

Revealed 10

chapter 10

They had just separated, and now they met again.

It was a small world.

But now that they had divorced, she had no obligation to force smiles at him again.

When she got up and passed by Franklin, Franklin grabbed her arm. "Why came here?"

"To see the old Maskelyne."

Sylvia looked at him expressionlessly. She looked alienated and distant, completely different from the tender woman she used to be. Wearing a black dress, she seemed to exude the same oppressive aura as Franklin did.

Franklin felt that the Sylvia in front of him was so strange. She seemed completely different from the woman he knew.

"Mr. Maskelyne, please let me go," Sylvia opened her red lips and said indifferently.

Franklin let go of her arm and she walked away in her high heels. Every step she took made him feel hurt inside.

At this time, he finally came to realize that she was no longer his wife, but his ex-wife. They would be the most familiar stranger to each other from now on.

As soon as Franklin got in the car after he visited the old Maskelyne, he received a call from Jasper.

"Master Franklin, Honey was caught in an accident during her filming, she broke her leg and now she has been sent to the Lilypad General Hospital."

Franklin started the car and spoke with a Bluetooth headset. "How could she be so careless?"

"How should we deal with this? The senior executives asked me to call for your opinion."

"I'm heading for the Lilypad General Hospital right now. Wait for me there," Franklin said and hung up the phone.

In the Lilypad General Hospital.

Jasper waited anxiously in the parking lot. When he saw Franklin's car, he immediately walked up.

"Honey has been transferred from the emergency room to the operating room and is undergoing surgery."

"Take me there." Franklin was about to walk to the elevator when Jasper stopped him. "Now the hospital is full of reporters. You should better take the safe passage."

If those reporters saw Franklin, they would make up stories.

Rumors might appear.

Franklin stopped and then took the safe passage.

The operating room was on the fifth floor.

Just as he stepped out of the safe passage, he saw a group of people walking out of the elevator at the end of the corridor.

The person taking the lead was a woman in a white doctor's coat, her long hair was neatly bundled, showing her fair neck. While walking, she was reading someone's medical records. She looked really professional.

She was followed by a dozen of doctors and nurses, all with respectful expressions.

When Franklin saw the woman's face, he was dumbfounded.

Who could tell him why his ex-wife, Sylvia, the woman who had been a stay-at-home housewife for four years, was in the hospital, wearing a doctor's coat?

"Sylvia?"

Sylvia stopped three steps away from him, and the people behind her all stopped.

The corridor was in silence.

"Mr. Maskelyne," Sylvia answered, expressionless.

"Why are you here?" Franklin came back from the shock, his eyes fixed on Sylvia's pretty face.

He had to admit that she was really beautiful no matter what she wore. Even in a doctor's coat, she looked charming and alluring.

He couldn't help picturing her in bed in his mind and how she wrapped her legs around his waist.

He suddenly felt hot and a bit thirsty.

"Dr. Sylvia, the surgery is ready." At this moment, a nurse ran out of the operating room and said to Sylvia with respect and worship.

"Mr. Maskelyne, I am very busy," Sylvia said and walked to the operating room. While walking, she said to everyone behind her in a professional and unquestioned manner, "Everyone, keep yourselves together."

"Yes!" everyone answered in unison respectfully as if Sylvia was their Queen.

Jasper rubbed his eyes and whispered to Franklin. "Master Franklin, am I really seeing this? Was it Miss Andrews just now?"

"It was her!" Franklin gritted his teeth.

Was that woman really his ex-wife? He had thought she didn't have a job and didn't even finish college.

She was a doctor and she had been hiding it from him? Damn it!

For four years, he had always thought she was just someone who had failed to finish college and could only make a living by relying on her husband.

He felt a headache.

“Honey...” said Jasper.

“You deal with the accident. Shift the public’s attention away from this. Make a statement and just tell everyone frankly what happened.” Franklin was in no mood to care about Honey, someone whom he had nothing to do with.

For the first time in his life, Franklin did something impulsive. He stopped a nurse who was passing and asked, “Was the doctor’s last name Andrews?”

He looked a bit scary. Even though with a handsome face, he scared the nurse, who answered in terror, “Do you mean Dr. Sylvia? She is my idol!”

Franklin was confused, mumbling, “Your idol?”

Speaking of Sylvia, the nurse was excited and continued, “She’s the best surgeon in Lilypad General Hospital, don’t you know her? Her name is well-known in the country, and many rich men are scrambling to get her appointment. She does only one surgery a month. Oh! And she was admitted to the top university at the age of fifteen and she mastered a dual degree! I went to the same university as she did and she has been a legend in our school! I have set my mind to study medicine because of her. Although I might not be as good as her, I am happy enough to be a nurse who could help save someone’s life...”

Franklin was in shock and so was Jasper.

They had long known that there was a renowned doctor in Lilypad General Hospital, a young woman who had created a lot of medical miracles and saved a lot of lives.

But they didn’t know it was Sylvia.

Moreover, just now, Sylvia looked cold and aloof, which was nothing like the Sylvia they knew. Franklin had always thought of her as a sweet and gentle woman. He really couldn’t believe it.

Was this the real her right now? Had she been pretending to be someone else all this time?

In the operating room.

Sylvia’s voice kept sounding, “Give me the tweezers.”

“The hemostatic forceps.”

“Her heartbeat?”

“And her blood pressure?”

...

The patient was a 95-year-old man who fell down and hurt his spine. Because of his age, the operation was high-risk and no doctor dared to do the surgery.

The dean had to ask Sylvia to do it.

The operation took about seven hours.

Sylvia was sweating already and her legs had been numb from all the standing.

When the last stitch was finished, she breathed a long sigh of relief, "It's done."