

# After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

## Chapter 501

She was angry for a while, and then secretly gritted her teeth. She had now signed up for Assisting Needy Student Program. As for her mother who dragged her down, she just wished her mother to die.

If she could become an orphan, would she also be adopted by the Wright family and as happy as Jenna?

Would she wear a beautiful pink dress and use expensive cosmetics? She would be the mayor's daughter too. She would kick Jenna out of the Wright family. She would replace Jenna! That little bitch was simply nothing!

She was much better looking than Jenna. What was so great about that girl? She wanted the Wrights all revolve around her in the future!

The more she thought about it, the more excited and impassioned she became. She must study hard. She must become a lady that everyone thought highly of. She must leave this village and never come back!

At first, it snowed lightly. In a short time, it rained heavily. The snow grains turned into snow flakes, drifting towards the ground. The world was soon blanketed by the snow. The leaves fell off the trees hung with white snow. As the wind blew, snowflakes fell. Evie, Sylvia and their team patrolled through the disaster area in the wind and snow to see if they had missed any victims they had forgotten to save.

And at this point, five days had passed since the day of the earthquake. Five days and five nights had passed. If there were still people buried in the ground, they could hardly survive. Now it was snowing, bringing new difficulties to the search and rescue work.

If the water on the muddy road froze in the early hours of the morning, the sensitivity of these survey instruments would be greatly reduced.

"It's cold!" Evie was wearing a Lolita cotton coat, red and white plaid, and looked like a little fairy who had fallen into a snowy white world.

She rubbed her hands together, exhaled breath, and stomped her feet. The feet wearing rain shoes had long been frozen swollen and red.

Then she looked at Sylvia, who was walking in front of her with an upright posture, as if the snow did not have any effect on her. Her feet on the raincoat had been soaked for a long time, but she seemed to feel nothing at all, just moving forward and searching around to save people.

"Our boss is awesome!" Jaden opened his mouth with a puff of white steam. It was freezing cold!

"All right, don't talk nonsense. Hurry up and finish the job so you can go back and rest. Tomorrow morning, when the ground is frozen, it will be difficult to dig out the buried victims. We should save as many people as possible now."

With that, Evie lifted the shovel and began digging into the ground. The instrument ticked again, suggesting that there were people under the ground.

When they went back in the evening, Sylvia was surprised to see an old acquaintance in the disaster area.

Inside her tent a woman in black uniform, with military boots on her feet, a belt around her waist, and cap in hand, was quietly waiting for her.

"You are ..." Sylvia was stunned and frowned.

The woman in front of her looked beautiful, with smartness on her tanned-skinned face, looking quite familiar to Sylvia. "Miss Andrews!"

The woman raised her hand and saluted Sylvia smartly.

"I am Air Force Captain of the 13th legion in H Rovirsa, Mollie Gibson!"

The woman's voice was loud. With a firm face, she gave off a powerful aura. Sylvia couldn't help but laugh after hearing the woman's self-introduction.

Patting her on the shoulder, "Wow, our spoiled lady became an Air Force captain?"

"You new identity impresses me so much." Sylvia nodded in appreciation, her eyes smiling. "Miss Andrews, don't you laugh."

That said, Mollie couldn't help but smile, and she became much more relaxed.

"Since that National Day gala, I had been in the army. Staying in the government department and idling away every day are a waste of time."

Mollie looked at Sylvia with emotion and admiration, "It's because of you that I chose to join the Air Force!"

"Me? I can't help you. The only person who can help you is you. You are the one who wants to make your life more worthwhile." Sylvia sat down on a small stool aside, "Sit down."

She poured a glass of water for Mollie, "Conditions in the disaster area are bad. Have a glass of water."

Mollie looked at Sylvia's beautiful face, which seemed to be always so calm and relaxed, no matter where she was.

She used to think she was catching up with Sylvia, but Sylvia always had a way of making her realize that she wasn't good enough.

She would have to work harder to get where Sylvia was.

"I'm here this time to deliver supplies on behalf of the Air Force, and I ... I want to be a pilot, Miss Andrews... My grandfather and my family do not support me. They are fine with me being a soldier. They don't think I can fly a plane. But I think I can ..."

Mollie hesitated for a moment and said, "There is a great opportunity to be sent to study in Aettosa Air Force this time, and I want to pursue it."

"Then you should go! It's not that hard to fly a plane. You'll know how to do it after leaning."

Sylvia held her glass of water that warmed her cold hands, and looked down to take another sip of water.

"Really?" Mollie's eyes lit up and she seemed more determined. "You have no objections?"

Sylvia looked at her carelessly, her voice clear, "It's not like there aren't any female captains. If you wanna fly the military plane, it might be a little more difficult than flying the civil aircraft."

Sylvia's words made Mollie a little more confident. When Sylvia sent Mollie away, she couldn't help but look at Mollie's back with emotion.

The delicate girl had now become a female soldier. How amazing!

What she didn't know was that at this time Clare had been enlisted into Aettosa Air Force and begun military drills and training. And the legion he was in was waiting for the first exchange cadets from H Rovirsa.

Larro.

Evans family's Villa.

The weather had recently turned cooler and it was already early winter. The leaves on the trees were slowly falling and the courtyard looked depressing.

The old Evans' health had been deteriorating recently.

He was not as spirited as before.

Today's weather was a little better. The warm sun in the early winter shone on people, bringing a sense of comfort. He sat down along the corridor, looking at the depressing scene in the courtyard, and couldn't help but sigh. "Quinn, go get that metal box from my room."

The housekeeper dropped the broom in his hand and entered the house.

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After a while Quinn handed an iron box to the old Evans, "Master, you cherish this box very much. Why do you want met to take it out?"

"What's inside..." the old Evans coughed several times, paused for a while and continued to say, "Inside this box are Monica's toys. She was smart when she was a child. She always liked to play Cardan's Rings. Others could not solve it, but she could." He opened the box as if he was recalling something.

Inside the box were Cardan's Rings and other toys that must be played by people with high intelligence. "Look, they are all she loved to play with as a child."

"Why had I brought her back?" the old Evans' gaze became blurry, "If I hadn't brought her back in the first place ... She might be living well in this world ..."

"Master, don't say that, we are blessed by God to have Miss Monica in our family!" Quinn, the housekeeper, looked around and found that there was no one else.

He added, "If it weren't for the business practices left by Miss Monica, the Evans family would not have been so wealthy and influential. And Miss Monica wrote a lot of music for you back then, helping you to reach the top of the pianists. Master, you haven't forgotten them, right?"

The old Evans' eyes couldn't help but get red and wet, "Our Evans family are so sorry for her ..."

"Miss Monica will surely forgive you. In the future ... You should be kinder to Miss Sylvia.

After all, she is Miss Monica's only family in this world."

The housekeeper said and heaved another sigh.

Monica was also very respectful to him back then, so in his mind, the young ladies and masters of the entire Evans family were no match for Monica.

"Sylvia is now in the disaster area. Our Evans family is now in decline, and not as good as in its heyday, but ... at least we can donate two million in supplies."

The old Evans was about to put away the box, but out of the corner of his eye he suddenly saw a square gem in the corner of the box.

He reached out and cupped the red gem, the back of which was in the shape of a leaf.

He remembered ... When he brought Monica back to the Evans family, the little girl had been wearing this gem in her neck, and the gem was worth a lot of money at first glance.

It was a red ruby with an attractive contrast between the red color and the green leaves on the back.

Later, when Monica became an adult, he disallowed her to wear the gem, for fear that Monica's real family found her because of it.

His selfishness and stupidity back then made him guiltier and more painful.

He held the ruby in a silent daze, unaware that Tiffany was staring at the ruby in his hand in an unnoticed corner. She was wondering what was wrong with the ruby and why Grandpa kept staring at it.

The box was heard to be very precious to him and

no one was allowed to touch it. It turned out to the

box of Monica's relics?

Could that gem also be Monica's?

That night, when the old Evans was not paying attention, Tiffany sneaked into his room and stole the ruby. She returned to her room and immediately called Neve in.

"Mom, do you see anything special about this ruby?"

Neve glanced at it with little curiosity, "Isn't that Monica's ruby?"

"Mom ... Did my dad and my uncles have it? Or is Monica the only one who has it?" Tiffany was very curious, "Grandpa seems to cherish this ruby very much."

Neve took the ruby and looked at it repeatedly.

"This ruby is very exquisitely cut, and at a glance you can tell that it was cut by hand and not polished by a machine. And this leaf on top is very eye-catching. It looks familiar, as if I've seen the shape of this leaf somewhere, but I can't remember it for a while." "The shape of this leaf? Did some young masters wear the leaf-shaped accessories before?" Tiffany blurted out.

Neve took the tumble, "You're right. I think I saw it at some party, but I forget exactly what it was."

Just as she finished speaking, she heard Tiffany murmur a speculation, "Could it be that ...

Monica is not one of our family?" "You put this ruby back so that your grandfather doesn't find it,"

Neve said to Tiffany after taking a picture of the ruby, "He cherishes this very much."

"Don't worry, Mom."

Neve suddenly remembered something and said, "Now is the time to contribute to the disaster area. The day after tomorrow there is an auction. The auction proceeds are all donated to the disaster area. You can accompany me to participate in it, and we can make a good name for ourselves."

"Mom, I don't even have anything for auction now. I don't have expensive jewels... Grandpa has long since stopped giving my pocket money and the fashion industry has shut me down. I don't even have a decent dress ..." Tiffany was depressed.

"No more complaining. Your grandfather will give you money since it's about making a name for the Evans family." Neve poked her head, "Remember, put that ruby back."

"Got it."

Having said that, Tiffany didn't do so. She was very fond of the ruby.

She borrowed it to play for a while. It should be okay, right? It

was not like she would lose it. When she got tired of it, she

would give it back.

Sylvia also received an invitation call for the charity auction.

She was in the disaster area. But considering that this was an official event with the support of H Rovirsa's officials, the other party wanted to make use of her influence on the Internet to make this event a little bit bigger, and also to collect more money for the donation.

She had to talk to Franklin about moving back to Larro.

A week ago, the latest model picture of a world-class premium

brand dress was released. Sylvia was honored to be the first

person wearing that dress.

Sylvia was contacted by the brand's vice president, "It would be our great honor if you can wear our dress for the first time in the world at a grand charity auction. Moreover, we promise to auction the dress worn by you at the auction. All the money from the auction will be donated to the disaster area."

Sylvia didn't expect that 'Fairy', a brand which was usually worn by international movie stars and singers, would contact her. "Not only that, next month we will also cooperate with leel, one of the most popular fashion magazine in H Rovirsa. We want you to be the cover. What do you think of it?"

"I'm not a model or a star ... It's not good for me to be the cover, right?" Sylvia didn't expect the brand to be so sincere.

All celebrities and female stars fought so hard to be the cover of top fashion magazines, but she got such a chance so easily. That was weird.

"You are the leader of this disaster rescue work, and both you and Mr. Maskelyne are worthy models for everyone to learn from. We would actually like to invite you two for a couple cover, if Mr Maskelyne is not too difficult to invite..."

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Sylvia thought of Franklin's being photographed with a poker face.

She couldn't help but curl her red lips into a smile. At that moment, her smile was as if the rose bloomed, dazzling and eye- catching.

"He ... Better forget it."

She was well aware of what this collaboration between

he and 'Fairy' was all about. The magazine cover shoot

was scheduled for the day before the charity auction.

At 8:00 am, she arrived at the shooting site arranged by the magazine on time.

The shooting site was in famous woods on the western outskirts of Larro, but ... It was early winter and fallen leaves were everywhere. There was a man-made lake inside this man-made forest, the water of which was clear, and occasionally a few wild ducks played on it.

The surroundings were resorts or amusement facilities.

Because of the cold weather, there were few tourists, and a depressing atmosphere

seemed to pervade everywhere. The magazine's staff temporarily built a simple dressing room with some props.

When Evie got her first dress, she was uncomfortable.

She immediately approached the magazine staff, "Miss Craig, it's so cold here, it's just slightly above zero degree, Sylvia will be frozen to death by wearing so little, right?"

"Miss Anto, I am sorry, but the theme of this magazine shoot is the great love on earth, so Miss Andrews not only has to wear so little, but also to pose some poses naturally, such as walking a few rounds on the edge of that lake with her feet in the water, so as to highlight and express our theme."

The person in charge of the shoot was none other than Luz Craig, who was at loggerheads with Sylvia at LX Group. With Skyla's help, she rejoined LX Group as a designer.

She thought Skyla was going to help her win the design director position of LX series, but Skyla just ignored her later. She had no choice but to leave LX series again and joined LEEL magazine as a fashion editor.

She quickly made it to the position of deputy editor-in-chief because she used to be a fashion designer and had a keen sense of fashion, and she was also in charge of this shoot.

It was just that she didn't know that the mysterious designer of LX series was Sylvia at the beginning. Now she saw Sylvia again after two years, she just felt that Sylvia looked like her enemy so much in body shapes and disposition.

Because of this similarity, she could no longer restrain herself from taking revenge on Sylvia for all the grievances she had suffered from that mysterious designer.

There was no water session before, but now she just wanted to see Sylvia shivering in the water in this cold early winter. She was excited to just think of that image...

"Miss Craig, it's not good, is it? She'll freeze in the water on such a cold day." Evie tried to convince Luz.

"I really doubt that Sylvia would be willing to film. The shooting has a charitable purpose. She's being held up as a national role model and she has done so many good deeds, but she refuses to be in the water?"

Luz raised an eyebrow at Evie. "Or she just feigns a kindhearted person? All her good deeds and contributions are all just made up by her?"

"If she can't shoot, she can say no. We'll find someone else to fill her in. It's just that she can't avoid the public criticism if she escapes ..."

"You!" Evie was so angry that she stared at Luz in front of her, the damn woman. She was so angry that she gritted her teeth for a while before she said viciously, "Luz, if I know you are deliberately messing with my boss, I will make you unable to earn a living in this circle!"

Hearing Evie's warning, Luz looked a little unnatural, but soon she was emboldened to maintain her composure, "Miss Anto, I advise you to mind your words. Don't be so rude, understand? If she wants to shoot, then we can start. If not, just leave!"

"I won't leave, of course." Sylvia's cold voice came from behind several of them.

"Boss ..." Evie walked up to her quickly, but Sylvia slapped her hand and looked at Luz with a cold gaze. It was a small world. Even in a place like this she could run into people she knew.

Luz, the former designer of LX Group, was disgusted by Sylvia, the mysterious designer.

"I'm not a professional model, and this cover shoot was an offer made to me by your magazine."

Sylvia endured the biting cold wind and gave a cold laugh, "What? Since you don't want me to shoot, you can report it to your boss. Why do you have to hide your own intention of not letting me shoot? Why do you have to force me to back out? I guess you wanna manipulate public opinion on the Internet against me, saying that I'm a bitch and that I'm difficult to deal with? This is your idea, right?"

"Luz, after all these years, how come you haven't improved a little bit?" Sylvia's cold eyes were fixed on Luz, and her aura of power was so strong.

"If you can't work well with me, then I'll have to ask your boss to come over with a new editor." Luz looked at Sylvia's expression and her arrogance was instantly shattered.

"Miss Andrews..."

Sylvia ignored her. She knew exactly what this woman had in mind. This woman wanna screw her, ruin her reputation and cooperation with 'Fairy'.

But she was not that easy to fool.

Sylvia looked directly at the photographer who was standing to the side with a shocked look on his face, "I've put on the makeup and the clothe. Let's start."

It was as if she had dominated this place and as if this had been her turf. And she was the queen who called the shots.

The photographer finally came back to his senses and hurriedly said, "Miss Andrews... You can pose freely for a while. I'll see if I can capture a good pictures."

Just then, Sylvia's cell phone suddenly rang. She looked at it and saw that it was Franklin.

"Hello."

"If you don't want to shoot, quit it. Why bother talking to her?" The man's magnetic voice came over from the phone.

Sylvia was stunned, "You're here?"

"How can I not come to enjoy your first cover shoot?" Franklin's voice was doting, but the words that came out of his lips were cold.

"It's okay, when you're done shooting, I'll buy this magazine and do whatever you want to them so they have to listen to you." Sylvia felt the hint of anger in Franklin's tone of voice as soon as she heard it.

This man had always been cold, but it seemed that as soon as he encountered something about her, he would have violent mood swings.

Sylvia was stunned and answered him, "It's okay. The cover was a task arranged by those officials. It is a chance. If I don't shoot, the public opinion against me doesn't matter. I shoot just because I want to show that goodwill."

When she hung up the phone, Evie said,

"Boss, what should we do now?" A cold wind pierced through their bones and blew hard against them.

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Sylvia felt a shiver run through her body, and her face froze slightly.

But ... She still walked towards the lake that was not far away.

She walked naturally and casually, as if she were strolling through her own backyard. Even if the cold wind blew against her, she seemed to feel nothing.

Then she walked over to the edge of the lake and, stepped in with both feet, immediately sending a few splashes of water into the air.

The north wind whistled, blowing up the fallen leaves to the ground, There were a few leaves hovering around her. She was like a fairy in this forest. Even though the cold stung her, she

was quite calm.

Luz was standing a short distance away, clutching a thermos with a mocking look on her face. Sylvia stood in the cold water. For a moment she treaded water, for a moment she walked, and for a moment she lifted her skirt to jump up.

There was a flash of determination in her clear almond eyes. And just then the photographer started shooting non-stop.

Franklin was standing on the other side of the lake, looking at the woman who had to go into the water in such cold weather. What an unreasonable request!

The magazine staff gave her a hard time deliberately just because Sylvia was not a superstar, right? Thinking about it with indignation, he strode towards Sylvia.

In a few minutes, he came to Sylvia whose face was purple and held her into his arms, "Stop shooting!"

"You ... You can't stop use from shooting even if you're Mr. Maskelyne." Luz ran over to see Franklin holding Sylvia in his arms, furious.

"We signed a contract. If you don't shoot it, you're breaking the contract."

"Why don't you shoot? You are just a web celeb. You've just done a few good things. You just rely on Mr. Maskelyne..." Before Luz could finish speaking, she felt herself slapped hard.

Sylvia broke free from Franklin's embrace and walked up to Luz with her chin slightly raised, like a mighty queen.

"It's none of your business who I rely on. See clearly, this is your ugly face." Sylvia took the phone from Evie's hand and held it up to show everything that Evie had just recorded.

"You were thrown out of LX Group. Do you think you can still have a foothold in the fashion industry?

series can not mix, do you think you can continue to mix in the fashion industry? I'll have you kicked out of LEEL the same way as how you're thrown out of LX Group."

"You, Sylvia! You've gone too far! You're rich because of the Maskelyne Group. How can you bully an editor like me?" Luz shouted furiously. She didn't expect Sylvia to be so aggressive.

"You're saying I'm bullying you? Let me post the video on Twitter and let everyone judge who's being bullied, OK?"

"Sylvia, are you out of your mind? Do you want me to show ugly pictures of you? I don't believe you look good in any of them! Let's see what you do then!" Luz covered her cheeks, which hurt, and she was as angry as a wild dog.

She flew into a rage and lost her mind.

She grabbed the camera from the photographer, and kept pressing on it to and fro. She was dumbfounded.

The photos in the camera were ethereal and beautiful. Sylvia looked extremely beautiful. Her impeccable face was bright in the cold winter wind and she exuded the charm of a winter fairy. She was wearing a V-neck dress, the hemline of which flew as she swayed.

Her photos were beautiful, which were simply better than many actresses' photo-shopped pictures. How was it possible?

The further she scrolled down, the more she realized there wasn't an ugly photo at all. Either one could be used as a cover without being photo-shopped.

No model could be photographed as perfectly as Sylvia. How was it possible?

She was just a web celeb who made some contributions in the disaster area, wasn't she? How could she seem to be born for fashion?

She kept scrolling.

"Stop it! What if you delete those photos accidentally?" The photographer looked at her crazy look, reaching out to snatch the camera away.

"How is this possible?" Luz was shaking all over. Why was this woman so beautiful? The more she looked at Sylvia's photos, the more she thought she looked like the mysterious designer from the LX Group.

They had the same body shapes, the same voice, and the same male companion. A terrible thought suddenly flashed through her mind.

She suddenly pointed at Sylvia and shouted, "You ... You're the mysterious Designer X! Is that you?"

All her hatred surged through her chest. If it wasn't for Designer X, she wouldn't have turned to Skyla, who used her and then abandoned her.

In the end, she was still fired by LX Group.

She lost her job and had to start her career in a fashion magazine as she had been banned from the design industry. She now had finally became deputy editor-in-chief of the top magazine with great difficulty.

And now this damn woman X!

With old grudges and new resentment, she stared at Sylvia with hatred, wanting to tear her apart!

Sylvia just looked at her expressionlessly, her gaze carrying the ultimate coldness, "So what if I'm X? So what if I'm not?" "Because of you, I lost my job as a designer. And now you're actually ... showing your face to me again." Luz's words were filled with hate, and her eyes seemed to be hardened with poison as she stared at Sylvia.

"What do I have to do with you losing your job? If you hadn't done something shameful yourself, you wouldn't have lost your job." Sylvia thought there was something wrong with this woman's brain.

She rubbed her brow with a headache and felt that she shouldn't have agreed to the cover thing...

"The person who fails never sees his own mistake but always blames others." Franklin's mellow voice seemed extraordinarily chilling and cold on this winter day.

Everyone looked at him in shock.

This man was tall and handsome with a great aura of power. Every word that came out of his lips sent a chill down Luz's spine.

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Luz looked arrogant. With a smug smile, she said, "You bullied me, but you said I was the bully. Mr. Maskelyne, you really have a cunning tongue."

She waved her phone, "I recorded how you guys bullied me just now."

Perhaps because she had spent so much time working at the magazine, she was very good at recording videos, and from the angle she recorded it, it just created an illusion that Sylvia was pointing at Luz and abusing her.

"Do you want your reputation to be ruined, Designer X, Mrs. Maskelyne?" Luz laughed with glee and felt really good about herself

again.

"TSK. What would happen if the netizens saw you couples bullying an unknown editor like me?"

"So ... You think you've taken the evidence that can ruin my reputation?"

Sylvia thought Luz was too naive! As soon as she said that, Evie, who had been accompanying her, rushed to Luz.

Before Luz could react, the phone in her hand was gone. Flutter!

The phone was thrown into the lake by Evie. After a splash of water, it quickly sank.

Luz was stunned...

After she came to her senses, she shouted in anger,

"You ... How can you do this?" "You really have a death wish."

Evie looked at her with a cold smile, "Whether it's my boss or Mr. Maskelyne, killing you is a piece of cake. It's like crushing ants. You ... Who do you think you are to provoke them?"

Hearing Evie's words, Luz's arrogance and hatred faded. Gradually, she felt a hint of panic crept over her.

She was just a deputy chief editor. But in the eyes of people like Franklin, she was an ant that could be killed any time. She couldn't help but step backwards, "Mr. Maskelyne, listen to my explanation. I lost my mind just now. I..."

Franklin ignored Luz, and released Sylvia, "Are you still cold?" Sylvia shook her head, "I'm much warmer."

Franklin stared at her pretty face, a trace of distress flashed in his deep eyes. "If you feel too cold, stop here."

"It's a cover for charity. I want to finish it." Sylvia showed a smile,

"I can't stand the coldness." Franklin nodded his head and gripped her hand dotingly, "Okay, go on then."

Then his majestic gaze fell on Luz, "Miss Craig, since you're so talented and fashionable. How about you come? Let us see if you can dress fashionably."

Luz's face turned pale and she looked at Franklin incredulously , "No ... I'm not a model, I ... I can't be filmed." At this time Franklin was cold and noble with a powerful aura while looking at Luz's eyes.

"Miss Craig, you like the outdoor shooting the most, don't you? You're so knowledgeable and proficient, but you don't know how to be filmed?"

All the staff looked very bad.

None of them dared to speak up for Luz or help her out. Franklin was venting his anger for Sylvia...

This was the only thought in all of their minds. Luz asked for it!

Her voice was trembling, "Don't .... Mr. Maskelyne ..."

"My wife is standing in such cold water when wearing thin clothes. If you don't wear thin clothes, but you can chose to be soaked in the water for two hours."

There was unconcealed anger in the man's voice.

Sylvia endured such cold water and such freezing weather for the common good. Sylvia dressed so thinly, and all of this was caused by this woman.

"No ... No ... I agree to shoot ..." Luz was so scared that she was already on the verge of tears.

Franklin was still the mighty president of SouthStar Airlines and Maskelyne Group even though he had mental illness. If she dared to disobey his order in front of everyone here, she would be so dead!

Everyone present was wide-eyed as they watched the deputy editor-in-chief, who was very bossy, begin to undress. She wore a fur coat outside and a black dress inside.

The thin dress wrapped around her body and she just stood there, shivering. She said to the dumbfounded photographer, "Shoot ... Hurry ..."

Her voice trembled from the cold wind.

The photographer hurriedly grabbed the camera and began to shoot at her. After a few shots, Luz jumped up and rushed towards her fur coat.

Evie went over and stopped her, "My boss has been shooting for half an hour. You've only been shooting for a few minutes. Why are you running?"

"I ... I shot it." Luz's eyes were red, "It's so, so cold."

"Your dress has long sleeves, but my wife has her arms fully exposed. And you're cold?"

Franklin curled his lips, "She just jumped into the water and twirled around. Miss Craig I guess you look better when you twirl."

"No ... Let me go! Let me go!" Luz couldn't hold back the tears that fell out of her eyes, "I won't dare again."

She looked at Sylvia with imploring eyes, "We used to be colleagues at least. We were both costume designers for LX series. For the sake of old feelings, please let me go. I won't dare to resent you anymore."

"You don't dare? Does that mean that you will resent me privately?" Sylvia laughed, a mockery in her eyes.

"Luz, I had forgotten that someone like you ever appeared in my life. It's you who came over to make trouble, so don't blame my husband for slapping you in the face."

Franklin reached out and took Sylvia into his arms, "Miss Craig, the theme of your shooting can be playing water. You and your crew can have water fights together."

"It's so cold ..." Luz almost passed out.

But the crew, intimidated by Franklin's powerful vibe, had made their way to the water's edge, and Evie pushed Luz into the water with one hand.

"Have fun! Have fun!"

With a thud, Luz fell directly into the water, several staff members rushed to help her up. But Luz still drank several mouthfuls of lake water.

She coughed violently several times; however, before she could react, the cold water splashed towards her again. A few of her colleagues began to splash the cold lake water towards her body.

"It really feels like a festival."

Franklin nodded with satisfaction.

All those who dared to provoke his wife should be punished! "Don't ... Don't..."

Luz was so dizzy because of the splashing water down her body. Her lips purple, she was trembling, and she screamed in terror, "Please, leave me alone!"

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Her clothes and hair were all wet and her face was covered in cold droplets of water.

She stood woefully in the lake, unable to distinguish whether it was water or tears on her face. Now she had only one thought. That was to ask Franklin show her mercy.

"It's okay to let you off, but I'm warning you, my wife is not someone who can be bullied. Do you really think you afford to bully my wife?" Franklin looked at everyone present with an icy expression and a deep, cold voice.

"That's the end of the matter, and ... I don't like any bad rumors getting out about my wife because of this. So it's best that all of you understand what I mean."

His tone was thick with warning, and he finally glanced around the crowd before turning away with Sylvia in his arms. Evie and Jasper followed them directly.

Luz's assistant came up to her in a whisper, "Miss Craig, how are you? Are you okay?" "Get out! Get out!" Luz angrily pushed the assistant away and headed towards the van.

As if she had fallen into an ice cellar, she was wet all over. Even if she was now wrapped in that warm fur coat, she was still cold, with his teeth trembling.

She now felt her face hurt so much, especially since these staff around her were all her colleagues. What would they think of her in the future?

She was humiliated.

Her heart was filled with anger and her eyes were fixed on the world premiere gown that was provided to Sylvia by the brand. But just now ... In order to give Sylvia a hard time, she made Sylvia wear a summer dress, while this gown was left untouched in the car.

Her eyes were fixed on the gown for a while, and her lips suddenly curled into a wicked, sinister smile. The first one to wear this gown, right?

She would not give Sophia such an opportunity. The next day was the charity auction.

Sylvia got up early in the morning and called Logan as she walked towards the restaurant. "What is the situation in the disaster area now?"

"Okay. You take Jaden and others. Make sure to cooperate with Mayor Cody. On behalf of Royal Galaxy Hotel and Longevity Pharmaceuticals, we don't want seek fame or profit. We just want to save lives."

"Life is priceless and all life is worthy of respect."

"Remember to call if you need anything. I should be quite busy today." After a phone call with Logan, Sylvia sat down at the table.

Yesterday, it was so cold and she had her cover shot in such a cold weather. Fortunately, she was physically strong, so she did not catch a cold. But she was not sure if Luz had a cold or not.

She went straight into Longevity Pharmaceuticals' executive group and instructed these executives on some of their daily tasks. Finally, she said, "All the drugs we produced in the last three days should be donated. It has to be transported to the disaster area overnight, including all the hospitals near the disaster area."

"Ms. Andrews, the number of drugs we produce in three days is very huge. Do we donate all of them?" One of the executives asked, feeling a little bit reluctant.

"Yes! All of them. Longevity Pharmaceuticals has grown over the years, but it has always been Logan and I holding the shares. There are no other shareholders involved, which is why Longevity Pharmaceuticals has grown so well. If there were any outside shareholders involved in the financing and others had the say, would our company grow so well and big?"

Sylvia took her phone and tapped on it for a while, paused and tapped again, "So, just listen to me. Get this thing done quickly." The executive did not dare to say anything more and said yes repeatedly.

Sylvia looked up and found Franklin sitting across from her at some point. He was holding a tablet. His long strong fingers were touching it.

Sylvia raised her eyebrows, "Why don't you get some more sleep?"

"I will also attend the charity auction in the evening." Franklin put down the tablet and raised his eyes to look at her with a faintly doting look in his deep gaze. "Have you thought about what you're auctioning off for the evening?"

"Nothing more than jewelry and the like." Sylvia's voice was faint with little interest. This auction was held by senior officials, for raising money for the disaster area.

So almost all of Larro's most prominent people would be there, and not only that, but many brands would increase their exposure by lending their brand clothes to big names.

For example, 'Fairy' gave her the chance to wear the gown that had yet to be released. This was a good opportunity to impress the public and the senior officials.

So ... No big wigs were willing to give up this opportunity.

Those stars, idols, were all present, to show their support for the disaster area.

At times like this, the performances were about songs and dances themed inspiration. It was said that Toby Wilson would be there tonight.

Toby performed a show with his good buddy, the greatest host. But the program list did not show what it was. Sylvia didn't pay much attention either.

When she looked up after a moment's thought, she found Franklin looking at her with an unpleasant frown. "What are you thinking about?"

He was talking to her and she was absent-minded.

"Nothing, I suddenly felt that..... Toby becomes successful so soon. He was just a little-known idol two years ago, but now he's well-known all over the world and even becomes an actor." Sylvia smiled and shook her head. When she mentioned Toby, Franklin's handsome face immediately darkened.

"He's just younger and a not bad dancer. What's the big deal. "

Before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by Sylvia, "Yep, he attracts me. What are you doing? Are you feeling inferior to him?"

Franklin's face darkened, "You are not allowed to keep staring at him tonight."

"TSK, you're so bossy." Sylvia bowed her head and started to eat her breakfast, not bothering to pay attention to this psycho. How long had it been?

And the man started being so childish again. Couldn't he just be at peace with himself?

Late afternoon.

As the sun set in the west, the sky seemed to be dyed with beautiful red haze.

Evie paced impatiently in the living room, "What's up with this brand? Didn't they say they were going to send you a dress? This is the only one in the world, and you didn't wear it for the magazine shoot yesterday. Could it be that the magazine got it but didn't give it to you?"

Sylvia sat on the sofa while watching the news about the disaster area and looked up at her with a cold expression, "No worries." "Yeah, Evie, you don't have to worry. Look how calm Sylvia is. It's just a dress."

Poppy had a textbook in her hand; she had recently prepared to retake the entrance exam for film school.

Her acting skills were okay, but there was still a lot of room for improvement.

Therefore, she wanted to study acting professionally and systematically to become an actress who graduated from a film academy.

Sylvia was very supportive and immediately prepared a set of textbooks and materials for her entrance exams. She also hired a tutor to teach her.

"But being the first one to wear the dress is very impressive!"

Evie couldn't help but sit next to Poppy and say in an anxious tone, "With this dress, Sylvia will look breathtakingly stunning wherever she goes."

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 507

Poppy realized Evie not only had a lot of strength, but also a short temper.

Her impatient look made her look as if there had been a dynamite in her body. If the gown wasn't delivered, it would explode.

"Evie ..."

Poppy just opened her mouth, only to see Franklin come back from outside with a beautiful and delicate box in his hand. "Franklin, what did you buy?"

"A gown." Franklin looked to Sylvia and said, "The auction will start in an hour, and the dress has yet to be delivered here. I guess something happened..."

"I got it." Sylvia got up, took the pretty, delicate box, and

went straight to the guest room. There was a dedicated styling team waiting for her inside.

Evie and Poppy followed her in.

All three of them had to be styled and change their dresses.

Fortunately, the styling team was very nimble and well staffed. It was not hard to get them all styled.

About half an hour later, the three girls stepped out of the guest room at the same time. And at this time the three men downstairs changed their suits at the same time and came out of the other guest room. The entrance of the hotel where the charity auction would be held.

Many media and journalists gathered, each carrying a cameras aimed at each of the guests who came to participate in this auction.

The guests' cars pulled up to the long red carpet in front of the hotel.

Each car was luxurious. The men and the women who got out of the cars were all attractive. Just then, a car pulled up steadily in front of the hotel.

The car door was opened. A woman with a curvy figure and big boobs got out of the car. Not only that, the sequined gown she was wearing was also very eye-catching.

The fairy costume was so long that she couldn't suit it very well even though she wore high heels. Also, a beautiful lady with a slender figure could fit into such a fairy costume better, while this woman was so plump that the dress wrapped her body tightly.

But she was very confident ... She thought she matched the dress very well and looked perfect in it. "Holy shit?" A reporter's eyes widened, "Isn't this Honey Bennett? Why is she wearing this fairy dress?" "Didn't you say Sylvia was the world's first wearer? I've been waiting so long for Sylvia to come!" "What's the situation? What's the brand doing?"

Several reporters looked at each other, all confused by this matter.

A sophisticated reporter called out, "Shoot it! Who cares who wears it. Hurry up and shoot to get first-hand info!" Everyone took a picture of Honey and Honey became more confident.

She said to the agent behind her, "This dress you borrowed this time is quite nice. Look, everyone is shooting me."

"This dress was lent to us by a styling studio, I heard it was a big international brand, and I don't know if it's true." The agent smiled. Since Honey focused on improving herself, she didn't hype up herself and there was no rumor about her.

She got less exposed.

People in this industry almost forgot who she was ... The agent was really anxious.

What annoyed the agent more was that Honey didn't care about it at all. She even took classes to learn how to act every day. After finishing her classes, she would have some business endorsements to make money.

Seeing that it had been more difficult for Honey to get the supporting role, the agent was really anxious. So, he urged Honey to partake in this auction to increase some exposure.

He made a lot of effort to work with a reputable styling studio.

The studio staff provided a dress for Honey, which was so eye-catching that people simply could not take their eyes off it. Without hesitation, the agent paid for it.

He thought it was really worth it!

The agent and the actress, who were not well-informed, were completely unaware that they had fallen into a trap. They were still gloating.

When Honey stepped into the hall on the first floor of the charity auction with her manager, almost everyone froze the moment they saw her.

All the people who were talking to each other were staring at her with wide eyes.

Honey whispered excitedly to her agent, "They must have been shocked by this beautiful gown on me! Am I really that beautiful? I'm actually overshadowing all the female actresses in the room?"

She had never been so much in the limelight. This was the first time.

She was beautiful, but there were many beautiful actresses in the entertainment industry, and she was not that stunning to catch everyone's attention.

So ... she became less popular after she gained some fan base.

Fortunately, she was not a high-paid actress. Sometimes she was willing be get less money. So, she could play a role in some network TV shows which did not require much cost. But those big movies would never invite her.

Her appearance and body shape did not match the aesthetics of serious dramas. So ... being in the limelight suddenly made her a little inwardly apprehensive.

Somehow, she felt that these people looked at her not in surprise, but in fright.

She swallowed and pulled the agent's arm, "Why do I feel they are not impressed, but frightened? My dress isn't torn, right? Does the makeup match the dress?"

The agent looked her up and down for a moment, "It's fine! The makeup is exquisite and the shoes are well matched. Even the jewelry was carefully selected by me. These people ..."

There was something wrong with their gazes.

The two were so guilty that they lacked confidence in moving forward.

An actress swayed and walked over, smiling mockingly towards Honey, "Who do you think you are? You dare to wear this gown too?"

Honey was a little baffled, but she kept her composure, "What's wrong with this gown I'm wearing?"

"You'll find out later." The actress laughed with a mocking face. She couldn't wait to see Honey become a joke. "Please make yourself clear." The agent was also a little angry and felt that the actress was very vain.

It was just a dress. Why couldn't Honey wear it?

"It's really confusing. You don't even know the origin of this dress? If I hadn't seen the brand logo on the corner of the dress, I would have thought you wore a fake on purpose!" The actress' words provoked a burst of ridicule from the surrounding crowd. Everyone seemed to be laughing at her and Honey's mind went blank. What was wrong with the dress?

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 508

How come she know nothing?

"Don't you know yet? This dress is from 'Fairy', that famous brand, and today is the world premiere of this dress," another actress usually despised Honey's body shape said in mockery.

Honey bit her lower lip, her voice trembling, "What did you say? The world premiere?"

Her agent hurriedly squatted down to see the brand logo, and sure enough, he found the brand's embroidered logo at the corner of the dress...

"It's true ... It's 'Fairy'." The agent's face turned white as a sheet. "How could this happen? That styling studio didn't even tell us. Its staff only told us that the dress was great."

"But now you're the first one to wear it. It's all ruined by you." The actress smiled brightly, "A little-known star dared to wear this dress? I don't know who gave you the courage."

The other actress shook her goblet in her hand and smiled in triumph. Now there was a good show.

She heard that Sylvia should be the first one to wear it.

Now it was worn by Honey, which not only ruined the brand's image, but also slapped Sylvia in the face. The brand's couture dresses were usually worn by the most famous actresses.

Only female celebrities with great popularity were worthy to wear this brand.

It was not that the brand treated the customers unfairly.

But that was brand positioning. And the customers of their brand were the wives of bigwigs and top celebrities.

Sylvia was decided to be the first one to wear this dress because she matched it very well.

She liked to do charity work and do good deeds. She was talented and a world famous pianist, and more importantly, there was no negative news about her. She was really righteous.

Now the rescue work in the disaster area was in full swing. It would be very meaningful for her to wear this gown at this time. So ... Almost everyone in the room was waiting for Sylvia to come out.

And the vice president of the brand was there when she saw Honey walk in wearing this dress. She collapsed and she couldn't believe her eyes.

She suppressed her emotions and started calling the staff attending to the dress with shaking hands. "What's wrong with you? Why is this gown on a little-known actress? You tell me!"

She snarled in a low voice.

Her face was as white as a sheet of white paper.

The staff was baffled, "Vice President, I gave it to the magazine yesterday, but the magazine didn't give it to Miss Andrews? Then how was the cover shot?"

"Check! Investigate it immediately! If you can't find out clearly, you're so fired!"

The vice president was so angry that she rolled her eyes. After being worn by Honey, this dress was completely ruined. Even a small actress was wearing a 'Fairy' dress? No celebrities would wear this brand in the future after they knew this. The vice president was so angry that she almost cried out in pain on the spot.

It was over ... It was all over ...

How was she gonna explain this to the president? Would they lose their customer base? All she felt was that the sky was falling. Honey heard the roar of the vice president not far away. She stiffened there, her feet seemed to be glued to the floor. She couldn't move at all.

What should she do?

Being hit in the face by the brand on the spot, she felt so ashamed that she wanted to flee.

When she took the dress, she just thought it was so beautiful and didn't even have time to check what brand it was. She didn't see the brand when she habitually looked at the label on the collar.

She thought it was a small brand.

And how could she have imagined that it was from 'Fairy'? And the brand logo of 'Fairy' was usually embroidered at the hem of the skirt.

She felt herself so stupid.

She was so ashamed and bashful.

The agent has rushed to the brand's vice president, bending down to apologize and explain, "Sorry, we didn't know this was a new model of your brand."

"This is the gown provided by the styling studio we work with. We thought that we'd been lucky enough to borrow a gown, so we did not carefully check its brand."

"I hope you ..."

Before the agent could finish his words, he was interrupted by the vice president with a cold face, "I don't care how you got this gown and how you put it on. Now please take it off immediately!"

"Our brand is worth much more than that, and the value of this gown is all but ruined by her." "Do you know how much loss we've suffered?"

The vice president grimaced and stared daggers at Honey. Honey had never been so humiliated.

She couldn't wait to get out of here. How could this happen? Why did things turn out like this? Suddenly, someone called out, "Sylvia's here!"

Hearing the word, "Sylvia", Honey felt her heart trembling.

The last person she wanted to see when she was so embarrassed and humiliated was Sylvia... Would Sylvia laugh at her and despise her like anyone else did?

She did not deserve to wear this dress because she was not so popular. Why did Sylvia show up when she was so humiliated?

Honey could not help but subconsciously turn around, and saw a match made in heaven stepping into the entrance to the hotel lobby.

The man was tall, with a black suit wrapped around his slender figure, and an aura of power. His impeccable face was unforgettable.

Dressed in a red slit gown that wrapped around her body, the woman linked her arm around the man. Her long black hair was styled in an elegant manner. Her every movement showed how noble and decent she was. Sylvia's eyes fell on Honey...

Almost everyone wanted to see the joke. Honey, a little actress, stole Sylvia's dress.

And she even showed up in front of Sylvia. So hilarious.

There was a look of glee in everyone's eyes.

Sylvia walked up to Honey, her cool voice not too loud, but loud enough for all present to hear clearly.

"This dress was not given to me yesterday by LEEL's deputy editor-in-chief, and the magazine did not use this dress to shoot the cover. So, how did it get into your hands today?"

LEEL's deputy editor-in-chief? It seemed to be Luz?

## After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

### Chapter 509

What Sylvia meant was Luz did it? The 'Fairy' dress was given to the styling studio and the studio gave Honey, the scapegoat? Everyone in the room was thinking to themselves if they had understood correctly.

This was how it worked, right?

They really wanted to discuss it with each other.

But under the pressure of Franklin and Sylvia, none of them dared to say anything. They could only wait and see what would happen and watch the show in silence.

Especially the two actresses who ran over and laughed at Honey before were even paler.

Because they could see that Sylvia didn't want to teach Honey a lesson even thought Honey stole her dress. Maybe it was because Honey was an artist of Maskelyne Entertainment.

Honey's agent hurriedly came to Franklin, bending down to apologize, "Mr. Maskelyne, Miss Andrews, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I found an unreliable styling studio. If we had known that Miss Andrews was supposed to be the first one wearing it, we would not have dared to wear it first!"

He was so anxious that he was on the verge of tears.

When Honey just became last year, she came to Franklin's home and did something to try to get Franklin's attention, which was enough for Sylvia to teach Honey a lesson.

But Sylvia did nothing against Honey. Instead, she attended launch of the LX new collection



with Honey.

After careful thinking, the agent realized that Sylvia had never humiliated Honey. She was really generous and nice as Franklin's wife.

Instead of picking on Honey, Sylvia even secretly supported and influenced Honey.

Honey, who used to dream of hitting on a wealthy man and becoming famous by using publicity stunts, had changed so much.

Now Honey only focused on improving her acting skills and kept learning. Although her exposure was much less than before, her acting skills were quietly improving.

Only with sheer professionalism and business skills can one person stand firm in this industry.

The agent now just wanted to fight for a chance for Honey to continue working in the fashion industry and in Maskelyne Entertainment.

Honey, bearing humiliation, walked up to Sylvia, not even daring to face the radiant, elegant woman in front of her.

"Miss Maskelyne, I'm sorry. It is my fault. It's true I wear the dress that's supposed to be worn by you. I'm willing to take the consequences."

Her eyes were red, and she stubbornly kept her tears from falling. She adored Sylvia and was proud of having a group photo with Sylvia.

When she thought of Sylvia as her boss' wife, she was empowered and passionate about her work. Maybe later ... She would never be able to develop in the entertainment industry.

Being banned or dismissed didn't matter. She just hoped she could get Sylvia's forgiveness. She stood there sadly and painfully, with struggle and resignation written in her eyes.

She really wanted to be on the podium, like Poppy, and win glory for the Maskelyne Group and let Sylvia see her shining side. She was no longer like her old self, who only wanted to hype up her rumors and get popular by using casting couch.

She had the professionalism ...

Unfortunately, there would never be a chance for her to show it.

"What are you afraid of? You're not the one at fault."

The woman's clear, cold voice suddenly rang out in the silent hall.

What? Did she hear Sylvia right?

Honey snapped her head up and stared blankly at Sylvia in front of her.

She suspected if she heard wrong. "Miss Andrews... What did you just say?"

"I won't say it twice. Ask your agent." Sylvia looked cold, with a hint of annoyance in her eyes. "Where is Luz?" Evie behind Sylvia immediately stepped forward, "Boss, I'll get her for you right away and break her legs." Jasper pulled her back and looked at Evie in a Loli dress, "Don't always say that. It's so unladylike."

Evie tilted her head and glanced at him with a little impatience in her eyes.

This was her male companion this evening. This guy was young, but he just talked and talked and talked and never got to the point.

Evie almost broke down just on the way here.

"How old are you? Grown up? How many people are in your family?"

"How tall are you? I'm 182 tall and I'm single."

"Do you like to play COSPLAY? Why do you like wearing Loli costumes so much?" Evie was on the verge of an emotional breakdown at the time.

But for the sake of her boss, she held back.

Now she was on the verge of a breakdown again.

Could Jasper get out of her face? Why did her boss assign her such a male companion!

She growled madly inside!

But she had endure! It was too painful.

Just then, Jasper called someone. When he hung up, he said to Sylvia and Franklin, "Luz will be brought over here right away." The hall was eerily quiet. No one dared to say anything. Every minute seemed to be a torment.

And Luz was smugly swiping her phone, because this charity auction was broadcast on Twitter in real time. What clothes and make up the celebrities wore were all on Twitter.

The official account of the organizer posted new tweets every few minutes. So ...

She did see an unknown starlet wearing the 'Fairy' dress.

She laughed, "Sylvia, the gown is worn by an unknown starlet. It must be very humiliating, right?" She was pleased with herself, but suddenly she heard a loud bang from the door of her apartment.

She was startled and rushed out of her room, only to see several men in black bursting into the house. "Who are you? Why are you breaking into my house?"

"You are Luz ?" The man at the head had extremely dark skin and a sullen, cold face.

"I ... I am. What are you here for?" Before Luz could finish her speech, the man stepped forward, held her up and headed out the door.

"What are you doing? You're kidnapping! You're breaking the law!" "Let go of me! Ah-"

The man slapped Luz in the face, "If you scream again, we will stuff a stinky sock in your mouth."

## After divorce, Ex-wife c Identities

### Chapter 510

Luz stared at him with frightened eyes.

"Please, let me go, I don't have any money or anything you need."

The man pushed her hard into the car, "Go!"

The car rushed out like crazy, speeding up to 180 km/h. Luz was so scared that she held her head and screamed, "Ah-" In just a few minutes, Luz was dragged out of the car.

She didn't realize what was wrong until she was roughly thrown in front of Sylvia.

Glaring at Sylvia, she shouted, "It's you! It's you!"

Sylvia swept a look at the pale Luz, her calm voice saying, "It is me. So what? Luz, is it fun to play this trick on me?"

"What are you talking about? I don't understand at all." Luz suppressed the unpleasant urge to vomit and pretended to look completely unaware.

"You're such a tough talker." Sylvia gave a mocking smile, "Think I'm a pushover because I don't bother myself teaching you a lesson."

Franklin took her hand, "Honey, just leave this to me. You don't have to get your hands dirty."

"Miss Craig, our brand's gown was handed over to the magazine, and you are the person in charge of it. Now the gown is on Hone. Shouldn't you explain why?"

The vice president of the brand walked up to Luz step by step and stared at Luz in a condescending manner, "Our brand has suffered a huge loss this time. Do you think you can make up to it?"

Luz went pale.

She didn't think that much. She was so vindictive towards Sylvia at the time that she couldn't care less.

She was determined to make a fool of Sylvia and to harm her.

"What? You look so bad? Are you afraid?" The vice president sneered and looked at the editor-in-chief who was not far away,

"How is your magazine responsible this time? We gave you the dress, but Miss Andrews did not see the dress. In the future ...

which couture brand will cooperate with you?"

"The best magazine can make such a stupid mistake?"

The vice president was so angry that she was going crazy.

The group attached great importance to this event, but things went against their wishes.

The editor-in-chief was as white as a sheet and glared viciously at Luz who was limp on the floor .

Then he said to the vice president with a smile, "Sorry, all this is our mistake. I will definitely find out the truth. As for the loss of your brand..."

"Are you sure you can afford it?" The vice president broke down and said, "This gown of ours is completely ruined!"

"Miss, you don't have to be so angry." Sylvia smiled lightly, "Honey is about to star in a new movie I've invested in, as one of the female leads. The Beggarly Girl Is A Noble Lady'."

"You said ... What?" The vice president froze and looked at Sylvia in shock. "A little-know starlet like her is going to star in your movie?"

"What's wrong?" Sylvia swept a glance at the shocked crowd. "The script of my movie will still be produced by me personally, and the director will still be Brock. Is the female lead of this crew qualified enough to wear your dresses?"

"But the movie hasn't yet to be filmed, so who knows if its box office will be high by then." The vice president was still a little apprehensive. Sylvia's advice did reduce losses that the brand suffered.

But ... it was hard to know what would happen in the future.

"I'm tweeting now." Sylvia said, then swiped her phone, and tweeted: 'The Beggarly Girl Is A Noble Lady' will be filmed. She also mentioned Honey and Brock.

Brock, who had just arrived at the auction hall, was suddenly mentioned and tapped on Twitter with a baffled face. He was even more baffled when he scrolled through it.

New movie?

Direct official announcement?

Honey was the female lead?

Was there any mistake?

Honey was that woman with big breasts and no brain. She knew nothing but hyped up and hit on big wigs.

Making her the female lead of the new movie.

What was Miss Andrews thinking?

Brock was on a breakdown!

He was so angry that he gripped his phone tightly and walked towards Sylvia stiffly, "Miss Andrews ... How can you choose Honey? She simply has no acting skills."

Sylvia looked at Brock's angry look, and couldn't help but laugh lightly, "People change. It's settled. Let her try the show first before you get angry."

Hearing Sylvia's words, Brock could only suppress the anger in his heart and went to check his phone.

At this point, a whole bunch of fans remarked on his tweet comment section.

"Mr. Davila, are you really choosing Honey as the female lead?"

"I heard that she is Mr. Maskelyne's mistress!"

"How can such a bitch be the female lead?"

"No, I'm boycotting her!"

He casually scanned some remarks and did not reply to any netizens, but after thinking about it, he retweeted Sylvia's tweet as a tacit acknowledgement.

Miss Andrews never seemed to let him down.

Since she chose Honey, there must be a reason for choosing Honey.

Honey was even more baffled than Brock.

It was like a silver lining.

She didn't even have time to react, and she became the female lead of Sylvia's upcoming movie?

How was this possible? She wasn't dreaming, was she?

The agent was a bit ecstatic and hugged Honey tightly.

"Sylvia asked you to star in her movie! Ah! You're so lucky! You aren't blamed by Miss Andrews, and sh even want to make you the female lead. Honey, I knew it. You're lucky! You're going to make it! You've worked so hard for so many days. You're going to make a hit."

Honey was still in a state of dizziness. She was strangled by her agent and could barely breathe, "Hey, let go of me first. I can't breathe anymore."

The agent then realized that he was out of line and he hurriedly let Honey go.

Then he rushed to Sylvia and excitedly bowed to her, "Thank you, Miss Andrews. Thank you for giving Honey a chance."

Sylvia looked at him with a raised eyebrow, "Teach her properly."

She didn't say anything, but Franklin had gotten a lot of evidence and threw it in Luz's face.

"Here's a transcript of the chat records between you and the styling studio."

Luz shook her head, "No, it's not. It's a forgery."

There were so many celebrities and stars on the scene. How could she possibly admit it?

She would not admit it.

If she admitted it ... What should she do in the future? She would be banned by the industry!

Jasper looked at her with a sneer, "The styling studio also knows that this dress is 'Fairy'."

"So, Luz, what else do you have to say? Because of this gown, the styling studio gave you a \$100, 000 rebate."

"This is the transfer record."

Jasper crouched down and cupped Luz's chin, the ultimate coldness radiating from his eyes. "With so much evidence right in front of you. What else do you have to say?"

As Jasper's words rang out, Luz's face grew paler and paler.

Her eyes flashed with trepidation, "No ... You're accusing me wrongly!"

"All this evidence will be handed over to the police. As for whether you were wrongly accused, the truth will soon come out."

Jasper got up coldly and turned to look at the door to the hall.

Only to see several police officers in police uniforms have come striding over.

"Which one is Luz, please?"

Luz couldn't help but lie there stiffly, madness in her eyes, "No ... I didn't! It's not me! Don't grab me!"

The police frowned, "You are suspected of a crime. Please come with us."

"I'm not leaving, I'm not going! I'm not going to jail!"

"You must be responsible for privately misappropriating someone else's dress worth millions of dollars and getting a rebate of a hundred thousand dollars," Franklin said icily, looking at a few police officers.

The police officers immediately understood, went up and grabbed Luz and headed out.

Luz's mournful and tragic cry echoed over the hall, "Don't catch me... Sylvia! I hate you! X, I hate you!"

"I hate you."

There was pressure in the air, making it hard for everyone to breathe.

"The loss of this gown will be minimized." Sylvia glanced around everyone present and finally her eyes fell on the vice president,

"Now that everyone knows Honey is going to star in my new movie. It's probably trending."

"Miss Andrews, although you handled it in a great way, the press media have released the news earlier about Honey being the first wearer of this dress. 'Fairy' and Honey have been mocked by the crowd."

The vice president was still a bit annoyed, "Even though everyone knows she's going to star in your new movie. But she was mocked before. Our brand was mocked. How should I deal with this matter? How can I turn the table?"

"Use a self-depreciating trick!" Sylvia couldn't help but laugh, "Do I need to teach you how to respond PR crisis?"

"Self-depreciating trick?" The vice president froze and looked at Sylvia.