

Revealed 131

chapter 131

That man was blonde, different from the childish chef of Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

Franklin looked stern, jealousy surging in his chest crazily. He failed to repress it.

The bitterness upset him.

Instantly, Jasper felt the low pressure in the car, and his heart trembled.

‘What happened to Mr. Maskelyne again? Miss Andrews is dining with a man. They don’t look intimate.’

However, he knew Franklin was always short-tempered, so he dared not to utter any beep.

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Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

While enjoying the food, Sylvia discussed the currently popular dances with William.

“I heard many people were into Shoot Dance nowadays,” Sylvia remarked.

“Yes. I know a good dancer from your country can dance Shoot Dance very well, and I like him very much.” William echoed.

He performed it several times perfectly.

Suddenly, the lights were out in the restaurant.

Only the exit signs’ dim lights were seen.

All the patrons were shocked. Shortly after, they started to complain. “What’s going on?”

“Is the power out?”

“Circuit problems?”

“You ruined my evening.”

The lobby manager hurriedly tried to calm the patrons down.

Some of them were angry. “I finally could have dinner here. How can the power is out?”

“What are you guys doing?”

“I reserved a table ten days ago.”

“I reserved it eight days ago.”

Sylvia frowned and said to William, “I need to deal with something. Please excuse me.”

She stood up, pulled out her phone, and turned on the flashlight.

Then she walked to the lobby manager and reminded him, "Send the staff to buy the candles and let all patrons here have candlelight dinner. Also, use the alternator in the kitchen to ensure all the patrons can get their ordered dishes."

The lobby manager wiped the sweat off his forehead. "Yes, Miss Andrews. I'll get it done now."

Sylvia raised her voice and announced in the lobby, "Please calm down. We'll provide you with an excellent dining experience. I'm a singer working for Royal Galaxy Restaurant. I'd love to sing a song for you all. If you can also sing the song, please sing with me. All right?"

Suddenly, the patrons who were complaining heard a fantastic voice to sing.

They stopped arguing and were immersed in her singing.

The woman's voice was gorgeous, and she was singing an old song.

Her voice reminded them of a cool summer breeze, calming them down gradually.

Although her singing was different from the original singer, she assigned new feelings to the old song.

Sylvia was singing Take Me to Your Heart, which was familiar to all the patrons in the restaurant.

They never expected to see the performance there.

"I never heard there were singers working for Royal Galaxy."

"I love her voice. She sounds like an angel."

"Does the restaurant hire a professional singer?"

"She sings so beautifully."

All customers were listening to the singer.

Some of them wanted to see her face in the dark, so they raised their phone toward her. However, the singer covered her face. All of them could see her curvy figure under the flashlight.

Although it was blurred, they could tell she was tall and slender.

They could imagine how gorgeous she looked.

William gaped while sitting at the table.

He was surprised by Sylvia again.

When he thought she was gifted in dancing, she showed him she could sing better.

He wondered if she was God's favorite.

After Take Me to Your Heart, Sylvia sang another song named Because I Love You.

All the patrons forgot to eat or complain, listening to her in silence.

Some took her videos, and some recorded the song on their phones.

Although the power of Royal Galaxy was out while they had dinner, they could hear such beautiful songs, which was a rare experience.

It might happen once in a blue moon.

Some patrons uploaded the video onto Twitter.

When Sylvia finished singing the second song, the lobby manager trotted into the restaurant, followed by several waiters and waitresses.

“Sorry for the inconvenience caused. We’ll put candles on each table. Our maintenance man is also dealing with the problem of the circuit. We also contacted the power supply bureau. Please enjoy the candlelight dinner. All your food is on the house tonight,” said the lobby manager.

Then he asked the waiters and waitresses to spread the candles.

For a moment, the restaurant was lit up by candles, which brought the patrons a romantic feeling.

Sylvia took the chance to sneak back to her table.

The alternator worked in the kitchen so the chef and cooks could make the dishes as planned.

The noise would impact the patrons if an alternator was used in the dining lobby.

That was why Sylvia let the lobby manager buy candles.

“Bravo, Miss Andrews!” William gave her a thumb up

“Thank you.” Sylvia looked calm.

“You are hiding too well. You are much better than the professional singers,” William remarked excitedly. “I know some directors from the record companies. Would you like to have CD albums?”

“I’m not interested, William,” Sylvia refused politely. With her eyes down, she added, “Please keep the secret for me, OK?”

“I know, Sylvia. You always want to be low-key.” William stared at her in admiration.

“I’m glad you know it.”

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In the duty room of the power supply bureau.

Two employees fearfully looked at the demon-like man sitting in the office.

Franklin called their chief to let them cut off the power of Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

The two employees wondered what was going on.

Franklin thought Sylvia and that man would leave after the power was off.

However, Royal Galaxy Restaurant provided the patrons with candles and waived their bills to retain them. Franklin had to admit that the restaurant deserved to make money and be famous.

Anger surged in his eyes. He emanated a wave of thrilling anger.

His plan didn't stop Sylvia from dining with that blonde man.

Franklin wondered if he should enter the restaurant to take her out.

He stood up, his aggressiveness making him a walking volcano that would erupt anytime.

After leaving the power supply bureau, Franklin sat in his car sternly.

Jasper asked gingerly, "Where shall we go, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"Royal Galaxy Restaurant," Franklin uttered icily.

Jasper shivered in fear.

...

On Twitter and Tiktok, the news that Royal Galaxy Restaurant's power was out was on the trends with many hashtags, including "Female singer in Royal Galaxy Restaurant," "Take me to your heart," "Because I Love you," "It turns out there's a singer in Royal Galaxy," and "Angel's voice."

All the netizens were discussing the restaurant and its singer.

"Gosh! I was dining in the restaurant at that time."

"Candlelight dinner. Isn't it romantic?"

"Alas... I also wish to have a candlelight dinner in Royal Galaxy. I thought it was tragic, but it was romantic."

"The singer left after singing two songs. We failed to see her appearance."

"She's a good-looking and kind-hearted passerby. Afraid the eaters would panic, she lied that she was a singer."

"I agree. According to the situation at that time, all the patrons wanted to leave the restaurant. If they did, they would give the restaurant negative comments."

"The young lady stood out and sang two songs. Her voice was so sweet. I love it!"

"People in Royal Galaxy are so happy tonight."

"She should be working for Royal Galaxy."

"She's a hidden singing star."

"Can the record companies find her and make albums for her? I'll buy them."

Several netizens mentioned the official Twitter accounts of famous record companies.

The netizens reposted the video clips about the candlelight dinner in Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

The video where Sylvia sang songs in the dark was also reposted, liked, and commented on crazily.

The trends were full of news about Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

All of them were out of Sylvia's expectations.

While singing in the dark, she didn't mention her name, and no one had seen her, so she felt at ease.

Of course, Sylvia could hack into Twitter and Tiktok to delete all the videos.

However, it might attract unnecessary attention.

She decided to let it be. After a few days, the netizens would forget this matter.

Therefore, Sylvia didn't do anything.

Royal Galaxy Restaurant's lobby manager was super busy the following few days.

Every day, the record companies contacted him, asking him about Sylvia.

"Do you really not know who she is?"

"She said she was the restaurant's singer."

"Her voice is too unique. If she makes CDs, she'll make a lot of money."

"If she became famous, she would be a superstar soon."

"Sorry, but I really don't know her," the lobby manager replied, wiping the tears off his forehead.

It was so difficult to work for a versatile boss, as he had to always protect Sylvia's privacy.

...

SouthStar Airlines.

Franklin would fly to Lleilaga today.

In the early morning, he set off with Jasper.

As usual, Jasper turned on the radio to hear the traffic information.

The DJ said gently and sweetly, "There's traffic at the intersection of Heritage Avenue and Timber Avenue. Please make a detour. In recent two days, the singer in Royal Galaxy Restaurant became famous. Let's listen to her song, Take Me to Your Heart."

Before Jasper turned off the radio, a familiar voice sounded out. He was taken aback.

If not mistaken, it was Miss Andrew's voice.

He recalled what had happened a few nights ago.

Meanwhile, Franklin snapped open his narrowed eyes.

He also recognized it was Sylvia's voice.

Now he understood why Royal Galaxy Restaurant retained its patrons after the power was cut off. It turned out Sylvia sang songs to calm down the diners.

'Does she like that childish chef so much? How could she sing songs to the restaurant patrons?'

Jealousy surged in Franklin's chest.

'Does she like that much to dine with the other blonde man? Did she sing the songs to him deliberately?'

Suddenly, all kinds of negative feelings occupied his chest, and wild guesses rushed into his brain.

They sent pain in his veins and swallowed his reason.

After getting down the car, Franklin entered the meeting room.

Several crew members were discussing the singer of Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

"This song is fabulous."

"If it was another online celebrity, she would have told the public and sought the limelight."

"It's been a few days. Why still does no one know who the young lady is?"

"I wish I could see what she looks like."

Franklin strode into the meeting room sullenly with icy eyes.

Under his glance, everyone buttoned their lips.

They wondered why Captain Maskelyne was so furious in the early morning.

Several stewardesses exchanged glances with each other in silence, afraid Franklin would vent his anger on them.

Somehow, they noticed Captain Maskelyne had been enraged recently and always looked sullen.

All the crew members suffered when working with him.

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Franklin was handsome and aloof, exuding a powerful vibe.

He took the head seat and began the pre-flight meeting.

After the meeting, all crew prepared for the following flight.

As the plane rose into the sky above the clouds, Sylvia's euphoric voice echoed in his mind.

He had never heard her sing until she sang for someone else, and now he was devoured by jealousy.

He had to admit that her voice was much more mellifluous than popular singers and even full of irresistible charm.

He collected himself after taking a deep breath and focused on work.

Early in the morning, all the actors gathered in the studio hall of the city government to rehearse.

Rosie approached Sylvia. "Unexpectedly, apart from being on good terms with Master Keturah, you're competent enough to organize such a large event. Why don't you invite Master Keturah? Your cooperation will claim people's attention."

"Rosie, did you rehearse your dance today? Did you learn all the dance steps?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows and asked.

"Miss Andrews, we are friends. Don't be too strict with me, right?" Rosie looked around and secretly put a small, delicate diamond worth tens of thousands of dollars into Sylvia's hand.

"Rosie will buy Royal Galaxy's bubble tea for all of us," Sylvia glanced at it, smilingly said loudly, and tossed it in the air.

Rosie was seething with anger. "Well, you..."

"Am I wrong? Are you bribing me with this diamond? In that case, I can't take it." Sylvia pretended to be surprised and gave it back to Rosie.

"Of course not. I exchange it for bubble tea." Rosie, on the verge of crying, couldn't expose her purpose publicly.

Sylvia wore a teasing smile. "Fine, I call Royal Galaxy right now."

"Hello? I want to order 120 cups of bubble tea. Send them to the building located at 7 Central Avenue. My name is Sylvia. By the way, I pay the bill with a diamond."

All were shocked since Sylvia aimed to insult Rosie.

...

In the president's office of the Wilson Group, "Master Clark, it was my fault. I accept any punishment." Winter said, full of guilt.

"Winter, how would I punish you? None of us saw this one coming." Clark seemingly comforted her but actually, bursting with wrath, cursed this stupid woman who had been tricked by Sylvia.

His efforts would be in vain if those wealthy women had their doubts about Wilson philanthropic foundation.

Since Sylvia save those children a few days ago, he couldn't deliver goods on time and thus grew increasing hatred for Sylvia.

"Where did this woman come from? Why is she so influential in Larro?" Clark turned sinister. "I had planned to sell those children to a powerful family in Emkath. Now, after the child abductions made the news, police are on alert. It's hard to find the right kids."

"Master Clark, how about...getting some children in the village?"

Winter got an idea. "People in the city pay attention to their children, but village people will not."

Clark clenched his teeth in bitter hatred. "Send some burly men over, instead of those stupid ones."

“Don’t worry.” Winter nodded. “What should we do to Sylvia? Should we give up the plan to win over Master Keturah?”

“There are plenty of rich women besides Master Keturah. As to Sylvia, this damn woman stood in my way. She gotta pay a price for her wrongdoing.” Clark’s eyes were full of viciousness. “I will deal with Sylvia. Find children as soon as possible and we can’t afford to offend those aristocrats in Emkath.”

“I see.” Winter left and Clark sat alone in the office.

After a while, he made a call and said in an aggressive tone. “Kill a woman for me.”

...

In Evans Residence, Evans lay in bed listening to music. She couldn’t go shopping because the salespeople in the store all knew her and sold her nothing. Besides, no good friends could relieve her boredom.

Suddenly, she got a call from Darcie who was from a wealthy family but chose to be an airline stewardess, or specifically, a laughing stock in the upper class.

“Hello? Evans, I just got off the plane. I fly to Lleilaga with Captain Franklin today,” Darcie said on the other side of the phone.

“Captain Franklin? What? You mean you and Franklin are in the same crew?” Evans flung herself from the bed.

“Yes. Don’t you know it yet?” Darcie was surprised. “Several big stores in Lleilaga are on sale today. Would you like me to bring home some bags for you? My gifts for you.”

Evans was tempted but wondered why Darcie who had little connection with her in high school decided to send gifts.

“No, thanks. I have enough bags.” Evans declined.

“Come on. Every time I’m in charge of an overseas flight, I always bring gifts to my friends at home. I’ll buy you gifts. See you.”

Darcie and her colleagues went into luxury stores to pick out the season’s new bags.

“Hey, look, Captain Franklin stands in front of that shoppe,” one of them said and pointed out.

Others looked over and found him standing in front of a luxury store and saying to the saleswoman, “Get me all the new bags of every color and every style.”

They gasped in shock. “How generous.”

“His wife is deeply loved.”

“All new bags.”

“God. If I get these bags, I’ll faint with happiness.”

“The cheapest bags cost hundreds of thousands of dollars.”

“All those bags he bought should cost him a lot.”

Darcie was pissed off. The two bags she bought for Evans cost her 20, 000 dollars.

By contrast, Franklin bought all the new bags, and the cheapest one cost hundreds of thousands.

Darcie was bursting with jealousy for Franklin’s wife.

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In the studio hall of the city government, all actors and actresses enjoyed Royal Galaxy’s bubble tea and snacks. The rehearsal felt like a comfortable trip.

Their dissatisfaction with Sylvia gave way to curiosity about why Royal Galaxy Restaurant, which never delivered any take-out, made an exception to Sylvia, about why she generously bought everyone food and drink, and about how much Logan spoiled her.

And they all admitted her talent and ability.

Under Sylvia’s guidance, Jenna made such great progress in piano that laymen could feel the music turned melodic.

When others just regarded Sylvia as a piano teacher, she was invited by William to study choreography and dance together to make sure the dance steps and rhythms were suitable.

Their skilled and professional dance steps greatly surprised others, especially those actors and actresses.

William’s exclamations sounded occasionally. “Wow, perfect. Your dance is perfect.”

“It’s what I want to express.”

All were amazed by Sylvia.

When mentors of the play studied the script and the expressions of the characters with her, she put forward the most constructive suggestions.

One mentor said, “Master Keturah wrote all the scripts. You guys must do your best.”

Mollie was shocked. “What? Master Keturah?”

“Keturah is an accomplished litterateur, more precisely, a genius. Miss Andrews is close to Master Keturah and invites her to write the scripts. Obviously, Miss Andrews is also talented.”

The mentor drank some water and added, “Put aside your dissatisfaction and jealousy. She is young and really talented.”

“Have you ever heard the song sung by a mysterious lady at Royal Galaxy that night?” Another mentor in charge of singing said, “You should listen carefully to Miss Andrews’ voice. Then you will find out Miss Andrews is the lady that night”

These mentors were professional enough to figure out they were the same person after listening to Sylvia’s voice.

“Are you kidding? You mean they are the same person?” Mollie was startled.

She regarded herself as a professional dancer and singer after decades of learning.

She could tell that the mysterious lady that night handled echoes, falsetto, and high notes perfectly.

Thus, some record companies went to Royal Galaxy, eager to know more about that lady.

Everyone could hum the old songs, but only professional singers like the lady at Royal Galaxy could sing them perfectly.

Mollie, though proud of her own professional skills, clearly knew that she couldn't sing the song as perfectly as that lady at Royal Galaxy did.

"Mollie, are you deaf as a singer?" a mentor teased her.

Mollie's face glowed with embarrassment.

In the past, Mollie always behaved haughtily in front of these mentors.

Now, she could do nothing when they mocked her with the support of Sylvia.

With eyes drifting to Sylvia, Mollie wondered if she was really the lady that night.

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In the Booker Residence, Mrs. Booker's mind was in a mess.

In the Wilson Group Tulip Town, she was touched by the miserable story of a college student and gave him 500,000 dollars.

But yesterday at the mall, she accidentally found that the college student she donated money to was walking around the luxury store with a girl and they were dressed in matching clothes.

Mrs. Booker was never short of money as her husband, was not only an agent of many sanitary product brands but also a sanitary manufacturer.

In other words, the Booker family was wealthy with its thriving business empire, though inferior to Wilson Group and Kennedy Firm.

500,000 dollars was just equivalent to one of her bracelets.

That college student had told Mrs. Booker that he, a poor child from a remote mountain village, tried hard to get admitted into the university but couldn't afford college tuition after his parents got seriously ill and his sister fell from the slope and broke her leg.

At that time, she trusted him and decided to help him.

Realizing that she was taken in by his fabricated sad story, Mrs. Booker turned sullen.

She couldn't tolerate being deceived.

Her husband noticed her emotional changes and asked, "What's wrong with you? You look relentless."

Mrs. Booker kept silent, reluctant to tell him the truth. If her husband knew the truth, she was very likely to be reproached by him.

Though her husband was nice to her, she was just a submissive wife and was given enough money to keep her image in front of other wealthy ladies.

He gave her everything and had a final say in the family.

“Do you hear me? Why keep silent?” Duncan Booker lit a cigarette. “You should go out with Mrs. Wilson frequently. We can make a fortune if Wilson Group buys our bathroom sets for the hotel it owns.”

“How much can we earn?” she asked.

Duncan crossed his legs. “The hotel is said to have 58 floors, with thirty rooms on each floor. If we put our bathroom sets in every room, we could make at least five million dollars from this deal.”

Mrs. Booker lost her word and pondered that she had donated over 5 billion dollars to help poor young talents since she joined in Wilson philanthropic foundation the year before last.

Wilson Group hosted at least seven auctions and charity dinners each year, which cost her a lot of money.

Mrs. Booker turned frightened at the thought that all this was just a fraud.

“So surprised? You look weird.” Duncan shot her a glance.

“Nothing. Don’t you think it is impossible to get money from Wilson Group? Though we make a contract, they will give the lowest offer price,” she said uneasily, tucking a wisp of her loosened hair behind her ear, and felt something wrong with Wilson Group.

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“Your words make sense. Clark is a mean guy.” Duncan was deep in thought.

Panic and anxiety seized Mrs. Booker.

Mrs. Booker finished her lunch in a hurry and went to see Mrs. Lee in a remote cafe.

Mrs. Lee asked after putting down her bag the moment she walked into the box. “What’s wrong? You look nervous.”

“Right, be seated.” Mrs. Booker told Mrs. Lee the whole thing.

Mrs. Lee was shocked. “Are you serious? He said he lived a miserable life. I gave him 500, 000 dollars so that he can take his parents and sister to the best hospital.”

“I feel restless and think he has cheated us,” Mrs. Booker said with a pale face.

“Don’t worry. This might not be as bad as we thought.” Mrs. Lee softly patted Mrs. Booker’s hand. “It’s not simple. When Luca was uncovered to be a fraud, Mrs. Wilson immediately gave Poppy one million as compensation. It seems that she was tricked, too.”

“If so, how could a cunning woman like her would be repeatedly cheated?” Mrs. Booker murmured.

“Perhaps, they just set us up.”

“Nonsense. If Master Clark knows our doubts, we will be doomed.” Mrs. Lee interrupted her. “Without any evidence, we can do nothing. If they hold a party, we can invite Miss Andrews.”

“Sounds like a good idea. She is good at fighting and not afraid of being troubled.” Mrs. Booker nodded. “I just told this thing to nobody but you. Before we figure out the whole thing, we should be meticulous. Otherwise, our business will suffer if Master Clark is provoked.”

“All right. My daughter has recently been dancing under the guidance of Miss Andrews. I’ll have my daughter contact her,” Mrs. Lee said.

“Dance?” Mrs. Booker was confused.

“Miss Andrews is the general director of National Day Gala this year. Both my daughter and my brother work in the bank. My brother recommended her to represent the bank to perform at the gala,” Mrs. Lee, proud of her brother and her daughter, answered smilingly.

“Well. Every government department sends its representatives to perform at the party every year. I am surprised to know the mayor trusts Miss Andrews so much,” Mrs. Booker said in surprise.

“Don’t worry. Wait for my good news.” Mrs. Lee then said goodbye to Mrs. Booker.

Mrs. Booker also left the cafe with her bag.

In fact, Mrs. Booker could do nothing about it, but Mrs. Lee, from a much more powerful family, could be of help.

Mrs. Booker got into a car and sighed.

She turned around and unexpectedly saw that college student in a famous brand of clothes.

She quickly took some pictures and felt cheated at the sight of his Audi A6L.

The car was not expensive for her, but ordinary college students could not afford it.

Though she wanted to ask Winter the whole thing, she held back her wrath when recalling Mrs. Lee’s words.

...

In the studio hall, Mollie felt highly embarrassed after realizing that Sylvia, who she looked down upon, was actually highly competent.

After Sylvia and a music mentor adapted a new song, a singer named Helena Lee, a beautiful girl from an influential family, perfectly performed the song under the guidance of Sylvia.

This melodic song turned more enchanting when Sylvia sang in a mellifluous voice.

As Helena, an amateur singer, patiently followed Sylvia’s professional instruction, Mollie, instead of feeling contempt for Sylvia, was jealous of Helena and thought she would make progress in singing with Sylvia’s help.

During a break, Mollie leaned over to Sylvia and said nervously, “Miss Andrews...”

Sylvia looked up at her, making Mollie ashamed. "What?"

Mollie opened her mouth and then said, "Sorry."

"For what?" Sylvia was puzzled.

Mollie blushed since a proud woman like her seldom apologized. "On your first day here, I didn't mean that..."

"Never mind." Sylvia was still calm.

At the same time, their conversation caught others' attention.

Others who had been unsatisfied with Sylvia now along well with her.

They were proud of having a chance to get William's professional suggestions.

"Is Miss Andrews here?" A Starbucks manager was at the door. "Here's the 130 cups of coffee Mr. Maskelyne ordered for you. Please check it."

The words, "Mr. Maskelyne" startled everyone.

They wondered if Mr. Maskelyne mentioned by the manager was the president of Maskelyne Group.

He was married. Why did he send coffee here? Was he messing with Sylvia?

Sylvia frowned and accepted the coffee, thinking, 'He should be flying the plane, but he still has time to send someone to pester me.'

As the coffee shop staff handed out coffee, William smilingly said, "I am so happy. Working with you, I can drink bubble tea and coffee and have snacks every day."

"Then why not work with me all the time?" Sylvia joked.

Those people who were rehearsing were sophisticated and they quickly came over to thank Sylvia.

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Sylvia waved her hand. "Don't mention it."

It was on Franklin's treat.

After answering the call from her mother outside the hall, Helena came to Sylvia and said awkwardly, "Miss Andrews, my mother wants to invite you for dinner. Are you available? You have met her in Wilson Group Tulip Town."

"Why?" Sylvia stared at her for a while.

"She likes you and wants to show her gratitude for guiding me in singing," Helena explained.

Rosie eavesdropped on them. With an odd feeling, she quickly sent Winter a text message to inform Winter.

...

As night fell, the moon surrounded by several stars was shining in the sky.

Sylvia accepted Helena's invitation and came to Lee Residence after dancing teaching.

Mrs. Lee warmly ushered her into the dining room. "After getting my daughter's call, I immediately asked the chef to prepare meals. Help yourself. Miss Andrews."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lee." She sat down and thanked the servant who handed her the towel.

"I didn't expect that my daughter is learning dance from you. You are so excellent. Well, you are about the same age. You are so talented, but my daughter is so ordinary." Mrs. Lee ingratiated herself with Sylvia.

Helena complained, "Mom, I am a good singer, okay?"

Sylvia chuckled. "Helena is competent in work and good at dancing. Save these polite words. Just get straight to the point."

The moment Sylvia walked into the house, she felt something fishy since Mrs. Lee prepared so many dishes on the table for just three people.

Mrs. Lee finally confessed, "Well, actually, I want to tell you something."

After Mrs. Lee told Sylvia what happened to Mrs. Booker, Sylvia sat and replied expressionlessly, "I'm sorry. I can't offer you help, but I can tell you how to deal with this matter."

"Miss Andrews, last time you exposed that guy was a fraud. I'm glad to hear that you have a way to help us out. I'm all ears." Mrs. Lee nodded.

She whispered in Mrs. Lee's ear and sat back. "Got it?"

"Yes. Thank you." Mrs. Lee nodded and put delicious dishes on Sylvia's plate. "Let's enjoy the meal."

After Sylvia finished dinner and left, Helena felt it unreal that Sylvia, at a young age, could think of a way to help her sophisticated mother.

She asked, "What did she say to you, mother?"

"Don't be nosy, my girl. You should learn more from her." Mrs. Lee went back to her bedroom.

...

Sylvia drove her Land Rover on the road at late night.

On leaving Lee Residence, she noticed she was trailed after by a car.

She smirked charmingly and stepped on the gas.

The car sped down the road.

The car trailed after her also sped up.

Sylvia proficiently controlled the car at a high speed and drew distance from the car behind her.

She turned into a road with many twists and turns and drove smoothly with great skill.

The average driver on this road could easily run into the railing on the curve.

The car behind failed to catch up with her though the driver tried his best.

“Fuck.”

“Did she hire a professional driver? Why is her car so fast?”

“No, she is the driver.”

“Is she such a good driver?”

Several men in the back of the car were on the verge of vomiting when their driver passed several curves at a high speed.

“Come on. Be careful. Ah!”

“Ah!”

“Bang!”

With the screams of them, the car crashed into the road railings, causing smoke to rise from the engine.

Dazzled, with blood on their heads, they stumbled and tried their best to get out.

Sylvia drove the Land Rover and disappeared from their sight.

At the sight of the crash behind her in the rear-view mirror, she wore a triumphant smile.

‘Pathetic guys. Wanna catch up with me? Dream on.’

...

The next morning, Sylvia got up to have breakfast as usual and was ready to go to the studio hall.

As soon as she opened the villa door, she was startled by the automatic loading truck at the entrance piled with more than one hundred boxes.

Inside these boxes were designer bags or clothes.

The driver asked when he saw her, “Are you Miss Andrews? Mr. Maskelyne bought these gifts from Emkath for you. Where do you want me to put these?”

When she noticed the Bentley not far away, Franklin gracefully walked over and looked extremely enchanting under the golden morning sunshine.

He sized up Sylvia who wore a white dress.

With long hair and pretty eyes, her fair face glowed under the sunshine.

Bewitched by her lovely face, he was eager to dash forward to embrace her.

His heart pounded.

He came to her and looked down. “Do you like these gifts?”

She had received a real estate complex worth 2.8 billion dollars and 999 roses and babybreath. Now he sent her luxury brands that filled the trunk.

Was squandering money all he could do?

She took a deep breath. "Franklin, can you do something meaningful? What you did makes me think you have a bad taste."

Franklin lost his words. After a while, he asked, "Could you tell me what I should do, sweetie?"

"Don't call me that way. I get to work now." She cast a glance at these boxes and speechlessly shook her head.

"These are all the latest clothes and bags. Won't you take a look? You'll find something you like." He turned sullen after noticing that she showed no interest in the gifts he picked for her.

She disdained to shoot a glance at these expensive gifts.

Different from airline stewardesses who could only afford one or two bags and had to hold back their desire for more bags, Sylvia had no desire for them.

As tensions grew, Franklin's eyes were bursting with rage.

Mixed feelings rose inside Sylvia.

She had many designer bags, so she didn't need these gifts.

It was just that she couldn't figure out why Franklin sent gifts to her like crazy.

chapter 137

6-8 minutes

After they got divorced, Sylvia felt he behaved like a creepy psycho.

Her understanding of him made her quit the idea of refusing his gifts.

If he did, she believed he would do something out of line and even stop her from leaving.

She had a task assigned by Mr. Wright. Since she undertook it, she would try her best to finish it. And now she needed to go to the studio hall.

With this in mind, she said to the driver, "Take them back to the villa and ask the maid to put them in the cloakroom."

A smile touched Franklin's lips.

He said, "Since you accept my gifts, you are my woman now."

"You're wrong. I just keep them for now. When you have a new wife, I will give her all these things." With that, she walked to her car.

"I'll give you a lift." He clasped her wrist and shoved her into the Bentley.

Jasper was surprised to see it.

Franklin stared at her with his sharp eyes and asked in a charming voice to break the silence, "What are you thinking?"

She lowered her head, her long wavy hair concealing her side face and emotions on her face.

"Nothing." Her red lips moved slightly.

Her voice was small and yet enchanting.

His heart skipped a beat.

He knew she was stunning.

After their divorce, she was even breathtakingly beautiful, exuding charisma

Before she figured out what happened, she was pressed against his strong chest.

She could sense his desire for her.

He hugged her so tightly that she couldn't break free.

Then her mind went blank as he kissed her suddenly.

His manly breath filled her nostrils.

Sylvia felt as if she was on cloud nine.

His eyes filled with lust for her, and he gazed at her.

He had long known how bewitching Sylvia was.

Just a simple kiss made him lose his composure.

"Franklin, stop now. Don't think..."

'Don't think you can do whatever you want just because you save me!'

Sylvia, however, withheld these words.

She tried to struggle but he hugged her more tightly.

Realizing what Franklin was going to do, she wriggled uneasily.

"Don't move!"

The car pulled over at an unnoticeable roadside.

Jasper got out of the car knowingly, squatted at the roadside, and smoked.

Her familiar, captivating breaths reassured him.

Sylvia, by contrast, was irked by him. Though the passers-by couldn't see them clearly from outside, she felt ill at ease.

“Franklin, can you control yourself? I got to go to the studio hall.” Sylvia wanted to give him a slap.

“Let me take a nap.” His mellifluous voice came to her ears and a blush burned her face.

The car was spacious, but she felt as if she was confined in a cell.

She could hardly get rid of him.

Soon, she recovered her composure.

As his scent filled her nose, she tilted her head, only to see Franklin sleeping with her in his arms.

‘Damn it! Am I like a pillow? Why does he fall asleep every time he hugs me?’

Jasper squatted at the roadside to smoke a cigarette. Strangely, there were no signs of any sexual intercourse.

Jasper scratched his head confusedly. ‘Just now, Mr. Maskelyne seemed eager to have sex with Miss Andrews, but why didn’t he do it?’

He got in the car, only to find Franklin was asleep.

Jasper started the car and said to Sylvia in a low voice, “Mr. Maskelyne was flying the plane the whole day and night and didn’t sleep.”

So, Franklin was exhausted.

Sylvia sighed, “What’s wrong with him? Can’t he sleep without me?”

“No, he can’t. He can drift into sleep easily with you by his side, but he will suffer insomnia without you,” Jasper added.

“Nonsense.”

Half an hour later, the car pulled up to the studio hall entrance.

She pinched Franklin’s waist. “Get up. I’m getting out of the car.”

Noticing that he showed no signs of waking up, she bit him hard on the neck.

He felt the pain and had to open his eyes.

“I’m hurt.” He sullenly shot her a glance with his slightly blood-shot eyes.

“So let me go.” Sylvia stopped biting him and felt satisfied with the mark on his neck, just like a naughty child.

Franklin sighed and touched the mark on his neck.

He looked at himself through the rear-view mirror, only to see a teeth mark, oozing blood, near the left collarbone.

“Why did you bite me?” he still looked tired and asked in a tone tinged with anger.

Though his handsome face was written with displeasure, Sylvia shot a glance and indifferently replied, "You've bitten me before."

Then, she opened the car door. "Bye, Mr. Maskelyne."

Her provocative tone enraged him.

Then Jasper quickly changed the subject to divert Franklin's attention. "Mr. Maskelyne, we have our men spy on Tiffany these days."

"Keep an eye on her. Take action when necessary," Franklin said coldly, staring after Sylvia.

Even her back was captivating.

In Maskelyne Group, Franklin jubilantly walked into the company without covering the mark on his neck.

It made employees gossip about it.

They were surprised that Mrs. Maskelyne had the guts to bite Mr. Maskelyne.

They guessed Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne must have had passionate sex last night and they would soon have a baby.

Franklin showed it off in a good mood.

Jasper who knew the whole thing was speechless.

...

Tiffany and Darcie met in a cafe.

"Darcie, I've told you. No need to buy me bags." Tiffany looked at the two bags of new style with greed in her eyes.

She hadn't bought new bags for a long time.

She didn't expect Darcie, her high-school classmate, to be so generous to her.

Darcie smiled. "You are my good friend. A reminder, Sylvia has Logan's support. Longevity Pharmaceuticals managed by Logan has been thriving in recent years. So, you should be much more careful."

"That bitch. How do you know about her?" Tiffany said exasperatedly.

"She has been the trending topic in recent days."

Darcie stared at Tiffany. "I feel sorry for you. Sylvia is so mean to you, but Captain Franklin just turned a blind eye to it and didn't help you."

"Frank is cheated by that cunning slut. In LX Shoppe, she purposely showed weakness in front of Frank."

Hearing Tiffany address Franklin so intimately, Darcie paused for a moment and cursed Tiffany inside, 'Bitch, you don't deserve to call him Frank!'

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Darcie held back her contempt for Tiffany and wore a gentle smile.

“You are close to him, but Sylvia ruins your relationship with him.”

“I am his best childhood playmate,” Tiffany showed it off.

“Some time ago, Sylvia took the plane that Franklin flew. She seems very close to Franklin, too.” Darcie hid the fact that Sylvia was Franklin’s wife from Tiffany.

She didn’t dare to reveal it, for fear that Franklin would find it out and teach her a lesson.

Thus, she exposed it in an implicit way.

The Hart family was much more powerful than the Evans family.

The Hart family was doing business abroad, so Darcie knew Franklin’s mother planned to return home.

Darcie cured her lips and stared at Tiffany. “I heard that Franklin’s mother was planning to return home. Tiffany, you are Franklin’s childhood playmate, so you must have seen her mother. How about you go to see visit mother? Perhaps, she will like you.”

“When does his mother return home? I heard that Franklin’s wife was an indecent woman. I’m gonna make Franklin’s mother like me.” Tiffany looked at Darcie excitedly.

“I will inform you once I get the latest news.” Darcie smilingly patted her hand. “I will keep an eye on passenger information for your sake.”

“Darcie, my good friend, if I make it, I would repay you!” Feeling moved, Tiffany held Darcie’s hands.

No one was willing to talk with her now, but Darcie did her a favor at this time.

Darcie still wore a fake smile. “Don’t mention it. We are friends.”

...

In the studio hall, everyone was surprised to find that all the things, including the stage, the guide table, the lighting screen, and even the camera were brand new.

Especially the big screen and lights look imposing.

“Wow. Did I get to the wrong place? Why did all the things change?”

“Awesome!”

“The lighting equipment is much better than that of last year.”

“Did Sylvia change all the equipment?”

Sylvia was also shocked and quickly explained, “I did nothing.”

The next second, she received a text message from Franklin. “Are you satisfied with the new stage?”

Sylvia had to admit that Franklin was much more extravagant than her.

To her surprise, the stage was deliberately re-designed with a more convenient layout and a lifting platform.

The stage designer must have made a lot of effort.

She was moved and replied, "Thank you on Mr. Wright's behalf."

"Well, Maskelyne Group is the biggest sponsor of the gala." He sent another message.

Sylvia was speechless. Franklin's message inspired her. Then she sent a message to Logan and asked him to try to make Longevity Pharmaceuticals a sponsor of National Day Gala.

Logan knew it was a good chance to publicize Longevity Pharmaceuticals, so he soon replied, "OK."

After that, she began to schedule all the shows and asked everyone to rehearse so that they would not be nervous during the official performance.

She went to the bathroom during a break and left her glass on a seat.

As soon as she left, a cleaner walked over to the seat, stood for a moment, and left.

Three minutes later, Sylvia came back to drink water but frowned at tiny bubbles rising from the water in the glass.

Then she asked Jenna who was closest to her, "Who passed this seat just now?"

Jenna who focused on her piano didn't notice anyone and shook her head. "No. What's wrong?" she asked curiously while looking at Sylvia's beautiful face.

"Nothing." Sylvia left with the glass in her hand.

She went out of the hall and poured the water into a flower pot at the door.

She gloomily looked at the rising bubbles in the soil and figured out it was poison.

She immediately used her phone to check the surveillance video from a few minutes earlier and noticed that a cleaner had placed a pelleted drug in the glass and it soon dissolved in water.

Wondering who was the mastermind behind it, she put away her phone and returned to the studio hall, her cold eyes sweeping across everyone.

Unfortunately, she failed to find the culprit in the crowd and decided to be more careful in the future.

She didn't disclose this thing and concentrated on her job.

An assistant of Mr. Wright came over, surprised at the orderly rehearsal, and admired Sylvia for her competence in managing these people.

The assistant stayed for a while and left.

Sylvia left after the rehearsal was finished and found the Bentley parked across the road.

As Franklin rolled down the window, revealing his handsome appearance, Sylvia paused and wanted to run away.

But Franklin called her at the time. Under his sharp gaze, Sylvia was forced to answer his phone call.

His mellow voice said, "I brought you here in the morning. I should pick you up in the evening." It seemed that he didn't allow her any room for refusal.

chapter 139

Many artists came out of the building. Some people talked to Sylvia. "Miss Andrews, Did you not drive today?"

An actor asked, "How about I take you home?"

"You guys just go away. Let me take Miss Andrews home." Mollie rushed over and stood by her side.

As Sylvia breathed a sigh of relief and was ready to leave with Mollie, Jenna asked in a low voice, "Can I take you home, Miss Andrews? My uncle drives here and wants to see you."

Glared at by Mollie, Jenna winced in fear.

Sylvia chuckled. "I'll go back home with Jenna. Mollie, let's go home together some other day."

Mollie snorted and glared at Jenna.

Franklin saw Sylvia and Jenna go to a BMW.

An elegant man got out of the car, wearing a fire police uniform with a four-bar epaulette on his shoulder strap.

Franklin frowned.

It was rumored that the youngest son of the Carson family, Aldo, worked as a fire department director, and he was unmarried but adopted a girl.

That girl... Franklin's gaze fell on Jenna.

Franklin sullenly gazed at the BMW in front of his car, at the thought that Aldo wanted to court Sylvia.

Franklin complained of being ignored by Sylvia.

Last time, she got into Poppy's Porsche. This time, she chose Aldo's BMW.

Why did she despise his Bentley so much!

Jasper asked in a trembling voice, "What should we do now?"

Franklin ordered ruthlessly, "Catch up with that car."

Then the Bentley sped up.

In the BMW, Aldo, surprised by Sylvia's striking beauty, drove the car and said, "Thank you for your instructions to Jenna. She loves piano but is poor at communications."

"She is talented," Sylvia replied.

Unexpectedly, Jenna's uncle was a handsome young man.

At the sight of Aldo's fire police uniform, Sylvia recalled Franklin's pilot uniform.

Though they were both charming and handsome, Franklin could overshadow Aldo.

This thought startled Sylvia and she quickly collected herself to get this man out of her mind.

"Also, I'm hungry. How about taking Miss Andrews to dinner?" Jenna, who was silent usually, said in a cute voice.

As her sweet voice almost melted his heart, Aldo replied tenderly, "OK. Where do you want to go for dinner?"

Jenna smilingly looked at Sylvia beside her. "What's your idea? Miss Andrews, I made great progress these days thanks to your instructions. Just order what you like."

In the studio hall, Jenna was timid and reticent, and looked frightened whenever someone talked to her.

But Sylvia found that Jenna was outgoing and lively in front of Aldo.

"Just go to the restaurant you like." Sylvia didn't decline her invitation.

"OK. We will go to Violet Heart Restaurant, Jenna's favorite restaurant." Aldo veered the car to another road.

Watching Sylvia walk into Violet Heart Restaurant, together with Aldo and Jenna, Franklin was very upset.

Jasper thought, 'Mr. Maskelyne would not choose to cut off the restaurant's power supply this time, would he?'

Sitting in the back seat, Franklin exuded a powerful vibe, gloominess gathering in his handsome face.

In the box on the second floor, Aldo and Jenna sat together. Sylvia sat opposite them.

Aldo put the dishes on Jenna's plate. And all Jenna needed to do was eat.

It was rumored that the youngest son of the Carson family refused to get married because he disdained women and was impotent.

Sylvia doubted the rumors after seeing how he doted on Jenna.

Jenna seemed used to it and enjoyed having food.

He put a bowl of soup before Jenna and said to Sylvia, "Honestly, Jenna is autistic. She gradually gets better these years."

"Now she can have a brief conversation with others, like me." Sylvia gazed at Jenna full of love in her eyes, as if she was looking at her sister.

"You are an exception." Aldo turned serious. "I have arranged for her to do secretarial work by my side in my department. But she never talks to others. This time, I ask her to participate in this gala to come into contact with more people."

“Mr. Carson, she performs well. She needs encouragement and support from her family.” Sylvia picked some meals for Jenna and the latter gave a soft smile, looking extremely lovely.

“Anyway, thank you for your instructions for her these days. Without your help, she may confine herself in her world and refuse to talk to anyone.”

The Carson family strongly opposed Aldo’s adoption of a child and didn’t conceal their contempt for Jenna.

But at the first sight of Jenna, a 6-year-old girl who stayed in a dark corner on a rainy night, Aldo felt her sorrow in her bright eyes and decided to bring her home and protect her.

“Don’t mention it. She is a talented piano player.” Sylvia told the truth since she had found Jenna was even more gifted than her.

chapter 140

If Jenna received professional training and courses, she would be more proficient.

Suddenly, Aldo’s phone rang.

He quickly answered the call from his commissioner. “Aldo, come over. I got a case and need your help.”

Aldo replied, “OK. I’ll go right now.”

He hung up and apologetically stroked Jenna’s head. “Jenna, I gotta something to do. You stay here to enjoy your meal with Miss Andrews, right?”

“Aldo...” Jenna parted her rosy lips and was reluctant to let him go.

“Don’t worry. Miss Andrews will be with you.” Aldo kissed Jenna’s forehead to placate her and nodded at Sylvia.

Franklin smirked at Aldo who rushed out of Violet Heart in his uniform and drove away.

In the fire station, with his forehead covered with sweat, Mr. Parsons breathed a sigh of relief after hanging up the phone.

He wondered how Aldo offended Franklin.

Now, Mr. Parsons was in a dilemma since he couldn’t provoke either Aldo or Franklin.

Fortunately, Mr. Parsons managed to call Aldo back because he indeed needed Aldo’s help in a case.

In the box, Sylvia sized Jenna up.

Intuition told her that Jenna was more than a niece to Aldo. More precisely, Aldo treated Jenna like treating a lover.

Meeting Jenna’s innocent eyes, Sylvia said nothing.

“I had a sister when I was little,” Sylvia said faintly.

“How about her now?” Jenna felt Sylvia seemed to imply something.

“My mother and sister... Well, just forget it.”

“OK.” Somehow, Jenna felt familiar with Sylvia and wanted to open her heart to Sylvia. “My uncle told me he brought me home from the pouring rain when I was six years old, but I didn’t remember what happened back then.”

“He treats you well.” Sylvia smiled.

Jenna’s lovely face glowed under the light.

In a trance, Sylvia seemed to hear her sister’s calling.

However, the horrible car accident claimed the lives of her mother and sister.

Though it was difficult to unlock the truth behind the seemingly simple accident after decades, she decided to try her best.

After dinner, they left the restaurant.

Jenna called Aldo. “Aldo, when do you come back? We have finished dinner.”

After a while, she handed the phone to Sylvia. “Miss Andrews, please answer the phone.”

Sylvia took the phone. Aldo’s voice sounded on the other side of the phone, “Miss Andrews, I’m sorry. I have to deal with some work. Could you take her home? I’ll feel very worried if she comes home alone.”

“I’ll send her home. Don’t worry.”

“Thank you.”

Sylvia gave the phone back. “Let’s go. I’ll take you home.”

Just then a Bentley pulled up slowly in front of them.

Franklin got off and came to Sylvia. “What a coincidence. Where are you going?”

Sylvia cast a glance at him. “What a coincidence.”

“I’ll take you home.”

He ignored Jenna and fixated on Sylvia’s beautiful face.

“Jenna, get in the car.” Sylvia and Jenna got into the back of the car.

Due to Jenna, Franklin could not sit beside Sylvia and had to sit in the passenger seat alone.

He refrained from his anger.

Anyway, Sylvia was willing to be in the same car with him.

Jenna looked at Franklin, who was strikingly handsome. Somehow, she felt Franklin frightening. Thus, she couldn’t help but lean against Sylvia.

Then she noticed his face darkened. It seemed that he wanted to kick her out of the car and severely punish Sylvia.

Sylvia, however, kept calm.

Jenna was a little bit envious of Sylvia, who could face up to such a terrible man.

Sensing Jenna's feelings of dependence and attachment to Sylvia, Franklin was irritated.

Who was this little girl?

She looked like a pitiful rabbit. Sick of it, Franklin wanted to throw her out.

At the same time, an idea popped up in his mind. 'If I look pitiful in front of Sylvia just like this girl does, Sylvia will feel pity for me and pay more attention to me, right?'

He decided to have a try.

He tapped his fingers on his thigh, wondering how to get Sylvia's attention.

Jasper who focused on driving felt a little scared when sitting beside his boss.

From time to time, Franklin peered at Sylvia's fair face in the rear-view mirror.

Just a glance at her would fill his heart with joy and peace. But the girl next to Sylvia slightly spoiled his good mood.

As the car smoothly passed over other cars, he tapped his fingers on his thigh.

"Miss Andrews, where does this lady go?" Jasper suddenly asked.

"I live in Towner Villa," Jenna whispered and looked a little nervous.

Joy flashed through Franklin's eyes and his irritation got slightly relieved.

"I also live there," Franklin said in a deep voice and looked at the dark sky outside the window.

It was night. He could sleep with Sylvia again!

In fact, powerful and influential as he was, what he wished was to sleep soundly.

Sylvia suddenly had a bad hunch. She felt that Franklin seemed to imply something.

Damn it! Why did Jenna happen to live in Towner villa area?

After Jenna was sent back home, the car stopped at the entrance of Franklin's villa.

"Get out of the car."

When he got out of the car, he opened the door for her like a gentleman.

His sudden change only made her believe he had mental problems.

"I'll do nothing to you. I didn't have dinner. I just want you to cook some pasta for me." He frowned at her vigilance.

She could have dinner with Aldo happily, but she was so unwilling to cook food for him. He just wanted to eat some pasta!

This thought made him heartbroken.

“Couldn’t you cook some pasta for me?” He gazed at this charming woman in the car and said domineeringly.

“No. If you don’t send me back, I can leave on my own.” She declined.

Intuition told her that she could not leave tonight once she stepped into that villa.

She didn’t doubt that he would try every means to keep her.

Franklin suddenly covered his stomach with his hands, frowning and looking pale.

He was like an injured rabbit.

Sylvia took a deep breath and told herself that she shouldn’t feel sorry for him or cook for him after the divorce.

At this time, Jasper said with an undertone, “Miss Andrews, Mr. Maskelyne just drank a cup of coffee for lunch and didn’t have dinner. He will get a stomach ache without eating!”