

## Revealed 1

### Chapter 1

“Sweetie, let’s get a divorce.”

Sylvia Andrews wrapped her arms around the man’s waist from behind and leaned her face against his back.

“Don’t worry about it. I have asked Jasper to draw up the divorcement papers. We will be able to sign them tomorrow,” Franklin Maskelyne said in an indifferent tone, making it hard for others to tell what he was feeling now.

“Thank you then, sweetie.” Sylvia smiled sweetly.

The pleasure in her voice was unpleasant for Franklin to hear, so he frowned.

She sounded like she couldn’t wait to divorce him.

For some reason, Franklin was a bit unhappy about it.

“You can’t wait to divorce me?” he asked, annoyed.

“We made a deal four years ago, remember? We will get a divorce when you don’t need me anymore,” Sylvia withdrew her hands hugging him and said, “I’m taking a shower.”

Just as she turned around, she was dragged over and pressed onto the bed by Franklin.

Their warm bodies clung together, with skin to skin contact.

Franklin was about to kiss Sylvia when she smiled and stretched out her hand to stop him. Staring at him, she said, “We are getting divorced.”

“You are still my wife as long as we have not got a divorce certificate.”

Franklin held her slender waist with his palms and hugged her tightly.

What he loved the most about Sylvia was that she was always so sweet and tender.

In particular, he just could never have enough of her captivating body.

“Sweetie, I’m tired. Can we just have a good rest tonight?” Sylvia asked in a pleasant voice, her big doe eyes staring at him.

She caressed his chest with her fingers. “Spare me tonight, okay?”

“No. We are getting divorced soon and we need to seize every chance we have left.”

Franklin sealed her lips with a kiss to stop her from talking.

After four years of their marriage, Franklin had known Sylvia’s erogenous zones very well and obsessed over every detail of her body.

Sylvia raised her head to look at him.

He was Franklin Maskelyne, the heir of the Maskelyne Group and the first Captain of SouthStar Airlines. He was also the Prince Charming that made every noble lady, stewardess and female employee in ground service swoon. He was a piece of art made by God.

However, Sylvia was not one of his admirers.

She had always known what role she should play in this marriage.

And now, the four-year marriage had finally come to an end.

The next day when Sylvia woke up, Franklin had gotten up and was washing up in the bathroom.

Sylvia slowly sat up in bed. Franklin was a strong man and they made love frantically all night last night. At this point, her body ached all over.

She got out of the bed, packed up her things, found a black dress and was about to put it on.

Today was the old Maskelyne's funeral. As Franklin's nominal wife, she had to attend it.

After attending the funeral and signing her name on the divorcement papers, she would finally be able to sever the tie with the Maskelyne family for good.

"Anyway, we are getting divorced soon. The show is over. You don't have to go to the funeral if you don't want to."

Franklin walked out of the bathroom and said as he saw the black dress in Sylvia's arms.

Then, he squinted his eyes when he saw her suitcase by the bed.

Did she want to leave him so badly?

"Grandpa has always been nice to me. I want to see him one last time," Sylvia answered, a bit absent-minded.

When she was going to put on the dress, her hands were grabbed by Franklin, who then pressed her to the wall.

She could feel his hot breath on her ear.

"Do you want to leave me so badly? Huh?"

Sylvia put her arms around his neck and said in a gentle voice, "I don't. But we are getting divorced. I can't be so cheeky to stay here, can I?"

She talked about their divorce again, which angered Franklin.

Franklin looked stern and said, "You don't have to move out. I plan to give the Townyer Villa to you."

Sylvia looked into his eyes and said sweetly, "But we made a deal four years ago. I wouldn't take a penny from you and we would have nothing to do with each other after the divorce."

She didn't want to take any of his things. If she did, she would never be able to get rid of him.

Her adorable face appeared composed, which made Franklin get a little bit carried away.

They made a contract when they got married.

They wouldn't interfere in each other's life. Sylvia would be his wife; he would give her everything she wanted, while Sylvia would act like a loving couple with him in front of his grandfather.

He met her at the hospital gate. She was standing in the pouring rain and asking, "Does anyone want to marry me?"

The passers-by who were hurrying to and fro all took her as a lunatic.

Franklin didn't know why she would do that and he wasn't interested in it.

All that he knew was that he needed a wife and he liked the look of her.

In the past four years, they had been acting like a loving couple. He would come to the Townyer Villa to stay every weekend while she would always be there, waiting for him without any complaints.

None of them had expected the marriage to last for four years until Franklin's grandfather passed away last week.

"Sweetie, you're not going to go back on your word, are you?"

Sylvia's words brought Franklin back to reality.

Franklin let go of her and said in an expressionless voice, "No, of course not. Since you are also going to the funeral, I will give you a ride."

"No need." Sylvia smiled with her eyes narrowed. "I will just take the bus. We have been secretly married for four years. I don't want the media to find it at this juncture. Moreover, we are getting a divorce. I should start getting used to being poor without a chauffeur. I am no longer your wife."

Then, she stood on tiptoe to kiss him on the cheek, grabbed her suitcase, and headed out.

She sounded and looked like a wife who loved her husband, not someone who couldn't wait to get a divorce at all.

Franklin felt tightness in his chest as he stared at the woman's slender receding figure.

After she walked out of the Townyer Villa, she got to an unnoticeable corner where a black Maybach was waiting for her.

She got on it and closed the door.

Soon, the sweet smile on her face was replaced by indifference.

It made a stark contrast to the way she looked just now.

It was as if she had become someone else.

When Logan Mertens, who was in the driver's seat, saw her, he asked respectfully, "Boss, where are we going?"

"Shanwens Cemetery."

