

Revealed 161

chapter 161

Before the nurse could say something, Skyla interrupted her and said to Sylvia, "Sylvia, I am so disappointed at your hospital! This nurse spoke ill of us and her attitude is awful. I asked her where your grandma was, but she ignored me. I'm so angry, and I am going to complain about her to the supervisor. She must be fired."

Skyla didn't dare to scold Sylvia.

Instead, Skyla took her annoyance out on the nurse.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow, looked at Skyla, and coldly said, "You are in the hospital. How dare you make a scene here! Security guards get in here! What are you doing now? Hurry up and kick this woman out!"

"What did you say?" Skyla stared at Sylvia in shock. "I am at least your stepmother. I have supported you for so many years, but you don't take my side. Instead, you ask them to drive me out. Sylvia! I'll complain to your supervisor and make you fired!"

Sylvia said faintly, "Make me fired? You can try."

The security guards caught Skyla and began to drag her out.

Otto hurriedly said, "Sylvia, we are a family. Can you forgive her for me?"

Sylvia sneered. "A family? Grandma is your mother, but what did you do to her? You ask her to live in the utility room. I'm your daughter. But you abused me when I was little. You never treat us as your family."

Then she decisively said to the security guards, "Kick them all out. I don't want to see them!"

"But you can't kick me out. I am also working here!" Tammy was surprised that Sylvia was so domineering.

She did not expect Sylvia to call the security guards! And even the head of security guards came!

His obedience to Sylvia irritated Tammy.

Tammy angrily pointed at the head of security and scolded, "You must have an affair with Sylvia! Right? Why are you so obedient to her?"

Before Tammy could say something, Tammy gave her a slap.

It was so loud that it kept echoing throughout the corridor.

Sylvia withdrew her hand. "Watch your mouth!"

Tammy stared at Sylvia in disbelief. With a prickling feeling, the left half of her face quickly swelled up. And the red mark of Sylvia's hand showed plainly on it.

"Mom! Dad! She hit me! How dare she!"

"It hurts! Dad, you must help me!"

It took a while before Tammy realized what was going on. Tears kept trickling down her cheeks.

Then she flung herself towards Sylvia, only to be kicked in the stomach and knocked over to the ground. "Throw her out!"

"Sylvia! She is your sister. You are too cruel!" Tammy was Otto's beloved daughter. Therefore, when he saw this, he was furious and raised his hand.

Suddenly! Otto's arm was grabbed by someone.

Sylvia coldly stared into Otto's eyes and said through gritted teeth, "How ridiculous! As a son, you abused your mother. As a father, you are going to hit me."

Otto paled with pain, and he subconsciously looked toward the one grabbing his arm.

It was a tall man, who was wearing a gloomy face. His eyes were freezing cold, sending a chill down Otto's spine!

Otto kept trying to step into the upper class but failed.

However, he could recognize Franklin, "Mr. Maskelyne?"

Franklin's strength shocked Otto!

Otto felt his wrist was almost crushed.

Otto remembered he had never offended Franklin, so he didn't know why Franklin did this to him.

"How dare you hit her! I'll kill you!" Franklin said coldly through his thin lips.

The next second, he vigorously flung away Otto's arm!

Otto lost his balance and fell to the ground.

It took Otto a while to recover from the pain and get up. Instead of getting angry, he looked at Franklin with an ingratiating smile. "Mr. Maskelyne, may I know what your relationship with Sylvia is."

"It's none of your business," Franklin said with ruthlessness in his eyes. "Just get them out."

"Yes, sir." Jasper stepped forward and respectfully handed a clean handkerchief to Franklin.

Franklin took it and wiped his fingers elegantly with a look of disgust.

It was as if there were some nasty bacteria on Otto's arm.

Otto had intended to take advantage of Sylvia's relationship with Franklin.

But now, Franklin's obvious contempt was a great humiliation to Otto.

As the president of a company, Otto had never suffered such humiliation, but he knew he couldn't offend Franklin.

Otto was curious about Sylvia's relationship with Franklin.

Franklin walked to Sylvia and asked in a worried tone, "How are you? Are you injured?"

“No, no one can hurt me!” Sylvia said with an expressionless face.

“That’s good.” Franklin looked towards Jasper.

Jasper hurriedly joined security guards to drive Otto, Skyla, and Tammy outside.

“I’m not leaving! I’m the nurse here!” Tammy greedily stared at Franklin.

She thought, “This is Mr. Maskelyne. He’s so handsome!

‘He is also very wealthy. What a perfect man! But why does Sylvia know him? It seems they are familiar with each other! What a slut! How dare you seduce Mr. Maskelyne!’

Thinking of this, Tammy was furious. Driven by her fury, she pushed away the security guard who was holding her arm and rushed towards Franklin, “Nice to meet you, Mr. Maskelyne. I’m Tammy, Sylvia’s sister. May I friend you?”

Franklin frowned and looked a little disgusted.

He looked at Sylvia and then at Tammy. “You don’t share the same mother, right?”

Franklin didn’t think Sylvia had such an ugly sister.

“Yes, we even don’t share the same father.” Sylvia nodded.

“No wonder she’s so ugly,” Franklin concluded.

“I’m not ugly.” Tammy was discouraged. Although she did not look as perfect as Sylvia, she was not ugly at all.

“You, especially your nose and eyes, look far worse than Sylvia,” Franklin said as he looked away from Tammy in disgust.

“You must be hoodwinked by Sylvia. To tell you the truth, she’s a slut. She’s having an affair with the head of the security guards. She also flirts with Logan Mertens.”

Before Tammy finished her words, Jasper stepped forward and gave her a slap.

It was very loud.

“How dare you defame Miss Andrews!”

Jasper was in a rage.

The right side of Tammy’s face swelled at once. With a buzzing in her ears, she was almost blinded with pain.

It really hurt!

“Give her another twenty slaps!” Franklin’s eyes were burning with rage, which scared everyone at present.

How ruthless Franklin was!

chapter 162

5-6 minutes

Everyone at present was shocked at the powerful vibe that Franklin put out except for Sylvia!

She had been silent from the beginning to the end.

She just watched Tammy's drama.

Tammy was actually humiliating herself. Thus, Tammy deserved it!

Jasper pulled up his sleeves and raised his palm towards Tammy's face.

Tammy wailed in pain, "How dare you hit me! You! I'll sue you!"

"Well, just sue me." Franklin's expression remained cold.

He showed no mercy to anyone who offended Sylvia.

Tammy was dizzy from the beating, and very quickly, she fainted.

"Mr. Maskelyne, she fainted."

"Then go on with it when she wakes up. She can't get away with it," Franklin said in a deep voice.

"Yes."

And then Otto, Skyla, and Tammy were thrown out.

Skyla's hair was disheveled and her clothes were ragged.

It was a great insult to her.

She cried and punched Otto, "You coward! You did nothing when Tammy is beaten!"

"Look at Tammy! She is almost disfigured."

"It will be difficult for her to get married."

"Shut up," Otto roared in anger.

"No, I won't!" Skyla kept crying and screaming.

Otto threw Tammy onto the back seat of the car and impatiently said, "If you don't shut up, I will have you go home alone!"

"Otto, what are you doing? You are biting the hand that feeds you. All you had today is the result of my approval of your marriage with that woman." Skyla got into the car and began to scratch Otto's face.

"Shut up! Never mention that before me again!"

Otto kicked Skyla away. "I'm the one who is supporting the family. If it weren't for me, you and Tammy would have starved to death."

Skyla was slammed onto the car door. She screamed in anger, "How dare you hit me!"

Otto was mad with anger.

He and Skyla had always got along well with each other and had never had such a fight before.

Otto was in a very bad mood.

Therefore, he had no patience to coax Skyla. Instead, he started the car. "Just be quiet, or I'll throw you out!"

With tears trickling down his cheeks, Skyla began to complain, "I was pregnant, but I could not marry you. I lived in the rental house and gave birth to Tammy. Only when that woman died did you dare to take me and Tammy home. Now you're rich, but you want to drive us out."

"What a bastard!"

Skyla kept crying, which distracted Otto and almost made him hit a car.

"If you don't shut up, I will hit the opposite car, and none of us can survive!"

Skyla then bit her lip and stop making any more noise, but the tears kept trickling down her cheeks.

She was in a rage!

'Sylvia! I will never forget what you did to Tammy and me. I will get you back one day!'

In the hospital, Franklin finally figured out Sylvia's relationship with the Andrews family.

He quickly snapped out of his shock. "You don't seem to be a member of them."

During their four-year marriage, Franklin had never investigated Sylvia, so he didn't know much about her.

He didn't even know how many people there were in her family.

They had been a couple, but they didn't bother to know each other back then.

Franklin had always thought Sylvia was an orphan.

He didn't expect that she would have such shameless family.

"When Grandma gets well this time, I'm going to bring her to me and live with me," Sylvia said calmly.

She would never have her grandmother alone again.

"Why did you never pick her up before?" Franklin looked at Sylvia with a worried look.

He wanted to hold her hand but didn't.

"I've asked her many times to live with me. But she didn't agree." Sylvia said sadly, "She probably always thought I had a hard life or something."

"It's my fault," Franklin said in a husky voice.

"What do you mean?" Sylvia looked up at him with a confused look.

“If I had cared more about you before, I would have picked Grandma up for you a long time ago.”

Franklin’s words touched Sylvia.

Her heart contracted.

It took her a while to calm down and said hoarsely, “Thanks, but it has nothing to do with you.”

Sylvia could have done it herself.

She had money, a house, a car, and a good job, so she didn’t have to rely on anyone.

Although what Franklin said moved her, Sylvia tried her best not to think about what he meant.

Thus, she looked away and changed the topic. “What brings you here?”

Franklin looked at her in silence, and his dark eyes seemed as dazzling as obsidian.

He was going to have the whole emergency room to himself again and have the chief call Sylvia in for a visit.

However, before he did it, he saw what happened in the corridor.

What a coincidence!

Franklin was in a good mood.

There was even a smile on the corner of his lips.

“My friend Brayden is hospitalized here; you have seen him before.”

Sylvia raised an eyebrow. “What’s wrong with him?”

“He has a cold. It is not a big deal, but he must be hospitalized.” Franklin remained calm even when he was lying.

He didn’t want to admit that he was here to set her up.

“Then I should go and visit him.” Sylvia stood up. “Which floor is he hospitalized on?”

chapter 163

Franklin took out his phone with a calm face. “I’ll ask Jasper.”

Brayden was in a ward on the fifth floor.

Brayden said with dissatisfaction, “Franklin said he needed my help, so I hurried here. But he asked me to pretend to be sick!”

“Take it easy, Master Brayden. Mr. Maskelyne has had the whole floor to you.” Jasper pressed Brayden down to the bed and covered him with the quilt.

“I don’t want this at all.” Brayden was very speechless.

He thought it was a shame to do so.

He couldn't understand why Franklin asked him to do so.

"Mr. Maskelyne said he would give you three days off and a set of the latest fishing equipment if you did a good job."

"Really?" Brayden's eyes lit up.

He had wanted a set of fishing equipment for a long time, but it was too expensive for him to buy.

Extravagance was not allowed in the Wright family.

Now that Franklin was willing to buy him the equipment, Brayden would certainly agree.

Just then, footsteps came from outside the door of the ward. Brayden hurriedly pretended to cough with a weak look.

Franklin knocked on the door, and Jasper hurriedly opened the door. "Good afternoon, Mr. Maskelyne and Miss Andrews."

Sylvia nodded at Jasper, and then said to Brayden, who was lying on the bed, "Why didn't you tell me you were hospitalized?"

Brayden coughed violently as he said, "It is not a big deal. I don't want to bother you."

Sylvia calmly looked at Brayden's face, which was red because of coughing. "Master Brayden, did you get an IV drip? What does the fluid contain?"

Brayden's mind was blank. He didn't expect such a question.

But he said quickly, "I didn't pay attention to it. It seemed to be about anti-inflammatory."

"If you have an IV drip, why is there no needle hole on the back of your hand?" Sylvia coldly said, lifting the quilt with one hand. "What do you and Franklin want to do?"

Brayden was hopeless!

He screwed it up.

And he wouldn't get the fishing equipment!

Sylvia glared at Franklin, turned around, and left.

Franklin hurriedly caught her arm. "Honey, just stop and listen to me"

"For what? You joined with your friends to lie to me." Sylvia was expressionless, so Franklin couldn't figure out whether she was angry or not.

"Let me explain." Franklin grabbed her wrist. "I did not mean to do it. I just want to see you, so I came to the hospital. I want to..."

"Stop it. I don't know if you're telling the truth or not, and I don't care. It has nothing to do with me anyway." Sylvia shrugged Franklin off and continued to walk towards the door.

"I just wanted to go to the emergency room and call you in like what I did last time, only to run into you in the corridor," Franklin said anxiously.

But his words made Sylvia angrier.

"Can you stop being childish?" Sylvia glanced at Franklin.

She thought he must be insane!

Just then, a nurse rushed over, "Dr. Sylvia, your grandmother is awake."

"I'm going over there now." Sylvia nodded and walked towards the ward where Kira was.

Franklin followed her without any hesitation.

Kira looked very bad, lying weakly on the hospital bed. With a needle pricked into the back of her hand, the medicine was infused into her body drop by drop.

She was exhausted.

She looked around the surroundings and found it was not the attic or any other place in the Andrews family.

And for a moment, Kira heard the footsteps and Sylvia's voice, "Grandma, how are you?"

"Sibbie," Kira turned her head to look at Sylvia in surprise.

She couldn't help but reach out her hand, and Sylvia hurriedly held it. "Grandma, why didn't you call me when you were sick?"

"I don't want to cause you any trouble." Kira sighed, "It is nothing serious, and I'll be fine soon."

"Grandma, what are you talking about? I'm your granddaughter." Sylvia looked at her worriedly.

"That's why I don't want to bother you." Helped up by Sylvia, Kira looked at Sylvia lovingly, "It's not easy for you to earn money."

"But why did you never tell me what Dad did to you? If I hadn't happened to go back to visit you, I couldn't have known that you were living in the attic!" Sylvia's eyes were full of anger.

"It's not bad to live in the attic. It's pretty quiet," Kira said with a smile.

"Grandma, please live with me after you are discharged from the hospital. I will not let you go back to suffer anymore." Sylvia held her hand. "I live in a villa with some friends. You've seen the twin brothers. They are easy to get along with."

"No need. Sylvia, I am too old to live with young people." Kira shook her head. "I have a son, so I should live with him."

"Grandma, please don't be so stubborn," Sylvia said with a pleading tone.

"Grandma, this is for you," Franklin said in a husky tone. Kira looked up in surprise and saw him step into the ward.

She thought this young man was very spirited.

She had seen countless people. But Franklin was the most handsome one she had ever seen.

Kira was a little confused. "Who are you?"

"I am Franklin, Sylvia's friend. I'm here to visit you." Franklin put the flowers in his hand on the table, followed by Jasper, who was carrying several boxes of nutritional products.

"I didn't know you have such a handsome friend," Kira whispered to Sylvia.

Sylvia was speechless.

She didn't expect Franklin to come.

This man was getting more insane.

"I forget to tell you about him," Sylvia said with a shrug.

"You're so polite. I hope Sibbie didn't cause too much trouble for you," Kira said very politely.

The more she looked at Franklin, the more satisfied she was.

"No, I'm the one who always causes trouble for her," Franklin glanced at Sylvia and then said.

"It's good that you know it," Sylvia said expressionlessly.

Words failed Franklin.

Kira smiled. "Sylvia, it's not impolite to say that to your friend."

Sylvia did not say anything.

Franklin found it interesting that Sylvia was so obedient before Kira.

There was no doubt Sylvia attached great importance to Kira.

This was interesting.

"Please sit down, Franklin." Kira greeted Franklin amiably.

A smile played on the corner of Franklin.

As the president of Maskelyne Group, Franklin was always flattered.

Hence, this was his first time being treated like an ordinary person.

He could clearly feel the sincerity in Kira's eyes.

Her eyes were kind and calm.

Even abused by her son and daughter-in-law, she was not very angry and resentful.

She just calmly faced this.

Franklin appreciated her upbeat attitude to life.

Maybe only the old like Kira who had gone through ups and downs could have such an attitude to life.

chapter 164

Franklin said gently to Kira, "Grandma, do you want some fruit?"

And then he signaled for Jasper to do it. Jasper hurriedly opened the fruit basket and took out several large red apples from it.

Before Jasper could peel one, Franklin said, "I'll do it myself."

Jasper was shocked and almost stabbed his finger with the knife.

It was rare for Franklin to peel an apple.

Only Kira and Sylvia deserved such treatment!

Sylvia then saw Franklin take over the apple and the knife, and began to peel the apple with his big hands.

He was even charming when he peeled an apple.

Under the incandescent light of the ward, he looked mysterious and noble, due to which Sylvia was unwilling to look away from him.

Gradually, Sylvia flushed and her heart began to beat faster.

Franklin was too tempting. Even if Sylvia was very familiar with him, she was tempted by his handsome face.

She exhaled quietly to calm down.

Just as Sylvia looked away, Kira asked, "Franklin, what kind of job are you doing?"

"I'm an airplane pilot, Grandma. When you get well, I'll invite you take the plane I fly. I'm better than anyone else at flying a plane, so you needn't worry about safety." Franklin looked up at Kira with a smile.

When he spoke to someone, he would habitually look directly into his eyes. And his eyes were very gentle now.

The way Kira looked at him and said to him made him feel more at home, which even reminded him of his grandparents.

This feeling made him feel comfortable and cozy.

"Flying a plane? This is an awesome job." Kira was very satisfied with Franklin. She had thought Mark and Vaild were good.

But now she thought they were just better than ordinary people.

Compared with Franklin, Mark and Vaild paled a lot.

Sylvia deserved the best.

“Sylvia is a doctor and I’m a pilot. I think we’re both doing a good job.”

Franklin took a look at Sylvia meaningfully.

Words failed Sylvia.

She knew Franklin said this on purpose.

Sylvia thought, ‘Why don’t you say you are the president of SouthStar Airlines? And even Maskelyne Group is under your control. It’s not typical of you to be so modest!’

Franklin didn’t want to be modest, either, but he was afraid to scare Kira.

“It’s not easy to find a good job.” Kira nodded, “When Sylvia was 15 years old, she was admitted to the college, but her father didn’t let her go to the college at such a young age. It was I who made the decision and sent Sylvia to the college.”

Speaking of this, Kira sighed. She was not very old back then, so she had a say in that. As she grew worse these years, Otto and Skyla became increasingly aggressive.

“What are you saying this for, Grandma?” Sylvia was a little awkward.

“It doesn’t matter. Franklin is your friend.” Kira smiled, “Franklin, do you know? Sylvia achieved the highest scores in SAT, so the village government gave me a little money as a reward for raising Sylvia. I gave it all to Sylvia as tuition.”

Franklin’s speculation was finally confirmed!

Sylvia was the anonymous girl who had achieved the highest scores in SAT.

Franklin knew it.

However, he was still shocked when Kira said it to her.

He looked towards Sylvia as if he wanted to devour her.

He did not expect that she grew up in the countryside. No wonder she was so close to her grandmother. Knowing that Kira brought up Sylvia alone, Franklin had great respect for Kira from the bottom of his heart.

“Grandma, you must have had a hard time over the years.” Franklin said softly, “Sylvia is great.”

More exactly, Sylvia was excellent!

It was fantastic for a 15-year-old girl to achieve the highest scores in SAT.

She was a genius!

Sylvia listened to the conversation between Kira and Franklin. Although she was the one who was being discussed, she found it hard to join them.

The apple was peeled. Sylvia didn’t expect Franklin was good at peeling apples. The apple skin was not broken but connected in circles.

Franklin got up, cut up the apple into small pieces, and put them on a disposable plate with a small fork.

Then he brought the plate to Kira. "Grandma, you try it. The apple is from abroad."

"Thank you." Kira could tell from Franklin's luxurious clothes, extraordinary appearance, and awesome temperament that he must come from a noble or wealthy family.

But Kira knew little of Franklin's background, so she was not sure whether his family would be nice to Sylvia.

That was what she was most worried about.

Thinking of this, Kira took a bite of the apple piece and said, "Do you have any siblings?"

Franklin froze, and then he smiled again. "I have an older sister, a younger brother, and a younger sister. Both my parents are living abroad and they work in research."

Franklin did not notice the gleam of confusion and sharpness in Sylvia's eyes when he said the word "research".

Sylvia was surprised that Franklin had a sister.

She knew that he had younger siblings, but she knew nothing about his older sister.

Therefore, Sylvia glanced at Franklin in doubt. She felt she still knew little about him.

Realizing Sylvia's confusion, Franklin said, "My sister has always lived with my parents, and she is also engaged in research."

Sylvia did not say anything, but looked at the time and then at Kira. Kira looked tired, so Sylvia said, "It's late. You should go back."

Franklin did not get up but nestled on the sofa, "Grandma needs good care, so I will take care of her tonight. And you can rest in the lounge next to us."

Franklin said naturally as if he was Kira's granddaughter-in-law.

And he was doing what a granddaughter-in-law should do.

Sylvia was startled, and so was Kira.

Before Sylvia could say something, Kira said, "Franklin, I can't have you do that. Hurry up and get back to rest. I don't need anyone here. And the nurses do much better than you in taking care of me. Hurry up and go home."

Kira said seriously, "Franklin, can you give Sylvia a ride home?"

Sylvia was lost for words.

She wanted to refuse.

But Kira continued in a firm and decisive tone, "I'm fine, so you must go back to rest right now. Or I will be angry!"

Sylvia knew Kira's temper. In order not to make Kira angry, Sylvia had to follow Franklin out of the ward.

It was very late now.

The hospital, where the Andrews made a scene, fell into silence at this time.

Sylvia had mixed feelings inside her.

She didn't expect Franklin would chat with her grandmother so attentively.

In her mind, he was always ignorant. Thus, she was surprised by what Franklin did.

Sylvia was also guilty of her negligence in caring about Kira.

She didn't even know that her grandmother was seriously ill.

She felt very sorry for Kira and thought she shouldn't have spent too much time on work. At the sight of Kira's huddling in the attic, Sylvia almost freaked out in a rage.

She even wanted to kill Otto and Skyla.

chapter 165

5-7 minutes

Sylvia's reason told her that Otto was her biological father. No matter what Otto did, she couldn't beat him herself.

She could beat anyone else who did bad things to her grandma.

But Otto was her biological father.

Even so, Sylvia knew she could ruin him.

The Bentley was moving on the highway.

Franklin looked sideways at Sylvia, who was sitting beside him in deep thought.

"It's late. Just come back with me to Townyer Villa. Your friends in Pearlhall Villa should be asleep, so your return will wake them up."

"You have never been so considerate to Logan's people. It's particularly ridiculous for you to say so." Sylvia raised an eyebrow.

Franklin did do whatever it took to take her back.

It was shameless of him to say this.

He would never be considerate.

Franklin was not angry with what Sylvia said.

With a smile, he said, "Of course, you can refuse me."

Sylvia looked at him and felt he was still the man he used to be when they got married.

After they divorced, Franklin became irritable.

But now, he was not angry at all.

How strange!

Jasper knew the reason.

It was obvious that Franklin was in a good mood, which he often was before he divorced Sylvia.

During their marriage, all the employees of the company thought Franklin was easygoing.

But after the divorce, he became irritable. Therefore, Jasper knew Franklin's mood swings completely depended on Sylvia.

Franklin spent a long time with Sylvia and he enjoyed the talk with Kira.

As a result, he was in a good mood tonight.

Unfortunately, this was temporary.

Once Sylvia gave him the cold shoulder, he would throw a hit.

Therefore, Jasper concluded that Sylvia was the key to the change of Franklin's mood, which Franklin didn't realize at all.

Although it was hard to guess what Franklin was thinking, Jasper knew he always gave top priority to Sylvia!

The car soon arrived at Townyer Villa.

Sylvia got out of the car without saying anything.

She was a little surprised at Franklin's patience with Kira and his coldness to the Andrews family.

As Otto's daughter, Sylvia couldn't go too far before the others.

But Franklin taught Otto a lesson for her.

Sylvia was grateful to him.

After Sylvia entered the villa, she would naturally sleep in the guest room.

Suddenly a strange sound came from the belly of Franklin.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow. "I didn't expect your belly to rumble when you are hungry."

Franklin said with a shrug. "I'm a human, not a demon."

Then he narrowed his sharp eyes and said in a low but seductive voice, "Trick or treat? It's up to you."

Sylvia pursed her lips and flushed. "Well, I can cook for you."

Franklin chuckled and said in a husky voice, "It seems you are very worried about me. What a good wife you are! And I will be nice to you in the future."

Sylvia was lost for words.

She didn't mean that at all. This man always misinterpreted her deliberately.

Sylvia entered the kitchen.

She began to cook.

The refrigerator was filled with all kinds of ingredients as if specially prepared for Sylvia.

Sylvia took some shiitake mushrooms and a little chicken breast.

Besides, she also made a sandwich.

Although what she made was simple, they looked very delicious.

She stood in the dining room, looking at Franklin, who was sitting on the couch and holding a thin laptop.

He was absorbed in work with sharp eyes.

Sylvia was about to call Franklin for dinner when he looked away from the laptop's screen to Sylvia.

And then he looked her in the eyes.

Franklin's eyes were as deep as a dark pool, with something strange flashing in them.

Sitting in the warm light, Franklin had his handsome face covered with a soft glow, which made him look soft.

Even his eyes seemed to have softened.

Sylvia was stunned as her heart began to beat faster.

Looking her in the eyes for a few seconds, Franklin turned his head back and put down the laptop in his hand. "Honey, is the meal ready?"

"Yes."

Sylvia took a deep breath, touched her cheeks which were a bit hot, turned around, and went into the kitchen to get the forks.

Then they sat at the table.

Something strange was pervading the air.

Sylvia's heartbeat was inexplicably a little faster.

The air was also filled with the smell of the meal, which made Sylvia swallow.

Franklin almost fixed his eyes on her after they sat at the table.

Sylvia was a little embarrassed. Before she was to say something, Franklin said, "Sweetie, thank you. Your cooking is so amazing."

Sylvia rolled her eyes at him. "Cut the crap and eat."

Franklin smiled and then began to enjoy the meal.

His eyes were not as oppressive as before. Instead, they were extremely soft when he looked at Sylvia. "Sweetie, you like to do charity, right?"

Sylvia had been immune to being called so after the divorce.

She had asked him not to call her that, but Franklin didn't. Thus, she was insensitive to it now.

"Yes," Sylvia said calmly.

Franklin lowered his eyes. Sylvia donated the money he gave her to build schools in the name of the Maskelyne Group, which made him shocked.

Apart from the shock, Franklin also thought Sylvia was admirable.

Not everyone in this world was able to keep calm in the face of a hundred and ten million, let alone donate it without any hesitation.

But Sylvia did it.

Franklin did appreciate it.

After the meal, Franklin was full and felt very comfortable.

Unfortunately, Sylvia insisted on sleeping in the guest room.

chapter 166

Franklin was a little disappointed, but he knew that Sylvia was not in a good mood.

Thus, he didn't say anything and went back to the bedroom.

However, thinking of Sylvia's soft body, Franklin tossed and turned, unable to fall asleep.

When Sylvia got up early the next morning, she saw Franklin sitting in the living room in high spirits reading the newspaper.

Hearing her footsteps, Franklin looked at her with sharp eyes.

"Good morning."

His voice was husky, pleasant, and tempting.

Dressed in loungewear, with a slender and upright figure, he looked attractive and noble.

However, Sylvia was in no mood to appreciate his sexy look. Instead, he went straight into the kitchen.

She was to cook breakfast for Kira.

The meals offered by the hospital were naturally not as nutritious and delicious as Sylvia made.

The morning sunlight shone on the balcony with dazzling colors.

Sylvia turned on the gas and lit the stove.

Franklin then heard the rumbling of the range hood and the sound of frying.

With the oil zipping and rattling, he got up and stood at the kitchen door, silently looking at Sylvia.

Sensing his gaze, Sylvia turned back.

Looking into Franklin's deep gaze, Sylvia raised an eyebrow. "Come over here and help me wash this."

Franklin pulled up his sleeves and walked over to help.

He was so close to Sylvia that she could smell the seductive scent on his body. Sylvia couldn't help but sniff.

And her heart began to beat fast.

Franklin could always make himself present.

Soon he washed the vegetables and gave them to Sylvia.

When his slender fingertips inadvertently touched the back of Sylvia's hand, her heart beat faster.

It left a burning feeling on the back of Sylvia's hand.

Although Franklin didn't do it on purpose, Sylvia found it hard to resist.

"What else can I do for you?" Franklin asked in a low but seductive voice, which made Sylvia blush.

She wondered what was wrong with him.

He was too charming today.

And Sylvia hardly helped it.

When she looked up into Franklin's deep eyes, her heart beat even faster.

She couldn't look away from his face.

She had to admit that Franklin was extremely handsome and charming.

Especially at this time, he was looking at her with great seduction in his eyes.

Sylvia felt she was almost overwhelmed.

Finally, the breakfast was ready.

Sylvia sat in front of Franklin, not daring to look at his face.

Although they had known each other for four years, Sylvia's heart beat faster whenever she looked at his face.

Sylvia blamed this on the virus inside her body.

She took a deep breath. "Franklin, we need to talk."

"About what?" Franklin raised an eyebrow.

Sylvia answered, "I've talked to you about this before in the cafe. We've divorced. Why are you still pestering me? You have so many choices, and many women want to marry you."

Sylvia thought she was inferior to any of Franklin's pursuers.

Those celebrities were all eager to marry him. With a high status and a good look, Franklin was nearly the most popular among women.

But why did he keep pestering her?

Sylvia was very puzzled.

She wondered what this man was obsessing about.

"Sweetie, do you really want to know?" Franklin didn't know the answer, either. "After the divorce, I couldn't get used to your absence. And I hate it when other women approach me. I'm also trying to figure out how I feel about you. So, I want to be close to you and find the answer."

Hearing this, Sylvia felt a sense of powerlessness.

"You're probably just too used to my presence, so you felt it was a little different after we divorced. But it doesn't matter. It only takes 21 days for a habit to develop. After 21 days, you will get used to my being away."

Sylvia frowned. "Franklin, you need to find a woman you like and then be good with her. You should not waste time and energy on me. I don't like you, and neither do you. Otherwise, we wouldn't have divorced."

Sylvia thought Franklin would probably never fall in love with a woman. He was cold, decisive, and ruthless. Anyone who was in love with him would be in danger and tortured by him.

Franklin narrowed his eyes. "Then tell me what it is like to love."

Sylvia was also a green hand, so she had no idea, either.

And she thought it was meaningless to talk about this with Franklin.

But she still said her understanding of love. "When you love someone, you will probably want to see her, be close to her, and do everything with her."

This was what a character always said in romantic movies.

Sylvia was ashamed of what she said.

As a result, she blushed.

She had tried to keep Franklin away from her.

But now, she was talking about love with him.

How ridiculous!

Sylvia was very regretful.

Sylvia blamed her being abnormal on the good weather today. They always had an acrimonious quarrel before.

So, it was the first time they talked about something calmly and peacefully.

Sylvia forced herself to think this way.

Without the good weather, she couldn't have been in the mood to waste time with Franklin.

She raised her cold eyes and looked at Franklin's handsome face, thinking, "What a good catch!"

She tried to redeem herself. "I heard it from the movies."

Sylvia pretended to be calm.

But after Franklin heard her words, he lapsed into silence.

What Sylvia said kept echoing in his mind.

"When you love someone, you will probably want to see her, be close to her, and do everything with her."

Franklin suddenly looked at Sylvia meaningfully.

It never occurred to him to think about this.

He was often eager to see Sylvia after she left.

He had never thought in his life that he would fall in love with someone.

However, he thought it was not unacceptable to love Sylvia.

First, Sylvia was beautiful, and Franklin couldn't take his eyes off her whenever he saw her.

Second, she was very capable as an expert doctor.

Third, with a good figure, she boasted long, fair, and straight legs.

Last but not least, she was kind-hearted and enjoy doing charity to help people in need.

Overall, Sylvia was a good choice.

The more Franklin looked at Sylvia, the more perfect Sylvia was in his mind.

But Franklin hated it when Sylvia had too many pursuers.

Thinking of this, Franklin made up his mind that he would keep those men away from Sylvia one by one!

chapter 167

Sylvia was eating when Franklin suddenly said in a serious voice, "Sweetie, I eagerly want to get close to you, see you, and sleep with you every day. I am willing to give you whatever you want. So, I think I might love you."

Franklin's words made Sylvia cough.

She choked on the soup when hearing what Franklin said.

She coughed violently for a while before she got over it.

Franklin patted her back and pulled some tissues for her.

Sylvia wiped the corner of her lips with a flushed face.

She stared at Franklin in shock. "Don't be crazy. This is not funny."

Sylvia had felt sympathetic about the woman loved by Franklin. After all, Franklin was just a psycho!

To her shock, she turned out to be the woman he loved.

Sylvia had a strange feeling about it.

It made her unable to calm down.

"Are you scared?" Franklin looked directly into Sylvia's with great desire in his eyes like a beast.

"Sweetie, as long as you want, I'm willing to die for you. I want to spend every day with you."

Franklin's eyes that were burning with desire panicked Sylvia.

She wanted to escape but didn't.

With her heart beating fast, she didn't know how to deal with this.

Sylvia blurted out, "No, you don't. You are driven by lust. You just want to sleep with me. You masher!"

Words failed Franklin.

It was his first time expressing his love for a woman, but he was rejected.

And he was even called a masher.

But he was telling the truth!

No man didn't want to sleep with the woman he loved. Otherwise, that man must be impotent!

"I should deliver the meal to my grandma!" Sylvia went into the kitchen after saying so.

It took a few minutes to put the breakfast into the lunch box.

And then she walked straight towards the door of the villa.

Franklin immediately caught up with her. "Sweetie, I'll give you a ride."

"No!" Sylvia put on a cold face, wanting to hit this playboy driven by lust.

She went out, stopped a cab, and got into it. Franklin quickly followed her in his Bentley.

Looking out the window in a trance, Sylvia felt her face finally not as hot as it had been just now.

And her heart didn't stop beating that fast.

But what Franklin said kept echoing in her mind.

As a result, her heart started beating violently again.

She was haunted by his husky voice.

Thus, she couldn't help but cover her ears.

When Sylvia got off the cab, a familiar voice came from behind her.

"Sylvia, stop right there."

Sylvia shrugged.

What the hell was going on?

It was such bad luck to see Tammy in the morning!

Before Sylvia could say something, Tammy said, "I didn't expect to see you today. Even if you kicked me out last night, I can still come to work today. After all, I'm an official employee of the hospital."

Sylvia turned around and looked at Tammy impatiently, "Whatever. Your business has nothing to do with me."

Tammy's face was red and swollen.

Jasper did slap her with full force yesterday.

Hence, Tammy had great hatred for Sylvia.

Tammy said with indignation in her eyes. "I know what you are thinking. You want to inherit Dad's company, right?"

Sylvia looked at Tammy with cold eyes, "So?"

"Dad has promised my mom that he would give the company to me, so just give up!" Tammy said smugly, "You must be very sad now. After all, your mother died, and Dad doesn't like you at all. You're in agony, right?"

"Even if you can't get the company, you don't have to be discouraged and sad. After all, you are good-looking. You can be a gold digger! The head of security is your lover, right?"

"But honestly, I don't think he deserves you. You can find a better man."

"Tammy, are you mad?" Sylvia was disgusted.

She wanted to teach Tammy a lesson.

It seemed Tammy didn't learn from the slap Jasper gave her.

“Sylvia, our family is dignified, so Dad hates it when you’re hanging out with that man.” The fact that Sylvia was the top surgeon in the hospital irritated Tammy.

Tammy had nothing but her father’s favor to depend on.

Not wanting to be outdone by Sylvia, Tammy always tried to upset Sylvia with it.

When Tammy thought of this, an evil gleam flashed through her eyes.

“He doesn’t like me? It doesn’t matter at all.”

Sylvia sneered.

After Tammy and Skyla came, they kept bullying Sylvia. And Otto turned a blind eye to this.

Since then, Sylvia had been disappointed.

She narrowed her eyes.

With a mocking expression, Sylvia looked at Tammy’s swollen face coldly.

The next second, she stepped forward.

Shocked, Tammy hurriedly stepped back and thought of what Sylvia had done to her.

“What are you doing?”

Tammy was only 5.2 feet tall.

On the contrary, Sylvia was 5.6 feet tall, so she was much taller than Tammy.

Sylvia’s cold and stern look made Tammy couldn’t help but take two more steps back.

Only then did Tammy realize that Sylvia was no longer the little girl who she could bully anytime.

Looking at Tammy’s frightened look, Sylvia said in a colder voice, “Tammy, there is no point in talking about that with me. Don’t worry. Otto’s company means nothing to me. I do not care about it at all. It is just a shell company now.”

“A shell company? Sylvia, this is just sour grapes!” Although Tammy was afraid, she didn’t admit it.

Sylvia said with disdain, “You will soon know.”

“Sylvia! How dare you curse Dad’s company!” Tammy glared at Sylvia with a gloomy face.

She always showed off her handbags and clothes in the hospital, which were all bought with pocket money from Otto.

If Otto went bankrupt, Tammy would be in trouble.

Her salary couldn’t make both ends meet at all.

Tammy said with hatred, “Sylvia, just wait and see. I will tell this to Dad, and he will definitely teach you a lesson!”

Tammy hated Sylvia.

This was because she was always outshone by Sylvia.

The boys Tammy liked were all attracted by Sylvia. Therefore, Tammy even wanted to skin Sylvia alive!

chapter 168

“Well, you are a real tattletale, but, as you saw last night, he could not do anything to me now. When we were young, I would be beaten whenever you went tattletale to him. But now, he will never have this kind of chance! Not in the rest of his life.”

Tammy’s eyes flashed with jealousy and hatred. “Let me tell you something, Sylvia. I’m going to take over the company and keep Dad’s love to myself. I will take everything from you!”

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and looked at Tammy expressionlessly, with a gleam of mockery in her clear cold eyes. “What a psycho!”

Sylvia was no longer the little girl who yearned for her father’s love, nor was she the weak one who was set up and bullied by her stepmother and stepsister.

What Tammy thought was important, in Sylvia’s mind, had long been worthless.

Sylvia wouldn’t value a father who didn’t love her at all!

Sylvia found she had wasted too much time here with Tammy.

She was tired of Tammy’s nonsense.

When Sylvia turned around and tried to leave, a cold and husky voice rang out behind her.

“Jasper, how many slaps should she deserve today?”

“Five, Mr. Maskelyne,” Jasper answered in a respectful voice.

Sylvia then saw Franklin, bathed in the morning sunshine, striding towards her.

His face was handsome but cold, making himself look unapproachable.

Franklin stopped in front of Sylvia and took her hand, “Tell me when you get into trouble and I’ll deal with it for you.”

Before Sylvia could say something, Jasper began to slap Tammy.

Each slap made a loud noise.

And it was accompanied by Tammy’s groan.

“Please stop! It really kills.”

Tammy wanted to escape.

However, from nowhere, two tall and strong men in black appeared and grabbed her arms.

They pressed her in front of Jasper.

Tammy had no choice but to suffer the slaps.

The blood trickled down the corners of her lips.

Her face, which was still swollen, bulged again.

She looked miserable.

But she deserved no sympathy.

Tammy burst into hopeless tears.

Her face was burning with pain, which almost wore her out.

There were many people at the gate of the hospital, and they all looked over toward her.

Tammy tried to ask these people for help, but no one dared to help her.

She was overwhelmed with despair.

More than that was the shame of being humiliated.

Her eyes were also full of viciousness as she glared at Sylvia.

Standing beside Franklin, Sylvia looked noble and elegant. Seeing her delicate face, Tammy's eyes were filled with hatred and jealousy.

Tammy hated Sylvia!

She wanted to skin Sylvia alive.

If it weren't for Sylvia, Tammy wouldn't have been treated like this!

If it weren't for Sylvia, Tammy wouldn't have always been outshone!

Sylvia did not want to watch this anymore, so she turned around and left.

Franklin quickly followed her.

They soon arrived at Kira's ward.

Kira had just finished washing up and came out of the bathroom.

Seeing Sylvia, Kira was very happy. She said with a wide smile, "Good morning, Sibbie."

Seeing that Kira was in good spirits, Sylvia was relieved. "Grandma, I made breakfast for you."

"How are you feeling now? Do you feel better?" Franklin also followed Sylvia into the ward.

Kira was a little surprised. She looked at Franklin and got a little moved. "You come so early, Franklin. Why don't you have to go to work? Don't worry. I'm much better now, and I don't want to cause trouble for you."

Franklin nodded gently. "Grandma, don't mention it."

Sylvia took the breakfast out of the lunch box and turned around, only to see the gift-wrapped boxes on the sofa and the coffee table.

They were some nourishment and exclusive daily necessities.

Even the sunflowers in the ward were fresh with dew on them.

These things must be prepared by Franklin.

Otto couldn't be so kind and generous.

Sylvia was touched and looked at Franklin with mixed feelings in her eyes. "You are even more attentive than I am. Thank you."

Franklin was so considerate.

What he did was even better than Sylvia did.

"Your grandmother is my grandmother." Franklin narrowed his dark eyes and looked down at Sylvia, saying in a low and pleasant voice, "You used to be more filial to Grandpa than I was, so it's my turn to do this for you."

Sylvia was a little stunned. She blinked her eyes and thought of when the old Maskelyne was alive.

Franklin was very busy, so she would spend some time playing chess and chatting with the old Maskelyne.

Back then, she had to keep her marriage a secret, so she couldn't have Kira live with her.

Now that she was divorced, she would have Kira live with her at any cost.

Kira lingered over Franklin and Sylvia and thought they were perfect for each other.

"Franklin, I told you I didn't need this, but your assistant kept bringing things to me."

Kira said cheerfully, "Don't do that anymore. Sibbie works here. The doctors and nurses are very nice to me. I do enjoy being hospitalized."

Franklin smiled as well and his eyes, which had always been cold, turned soft. "Grandma, keep a good mood, and you will recover soon."

Sylvia did not say anything but gave breakfast to Kira. Seeing this, Franklin hurried to put a small tray table on the bed.

Just then, Sylvia's cell phone rang.

She picked up and a timid voice came from inside, "Miss Andrews, this is Jenna."

On the other side of the phone, Jenna's face was flushed. She was so nervous that her palms were sweating.

She was a little unsure of herself and glanced at Aldo, who was looking at her encouragingly.

Aldo grabbed Jenna's small hand and whispered, "You can do it. Trust yourself!"

Jenna bit her lower lip when she heard Sylvia's gentle voice. "What's wrong? What can I do for you?"

"Miss Andrews, I..." Jenna's heart pounded extremely fast. The more nervous she was, the more she stammered.

She tried to speak, but she couldn't.

As a result, her face turned red.

Seeing this, Aldo was heartbroken. "Take a deep breath, Jenna. You can do it. Miss Andrews cares about you, so she is willing to listen to you."

chapter 169

Although Sylvia didn't know what Jenna wanted to do, she unconsciously became gentle with this girl, saying, "Jenna, what do you want to say? Just take your time. It won't cost a lot. And your uncle can absolutely afford the phone bills."

Jenna was amused by what Sylvia said, and then she was not so nervous.

Instead of stammering, she said, "I would like to invite you to sketch with me in the countryside. Is that okay?"

Jenna was very surprised.

She finally said it!

She heaved a sigh of relief.

And her back was all sweaty.

She raised her hand and gave Aldo a mischievous smile, like a kid who was asking for praise.

Aldo couldn't help but raise his hand and rub the top of the girl's hair. "Good job."

Sylvia glanced at Kira, but she didn't want to refuse Jenna.

It took Jenna a lot of effort and courage to make this call, so Sylvia's refusal would definitely disappoint Jenna.

"What's wrong?" Franklin raised an eyebrow at Sylvia. He had vaguely heard their conversation.

He knew Jenna liked Sylvia very much.

But he didn't know the reason.

"Jenna invited me to sketch with her. But I can't leave Grandma alone here." Sylvia was a bit hesitant.

Jenna was not unreasonable. Hearing Sylvia's words, she forced a smile and hurriedly said, "Miss Andrews, it doesn't matter if you are not available."

"Sibbie, you don't have to worry about me. There are so many nurses here," Kira said with a smile, "It's best to have Franklin with you. I will be relieved with him protecting you two girls."

Words failed Sylvia.

Franklin glanced at Kira with satisfaction. He did like this old woman. He would try his best to be good to her in the future.

After all, he didn't want Sylvia to go alone and get close to Aldo, who was still single.

Aldo was completely unaware that he was seen as a love rival by Franklin.

In the face of Kira, Sylvia couldn't drive Franklin away.

She had no choice but to agree, not leaving until she instructed the caregiver in detail.

Jenna was dressing in the cloakroom.

With a wide smile on her face, she was over the moon.

"Aldo, do I look good in this?"

Jenna was wearing a white T-shirt with a pair of cropped trousers, which revealed her snow-white and slender calves.

These highlighted her slender figure.

She looked perfect!

Seeing this, Aldo could not help but swallow.

"You look gorgeous."

"But I don't know if Miss Andrews will like this." Hearing what Aldo said, Jenna was a little shy.

Aldo was happy and a little jealous. Before Jenna met Sylvia, Jenna cared about nobody but him.

But now, Jenna liked Sylvia very much.

But thinking of Sylvia's patience with Jenna, Aldo was relieved again.

Fortunately, Sylvia was a woman rather than a man.

Otherwise, he would be very anxious and worried.

After Aldo and Jenna got out of the checkroom, Aldo held Jenna's hand as usual and went downstairs.

"Where are you going?" A shrill voice shocked Aldo.

Aldo looked towards the sofa in the living room, only to see a woman sitting on the sofa with her legs crossed and a cup of tea in her hand, staring at them.

"Mom? What brings you here?" Aldo frowned.

"I don't think I need to tell you in advance before I come." Mrs. Carson impatiently glanced at Jenna, who was a real pain in the ass for her.

Jenna timidly greeted Mrs. Carson, "Good day, madam."

She was afraid of Mrs. Carson.

Ever since she was adopted by Aldo, Mrs. Carson always gave her the cold shoulder.

Mrs. Carson rolled her eyes and ignored Jenna, saying to Aldo, "Zaire's daughter is back from abroad, so I need you to invite her for a meal tomorrow and show her around Larro."

"Mom, I haven't seen her for over ten years, and I don't want to entertain her." Aldo was a little annoyed.

"You are twenty-eight years old and not young anymore. Alex could even walk when your brother was as old as you. Now, Alex is twelve, but you're still single!" Mrs. Carson stood up from the sofa in anger. "You must do as I say tomorrow! It took me a lot to get this opportunity for you. The Chan family enjoyed a higher status in Larro, so its daughter deserves you!"

Mrs. Carson even wanted to point at Jenna and asked Aldo whether he kept single for Jenna.

But Mrs. Carson didn't do so.

She didn't like Jenna at all, but she couldn't show this before Aldo.

Jenna, without a powerful background, would be a burden to Aldo.

Jenna grew increasingly beautiful these years and no man could resist her charm.

However, she was ill, and she was even absent from school. Mrs. Carson didn't want such a daughter-in-law. That was too shameful.

Only the girls with a noble background could marry into the Carson family.

And Jenna could only serve Aldo as a maid.

Nonetheless, Aldo favored nobody but Jenna. At first, Mrs. Carson didn't care about it.

However, Aldo was even unwilling to get married.

Mrs. Carson was angry, anxious, and worried.

And Jenna became an eyesore.

If Jenna had no disease and was well-educated, Mrs. Carson would put up with Jenna's being her daughter-in-law.

However, that was impossible. Jenna was just a homeless girl.

Mrs. Carson would never accept her.

Therefore, Mrs. Carson made up her mind to separate Aldo and Jenna.

As long as Jenna was here, it would be impossible for Aldo to get married.

Mrs. Carson knew she must drive Jenna out.

"Mom, Jenna has a show at the National Day gala of the city government, so I have to accompany her to attend the rehearsal tomorrow. This is the first rehearsal, so it is very important. I must go with her." Aldo directly refused Mrs. Carson.

Mrs. Carson was furious. "She's not a child anymore. You just go out with Miss Chan tomorrow, and I'll accompany Jenna there."

Hearing this, Jenna got nervous and subconsciously grabbed the corner of Aldo's coat.

Seeing this, Mrs. Carson became even more furious, "I'm not a monster. I won't do anything to her."

"Mom, Jenna trusts nobody but me." Aldo said decisively, "You'd better find another man to entertain Miss Chan."

chapter 170

Aldo was about to argue with his mother again.

Biting her lip, Jenna didn't wish he fight against Mrs. Carson because of her.

Timidly, she looked at Aldo in reluctance and muttered, "I... I can do it myself. Miss Andrews is there."

Her voice was low, and she couldn't help stammering.

In Mrs. Carson's eyes, she was a weird coward.

She looked down upon Jenna more. "Jenna, you are indeed sensible. Aldo, you go to entertain Miss Chan. I'll be with Jenna. That's a deal."

With those words, she turned away aggressively.

Holding Jenna's cheeks and feeling sorry for her, Aldo whispered, "Silly girl."

"I don't want you to argue with your mother," Jenna muttered to explain. She felt upset once thinking that Aldo would stay with another woman, but she knew she couldn't stop him from finding a wife.

She battled a smile and prompted, "Let's go. I can't let Miss Andrew keep waiting for me."

...

In the suburbia, Aldo and Jenna were taken aback when they saw the tall, sturdy man getting off the Bentley.

Subconsciously, Jenna wanted to hide behind Aldo after recognizing it was the horrible man.

His strong aura and stern look left a deep impression on her. As soon as seeing him, Jenna couldn't help but fear, not to mention she was born timid.

Patting the back of her hand, Aldo said, "Don't be afraid."

Then he greeted Franklin, "A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Maskelyne."

"The pleasure is mine." Franklin nodded at him in response.

Then he reached his hand into the car, which was patted off by Sylvia. "I can get down myself."

Franklin didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Once they were not seen by his grandmother, Sylvia turned a cold shoulder to him.

Aldo was baffled, wondering why Franklin appeared with Sylvia.

He recalled Franklin had been married.

More surprisingly, he found Sylvia treated Franklin in a weird way.

Aldo didn't know much about Sylvia but could tell she was a polite, calm woman who always distanced herself from others.

However, when she was with Franklin, she was touchy and moody.

Moreover, Franklin didn't look impatient.

Sylvia sat before an easel next to a coffee table, on which there were delicate pastries and a cup of herbal tea.

She didn't look like drawing and painting but more like enjoying her holiday.

Ignoring them, Sylvia greeted Jenna with a smile, "Would you like to have some pastries?"

"No, thanks, Miss Andrews. You are so kind." Jenna trotted to her, looking up at her. "Miss Andrews, can you draw?"

Sylvia beamed at her. "Yes, I can."

"Whoa! Awesome!" Jenna blushed, suddenly feeling shy. "I'm not good at it."

"Don't lose faith. If you practice more and draw it wholeheartedly, it'll be your best artwork," Sylvia said patiently. She picked up a brush and dipped it in color. "Let's paint the mountains together, shall we?"

"Sure. Sure." Jenna nodded vigorously, her eyes glimmering with joy.

Then she sat in front of her easel and started painting.

Seeing how delighted she was, Aldo praised, "Miss Andrews, I didn't expect you to be adept at drawing and painting besides playing the piano."

Jasper replied inwardly, 'She has more sides you don't know and always shocks us. I've gotten used to it.'

Curling up his lips into a smile, Franklin arched an eyebrow, looked at Aldo, and drawled, "Mr. Carson, if you like such a kind of talented woman, I can introduce a few celebrities who are fond of drawing and painting to you. Oh, some of them are also good at playing the piano." His eyes were full of desire for possession.

Aldo couldn't find his tongue.

Rumors had it that Franklin was cold, ruthless, and decisive, but Aldo had never known that he was also fond of being a matchmaker.

He noticed the unconcealed desire for possession in Franklin's eyes, her heart trembling.

'Mr. Maskelyne, does your wife know you want to cheat on her?'

However, Aldo dared not to speak it out.

With a wry smile, he chuckled, "Mr. Maskelyne, you must be kidding. I'm not interested in making a girlfriend now. I only wish Jenna's autism could recover."

His answer pleased Franklin. Nodding, he realized that Aldo wouldn't be like Logan and Paul.

However, Franklin was still worried, so he warned Aldo, "You'd better act as you say."

Aldo was wordless and awkward, realizing Franklin had thought he was his rival in love.

...

Sylvia found Jenna was talented in painting and drawing.

Jenna drew upon her natural feelings without any techniques. However, her feelings made her artwork spirited and unique.

Sylvia could feel the strong breath of life from her painting, which was stunning.

With rosy cheeks, Jenna looked at Sylvia. "Miss Andrews, I like your painting. It's much better than mine."

"I liked yours." Sylvia smiled at her and put down her brush. Pointing at one part of Jenna's painting, she added, "If you changed the brushing way on these two places, it would be better."

Holding Jenna's hand, she slowly guided her to sketch.

Jenna was excited. Like a sponge, she tried her best to take in everything Sylvia taught her.

Time passed by.

Sun was setting.

Jenna held her picture with both hands, showing it to Aldo. "Look, Aldo."

Aldo didn't know how to appreciate an artwork, but he could tell she had made a lot of progress within the afternoon.

Shocked, he darted at Sylvia. Earlier, he had thought she could only draw.

Much to his surprise, Sylvia was a master in drawing and painting.

Within just an afternoon, Jenna's progress was shocking after Sylvia had helped her.

No wonder it was always said that the best way to learn was to learn from the best.

"Good job, Jenna!" Aldo carefully rolled her picture. "I'll get you a frame tomorrow. This is your best artwork so far."

"She's gifted in art," Sylvia remarked, putting away her own picture.

"We bought her books, and she learned to paint herself at home. She has no tutor," Aldo explained, "Miss Andrews, thanks for tutoring her. She has made great progress."

"I can tell she has learned it herself. That's why I said she was gifted." Sylvia arched an eyebrow.

Her compliment made Jenna blush more. Staring at Sylvia in admiration, she asked, "Miss Andrews, could you please give your picture to me?"

Jasper asked, "Do you know how much Miss Andrews' painting costs?"

"It's alright, Jasper," Sylvia interrupted him. She opened her painting, signed, and passed it to Jenna. "It's yours now."

Jenna took it over excitedly. "I'll keep it well. Thank you so much, Miss Andrews."

Franklin became jealous, feeling bitter. "You've never given me a single piece of your artwork."

All people at the scene could tell how jealous he was.

Aldo was so shocked that his jaw went slack.

He couldn't believe such a childish man was the horrible Mr. Maskelyne in rumors.

He sounded like an elementary school student.