

Revealed 181

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Fans began to take photos and videos and then posted them to their social media, like Twitter and Facebook.

“Oh my God! It’s Eden West that performs on Larro TV’s National Day Gala!”

“My idol is so cute!”

“My dream has come true. Thank you! Sylvia.”

“It’s crazy! I’m crazy!”

Eden’s appearance at the Gala skyrocketed to the top ten of Twitter trending topics.

The influence of a top star was indeed astonishing.

Other TV stations invited other idols, movie stars, and the like.

But all of them were no match for Eden.

Those fans of Eden were out of their minds now.

“What? Why didn’t Sylvia notice us before and promote him? Now I missed him.”

“Awesome! My love sang so wonderfully!”

“The new singing of the patriotic song is better than all the previous versions.”

“My idol can even sing patriotic songs? But it is really great, thanks to Miss Sylvia for her creative idea to allow me to find another merit of my idol.”

Fans were so excited that they kept taking screenshots and uploading them.

The media at the gala also went crazy, pointing their cameras at Eden and shooting from various angles, then uploading them to their official blog.

It was a great opportunity to win the click.

Staff members of other TV stations were dumbfounded because they failed many times to invite him over.

But he sang a patriotic song for the opening show of the Larro National Day Gala.

That was pretty odd but damn good!

Eden was known for his singing and dancing and had been working with Wynter the Genius for years who made many popular pop songs for him.

So, it was quite confusing that he could stand on the stage in such a formal outfit and sing patriotic songs.

Other TV stations were refused although they guaranteed that there would not be any interference from them and the government on what he wanted to sing and dance!

The Larro TV station became a hit!

All the netizens were expecting what else would be on the program.

Rosie, holding her phone backstage, was also dumbfounded by the presence of Eden.

Sylvia actually invited Eden? That's incredible.

But then she thought of Mollie who had not appeared to perform her modern drama! Even Eden could not make the best of the situation for Sylvia because one of the leading roles would not show up.

Sylvia was directing the live broadcast of this gala calmly.

A hint of anxiety flashed across her face occasionally, but she managed to suppress it; Rosie, not far from her, could clearly see it.

Rosie was even more pleased within herself. 'Sylvia, you humiliated Wilson Group; the disappearance of Mollie was just the start of our revenge.'

Sylvia detected Rosie's smug expression from the corner of her eye.

She lowered her eyes and curled her lips without being noticed. She had known who was behind Mollie's being kidnapped.

After finishing singing, he bent down, bowed, and got off the stage in one go.

He was greeted with thunderous applause and welcomed by his agent as he stepped down.

"Bravo! Eden!"

"What's the fuss?" Eden looked at him in confusion, unbuttoning his collar as he walked.

He was used to wearing casual clothes, but this collar made him uncomfortable.

"Your performance brought the house down." The agent excitedly took out his phone.

"You suddenly changed your style by singing patriotic songs. There are heaps of praise for you online. Look at that."

"Look, it's the Queen praising you now. It's the Queen! You are praised!" The agent scrolled through Twitter and screamed.

Eden was also a little surprised.

He was popular, but he was a pop singer in show business after all who would normally not be valued by the Queen or other bigwigs.

"The Queen commented that you are a positive idol! The Queen usually does not comment on the entertainment industry!"

The agent was about to cry with excitement.

Eden did not get pompous. "Repost it with modesty. There is still a long way to go if I want to enter the movie or TV world! It's just a patriotic song that becomes a hit. It's not worth getting too excited."

Singing and dancing were more lucrative, but he would prefer to do a classy job that needed the recognition of the general public!

Eden thought of what Logan said last night and realized Logan was right!

He let out a long breath.

Rosie was performing a song and dance.

The singers and dancers were all staff from various government departments. They served as extras in this gala.

But they all surprisingly performed like professionals.

The female singer had an average voice, but her singing was very good and correct. The dancers moved regularly and vividly.

Even the audience, many of whom did not know much about dance or music, found it pleasing to the eye.

The show ended with another round of applause.

Some viewers didn't think the following shows would be wonderful when Eden finished his performance, but they were immediately attracted and began to expect more.

"Nice singing and nice dancing."

"Their makeup is particularly stylish."

"The lipstick of the lead singer is so beautiful."

"Right!"

"What's the next show?"

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After performing the dance, Rosie confidently walked off the stage and went straight backstage.

"Miss Andrews, have you reached Mollie?" After scanning around and finding that Mollie was not there, she pretended to look concerned and came to Sylvia.

"Mollie is so unreliable. Now I regretted choosing her to play the modern drama." Sylvia took off her headset, and anxiously glanced at Rosie, her voice was tinged with annoyance.

"I don't know what's going on with her. She should have told me earlier if she doesn't want to act. Why did she choose to stand everyone up now?"

Sylvia got annoyed at the mention of her; a barrage of disgruntlement at Mollie just came out.

“Miss Andrews, don’t get too angry. I could go to her residence to ask her back,” Rosie gazed at Sylvia and said, gloating.

“There is no need to bother you. It’s my fault to not know what Mollie is up to.” Sylvia shook her head. “One of the mentors has gone to her; if she really can’t come, we have to find someone else to fill in.”

Rosie repressed her happiness secretly.

Sylvia got down to her own business while Rosie began to send a Facebook message to Winter, “Sylvia thinks Mollie quitted herself; it seems that the Gibson family is secretly looking for Mollie and others don’t know about it.”

“Got it. Be careful.” Winter quickly replied to her.

Winter then reported Sylvia’s situation to Clark in the president’s office of the Wilson Group.

Clark slightly squinted his eyes, his feminine face betraying no emotions.

“If the Gibson family is looking for her secretly, why haven’t those craps contacted you again for the money?”

“I paid enough cash in one go, and I guess they are afraid of being found by the police, so all their cell phones are not in service.” Winter said cautiously, “I could not contact them now either.”

“What craps!” Clark said coldly.

“Find them! Find those craps and get rid of them forever!”

“Yes!” Winter’s heart trembled and she hurriedly left.

She knew well about what Clark meant.

She took a deep breath and began to order others to search for the kidnapers.

But they did not know that Mollie had returned to Gibson Residence safely.

Everything was at the command of Sylvia.

Every show was extremely good as those extras made progress by leaps and bounds after more than a month of training.

Several dance shows were particularly wonderful.

The beauty and flexibility of folk dance, the energy, and vibrancy of modern dance, as well as the elegance and glamour of ballroom dance were all rendered flawlessly.

The national standard dance was also elegant and charming.

The other singing and talk shows also had their own merits.

In particular, many viewers were now aware that the scripts of the talk shows were written by Master Keturah.

Who was Master Keturah? She was one heck of a big shot!

She painted with her left hand, played the piano with her right hand, and was even a best-selling author.

Since Master Keturah wrote a novel three years ago, her fans had been longing for her new works but there were none.

At that time that novel caused quite a sensation, remaining the best seller for over a year.

Even now, the sales were still very impressive, and the publisher kept printing more and more.

Master Keturah personally wrote the scripts for the modern drama and the talk show!

It was top-notch.

But it was the truth that with good scripts, the actors acted properly. Their action and expression were remarkably vivid.

The combination of actors and scripts worked like a charm.

Franklin sat down at the round table, not caring at all about the show. He just wanted to see her woman.

He waited patiently, but Sylvia did not appear.

“When is Sylvia’s turn?” He was a little annoyed.

“Mr. Maskelyne, Miss Andrews is the general director and she will not play a role in the show.” Jasper swallowed and hurried to look at the program, examining it two or three times before answering.

Franklin’s handsome face suddenly froze.

Several other bigwigs at the same table as him instantly got a chill down their spine. ‘What’s wrong with Mr. Maskelyne?’

The tensions suddenly grew.

And at this time backstage, Jenna held the piano and stood there with a pale face, her big beautiful eyes filled with fear.

Even the perfect makeup couldn’t hide her fear at the moment.

Her hands were trembling.

The next one that was going to perform was her.

She didn’t think she could do it! There were so many people on the stage.

She was so scared and uncomfortable.

She felt like she could barely breathe.

“Jenna, you can do it; you can definitely break down the walls.” Aside, Aldo constantly cheered her up, and his big palm took her small hand.

“I believe in you. You’ve grown up, and you’re not afraid of that.”

“Jenna, you can perform perfectly.”

“Just play the piano as if you are practicing.”

“Don’t look at viewers down there; just keep your head down and focus on the performance.”

But it didn’t work at all.

“Aldo, I’m afraid.” Jenna cried. The more he said, the more uncomfortable she was. Her mind went blank, her pitiful eyes fixed on him.

Just then, Sylvia walked over.

Looking at Jenna, she raised her eyebrows.

“There’s no reason to be afraid.”

“Miss Andrews!” Jenna suddenly let go of Aldo’s hand and grabbed the hem of Sylvia’s clothes instead.

It was as if Sylvia was her lifesaver at this time.

“Jenna, you’ve practiced hard for a long time for this gala, so you cannot flinch at this crucial point, you understand?” Sylvia gently held Jenna’s cold hand, “Your uncle cares about you, and he really wants to see you break down the walls you keep up and live a pleasant life.”

“Jenna, I believe in you.”

“No, no.” Jenna shook her head desperately.

She didn’t know what to do; she was so stiff that she couldn’t even play a note.

How could she get on stage to perform like this?

Her hands began to go numb.

Jenna’s state made Aldo heartbroken and regretful. He knew Jenna couldn’t face up to too many people.

She was so scared because he insisted that she should perform at the gala.

She made a lot of effort to change a lot and communicate with people briefly.

He was afraid that all her efforts would go down the drain and she would withdraw into herself more.

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“Miss Andrews, could we give up?” he said to Sylvia, feeling torn inside.

Sylvia silently stared at Jenna who was shy and inhibited.

Sylvia could feel Jenna’s sheer fear.

Autism was really as scary as the rumors said.

Autists would withdraw into themselves, keep their walls up and never open their hearts to others.

Sylvia thought for a moment and said, "Jenna, you have to be brave. I'll finish the performance with you, okay?"

"With me?" Jenna suddenly stared at Sylvia with wide eyes and said unbelievably. "You are going to perform with me?"

Sylvia held her small hand tightly and said firmly, "You play the piano, and I'll dance, okay?"

"Really?" Jenna bit her lip, and her pitying eyes were filled with surprise.

"When have I ever lied to you?" Sylvia curled her lips and smiled, saying gently, "I'm going to change now. Wait for me."

The performing show was a talk show which was almost finished.

Fortunately, there are quite a lot of props and costumes backstage.

Jenna wore a white elegant dress. Sylvia picked out a ballet suit.

"Let's go." After quickly putting on simple makeup, Sylvia held her hand.

Jenna got on the stage and sat in front of the piano.

Many viewers under the stage fixed their gazes on her.

Jenna could clearly feel those gazes and she wanted to escape.

Her eyes were moist, and her tears almost trickled down.

Just then! A woman as elegant as a swan danced in front of her with graceful steps, blocking most gazes for her.

She was slightly shocked and raised her eyes to see Sylvia who was dancing in front of her.

Her eyes filled with fear met Sylvia's gentle warm eyes.

She was somehow soothed by Sylvia and warmth flooded her heart.

She suddenly forgot that she was on stage, lowering her eyes and beginning to play the first melody.

Melodious tones of the piano rang out as Sylvia began to dance to the music.

She danced like a swan with mesmerizing grace.

Franklin was annoyed off stage when he saw the woman in red suddenly appear on stage.

His eyes widened in shock. At a glance, he recognized it was Sylvia! He never knew that Sylvia could dance.

Everyone looked at the two women on the stage in shock.

Some audiences were so engrossed that they forgot to take pictures.

The media, on the other hand, were frantically taking pictures.

“Two beautiful young ladies that work so perfectly together.”

“Oh my God! This show will absolutely be a hit!”

The media posted tweets with praise.

The tweets of the two women immediately aroused a heated discussion.

Netizens are busy identifying who they were.

The sharp-eyed immediately recognized Sylvia.

“Oh my God, it’s actually Sylvia.”

“I’m surprised she dances so well.”

“No wonder she could be the general director.”

“The gala is perfect. It’s the best gala I’ve ever seen.”

“Honestly, Sylvia is perfect.”

Several trending topics on Twitter were about the Larro TV gala; the galas of other TV stations were overshadowed and they were green-eyed.

Franklin sat off the stage, his dark eyes barely blinking, staring at the dancing woman on the stage.

He fixated on her soft waist and beautiful body. In his eyes, she was like a gorgeous angel that was seducing him.

He only stared at her, with no one in his eyes but her!

‘Sylvia, why did you always surprise me?’

His strong possessiveness made him want to rush up to the stage and hold her tightly in his arms.

Only he deserved to appreciate her beauty.

Aldo sat in his seat and kept taking videos of Jenna.

He was determined to record her perfect performance for the first time in her life.

He looked at the young girl who was concentrating on playing the piano.

It was too unexpected!

She seemed to be a budding flower waiting for the world to discover her beauty. But he discovered it earlier.

Finally, it was the end of their performance.

A thunderous applause rang out.

Sylvia held Jenna’s hand to make their curtain call. Then she realized that Jenna’s palms were wet with cold sweat.

She couldn't help but raise her eyes and gave Jenna a reassuring and charming smile.

Jenna's heart melted.

Performers who finished their shows all sat with the audience, and so did Rosie.

Rosie snorted and thought. 'Sylvia Andrews, all wonderful shows tonight make no difference to how the gala flops. The modern drama you prepare can't be put on with Mollie's absence, can you?'

No other stars except Eden came to this gala invited, and there were only extras who were trained for a month, but they presented a stunning visual feast for everyone.

Each of the shows sparked a heated discussion on Twitter.

"The Tenor is Wonderful"

"The Modern Drama Implies a lot."

"The Two Young Ladies Playing the Piano Are Fabulous"

"The Talk Show is Not Bad"

"Honestly, it's amazing that non-professional artists can achieve this. This gala is worth watching."

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"Especially that talk show! Those extras did their best and it turned out awesome!"

"The lady in white playing the piano is so beautiful, like the white rose. Sylvia and that lady worked perfectly."

"Yeah, yeah! And the modern drama, 'the wise is playing the fool', is amazing."

"Looking forward to the next show. I heard that the finale is a skit about fighting corruption and upholding integrity. The director chose such a sensitive subject! I admire her!"

"Me too."

These netizens were discussing heatedly on Twitter.

Most of them were praising despite a few curses.

"Nonsense! I think the singing is out of tune, or the singer faked singing."

"Ridiculous! A fake singing would not be out of tune as its purpose is for perfect effect."

"All those who curse my goddess just go away."

"It's my right to curse her as she hypes up herself every day."

"Hype up herself? You need to figure out that the media are publicizing themselves by mentioning her, not the other way round."

The more heated the discussion was, the more popular the live streaming platform was.

The viewing numbers started from one or two million, to 5 million, to 10 million, and now reached 30 million.

This numbers that kept growing made the live streaming platform extremely satisfied. And the numbers continued to grow after they reached 30 million.

The topic discussed in real time on Twitter also made a hit, bringing a lot of viewers to the live streaming platform.

Netizens disdained to see any lame shows. They all flocked to the Larro TV channel after discovering the Larro gala was particularly wonderful.

The bullet comments floated across the screen, and the tips kept increasing.

It didn't take long for 50 million to come to the live channel, and it continued to gain popularity.

Live streaming platforms were not too optimistic about the gala of Larro TV station before, just like other netizens.

But Sylvia was capable! The artists were well trained!

The gala won the reputation and popularity with the excellent programs.

Soon, the gala was coming to an end.

Rosie sat in the audience, smugly curling her lips and waiting for Sylvia to make a fool of herself.

The lights went dark instantly.

The props were set up on the stage. Seconds later, the emcee announced the following show and the lights were instantly turned on, illuminating the entire stage.

Just then, a familiar figure suddenly walked out from the backstage.

That was Mollie.

Rosie was so shocked that she almost fell out of her seat.

"She! Why is she here?" She was so surprised that she couldn't help but stand up and stared at Mollie and shouted.

She instantly offended many spectators, including some government officials.

She realized she was now watching the gala where everyone stayed quiet.

She went pale and hurried to sit down.

The skit performed by Mollie was about fighting corruption and upholding integrity, which was very meaningful.

She acted as section chief who kissed the asses of her superiors and bullied her subordinates.

She made all kinds of false data, and took bribes and offered bribes. She deceived her superiors and deluded her subordinates.

But she kept her position because she was good at ingratiating her superiors.

One day, she tried to use the same way to deal with the newly appointed superior, but she was exposed, fired and sent to the police station.

Mollie was quite a heroine, and she acted her character very naturally, whether in terms of the action or the expressions.

When the skit was over, she bowed deeply toward the audience and then said, "We are the cast of the last program, and here I would like to thank Miss Andrews. Without her, I wouldn't have performed so well."

At the end of the gala, all the cast returned to the stage and sang the chorus of God Save the King with everyone, which made the gala reach its climax.

The netizens who watched online kept on praising them.

"You can fight the thugs, save the children, and direct the gala; Is there anything you are not good at?" Netizens began to compliment Sylvia.

Franklin sat off the stage, staring closely at Sylvia on the stage.

She was in the middle crowded around by all the cast members and was the most charming one that people couldn't move their eyes from.

She was fabulous.

She seemed to say something to Eden with her eyes lowered; Eden somehow blushed slightly, and his eyes fixed on Sylvia seemed to be flirty.

Franklin was mad that a small star dared to flirt with Sylvia with his seductive eyes. Damn!

"Ban him!" Franklin squeezed these words out from between his teeth.

Jasper swallowed and nervously said, "Mr. Maskelyne, Eden is the core of our entertainment section; now those new stars have to rely on him to become popular. Those famous movie stars and actresses are unwilling to draw public attention to the new stars."

Franklin did not realize that Eden was a member of his company until Jasper reminded him.

"Then cancel all his commercials in a week as a warning."

Jasper had no other way but followed his order.

Eden, who did not know what happened and who he offended, found all his commercials in a week were cancelled.

He would never know it was just because his own boss got jealous and punished him in that way!

"What did my boss just say to you?" Logan asked Eden after the gala.

"Your boss is quite right." Eden touched his nose, "She asked me if I was interested in making a movie in which I would play as an idol."

“Making a movie?” Logan raised his eyebrows.

“Yeah! She wants to make investment. And I told her to talk to my agent.”

“How come I don’t know what movie my boss is going to make?” Logan was jealous and felt he lost Sylvia’s favor.

“Probably that idea just occurred to her.” Eden didn’t say any more and left with his agent.

Sylvia was backstage saying goodbye to the group of extras when Logan went to pick her up.

He was startled that some extras who had not yet changed their costumes were surrounding Sylvia.

Some were chattering and some were even wiping tears.

What was going on?

Logan was puzzled when he heard Sylvia say, “Okay, we will have another opportunity to work together again in the future. How about I treat you all to a farewell dinner at Royal Galaxy Restaurant next Saturday night?”

“Miss Andrews, Royal Galaxy is expensive. You are squandering your money to treat about one hundred extras to dinner, aren’t you?”

“We don’t want to hurt your wallet!”

“Me neither! Don’t waste your money, Miss Andrews.”

“It won’t break the bank.” Sylvia smiled as she raised her eyes and saw Logan not far away, “My friend is here to pick me up. I have to go.”

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“Ah! Miss Andrews’s boyfriend, Mr. Mertens!”

“Mr. Mertens! Treat us to candy!”

“Mr. Mertens! Miss Andrews is fabulous! You have such a good taste” The crowd turned around and began to make a joke of them when they saw Logan.

Logan was a little bit embarrassed as Sylvia was his boss but not his girlfriend.

Franklin just walked backstage with Jasper and heard their jokes on Sylvia and Logan.

First it was Eden and now Logan. Damn!

It was as if their eyes were glued to Sylvia.

He was extremely pissed off.

A hint of coldness flashed across his handsome face.

The crowd felt a chill down their spines as they saw his tall figure.

They felt like the temperature suddenly dropped to below zero.

The lively atmosphere froze.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow, glancing at the familiar man whose face was sullen. "Mr. Maskelyne, what can I do for you?"

"I'm here to take you home."

The man's mellow voice was like a good cello.

But Sylvia was unaffected, picking her ear and curling her lips, her eyes languid. "Sorry, but Mr. Mertens and I are on the same way."

Rosie stood in the dark, hatred possessing her.

She was wondering how on earth Sylvia found Mollie. Why did Mollie appear in the nick of time?

She was puzzled.

Mollie appeared, and the gala was quite a success.

She would definitely be punished by Mr. Clark Wilson.

A sinister expression appeared on her face.

'Damn it, how should I explain all this to Mr. Wilson? I just told Winter that Mollie was unable to come.'

Thinking about Clark's cruel tricks, Rosie couldn't help but worry about herself.

Franklin watched Sylvia get into Logan's car.

He suppressed the anger and thought of the trick he learned online. A man shouldn't force his woman and he had to let her do whatever she wanted to do.

But it really angered him that Sylvia was with other man alone.

He was now a bit suspicious that those skills with girls said online were all bullshit and not credible at all.

"Order 99 flower baskets," he gritted teeth and said to Jasper sitting in front of him.

"And send them to?" Jasper was a bit confused.

"The entrance of City Hall."

And it became the headline of Larro Morning Post the next day.

A mysterious man sent 99 huge flower baskets to the entrance of the city hall, and all of them were given to Sylvia to celebrate her achievement for making the Larro gala successful.

"A mysterious suitor really overshadows other suitors of Miss Andrews! After all, he spent so much money, so he must be of much wealth or of high status." This sentence was quoted from the press release of the Larro Morning Post.

Sylvia looked at the report and felt tired as she knew the flowered must be sent by Franklin who was insane.

Did he know how to keep a low profile?

Sylvia rubbed her brow and saw out of the corner of her eye Mark and Vaild who were pushing each other.

Sylvia glanced at them. "What are you doing? If you have something to say, say it quickly."

"Boss, it's about the Andrews Construction."

"A few days ago..."

"Get to the point." Sylvia sat up straight, put down the newspaper, and looked at them. "Didn't I tell you guys to find the weaknesses of the Andrews? Is there no progress after so many days?"

"Yes, there is." Vaild hurriedly said, "I planned to report it yesterday but we both forgot."

"Okay then, submit all the evidence to the relevant authorities to get justice," Sylvia said indifferently. "Since they exploited the loopholes of the law, it is fair enough to get the punishment they deserve."

"Yes, yes, we'll do it now." They hurriedly ran away.

After resting for half a day, Sylvia personally made lunch at noon and delivered it to the hospital where her grandma stayed.

She was busy with the gala these two days and didn't have time to keep her grandma company.

She hadn't even stepped into the ward when she heard a loud noise from a distance.

She frowned and quicken her pace.

"Everything here is so good. How could you say that Sylvia doesn't have money?" Otto glared at Kira gruffly.

"All these were given by Frank." Kira shivered on the hospital bed.

"Who is Frank? Are you fooling me?" Otto said viciously, "I don't care, you must ask Sylvia for two million. She's such a famous doctor who charges a lot of money for rich people. She must be pretty wealthy!"

"Otto, it's not easy for Sylvia to earn money. Could you not force her?" Kira looked at her fierce son with agony.

"Mother, how can you be so partial? Something happened to Otto's company in the past two days. Several cooperations were screwed up, and the purse string is to be broken. Do you plan to sit by and do nothing? Now only Sylvia can help Otto out. She can afford such a classy ward, so she must have a lot of money," Skyla Watts said in a sharp voice. "Do you love her more than your own son? Are you going to do nothing about it?"

"Don't force me! Sylvia has no money." Kira almost cried.

"I would never give a penny to ungrateful people like you." Suddenly, an icy voice rang out from the door of the ward.

The three people in the ward all looked toward the door and saw Sylvia standing there in her blue dress with a lunch box; she was stunningly beautiful.

She stepped into the ward with an icy expression.

“Grandma, I cooked the chicken soup for you. Try it.” She put the lunch box on the bedside table and opened it.

She simply ignored the thick-skinned couple and felt an odding feeling. Why did Otto’s company go wrong when the evidence was not submitted yet?

It was so strange.

“You go back.” Kira looked at Sylvia, sighing and saying to the couple.

“Mom, think about what we told you!” Otto glanced at Kira and dragged Skyla who was reluctant.

Skyla had been a bit scared of Sylvia since the last time, so she did not dare to say anything more and hurriedly left.

“Sibbie, your father was misled astray by that woman; you should not blame him.” Afraid that Sylvia resented Otto, Kira thought for a while and then said. “Your father was not like this before.”

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5-7 minutes

Sylvia interrupted Kira, “Grandma, why are you still covering up for him? Look at what have you made him. He is an ungrateful jerk.”

Tears trickled down from Kira’s eyes. “I’m sorry.”

Seeing Kira’s tears, Sylvia regretted being too mean.

Kira brought her up. Thinking of this, Sylvia said, “It’s my father’s fault, not yours.”

She handed the soup to Kira. “Let’s stop talking about this. Try the soup.”

She let out a long breath to ease her discomfort.

Skyla’s words repeated in Sylvia’s mind. “Do you love your granddaughter more than your own son?”

She recalled a piece of news she had seen a while back.

A paralyzed old woman was buried alive by her own son, but when her son was about to go to jail, the old woman came out to plead for him.

Sylvia suddenly understood why Kira never agreed to live with her although she had repeatedly invited Kira over the years.

No matter how close she was to Kira, Otto was Kira’s son. A mother would never stop loving her son.

Perhaps, the person Kira loved the most was Otto.

After having some soup, Kira put down the bowl and glanced at Sylvia embarrassedly, "Sylvia, your dad's company seems to be in trouble recently."

"Grandma, are you trying to ask me to lend him money?" Sylvia felt more frustrated.

To her, 2 million was nothing.

However, when the request was made by Kira, Sylvia felt upset.

'Grandma knew how Otto and Skyla abused me when I was little. But as she said, Otto is my dad. Do I have to support this shameless family only because I am Otto's daughter?' thought Sylvia.

Kira saw that Sylvia's face turned livid. Her heart skipped a beat.

She knew that Sylvia always listened to her and loved her.

She couldn't bear to hurt Sylvia's feelings. But Otto was in trouble now. She couldn't bear to see Otto being pushed by his creditors either.

Finally, Kira sighed but said nothing.

Franklin and Jasper entered the ward. Franklin noticed that the atmosphere in the ward was not quite right.

Jasper put down boxes of nutritional supplements and went to the door, waiting for orders.

Sylvia was upset. Seeing Franklin, she was even more upset.

"What brings you here?"

"Frank visits me almost every day. When you are busy, he comes to chat with me." Kira explained.

Franklin glanced at Kira with gratitude.

"Grandma, how are you feeling today?"

To ease the tense atmosphere, Kira glanced at Sylvia, then at Franklin, and said, "Pretty good. Frank, stop wasting your money. I have enough supplements here."

Kira said nice words about Franklin.

Sylvia was a little surprised that Franklin visited Grandma every day.

Seriously? Did he get nothing else to do?

She glanced at Franklin and met his dark eyes, which were shining.

She was stunned.

Franklin was like a kid from a kindergarten waiting to be praised, but he said modestly, "It's my duty to erase your boredom, grandma."

Sylvia was lost for words.

Franklin was so shameless.

He wasn't like that in front of other people.

Sylvia took a deep breath, suppressing her indescribable emotions, and looked out the window.

She had mixed feelings.

The Andrews family, Kira, and Franklin.

She rubbed her eyebrows, feeling a headache.

After staying in the ward for a while, she was about to leave.

Franklin followed her out immediately.

"What's wrong? Are you not happy?"

"Nothing." Sylvia shook her head.

"Sweetie, you don't need to deal with the Andrews family. I will handle it for you," Franklin whispered.

Sylvia stopped in her tracks, looking up at him, "Franklin, Otto is out of cash. Did you do it?"

She was deep in thought in the ward just now. The evidence Mark and Vaild got hadn't been handed up yet, but Otto was in trouble.

It turned out Franklin made it happen.

Should she describe him as considerate or cruel?

She didn't know.

"Sweetie, I won't allow anyone to act against you!" Franklin paused, his voice cold and deep. "Not even your father."

His tone of voice was domineering.

Sylvia was like a baby that needed him to take care of carefully.

Sylvia's throat was dry. She wanted to say something but was unable to open her mouth.

This feeling was weird.

She could feel tears in her eyes.

Kira, her dearest grandma, spoke for Otto. But Franklin stood up for her.

Franklin was on her side.

He was standing right behind her.

It gave her a feeling that she had never gotten from Logan and the other people that worked for her.

It was a novel feeling. She felt guarded and loved.

She took a deep breath, then looked away and blinked.

She held back her tears.

Then she looked back at Franklin. "Thank you."

Franklin kept staring at her, not missing an expression of her.

After a moment, he spoke, asking for rewards.

"Sweetie, if you want to thank me, why don't you have dinner with me today?"

Sylvia glanced at him. She should have scolded him for interfering in her business.

She could handle Otto herself.

But...

She couldn't scold Franklin. She even appreciated his help.

She thanked him.

She had no idea what she was thinking.

It must be Franklin's fault.

Or perhaps it was because she was too sad hearing that Kira chose Otto instead of her. Maybe, it was because Otto went too far.

Franklin was the only one by her side all the time.

She couldn't figure out why.

She went to the supermarket with Franklin to purchase food.

Franklin only liked her dishes.

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6-7 minutes

She bought some beef, pork, eggplant, carrots, and some other vegetables.

Sylvia was picking up the food in front, and Franklin happily followed with a dotting smile.

Jasper, who followed with the shopping cart, thought that Franklin looked like a fool.

While following Sylvia, the fool took out his mobile phone and took a picture of the woman picking ingredients.

She was in a blue dress, which revealed her slender calves. Her earrings were of the same color. And her dark hair scattered on her back. She looked extremely beautiful.

She was stunning.

Even her back made people blush.

Franklin couldn't help showing off.

The picture alone was not enough.

So...

In the middle of the day, Franklin once again made Sylvia's name on the trending topics.

He donated 110 million dollars to Keturah philanthropic foundation.

He posted a picture of Sylvia's back on his Twitter and wrote, "My wife likes to do charity, what else can I do than donating!"

Not long ago, Sylvia donated 110 million dollars in the name of the Maskelyne Group.

Franklin donated another 110 million dollars.

What a public display of affection!

It was so sweet that it made others envious.

"Damn! They are so rich!"

"Mr. Maskelyne donated 110 million dollars to show his love for Mrs. Maskelyne. Wow!"

"Mr. Maskelyne's way of showing affection is really different."

"I'm fainting."

"I have never seen so much money in my entire life!"

Mr. Maskelyne was in a good mood. He didn't give a damn about money.

Money was nothing to him.

Sylvia, who was now being discussed online, had no idea of what Franklin had done.

She had picked the ingredients and some seasonings.

She went to the cashier with Franklin.

Some customers scrolled through Twitter and read the trending topics.

They stared at Sylvia and Franklin in shock. But unfortunately, Jasper stood behind them, blocking them tightly.

Sylvia lowered her head, her long hair covering her face so people couldn't see her well.

So, they only captured a picture of Franklin and Sylvia lining up behind their back.

The pictures were immediately posted on Twitter.

"Shit! I saw Mr. Maskelyne and Mrs. Maskelyne. Mrs. Maskelyne is so beautiful just from the back."

This tweet immediately caught people's eyes.

“Which supermarket are they in? The big boss goes to the supermarket too?”

“They bought a lot of food? Mrs. Maskelyne cooks by herself. Oh my God! What a surprise! Mrs. Maskelyne is a billionaire. They have many servants at home. Yet his wife cooks for him in person! What a perfect wife!”

“I’m jealous. Mr. Maskelyne is so lucky to marry a pretty lady.”

“Let me guess, what’s Mrs. Maskelyne going to cook? Beef with carrots? Meat with vermicelli?”

“No way, they also bought some vegetables.”

The guy who posted the picture had no fans.

No one paid attention to him before.

But after the tweet, he got tens of thousands of fans in minutes.

He even wanted to be an influencer.

He liked photography. But he was just an average photographer, better than ordinary people maybe, but not worth mentioning in the same breath as professional photographers.

However, since he had fans, he decided to post some of his works.

So, he posted many pictures that he took.

Unexpectedly, some of his fans loved those pictures.

Some praised him. Some retweeted.

Soon, he got over 100,000 followers.

He became a photography blogger.

The young man was so excited. Some companies invited him to advertise for them. Although the prices were not very high, he finally got some income.

He hadn’t had any income for a long time. He had been eating instant noodles these days.

He spent all his time on photography. His parents didn’t support him.

He was so excited.

The Maskelyne couple changed his life.

Sylvia returned to Towner Villa with Franklin.

Jasper put down the food and sat down on the sofa, waiting for orders.

Franklin followed Sylvia into the kitchen. Looking at the suited Franklin, Sylvia lifted her eyebrows. “Go get changed. Also, bring me the apron.”

Franklin did it at once.

He was as obedient as a boy from kindergarten.

He listened to whatever she said.

He liked to be ordered by Sylvia now. He was never tired of her orders.

He wished she would never stop ordering him.

He liked being with Sylvia, inhaling the same air as her.

He felt so comfortable.

Sylvia took the apron and was about to put it on.

She raised her hand.

Yet the next second, Franklin wrapped her in his arms.

Sylvia froze, trying to push him away.

Franklin said in a low and magnetic voice, "Don't move. I'll tie it up for you."

He helped her put on the apron.

She could almost feel the man's slender fingers moving behind her waist.

His clear and familiar breath lingered in her nose.

Franklin was very tall. Slightly bent, he could see Sylvia's smooth and delicate skin.

Her long eyelashes were trembling slightly, like a butterfly that wanted to fly.

"Is it done?" Sylvia's mouth was dry.

The man's fervent eyes fell on her face, which disturbed her.

She was thinking wildly when her lips suddenly turned hot.

Franklin sealed her lips with a gentle kiss.

Sylvia's heart skipped a beat.

She wanted to push him away, but he grabbed her palm, turned around, and pressed her thin body against the wall of the kitchen.

The coldness of the wall made Sylvia twist her body.

Franklin hugged her tightly while kissing. He was enjoying the moment.

The kiss was intimate and tender, completely different from the domineering and plundering way he kissed her in the past.

Sylvia was a little surprised.

When did this man change?

But soon, Franklin got impatient. His breathing became heavier and heavier, and his movements became more and more urgent.

He started to conquer her.

Sylvia shoved him away and tidied her hair, "Do you still want to eat?"

Her voice was husky, and her face flushed like red cherries.

chapter 188

6-7 minutes

Franklin leaned against the wall, his slender legs bent at will as he looked up at Sylvia, whose face was pink.

He saw the shy little girl that she used to be by the time they just married.

He raised his lips slightly, "I want you more."

"Wash the vegetables!" Sylvia angrily shoved the vegetables into the man's hand.

But somehow, she blushed and her heart raced.

She lowered her head, and her long hair fell casually from her shoulders, revealing only half of her face.

Franklin turned on the faucet and started washing the vegetables.

After it was done, he looked around and saw the woman skillfully chopping vegetables.

Her pointing nose and rosy lips were very beautiful. She was focused on chopping vegetables.

Her long eyelashes cast a shadow around her eyes.

Maybe she was annoyed by her hair, Sylvia took the rubber band off her wrist to tie her hair up.

Franklin took her small hand.

"I'll help you."

His voice sounded behind her, sultry and charming.

Sylvia paused and her hand stiffened.

Franklin took the rubber band and tied her hair carefully.

It was a simple ponytail.

Before they divorced, Franklin occasionally helped her tie her hair.

So, he was skillful.

When they were husband and wife, such an intimate act was normal.

But now, his behavior made her heart which had just gone back to normal began to pound again.

“Sweetie, I like to tie your hair, and I like that you cook for me every day. Please, moved back.” Franklin couldn’t help but speak when he saw that Sylvia was silent with her head lowered.

The proud man was begging her.

Sylvia raised her eyes to look at him. Franklin seemed to be less domineering and more patient now. His temper got better.

He had a strong aura. Even if he was in the kitchen, he seemed to have an aura of a king.

Sylvia ignored him. She calmed herself down and said lightly, “I’m going to cook the vegetables.”

“Beef with carrots? Meat with vermicelli?” Franklin asked, pursing his lips.

“How do you know?” Sylvia raised her eyebrows.

Franklin curled his lips slightly. “I was just guessing.”

He then sat down at the table, quietly waiting for Sylvia while she was cooking.

He had already had a plan of how to show his love later.

Sylvia had no idea of Franklin’s crazy idea.

She was cooking skillfully.

Within an hour, she cooked four dishes and a soup.

When she was about to ask Franklin to take out the dishes, she found that Franklin was taking pictures of the dishes!

Sylvia didn’t understand. Those were just ordinary homemade dishes. Why did he take pictures?

Jasper came over to help serve the food.

He swallowed, secretly laughing at Franklin’s childish way of showing affection.

He knew that Franklin would post the pictures on Twitter.

But he didn’t dare to say a word.

So, he stayed quiet while helping out.

Sylvia sat down, pick up her fork, and looked at Franklin suspiciously. “What are you doing?”

Franklin put away his phone without blushing, and then looked up at her, “It’s in vogue now to post photos of food on Twitter and Instagram.”

Sylvia frowned. “So?”

“Oh, I tweeted.”

Franklin picked up his fork and began to eat. “Beef tastes nice.”

On Twitter at this time, Franklin mentioned the person who guessed what Sylvia would cook and said, "Congratulations, you guessed right! Mrs. Maskelyne not only made beef with carrots, and meat with vermicelli, but also some potatoes and vegetables, as well as some grape almond soup! All taste perfect!"

Then he posted a picture of the dishes.

People were excited seeing the tweet.

"Mrs. Maskelyne is such a good cook!"

"Wow! Those dishes are so ordinary!"

"I thought rich people must eat fancy foods. Mr. Maskelyne's life is not that different."

"Last time Mr. Maskelyne asked Mrs. Maskelyne to cook, all were simple dishes too."

"Look nice. I am hungry."

"I am so curious about Mrs. Maskelyne's look."

"She got nice hair."

"Mr. Maskelyne is a lucky man."

Franklin enjoyed reading the comments.

Sylvia noticed Franklin's wicked smile while eating.

She thought for a second and then put down her fork, took her phone, and checked Twitter.

Then... she was stunned.

"Franklin, are you crazy? Why did you donate more than 110 million dollars to my foundation?"

Franklin didn't deny it. He smiled, saying in a doting tone, "My dear, you like doing charity. I should support you."

Sylvia was lost for words.

Franklin made her famous in an instant.

Well...

Cool!

She had been on the trends twice within two days.

The first time was about the donation and the second was about the dishes she cooked.

Those ordinary dishes were not worth showing off at all.

Why did he post the pictures on Twitter?

A trace of helplessness showed up on her beautiful face. She could do nothing about Franklin. He was a nutcase.

He always did crazy things and talked about them like they were nothing.

Just like now, he was asking for rewards with that handsome face.

“Don’t do this again, your money doesn’t grow on trees.” Sylvia tried the soup. “Charity is a good thing but don’t do it with such a high profile. Anyway, just remember what I said.”

“Sweetie, are you caring about me? Don’t worry, all my money is earned in legal ways. I am not afraid of being investigated,” Franklin said confidently.

Joy showed up between his eyebrows.

Was Sylvia caring about him?

That was a big step and a good sign.

Did it mean their relationship was much better than before?

Sylvia looked at the Twitter account that Franklin registered for her behind her back and felt a headache.

She got tons of messages from her followers.

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Some were cursing her. Some were envious of her. Some comforted her, wanting to see her face. There were all kinds of comments.

She was kind of speechless. They had divorced. What was wrong with Franklin? His showing PDA was childish.

He didn’t only tweet but also interact with people online.

Sylvia wanted to say something but she didn’t.

Jasper focused on eating without saying a word.

He shouldn’t make any comments. He tried not to catch any attention.

Franklin had been smiling. Obviously, he was in a good mood. The food tasted even more delicious.

After eating, he went to wash dishes like before.

He asked Jasper to take a picture of him doing the dishes.

Then he posted the picture on Twitter.

Only his slender hands were revealed in the picture.

“My wife cooked and I wash the dishes. I hope she would cook for me again later on.”

People were all stunned.

The president of the Maskelyne Group actually washed dishes.

They all guessed, "The one taking the picture must be Mrs. Maskelyne."

"I think the same. Maybe it's also Mrs. Maskelyne who tweeted."

"They share the same account. That's so sweet."

"Mr. Maskelyne is handsome even when he washes the dishes."

"Mr. Maskelyne is handsome and rich, yet he still washes dishes. Guys should learn from this."

After a short while, the hashtag "Mr. Maskelyne Washing Dishes" was also on trend.

Honey clicked on the hashtag and saw the picture of Franklin washing dishes.

She said to Rose speechlessly, "Do you know what he told me last time I went to his house?"

Rose asked curiously, "Nope."

"Do you have other things? If not, I am going to wash the dishes," Honey said, imitating Franklin's tone.

Rose was speechless.

She was astounded and shocked as the netizens.

She had just thought that it was a publicity trick used by Franklin.

Hearing Honey's words, she understood why Honey left the villa with that expression.

It turned out that Honey was greatly shocked back then.

Who would have thought that Franklin would do things that ordinary people would do?

Washing dishes just didn't sound like his thing.

He was a powerful president.

"Mrs. Maskelyne is a lucky woman," Honey sighed. "I have to learn from Miss Andrews to improve myself and make a name for myself. I must rely on myself, instead of guys."

Rose was even more shocked. Glaring at Honey, she asked, "Oh dear, what's going on with you? What put that in your mind?"

Rose couldn't be clearer about how spoiled Honey was.

Honey didn't like working.

She was not an excellent actress. But she was not bad. If she worked hard, she would make a difference maybe.

But if she wanted to rely on men, she would become a nobody very soon.

"Isn't it a good thought? I think it is." Honey laughed, "Even Ms. X, the designer of LX, invited me! If I can build a good relationship with the sponsors, I might be chosen to be the brand ambassador. Miss

Andrews treats me well, and I can see that she has a good relationship with Ms. X. Last time, she allowed me to take photos with Mr. Maskelyne and her. So, I must prove to Miss Andrews that I am not a scumbag. I have to work hard!"

She liked Sylvia.

Sylvia was different from ordinary girls. She was decisive and quick-witted with an impressive aura.

She was very strong, but she never bullied the weak. Instead, she helped them.

She was like the heroines in novels.

Honey was surer about it especially when she saw the news about Sylvia on Twitter.

She wanted to approach Sylvia.

Sylvia had a charm that made people want to follow her.

Every inch of her, even her hair, was exuding positivity.

Honey no longer wanted to climb the ladders with shameful means.

She had the support of the Maskelyne Group.

She believed that if she worked hard, the high-ups of the Maskelyne Group would see it and give her the resources.

She wanted to build her life through hard work.

Rose was almost moved to tears by Honey's words. "Girl, don't worry, I promise, I will support you. Even if I can't bring you to the top of the film industry, I will make you famous in the TV industry. Work hard on improving your acting skills, we will definitely reach the top."

Honey nodded, her eyes shining. She was looking forward to her bright future.

"Rose, get an acting teacher for me tomorrow. I am going to study. Also, I need a language teacher. I don't want to be a nameless actress for my entire life."

After Franklin washed the dishes, he sat down on the sofa and started to work.

Sylvia stood on the balcony, answering a phone call. After a while, she hung up.

Approaching Franklin, she said, "I have to go."

A trace of reluctance flashed in Franklin's deep eyes. He could only get peace when she was around.

"Are you coming back for dinner tonight?"

"No." Sylvia subconsciously refused.

"But..." Franklin turned towards Sylvia. "Sweetie, I've been helping you with Otto's stuff and taking care of your grandmother. Can't you make a pet of me more?"

What?

He was acting like a child.

Sylvia's body shook.

She was stunned.

"Franklin, don't talk to me in such a disgusting tone, okay?"

She felt like throwing up.

Franklin smirked. "Is it disgusting? I think it's okay."

Sylvia got goosebumps all over her body, feeling sick.

"Franklin, stop acting like a child!"

Franklin raised his eyebrows and slowly smiled, looking warm.

Sylvia was wearing a blue dress, and her soft black hair was tied behind her head like seaweed. Her palm-sized face looked more beautiful.

Franklin's eyes gradually burned. "Sweetie, come back for dinner together. What would you like to cook? How about some fish?"

He had even thought of what to eat at dinner...

Sylvia could only give in.

Since he had helped her deal with the Andrews family and take care of Kira, Sylvia sighed, "Go buy the fish in the afternoon. Ask them to clean it."

"Okay, my dear wife."

Franklin, who had successfully made Sylvia stay at night, was in a happy mood. He was smiling very happily.

No matter how alluring and handsome he was, Sylvia had no time to care about it.

She got it with her labor.

She went out of Townyer Villa.

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When she was about to grab a taxi, a Bentley came out of the garage.

The windows lowered. Franklin smiled. "A good husband must be a good driver too. Get in the car."

Sylvia was speechless. She wanted to say that she didn't care if he was a good driver because they'd gotten divorced.

Sylvia, who had always been sharp-tongued, said nothing this time.

She was going to meet someone.

Arriving at the destination, Franklin looked around and frowned.

“What are you doing here?”

It was a shabby neighborhood. Some buildings seemed to be falling apart.

The air was smelly.

It was a disgusting place to stay in.

“To find someone.” Sylvia got out of the car and said curtly, “Thank you, go back.”

In a broken room, a man in his thirties was drinking.

With a messy beard, he looked depressed.

Beside him squatted an eight-year-old boy. Seeing that the man was drinking unhappily, the boy couldn't help crying. He shouted, “Dad, stop drinking.”

He knew his dad had been in very bad health lately. But they had no money to go to the hospital.

The man spent all the money he earned on alcohol.

He didn't care about his health at all.

“Leave me alone.” The man shook the little boy away.

The boy was so young that he fell on the ground.

Suddenly, a woman's cold voice sounded at the door, “Brock Davila.”

Brock slowly opened his drunken eyes, looked at the beautiful woman at the door, and said gloomily, “Who are you?”

“I'm your savior.”

Ten minutes later, Brock washed his face, tidied his clothes, and went to Sylvia.

He looked nice.

The little boy also sat obediently beside him, staring at Sylvia with big eyes.

“I haven't been filming for a long time.” Brock still remembered how cruel Sylvia could be.

They were poor, so they had a well in the yard from where they fetched water.

There was a water tank next to the well.

He would never forget the fear and suffocation he felt when Sylvia pressed him directly into the water tank.

She asked him, “Sober up?”

Brock was almost choked. Of course, he had sobered up.

So now he obediently cleaned himself and sat there, listening carefully to this strange woman.

Did she want him, a loser director, to film for her?

That sounded naïve and ridiculous!

Brock refused without even thinking about it.

“Don’t jump to the conclusion. Keep the script, read it, think about it, and then contact me.” Sylvia put the script in front of Brock, “Mr. Davila, you have to get up from wherever you fall. Do you want to end up with such a bad name? Your son is so cute. Do you want to ruin his life?”

Brock’s eyes reddened slightly.

He clenched the script in his hand and did not speak for a long time.

He used to be the top student in the directing department of the drama school. When he just graduated, he wrote a script and made a movie out of it, which made him famous.

He would never think that he would be accused of plagiarism.

Roland Simon, his good friend, stole the script from his computer and made it into a movie before him. His film was also being filmed at that time.

His filming was forced to stop because Roland’s film was released before he was finished.

And Roland accused him of plagiarism.

The investor withdrew the investment. The film cost a lot. The investor sued him and asked him for compensation.

His wife divorced him directly, and what made him even angrier was that after the divorce, his wife married Roland.

The script was stolen by his wife.

He spent all his money to pay off debts. But there was still a large debt that he hadn’t paid.

He was devastated. So, he drank every day after that.

Moreover, he was banned from the industry. The once genius director became a shame.

He never imagined that someone would find him and invite him to make a movie.

His first reaction was that this woman was a liar.

But she brought the script over.

His throat was dry, “Aren’t you afraid that I will steal your script and sell it?”

“Oh, I have registered the copyright of this script, even if you want to sell it, no one would buy.” Sylvia said lightly, “Only you and Roland knew the truth of what happened back then. Don’t you want revenge?”

“I do, desperately.”

"I can help you." Sylvia smiled and looked at him with clear eyes. "I have the best production team, and I will invite the most popular actors."

"Why would you help me?" Brock looked at her, puzzled.

She wouldn't help him for no reason.

Nothing was free.

"I am just repaying a favor," Sylvia smiled.

The old man's kind face once again showed up in her head. Before his death, he said to her, "Sylvia, please take care of them for me."

She promised the old man, and she had been working hard for that promise.

She was never an ungrateful person.

"Read the script first, and if you agree, contact me." Sylvia put her business card on the table.

After she finished speaking, she turned around and left.

Out of the neighborhood, to her surprise, she found Franklin was still there.

People kept looking at the Bentley. No fancy cars stopped there normally.

Sylvia was surprised, "Why didn't you leave?"

"I'm worried about you. I wanted to wait for you." Franklin opened the car door and dragged her in. Sylvia, caught off guard, fell onto Franklin's lap.

Her heart skipped a beat. Her cheeks were burning.

"Did you find the person?"

"Yes." Sylvia nodded.

"Who is it? Does he or she live here?" Franklin now wanted to know everything about Sylvia.

Sylvia looked at him, feeling weird. Franklin wasn't such a nosy man before.

But she didn't intend to lie to him. Anyway, sooner or later he would know it.

"I'm going to make a movie and have Eden starring in it."

"Eden?" Franklin gritted his teeth.