

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 321

All the spectators at the grandstand were shocked.

"Oh my god! I used to take Danielle as my idol, only to find her to be

so disgusting!" "How can she be so wicked? SEVEN is trying to do

our country proud!"

"How can she be reduced to do anything for the championship?"

"She's shameless! If anything happens to SEVEN, I will curse her to death!"

Sylvia calmly began to speed up and step on the gas pedal as Danielle was about to crash

into her car again. But Sylvia's car lunged forward like a bullet!

Danielle's car suddenly missed the target! She never thought that SEVEN had such high driving skills that he could perfectly avoid the intentional hit from her car!

Her car rushed out of control towards the mountain wall with

shock in her eyes! She hit the steering wheel like crazy and

tried to save all of this, but it was too late! Bang! The car

crashed hard into the mountain wall!

At this time, Sylvia still drove her car at a speed of over 950 km/h, making a final

sprint to the finish line! A white light rushed so fast before Danielle that it

disappeared in the blink of an eye!

She didn't even figure out what it was ...

Danielle instantly felt as cold as being salvaged from

the icy water. What kind of speed was that?

Was that a lightning bolt?

She simply could not see clearly the "flying" car with

the naked eye. How was that possible? How could

SEVEN drive so fast?

Her car hit the mountain wall, and her eyes were filled with craziness. She refused to admit defeat as it was the best time now for her to make her move since Taryn, the eyesore, died.

She tried to start the car again which seemed to work against her and didn't move at all.

She was so angry that she pounded the steering wheel with both hands, and the car made an

unpleasant sound. Why? Why?

How could there be a racer that drove at such a stunning speed in this world? She always thought she

should be the champion! Danielle had no idea how she was sent back by the rescue team.

She froze there, her mind

completely blank. It was

over.

She didn't win the first prize; she didn't even get anything but got her car crashed into a mountain wall ...

Aedan did not expect either that SEVEN's car could reach a speed of 950 km/h which simply was beyond

ordinary people. SEVEN was the veritable king of car racing!

Everyone once again roared with excitement when the host announced that the winner was SEVEN.

There was no reason for the audience at the scene and netizens watching the live stream to deny that this was

a brilliant race. Sylvia was standing on top of the podium, the runner-up and the third winner on either side of

her.

An award presenter walked over and presented her with the championship trophy.

And Logan represented the winning team to stand on the podium which was next to the podium for

individual winners. "Hello, SEVEN, would you take off your helmet and let us see who you really

are?" The host said to Sylvia excitedly. Sylvia stood there, the racing suit making her extremely

handsome.

"Why not?" She nodded lightly.

The cold female voice rang out, and suddenly the roaring audience became silent as if one could

hear a pin drop. Everyone suspected that something went wrong with their ears.

"I think I heard a girl's voice? Did I hear it right? Our legend of car racing is actually a girl?" Even the host froze.

Then the host denied it quickly. "How is that possible? How can our legend of car racing be a girl? I don't believe it!"

All the audience at the scene, including those VIPs inside the VIP room and netizens watching the live stream, could not help but hold their breath.

No one dared to make a single sound. Almost

everyone's mind was blank. A girl?

The two words, "Why not?" echoed in

their ears. SEVEN's voice was so lazy

and so cool.

SEVEN's figure was so slender and he could drive his racing car at such

an exciting speed. But none of them thought that SEVEN would be a girl.

They had thought no woman could drive at a faster speed than Danielle who could drive at

over 400 km/h. Even the two experienced commentators were so shocked that they didn't

know what to say.

Franklin clenched his fists and stared at the familiar

figure on the podium. His dark eyes were written with

endurance.

He was relieved to see her standing there unharmed.

"Take off your helmet!" The audience began to shout at

Sylvia in unison. "Take off your helmet!"

At first, there were only a few people shouting, and then more and more people started shouting. The voice got louder and louder!

"SEVEN, we really, really want to see you take off your helmet. Would you satisfy us?" The host also could not help himself and said to Sylvia expectantly.

"Didn't I just promise you to take off my helmet? What's the rush?" Sylvia

raised her eyebrows. Her voice was faintly cold but extremely pleasant.

"Come on, come on, come on!" The audience at the scene cheered

enthusiastically. People were always curious about what was

unknown and what interested them.

They kept imagining what SEVEN might look like. Now that it was certain that SEVEN was a girl, they were even more curious to see who she really was.

Sylvia did not refuse her enthusiastic fans but reached the helmet

with her fair fingers. Everyone's eyes were fixed on her hands. They

stared at her lest they missed anything. It was as if they were

watching a slow-motion replay of a movie.

The helmet was taken off by her. Her long hair cascaded down the back like instantly.

A breeze lifted and caressed her long hair. Her exquisite face, attractive facial features, star-like eyes, and red lips formed a perfect combination.

She raised her hand, gently ruffled her hair and pushed the strands in front of her forehead

behind her ears. The action was simple, but it got seductive because she was doing it.

Just then, she raised her eyes and glanced across the audience.

She was slender in a red racing suit which made her handsome and smart. With one hand clasping the helmet, she seemed to be the celestial goddess of car racing.

SEVEN! So this was what SEVEN looked like!

A wave of applause accompanied by screams came.

Hundreds of thousands of spectators on the scene were so excited that their faces turned red, and excitement could all be seen in their eyes.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

"SEVEN is

the most

beautiful!"

"Your

beauty is

unparalleled

!"

Danielle just got off the rescue vehicle. Seeing Sylvia without her helmet, she immediately came to her senses after being stunned for a moment.

She glared at Sylvia, her pretty face filled with madness and jealousy. "Sylvia! How come?"

Sylvia glanced coldly at Danielle who was exasperated and raised an eyebrow in

surprise. "You know me?" Danielle's face went white, and then she sneered. "Who

doesn't know you?"

Shame! This was definitely the most humiliating day in

her race career. She did not expect that the legendary

Seven who defeated her was Sylvia.

If it was anyone else, she admitted she simply had bad luck, but the person

could not be Sylvia. She almost fainted in her madness, her chest heaved

and her heart filled with anger.

If it was someone else, she wouldn't be so angry, but Sylvia was literally a thorn in her flesh.

Danielle suddenly strode towards the podium, pointing at Sylvia who stood on the podium. "Sylvia, you killed my best friend Taryn. Wouldn't you feel ashamed to stand here and receive the award!" She gritted her teeth and cursed loudly.

Sylvia stood expressionlessly in place, with one hand clasping her helmet.

Her posture was elegant. Dressed in the racing suit, she gave off a strong vibe.

Without Sylvia, Danielle could be regarded as a beauty and a lot of men saw her as their idol.

But now she was standing in front of Sylvia with a hideous and grimaced face, and seemed like an ugly and horrible witch. "Sylvia, are you feeling too guilty to answer me?"

Danielle laughed, her face filled with mockery and hatred. "My best friend Taryn just died. How can you be so shameless and despicable?"

Many of the audience couldn't help but think of

hashtags on Twitter. #Sylvia killed Taryn, the

daughter of the Maskelyne family

#Taryn struck by a heart attack

because of Sylvia #The

Murderer Sylvia

Was Sylvia actually the

legendary SEVEN? How

was it possible?

The enthusiastic audience a moment ago

became deadly silent. Almost everyone was

shocked by Danielle's accusation.

No one said a word. They could not link Sylvia with SEVEN in any way as rumors and hot searches on the internet were unrelated to their real lives.

But ... Did SEVEN really kill Taryn?

They all wanted to hear Sylvia's rebuttal since

they didn't believe it. "SEVEN, you didn't get

Taryn killed, did you?" Someone shouted.

"SEVEN, what exactly did you have to do with her death?" Immediately afterward, many

people began to ask. "Did you really get her killed? That's human life!"

Danielle smugly looked at Sylvia and thought she could not get away with the public criticism no matter how eloquent she was.

Danielle thought to herself, "Even if you are SEVEN, you have to be cursed as a murderer. A murderer doesn't deserve to steal Franklin from me!"

The audience only believed in public opinion; they didn't care about the actual truth.

Suddenly, a man took a loud speaker and shouted, "SEVEN, I believe you! You're innocent! Those were all slanders and rumors!"

"That's right! Seven won the championship and did our country proud. How could

she be a murderer?" The audience's support for Sylvia made Danielle angrier.

"Are you guys muddle-headed? She's a murder!" She got

mad and anxious. Sylvia glanced at the audience,

signaling her fans to take it easy.

She smiled, her aloofness replaced by vividness. She looked like the blazing sun at noon,

warm and charming. "Whether I harmed Taryn or not, it's for the police to decide, not you."

A faint sarcasm flashed across her eyes. "The fact that I can still stand here and represent Longevity Pharmaceuticals of H Rovirsa for this Competition is the best proof of my innocence!"

"If I were really a murderer, the police of H Rovirsa would not have let me defeat you here!"

She continued after giving a chuckle, "I have to say it's pretty poor of you to envy me

but can't win me." Danielle was annoyed. She did not expect Sylvia was so difficult

to deal with.

Sylvia's cold and lazy voice sounded in the air as Danielle just wanted to retort. "Learn wisdom

since you are stupid." Another cheer erupted from the audience.

"I knew that my idol wouldn't be the killer!"

"Those on the Internet are rumors! I'm going to register a Twitter account right now and prove the

innocence of my idol!" "I just took the video; who wants it! I can give you all and then we could upload it on Twitter!"

"Yes, we have to prove our idol's innocence!"

The audience or the fans watching the live stream all flooded to Twitter like crazy. They frantically created hashtags.

#The legend of

car racing is

Sylvia #Sylvia

didn't kill Taryn

#Another

reason for

Taryn's death

#Taryn's death

is a mystery

#Sylvia won the

championship

#SEVEN does

the country

proud

#Longevity Pharmaceuticals asked SEVEN to

represent its racing team #SEVEN won the world

championship

I prove SEVEN's innocence

These hashtags instantly climbed to the top of the trending list.

Fans of SEVEN were not only from H Rovirsa, but also from other countries. They were almost

all over the world. Even many of the racers on the scene hurried to register an account on

Twitter.

Some informed their team managers to certify quickly their identities, while others didn't even have time to do so. They just all came to make their voice to support Sylvia.

They would never allow a woman like Danielle and blinded netizens to slander

and curse SEVEN. SEVEN was to be spoiled, not to be abused!

The reason was simple — the police didn't arrest her and she was still able to stand here

for the competition. Everyone was equal before the law.

The reversal was against the expectation of Danielle.

She thought that after she insulted Sylvia and told the "truth", all the people would join

her to scold Sylvia. And then Sylvia would only get more notorious, so Franklin would

hate and never accept her again.

However ... things went contrary to her wishes!

She was so angry that she almost fainted on the spot.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 323

"You idiots! What she said is bullshit. Don't you have your own judgement? You

should buy that nonsense." Danielle was so angry that she pointed at the

audience and cursed furiously.

Danielle thought to herself, "Why is she so lucky? Why did all these people

support her? So damn annoying!" Inside the VIP room were many big shots

either with money or status from all over the world.

Some of them liked Danielle before, but now they felt that they were being too short-sighted when comparing her with SEVEN on the podium.

Danielle and SEVEN couldn't be mentioned in the same breath at all.

They started to doubt themselves for admiring Danielle. Was it because of her "great" racing skills?

Just now, she drove to hit SEVEN during the race, and now she was abusing SEVEN in various ways. She was totally disgusting.

"Is Danielle our brand ambassador? Change her!"

"Did Danielle advertise our tires before?

Never cooperate with her again!" "Is our

company trying to sign a contract with her?

Stop it!"

These big shots have unanimously instructed their assistants or secretaries not to

have anything to do with Danielle! "Miss Hull, we should leave now." Danielle's

assistant hurried to drag her to leave.

"Why are we leaving?" Danielle frowned and pushed her away, "I'm determined to

make Sylvia lose her reputation." "Danielle." Suddenly, a deep, cold voice rang out

from behind her.

Hearing the familiar voice, she couldn't help but turn around.

The tall man in a couture suit strode towards her aggressively, with one hand in his pocket.

The man was followed by dozens of black-clad bodyguards and several people in police uniforms.

"Mr. Maskelyne, do you bring the police to arrest Sylvia? She's the one who hurt Taryn, isn't she?" She looked happy and greeted Franklin.

"Officers, Sylvia is there. Arrest her!" She looked at the police officers

before Franklin said anything. The police officer in the lead had a

sullen face and stepped forward.

Then before she could react, there was a "click". A pair of cold handcuffs then snapped onto her wrists.

"You've made a mistake, haven't you? Why are you arresting me? She was the one who killed Taryn!" She was shocked and screamed.

"The person who killed Taryn was you." Franklin said coldly, "You actually returned home a long time ago, and have been in contact with Taryn. We investigated Taryn's movements and checked her belongings before she died."

Danielle was in a frenzy; her eyes were so wide that they

seemed to fall out anytime. "Taryn and I are best friends.

How could I possibly harm her?" She shouted frantically.

"You still refuse to admit it, don't you?" Franklin sneered. "The purses and jewelry you gave to Taryn were all stained with drugs that stimulated her heart to beat violently. If it wasn't for those drugs, Taryn wouldn't have had such frequent heart attacks."

"No, it's not me, really. I didn't do it!" Danielle shook her head again and again.

"We searched your residence for those drugs. Although you hid them very well, they were still found by us." The police officer was expressionless as he uncovered her lie, "All of those drugs are foreign contraband and are not available in our country at all."

"How is that possible? How can I have drugs at my house? You must have made a mistake." Danielle couldn't help but shout loudly as her mind went blank.

She carefully recalled everything: she was very jealous of Taryn for her good family background and her good looks. More importantly, Franklin liked her very much.

She befriended Taryn because she was Franklin's sister. Her purpose was to get close to Franklin.

But ... Taryn, however, told her that she loved Franklin and that she and Franklin were not related by blood.

Danielle collapsed especially when Taryn cheerfully told her that she was going back to her motherland with Franklin, because her parents asked her to spend more time with Franklin and scare off a woman called Sylvia.

Sylvia ... That was the first time Danielle heard the name, "Sylvia", which stuck in her mind because it was the woman Franklin liked!

"But ... I never wanted to harm Taryn. I really didn't harm her." She tried to defend herself.

The evidence was solid, so the police did not want to listen to her nonsense and dragged her to leave.

When she passed by Franklin, she fiercely stretched out her hands and grabbed his arms. "Save me, I don't want to die yet. I really didn't kill her!"

"Whether you killed her or not, the law will judge."

Franklin looked cold, pushing Danielle away and took a step back.

Danielle looked pale and defeated, totally different from the

spirited lady before the competition. In an instant, however, she

was reduced from an idol of car racing to a prisoner.

Franklin raised his dark eyes, looking distantly at Sylvia who was still standing on the podium.

They were so close, but he felt

she was so far away from him.

Sylvia did not look at him, her

eyes remaining cold.

The happiest were the audience and the fans on the live platform.

That was simply a great pleasure. The bad woman who slandered

SEVEN turned out to be the murderer.

SEVEN was innocent and wrongly accused.

SEVEN was calm as ever when she was abused and

after she was not under suspicion. It was as if these

things had nothing to do with her and nothing got to her.

Sylvia indeed did not take them seriously,

because she knew she was innocent. But

everything seemed eerie.

Danielle seemed to lose her sanity. That was the taboo for racers.

But ... Just now or precisely today Danielle seemed to be stimulated in any aspect: her brain lost control, and her words and actions were impulsive.

She was totally unlike a racer

who could drive at over 400 km/h.

Sylvia felt this case was weird.

There seemed to be nothing wrong.

However, her intuition told her that something was not right.

Logan came to Sylvia and held out his hand to her. "SEVEN, come down."

Sylvia curled her lips and jumped off the podium with his help. The other two winners also stepped down.

The host, after the shocking scene just now, finally came to his senses and remembered that he had to finish hosting his job. So he started making the concluding remarks.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 324

This was the most incredible experience in his career.

Not only was there an exciting racing and a driver who could drive at over 900 km/h, but also a female competitor going crazy and taken away by police as a murderer.

What a drama with so many twists!

This world championship was destined to go down in history

because SEVEN was really perfect. Sylvia walked forward with

Logan.

Franklin's throat tightened for a moment when she passed by, his deep dark

eyes flashing with greed. However, Sylvia, who was as stunningly beautiful,

did not even look at him and left.

He silently looked at her back and her arm holding

the helmet. He pursed his lips. She ... seemed to

have left him forever.

The sadness clutched at his heart uncontrollably.

Sylvia didn't feel any better than Franklin,

especially when she saw Franklin. He found

out the murderer for her. So what?

They had had a clean break, hadn't they?

"Sylvia..." Logan seemed to feel Sylvia's sadness, and directly grabbed her arm with his big palm. "You still have us." He came close to her ear and whispered.

Sylvia raised her chin and smiled at him. "I'm fine."

The man was handsome and outgoing, dressed like a business elite. The woman was bright, elegant and noble in a cool racing suit.

The eye-catching couple was photographed by some fans and the media who hurried to upload it on to Twitter.

There had been netizens thinking that the two were perfect for each other, and now they believed Logan and Sylvia was displaying affection in public.

A lot of new hashtags about Sylvia

and SEVEN appeared on Twitter. And

a few hashtags were about Danielle

killing Taryn.

Those employees of Longevity

Pharmaceuticals were all dumbfounded.

SEVEN was actually Sylvia?

They suddenly recalled how they boasted

about Danielle in front of Sylvia. Mark and

Vaild couldn't feel more ashamed.

They hadn't thought Danielle would treat Sylvia so ruthlessly.

If they could turn back the time, they wouldn't have bragged about Danielle and they would chose to place their own boss on a pedestal.

Logan was so bad! He actually just let them go the wrong way and didn't correct them.

Sylvia was a little tired as racing required a great deal of concentration and she was not at the peak of her strength since she was poisoned.

She wearily changed out of her tight racing suit and walked out of the dressing room when she saw a tall man leaning against the wall.

His familiar scent wafted in the air.

She walked straight ahead, but the man

yanked her wrist with his large palm. "We

need to talk."

"What is there to talk about between us?" Sylvia sneered.

"Why did you do something so dangerous? Do you know that racing is very dangerous? One slip could ..." Before Franklin could finish his words, he was interrupted by Sylvia coldly, "Franklin, you don't deserve to say these things to me, and I am SEVEN. Where were you when I attended an underworld racing?"

After saying that, she shook off his big palm

with force and strode away. Franklin gazed

at her receding back and clenched his fists.

"Now is not the time. Honey, you need to wait for me to clear all

obstacles and get back to your side." Wilson Group.

Gloom crept over Clark's feminine face as he

looked through hashtags on Twitter. Why could

Sylvia always get over any difficulties without

injury?

And to make him even angrier, she was becoming more and

more popular like a famous star. The harder he pressured her,

the more successful she became.

He slammed the phone hard into the ground and got up from the chair.

He looked out the window coldly and gloomily at

the blue sky and white clouds. Winter was terrified

when she came in and saw the man's back with an

icy aura. Whatever he did, for her, it was the

source of fear.

"Mr. Wilson, the group's shareholders' meeting will start in ten minutes," She

suppressed the fear and said softly. "Tell those old people to wait!" Clark said

coldly. His feminine voice seemed to be innately sinister.

"Yes."

The coldness around the office was suffocating.

Winter turned around and hurriedly left while a woman stepped into his office. She wore a red bustier dress, and walked towards Clark in high heels with charm.

Winter felt choked and could not help but turn back and see the woman holding Clark's arm just at the moment of closing the door.

She closed her eyes, suppressed the jealousy, and walked quickly towards the conference room.

What she didn't know was that Clark pushed the woman away and

bellowed after she left, "Get out!" "Mr. Wilson ... but you told me to

..." Jessica Stone got up from the ground in depression.

"There's another task for you." Clark threw a document bluntly to her, "The person mentioned in the document is your new target. Handle him!"

"Got it. Rest assured." Jessica opened the document, looked at it, and then said with a smile,

"Pay half of the deposit first." Knowing the character of Clark, she dared not stay any longer and turned to leave.

In the film and television base.

The scene shot in the morning was Poppy playing opposite a

sophisticated actor in his forties. His part hadn't been filmed

before, so he did not show up until yesterday.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 325

He was not famous in other crews. But this time he kind of stood out in a crew of newcomers

and ordinary actors or actresses. It was just that he got the benefit of his seniority.

He was the most experienced in the crew, and his acting was not bad,

so he tended to be preachy. "What's wrong with your act?"

Before Brock said anything, he scolded Poppy off guard who was studying her lines.

"Mr. Hester, did I do something wrong again?" Poppy faltered and blushed. After all, she was a girl and a newbie in this industry.

"Do you know anything about acting? You are not in the right mood! It kills me to play opposite you!" Deshawn Hester impatiently said, his mouth twitching.

He looked at Poppy, thinking that if she did not have the good looks, he would have no

patience to continue and just go away. Poppy bit her lip with grievance and looked back at

Brock. She remained humble as ever. "Mr. Davila, can I do it again?" Brock frowned. "What's

wrong with Deshawn? why is he so bossy? Does he really consider himself a veteran actor?"

He did not say anything as the director, but Deshawn stopped his own part willfully and judged his partner!

If it wasn't for the fact that he hadn't filmed for several years and the public did not think well of this film, he would never choose Deshawn, who was the only one willing to play this role.

Seeing Poppy's red eyes, Brock felt angry for her.

He thought there was nothing wrong with

her performance just now! Poppy

monitored her mood and continued

playing opposite Deshawn.

Just as she started to say a line, Deshawn interrupted her again, "Bad

performance. Try again." Clenching her fists, Poppy was really about to

collapse and doubt her performance ability.

"Mr. Hester, she is still a newcomer. I think her performance is not bad." Brock finally couldn't

help but say, "Poppy, go on." Poppy heard his reassuring voice and then build up the courage

to play again.

This scene was finished with difficulty. "You are too bad at acting. Come to my room tonight. I want to give you some advice." Poppy was just relieved when she heard his words.

"Mr. Hester, I thought you were going to hate me! I didn't expect you'd be willing to teach me how to act." Poppy looked at him in surprise, and then smiled happily.

"I'm willing to teach you only because of your modest

attitude." Deshawn smiled wickedly. At this time Poppy who

was simple-minded simply did not sense his ulterior motive.

...

At 8:00 p.m., everyone finished work and dinner and was about to go back to their rooms to rest after a tiring day.

After taking a shower, Poppy walked out of the room with the script and ran into Eden's agent.

"Poppy, what are you going to do?"

"Mr. Hester said he wants to teach me acting, I'll go to his room." Poppy smiled happily, "You

can ask Eden to go there later!" The agent froze for a moment and saw Poppy already walking

towards Deshawn's room.

It was odd. The agent tilted his head for a moment and went into Eden's room.

...

Sylvia called on James and Romeo to have a meal, and then packed some crayfish, "Let's go to the film and television base to visit Poppy."

"Really? I haven't seen the shooting!" Romeo said happily and thought, "It's

so good to be around SEVEN." Since he met Sylvia, he felt his horizons were

broadened a lot.

"Sylvia, I'm shocked that you are SEVEN! My phone almost flew out when I learned the news on Twitter." James got into Sylvia's Land Rover and exclaimed.

"Sylvia, you're not going to take us both for a ride, are you? Over 900 km/h?" Romeo stuck his head out and looked at Sylvia's hands on the steering wheel.

She was SEVEN right next to

him, and he even ate with her!

What a pleasure!

It was all luck to meet Sylvia this lifetime!

He was excited to take a picture of Sylvia holding the steering

wheel. She was awesome and cool! He wanted to send this picture

to his brother Paul and show it on Twitter and to his other friends.

He was happy, and so was James.

James was so excited that he forgot to tell Sylvia that Poppy got kidnapped before.

"This is downtown. So I can't drive at over 900 km/h. 200 km/h is feasible." Sylvia started the

car, and the Land Rover shot out like a bullet.

To the amazement of the two youngsters, she managed to not run a red light and maintain high speed at the same time!

What a control of speed!

They were most excited when Sylvia smoothly overtook other cars, as they felt like they were handling the wheel. But they also felt dizzy along the way because of it.

In a hotel next to the film and television base, Poppy sat obediently in front of Deshawn who was wearing a gray bathrobe and had obviously just taken a shower.

He showed his belly. As a middle-aged man, he was not good-shaped,

but he did not have a paunch. But the sight of it still made Poppy feel

awkward, "Mr. Hester, I think I'd better leave."

She was never in close contact with any males other than Eden, so his naked belly

really made her uncomfortable. She didn't know what to look at.

"Why? Tell me if you ever had a boyfriend?" Deshawn stood up and came to her step by step.

He liked Poppy's innocence and thought well of Brock's taste to find such a

simple and genuine actress. Poppy sensed that he was up to something else.

He lied about teaching her how to act, but she fell for

his lie and was in danger now. "Mr. Hester, I should

go." She swallowed and ran towards the door.

Deshawn, however, came after her quickly and reached out to unlock the door, "Since you're here, you are very willing to be taught by me on the bed, aren't you?"

"What are you talking about? I don't understand at all, let

me out!" Poppy said snappishly. Her face was white and

her hands were numb.

She was full of joy, imagining she was here to learn acting, but she didn't expect to

be deceived by this bastard. She blamed herself for being too stupid and naive.

What could she do now?

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 326

Poppy's hair stood on end, cold sweat oozing.

With a ferocious and nasty smile, Deshawn tore off her dress forcibly,

revealing her snow-white skin. Pinching his hand, Poppy bit it without

hesitation.

Deshawn angrily slapped her across her face.

His hit made Poppy feel dizzy, blood oozing from her mouth corner.

She felt the burning pain on her cheek, which turned red and swollen immediately.

Poppy yanked her head up to glare at Deshawn like a wild wolf cub. "Do you know who I am?

Deshawn, do you have any fucking idea who I am?"

"I don't give a fuck. You must sleep with me tonight." In pain, Deshawn slapped her again. Poppy fell to the ground. Her mouth that bit him opened.

Deshawn squatted in front of her, looking at her innocent face. Then he pinched her chin fiercely, almost crushing her bones.

"How dare you bite me! Aren't you a green hand in this business? To level with you, you'll never become famous without a backer or network in this business!"

"If you become my mistress, you can play any female leading role in movies or soap operas. I can help you," Deshawn added angrily.

He glanced at the bloody wound on his hand and added, "Want to play hard to get, huh? I like playing this game. Then I'll have more sense of fulfillment after conquering you."

"Fuck off!" Poppy snapped.

She looked brave and fierce but was anxious. She would probably run out of physical strength soon and

be raped by Deshawn. 'What should I do?'

Poppy secretly fumbled for her phone in her pocket, wishing to call

Eden or Eden's agent. However, as soon as she touched her

phone, Deshawn noticed it.

He grabbed it and smashed it onto the wall.

With a loud bang, her phone

was broken into pieces.

"Bitch! Want to call your

helper, huh?"

Poppy glared at him in horror. "Don't come over! Stop it!"

Her back clung to the cold wall, tears welling

up in her pretty eyes. She was overwhelmed

in despair, wondering what to do.

Deshawn reached his hand into her shorts. She grasped it and screamed

hoarsely, "Don't touch me!" Meanwhile, Eden was studying the playscript in his

room.

His agent's mouth opened as he was evidently going to say something. But then his eyes flashed, and his

mouth snapped shut. Under his gaze, Eden felt troubled, so he hit his agent with the playscript. "What's

that look for? Why are you staring at me?" "Eden, here is the thing. When I came back, I saw Poppy enter

Deshawn's room. That nasty bastard! I'm afraid..."

Before he finished his words, Eden jumped to his feet. "Are you nuts? Why didn't you tell me earlier? Poppy is too naive to understand the hidden rules of this business. Jesus!"

Then he opened his door and rushed toward Deshawn's room.

Knocking on the door anxiously, he yelled, "Poppy? Are you in there, Poppy?"

Deshawn gripped Poppy's wrists and pressed her hands against her back. Lowering his voice, he threatened her, "How dare you inform Eden West!"

"Bitch!" he cursed. "Tell me you're discussing the playscript

with me. Send him away!" Poppy glared at him tearfully, horror

and fear filling her eyes.

Biting her lip to calm down, she yelled in a trembling tone, "Eden, help me! Help! Argh!"

Upon hearing her hoarse cry behind the door, Eden kicked the door anxiously. "Deshawn Hester, you scumbag! I dare you to hurt her! Open the door!"

However, the hotel door was too solid. After kicking a few times, he couldn't break in.

Deshawn kicked Poppy to the ground, sat on her, and slapped her several times. Seething with rage, he snapped, "Bitch! How dare you ask him to help you! I'm gonna teach you a lesson!"

Poppy huddled up miserably. As a woman, she couldn't win against him in physical strength

but only be hit by him. Tears streamed down her cheeks. Looking at the door desperately,

she heard Eden kicking the door.

Poppy muttered

unconsciously, "Help me..."

Help..." However, Deshawn

had lost his mind already.

Before he achieved his goal, Eden interrupted him and made noises in the corridor

to let everyone know it. His inner voice told him that he could not blow it and he

must sleep with Poppy!

Then His hands

reached to her

panties. "Bang!"

Suddenly, the door was kicked open, and the lock dropped.

Deshawn pinched Poppy's waist in hatred, feeling furious because he was interrupted again.

He cursed, "Do you know who I am? I'm Deshawn Hester, a respected actor. How dare

you break into my room!" "Do you know who I am?" a woman's icy voice sounded at the door.

Poppy was taken aback, looking toward her. A woman wearing white sportswear was standing there firmly, and Poppy saw familiar faces behind her.

"Sylvia... James. .." she cried out.

Using up all her strength, she crawled toward Sylvia.

"I dare you to escape!" Deshawn grabbed her legs to

drag her back forcibly. James could see how terribly

his younger sister had been beaten.

The mid-aged man even

bullied her in their presence.

Anger surged in his chest.

His eyes reddened, and he trembled in a fury. His hair stood on the end.

Without hesitation, he rushed to Deshawn and threw a punch at

him. Deshawn felt dizzy. "Who the fuck are you? How dare you hit me!"

Immediately, Deshawn fought against James.

Seeing that, Romeo rushed over. "How dare you hit my best friend's sister! You have a death wish!"

Sylvia strode to Poppy, held the girl in her arms, and consoled her softly, "Don't be afraid, Poppy. You are safe now."

Eden was shocked by Sylvia's kick earlier and returned to his senses, finally. He hurriedly took over his jacket and wrapped Poppy up in it. "Poppy, watch me! I'm gonna avenge you."

How he wished to kill Deshawn!

The three boys surrounded Deshawn and

beat him black and blue. Deshawn let out

cries in pain.

"Ouch! Stop it!"

"Mind you. My company

won't let go of you all."

"How dare you hit me!

Let's wait and see!"

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 327



"Why will we care about the agency behind you?" Sylvia sneered, looking at Deshawn. "What a scumbag! How dare you harass my younger sister! Who do you think you are?"

Deshawn's face was red and swollen. He felt pain all over his body and decided not to let go of any of them. "You hit me. My agency will sue you."

Sylvia snorted, giving off a cold aura. Her pretty face was shiny under the light, but her temperament was thrilling. She lifted her foot in a white sneaker and stomped violently on his most fragile part.

"Argh!" Deshawn exclaimed in pain, and his voice echoed in the room and the corridor.

All the males present were shocked and scared, wishing to vanish from the room immediately. 'How ruthless Sylvia is!'

Sylvia didn't only stomp on it but also crushed it for a long while.

Eden swallowed hard. 'Seems that Deshawn would never be a man for the rest of his life.' Eden couldn't help but recall that he once boldly provoked Sylvia.

'Sylvia won't take revenge on me in the same way, right?' thought Eden.

Sylvia withdrew her feet and glanced at Deshawn on the floor, who had collapsed in pain, almost dying. His forehead was covered with sweat beads, and he was too weak to utter a word.

She took off her sneakers, standing on the carpet with her white socks.

"So filthy!" Romeo picked the sneakers up and said, "Sylvia, let me throw them away."

Then he tossed them into the trash can.

Watching this, Eden pulled out his phone and dialed a number. "Hello, is that the manager of DD Shopee? This is Eden West. Send me a pair of the latest woman's sneakers, sized 36. Please hurry."

"What? It's too late? I'll pay you 10 times the original price. Make it quick."

Eden ended the call, looking at Sylvia with a flattering smile. "Sylvia, I've bought a pair of new sneakers for you. It's under DD brand."

The brand was a casual clothing sub-brand of a famous one, expensive, and the youngster's favorite. Right then, other crew members arrived.

Brock gaped and immediately understood what had happened.

Looking guilty, he said to Sylvia apologetically, "I'm terribly sorry, Miss Andrews. I'll fire Deshawn Hester now. Sorry. I didn't take good care of Poppy."

"You must fire that junk. Let Franklin Maskelyne look for another actor. If he cannot protect his younger sister, he is not a good brother." Sylvia glanced at Deshawn coldly. "Ban him in the business!"

Deshawn widened his eyes. "What did you say? Whose sister is she?" He wondered if he was hearing things.

"She's not only Franklin's younger sister but also the sister of Miss Andrews, our movie's sponsor." Brock inwardly cursed the scumbag, afraid his career would be ruined by this badass.

Deshawn had wanted to take revenge. However, after hearing Franklin's name, he had to give up. He couldn't afford to offend Franklin.

After Brock told him Sylvia was the sponsor, he was more disappointed.

Deshawn was old and always stayed on the film set, so he seldom browsed

news on Twitter. Therefore, he didn't know Sylvia was the movie's sponsor and famous online.

Brock kicked Deshawn in hatred and snapped, "Jerk! I hired you because you were good at acting. Few actors and actresses were willing to act in my movie, and many people thought I couldn't film a good one. But you should check who is behind me."

Brock's kick made Deshawn cry out in pain again, "Ouch!"

Shedding tears regretfully, Deshawn crawled toward Sylvia, although he felt the pain all over his body and especially his private part.

Using all his strength, he tugged the hemline of Sylvia's trousers and begged, "Please have mercy, Miss Andrews. Please... Please let go of me."

"My parents are old, and my children are young. I'm the only one making money. They all rely on me. I'm sorry. I've been a fool. I didn't know she was your sister and Mr. Maskelyne's sister."

"You are generous. Please forgive me."

The man, turning fifty, lay

prone on the floor. His body

was full of bruises and

wounds.

His face was too black and blue, and no one could recognize him as an elegant, respected actor.

Sylvia lowered her eyes, looking at him coldly. "When you bullied Poppy, why didn't you think about your family? Think I'll forgive you after you begged with the excuse of your family?"

Her words ruined his hope bit by bit. Deshawn was utterly

disappointed. "Toss the junk out!" Sylvia didn't have the mood

to spare a glance at him.

"You injured me. I'm gonna sue you. I'll let the police ban your crew," Deshawn yelled hoarsely. He was

too reluctant. "You made me impotent. I'm gonna send you to jail."

"Let's wait and see!"

"Asshole! You harassed my sister. Since you are so fond of being with the cops, I can send you to jail directly. I wish you'll never come out," Sylvia sneered.

Then she said to James, "Call your older brother. Let him send this

scumbag to jail." Deshawn conducted an attempted rape. The evidence was solid.

At least, he would stay in jail for several years.

Huddling up in Eden's arms, Poppy watched Sylvia and felt moved.

Eden's oversized jacket wrapped her wounded body, sending warmth to her chest. Sylvia was too protective and treated her indeed well.

Poppy almost shed tears.

James rubbed his arms. He used too much strength while hitting the scumbag earlier, and his hands hurt. When he turned around, he saw Poppy was held by Eden tightly. James went ballistic again.

"What are you doing? Let go of my sister!"

He strode to Eden and dragged him away. Holding Poppy in his arms, James glared at Eden and snapped, "My sister is still young. Leave her alone!"

Poppy sniffed and said in a nasal tone, "James, Eden is a good boy. He takes good care of me on the film set." "I don't care. Whoever wants to be your boyfriend must get my permission."

James raised his chin proudly.

Romeo grabbed the lamp from a nightstand, waving it at Eden. "Whoever wants to pursue my best friend's sister must defeat me."

Eden blinked and didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "She's my coworker. Please don't misunderstand us. I've never bullied her."

"James... Romeo... What are you doing? So embarrassing!" Poppy looked at Sylvia for help, feeling frustrated. "Sylvia, please help me."

"I agree with them." Sylvia glanced at everyone present expressionlessly. "You may dismiss. Mr. Davila, I'll leave the rest for you to handle."

Brock knew what she implied.

He gave hush money to the hotel attendants and the crew members and forced them to sign a confidential contract. After all, the event was relevant to a girl's reputation. If it was spread, it would hurt Poppy and the crew.

Besides, Poppy was a green hand in the entertainment business, so it was better to be safe than sorry. Brock didn't want anyone with evil intentions to make trouble based on this matter.

Poppy's room.

Sylvia, James, and Romeo entered with Poppy. Eden glanced at her worriedly. Somehow, he was too reluctant to leave her. His feet seemed to be glued to the floor.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 328

Eden's agent tugged his arm. "Let's go, Eden."

Poppy's family and friends had arrived. He and Eden should leave.

Eden walked to Poppy and passed her an ointment bought by his new assistant. "Here you go, Poppy. Three times a day. Rub your skin gently to absorb it."

Poppy accepted it

gratefully. "Thank you,

Eden." "You are welcome.

We're coworkers."

With those words, Eden turned away awkwardly.

Sylvia arched an eyebrow and noticed his reddened ears.

Much to her surprise, Eden was so pure-minded and adorable.

With a faint smile, she looked at Poppy. Her pretty cheeks were reddened and swollen, making Sylvia feel sorry. James pushed some ointment on his fingertip and gingerly applied it to her wound.

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After beating up the scum, Romeo felt hungry.

He couldn't wait to open the lids of the takeout boxes. When the food's fragrance spread in

the room, he drooled. "Hurry up! Then we can eat the takeouts."

After receiving James' call, Franklin hurriedly rushed to the film and

television base with Jasper. Half an hour later, they stormed into the

hotel with more than a dozen bodyguards in black.

The receptionist of the hotel shivered in fear, wondering

what had happened. "Excuse me... Who are you looking

for?"

"Which room does Poppy Maskelyne stay in?" Jasper asked expressionlessly.

"Her room is on the fifth floor. Room 503," one receptionist answered obediently, daring not to question him.

However, her answer made Jasper's face darken. "How can you leak your guest's information so easily? Your hotel is so unprofessional."

No wonder Poppy was harassed.

Franklin sullenly entered the elevator, leading

the group to Room 503. However, they smelt

a strong food fragrance from afar in the

corridor. When they approached, they found

the door of Room 503 was open.

Four people sat at the dining table, two boys and two girls. They wore gloves while enjoying

the seafood takeout. "Gee! James, how dare you steal my shelled shrimp? I shelled it for

Sylvia."

"You wish! My sister-in-law only eats the shelled seafood from me. Let me eat yours."

The two boys were arguing. From time to time, Poppy snapped at them in anger, "I was injured. Why don't you shell the shrimp for me but only for Sylvia? I'm pissed!"

Jasper gingerly looked up at Franklin, only to feel the cold vibe given off from him.

The next second, Franklin strode into the room while unbuttoning his black suit jacket with his hands. After taking it off, he tossed it to Jasper.

Jasper gaped at him and caught his jacket.

The next second, Franklin rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt, wore the gloves, and sat next to Sylvia, starting shelling a crab for her.

The other three were startled after seeing him appear suddenly

and sit close to them. This was the first time that Romeo had

been so close to Franklin.

He couldn't help but look at him up and down and had to admit that Franklin was

a charming man indeed. He thought Franklin's figure was better than Paul's and

looked more attractive.

Realizing he was devaluing his biological brother, Romeo inwardly

reminded himself to stop it. James could seldom see Franklin usually, let

alone getting the brotherhood with Franklin.

Franklin only appeared to deal with

the trouble he'd made. Therefore,

he felt uneasier than Romeo.

The room was lively and noisy, and suddenly, it was

blanketed by a weird silence. Poppy muttered to break the

ice, "Franklin? Why are you here?"

"If you stayed home obediently, would I have to come here?" Franklin glanced at her coldly before

continuing to shell the crab. Poppy curled her lips. How she wished her brother to comfort her!

'Sylvia is the best!'

While upset, she suddenly saw several shelled shrimps appear on her plate.

Raising her head joyfully, she saw Franklin put Sylvia's plate back. It turned out he had dumped the shelled seafood by Romeo and James onto Poppy's plate.

Then he put the crab shelled by him onto Sylvia's. "It tastes better," he said.

Sylvia couldn't utter a word.

Poppy felt more aggrieved. 'Does I only deserve the leftovers in Franklin's eyes? I am the

victim tonight! How unfair!' Others were all shocked while watching Franklin shell seafood

for Sylvia.

Franklin was a man of status but behaved like

a loving househusband. In silence, Franklin

continued to shell the shrimps and other

seafood. Shortly after, food piled up on

Sylvia's plate.

James and Romeo helped themselves and sometimes

shared the food with Poppy. The air in the room was still

cold.

Sylvia reminded him helplessly, "Look at your dark face.

You freaked them out." She wondered why he always

looked so intimidating.

Franklin didn't reply. His bodyguards lined up in two rows at the door, and he only wished to

enjoy the current peace. He secretly and greedily sniffed the familiar fragrance from Sylvia.

It had been a long time.

He was too timid to approach her.

He knew Tyrell was having his men watch over him, although the murderer that

kill Taryn had been found. Tyrell wasn't as simple as he looked.

He wasn't only a chief of a so-called

research institute. Instead, he had a

lot of power and was influential.

Before getting something on Tyrell to keep him in control, Franklin dared not to move recklessly.

Sylvia didn't eat the seafood shelled by him. Instead, she passed it to Poppy. "I've had enough. Poppy,

go ahead to eat it." Romeo stared at her adoringly. Sure enough, that was what his goddess could do.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 329

This was the first time he saw someone refuse Mr.

Maskelyne's kindness. Romeo didn't think anyone else

could have the guts to do so.

Next to him, James also widened his eyes.

In his opinion, Franklin was a proud man with dignity.

However, Sylvia overbearingly refused his kindness and

turned him down. James could tell Franklin's face

darkened evidently.

However, the next second, Franklin poured a glass of water for Sylvia. "Have

some water." Irony flashed through Sylvia's eyes.

They had broken up, and she wondered why he behaved considerably in others' presence.

With a faint smile, she stood up and said to the two boys without glancing at Franklin, "Let's

leave, shall we?" The boys jumped to their feet with flattering smiles. "Sure. Let's go."

They felt indeed lucky to sit in SEVEN's car. Of course, they would leave with her.

A sharp pang rose in Franklin's chest. He pressed his lips together in silence, watching the three leave.

Then he stared at Poppy seriously. "Working in the entertainment business isn't as easy as you've imagined. Since you want to be an actress, you should be ready to bear the consequences. Today, your sister-in-law saved you, and you were lucky. However, no one could guarantee that you would re-encounter such danger in the future." "Franklin..." Poppy suddenly lost her appetite.

She didn't expect Franklin to lecture her, feeling upset.

She wanted to be comforted by Sylvia, but Franklin made her leave in anger. Poppy could tell something was wrong between Franklin and Sylvia.

A few weeks ago, she had thought they would remarry. However, they seemed too distant from each other again.

The cause of Taryn's death had been found, and Sylvia had been proven to be innocent. But Sylvia and Franklin was still on a break.

She felt upset about Taryn's death as well.

However, since childhood, Taryn had stayed with their parents, but Franklin, James, and Poppy didn't. Therefore, they didn't have deep family affection for Taryn.

Compared to Taryn, Sylvia was closer to Poppy.

The more Poppy knew Sylvia, the more she liked Sylvia.

Besides, Sylvia rescued her tonight when Poppy felt her world was collapsing.

However, Sylvia kicked the door open and punished the evil man. How handsome! The more Poppy thought about it, the more upset she became.

For the first time in her life, she plucked up her courage and shouted at Franklin, "You are my oldest brother, but you never reflect on your own faults. You've divorced Sylvia, but after that, you never stop bullying her. You don't trust her. Taryn's death had nothing to do with her. Now you have a falling out with her. Don't you think it's your fault? Your biggest mistake is to divorce Sylvia. You even let your mistresses show off to her and disgust her."

"You!" Franklin had never expected Poppy to blame him, as she was always timid in his presence. Anger, disappointment, and sorrow were on her stubborn face.

Raising her head, Poppy glared at Franklin. Her red, swollen cheeks made him feel sorry.

"Franklin, our family is different than others. We have parents, but they've never taken care of us. If our grandparents hadn't brought us up, we would have died from hunger already. Since our grandparents passed away, Sylvia has been a responsible sister-in-law to James and me. When James fought with Romeo, Sylvia helped him. When James made trouble at school, she also dealt with the matter. Whenever I was in trouble, Sylvia helped me. She also saved me tonight."

Poppy failed to repress her emotions anymore. She faked being happy in the presence of Sylvia and James earlier, but suddenly, she broke down and burst into tears in Franklin's presence. "Franklin, why can't you you regain Sylvia's heart? Why did you divorce her?"

Franklin was about to chide her but withheld those words upon hearing her words. He looked at the weeping girl in a daze.

Poppy was still young and had just turned 18 years old. He didn't care enough about her, so she was in danger. He had to admit that her words made sense. If it weren't for Sylvia, the consequences would be unimaginable. Franklin heaved a sigh, his deep-set eyes full of sadness.

Reaching out, he hugged his younger sister for the first time.

Although they were not blood-related, Poppy and James didn't know it.

They always thought he was their biological brother and respected and feared him.

Holding Poppy tight, he stroked her back gently. "It's all my fault, Poppy. I'm sorry. I also owe your sister-in-law an apology. I'm terribly sorry."

At this moment, the man of status was the same as an ordinary man. Poppy stared at him tearfully, feeling inconceivable.

She had significantly suffered today. She regretted it and blamed herself for being stupid to fall into Deshawn's trap. However, she felt lucky as Sylvia had rescued her on time.

"I'll give you a few bodyguards and let an assistant from Maskelyne Entertainment take care of you. Since you've decided to be an actress and your sister-in-law supports you, I won't stop you anymore. However, safety always comes first. You are the daughter of our Maskelyne family. No one can bully you," Franklin said, ruthlessness flashing through his eyes.

'Deshawn Hester, how dare you bully my sister! You're risking your neck.'

...

The Wright residence.

Mrs. Wright was helping Jenna pack her things. "Take more dresses. Those skincare products, too."

She felt reluctant after thinking about parting with Jenna for a while. Brayden gaped at the two big suitcases.

"Mom, why so many things?"

"Dresses and clothes in one, and the daily necessities in the other, including Jenna's favorite snacks. You'll go abroad, and the food there is different. I'm afraid Jenna cannot get used to it, so I bought her some snacks."

The more Mrs. Wright spoke, the more frustrated she became.

"Brayden and I will return soon, Mrs. Wright," Jenna consoled her, sitting next to her. They would set off for Aettosa in the afternoon.

In fact, she also felt sad to part from Mrs. Wright.

Mrs. Wright treated her well, taking care of her like her birth mother.

"Let's have lunch." Mrs. Wright patted Jenna's hand, walking toward the dining room. Soon, the dishes were served.

After seeing her favorite soup, Jenna wore a bright smile. "The soup is yummy!" she remarked. The soup always reminded her of home.

Mrs. Wright beamed at her. "Sibbie also likes this soup." Two in the afternoon.

Brayden and Jenna sat in the car, heading for the airport.

Thinking that they would be together for a long while, Jenna felt a bit awkward. Sitting in the backseat next to Brayden, Jenna dared not to look at him at all. She peered out the window, pretending she was enjoying the view.

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 330

From time to time, she smelt the mint scent from Brayden. Jenna flushed, her heart thumping.

After arriving at the parking lot of the airport, Brayden carried the suitcases out of the trunk and reminded Jenna, "Follow me. It's too crowded here."

Jenna nodded vigorously.

"Jenna!" suddenly, a familiar voice sounded nearby.

Jenna yanked her head up to check in surprise, only to find Aldo striding toward her.

Cristal, who dressed up, followed him in high heels. "Wait, Aldo! What are you doing?"

Flames of anger burned in Aldo's eyes. Seeing Jenna standing with Brayden, he felt they were a perfect match.

Boiling with anger, he snapped, "Why are you with him? Where are you going?"

"None of your business," Jenna replied coldly.

She looked up at Brayden and suggested, "Let's go, Brayden."

Aldo, however, didn't want to let go of her. He strode up to block her way. "Come back, Jenna. Don't stay with the Wrights anymore. The Carson's is your home."

"Are you kidding me, Mr. Carson?" Jenna sneered, repressing her heartache. "Your mother made a fuss in the Wright residence and shouted abuse at me. Now you tell me Carson's is my home."

After a pause, she continued, "Mr. Carson, thank you for raising me. However, I'm only the obstacle in your life."

Brayden pulled a bank card from his wallet and passed it to Aldo. "There are five million dollars in this card. Mr. Carson, it should be enough to pay off her expenses when she stayed with your family."

It was an evident humiliation.

Aldo gazed at Brayden in hatred and couldn't believe Brayden humiliated him with money.

As the son of the Carson family, Aldo had never thought someone would embarrass him with money one day.

Brayden was just the mayor's son, but he was indeed arrogant.

Aldo's eyes were full of rage.

He flicked the bank card away and snapped, "Mr. Wright, you are humiliating me."

"Mr. Carson, Jenna has left you. Please don't pester her again." Brayden looked at Aldo, thinking about how the Carsons made a fuss in his house and how he fought with Aldo.

They had become sworn enemies.

"Let's go, Brayden. Or we'll be late for the flight." Jenna tugged Brayden's sleeve.

Brayden looked down at her tenderly and answered, "All right."

When Aldo was about to follow them, Cristal stopped him angrily and reminded him crossly, "Aldo Carson, what the heck are you doing? You promised to send me to learn to play the piano abroad. Why are you doing this?"

Aldo pushed her away impatiently and turned away.

Cristal had to follow him angrily.

After boarding the plane, Jenna peered out of the window blankly.

She felt upset once thinking about Aldo.

However, she would never return to the Carson's, and she couldn't.

The Carsons disliked her, and she would never want to be Aldo's burden anymore.

Aldo brought her up, so she decided to make money to repay him.

However, she had changed utterly.

She was no longer the girl who only cared about Aldo and was delighted by his loving words or encouragement.

A hospital.

After Deshawn harassed Poppy, Franklin sent his bodyguards to protect her.

Also, he quickly found out who had drugged Poppy at the film set last time.

Gianna's assistant had done it.

Although Poppy's body wasn't injured, James insisted on taking her to the hospital for an overall checkup.

While waiting for the checkup result, Poppy put on a mask as her face was still red and swollen, too horrible.

Two hours later, the doctor walked out of the checkup room solemnly.

"Doc, how's my sister? Is she all right?" James asked tensely.

"She has some bruises and wounds, but there is a weird poison inside her body. According to our skills and facilities in this hospital, we failed to detect what it was."

The doctor looked over at Poppy seriously. "Miss Maskelyne, do you have any special reactions?"

Poppy was taken aback and couldn't believe what she had heard.

She looked at the doctor in disbelief.

Was she poisoned because of the glass of water she drank?

She almost stopped breathing. The lingering fear made her tense and upset.

After recalling her health status recently, she answered, "No special feelings..."

"Probably the incubation period of this poison is too long. Miss Maskelyne, you must find a way to get rid of it. It's an unknown poison. I'll have a consultation with other experts in our hospital and keep you updated," the doctor said solemnly.

"OK. Thank you." Poppy nodded in appreciation.

James panicked, like a cat on hot bricks. "Damn Gianna Krause! How dare she poison you! I won't let go of her."

"Don't be reckless, James." Poppy tugged his arm and said in frustration, "I wonder what I've done wrong to offend her. How could she drug me? If you just ask her, she won't admit it."

"What can we do then?" James pressed his lips together angrily. "I'll tell Sylvia."

Poppy was frustrated. She had been poisoned, and the doctor told her the incubation period of the poison was pretty long. After it took effect, she would suffer greatly.

It was like a time bomb that could explode at any time. Then she would be doomed.

She was too young. She hadn't witnessed Franklin remarry Sylvia or seen her nephew or niece. She didn't want to die.

The more Poppy thought about it, the more upset she became.

Sitting in the car, she closed her eyes.

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Lobby of Night Sky Club.

Under the colorful neon lights, Sylvia saw Logan with a single glimpse.

He wore a flowery shirt and black jeans. However, the outfit didn't match his bright, righteous look.

Sylvia walked to him and sat down. "Why did you want to meet me here?"

"We need to enjoy life occasionally." Logan put on a bitter smile. "Cheers, Sylvia!"

He raised his glass. Arching her eyebrow, Sylvia clinked hers with his.

They gulped the liquor down in one go.

Only then did Sylvia recall what day it was. Then she glanced at Logan in compassion.

It was about his personal life. Logan would be super depressed on this day of every year.

...

"Mr. Maskelyne, our private box is in the innermost. This way, please."

With a hand stuffed in a pocket of his slack, Franklin followed a chubby man. His bodyguards in black followed him.

When his gaze swept around the lobby leisurely, his sharp eyes caught sight of the charming woman drinking with Logan.

Her gorgeous features looked enchanting under the colorful lights. She wore a black Chiffon blouse, under which was a short black camisole that revealed her belly button.

Her fair, slender waist and flat lower abdomen were exposed to the air.

'Damn it!'

She was like a rose blossoming in the dark night, but she had no idea how many men were gazing at her.

Franklin took a deep breath.

Although they were far away and crowds apart, and the lights were shiny and dazzling, he could see Sylvia clearly with a single glance.

Her lovely face and tender, pink lips seemed carved in his mind.

Franklin entirely focused on her.

He was always like this. No matter how long it had been and what had happened, he could always recognize her among the crowds.

Watching her drink with Logan, he realized she had never drunk so generously in his presence.

Even though she gulped down the liquors, she looked cool and smart.

Her fingers that gripped the glass were fair and smooth. Her neck was slender.

Seeing Logan approach her with a grin, Franklin turned around and strode toward the innermost of the corridor.

Sylvia felt an intense gaze on her. When she raised her head to find it, it was gone.

She stood up and tossed the glass to the table. "I need to use the bathroom."

"Go ahead. Make it quick. Mark and Vaild will also join us later. Let's drink together." Logan hiccuped.