

Revealed 121

chapter 121

Poppy wished to be with Sylvia longer.

In the Bentley, the air was solidified, as stressful as before a storm.

Sylvia asked Franklin impatiently, "What's wrong with you? I took Poppy's car here earlier."

Franklin was choked by her words, with a lump of unhappiness in his throat, which darkened his face.

He didn't expect Sylvia still want to sit in Poppy's car.

All of a sudden, he was overwhelmed by the jealousy of his sister.

Realizing that, he felt helpless.

Bitterness surged in his chest, and he tried his best to repress the urge to kiss her.

Immediately, he decided to teach Sylvia a lesson so she would stop hitting on other men.

Looking stern, he asked, "Since when have you two been so close? She's just a silly girl."

Franklin actually implied that he was good-looking and wealthy and asked her to focus on him.

Sylvia could tell his mood had worsened increasingly. Lifting an eyebrow, she looked at him in mockery. "I do need to thank you for your help today, Franklin. However, I could handle it well even if you hadn't contacted Mr. Carrillo and Mr. Mckee."

"You should appreciate my help." Franklin still wanted to argue with her stubbornly.

Her words made his eyes light up. His gaze fell on her pink, tender lips.

His Adam's apple bobbed. The next second, Franklin suddenly pressed the back of her head.

Before his lips touched hers, Sylvia started struggling and covered her lips. "What do you want? Stop it."

"You should thank me this way," he replied. Then he pried open her hands and pressed a kiss on her lips.

Their tongues met and slid sensuously over one another. His hot breath was on her cheeks.

Depression sprung in Sylvia's eyes.

'Is he in heat now? How dare he kiss me so wantonly!'

Franklin noticed that she was absentminded, a flame of anger surging in his eyes.

The next second, he bit her, and she let out a moan in pain.

Faint blood tastes spread between their lips.

It made Franklin's heart perform a somersault. He deepened his kiss.

He stole her breath. Sylvia couldn't breathe because he didn't let her.

Finally, he pulled away, pressing his forehead against hers while gasping for breath.

Then he declared aggressively, "I like the way how you thank me."

Sylvia was wordless.

Franklin always acted like a child in her presence.

Annoyed by his tone, Sylvia grabbed his sleeve and snapped, "Do you like it? I don't. Your kissing skill sucks. You even bit my lip..."

Before she finished her words, Franklin's ears turned red. He sealed her lips with a kiss.

'How dare you complain about my kiss! I'm gonna teach you a lesson, woman.'

Pressing the back of her head, he pulled her down into a long, breathless kiss. Sylvia's heart was thumping.

However, she found the virus didn't take effect.

She believed she could resist Franklin's seduction if the virus didn't break out.

Inwardly, she reminded herself to keep calm.

Gazing at her intensely, Franklin repressed the irritation and urge in his chest and pecked her lips fiercely.

"I'm still hungry..."

Sylvia sucked in her breath and confirmed that the virus didn't start her physical desire, feeling delighted.

She wondered if the virus had been eliminated and wished it would never break out again.

However, she didn't know the virus inside her body was accumulating the energy for evolution.

Franklin's words implied that he wanted her to cook for him.

Although Sylvia didn't feel offended, she wanted to defend her rights. "Franklin, you've accepted my appreciation just now."

Franklin immediately answered, "That doesn't count."

Blinking at the shameless man, Sylvia reminded him, "You're not supposed to be like that. You are a company's president and a famous crew commander. Is this how you talk shop with your business partners?"

A touch of a smile played on Franklin's thin lips, his eyes glittering. "You didn't take the initiative to thank me just now. If you want to express gratitude to someone, you need to be proactive. Understand?"

Sylvia sneered. She was spirited as the virus didn't control her.

Therefore, she retorted confidently, "I want to beat you up to express my gratitude. What do you think?"

She had longed to fight with Franklin to test his skills. Therefore, without hesitation, she threw a punch at him.

However, Franklin grabbed her fist instantly.

"Stop being so rude, baby. You should be gentle to me."

His big hand wrapped her fist up, and he could feel the strength of her punch.

Even though he had stopped her, he clung to the back of the seat under the impact force.

"We've divorced. Isn't it too inappropriate for us to meet every day?" Sylvia remarked indifferently and pulled back her fist.

Tenderness appeared on Franklin's face. "I like it this way. Other couples fall in love before getting married. Some also fall in love after getting married. We can fall in love after divorce. Isn't it nice?"

"I don't want to fall in love with you." Sylvia curled her lips.

Then she added, "I cooked some dishes for you and kept them in your fridge a few days ago, didn't I? Have you finished all?"

"Yep." Franklin gazed at her intensely. He had eaten the dishes prepared by her for three meals in the past few days, so the food was finished soon.

Hence, he wanted Sylvia to cook for him again, wishing she could cook for him daily.

After divorcing her, he realized that only her dishes suited his stomach.

He always had stomachaches when having other food that wasn't prepared by her, thinking it was too tasteless.

Sylvia darted at him wordlessly, wondering why he had finished the dishes so quickly.

Franklin turned to Jasper. "Go to a supermarket."

Shortly after, their car was parked in a basement parking lot of a supermarket.

The three went grocery shopping together.

Jasper pushed a shopping car to lead the way, followed by Franklin and Sylvia.

While Sylvia picked up the ingredients, Franklin stared at her.

They were both good-looking. People in the supermarkets peeked at them from time to time.

Franklin was tall and sturdy. His strong aura feared others.

Therefore, most of the passersby dared not to gaze at his face.

Sylvia looked lovely, reminding them of the celestial from Heaven.

Several security guards of the supermarket kept checking on her.

Noticing that, Franklin repressed the urge to blow up. Blue veins popped on his temples.

chapter 122

Franklin scowled at the security guards. He suddenly realized that Sylvia was beautiful to others no matter where she was.

They were in a supermarket now, but she had become a focus.

A feeling of losing her suddenly surged in his chest, and he had never felt it before.

Suddenly, he seized Sylvia's wrist and ordered, "You must keep your distance from others."

"What are you talking about?"

Sylvia was shocked, wondering what was wrong with him again.

She was checking on a box of beef, which had dropped back into the freezer.

Looking up at him in depression, she noticed the solemnness on his face.

Right then, confusion was written all over her face instead of the aloofness as usual, which could make men go crazy for her.

However, she didn't realize it at all.

Franklin felt his throat dry out. Pressing the back of her head, he let her face cling to his chest. "Don't ever look this way when I'm not with you."

He hoped she could treat others coldly and indifferently and only show such an adorable look to him.

Sylvia struggled in his arms and growled, "What's wrong with you? Think others will pounce at me to take me? Are you out of your mind?"

Franklin frowned and emphasized, "I won't let you go grocery shopping alone again."

Sylvia felt that he was too paranoid.

It seemed he even took the passersby as his rivals in love.

She wondered if he still hadn't understood one thing, which she thought she had clarified to him –they'd divorced.

He took the initiative to divorce, so she thought he had thought it over.

However, his behaviors told her he had become increasingly confused. Primarily he was used to being jealous of others.

'You are not my husband now. Who do you think you are to be jealous? If you hadn't contacted Mr. Carrillo and Mr. Mckee to help me, would I have agreed to go shopping with you and cook for you? You'd better dream on.'

Sylvia was riled up.

She had never known Franklin had such a strong desire for possession, which was indeed weird.

She hadn't asked him to help her, anyway.

The thought brought a migraine to Sylvia.

She and Franklin were hugging now. Watching the scene, the passersby gaped.

They didn't expect the two good-looking persons to do PDA that aboveboard.

Even the staff of the supermarket were shocked.

Franklin narrowed his eyes, his gaze sweeping around.

People who met his gaze shivered in fear and returned to their senses.

The supermarket employee who was standing closest to them almost escaped from the supermarket, although she was still on duty.

Franklin's aura was too strong for her to take another glance.

After the two left, the supermarket employee's legs were still weakened.

Jasper held the shopping bag, following Franklin and Sylvia, who were walking on the quiet lane in the garden shoulder by shoulder. They were heading for the villa.

It was dark. A few stars twinkled in the sky. Franklin enjoyed the peaceful atmosphere at this moment.

He had never gone grocery shopping with Sylvia before when they were still married.

He had never thought that he would enjoy doing it with her.

Last time, he went shopping alone to buy some seafood, which was utterly different from the shopping experience together with Sylvia.

The joy in his chest made his lips curl up.

Once arriving in the living room, Franklin took off his jacket.

Then he seriously told Sylvia, "I'll help you cook."

Jasper was impressed by his mood and attitude.

Usually, Franklin was like an iceberg.

Jasper would think of Franklin as a robot if he didn't speak, think, and operate the plane.

Fortunately, Sylvia appeared in his life.

'Alas... Mr. Maskelyne, I'm so impressed by how you pester Miss Andrews. If you hadn't divorced her, you would have led a happy married life, wouldn't you? Unfortunately, you insisted on divorcing her. I can understand why Miss Andrews always ignores you.'

While Jasper was inwardly mocking Franklin, the latter had entered the kitchen.

Sylvia took out the ingredients from the shopping bag and stored some in the fridge.

“What would you like to have for dinner?” She darted at Franklin, who seemed to be drooling.

His eyes lit up. “Beef stew?”

“Baked prawns with cheese?”

Sylvia glared at him. “Those dishes were served for lunch in Royal Galaxy earlier. You only had a little. Now you want me to cook them for you again. What is your problem?”

Franklin didn’t reply, staring at her in silence.

She could see hunger on his handsome face.

He insisted overbearingly, “You promise to thank me. You can’t break your word.”

His stomach twitched as usual, which made him suffer.

However, he tolerated it.

Only food made by Sylvia could comfort his ached stomach. Food in Royal Galaxy Restaurant couldn’t, and neither did other food.

Only the familiar smell and taste could soothe his starvation.

His gaze sent Sylvia into silence. The two were in a stalemate.

Jasper felt awkward while standing outside the kitchen, watching the scene.

It seemed Franklin wished to eat a lot of food.

‘Do you think Miss Andrews is a five-star hotel chef, Mr. Maskelyne? Her words make sense. The dishes were served in the restaurant earlier, but you didn’t eat them. Why do you want Miss Andrews to cook the same dishes for you? Do you deliberate to piss her off?’

However, Jasper dared not to speak out his thoughts.

Franklin bowed his head, awkwardly moving the ingredients. Then he picked up a kitchen knife to slice the beef.

He couldn’t cook and only helped Sylvia rinse the vegetables before.

“I’ll prepare the raw ingredients, and you’ll cook the food.”

He wore a black shirt and slacks. With his lovely face and perfect figure, he looked as elegant as a prince even though he was holding a kitchen knife.

However, the sliced beef was too ugly.

They were in different sizes and shapes.

Sylvia couldn’t tolerate it at all.

She heaved a sigh. Although she hadn't asked Franklin for help in the morning, he had indeed helped her deal with the trouble.

Therefore, she reached out to grab the kitchen knife. "Let me do it."

She decided to cook the dishes he had ordered.

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When Sylvia reached out her hand, suddenly, Franklin hissed.

Blood oozed from a wound on his hand, dripping to the chopping board.

Subconsciously, Sylvia seized his hand and said to Jasper, "Mr. Howlett, please get the first-aid kit. Thanks."

Jasper was shocked. He trotted to look for the first-aid kit immediately.

When he turned around, he saw Sylvia dragging Franklin out of the kitchen and walking toward him.

Jasper hurriedly opened the first-aid kit and found the bandaid.

Sylvia shook her head. "I need some iodine and gauze. His wound is too big."

Jasper found them for her.

Sylvia sterilized Franklin's hand.

Jasper looked over and saw an inch-long wound. It looked deep as well.

'Mr. Maskelyne, why are you so ruthless to yourself? It's your own hand, isn't it?'

"Think your fingers are beef?" Sylvia snapped while bandaging his wound. "Avoid water."

Then she stood up sternly and glared at Franklin.

No matter how elegant he looked when cutting, he was good for nothing in the kitchen.

Franklin only sat on the sofa in silence. Gazing at her, he dared not blink like she would run away if he did so.

Sylvia disliked this kind of feeling. She felt like prey targeted by a hunter and had nowhere to run.

In silence, she turned around and entered the kitchen. Then she closed the door.

While she turned around, she missed the smile blossoming on Franklin's face.

Jasper watched them and didn't utter a sound.

'Mr. Maskelyne, you're severely injured. How can you be in such a good mood? Are you a fool?'

Suddenly, Jasper was enlightened.

'Mr. Maskelyne, did you do it on purpose? I'm impressed by your trick to win Miss Andrews' heart.'

Jasper felt he was the third wheel, so he made an excuse and left the house.

After more than an hour in the kitchen, Sylvia cooked four dishes and a soup, including the beef, prawn, and rib dishes ordered by Franklin.

If it were usual, she would ask Franklin to help serve the dishes and lay the table. However, thinking of his wounded hand, she poked out her head to call Jasper. However, only Franklin was sitting on the sofa, peering out of the window, lost in thought.

“Where is Mr. Howlett?”

“He had an urgency and left.”

“Dinner is ready.” Sylvia took off the apron and served the dishes by herself.

Franklin was unhappy as she looked for Jasper right after finishing cooking. “Why did you ask about Jasper?”

“I wanted him to serve the table.” Sylvia put down two dishes. “But he’s gone. It’s alright.”

Franklin stood up and walked into the dining room, darting at her and thinking, ‘Why didn’t she ask me to serve the table?’

He wondered if it meant she felt sorry for him. It was not bad to be wounded, was it?

Sylvia filled two bowls with soup and served the rest dishes before sitting down.

Franklin picked up a piece of beef and enjoyed the taste.

It satisfied his hungry stomach and delighted him from the inside out.

Finally, his empty stomach stopped twitching.

He felt like a drug addict getting relieved after taking the antidote. Sylvia’s dishes were his antidote saving him from starvation and making him live on.

Not to mention the four dishes and a soup. Even if Sylvia had prepared him a piece of toast, he would think it was a delicacy.

Franklin realized that he was indeed sick. And only Sylvia could help him.

He was indeed starved. He had two tacos, finished all dishes, and drank a bowl of soup.

His full stomach brought him satisfaction indeed.

Sitting at the table leisurely, Franklin watched Sylvia clean the table.

Suddenly, he asked, “Have you ever cooked for other men?”

Sylvia paused a bit, looking at him while nodding. “Yes, I have.”

Sometimes Logan and his men begged her to cook for them, or she was delighted because of receiving many gifts. Then she cooked for them.

Her words sent Franklin into a rage, but Sylvia overlooked his expression change.

After cleaning up the table, she entered the kitchen to do the dishes.

The night was deep when she finally had finished everything.

Sylvia heaved a sigh, picked up her handbag, and said, "I'm going home."

Franklin gazed at her leisurely like a cheetah accumulating his power to hunt. "It's too late. Stay here."

"We're divorced, Franklin..." Sylvia replied resignedly.

"The villa is too big. I'm scared when staying here alone. It's too dark." Franklin had decided to pretend to be weak.

He wasn't used to lying or showing weakness and didn't notice that his ears had reddened.

Under the light of the living room, he looked adorable and seductive.

Sylvia thought that he was too insatiable.

Franklin was the famous CEO and crew commander, just like a king in Larro. However, he said such childish words, which amused and amazed her.

Franklin lowered his eyes. Probably he felt slightly guilty for telling lies. He didn't look into Sylvia's eyes.

After waiting for a while, Sylvia didn't respond to him. Franklin tentatively raised his head, only to find the house door was opened. The cold night breeze blew in.

Sylvia was gone.

He couldn't believe that she had sneaked away under his nose.

In anger, Franklin jumped to his feet and cursed.

He had shown weakness and humbly asked her to stay. He thought she must have realized it.

It was the first time he had done so, but Sylvia ignored him.

Irritation surged in his chest.

Like a lunatic, he grabbed the key to his private jet and rushed out.

chapter 124

It was dark late at night.

A private jet was flying in the sky.

While operating the jet, Franklin called his subordinate to apply for a special aviation line.

"Yes, Captain Maskelyne. It's approved."

"The fee of your special aviation line has been confirmed to be received."

"The line is between Townyer Villa and Pearlhall Villa. Yes. It's your exclusive line. You can fly at any time without any more approvals in the future," his SouthStar Airlines subordinate answered.

He wondered if Franklin was out of his mind to buy such a short-distanced airline or if he was just too wealthy.

Suddenly, he recalled that Logan, the president of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, stayed in Pearlhall Villa. The subordinate guessed if it meant Franklin had become Logan's boyfriend for real.

'How horrible!' The thought made him shiver.

Although both Franklin and Logan were handsome and wealthy, Franklin was married, wasn't he?

His wife had never been announced in public, though.

The subordinate believed that Franklin married to cover the truth of his sexual orientation, and so did Logan announce his girlfriend.

After returning to Pearlhall Villa, Sylvia wanted to go to bed as she would have many things to deal with the following day.

She returned to her bedroom and took a shower.

Shortly after, she walked out of the bathroom, holding a towel to dry her long hair.

While she was about to find the hairdryer, her bedroom door was pushed open.

Franklin stood at the door, holding the door frame with a hand and gazing at the woman under the bright light.

Her fair body was only wrapped in a shower towel.

Water beads dripped from her hair and streamed along the skin, vanishing in the towel.

The water on her smooth shoulders made her too appealing. Franklin's gaze was glued to her arms.

He didn't expect to see such a fantastic scene right after pushing the door.

His eyes darkened. With an evil sneer, he said, "Sylvia, you are indeed awesome!"

She made him chase her.

Sylvia darted at him calmly, still drying her hair. "You intrude on my house. What do you want?"

Right then, several tall, sturdy men rushed upstairs.

Franklin instantly slammed the door to shut them out, his eyes glimmering with a desire for possession.

Sylvia looked too sexy now. He didn't want anyone else to see the fantastic view.

The nose of the man in the lead hit the closed door.

Covering his nose, he hissed and yelled, "Are you OK, Miss Andrews? A man flew a private jet and hit us just now to break in."

"He's too good at fighting. We failed to stop him."

Sylvia looked at Franklin up and down and raised her voice to answer, "He's my ex-husband. You may leave now."

"OK, Miss Andrews."

"I'm glad you are all right."

The group of men turned away.

While they walked, they discussed, "It turns out Boss' ex-husband is so handsome."

"He's good at fighting, too. We didn't win against him."

"Exactly. He's handsome and good at fighting. It seems he's also the company's CEO. Why did they divorce?"

"Enough is enough. Stop being so nosy, dude."

"Boss knows what she's doing. Remember. This man is her ex-husband, not her current husband."

"When will Boss marry again? We won't fight with him. If her ex-husband makes trouble again, we shall still fight with him. Understand?"

"I agree. I'll gather more bodyguards to win against him."

"If he dares to bully Boss again, we must teach him a lesson."

Franklin had no idea that Sylvia's men had already expected to fight with him again.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom.

Franklin walked toward Sylvia step by step, his tall figure emanating pressure. Then he stopped, looking down at her.

Logan's men seemed to be loyal to her as well. They had the guts to stop him from breaking into the house.

Sylvia was surprised. She had personally trained those men, and none of them was weak in fighting.

They were outstanding fighters. However, Franklin won against all of them and knocked them over.

She had known that Franklin was adept at fighting, but his competence shocked her.

She couldn't help wondering how skillful he was.

Sylvia thought she knew her ex-husband well. However, the fact showed that she and Franklin had been hiding from each other and disguising themselves.

"I'm sleepy." Franklin turned around and sat on her soft bed, smelling the faint fragrance from her.

He sniffed it deeply, lay on the bed, and closed his eyes, feeling at ease and peaceful.

All the irritations and things that bothered him vanished instantly.

When he found Sylvia had sneaked out of his house, his mood worsened to the extreme.

All he wished was to take her back.

In anger, Sylvia asked, "Why are you here?" Franklin didn't answer.

She found the hairdryer and turned around.

It turned out he had fallen asleep.

Franklin fell asleep without taking off his slacks, clothes, or shoes.

Sylvia saw the dark circles under his eyes, which made him look exhausted.

She wondered if he hadn't slept well recently, frowning.

Then she took the hairdryer to the guest room next door to dry her hair.

After returning to her room, she found Franklin still sleeping soundly.

Sylvia planned to go to bed earlier than usual as she would work at the city hall the next day.

However, Franklin had occupied her bed, and she had no mood to share it with him.

She put away the hairdryer. After glancing at the sleeping man, she picked up the blanket and was about to cover him with it.

Suddenly, Franklin snapped open his eagle-sharp eyes.

The next second, he grabbed her wrist. "Have you dried your hair?" he whispered huskily.

His bloodshot eyes were fixed on her.

"Let go of me." Sylvia gritted her teeth.

Her cheeks turned rosy because of anger.

"You blushed. Are you feeling shy?" Franklin's Adam's apple bobbed, lust written on his face.

This room was full of Sylvia's pleasant fragrance, and he liked it immensely.

It was much better than the best soothing incense.

chapter 125

Franklin reached out the other arm and wrapped it around her body.

Then he dragged Sylvia to his side, hugging her tightly.

Sylvia was forced to cling to his chest.

Looking at his charming face, she felt irritated.

"Franklin Maskelyne!" she growled.

"Shush!" Franklin pressed his index finger on her tender rose-petal-liked lips.

"What the heck do you want?" Sylvia snapped.

However, only the sounds of his steady heartbeat responded to her in the quiet room.

Then she felt his even breath.

It turned out Franklin fell asleep again.

That was way too fast.

Sylvia twisted in his embrace and changed a gesture.

Then she saw the faint stubble on his chin, making him look rougher than usual.

Sylvia couldn't help but imagine him as a rough guy, amused.

Narrowing her eyes, she wanted to break free, but Franklin pressed her forcibly.

She failed.

She would have thought he'd suffered from insomnia if he hadn't fallen asleep so quickly. She wondered if he had purposely lost some sleep or if it was for another reason.

Anyway, she smelt something fishy.

While her mind wandered, Sylvia gradually fell asleep.

After she slept soundly, the virus in her body smelt the familiar scent and became slightly excited. Shortly after, it calmed down.

Franklin opened his eyes, staring at the woman in his embrace, who was breathing evenly.

A ghost of a smile touched his lips. He thought Sylvia looked like an innocent baby after falling asleep.

She was off guard, and he didn't have the heart to wake up.

After a nap, he became spirited. However, he was immersed in the peaceful atmosphere.

Only hugging her without doing anything soothed his mood. He felt at ease, just like he finally had found the missing part of him.

Staring at her affectionately, Franklin pecked her forehead gently.

Then he held her more tightly and closed his eyes again.

The early morning.

Sylvia slowly opened her eyes, only to find it was bright outside the window.

She hurriedly sat up on the bed and checked her phone. It was past nine.

Frowning, she guessed that Franklin must have turned off the alarm before leaving.

Hence, she slept in.

Sylvia would feel irritated if she hadn't slept well, and Franklin seemed to remember this well.

If they had loved each other, Franklin would have been a responsible husband indeed.

Sylvia hurriedly straightened herself up and went downstairs.

She was going to the city hall. She had promised Mayor Cody to do something, so she couldn't break her word.

However, when she turned the corner, she was shocked, gazing at the living room in disbelief.

'What's going on here?'

The living room was full of flowers.

Red roses formed her nickname "Sibbie" in the middle, surrounded by light-blue baby's breath, which made the roses more beautiful.

The air was full of the rose's fragrance.

Several colorful balloons floated in the air with ribbons below. There was a line of words on each ribbon.

"Morning, Sweetie."

"Wish you happy every day."

Sylvia saw all kinds of greetings, surprised that Franklin could be so romantic.

In her impression, he was only fond of spending money on diamonds and handbags for her.

Sylvia didn't expect him to change the way. An indescribable feeling surged in her heart.

After all, she had seen so many flowers after getting up in the morning, which was a dream scene for every woman.

She had to admit that this made her day.

However, her mood worsened when she saw another line. "Sweetie, I want to have Magret de canard."

It utterly ruined the romantic feeling.

Soon, she saw another ribbon. "Sweetie, I also want to eat Moule-frites made by you."

"Also, Tomates farcies. It's been too hot recently. This dish suits summer."

"The one I'd love to eat the most is Le buf Bourguignon."

...

Sylvia didn't feel romantic anymore. Seemingly Franklin was ordering dishes.

Watching the balloons in front of her, Sylvia dragged them down, tossed them onto the floor, and stomped them in anger.

'Damn you, Franklin Maskelyne!'

She ordered her men, "Throw them away! All of them!"

Then she added, "Well, toss them to the entrance of SouthStar Airlines."

“OK, Miss Andrews.”

The men started to clean up the living room.

Entrance of the building of SouthStar Airlines.

It was crowded. People came back and forth.

Suddenly, several black luxury cars were pulled over.

A group of strong-built men got off, holding several roses to decorate the entrance.

Shortly after, they finished and carried bunches of baby’s breath out of the cars to spread them around the roses.

The passersby paused and watched them curiously.

They had thought a man would propose to a beautiful employee of SouthStar Airlines or confess his love to her.

However, they found several balloons bound to the roses and tied together, below which was a long ribbon.

The scene was romantic and beautiful.

However, they gaped when the onlookers read the line on the ribbon.

“Franklin Maskelyne, whether you want to eat Moule-frites, Magret de canard, or Le buf Bourguignon, you’d better turn right and drive five miles. You’ll find all of them in the restaurant.” It ended with a phone number.

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The onlookers were confused as it didn’t seem to be a proposal scene.

They exchanged glances.

“Are those dishes Mr. Maskelyne’s favorite?”

“I didn’t expect him to like such ordinary dishes.”

“I agree. I thought he preferred caviar freight abroad and things like that...”

“Mr. Maskelyne didn’t have many differences from us in this aspect then.”

“Tomates farcies is also my favorite. It’s really a good dish for summer.”

“Exactly! Moule-frites is sweet but not greasy. Yummy.”

“Mr. Maskelyne is just like us.”

The onlookers started to discuss Franklin’s favorite food.

SouthStar Airlines was a place gathered with good-looking plane attendants, and the entrance was also fully packed.

Many online celebrities were fond of coming here for the live broadcast. An online celebrity named Baby Piggy filmed the scene, edited the video clip, and uploaded it to Tiktok.

She didn't have many fans, but she used an eye-catching title this time. "999 roses for the love confession? Wrong. It's for ordering dishes."

In the video, she zoomed in on the reply from Sylvia to Franklin, especially "You'd better turn right and drive five miles. You'll find all of them in the restaurant."

The camera focused on this line for two seconds so that the netizens who watched the video could read it.

Therefore, the netizens were amused by this video clip.

"That's genius! Which restaurant's commercial is this?"

"I also believe it's a restaurant commercial. Which restaurant is it referred to?"

"It seems to be Royal Galaxy Restaurant."

"Did Royal Galaxy and SouthStar Airlines cooperate to hype the news?"

"The message is for Mr. Maskelyne. What happened exactly?"

"I don't think it's hype-up news. If so, the SouthStar Airlines' PR and marketing departments wouldn't have called Mr. Maskelyne by his full name."

"Exactly. I'm gonna repost this video. It's so hilarious."

"Isn't the person who sent the message mocking Mr. Maskelyne? Am I telling the truth?"

"I agree with you. I also think the person is mocking Mr. Maskelyne..."

When reposting the video clip with their comments, they also added other hashtags, such as "999 roses to mock Mr. Maskelyne," "You deserve to use 999 to laugh at someone," "Have you bought roses today," "Royal Galaxy Restaurant is waiting for you five miles away," and "Would you like to have Moule-frites? How about Tomates farcies?"

The netizens wantonly used memes on this topic, which instantly became the most popular video on Tiktok. Almost more than ten million netizens reposted it.

The video also brought Baby Piggy countless followers. Initially, she only had 50,000 fans. After the video went viral online, her followers kept increasing.

She was dumbfounded as she had never expected to become so popular.

Her followers on Tiktok had exceeded a million, but the number still increased crazily.

While the netizens were creating the video memes, Franklin suddenly reposted it with the hashtag "Mrs. Maskelyne is too naughty." He commented that his wife refused to cook for him but asked him to go to Royal Galaxy Restaurant, in which a reservation was tough to make. At the end of his comment, he asked his wife if she wished to starve him.

Baby Piggy became dizzy.

She repeatedly read through Franklin's comment, wondering if it was a fake account.

What a surprise that Franklin had reposted her video in person!

In a hurry, Baby Piggy tabbed to check Franklin's account. When Franklin reposted her video earlier, his Tiktok hadn't been identified yet. However, it had been verified that the account owner was the president of Maskelyne Group and SouthStar Airlines.

It was Franklin Maskelyne, for real.

Other netizens also noticed it and rushed to Franklin's Tiktok page. Another uproar was raised.

"My goodness! Mr. Maskelyne reposted and commented on it personally. It turned out Mrs. Maskelyne bought 999 roses to mock her husband?"

"She rocks!"

"Isn't it a commercial? I believe it is."

"Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne frequently appear on social media platforms nowadays."

"Are they pretending to be a loving couple?"

"Mrs. Maskelyne's topics have occupied the Twitter trends. Does she want to occupy Tiktok, too?"

"Is it preparation for her to start a career in the entertainment business?"

"Royal Galaxy Restaurant must cooperate with SouthStar Airlines to hype the news."

Meanwhile, there were more hashtags such as "I can't understand the rich. 999 roses for mocking her husband", "Mrs. Maskelyne teased Mr. Maskelyne online," "Mrs. Maskelyne instructed her husband to Royal Galaxy Restaurant," and "Mr. Maskelyne is going to be starved."

Franklin truly felt hungry.

He sat in his office sternly, his eyes glittered with anger. Each growl of his hungry stomach reminded him what had happened.

In the morning, when he left the villa, he searched online for how to gain back a woman's heart. According to a post, he learned he must send Sylvia flowers and gifts.

Without hesitation, he bought 999 roses, baby's breath, balloons, and ribbons.

However, Sylvia didn't appreciate it. She returned everything to the entrance of SouthStar Airlines.

When he saw them, his face turned livid.

For a whole day, all his company employees looked at him weirdly. The senior executives always wanted to say something but withheld their words.

He couldn't believe Sylvia was unhappy to receive his roses.

She even mocked him.

The matter was spread on Tiktok wildly.

Some marketing accounts copied the video clip and posted them on Twitter to let more netizens know.

Jasper became tense when noticing his mood, cold sweat oozing on his forehead.

Franklin was standing in front of the window, wearing a black suit. However, the office was filled with his fury.

He gritted his teeth, seething with rage.

How he wished to rush back home and question Sylvia why she had to embarrass him.

His performance, romance, and roses didn't deserve to be treated this way.

Suddenly, Franklin turned around, an icy look glancing through his eyes. He strode toward the door.

Jasper was taken aback. Then he hurriedly followed Franklin.

The latter had already entered the elevator.

Jasper trotted in and clung to the wall. Franklin's aura was so strong that he feared him.

Inwardly, he started praying for Sylvia.

chapter 127

What Sylvia had done really embarrassed Franklin.

After leaving the elevator, Franklin went to the lobby's entrance, only to find the 999 roses and light-blue baby's breaths.

Of course, everything would have looked perfect without that ribbon.

He raised his head and saw the well-done calligraphy on the ribbon.

He was stunned as he didn't expect the familiar writing style to be from Sylvia.

Franklin had known that Sylvia had good handwriting but he had only seen her write twice before – once when they registered for marriage and once when they divorced.

He felt that her writing style was pleasant to the eye.

The ribbon with her writing somehow made his rage fade off gradually.

Franklin edged to the ribbon, reached out, and carefully pulled down the ribbon from the balloons, seemingly afraid of breaking it.

Then he turned around to return to his office.

Jasper watched the scene wordlessly.

Just now, Franklin's face was with unconcealed anger. However, he was smiling like a silly boy while holding the ribbon.

All onlookers in the company bowed their heads hurriedly as soon as Franklin turned around, although they were gazing at him without blinking last second.

However, they were confused as Franklin suddenly calmed down.

After returning to his office, Franklin unfolded the ribbon and read the words on the ribbon carefully.

He appreciated it like studying the artwork. Inwardly, he couldn't help praising Sylvia's writing at all.

Therefore, in a good mood, Franklin registered on Tiktok and got his account verified officially.

He also reposted the video and commented on the trending topic.

His post became the top topic on the trends shortly after.

Due to his repost, Baby Piggy's followers increased repeatedly and didn't stop after reaching ten million.

Several advertising agencies contacted her for cooperation.

Some online celebrity companies also invited her to be their mentor and share her experience with their employees.

Baby Piggy was still shocked by the sudden fame. She had just wandered around SouthStar Airlines, saw the event, and filmed a video.

Then the surprise appeared in her life like the attack of a tornado.

She wouldn't have become famous so quickly if she hadn't seen the event.

Marketing accounts on Twitter crazily reposted the video and dug into the story behind it, attracting much attention and gaining many followers.

Franklin's Tiktok account also gained over ten million fans.

It was a crazy feast, like a carnival online.

The other role involved in this drama, Royal Galaxy Restaurant, kept being mysterious and low-key. They didn't respond to this event, nor did the account repost anything.

Seemingly the uproar had nothing to do with the restaurant at all.

Studio Center, the city hall.

All actors and actresses gathered in the morning.

They would participate in the gala for National Day, so they were pretty serious. Each year, several government departments sent filtered employees to join the gala.

It was a tradition not to hire professional actors and actresses.

Therefore, all the people sent by different departments were selected and sent to the city hall. Most of them were female, who were the most outstanding ones in each department.

Only a few were male, and they were only supposed to support the actresses.

They all felt honored for even just showing up at this gala. Usually, professional actors and actresses were not qualified enough.

Hence, the selected ones were either from powerful or wealthy families, or they were beautiful and competent.

It was drama when so many good-looking girls from influential families gathered together.

Therefore, the galas of National Day in the previous years were indeed disappointing. Among all the TV channels, the gala of Larro often won the lowest viewing rate.

Previously, all the directors and mentors were hired from music schools or TV stations. They were all competent ones without any influential backgrounds.

When they faced the actresses, they had to deal with those proud girls' complaints. However, they couldn't do anything as they couldn't afford to offend any of them.

In the end, the performance was disappointing.

They didn't offend all the girls, but the galas were not popular either.

Therefore, Mayor Cody wanted to make a change this year.

His wife was close to Sylvia, so he had an idea.

In the hall, Rosie chitchatted with her coworkers while munching potato chips.

"I heard the general director has been changed this year."

"Another young director?"

"It's said Mayor Cody has found a professional one."

Her coworkers shared what they had known.

A few girls from other departments also joined their discussion. "I wonder if it's a good-looking woman."

A girl darted at the three mentors nearby arrogantly. "Last year, the camera seldom focused on me. My father had waited a whole night to see me for two seconds."

Another one echoed, "Exactly. Our program was nearby the end. How annoying! My grandmother had almost fallen asleep while waiting."

They implied how unsatisfied they were with the mentors.

All the mentors hid in the corner in silence.

The first girl added triumphantly, "If the new director isn't professional, let's complain and let them change her."

"Who do you want to change?"

Suddenly, a cold, clear voice sounded out at the door.

The women who were chatting to kill time looked over.

A tall, slender figure drifted toward them.

The young woman wore neat white sportswear with a pair of white sneakers.

The light of the center fell on her as if it was a spotlight.

She wore a cap, so others couldn't see her face clearly.

Her black, smooth hair was tied into a ponytail, swinging slightly while she walked forward.

Sylvia stood on the stage, raising her head slightly.

Instantly, she took all people's breath away as they finally saw her clearly.

They were stunned by her stunning face.

Her aloof eyes reminded them of the full moon. Her straight nose bridge, petal-like lips, and smooth skin made her look like Venus.

The strong aura emanated from her was also impressive.

All the actresses on the scene were from government departments. They had met different kinds of politicians before, and this woman's aura could compare to that of the political leaders.

chapter 128

They wondered why such a young woman could emanate such pressure.

Sylvia looked at the actors and actresses, who were leisurely and unprofessional.

She clapped and ordered, "Fall in."

"Who are you? Why should we listen?" the girl who suggested changing the director muttered.

Her name was Mollie Gibson. Her grandfather was a retired general. Before he retired, he arranged for her to become Cody's assistant.

Cody's team consisted of several employees who used to work for Mollie's grandfather before, so he always took care of her.

Therefore, Mollie gradually became arrogant after many people fawned over her, thinking she was superior.

Mollie's voice brought Rosie back to her senses. She walked forward while gazing at Sylvia in disbelief. "Why are you here, Miss Andrews?"

"Nice to see you, Rosie." Sylvia arched an eyebrow.

Before Rosie replied, she lifted the badge on her chest and added, "This is my badge. From now on, I'm the general director of this year's National Day gala. My name is Sylvia Andrews. I hope we can cooperate well in the following days."

"Miss Andrews, why did you suddenly become the general director? You are so young. What can you do?" Rosie approached her.

On the surface, she sounded concerned, but her voice was harsh, so everyone on the scene could hear her words.

She also asked the question that everyone else cared about.

Sylvia cast her a glance with a faint smile. "Please remain offstage, Rosie. Mayor Cody invited me to be the general director personally. If you have any objections or suggestions, please ask Mayor Cody. None of you has the right to decide my job here."

Looking at others solemnly, she continued, "You'll see what I can do soon."

Then she looked over at the three mentors. "Mentors, I hope you all can cooperate with me from now on."

"Yes, Director Andrews," the three mentors replied, putting away their amazement.

Sylvia looked young but with a strong aura.

Her single gaze made others fear.

Several girls kept checking on her outfits.

Some recognized that her sneakers cost a hundred thousand dollars, as they were limited editions for collection.

Usually, people would keep them at home instead of wearing them.

Her white sportswear was neat and simple, but it was from the latest gear in the coming autumn selections of an international brand from Iqethi, which hadn't launched on the market yet.

Amazed, they could confirm that her outfits could be worth an apartment.

Although most actresses were from wealthy families, they couldn't compare to Sylvia.

While they hadn't calmed down, they were attracted by the group of people entering the studio center.

All of them were pushing shopping carts with several boxes in them.

People in the hall gaped at them, wondering who they were.

Some girls noticed the logo on the shopping carts and the brand on the boxes, feeling shocked again.

They recognized that the brand was internationally famous and specialized in producing dance shoes.

Rosie's eyes widened and almost popped out.

'Sylvia Andrews is so competent. Why has she bought so many shoes?'

Mollie was also shocked.

A few girls who liked browsing Twitter recognized Sylvia. She was Logan's girlfriend, wasn't she?

They wondered if Logan had treated her so generously and envied her a lot.

Sylvia explained expressionlessly, "You are actors and actresses. Like soldiers who need to have good weapons, you need good dance shoes. They are all for you. Free."

After she finished speaking, the men pushing the shopping carts distributed the shoe boxes to the actors and actresses.

They gaped at the boxes in doubt and disbelief.

Each pair cost at least 20,000 dollars.

When they opened the boxes, they saw black dance shoes.

Mollie snorted, "Are they fake?"

"You can verify them if you like." Sylvia looked indifferent.

"They're real. I'm sure they are," a girl muttered.

Their mouths dropped open, including Rosie and the three mentors.

The new general director was way too generous.

There were at least a hundred actors and actresses in the studio center. Sylvia gave each of them a pair of 20,000-dollar shoes when they first met.

Although Mollie always thought she was from a superior family, she couldn't do such a thing.

That was why everyone was stuck dumb.

They were from different government departments, but their salaries varied. They had never expected Sylvia to prepare such expensive gifts.

"I look forward to your hard work," Sylvia added, "Please work hard to learn dancing and accomplish your team's program."

Inwardly, Mollie disdained Sylvia for showing off by spending her sugar daddy's money.

Right then, the boxes of the last shopping cart were opened. Sylvia ordered the men, "Please install them well. Put some here and there."

She pointed at different places.

In confusion, the actors and actresses watched her.

When the high-end equipment was moved to different places, they could hardly believe their eyes.

Each piece of high-end equipment would cost at least several hundred thousand dollars.

They could tell the excellent functions and sound effects from the famous logo on the equipment produced by a top professional company.

"Is this woman here to show off?" a girl complained, feeling unconvinced.

"She spent Logan Mertens' money. Look how proud she is."

“She’s just a shabby woman without any competence.”

Although they accepted Sylvia’s gift, they were not convinced.

“All right. I’ll divide you into different programs. You’ll be chosen randomly,” Sylvia said while pulling a lucky-draw box out. “You’ll draw your own role.”

Then she raised the name list of the actors and actresses. “There are 15 programs for the gala, which will be played for two hours. 5 stage shows and talk shows, 2 songs with dance, 6 songs, and 2 dances. You’ll be assigned to the program upon the lots.”

Everyone lined up to draw the lots.

It took two rounds. Firstly, they picked up the program types. Then they drew the exact program name.

chapter 129

After picking up a modern drama program, Mollie was upset.

She believed she was adept at singing, so she wanted to sing a solo.

Rosie was also disappointed. She couldn’t dance but picked up a dance program.

For a moment, all actresses were complaining.

“What the heck? I can’t sing.”

“No! I can’t dance.”

“I want to perform in modern drama.”

All of them were annoyed.

Sylvia darted at them. Suddenly, her phone rang. “Right. Walking toward the south. You can ask the guard if you cannot find us.”

Shortly after the call ended, a tall blonde man stepped into the studio center, followed by his team.

When the howling girls noticed him, they were taken aback.

One of the mentors widened his eyes, rushing over and yelled in surprise, “William?”

His excitement knocked others’ socks off.

After returning to their senses, they were all excited.

“Is he the top choreographer, William?”

“Really?”

“Oh, my goodness. I feel like fainting.”

“How could we see William here?”

Mollie had learned to sing and dance since childhood, so she knew all the top masters in the field.

She gasped, gaping at William in disbelief.

William was a worldwide master who was adept at many kinds of dances. He had won countless awards. Also, he was the exclusive choreographer for many superstars.

Mollie was curious how Sylvia had managed to invite him, wondering if she had an affair with William as well.

William's sudden appearance blew others away.

The three mentors surrounded him, asking him for his autograph and respectfully taking group photos with him.

Sylvia watched them calmly.

Rosie walked to her in doubt. "Miss Andrews, how did you manage to invite such a master?"

"Well, he's fond of dishes from Royal Galaxy Restaurant," Sylvia answered flatly.

"He can make a reservation there, can't he?" Rosie was confused.

Sylvia looked at her expressionlessly. "Royal Galaxy gave him an exclusive reserved table."

Rosie was still baffled, wondering what it had to do with Sylvia and with William being their mentor.

"I can't get what you mean."

"Oh, you don't need to understand it." Sylvia's gaze drifted around in the hall.

She would never tell Rosie that she had specially offered William that exclusive table and given him a VIP card for a 30% discount.

Royal Galaxy Restaurant was high-end, so a 30% discount was already a lot of money.

The joy almost drove William to go nuts.

He couldn't understand that Sylvia had a gift for dancing, but she insisted on opening a restaurant.

However, since she asked him for help, he definitely would.

Watching the excited people, Sylvia explained, "From now on, William will be in charge of the dancing programs of the gala. The other three mentors will be in charge of dancing, stage shows, and talk shows."

After a pause, she added, "The lucky draw was open and fair. If anyone of you is unhappy about her role, don't even think of switching it with another actress. Never think of abusing your power to seek personal gain. I'm the general director, and I'll never allow it to happen."

The three mentors gaped when hearing that William would be the dance mentor.

The mentor who was supposed to be in charge of dance stared at Sylvia, her eyes lit up. "Miss Andrews, when I'm free, can I ask William to teach me as well?"

"Of course." Sylvia nodded in agreement.

“Great!” the dance mentor yelled excitedly.

William had brought his whole team, which consisted of competent dancers.

The rehearsal of the first day started officially.

Each actor and actress had their own program. They must work hard to practice to put on an excellent show in the end.

Mollie felt exhausted during the rehearsal.

Her modern drama was based on a hot topic nowadays, and she acted as a young government official in many scenes.

Sylvia had high requirements for the performance.

Initially, Mollie disliked the opportunity and refused to act in the modern drama, which couldn't compare to singing a solo.

After performing for an hour, she sat down angrily. “I can't hang on. So exhausted.”

“Don't you want to do it? No problem. I'll let your department send another actress,” Sylvia replied. Then she pulled out her phone to dial a number.

“Who do you think you are? Think you are a leader? How dare you be so arrogant! You know what? My grandfather is...” Mollie was annoyed, exposing her nature of being a spoiled girl. She was tired and thirsty, only wishing to rest.

Before she finished her words, Sylvia interrupted, “I don't care who your grandfather is. You are here, so you must obey my order. Mollie is your name, right? If you don't want to act, I can apply for sending a new actress here to replace you.”

“Who has written such a lousy play script? It sucks.” Mollie couldn't win against Sylvia, so she started complaining about the scriptwriter.

Usually, the scriptwriters for the National Day gala were all government workers with excellent literature skills, so Mollie believed that the writer must be an infamous person.

“You must delete my scenes and make it easier. This is too difficult.”

“Rosie, can you switch your role with me? You can act in modern drama. Let me dance,” Mollie approached Rosie and suggested.

Rosie was in a dilemma. The actress needed to fully express her emotions when performing a drama, and the expression must be exaggerated than usual.

It would be more complicated than dancing, let alone now the dance mentor was globally famous. It was a rare opportunity for her to learn from William.

Although Rosie wasn't gifted in dancing, she didn't want to give up a chance to learn from William. Besides, she planned to do something with this matter.

Therefore, she refused, “Miss Andrews said we couldn't do it. Please don't mention it again.”

Then she devoted herself to practicing again.

Mollie was boiled over with anger.

"I need to use the ladies' room."

In the restroom, Mollie held her phone while sitting on the toilet. She spoke in a grievance, "Grandpa, I cannot perform in a modern drama. Please tell Mayor Cody to help me. Sylvia Andrews is so hateful. She bullied me purposely. She's good for nothing but relies on Logan Mertens. I wonder why Mayor Cody has invited her to be the general director. Grandpa, she got the position because of her boyfriend. What can she do?"

chapter 130

"Grandpa, I've been practicing the drama for a long time. My face is stiff now."

"You're a close friend to Mayor Cody. He'll definitely agree."

"Please, Grandpa..."

"It's a trifle. Why do you insist on asking me for help? All right. I'll call him," the old man's voice sounded.

Mollie wore a triumphant smile. "Thank you, Grandpa."

"Enough. What do you want for dinner? I'll let the kitchen prepare for you," her grandfather said.

"Ribs, chicken wings... beef..." Mollie said some food randomly before ending the call.

She snorted, wishing to see how Mayor Cody would stop Sylvia later.

Mollie's grandfather was a righteous general. He hated it the most when others were incompetent but gained important positions by using connections. He trusted his granddaughter, so he detested Sylvia to the core.

He wondered why Cody had invited such a woman to be the general director.

After ending the call with his granddaughter, the old man called Cody. "Hello, Cody. My granddaughter told me there was a new general director. It's a young woman, right?"

"Yes, she's young but competent," Cody replied with a smile. "What's wrong?"

"The woman is indeed competent. She refused to let my granddaughter sing a solo. As you know, she's sung songs in previous years. Since childhood, she had learned to sing and dance. Why is she assigned to a modern drama this year?"

Unconcealed unhappiness filled the voice of Mollie's grandfather.

Cody instantly understood why he was calling. It seemed Sylvia's aggressive working style annoyed Mollie.

“Sylvia is indeed competent and professional. Please wait and see. Mollie sang a song every year. I’m sure others are tired of it. She’s now acting in a modern drama, which is new. I’m sure it’ll be excellent,” Cody refused politely.

In anger, Mollie’s grandfather hung up the phone instantly.

“How arrogant! You even don’t respect your old boss. I’m so pissed off.”

The news that Cody had turned him down was spread among the actors and actresses shortly after.

Those who wished to change the program became disappointed and stopped trying.

If Mollie succeeded, they would use the same method. However, she didn’t.

Mollie was riled up and couldn’t believe that Cody even disobeyed her grandfather.

She wanted to quit the gala but was unwilling to let another person replace her.

It would be an excellent opportunity to gain favors from the leaders. Especially their performances would be marked after the gala ended, and the actors and actresses would receive rewards, which were worth mentioning in their personal CVs.

Gritting her teeth, Mollie had to learn how to perform in a modern drama.

Since she failed, others had to be tolerant and dared not to contact anyone to change Sylvia’s mind.

A girl, who looked extremely quiet, would play the piano, which was her special program.

Sylvia was sitting next to her on the bench. “You’ll play Rhapsody of Croatia, right, Jenna?”

“Yes, Director.” Jenna Shepherd looked at her, her big, dewy eyes looking innocent. Sylvia could tell she had just started working as she looked timid.

“Can you play it for me now?” Sylvia asked.

“Uh?” Jenna had learned to play the piano since childhood. She was confident playing, so she planned to practice a few times and returned home.

It was too noisy in the hall, and she felt pretty uncomfortable.

Sylvia’s request made her startle.

“Why? Can I listen to it for rehearsal?” Sylvia furrowed her brows slightly.

She could tell the timidness in Jenna’s eyes. A lovely smile blossomed across Sylvia’s face, which stunned Jenna.

Jenna gaped at her. “You are so pretty...”

She wondered if Sylvia was a celestial being from Heaven.

“Little girl, do you have any mental trauma? You look so timid.” Sylvia reached out her fingers and tabbed the piano key randomly.

“No, I don’t.” Jenna looked away. She wasn’t a little girl. She had turned 20.

If her uncle hadn't requested her to join the gala, she wouldn't wish to perform.

"Come on. Let me listen to your song." Sylvia raised her chin to prompt her. "If you cannot play in my presence, do you have the confidence and courage to play to all the audience off stage on National Day?"

Jenna bit her bottom lip. "I..."

As if she had made up her mind determinedly, she put her hands on the piano and started playing.

Probably she was too nervous, and she missed several notes.

Sylvia stopped her, gazing at her solemnly. "Don't panic."

"You are quite professional, so you must pay attention to the details. After your right hand finished playing, do this... Then the lingering sound will be more pleasant."

Sylvia played the piano to show her how to do it while explaining, "This part needs to be more rhythmic."

The melodious song sounded and caught everyone's attention, including the dancers.

Sylvia was playing a part of the song.

Without noticing others' reactions, she concentrated on instructing Jenna. "This is a trill here. Make the lingering sound tense to express the excitement."

After finishing the demonstration, she said to Jenna, "Try it again."

"You are even better than my uncle." Jenna looked excitedly at Sylvia with a glint in her eyes. She loved playing the piano, so her uncle, Aldo Carson, used to tutor her often.

"Keep up the good work." Sylvia beamed at her, not curious about her uncle at all.

Others didn't return to their senses until their mentors reminded them.

In a trance, they felt like they had heard a song from the heavens.

When Sylvia left the city hall, it was dark outside.

She darted at the actors and actresses, who were returning home, and could tell they were exhausted.

Without speaking to them, Sylvia reminded William about their dinner and sat in her Land Rover, ready to go.

A black Bentley arrived and was pulled over next to her car.

Franklin came to pick her up.

Frowning slightly, Sylvia wondered how she should deal with him, and her phone rang.

She heard Franklin's cold voice. "Get down. I'll give you a ride."

Sylvia frowned. "I can drive myself. I don't need it."

Her voice was emotionless.

Sylvia ended the phone and started the Land Rover, heading for Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

Half an hour later, her car was parked in front of the restaurant entrance.

So did William's car.

Sylvia smiled at him. "Let's go, William. The dinner is on me."

"Miss Andrews, you are so talented. Are you sure you won't dance anymore?" William followed her, his tone full of regrets.

"I'm not interested," Sylvia answered.

They entered the restaurant together.

Sitting in the Bentley, Franklin watched them enter in a blaze of anger. He didn't expect to see another man with Sylvia again.