.

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When Cody was declared not guilty and released in court, the entire room erupted in cheers.

Not only were there official media reporters present, including Sylvia and her group, but also some of Cody's friends and former colleagues who had come early due to their concern for him.

Outside the courtroom, a crowd of reporters who couldn't get inside swarmed towards Cody and Franklin. "Mr. Wright, how do you feel about being released in court?"

"Going from a high-ranking figure to a defendant, what does that feel like?"

"Your future as the head of Larro is probably in jeopardy. How do you feel about becoming an ordinary person?" "How do your family and friends view you now?"

The reporters fired off questions at Cody like rapid gunfire. Franklin frowned,

exuding an aura of coldness.

His powerful presence felt like an army of thousands. He stared at the reporters, his eyes filled with a chilling gaze. In a cold, unemotional tone, he said, "Please make way. My client will not be taking any interviews."

The reporters were momentarily stunned by the lack of warmth. So icy...

So frigid...

It was at this point that she instinctively turned to Franklin, whose face was cold as ice, as if he were covered in a layer of frost. Just one look from him sent shivers down their spines, making them feel uneasy.

For a moment, no one dared to utter another word. "Cody!"

Just then, Mrs. Wright suddenly pushed through the crowd.

She was dressed in a deep blue velvet suit, wearing low-heeled shoes.

Her face had a light layer of makeup, and although she seemed carefully dressed, it couldn't hide the exhaustion and thinness on her face.

It seemed she had been going through a tough time lately.

Her flight had been delayed, and she hurriedly made her way here, waiting outside since her arrival. She was growing anxious. Now, seeing Cody coming out unharmed alongside Franklin, her anxious heart finally found some relief.

With tearful eyes, she held Cody's hands. "Cody, you've suffered."

"It's nothing, as long as our family is back together," Cody replied with a soft smile, looking at Mrs. Wright. "You've lost weight. Why did you lose so much

weight?"

"It's because I've been worrying about you. I couldn't eat or sleep properly." Mrs. Wright looked away,

tears rolling down her cheeks.

It had been too long, feeling like their family had been apart for a century. The taste of it was truly unbearable, something she never wanted to experience again in her lifetime.

"Mom, don't cry here. Dad's been acquitted; this is a happy occasion. Let's go celebrate," Brayden walked over and gently patted Mrs. Wright's shoulder. "I've reserved a private room at Balfax Hotel for us. Let's have a meal, welcome Dad back, and thank Franklin for helping with his exoneration."

"Brayden, you're absolutely right," Mrs. Wright nodded. "Let's go."

They moved forward, and the journalists surprisingly didn't dare to crowd around. Under the imposing presence of Franklin, they instinctively made way, watching as the group got into two black cars and drove away, leaving them in the dust.

Sylvia and Franklin took one car, and the Wright family took the other.

Cody's acquittal brought immense joy to Brayden, who promptly booked several tables at Balfax Hotel. He excitedly called some of Cody's old friends and comrades to join the celebration. However, the responses were unexpected.

Many of those who had once considered Cody a close friend turned down the invitations.

Brayden fell into silence for a while, his voice tinged with guilt. "Dad, there's something I need to tell you." Cody, with a gentle expression, asked, "What is it?"

Brayden struggled to find the right words.

Mrs. Wright glanced at him sideways and asked, "Are those uncles and aunts of yours coming?"

It was only then that Cody realized his wife and son had invited other people. Given his current status, having been acquitted but without a job, he immediately understood his son's unspoken words.

Now that he was no longer in power, those people probably wanted nothing to do with him, even though he had been proven innocent.

But to Cody, it didn't matter.

"Today's welcome-back feast might not have many attendees, just our family and Franklin," Brayden said, his voice heavy with disappointment.

Cody's eyes dimmed briefly, but he smiled and understood his son's intentions.

He was acquitted, and Brayden wanted to throw a grand celebration to show everyone that he was innocent. However, these people now had thin skin and weren't willing to attend without a sense of obligation.

"Dad, I thought you'd finally be out, proven innocent, and I wanted to make it a cheerful event. But... many people said they had other commitments," Brayden said, growing more disheartened as he spoke.

Cody didn't care about these superficial matters and didn't let them bother him. He said, "It's okay, it's just a regular family dinner, right? Fewer people make it more comfortable. I just wanted to have a chat with our own people; the rest doesn't matter."

Brayden sighed and didn't say anything more.

Jenna was also feeling the weight of the situation, and she softly comforted Cody, "Godfather, I... I can play the piano for you later, okay? What song would you like to hear?"

Her attempt at comfort might have been a bit awkward, but it touched both Mrs. Wright and Cody deeply. They could tell that she genuinely cared about the Wright family.

Mrs. Wright wiped a tear from the corner of her eye and said, "Jenna is such a sweet girl."

She held Cody's hand and continued, "Cody, it's okay. If no one comes, we'll have our meal together. We'll have a couple of drinks to shake off the bad vibes."

Meanwhile, Brayden lowered his head to send a message to Franklin on Facebook.

Sitting in the other car, Sylvia noticed Franklin let out a sigh and leaned back in his seat. She couldn't help but ask, "What's wrong?"

Franklin replied, "Nothing, Brayden called to invite people for dinner, but not many are coming. I was thinking of inviting a few of my M16 members to live things up."

He leaned his head back, his handsome face clouded with frustration. Cody's release from prison had been meant to send a clear message to Urgford and others, letting them know that the Wright family hadn't been defeated. However, with so few attendees at the welcoming feast, it felt like the message had been lost.

Franklin began sending messages on Facebook, reaching out to M16's core members and other friends he knew. As Cody had lost his job and position, with only Brayden remaining outside the world of politics, Urgford and others likely assumed the Wright family was done for and wouldn't rise again.

While Brayden was the CEO of Maskelyne Group, the real power rested with Franklin, making Urgford and his associates believe that attending this feast was a waste of time.

So, one by one, they found excuses to decline. Now, they probably viewed Cody as dispensable, and the Wright family as incapable of making a comeback.

Franklin couldn't help but let out a wry smile. He couldn't stand seeing his close friend's family mistreated like this. Those who chose not to attend now might regret it later.

Sylvia had similar thoughts to Franklin. She lazily sat in her seat, reaching out to her acquaintances through Facebook.

She wasn't particularly fond of large gatherings, but her sister and brother-in-law were hosting this feast, and someone had to show up, right? The absence of guests was a sign of disrespect, and she was not pleased.

An inexplicable sense of anger swelled within her, especially when she thought about Mrs. Wright's tears and her recent weight loss. It made her even more furious.

Disrespecting Mr. and Mrs. Wright equaled to disrespecting herself.

Sylvia directly posted a message in the Secretly, Greatly chat group:

Zero: [Lunch at Balfax Hotel, who's free to join for a meal?] Wind: [Me, me, me! I'm in!]

Alby: [I just arrived in Urgford for business, just got off the plane. Share the address with me.] Ward: [Damn it! Another dinner invitation? I'm in Aettosal]

Chad: [I'm still in Middle Evroya, really want to come back! Annoying!] Sylvia shared the address in the group: [Waiting for you all.]

After posting, she called Jonathan, "Lunch at Balfax Hotel at noon. It's my brother-in-law's welcome-back feast, and my sister is there too. Bring your mom; they used to be great friends."

Jonathan, Jasper, and Franklin had all met before. Jonathan was the young master of the Bennett family and a well-known esports player.

She then called Adriel, "Old man, come over to Balfax Hotel for a meal."

Sylvia wasn't finished. She made another call, "Weston, come to Balfax Hotel for a meal."

They all knew Weston, the owner of that auction. He had extensive connections in Urgford and was a prominent figure. But even such a person had to listen when Sylvia called.

Still not enough, Sylvia dialed another number, "Blake, are you in Urgford? How about joining us for a meal?" Blake...

The name sounded strangely familiar, and Jasper had a vague sense of déjà vu, but he couldn't recall where he had heard it. The calls continued, and after Blake, there was someone named Arian, from the Dawson family?

Jasper felt a bit overwhelmed.

It seemed that Miss Andrews knew quite a few people in Urgford.

Jasper also thought of something else: their Howlett family had a reputation in Urgford, and he decided to invite Mrs. Howlett for lunch. He sent her a Facebook message, "Mom, come to Balfax Hotel for lunch at noon and join the gathering. Yes, Miss Andrews is here. Mr. Maskelyne is also here."

Franklin watched Sylvia closely. She was flipping through her phone contacts, her delicate and beautiful face slightly lowered, her sharp chin giving her an extra touch of charm. Her demeanor was exceptionally cool, yet impossible to ignore.

At the entrance of Balfax Hotel, Katie and Kareem, the siblings, sat in a corner of the lobby, gazing out of the window casually.

"It's your birthday today, and Uncle invited many celebrities to celebrate with you. Why aren't you happy?" Kareem took a sip from his water glass.

Katie pouted, "It's the same every year, just eating and banquets. It's so boring."

Her eyes glanced toward the entrance, where a familiar face was greeting guests. When she saw that face, her whole body tensed, and her voice cracked.

"Why is he here?"

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Kareem also noticed the young man at the entrance. The man had a tall and handsome figure, and his appearance was full of a sunny and bright charm. He observed Katie's expression and said, "Isn't that the guy you used to chase after in college?"

Katie had a difficult look on her face, and her carefully adorned face revealed a faint hint of resentment. "Why is Brayden here? Wasn't he in that nowhere Larro town?"

Back in her college days, Katie had relentlessly pursued Brayden, but he had rejected her advances, almost turning her into a laughingstock on campus.

She couldn't believe she was running into this man here.

When Katie was in her freshman year, Brayden was already a senior. She had fallen in love with him at first sight and had pursued him ardently, but no matter what she did, he remained indifferent.

Soon after, he graduated and left the school.

She heard he had returned to his hometown in Larro.

Her pursuit of him during those days had come to naught.

It had been several years since she last saw Brayden, and now he seemed like a distant memory. She gazed at the man at the entrance, and he was still as handsome and upright as ever, but now he appeared even more mature and composed than when he was in school.

In Brayden's expression, there was an indescribable charm that came with the maturity of a man.

Katie was feeling a flurry of emotions, and she was about to approach him to say hello when she saw a young girl wearing a pink dress and white Martin boots rushing up to Brayden. The girl was cute and sweet-looking, holding Brayden's hand intimately and looking up at him. Her rosy lips were moving, and she appeared to be talking to him.

Brayden raised his hand affectionately and ruffled the girl's hair.

Katie had never seen Brayden look this gentle and affectionate before. Envy grew within her like wild weeds, causing her to feel uncomfortable, bitter, and angry.

How could this man be so close to another woman besides her? She

quickly downed the glass of water in front of her.

Kareem hadn't realized what was happening yet when he saw Katie impulsively approach Brayden, and he hurriedly followed her.

It was already noon, and very few guests had arrived. Brayden had greeted a few people and was discussing whether to start the meal since it seemed like no one else was coming.

At that moment, an angry female voice sounded nearby. "Brayden,

senior! Long time no see!"

Brayden furrowed his brow and looked toward the voice, seeing a somewhat unfamiliar face. "Excuse me... who are you?" There

was no recollection of this face in his memory.

However, the girl had just called him senior. Could she be a former classmate?

Katie almost choked on her breath and nearly fainted. She gritted her teeth and said, "Brayden, senior, I'm your junior, Katie. Don't you remember?"

Katie? That was a familiar name. Wasn't she that recent headline about the heiress of some conglomerate in the entertainment section?

Brayden contemplated for a moment, wondering if he had a classmate named Katie. Out of politeness, he nodded and said, "Hello. How have you been? I heard you've become a star?"

Katie finally felt a bit relieved, "Yes! I'm about to participate in a variety show called 'Back to First Love'. Brayden, would you consider being my guest on the show?"

Brayden found it strange to receive such a straightforward invitation. What did her appearance on a variety show have to do with him?

So, he politely declined, "I'm sorry, but I'm quite busy, and I don't have the time."

Katie felt a lump in her chest, "Busy with what? Is it because you have a girlfriend now?"

She pointed at Jenna, "Is that why you're refusing me? I can't believe you'd be into these childish types." Jenna,

caught off guard, was wordless.

She had an instinctual dislike for Katie, especially her condescending attitude, which made Jenna feel quite uncomfortable.

"Miss Mcguire, I believe we haven't reached the point of discussing our preferences in partners, have we?" Brayden raised an eyebrow as he glanced at Katie. He spoke clearly, "My taste in women has nothing to do with you."

Katie's expression contorted, "How does it not concern me? Brayden, it's been so many years. If you're still unmarried, then you'll be my man for life!"

Her feelings for Brayden bordered on obsession. From childhood to adulthood, there was nothing she couldn't have, except Brayden. The more he dismissed her, the more she desired him.

Mrs. Wright stood nearby, watching the overly confident and assertive girl who had suddenly appeared. She was not very fond of her. If she were to choose a daughter-in-law, she would never pick this girl.

Just then, Sabrina and Alondra, the sisters, approached Katie. Alondra, with a cheerful smile, presented Katie with a gift, "Katie, this is a birthday gift from me. Let's see if you like it."

Paula also joined in, looking at Katie with affection. "Katie, your aunt prepared a gift for you too. Oh my, our Katie is so beautiful. Who knows, maybe in the future, some lucky young man will get to enjoy your charms."

Katie was the princess of the Mcguire family, and she did not have much regard for the ordinary heiresses of Urgford. But in Katie's presence, she needed to maintain a certain facade, despite privately thinking of Katie as a simpleton with an empty head.

She placed a bag with an "X" logo in front of Katie. "Katie, this is a global limited-edition jewelry set that I snatched after staying up all night. There are only ten sets in the world!"

Katie was a fan of X designs and had a complete collection of their clothes and accessories. She always needed to have the latest releases, and if she couldn't get her hands on limited-edition items, she would pay a high price to acquire them.

Katie's mood was still soured, and even though she received three precious gifts, she couldn't shake her discontent. However, since her aunts had always been kind to her, she managed to force a faint smile and accepted the gifts, saying, "Thank you, Sabrina, thank you, aunts."

Alondra held Katie's hand and advised her, "We're all family here, no need to be so polite. Today, your birthday celebration at Balfax Hotel is attended by many celebrities. You must conduct yourself with dignity, not as capricious as you used to be, understand?"

Katie nodded and replied, "I understand."

Kareem, in a soft voice, added, "The event space is being prepared by my sister-in-law inside. Aunts, Miss Hogan, please go inside."

Alondra and Paula, the high-ranking sisters in the family, had never held Kareem in high regard, thinking of him as nothing more than a servant. Upon hearing Kareem's invitation, Alondra didn't even give a smile and replied, "Kareem, you've been so helpful. Continue welcoming the guests here. We'll go inside with Katie."

Their condescending attitude was clear, treating him like a mere servant.

Kareem concealed his annoyance and maintained a polite smile, saying, "Aunt Alondra is right. Please go inside."

Paula wasn't as explicit as Alondra, and as they walked toward the entrance, she said, "It's quite strange. My husband, the old Mr. Bennett, and Jonathan said they have business engagements and won't be coming. But why are they so busy? It's Katie's birthday."

Katie shrugged and replied, "If they don't come, it's fine. We don't need them."

Alondra then inquired, "What about my brother-in-law?"

Paula answered, "Salvatore Bennett? He's on his way. He'll be coming directly from the office."

The Bennett family had a close relationship with the Mcguire family, and they were on good terms. As Salvatore approached, Paula waved at him, calling out, "Honey!"

Salvatore walked over, and with a warm smile, said, "Honey."

The Bennett family and the Mcguire family were in-laws, and their relationship was excellent. Brayden breathed a sigh of relief, glad that Katie was distracted by familiar faces. Mrs. Wright recognized some people from the Bennett family, as she remembered having a close friend, Tiana, who was married into the Bennett family. As she

pondered this, a black car pulled up at the entrance of Balfax Hotel.

Tiana, Jonathan, and the old Mr. Bennett stepped out of the car and made their way to the entrance. Jonathan offered his assistance to the old Mr. Bennett once more.

Paula, seeing them, was pleasantly surprised. "Dad, didn't you say you couldn't make it?" she inquired, her face glowing. Alondra also welcomed them, saying, "The old Mr. Bennett, you're here! Please come inside."

The old Mr. Bennett chuckled and wasn't shy about it. "I apologize. Today, we're also having lunch at Balfax Hotel, but we're going to the Wright family banquet. Katie is so young; having an old man like me attend her birthday might bring her bad luck!"

Upon hearing the old Mr. Bennett's words, the Mcguire sisters' faces turned incredibly grim. It was as though he was directly slapping them in the face.

Katie felt a bit awkward. According to their seniority, she should address the old Mr. Bennett as her grandfather. Her face turned bright red, and she said, "The old Mr. Bennett is right. I'm still young; what's there to celebrate? The main reason for all this is that my dad enjoys having a big gathering."

The old Mr. Bennett added with a sigh, "With your older brother's life hanging in the balance, your father seems quite untroubled. I feel so sorry for Carolyn."

This remark was a brutal slap in the face to the Mcguire family. Lukas was still detained, yet here they were, celebrating extravagantly. The irony was palpable.

The Mcguires were left feeling embarrassed, and for a moment, none of them spoke.

Mrs. Wright was taken aback. She hadn't expected the old Mr. Bennett to bring his daughter-in-law and grandson to Cody's feast.

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Mrs. Wright quickly realized the situation and smiled. "Please, come inside. Brayden, escort the old Mr. Bennett." Brayden promptly led them inside.

Tiana, with teary eyes, approached Mrs. Wright and took her hand. "So many years have passed... we've all grown old."

The two former close friends stood there, feeling as if they had traveled through the ocean of time. Mrs. Wright was filled with emotion. "Tiana, I don't know if it's because I've grown old, but I have a feeling I've forgotten someone very important. I just can't seem to remember."

"Did we have another one as our close friend?" Mrs. Wright pondered.

Tiana initially thought of mentioning that they also had a friend named Monica, but she sensed that something was amiss in Mrs. Wright's demeanor. She couldn't quite put her finger on it, so she didn't dare to speak carelessly.

Instead, she didn't bring up Monica and merely smiled, saying, "You were always in Larro, and I was in Urgford. Our lives took us in different directions. If it weren't for our children gathering in Urgford, it would be rare for us to meet as old friends."

As the two friends chatted excitedly, Paula and Alondra, who were about the same age, didn't share their enthusiasm. Normally, in Urgford, the two sisters enjoyed considerable prestige. Paula was the eldest daughter-in-law of the Bennett family, and Alondra was a renowned medical professor. They were usually treated with respect by many.

However, today, their faces had been slapped by the old Mr. Bennett. "Sister, maybe... let's just go inside," Alondra suggested. She was not keen on standing there any longer. Originally, as Katie's two aunts, it was expected for them to welcome guests. But after being slapped in the face by the old Mr. Bennett, they felt too embarrassed to continue standing there. Their faces felt hot and stinging.

It was not surprising that they preferred Katie than Lukas. Lukas was from Katie's father's previous marriage, and that marriage had long ended in divorce.

The current Mrs. Mcguire was quite remarkable. She was very smooth in her dealings, polite and skilled at socializing. She was constantly sending all kinds of high-end fashion, season's show invitations, and various pieces of fine jewelry.

The two sisters had their own reasons for favoring Katie since their mother was so adept at winning people over. Just as Alondra spoke, they saw a familiar figure entering the scene. Aviana and her niece, Isla, walked into the hall. Aviana was dressed in professional attire, and Isla remained stunning as ever.

It was well-known that the Saunders family had been thriving. Aviana held a high position at Crown Techs Group, and her niece, Isla, was a team leader at M16.

Aviana and Isla approached Mrs. Wright politely and presented a large gift.

"Mrs. Wright, congratulations to you. It's not easy to clear Mr. Wright's name. It's worth celebrating," Aviana said, delivering a compliment with the right amount of politeness.

Isla, looking stunning, smiled and said, "Mrs. Wright, congratulations."

Mrs. Wright hadn't expected the Saunders family to attend, and she wasn't familiar with this mother and niece pair at all. While she managed a polite smile, it didn't come across as very natural.

On the other hand, Tiana had met this pair at some social gatherings and banquets. She greeted them warmly, saying, "Aviana and Isla, it's been a while."

Aviana and Isla returned the greeting, and shortly after, another guest arrived. It was Weston, who held a prominent position in Urgford. He wore a black shirt and looked both elegant and dignified.

He was accompanied by several friends, young men who enjoyed a high status in Urgford. They were all from well-known families.

Learning from the old Mr. Bennett's experience and knowing of Weston's relationship with Sylvia, Alondra was understandably cautious.

She didn't rush forward to let Weston give a slap in her face because she saw Weston had already approached Mrs. Wright.

He greeted her with a friendly demeanor, "Mrs. Wright, congratulations! From now on, it's all good times, and the bad luck is behind us."

Mrs. Wright had no idea who this young man was in front of her, and yet he seemed very familiar and friendly.

The Mcguires couldn't believe how many guests were choosing to attend the Wright family event. M16 personnel, several friends that Weston had brought along, and even the old Mr. Bennett were among the attendees. This came as a shock to them.

Alondra and Paula felt uneasy, as this was Katie's birthday party, and it just so happened to be held at the same venue as the Wright family's gathering. They wondered why so many people had decided to attend the Wright family's event instead of the Mcguire family's. The Wright family was a lesser-known and less influential family in Urgford, so they couldn't understand the sudden attention.

These guests were all important figures connected to major powers and influential families. They couldn't comprehend why they would favor the Wright family in this way.

In fact, Brayden had invited many people to their event, but most of them had declined, choosing instead to attend the Mcguire family's gathering. However, with the arrival of several high-profile individuals at the Wright family event, those people who had been invited by Brayden were wondering whether they should send some gifts to the Wright family.

Katie felt both angry and frustrated. Her birthday celebration had been disrupted by the presence of so many influential figures at the Wright family's event. She had wished for something different from the usual dull birthday party. There was indeed something different but not quite pleasant.

She might be naive, but she wasn't completely clueless, especially about the identities of the Wright family's guests from earlier. Especially Weston!

Just then, Adriel stepped in, and Katie's face lit up as she spotted him.

Without waiting for others to react, Katie approached Adriel with a warm smile. "Grandpa Adriel, are you here to join my birthday party too?"

She was silently counting on Adriel's presence to keep the Wright family in check. But...

Adriel greeted her warmly, acknowledging the Mcguire family's little princess. He handed Katie a gift and wished her, "Happy birthday, Katie."

"Thank you!" Katie accepted the gift, inwardly pleased with herself. "Please, come inside." Alondra and Paula

felt a sense of victory, having reclaimed a portion of their dignity.

Meanwhile, Kareem continued to welcome guests, as if he hadn't noticed the Mcguire family's earlier embarrassment. However, their joy didn't last very long.

Because Adriel, in a polite tone, said, "I'm afraid not. I'm quite busy today. There's someone very important waiting for me at the Wright family's banquet."

The Wright family again?!

Why was it the Wright family once more?

Cody was left bewildered. He hadn't anticipated such a large number of guests, especially some whose presence, given his current situation, should have been impossible to secure.

Cody hadn't anticipated that Franklin and Sylvia had such a broad network and could bring together such an impressive array of people to support him. His emotions were a jumble of warmth and nostalgia.

In the past, he had always taken it upon himself to care for these kids, but now, he found himself on the receiving end.

Not only had the Saunders family's aunt and niece, Adriel, the Bennett family, and M16 joined the party, but Weston, a man whose every move in Urgford shook the ground, had also attended.

Poppy, who was studying at the film school while also working on "The Beggary Girl Is A Noble Lady," had managed to attend. Not only did she come, but she also brought Eden, Brock, and a large group from the film crew.

Cody was left flabbergasted.

"Uncle Wright, just so you know, having a large attendance at a farewell party means bad luck disperses faster," Poppy teased, her mischievous smile aimed at Cody. "So, don't kick us out; we're here to enjoy the free meal!"

Despite their casual banter, almost all the guests had brought gifts. Simeon arrived soon after they did.

When Katie spotted Simeon, her eyes nearly popped out of her head. The top star she wanted to collaborate with had shown up?

And he had come to the Wright family's banquet?

Not only did the Wright family have top idol Eden, but also top actor Simeon?

Many reporters who had been following the case from the court made it to the scene. They couldn't help but berate themselves for not having extra eyes and hands to capture this spectacle.

This was too explosive! They got the headline!

#Cody's Feast: Top-Stars Gather Together#

Simeon sat next to Brock in a friendly manner, saying, "Mr. Brock, please give me lots of guidance when I join the cast." His attitude was so humble that it didn't seem like he was a top star.

"Simeon, there's no need to be so formal," Eden said, having met Simeon at other events. "Since Sylvia arranged for you to join us, we're all one big family from now on."

Simeon's heart warmed. "Cheers to that." The atmosphere was lively on this side.

Alby also made an appearance. Who was Alby? The CEO of H Rovirsa's largest security company, Alby from the renowned Alby Security. His arrival shocked nearly everyone.

Simeon had always assumed that "Alby" in the group chat was just a nickname, but as it turned out, he was the real Alby from Alby Security?

"Mr. Wright, let's sweep away the bad luck and make things prosperous from now on," Alby said, handing over a generous gift bag.

The McGuires were dumbfounded.

When had the Wright family's status risen so high?

For the first time in her life, Katie felt like this birthday party was filled with ups and downs, making it unforgettable. Kareem couldn't help but think, "Well, are you ever going to say it's boring again? Is your face hurting?"

These people had come to show support for the Wright family!

The guests who had initially declined the Wright family's banquet sat with the McGuire family, feeling uncomfortable and on edge. When Mr. McGuire arrived at Balfax Hotel and saw the stark contrast between the two parties, his expression soured.

How could Cody, who was currently jobless and without any official position, dare to challenge the McGuire family? Katie saw her father and rushed to him, teary-eyed. "Daddy..."

Mr. McGuire patted her cheek gently. "It's okay, Daddy's here." Carolyn was with him as well.

Following their arrival, another car pulled up, and Geoff and Mrs. Howlett stepped out together.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 755

Mr. McGuire smiled faintly, "Welcome, dear in-laws. Please come in. We're sorry for not greeting you properly." Geoff and

Mrs. Howlett walked over hand in hand, just like Adriel, and presented their gifts.

Mr. McGuire felt a bit more at ease. Carolyn, the eldest daughter of the Howlett family, was the daughter-in-law of the McGuire family. Logically and emotionally, with such a close relationship between the two families, the Howlett family would not likely go to the Wright family's banquet.

Carolyn also approached Katie, saying, "Katie, this is a gift from your me."

She directly handed over the key to a brand-new Maserati, saying, "It's the latest model, the one you've always wanted."

"Wow, my dear sister-in-law, I love you so much!" Katie exclaimed with excitement, hugging the car key and pouncing towards Carolyn.

Kareem, seeing Carolyn's generosity, had a slightly dim look in his eyes.

"Carolyn, weren't you supposed to be setting up the venue inside? When did you slip out?"

Carolyn seemed to carry herself with a perpetual air of a professional woman. "I snuck out secretly to surprise Katie."

"Alright, let's not stand around here. Everyone, let's go inside," Weston loved it when people spoiled his youngest daughter. As long as she was happy, everything was fine.

He looked at Carolyn with a very satisfied expression in his eyes.

"In-law, sorry, but Jasper is over at the Wright family's banquet, so we have to join them," Geoff stepped forward, standing in front of Weston with a slightly apologetic smile on his face.

Weston was momentarily stunned and looked incredulous. "What did you say?" They were family!

The Howlett family was not showing the McGuire family respect by going to the Wright family's banquet. This was a blatant humiliation.

In Urgford, Mr. McGuire had a lot of influence, and the McGuire Group was at least on par with the Howlett family. It was rare for Mr. McGuire to be treated this way in Urgford, and the people not giving him respect were all influential individuals. If Mr. McGuire had a public outburst right there, he would lose face and his reputation would be damaged.

Mrs. Howlett glanced at Carolyn and waved her over, saying, "Carolyn, come with Mom to the Wright family's banquet. My idol is over there, and I'll introduce him to you later. Your younger brother is there too. We haven't had a family reunion dinner in ages, thanks to both the Wright and McGuire families for bringing us all together."

Mrs. Howlett's words were skillfully framed. She smiled gracefully, "Dear in-law, you see, my son Jasper has a stubborn temper, you know. He flatly refuses to come back, and it's been so many years... It's a rare opportunity for our family to gather for a meal."

This left Mr. McGuire with no way to refuse. If he prevented them from going, it would be akin to keeping them from a family reunion. After all, Jasper, who hadn't returned to Urgford for years, was well-known.

But letting them go would be a blow to his pride. Having his in-laws and even his daughter-in-law, Carolyn, head to the Wright family was an undeniable blow to his face.

He couldn't even explain this situation properly. Mrs. Howlett had skillfully put him in a difficult position.

Katie, looking bewildered, observed this scene. If she had merely felt humiliated before, she was now feeling sad and miserable. "Uncle Howlett, Aunt Howlett, aren't you coming to my party? Are you not having any of the cake?"

She then turned to Carolyn. "Sister-in-law, are you going to the Wright family's banquet too? I thought you were the one who spoils me the most."

Carolyn was feeling torn between her own family and her husband's family. It was a difficult situation.

Alondra and Paula, not much different from Katie, watched as more and more people went to the Wright family's banquet. Each of them had impressive backgrounds, and some were rarely seen at such gatherings.

"What's going on?" Alondra looked as if she'd seen a ghost. Her eyes widened in disbelief. Was Cody really capable of attracting so many people? It seemed impossible.

Now, the Wright family's Banquet had become an event where nearly all of Urgford's upper echelons were present. Alondra and Paula were so overwhelmed by the excitement that they couldn't find words to express their feelings.

Alondra felt deeply embarrassed, especially with Sabrina by her side. She could sense the plain mockery all around her. "Blake!

Blake is here!"

Paula suddenly gripped Alondra's hand tightly, her voice almost uncontrollably escaping her lips. "How did he get here?"

Alondra was taken aback and looked outside. She saw a young and handsome man in a discreet black suit. His aura of sophistication was undeniable.

The Rees family was the deepest-rooted family in Urgford. Moreover, their offspring were exceptional, and Blake was one of their most outstanding talents.

The Rees family remained highly discreet, never participating in social events or gatherings. However, their influence extended far beyond Urgford and had deep connections and ties in Aettosa.

So when Sabrina saw Blake, her expression changed. Others might not be aware, but Sabrina, being the daughter of Aettosa's Foreign Minister Lucille, knew how powerful the Rees family was in Aettosa. Blake's reputation in Urgford was legendary, known for turning things into gold. His top-notch analytical skills in the financial sector attracted the attention of numerous industry giants, all seeking to win him over. After all, the kind of cold, calculating insight that could turn investments into gold was a rare gift.

Despite his fame, Blake remained enigmatic, seldom appearing in public. So, how

had he ended up at the Balfax Hotel?

All eyes were on Blake in amazement as he walked over to Mrs. Wright and said, "Mrs. Wright, congratulations."

He handed her a thin envelope, undoubtedly containing a bank card. No guessing was needed; it was a guarantee of immense wealth.

The bank card of someone like him could be loaded with an unimaginable amount of money. Speculation

began among the onlookers.

Sabrina calmed her thoughts and walked up to Blake. "Mr. Rees, it's been a while."

Blake glanced at the somewhat familiar face of Sabrina for a moment before recalling who she was. "Miss Hogan, hello."

Sabrina basked in the admiring gazes of the crowd. As the daughter of a foreign minister, she was familiar with Blake from their brief encounter in Aettosa. However, she acted as if she and Blake were old acquaintances.

"Oh, coming for dinner at the Wright family," Blake responded succinctly. As he

spoke, he sent a message to Sylvia. "I've arrived."

However, just as he hit send, a cold voice spoke up. "Over here." That

voice...

The McGuire family members turned their attention toward Sylvia and saw an elegant, striking woman standing at the entrance of the private room. She was exceptionally beautiful, with fair and flawless skin radiating a porcelain-like sheen. Her deep, ebony eyes shone like cold stars, as if one could get lost in them forever.

Blake strode toward her with his long legs.

It was at this moment that everyone seemed to suddenly realize. It appeared that Blake had come for Sylvia?

Mr. McGuire withdrew his gaze from Sylvia. This woman... she seemed strangely familiar. Why did he feel like he'd seen her somewhere before?

Undoubtedly, she was very beautiful, and it was impossible to forget someone of her beauty after seeing them once. Where could

this sense of familiarity be coming from?

"Miss Andrews!" Mrs. Howlett exclaimed upon seeing Sylvia walk out, her face filled with excitement. She appeared like an infatuated eighteen-year-old girl, with a rosy blush on her cheeks. Her gaze toward Sylvia was filled with extreme joy and enthusiasm.

She barely had time for anything else, as she grabbed Carolyn's hand and said, "Carolyn, let me tell you, Sylvia is my idol. She's practically an angel! She saved me from those bandits. At that time... she was just so handsome!"

Carolyn didn't have a chance to greet the McGuire family; she was swiftly pulled away by Mrs. Howlett, a die-hard fan of Sylvia. Geoff

chuckled awkwardly. "My wife is extremely fond of Miss Andrews. She's her fan. Please don't mind."

Was she trying to show her starstruck enthusiasm for Sylvia?

After pulling Carolyn away, Mrs. Howlett and Geoff followed her, leaving an awkward silence in the room. Nobody said a word. But then,

they noticed another handsome man entering the room.

Arian Dawson, the head of the Dawson family, controlled Dawson Bank, which had branches across the country and was a leading bank among them all. Many of the bigwigs in the room used Dawson Bank for their loans. Whenever someone from the Dawsons family appeared, people couldn't help but show them respect.

A single phone call, and they could control your finances, your life and death.

Moreover, they had heard that Arian was good friends with Lukas, the Mcguire family's eldest son. Mr.

Mcguire sighed with relief. It seemed Arian had come to celebrate Katie's birthday.

He smiled warmly but casually. "Arian, I haven't seen you for a while. Have you been overseas?" Arian

replied with a polite smile, "Uncle Mcguire, you guessed right. I just got back yesterday."

He presented a gift to Katie and added, "Lukas is abroad, and I was feeling restless. Even though I can't see him outside, just knowing we're in the same country makes me feel a bit better."

This comment made Mr. Mcguire's face change color from red to white.

He awkwardly smiled and said, "Lukas is the pain in my heart. I don't know when those jerks will release him."

Arian changed the subject, saying, "Let's not talk about that. Today is a good day." He sighed and then walked up to Mrs. Wright. "Mrs. Wright, where is Sylvia?"

Everyone was wordless and wondered this heir of the Dawson family knew Sylvia.

Mrs. Wright had no idea who Arian was, and she initially thought he was a guest of the Mcguire family. How could he suddenly come looking for Sylvia?

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 756

Seeing the familiarity between this young man and Mr. Mcguire, it was clear that he held a significant position. "Sylvia is inside," Mrs.

Wright muttered numbly as she accepted the gift Arian handed her. "Thank you." "Uncle Mcguire, I have a long-lost friend in the Wright family, so I'll head over there first."

Arian said and proceeded towards the Wright family's area.

Members of the Mcguire family felt nothing but bewilderment, pain, and embarrassment. Even Arian had gone to

the Wright family's banquet?

Mr. Mcguire was seething with anger and felt a deep sense of discomfort. Sylvia? Who on earth

was Sylvia?

And to call her a friend!

Blake Rees' presence was one thing, but Arian, too? Were they all insane?

What did the Wright family represent? Wasn't Cody merely a former official in Larro? He had only recently been released, lacking any significant position, power, or money.

Mr. Mcguire was fuming internally, ready to return to his own private room. Next to him, Mrs. Wright

also prepared to return to her private room.

The time was getting late, and it was almost time for dinner. Suddenly, a car skidded

to a stop in front of Balfax Hotel.

Everyone turned to see a car, an Audi A6, which was known for being an official vehicle. A young man rushed out of it, causing Mr. Mcguire to furrow his brows and stop in his tracks.

"Isn't that the president's assistant?"

"Yeah... he seems to be in charge of personnel transfers in Urgford, and many high-ranking appointments are communicated by him."

Mrs. Wright, upon hearing the hushed discussions, speculated that this important young man had come to the Mcguires for some reason.

She continued walking without stopping.

Mr. Mcguire, on the other hand, was pondering whether this young man had been sent by the president to show respect to the Mcguires because of their prominent family business.

He immediately put on a friendly smile and approached the young man. "Jorge! Hello, hello!"

Jorge glanced at him, his tone void of warmth, creating a stark contrast with Mr. Mcguire's enthusiasm. "Mr. Mcguire, I'm sorry, but I have an urgent matter to attend to."

Mr. Mcguire's smiling face froze in place as he watched the young man walk briskly to Mrs. Wright and then stand in front of her. "Mrs. Wright, may I ask if Mr. Wright is inside?"

Mrs. Wright looked at him with surprise. "Yes, he is. May I inquire about the reason?"

"Oh, it's like this," the young man said with a polite and respectful tone. "Mr. Wright was wrongly accused, so the president believes that such an upright official shouldn't be overlooked."

Upright official...

What did that mean?

Mr. Mcguire's face darkened as he stared at the scene, baffled by Jorge's request. Did this imply that Cody

could make a comeback?

Could he get a promotion and become wealthy again?

A sense of unease began to creep into Mr. Mcguire's heart.

Meanwhile, in the Wright family's private room, it was more like a banquet hall rather than a simple private room. The MI6 agents and a few brothers from Mr. Mcguire's circle, who had attended the Wright family's dinner, had primarily come out of respect for Mr. Mcguire's face. They had also hoped to earn some favors from Mr. Mcguire.

They were aware that very few people had come to the Wright family's dinner, and so they had come to make up the numbers.

However, as the guests kept arriving, one more distinguished than the other, the group of young gentlemen stared in shock and trepidation.

They were simultaneously amazed and anxious, feeling relieved that they had followed Weston to the Wright family.

If they had gone to the Mcguire family, they would not only have offended Mr. Mcguire, but they would also have missed the opportunity to meet these distinguished individuals.

In the room were representatives of Urgford's major families: the Dawson family, the Rees family, the Bennett family, and even the Ray family, the Saunders family, and the Howlett family.

The group of young gentlemen, especially when they saw Carolyn, were utterly astonished.

Her accomplishments in managing the Mcguire Group had become legendary throughout H Rovirsa. She had taken the company to new heights, and her achievements were known far and wide. Now, she was dining with the Wright family.

Leaving her little sister, Katie, and coming to the Wright family... They were dumbfounded!

Cody's banquet was extraordinary this time, at an unprecedented level!

"Weston, why didn't you tell us beforehand that Blake and Arian would be coming? These two... they are considered..." one of the young gentlemen, who was beginning to get anxious, said. "I'm getting nervous. What do I do if I need to toast them? They call Arian the 'God of Wealth.' I... What if they ignore me?"

Weston observed the arrival of both Blake and Arian without showing any surprise on his face. He was even less surprised when he saw both men heading toward Sylvia, wearing a smug expression that said, "I told you so."

He looked at the gathering of influential figures, and a faint smile touched his lips. He seemed carefree and said, "My boss called and asked me to come along, just to fill in the numbers. How was I supposed to know so many people would show up?"

Even he had no idea that so many prominent figures would attend the event.

The presence of the Bennett family didn't surprise him, nor did that of the Howlett family. However, he never expected so many others to come.

This was genuinely shocking!

Cody's relatively small banquet had drawn such a distinguished crowd?

Blake was renowned for his low profile, and Weston was well aware of that. Arian, Alby, and the rest of them were equally hard to invite. Normally, it would require a significant event to bring all of these individuals together.

Yet here they were, all assembled at this event.

MI6 agents themselves seemed somewhat bewildered by the situation.

As these big shots entered, each of them enthusiastically greeted Miss Andrews, displaying familiarity and excitement. It's quite impressive how much charm Miss Andrews holds!

"Wow! This is unbelievable," Vaughn murmured. "Miss Andrews' connections are no less impressive than our Mr. Maskelyne's!" Before he could finish, he noticed Franklin leading a group of men toward their seats. Those people...

It wasn't just Vaughn; others noticed too. Their eyes were instantly

fixed.

"Gosh! Isn't that the female boxing champ, Summer Justice? She recently destroyed that person who disrespected our country... Oh, I forgot that woman's name!"

Vaughn couldn't help but exclaim in astonishment. Did Summer know Mr.

Maskelyne?

During that time, Twitter and short videos were flooded with content featuring a female athlete who humiliated H Rovirsa. In response, Summer had calmly said, "My fists do the talking!"

Then, during the competition, she turned her opponent into a joke and went on to win.

"Wow! It's unbelievable," Vaughn whispered. "Miss Andrews' connections are just as impressive as our Mr. Maskelyne's!"

Just as he spoke, Franklin arrived with several men and began arranging their seats. Those people...

It wasn't just Vaughn; everyone had their eyes locked onto them.

"Gosh! Isn't that Summer Justice, the female boxing champion? She recently humiliated that person who disrespected our country... Oh, what was that woman's name?"

Vaughn couldn't help but exclaim. Did Summer know Mr.

Maskelyne?

Back when the Twitter and short video platforms were flooded with videos of a female athlete humiliating H Rovirsa, Summer had responded calmly, saying, "My fists do the talking!" Then, during the competition, she had turned her opponent into a joke and won the championship.

"It seems... she and Mr. Maskelyne are like master and disciple, right?" Jasper casually added before getting up. He saw Mrs. Howlett waving him over to their table.

"Don't go, is that Peter Marshall, the top legal ace? I heard he retired a few years ago because he had a super impressive disciple," Vaughn whispered while holding onto Jasper.

Jasper playfully nudged him. "You bet. That disciple is our Mr. Maskelyne. Don't drag me, I'm going to find my mom." Vaughn hesitated for a moment. "Your mom?"

Then, he watched in disbelief as Jasper, who had a similar social status to him, took a seat at the Howlett family's table. "Oh, God! Does Jasper even have an alter ego? My heart is broken!"

Peter's arrival almost brought a new wave of excitement to the entire banquet.

The country's most famous lawyer, the legal giant, Peter Marshall, received greetings from many as they stood up.

Peter smiled and said, "No need, please be seated, everyone. You don't have to be polite. I'm here to support my disciple." As he spoke, everyone was shocked and turned their gaze to Franklin, who sat beside him.

Franklin, with his graceful and striking presence, exuded an aura of nobility. When he looked at Peter, his face was tinged with respect. "Teacher, please take a seat."

"Hey, Cody, it's a good thing you could make it. From now on, all this bad luck should be behind you," Peter patted Cody on the shoulder. "Come on, everyone, don't be too formal just because of me. I'm eager to connect with young people."

As he said this, everyone couldn't help but laugh.

At this moment, Brayden, Mrs. Wright, Tiana, and the old Mr. Bennett, among others, all had their phones constantly ringing and buzzing.

Many people were inquiring if they could still come and were curious about how many big shots had arrived. Were they still in time to catch "the last train"?

They might regret missing this gathering of top-notch bigwigs for the rest of their lives. However...

None of these people were given the courtesy they were seeking. They all instinctively silenced their phones. You didn't care when we invited you initially, and now you want to join? Sorry, you can't afford it anymore.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 757

If this had been an hour earlier, Mrs. Wright probably would have wanted more people to come and make sure everyone knew about Cody's release. However, things were different now.

She wasn't answering any calls or messages. Brayden, being a bit younger, was able to answer some calls and then informed his mother, "Mom, several families have called, saying they want to attend and postponed other matters to make it. I turned them down."

Brayden wasn't naïve; he knew these people wanted to come because of the many bigwigs present at the event.

Initially, he thought that no one would come to the Wright family's Banquet, but now that he knew so many were coming, he could see why others wanted to join as well.

He might have underestimated the turnout, but the Wright family wasn't in such dire straits.

They had invested in various businesses, and they could still maintain the image they needed to. With Franklin and Sylvia's extensive network, and the high-profile guests they had invited, Brayden was genuinely grateful.

Mrs. Wright took a sip of her tea and raised an eyebrow.

She had been part of high society for many years, and she had a tinge of mockery in her eyes as she said, "They want to come now when there's no room for them? They ignored us before, and now they think they can climb up. You couldn't care less about us earlier, now you can't afford it."

Mrs. Wright finished and then glanced at the president's assistant who was nearby, talking to Cody. She wondered what his true intentions were.

"The higher you hold your head, the more they'll take notice. If they call and we accept, they will think the Wright family is easy to mess with."

Mrs. Wright pursed her lips and then served Sylvia a dish. "Sylvia, thanks to you and Franklin, you've saved my face." She genuinely felt thankful, "When did you get to know so many people? You have so many hidden sides."

Sylvia's dark almond eyes gleamed slightly, "I knew them before."

She didn't elaborate much, as the acquaintance of some people was purely coincidental.

It was Franklin who set down his tea cup and looked at Sylvia meaningfully, "There are even more people here than I expected. How many sides of you do I not know?"

Sylvia glanced at the familiar faces in the room and blinked. "I just happen to have a few friends from Urgford. Is that so surprising?"

Seeing so many guests, she was genuinely pleased, feeling that as long as she encountered any troubles, these people would reach out to help. She made sure to remember all the guests who came.

Arian and Blake, who were usually poles apart, appeared to be great friends, at least from an outsider's perspective. Blake wore a somewhat irritable expression and said, "Arian, how long do you plan to keep avoiding me?"

Arian, with an air of sophistication, looked at him and said, "Mr. Rees, I'm not quite following. What are you talking about?"

Blake, cold-faced and visibly agitated, was not pleased at all. Arian had been avoiding him for half a year, making him fume with frustration. If it weren't for Sylvia's call, he might not have seen him at all. He was nearly impossible to meet.

Compared to Blake's hot temper, Arian exuded a mysterious aura. With his handsome features, he was captivating, and his mere presence demanded attention.

Blake was also good-looking with fair skin, tall stature.

Blake couldn't help but say, "You've gone abroad to escape me for almost half a year, Arian. I'm telling you, if you dare to run again, I'll break your legs."

"Mr. Rees, calm down," Arian remained indifferent, showing no interest in what was happening between them.

The other guests at their table, upon hearing their conversation, felt a bit uneasy. They were afraid of inadvertently hearing something secretive among these big shots that might lead to trouble. While it was apparent that the two men had a rather turbulent relationship, Arian's eyes held an inexplicable indulgence when he looked at Blake.

Their temperaments were entirely different, yet their connection was strangely harmonious. It was quite bizarre. Two men... with an oddly aligned connection.

Especially when Blake, after taking a bite of a mushroom, had mushroom juice at the corner of his mouth. Arian, in the most natural manner, grabbed a tissue and tenderly wiped it away. This unexpected harmony bore a hint of ambiguity.

It seemed that among all the people present, only Blake dared to speak to Arian like this. But what was peculiar was that, instead of Arian lashing out, he was oddly indulgent...

What were these two gentlemen up to?

Just as everyone was secretly watching them, they suddenly heard Jorge's voice as he cleared his throat while holding a microphone.

All of them were taken aback, and their attention quickly shifted to Jorge. His earlier approach had sparked their curiosity, and now they were even more intrigued.

Jorge walked over to the small stage at the center of the banquet hall, his features refined and courteous.

Now holding a microphone, Jorge smiled and began, "Hello, everyone. I'm Jorge. I'd like to extend my congratulations to the Wright family and thank all of you for taking the time to attend this banquet."

The way he phrased it made it sound as if he and the Wright family were part of the same clan. Even though it was a simple opening statement, everyone in the room sensed a unique undercurrent.

Those who had come just to join the crowd and give face were now more convinced that the Wright family was about to make a significant comeback. They felt lucky they hadn't come in vain.

"Next, I have an important announcement to make on behalf of His Excellency the President," Jorge continued. "Our comrade Cody will take office as the Secretary of Urgford, starting today!"

This announcement sent shockwaves through the room.

"What? The position of Secretary in Urgford has been vacant for years. I heard the previous official was dismissed." "How did such a plum position end up in the lap of the Wright family?"

"This... doesn't seem very likely, does it?"

Mrs. Wright and Brayden were equally stunned. They had never expected that Jorge's visit would be related to this matter. "This is your appointment letter," Jorge said, handing over an official document to Cody with great solemnity.

Official news quickly spread on social media at this moment. After all, in a place like Urgford, it wasn't something that just anyone could step into.

A local official from Larro, who had previously been investigated and detained, had now become the ruler of Urgford? It seemed like a leap from rags to riches.

"The future of Urgford is in your hands," Jorge said, presenting the microphone to Cody. "Today is your banquet and your appointment ceremony. Say a few words to everyone."

Cody, however, didn't display the excitement one might expect. After experiencing the ups and downs in his life, he had learned to remain composed.

"Thank you all for attending my banquet," Cody began. "Originally, it was just a gesture from a few kids to help me get rid of bad luck, but unexpectedly, it brought me good fortune and happiness. I'm grateful for the President's trust and for the trust of everyone here. I hope that in the future..."

Cody delivered some more noble-sounding words before setting down the microphone and announcing the start of the banquet. All the attendees at the banquet felt that this feast was well worth it.

Who would rule Urgford in the future? The Wright family!

The various powerful factions and family clans received news of Cody's appointment almost simultaneously. Those who attended the banquet hosted by the Wright family were ecstatic.

Those who had declined the Wright family's invitation felt bitter and regretful. How could they refuse the invitation?

Urgford now belonged to the Wright family!

Some savvy individuals had already started making preparations to present Cody with gifts to celebrate his promotion. However...

The Wright family had already sent word that they were not receiving visitors. If anyone wanted to see Cody, they were directed to his office. Going to the office to present a gift? That was a sure way to get arrested, right? It was as if they were asking for trouble!

After his busy duties, Cody finally sat down next to Mrs. Wright. He raised his glass and said to Franklin and Sylvia, "I owe so much to the two of you. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't be here today."

"I'll propose a toast to the two of you."

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and smiled, "Cody, there's no need for formalities. We're family."

"Wright, you are innocent and blameless. Your absence would have been a loss to the nation," Franklin added as he also raised his glass.

At this table, there were only close relatives and friends: the Wright family of three, Jenna, Franklin, Sylvia, Jasper's family of three, and Carolyn.

Exactly ten people in total.

Mrs. Howlett and Geoff exchanged a discreet look. Thankfully, they had the foresight to understand that no matter what happened, as long as they followed Miss Andrews, they would never lose, only gain.

Those who had regrets for not coming and envied the ones who attended now looked upon the Howlett family with admiration. The same people who once scorned Jasper for tagging along with Franklin had now developed an envy for the Howlett family's association with Franklin, giving them the privilege to sit at a table with Cody Wright and the Wrights.

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As the banquet passed its halfway point, Cody and Brayden began to toast the attendees one by one. The guests in attendance were all prominent and influential figures.

Cody wasn't one to play favorites or show favoritism, "We'll go from the back to the front, Brayden." The guests didn't mind at all, "As you wish."

"This banquet is all about joy, happiness."

Several guests echoed these sentiments casually.

Cody chuckled softly, raising his glass and moving from table to table with Brayden. Congratulations abounded:

"Master Brayden, truly extraordinarily handsome." "Secretary Cody, we wish you a rapid rise to the top."

"Oh my, you must have endured so much inside, it's a pity... not letting anyone visit. I bet those who wronged you couldn't have imagined you'd be where you are today."

"From now on, it's all good days, full of prosperity."

"Secretary Cody, please take care of us in the future. My business depends on you!"

These guests were seasoned in the business world, knowing exactly which words to use, which ones were best to pick. They praised Cody.

Cody had heard such praise countless times back in Larro during his earlier years, so he responded with polite words. Finally, they reached the table of Arian and Blake. When Cody saw them, his expression showed a hint of surprise.

While Cody had been chatting with Jorge all along, he hadn't noticed these two bigwigs. Known as the "gods of wealth",

these two young talents had significant standing in Urgford. Arian was the young master of Dawson Bank, aptly titled the Big

God of Wealth.

Blake had a golden touch with securities trading and was rightfully known as the Little God of Wealth. These two...

They were sitting together, and as Cody and Brayden approached, they witnessed Arian holding Blake's hand, either caressing or playing with it. Blake's face was clearly riled up, a stark contrast to his typically placid demeanor.

"I'm telling you, if you want to take advantage of me or grope me, you'll have to pay a price!"

"Touching you is like touching myself. Do you think your hand feels good?" Arian, clearly superior in this banter, quipped while squeezing the other's fingers. "Tsk, it's a little stiff."

This dialogue sounded nothing short of flirtatious. They resembled two lovers

playfully bickering.

It was like a complete reversal of how these two dignitaries were perceived by the public. Normally, they exuded mystery, elegance, and a profound

reserve.

Were they really this childish behind closed doors?

One look at the others sharing their table, and it seemed they had grown so accustomed to this behavior that it hardly fazed them anymore.

Cody and Brayden exchanged a quick glance and didn't show too much surprise. "Brayden, let me introduce you.

This is Mr. Rees, and this is Mr. Dawson."

Cody chuckled softly, "Both of you took the time to join us despite your busy schedules. It's an honor for me, Cody."

He couldn't help but wonder if their presence was due to Franklin's influence or Sylvia's. However, he couldn't be too obvious about it. "If you don't mind, you can sit with Franklin and Sylvia, and we'll bring another chair."

Blake snorted, "We can only add one chair. I want to sit with Sylvia. At least, Mr. Dawson, you can stay here." Arian gracefully rose from his seat, gazing down at Blake's pretty, rosy face. "Indeed, quite charming."

He smiled gently, and his calm and soothing tone resonated like a refreshing breeze, "Don't think I'm unaware of your feelings for Sylvia. Sylvia is a woman with an owner. An impulsive young man like you can't even catch her eye."

Cody smiled subtly without giving away much. It appeared that their relationship with Sylvia was quite good. However, the way these two men interacted always felt a bit strange and carried a certain ambiguous air.

"Arian, don't think you're any better than me. I'm twenty-five this year, and age-wise, I'm a perfect match for Sylvia. You're a twenty-eight-year-old man, so you better step aside."

With an air of pride, Blake rose from his seat, disdainfully glanced at Arian, and called over a waiter to add a chair. He then forcibly squeezed himself next to Sylvia.

Franklin: "..."

Arian also had a waiter bring an extra chair, and just when people thought he was going to sit beside Sylvia to compete with Blake, he surprised everyone by gracefully positioning the chair next to Blake.

The two handsome men sat closely together, creating a harmonious yet peculiarly ambiguous scene.

Sylvia seemed a bit impatient as she glanced at the two, "Arguing like children every day when you see each other, is it immature?"

"If you want to show affection, do it at home!" "What's with the disappearing acts?"

Is it fun?"

"Get together if you've hit it off. I'm getting impatient for you two." The onlookers: "!!!!"

It seemed like they had heard something groundbreaking! Miss Andrews' words were too explosive.

"Hit it off?"

"Show affection?" "Impatient?"

These seemingly straightforward words, when uttered by Sylvia, seemed to baffle everyone, despite the apparent meaning. It was as if they had all suddenly become clueless.

"Sylvia, don't be like this. He's just a pervert. He avoided me for half a year, and now he suddenly wants to what, what? That's impossible." Blake cheekily snatched a large shrimp from a plate in front of Sylvia.

This childish and intimate behavior caused Franklin to furrow his brow.

He immediately, with strong possessiveness, picked another shrimp for Sylvia and cast a warning glance at Blake with his deep, dark eyes.

Arian sneered, "I'm the heir of the Dawson family, my future wife must be a great beauty, a young lady of noble birth." "Sylvia, you better not take it too far when joking around."

Sylvia shot him a glance. "But you're the one who said it today."

She continued, "Blake, tomorrow I'll introduce you to a beautiful woman who can easily outshine Arian." Blake was dismissive. "I want no beautiful woman; I only like you."

The atmosphere... It felt like a funeral parlor. The onlookers were shocked once again!

Watching Sylvia interact with these two, it was clear that they were very close. Franklin furrowed his brow. "Wife, aren't you going to introduce me?"

He also raised an eyebrow and glanced at Arian. "Mr. Dawson, why don't you explain?"

Arian, in his elegant manner, picked up a piece of lettuce, put it in his mouth, and spoke nonchalantly, "Franklin, explain what?" "Why do you know my wife?" Franklin's expression remained calm.

"Playing games, we met online friends." Arian lightly remarked. This sentence left everyone a bit shocked.

Gaming online was quite common.

But... the fact that Sylvia could meet an elite through a game was almost enviable!

"Why did you two meet and converse so familiarly? He even dared to question you." Blake's eyes flashed with jealousy, questioning Arian's connection to Franklin.

He questioned Arian, and the man brushed it off, unlike how he acted when questioned by Franklin. "So, why do you know each other?" Blake had to get an explanation.

"I was Franklin's classmate," Arian replied with a crooked smile. He always had an air of elegance about him, appearing low-key and composed, making people believe in him.

Especially with his handsome features, he was impossible to ignore.

He explained himself? He explained to himself? Blake was puzzled for a moment. The situation was so sudden that

Blake didn't quite know how to react.

"Over these years, Mr. Maskelyne has risen to fame in Larro. Why would he leave Larro for Urgdorf?" Arian's eyes sparkled with interest. "Is it because of MI6?" He hadn't missed the MI6 agents who had been so respectful to Franklin.

Franklin's close friends had all been gossiping about MI6's chief, who was none other than his old schoolmate, Franklin. "It's all for me." Cody and Brayden had finished toasting and were back. They slowly took their seats.

Cody seemed to be filled with emotion. "These kids have done so much for me. The debts of gratitude I owe them are probably unpayable for a lifetime."

He would never be able to repay the kindness and help he received.

Compared to the lively and harmonious atmosphere at the Wright family's banquet, the Mcguire family's birthday celebration seemed awkward and cold.

Because everyone in the Mcguire family wore strained expressions, they appeared far from pleased and lacked even a hint of birthday cheer.

Katie also wore a gloomy expression and couldn't endure the atmosphere any longer. She turned and rushed outside. Seeing this, Kareem quickly offered, "I'll check on her!"

He hurriedly approached Katie, who had run to a corner. "Katie, no need to be upset. You're still a little princess."

Katie retorted, "What kind of princess am I? All those big shots went next door to the Wright family. Even the big sis-in-law went there! It's just too disheartening." Katie clenched her fists, her eyes gleaming with bitterness. "Carolyn, if you look down on me, don't blame me for being impolite to you."

"Please, over here," a familiar and polite voice suddenly called.

Katie and Kareem turned their heads and saw Alondra walking towards them with a middle-aged couple. Alondra noticed them as well and said, "Why are you just standing there? Come over quickly."

"Aunt," they hurriedly approached, curiously eyeing the couple next to Alondra.

"Mr. Maskelyne, Mrs. Maskelyne, this is my niece, Katie," Alondra introduced Katie with a smiling face. She didn't introduce Kareem, completely ignoring his presence.

Kareem waited for a moment, his smile slightly stiff. He observed Tyrell nodding slightly and saying, "Very beautiful." Mrs. Maskelyne offered a gift, saying, "Katie, happy birthday."

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Katie was well aware of how to be charming in front of her elders. She immediately put on a cute and charming expression, saying, "Mr. Maskelyne, Mrs. Maskelyne, hello. Thank you for coming."

She gazed at the gift from Mrs. Maskelyne, a limited-edition piece of jewelry by X. She felt elated inside, having received two sets today. With a bright smile, she continued, "Thank you for the gifts; I really like them."

Mr. Mcguire had heard that Alondra had gone out to invite guests. He initially thought that Alondra's acquaintances would mostly be colleagues from her hospital or at most some hospital administrators. He never expected that the guests who arrived were none other than Tyrell Maskelyne and his wife.

This brought him some relief, and he welcomed them, saying, "Mr. Maskelyne, Mrs. Maskelyne, it's been a long time."

Tyrell held a black cat in his arms, the cat's eerie green eyes exuding an inexplicable sense of eeriness. Several timid individuals didn't dare to look at him. Instead, they chose to selectively ignore the strange black cat in his arms.

Tyrell replied nonchalantly, "Politeness is not necessary."

Mr. Mcguire smiled and introduced them to everyone. "I assume that many of you might not be familiar with Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne. They are the founders of the renowned Maskelyne Research Laboratory, one of the most prestigious laboratories internationally. Even my sister, Alondra, takes pride in studying at the Maskelyne Research Laboratory."

Alondra held a unique position in the country's medical field, making influential figures eager to befriend her. Consequently, Alondra invited many guests who were high-profile patients she had successfully treated.

Upon hearing Mr. Mcguire's introduction, the attendees engaged in conversation and exchanged pleasantries with the Maskelyne couple.

"Mr. Maskelyne, your demeanor is truly outstanding. I've heard that the Maskelyne Research Laboratory is researching drugs to treat cancer. I wonder if it's true?" someone in the crowd inquired.

Mrs. Maskelyne replied with a calm demeanor, "Indeed, we are researching drugs in that area. Currently, we are in the experimental phase, and if the results turn out as expected, they should be made available for use in major hospitals."

Upon hearing this, the guests reacted with astonishment, and Alondra's face displayed a hint of radiance. "I'm fortunate to have the opportunity to participate in the joint research. Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne, for this chance."

"Wow! That's truly impressive!"

"I never expected the Maskelyne Research Laboratory to be so powerful." "That's right"

"Alondra, your medical skills are exceptional. If this research succeeds, it will be a significant contribution to humanity!"

The guests who were initially disappointed for not attending the Wright family event found some solace. Building good relations with the owners of these research labs could ensure access to top-grade medications in the future, as long as they were willing to pay. After all, who could say no to money?

Especially those who weren't in the best of health immediately started to discuss the cost of maintaining such a laboratory. Tyrell's countenance darkened, and he responded, "Indeed, we require a substantial capital flow. While we have received some support from Aettosa, the main source of funding is something we must handle ourselves."

"You are truly magnificent, making a significant contribution to the progress of society and the development of humanity, Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne," someone praised, leading to enthusiastic admiration.

Tyrell and his wife's main purpose for attending was not merely a social gathering but rather to seek investments and financial gains.

Encouraging these wealthy guests to open their wallets was a skill that Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell excelled at. As long as they maintained the right level of prestige, these well-off individuals would willingly contribute.

After a fulfilling dinner, Tyrell discreetly glanced at Mrs. Maskelyne. The couple rose from their seats, and Mr. Mcguire personally escorted them to the door, displaying the utmost respect and reverence.

"Thank you for coming," he said with formality.

"Please, do not trouble yourselves to see us off," Tyrell replied.

As they parted ways, he added, "We look forward to future interactions."

At that moment, the event next door at the Wright family gathering also concluded, and the Wrights were seen bidding farewell to their guests.

Tyrell raised his cold gaze and caught sight of a familiar figure. He observed her with a cold and watchful eye.

Mrs. Maskelyne followed her husband's line of sight and frowned when she recognized the woman. She replied harshly, "Franklin, what are you doing here?"

"Are you suggesting that you can come, but we can't?" Franklin's voice was icy and unapologetic.

Mrs. Maskelyne turned to face a captivating woman whose exquisite profile, coldly sculpted jawline, and exceptional poise commanded attention, even when she was looking down at her phone.

It was Sylvia, once again. Sylvia!

Mrs. Maskelyne glared at Sylvia, her voice dripping with condescension as she sneered, "I won't associate with your kind." Her tone reeked of haughty superiority.

This audacity and arrogance made Arian, who was just about to leave, pause in confusion. Someone dared to speak to Sylvia in such a high-handed and arrogant manner?

Blake, already outside the door, saw Arian halt and turned back to investigate the situation.

"What is this, a witch straight out of Snow White? Who is she?" Blake voiced his annoyance with a frustrated frown.

Despite her unique and attractive features, Mrs. Maskelyne's nose had a particular curvature that some might describe as distinctive, while others less kindly might call it a "witch's nose."

"You...." Mrs. Maskelyne retorted to Blake's taunt. "Where did you come from? Do you even know who I am?"

"I have no idea who you are," Blake, handsome and charming, replied with irritation. "But if you dare to bully our Sylvia, you might as well be a witch."

At that moment, Franklin approached Tyrell and Mrs. Maskelyne, exuding an icy aura that sent shivers down everyone's spines. His handsome face was etched with displeasure.

"Even though you are my adoptive parents, you cannot treat my woman so rudely," he declared, positioning himself protectively in front of Sylvia.

While Franklin had been subject to Tyrell and Mrs. Maskelyne's authority in the past, that dynamic had changed. He was now unburdened by their influence.

"If you have any grievances, come at me," he declared. "Come at me!"

"Come at you?" Tyrell's eyes flashed with malice. "Very well, hand over Maskelyne Group and SouthStar Airlines."

Their confrontation left the entire audience stunned, with wide-eyed onlookers struggling to comprehend the familial feud unfolding before them.

Had the father and son just torn their relationship apart? Wait, did they say "adoptive parents"?

Wasn't Franklin a member of the Maskelyne family?

The thought of Maskelyne Group falling into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell was nothing short of catastrophic. The couple had always been consumed by their research and had no aptitude for business. The old Maskelyne had chosen to entrust the future of Maskelyne Group to Franklin, his adopted grandson, for good reason.

Over the years, Tyrell and his wife had consistently attempted to wrest control of Maskelyne Group, even trying to ruin Franklin, yet they had never succeeded.

Sylvia had seen through the true nature of these malevolent couple long ago. "Let's go," she said.

Franklin nodded, extending his large hand to clasp Sylvia's. Her hand was soft, and its touch brought calm to his once-turbulent emotions.

Tyrell lightly stroked the head of the black cat nestled in his arms, casually asking, "Well, don't you want to know about your biological parents?"

Franklin paused, his tall figure briefly stiffening. He didn't turn around, but his voice carried a profound silence and an irresistible force.

"If my biological parents want to find me, they'll find me. If I want to find them, I'll find them on my own. No need for your concern."

He didn't know who his biological parents were, and he had no interest in seeking them out. His relationship with them had been severed from the moment they had abandoned him. Forcibly mending that relationship held little meaning.

Being with Sylvia, working with MI6, and staying connected to Maskelyne Group and SouthStar Airlines was all he needed.

"This is an heirloom from your mother. Are you sure you don't want it?" Mrs. Maskelyne produced a red brocade pouch seemingly from thin air and waved it enticingly in front of Franklin.

Sylvia frowned at the couple's relentless manipulations. It seemed that they would go to any length to keep control over Franklin, even resorting to using heirlooms as leverage.

Clearly, their goal was to regain control over Franklin.

However, Franklin remained resolute and shook his head. "I don't want it. What use do I have for something left behind by a woman who abandoned me?"

"How heartless you are!" Mrs. Maskelyne clucked her tongue disapprovingly. "Since you don't want it, I might as well burn it." Franklin's expression betrayed a hidden determination as he raised an eyebrow in disdain. "Feel free."

Mrs. Maskelyne, growing increasingly frustrated, promptly instructed a waiter. "Get me a lighter." She couldn't believe that Franklin would remain unperturbed if she really set the heirloom aflame.

Just as the flames were about to touch the red brocade pouch, a swift figure moved like lightning, launching directly towards Mrs. Maskelyne.

Mrs. Maskelyne deftly evaded the attack, and the next moment, the two were locked in a fierce struggle. They sparred vigorously, each refusing to yield.

As the onlookers gaped in astonishment at this bewildering spectacle, suddenly, a resounding thud echoed through the air!

Mrs. Maskelyne's body followed a parabolic path and landed heavily, splashing into the central water feature in the hotel's lobby. This was a prosperity pond adorned with several Koi fish swimming gracefully.

She emerged from the water, furious and soaked, only to find Sylvia holding up the red brocade pouch, arching an eyebrow mockingly at her.

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Mrs. Maskelyne was soaked from head to toe, standing in front of the water feature, glaring at Sylvia. Water droplets trickled down her clothes and splashed onto the ground beneath her.

She was drenched and looked disheveled. Her teeth clenched, chest heaving, and she gripped her hands tightly, seething with anger. "Sylvia, you're asking for trouble!"

Sylvia sneered, "Let me take a look at what's inside, shall we?"

"You dare to open it!" Mrs. Maskelyne lunged at Sylvia, with her wet body sending water droplets scattering onto the bystanders.

The onlookers quickly backed away.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and raised her hand to meet Mrs. Maskelyne's punch. She effortlessly countered Mrs. Maskelyne's attack with a palm, sending her flying once more!

A loud thud!

Mrs. Maskelyne's body followed a similar parabolic trajectory, landing heavily in the water feature again. This time, a larger splash erupted.

After struggling for a moment, Mrs. Maskelyne crawled out of the water, knelt on the ground, and coughed vigorously from having ingested some water. Standing by the water feature was a tall, elegant woman with an icy expression, looking down at her.

Sylvia smiled like a demon from hell. "I remember telling you not to screw with my man."

She raised her foot and stepped on Mrs. Maskelyne's hand. "If you insist on behaving like a pest, don't blame me for not respecting the elderly."

Anything Franklin couldn't do, she was more than willing to do for him.

"Do you know who I am?" Mrs. Maskelyne, her hand crushed under Sylvia's heel, stared at Sylvia with a pale face, alarmed by Sylvia's unexpected improvement in martial skills since their last encounter. She had become even more formidable!

Ouch!

A sharp pain shot through her hand.

She tried to break free, but Sylvia's grip was unyielding.

Just then, dozens of men in black rushed in from the entrance, each one looking menacing and hostile as they lunged toward Sylvia.

Taking advantage of the chaos, Tyrell went over to Mrs. Maskelyne and pulled her to her feet. She trembled and stood huddled in Tyrell's embrace, glaring hatefully at Sylvia as she grappled with the men in black.

At that moment, Franklin joined the fray as well. Blake cracked his knuckles, making a popping sound. "I haven't stretched my muscles in a while."

With those words, he leaped into action, kicking away the two men in black who were closest to Sylvia.

Arian watched in fascination. This guy had some serious martial arts skills. In just a couple of minutes, the group of men trained by Tyrell were all on the ground, whimpering and defeated.

It was a humiliating defeat for Tyrell.

Blake clucked his tongue. "Oh well, anyone else want a turn? This is too easy."

"I'm disappointed," he added. He hadn't even broken a sweat yet.

Tyrell's face darkened. He glared at Franklin and said with bitterness, "What the hell is going on here?"

The hotel's security personnel and manager were hesitant to intervene. They watched from a distance, fearful that getting involved might make things worse.

Mr. Mcguire and his group were all stunned by the spectacle. Sylvia's martial arts skills were incredible, and Franklin's strength was astonishing. Katie silently thanked her lucky stars that she hadn't been beaten to death by Sylvia on that plane – it was nothing short of a miracle.

Taking a deep breath, she moved closer to Mr. Mcguire for safety. Her own life was the top priority.

"Father, I'm no longer the same Franklin as before. I hope you understand that," Franklin said. He held Sylvia's hand and continued, "We're leaving."

They turned and left, with Blake and the others following them out of the venue in a noisy exit. Tyrell's sinister gaze stayed locked on Franklin's retreating figure, lingering long after they had gone.

Mrs. Wright and her family got into a car and headed their separate ways.

The Wright family sat in one vehicle, and Mrs. Wright, as usual, was thoughtful. "Sylvia is truly amazing. If it weren't for Sylvia and Franklin, we wouldn't have had so many guests at our banquet today."

"Jenna has been busy lately at the piano association," Brayden said. "There are events to organize, and it's quite a hassle for her to fly back and forth between Larro and Urgford. Maybe our whole family should move here."

"That's a good idea," Mrs. Wright agreed.

Just then, Mrs. Wright's phone rang, and she picked it up.

Vita's voice came through from the other end. "Aunt, have you arrived in Urgford? Have you met Mr. Wright?"

Mrs. Wright replied gently, "Yes, we've met. He got promoted. He's now the secretary of Urgford. When you have a break, come visit."

Vita was excited. "Really? I'll be on winter break soon. Can I come?"

"Of course! We have more than enough food at home. Just let me know when you're on break. Urgford is quite cold, though. It's up hill and has different weather compared to Larro."

"I'll bring lots of warm clothes, and as long as Uncle Wright is safe, I'm happy." Vita said her goodbyes to Mrs. Wright and ended the call.

Brayden furrowed his brows. "Mom, who was that?"

Mrs. Wright explained, "Do you remember that child from the disaster area, Vita? She's the one who received assistance and went on to attend college in Larro. You've been busy in Urgford with your dad's work recently, so you haven't seen her, but she often visits me on weekends to chat and keep me company. She's a sweet and kind girl."

Brayden felt that something was off. Vita didn't seem to be the kind and gentle person she appeared to be. Jenna, overhearing

the conversation, also shared Brayden's doubts.

Suddenly, their car braked abruptly, and they were thrust forward due to the inertia. The driver panicked and said, "There are two black cars constantly tailing us! They almost caused me to crash into the barrier."

Then, screeching brakes echoed once more. Two black cars stopped right in front of their vehicle, and several men in black, armed with steel pipes, got out of the cars and approached menacingly.

Cody squinted and said, "These people mean trouble."

Brayden asked, "Dad, have you offended someone?"

Cody replied, "I just got out of prison. How could I have offended anyone? I think it's because I took the secretary's position, and some people are getting impatient and unhappy."

The men with steel pipes began attacking their car relentlessly. The driver locked the doors, but the attackers continued smashing the car doors.

Jenna and Mrs. Wright were terrified and huddled together, staring pale-faced at the violent attackers outside. Brayden dialed 911, and as he spoke to the emergency services, a loud crash was heard as the car doors were smashed open.

Jenna and Mrs. Wright clung to each other in fear while Brayden spoke to the operator.

Cody instructed the men to stop and approached the car door. After briefly negotiating with the attackers, he stepped out of the car.

Seeing him leave the car, Mrs. Wright cried out, "Cody!"

Brayden shouted, "Dad!"

Cody told the attackers, "You don't need to harm my family; I'll come with you. But please, spare my wife and son. They are innocent."

Cody opened his car door and walked out calmly, standing his ground. Upon seeing this, Mrs. Wright screamed, and Brayden, feeling powerless, instructed his mother and sister not to leave the car.

As Cody exited the vehicle, one of the attackers pulled out a gun and aimed it at Brayden. The gun's dark barrel pointed directly at him. The attacker warned, "Don't move, or I'll shoot your dad in the head."

With his words, he fired a shot at Brayden's feet, creating a hole in the ground and sending dirt flying. Startled, Brayden raised his hands in surrender. He was horrified to discover that these ruthless men were armed with guns.

The phone Cody left in the car played an important role during this crisis. Jenna picked it up and spoke to the police dispatcher, explaining their situation. She provided their location, although she wasn't familiar with the area, using the phone's GPS to determine their exact location.

Mrs. Wright, trembling and anxious, kept a close eye on the attackers, praying that they wouldn't overhear Jenna's conversation with the police. The dispatcher assured Jenna that the police were on their way and instructed them to keep the attackers occupied.

Meanwhile, outside the car, Cody was pinned to the ground by several attackers who brutally beat him. His recent release from prison had left him physically weakened, and he was now paying the price for that vulnerability. Seeing his father's condition, Brayden, full of rage, demanded that the attackers let his father go, offering himself as a target.

In response, one of the attackers pointed a gun at Brayden's head, warning him to stay still. Cody, struggling to breathe through the pain, tried to persuade his son to stay away and keep himself safe.

As the assault continued, the situation took an unexpected turn when a group of uniformed officers arrived and surrounded the attackers. Their timely intervention marked a turning point in the dangerous standoff.