

Revealed 2

chapter 2

It had started to drizzle.

The grass was lush and green. It felt soft under one's feet. The drizzle was like fog that hung over the whole mountain and made it look a bit surreal.

The funeral was simple and most attendees were the old Maskelyne's friends and relatives as well as business partners of the Maskelyne family.

The white lilies looked even purer and whiter under the wash of the rain, surrounding the tombstone.

Sylvia got off the car, held a black umbrella, and walked towards the crowd.

Franklin had arrived, wearing a black suit, standing straight with his mouth shut.

It was the first time Sylvia had ever seen something else instead of indifference on his face.

His eyes were red rimmed and he was standing in the front row of the crowd.

She knew that the old Maskelyne raised Franklin up, so he had been very close with the old Maskelyne.

Sylvia walked over and put down the lilies in her hand.

There was melancholy in her eyes. The old Maskelyne had been very kind to her and he had always treated her like she was his granddaughter.

What a pity that she couldn't get a chance to pay him back in this life.

She slowly bent over and took three bows.

Her dress had gotten wet in the rain, but she didn't look embarrassed at all. She was thin and beautiful, like a shade of light in the dark.

Who was this beautiful woman?

What was the relationship between her and the Maskelyne family?

No one but Franklin among the younger generation of the Maskelyne family had taken three bows.

Everyone looked at Sylvia in shock.

Even Franklin was shocked. Sylvia...

He didn't know she had been this close to his grandfather.

Sylvia never liked being around too many people. After that, she was about to leave.

She came and left in a hurry, mysterious.

"Sylvia, stop there!"

Behind her, an angry scream came.

Sylvia stopped and withdrew her sight.

Soon, a tall teenager rushed over and stopped in front of her.

He said in an unfriendly tone, "Sylvia, you should leave the Maskelyne family as soon as you can! You don't have grandpa protecting you now!"

"Is there anything else? I need to go now," Sylvia said calmly.

The teenager in front of her was James Maskelyne, the Maskelyne family's second son, Franklin's half-brother.

Only the old Maskelyne and Franklin's brother and sister knew about her marriage to Franklin.

"Who do you think you are?"

James was pissed. However, he had never defeated Sylvia at quarreling before. No matter what he said, she always didn't seem to care.

She saw him as a child, which pissed him off!

Moreover, she was very good at pretending. She always looked sweet in front of Franklin and their grandfather.

She became a different person without Franklin's presence, but Franklin could never see it.

He couldn't let her deceive his brother anymore!

"You say the same words every time. Can't you say something new?" Sylvia looked up at James.

Then, she got in the car and left.

Damn it! James stamped his feet in anger. She ignored him again!

She was as arrogant as always!

In a coffeehouse.

"Miss Andrews, this is the divorcement paper, sign it and you will be officially divorced."

Jasper Howlett, Franklin's assistant, gave Sylvia a document.

"Okay." Sylvia signed without even reading it.

Jasper was stunned. He had been prepared for any requests Sylvia might make.

However, she didn't say anything at all. She agreed on it shockingly readily.

He had been working for Franklin for years and he was one of the few people who knew about his marriage with Sylvia. He had had a good impression of Sylvia.

Deep inside, he thought of Sylvia and Franklin as a perfect match. From the bottom of his heart, he didn't want his boss and Sylvia to divorce, but he was an outsider and he had no say in this.

"Miss Andrews, when you married Mr. Maskelyne, you signed a pre-up, do you remember it?"

“Of course. His properties wouldn’t have anything to do with me and I wouldn’t get a penny out of the divorce.” Sylvia smiled and understood what Jasper meant. “Don’t worry, I’m not a greedy person.”

They got married just to get what they want.

And now, it was only natural that they got a divorce.

She could live without Franklin.

After walking out of the coffee house, Sylvia went to the Pearlhall Villa that Logan had purchased for her, it was a bit far from downtown but it was close to the river.

When the several men in black in the villa saw her, they bowed to greet her respectfully.

Sylvia nodded at them and walked into the house.

The second Logan saw her, he came up to her. “Boss.”

“I’m divorced.” Sylvia smiled. Her gorgeous face made Logan’s heart skip a beat.

She sat on the sofa, opened the laptop on the table, and started typing. She had hacked into the transportation system and deleted every trace of her she had left on her way here.

After all this was done, she raised her eyes, only to find that Logan was staring at her.

She frowned. “Why are you standing there?”

“Boss, are you really divorced?” Logan was dumbfounded. Why did she say it as if it was nothing at all?

It was marriage, a matter of life!

“You know the reason I got married, don’t you?” Sylvia crooked her finger at him. “Hurry up and give me the sales report for this quarter.”

Logan was a tall and handsome man. He had a completely different temperament than Franklin’s. Franklin was indifferent while Logan was outgoing and sunny.

For all these years he had been Sylvia’s trusted subordinate.

It didn’t take long. After a few minutes, Logan handed Sylvia a document.

She lowered her head and began to leaf through it.

Logan was still in shock. “I mean, your husband was Franklin, the charming captain of the SouthStar Airlines, the president of the Maskelyne group and he has a face that is a piece of art! Are you willing to let him go?”

Sylvia raised her eyes and glanced at him. “Say one more word and I’ll toss you into the sea to feed the sharks.”

Hearing this, Logan immediately stopped talking.

He would offend anyone but this woman, since he couldn’t bear the consequence.

Ten minutes later, Sylvia handed the document back to Logan. "The sales are ten percent higher than the last quarter and five percent higher than my estimation."

"It's all thanks to your wisdom, boss." Logan didn't look like the calm and composed CEO in front of others at all now and kept flattering Sylvia.

Sylvia glanced at him. "Stop flattering me. I'm going back to my room to sleep now."

"You aren't going back to the Townyer Villa?" Logan was stunned.

"I have signed on the divorcement paper. Why should I go back there?" Sylvia stood on the staircase and looked down at Logan, looking at him as if he had said something stupid.