

Revealed 17

chapter 17

She asked grimly, "What's wrong with James?"

"James beat my brother. How are you going to handle this?" said the man with anger.

"So what?"

Sylvia sneered. Whoever disturbed her from her sleep should be doomed.

She had a short temper in the morning, especially after being woken up after she had been busy all night sorting out the information of the case.

She was angry now; she would hit anyone who provoked her.

"Do you know who I am? The Kennedy family is not to be trifled with!" Paul Kennedy had long heard that Franklin had a wife, but Franklin hid her very well.

This time, he must get Franklin's pretty wife into trouble.

James must bear the consequences of beating his brother.

If James couldn't, Sylvia, his sister-in-law, had to take it for him.

James was tied up and pressed to the ground. He held his head up in dissatisfaction and stared at Paul.

"Why did you call that woman? She is not my sister-in-law!"

"Then why do you make a note of her number, 'sister-in-law'? Do you have another sister-in-law?" Paul sneered, stepped on James' finger, and crushed it hard.

James was sweating, but he would rather die than scream out in pain.

"Paul, I know how the Kennedy family get rich. Romeo bullies students in school every day only because he has the support of your family!"

"Brother, why are you talking so much with him? Just beat him hard and throw him at the gate of Maskelyne Residence to humiliate Franklin." Romeo was bruised by James' beating.

The Kennedy family and the Maskelyne family had never been friends. The Kennedy family was the gang in the underworld in the early years. In recent years, they made a name in the business world and opened the Kennedy Firm.

The Kennedy family and the Maskelyne family fought each other, for resources, land, and business.

It was conceivable that James and Romeo were enemies in school too.

The car drove all the way to the gate of Kennedy's Villa.

Sylvia got off the bus.

At this moment, a few Land Rovers which had been chasing her had stopped, and dozens of strong men in black got out of the car.

They saw her step out of the car in red slippers.

Mark Owen couldn't help but say, "Boss, what are you doing?"

Sylvia suddenly rushed out of the villa, got into the car, and left without a word.

They were scared, thinking something important happened.

"It's getting cold; it's time to teach the person who disturbed my sleep a lesson." Sylvia glanced at the gloomy sky, and anger flashed in her eyes.

Sylvia strode into Kennedy's Villa with a whip.

Mark looked at her back, puzzled.

He touched Vaild Owen, "Vaild, what's wrong with the Mertens family? Who gave them the gall to provoke our Boss?"

"Mark, I think Boss is very angry. She hates being woken up while she's sleeping." Mark curled his lips, looking like he was watching a good show.

Mark and Vaild were twins who had been working for Sylvia.

Sylvia had been living in Maskelyne Residence for four years. They hadn't seen her have a good fight for four years.

"Where's Paul?" Sylvia asked directly as soon as she entered the door.

The Kennedy family was famous. Few people dared to call Paul by his name upon entering the house.

There were only two males in Paul's generation and Paul was now the head of the family.

He had four older siblings who died either from disease or battles.

Only he and Romeo were left.

Everyone in Larro knew what made the Kennedy family prosperous, so when they meet Paul, they all called him Master Paul respectfully.

There were not many people who dared to call Paul by his name directly.

The security guard at the gate of the villa was stunned, "Miss, do you have an appointment?"

"Wow, there is even a guard." Sylvia sneered. "Tell Paul, I'm here to pick up James."

"You, you are James' sister-in-law?" The security guard was startled.

He heard that Franklin had a secret wife, was it true?

He thought wealthy ladies all wore fancy clothes with high heels.

But Mrs. Maskelyne seemed to be unique. She was wearing slippers with home clothes.

There must be something special about her to marry into a wealthy family.

The security hurriedly called Paul. "Master Paul, James' sister-in-law is here."

He wasn't sure if the woman in front of him was Mrs. Maskelyne, so he didn't dare to call the other person Mrs. Maskelyne directly.

"Please come in."

Sylvia nodded. "Thank you."

The security guard was a little flattered that the wealthy lady thanked him.

Vaield and Mark wanted to follow, but the security guard stopped them. "Master Paul said only she could go in."

"Okay. Now we can't even watch the show." Mark spread his hands.

"What can we do? Next time." Vaield shook his head.

At this time, Sylvia had walked to the living room.

The Kennedy family was really rich. The style of the decoration showed that they were new money.

On the cold floor of the huge living room, a boy was tied up.

The boy was about 20 years old, with a little wound on his forehead and a faint blood stain on his lips.

But he still looked handsome. He was looking at Sylvia with a bit of impatience and annoyance, his eyebrows sharp and his nose high-bridged.

"What are you doing here? Are you here to laugh at me?" James was very angry.

Sylvia had lived an easy life after marrying his eldest brother. She was a gold digger. He had seen a lot of women of this type.

"Not to pick you up, of course," Sylvia said with a cold face.

James choked, "Then what are you doing here?"

He raised his eyes and met Sylvia's cold gaze.

She was actually on home clothes with cartoon images on them and slippers...

He had seen Sylvia several times at Maskelyne Residence. By that time, she dressed like a sophisticated lady. All her clothes were the latest limited edition.

The way Sylvia dressed and the way she looked somehow looked compatible. Weird.

"Listen, don't think that marrying my eldest brother will make you a big shot." James was furious.

Sylvia looked at him nonchalantly, as if looking at a stranger.

An indescribable strange feeling rose inside James.

He felt that Sylvia seemed a little bit different from the gentle and tolerant woman at Maskelyne Residence.

