

## Revealed 11

### chapter 11

She got off the operating table and instructed a man in his forties behind her, "Dr. Remy, I'll leave the rest to you."

"Sure, Dr. Sylvia." Remy immediately replied respectfully, "don't worry, I'll take care of the rest."

Sylvia went out of the operating room, a little tired. She took off her medical gloves.

After resting on the ground for a while, she washed her hands and took off her sterile clothes.

When all this was done, doctors and nurses came out one after another.

Sylvia gave them some reminders before opening the door to the operating room.

As soon as she walked out, she saw Franklin standing at the door of the operating room, his face full of anger. "You are a doctor? How come I never knew? Why didn't you tell me?"

Sylvia didn't have many expressions on her face. She glanced at Franklin as if he was a neuropathy, "Excuse me, I'm busy."

A group of nurses and doctors followed her out of the operating room. "Dr. Sylvia, can I ask a question about the operation just now?"

"Dr. Sylvia, you cut right next to the blood vessel just now, how did you do that so quickly and accurately? I sweated for you..."

"Dr. Sylvia, was there really a lesion there? I didn't see it..."

Franklin looked at the woman with her head down, her voice cold as she answered the questions of the people who surrounded her. Her face was dazzlingly beautiful.

She was no longer the gentle and submissive girl when she was with him. Now, she was strange and cold, as if she was a queen and he was just a citizen looking up at her. She seemed to be unreachable on her throne.

What kind of woman was his ex-wife?

In the ward.

Honey was lying on the hospital bed with a sad face, complaining to her agent, "Rose, what's going on? I'm so sick. Why doesn't Mr. Maskelyne come to see me? Did you inform him?"

"Be patient. He will be here later." Rose comforted her.

"It's all your fault. This idea is stupid! You said I wouldn't get hurt. Why is my foot twisted?"

"My lady, you should be glad that you don't need surgery." Rose looked at the door. Seeing that no one was paying attention to their ward, she finally said, "We lied to Franklin that you had surgery and we have informed many reporters. Once he came, the affair of him and you would make the headlines."

“But, will he really come?” Honey sighed. “We’ve been waiting since noon and now it’s getting dark outside.”

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

Honey’s and Rose’s faces were full of joy. Honey quickly made herself look fragile and said in a weak voice, “Please come in.”

“What are you doing here?”

Seeing that it was Jasper, Honey couldn’t help raising her voice, shouting, “Where’s Mr. Maskelyne?”

“Mr. Maskelyne has something to do, so he asked me to come over and check on you.” Jasper immediately knew what Honey was thinking. After all, Franklin was too attractive. “How are you? Let me know if you need anything.”

“I guess I won’t be able to get off the ground for a while.” Honey felt uncomfortable. Why did Franklin send his assistance here instead of coming over himself?

Damn it!

“Then take care. The company will communicate with the crew.” After Jasper finished speaking, he left.

Outside the door, he heard the sound of things crackling and falling.

He shook his head resignedly.

He thought that Honey would never become Franklin’s wife. Her temper was intolerable.

“Damn it!” Angry, Honey smashed everything on the table to the ground.

A crackling sound echoed in the ward.

“Honey, don’t get mad. I don’t think it’s as bad as you think.”

Rose quickly comforted her, bending over to pick up things on the ground.

“Mr. Maskelyne sent his assistant over because he cares about you. If he doesn’t, he won’t even do that!”

Honey’s pretty face was contorted with anger. “I wanted to act injured just to attract Mr. Maskelyne’s attention! Now, I am really injured, but Mr. Maskelyne didn’t come! What the hell am I doing!”

“The rumors say that Mr. Maskelyne is about to divorce his wife. Success is waiting for you.” Rose shared the gossip she heard with Honey, “It is said that Mrs. Maskelyne has moved out.”

“Who told you so?” Honey thought of what happened at Maskelyne Residence that day.

A woman who could order Franklin to wash the dishes wouldn’t give up the title of Mrs. Maskelyne so easily.

Honey wasn’t convinced of the rumors.

“Look.” Rose opened the Twitter page of a popular official account that often posted gossip news.

“There is only one line of words, no photos.” Honey pouted but felt much more comfortable.

In front of the woman that day, Franklin didn’t refuse to attend her birthday party, which showed that the woman wasn’t that important to Franklin.

Franklin did do the dishes as she asked. But what could that prove? Perhaps it was just her trick.

At the entertainment company of Maskelyne Group.

In the president’s office.

A tall, slender man was sitting behind a large desk.

The man’s face was cold and he was dressed in a luxurious suit with a black shirt inside. There were two exquisite and elegant silver cufflinks on the cuffs.

In front of him, stood a group of senior executives, who were all leaders outside the office. But in it, they all looked respectful and nervous.

They didn’t understand what brought Franklin, the president, to such a small company.

The entertainment company of Maskelyne Group had always been in the charge of the CEO. As the boss of the group, Franklin seldom paid attention to it.

Rumor said that he and Honey were dating. Was he here for Honey’s hospitalization?

Was he here for his mistress?

Franklin didn’t know what the CEO and these executives had in mind.

He was tired of staying at the headquarters of the group so he decided to walk around to have a look. Then, he happened to arrive at the entertainment company of Maskelyne Group.

He was browsing the report with his head lowered, feeling irritable.

He didn’t even know how he got home from the hospital yesterday. He only remembered that lying on the cold big bed alone was not a nice feeling.

The image of Sylvia walking decisively in a white coat kept showing up in his head.

He paused while flipping through the report. He didn’t read a single word of what was written on the report.

His eyes were losing focus.

The best surgery doctor...

How could Sylvia be the best surgery doctor?

Famous doctor?

How was this possible? If he didn’t see that scene yesterday, he would definitely not believe it if someone told him.

However, his ex-wife slapped him in the face with the undeniable truth.

Entering university at 15?

Why had he never heard of a genius girl a few years ago?