

Revealed 211

chapter 211

But Franklin seemed keen to deal with those troublemakers around her.

She felt the warmth inside at the thought. It was weird but it rather made sense.

In the kitchen of the restaurant, Gage Klein cooked the dishes ordered by Sylvia himself. After he finished, they were promptly served.

“Chef Klein, Miss Andrews is here. Don’t you want to go see her?” a cook said teasingly.

With an innocent look on his face, Gage laughed and said, “Sibbie came with so many people. The last time when I said hi to her, she didn’t even have time to speak to me. I would be hurt if she ignored me again.”

“You look cute and you are a great cook. Miss Andrews would be more than happy to see you! Why will she ignore you?” another cook said.

Gage smiled foolishly, looking innocent and innocuous. It formed a sharp contrast to his tall figure.

Those waitresses who came in to carry the dishes blushed as they saw his lovely smile and muscular body.

Gage sneaked toward the kitchen door and poked his head out to watch the dining area.

After glancing around, he spotted the table at which Sylvia was eating.

But the smile on his face soon froze and then disappeared the moment he saw the man near her.

That man again!

Miss Andrews had come here with that man last time.

The man looked fierce and domineering. He must be hard-core.

Gage squinted his blue eye, with anger boiling inside.

He was holding a coffee and stirring it, but his hand then started to shake, and then the coffee spilled all over the floor.

“Chef, are you all right?” A waitress was afraid that he would get burnt.

“I’m fine,” answered Gage coldly.

He looked completely different from the agreeable and lovely man he had been.

The waitress froze for a second and looked up at him, only to meet the man’s icy eyes on his cold face.

Terrified, she couldn’t help but take a few steps back. Was that the chef she had known? Wasn’t he a likable and innocent man? How was it possible for him to put on such a creepy expression?

She rubbed her eyes and looked again, then she found he looked as cute as before.

As she walked out of the kitchen, she thought she might see it wrong!

Gage took a deep breath, thinking he had to take action and stop being so passive.

He had been waiting for that woman for so many years, so how could he just do nothing and let that man get his way?

Logan, who was clingy to Sylvia, was annoying enough.

So was that intimidating man.

Gage was frustrated being caught between two competitive love rivals.

Half an hour later, they had finally finished the dinner and were about to leave.

Suddenly, Gage dashed out. He was tall, so he bent over as he stood in front of Sylvia so that she would not have to raise her head.

The man stared at Sylvia with a tinge of eagerness in his blue eyes. "Sibbie."

"What's up?" Sylvia patted the man's head as if he had been a fluffy golden retriever.

"I... I want to go to an amusement park on weekend. All those other kids have been to one except me. I have never been to an amusement park," Gage stammered nervously, "Would you... come with me?"

Sylvia smiled and said to Gage as if he had been her younger brother, "Sure! I won't be busy this weekend. So, I will come to pick you up."

"Re-really?" Gage was so excited that he stammered more.

Sylvia touched the tip of his nose, oblivious to another man's darkened handsome face.

"Of course."

"That's so great!" Thrilled, he held her up and started spinning in the restaurant.

Sylvia couldn't help but laugh. "Ah, put me down! I feel dizzy."

Franklin gritted his teeth, thinking the chef was so shameless. To win Sylvia's favor, the chef acted cute on purpose.

Why all of his love rivals were so competitive?

He raised his hand and prized Gage's big hands off Sylvia, and with a naturally menacing look, he said coldly, "Can't you see she's dizzy?"

Gage gave Sylvia a pitiable look. The strapping, blue-eyed, blonde-haired man pouted like a three-year-old boy and even started to whimper.

"Sibbie, he's mean. He yelled at me."

Sylvia couldn't help but laugh as she patted Gage's pretty face. "He didn't mean to do it. He is a bad-tempered man. Just ignore him."

With that, she glared at Franklin. "Gage is just a child. I've told you he's very nice, but he only has the IQ of a four-year-old boy. How can you be so mean to a kid?"

Franklin licked his teeth and said, "But he has an adult body."

Any male who tried to steal his woman from him, regardless of his age, was a villain to him.

"Take your hands off!"

Gage reluctantly let go of Sylvia, looking wary of Franklin. "This is Sibbie's favorite game! You know nothing."

Franklin found it extremely unpleasant to hear him saying Sibbie over and over again.

He was so furious that he started to smile. "Sibbie only likes to play another game with me now. You want to know what it is?"

Sylvia stood upright. She had an intuition that that man was not going to utter anything pleasant.

But it was too late as Gate asked curiously, "What game? It can't be funnier than this, can it?"

A trace of evilness flashed across the face of the sophisticated man.

Sylvia pressed her ruddy lips together and said in a sharp voice, "Shut up! Franklin Maskelyne."

But that was too late.

"It's not for children. You are too young to understand," said the man in a sexy voice.

Franklin rubbed his manly chin with his slender fingers, and continued smilingly, "You will get addicted once you play it."

With that, he gave Sylvia a suggestive look.

It was not for children and was addictive.

Sylvia flushed. That rogue!

She couldn't bear it and attempted to squeeze the tender flesh around his waist. "Shut up! Know when to hold your tongue!"

But damn it, she was frustrated to find that the man's waist was solid and hard!

She couldn't squeeze it at all!

Franklin then seized the chance and grabbed her hand, placed it around his lips, and kissed it softly. He shot a provocative look at Gage who was angry, and then he said, "Sweetie, you are trying to show your love for me by pinching my waist, aren't you? I know I'm the most important person to you."

Sylvia was lost for words. How could this man be so thick-skinned?

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'Show my love for him? He's the most important person to me? How could he be so narcissistic?' Sylvia thought.

Sylvia had only known that he was crazy, petulant, condescending, and dictatorial, and he turned out to be a narcissist too! Even narcissus would be outdone by him.

Sylvia drew a deep breath, repressing her anger. "Franklin, stop being crazy. Gage is just a kid. Don't you feel ashamed of yourself when you pick on a kid?"

Franklin looked down at the woman's lovely face, with a mischievous smile. "I only differ males from females."

Gage's eye-rims turned red with anger. Stomping, he said in an angry voice, "You are a bully!"

"Franklin," said Sylvia, who could do nothing with the man. Then she signed and said to Gage, "We gotta go now. See you this weekend."

"OK. I will wait." Gage felt cheered up as soon as he knew Sylvia would perform her promise.

He wistfully saw her off.

Mr. Carrillo and the rest found it funny to see Gage dependent on Sylvia so much.

The chef of Royal Galaxy Restaurant had great cooking skills and looked charming. But it was a pity that he only had the IQ of a four-year-old boy! Franklin might be the only one there who didn't pity him.

At the same time, Franklin was wondering why Gage had the balls to ask Sylvia out to an amusement park! He had never even asked her out. How cheeky Gage was!

Franklin was really upset and couldn't bear it. 'A meeting on weekend, huh? Let's wait and see what will happen!'

He reached out his hand to grab Sylvia's.

Sylvia threw his hand off. "Lunatic."

Mr. Carrillo and others felt chills down their spines.

They had heard that Mr. Maskelyne had a wife. Why was he flirting with Miss Andrews? The way he looked at her obviously implied that he wanted to get her.

Mr. Carrillo frowned at Franklin for hooking up with Sylvia. He was married, so it was too much for him to hit on such a good lady as Sylvia.

Mr. Carrillo secretly thought that he had to ask someone close to Franklin to talk him out of it.

He couldn't just stand by and watch Sylvia, a genius in his eyes, being taken as a mistress.

Five o'clock in the morning, the first glimmer of dawn appeared.

Franklin got up from the bed. There was no light in the bedroom, with the curtain blocking all the light outside the French windows.

The room remained dark without any light.

He bent over, getting very close to Sylvia's face. When they left the restaurant, he brought her to the Townyer Villa.

She was exhausted.

After staring at her for a few seconds, he got his eyes off her and went to the bathroom.

He was very quiet with his moves and walked out of the bathroom after a quick washing up.

He walked out of the villa with his suitcase.

It was his turn to fly the plane today.

Jasper saw Franklin coming to him with a suitcase and soon ran to open the car door and took over the luggage.

Franklin found that another man was sitting in the car.

“Wow, boss.” Brayden’s eyes rested on Franklin’s neck, as he put on a flirtatious smile.

That hickey on Franklin’s neck was so deep!

Franklin gave him a sharp look, which scared the smile off Brayden’s face, and made him look serious.

“There must have been too many mosquitoes last night, right? So that’s a big bite?” he said in a serious tone while tittering.

Franklin ignored him. He couldn’t help but touch the place that had been bit by Sylvia the night before.

He put down his finger and glimpsed at Brayden. “What are you doing here?”

Brayden approached him, with his eyes sneakily turned to his hickey from time to time. “You don’t remember, boss? I’m going to Lleilaga for business.”

Franklin said no more. He was leaving for Lleilaga, and Brayden took his flight.

Meanwhile, at the bustling airport, Darcie tilted her head with one hand holding her phone and the other dragging her suitcase. “Tiffany, hurry up! The plane is taking off.”

“Darcie, there’s a traffic jam here. I’m feeling anxious too,” said Tiffany on the other side of the phone, urging the driver, “Drive faster!”

Darcie’s tone remained soft to dissemble her impatience, “That’s all right. We still have time. You will make it.”

She got off the car with her suitcase, only to find Franklin and Brayden, who were also getting out of their car nearby.

Darcie’s eyes lit up with surprise and admiration.

Quickly, she said to the phone, “I gotta go now. Hurry up.”

Before Tiffany got to react, she ended the call and walked toward Franklin. “Good morning, Captain Franklin.”

The stone-faced Franklin nodded slightly with a cold look in his eyes, without looking at Darcie.

Brayden couldn’t help but chuckle. “Hi, my name is Brayden Wright.”

In contrast to Franklin's gloomy handsome face, Brayden looked sunny, cute, and agreeable.

Darcie felt a little bit relieved and she replied politely, "Mr. Wright, I have heard so much of you."

Average rich boys or girls had no access to the coterie of Brayden and Franklin's friends.

The Hart family was rich, but Darcie had only met this mayor's son at a distance on some occasions. So it was the first time she had ever been so close to him.

She was a little excited.

"I have a preflight meeting. You go to the departure lounge." After shooting an impassive look at Brayden, Franklin left for the elevator only available to the crew.

Darcie followed behind him. The man looked imposing in the captain's uniform. Even seen from behind his back, he could make her heart pound.

Darcie acted like she was going to work together with Franklin, and entered the meeting room with him.

Elsa Woods and Cooper Holland were already there.

They were both surprised to see them coming in together.

Darcie pretended to look shy and smiled at Elsa. "Good morning."

Elsa, who was drinking coffee, froze for a second, before saying, "Morning."

What happened? Why did Darcie go to work together with Captain Franklin? Was there something fishy that she didn't know?

Before Elsa thought further, Franklin said in an emotionless voice, "Contact the control tower."

The preflight preparation was going on in order.

Tiffany got off the car out of breath and dashed toward the departure lounge.

Darcie was such a good friend to have told her about Franklin's flight.

Without any hesitation, she went right down to the airport.

Luckily, she made it.

When she was on board, she found a sunny handsome guy sitting next to her.

She had a close look and realized that he was the mayor's son, Brayden Wright.

She had heard that Brayden and Franklin were good friends and good buddies.

"Hi, Mr. Wright. Fancy seeing you here."

As the woman sat down, Brayden's nose was attacked by a pungent smell of perfume.

He stopped short of vomiting when a nauseous sweet voice sounded in his ears, which ached.

He looked up to see Tiffany with heavy makeup on her face.

How unlucky he was to have to sit next to that woman!

But Brayden tried to be polite and opened his mouth, concealing his disgust, and saying, "Me too!"

Where was damn Jasper? That jerk booked the ticket but sat in the back row. And Jasper was sitting next to a man, while he was so unlucky to sit with this hoity-toity woman.

Tiffany looked around, with her fake eyelashes fluttering, "Mr. Wright, Franklin is the captain of this flight, isn't he?"

"Yes." Brayden nodded.

"He was mad at me the other day. I wonder if he's cool now. Mr. Wright, could you do me a favor?" Tiffany clasped her hands tightly, looking nervous and shy.

Brayden figured out what she was suggesting right away and interrupted her, "I'm afraid I can't. I'm tired, Miss Evans. I'm gonna take a nap."

With that, he put on his eyeshade and pretended to sleep.

Tiffany's face reddened with anger.

She hadn't finished speaking yet! Brayden just rejected her before she said what she wanted!

Damn it!

If it was Sylvia who asked him for a favor, would he turn her down immediately? Tiffany just couldn't help but compare herself with Sylvia in terms of everything.

The more she compared, the more she got upset, and then the more she hated Sylvia.

The plane was flying steadily in the sky.

The sun was shining brightly through the clouds.

It was half past six in the morning when it took off, and now it was eight o'clock in the morning.

The flight attendants started to give out breakfast.

When they came to Tiffany, Darcie winked at her.

Tiffany instantly got the hint, and clutched her stomach, frowning in pain. "I don't know why but my belly aches so much. Do you have any medical kit here?"

Darcie had promised Tiffany to create an opportunity for her and Franklin to stay alone.

Darcie soon held her by the shoulder worriedly and said, "Please give me a second. I'm getting it for you. I have to tell our captain about it. If it's a life-threatening stomachache, we wouldn't be able to bear the responsibility."

She made her words sound reasonable. Then she turned around and left.

Darcie knocked on the cockpit door and walked in, whispering, "Captain Franklin, a passenger had a stomachache and she looks sick. Please go to see her."

"I'm not a doctor." Franklin was sitting in the co-pilot seat while Cooper was flying the plane. His face was emotionless, like an ascetic. "We have medical kits on the plane. Just get one for her."

Darcie bit her bottom lip and said, "Captain Franklin, I'm afraid something is wrong with her. After all, it's a matter of life."

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Cooper did not think too much about it. Worried, he said, "I suppose I should go and have a look. Captain Franklin, let's switch shifts."

Words failed Darcie. She glared at Cooper and thought, 'It's none of your business! This is not what I want!'

Tiffany looked towards the cockpit from time to time, and it was a while before the cockpit door opened.

Her eyes lit up with surprise as she looked over. And then she was dumbfounded.

It was not Franklin. It was a man she had never seen.

"Which passenger is not feeling well?" Cooper looked down at Darcie and asked.

Darcie pointed at Tiffany with a livid face, "It's this lady."

Tiffany looked at Darcie with reproach and confusion.

Darcie glanced at her and asked with concern, "Excuse me, Miss, how are you right now?"

"I'm much better." Tiffany was angry, but she couldn't show it before Brayden. She continued to play weak. "Can you get me a glass of water?"

Darcie resisted the urge to roll her eyes. "Bitch, how dare you order me to do that." Anger made her forget that serving passengers was her job.

Darcie poured a glass of water, brought it to Tiffany, and got the medicine out of the medical kit. "Excuse me, Miss, do you want to take it?"

Tiffany took a sip of water and said in a small voice, "No, I don't dare to take random medication without a prescription."

Cooper asked Tiffany a few more questions and returned to the cockpit after knowing that Tiffany was not very serious.

Brayden remained expressionless the whole time. With an eyeshade, he looked as if he was asleep.

He thought, 'This woman is scheming. She pretends to be sick to see Franklin!'

Failing to see Franklin, Tiffany got a new idea.

While eating her breakfast, she asked Elsa with a bad attitude, "Where is the chief purser? Who is the chief purser?"

Elsa frowned as she heard Tiffany's harsh tone, but she quickly calmed down.

With a standard smile, she walked over to Tiffany and asked in a soft voice, "Hello, I am the chief purser of this flight. What can I do for you?"

"What's going on with you guys? There is a hair in this porridge!" Tiffany pointed to the porridge in front of her and said, "Look at it yourself! It is so disgusting!"

"A hair?" Elsa was stunned for a moment and hurriedly looked towards the porridge, only to see that there was indeed a yellowing hair in it.

It looks extremely conspicuous.

Airplane meals were always made according to stringent standards, so there shouldn't be hair in them. There had never been anything like this.

Elsa's first instinct was to apologize. "I'm sorry. We will deal with it for you. I'll take this bowl of porridge away and make a new bowl for you. Do you think it's okay?"

"No!" Tiffany said sternly, "I must speak to your captain! Ask him to come out and settle this matter for me!"

Her tone was so harsh that she left no room for compromise.

Elsa was in a dilemma about whether to do as Tiffany said. Everything in SouthStar Airlines was done to exacting specifications, so they had never made such a mistake.

What was going on with the porridge?

Darcie came over and whispered to Elsa. "Chief purser, why don't we have Captain Franklin deal with this? This passenger looks like a hard-core."

Elsa sighed. "You go find Captain Franklin, and I'll be here to calm her down."

Darcie was happy that she could talk to Franklin again! Hooray!

She immediately walked toward the cockpit.

Franklin did not refuse but walked directly toward Tiffany's seat.

From a distance, he heard a familiar sharp female voice, "What's wrong with you guys? I'm disgusted by your porridge! I want an explanation! I swear I won't let it go!"

Elsa took a deep breath and kept smiling at Tiffany. Just as she was about to break down emotionally, she heard a cold voice overhead.

"What do you want to say?"

Tiffany was throwing a hit when she heard Franklin's magnetic and cold voice. Surprised, she looked up at him.

Tall and stalwart, Franklin looked handsome in his captain's uniform.

As he came, despite a cold face, he distinguished himself from anyone else at present.

What a perfect man!

Many female passengers couldn't help but look toward him.

"Frank, I can't believe this is your flight! What a coincidence! It's the first time I've seen you in a captain's uniform!" Tiffany stood up excitedly and said to Franklin.

Her cheeks were crimson with affection. She repressed the urge to swoop into Franklin's arms.

Elsa froze.

She thought, 'Why does this woman know Captain Franklin? She even calls Captain Franklin 'Frank'! What's it? What is the relationship between them?'

Even Darcie also froze.

She felt disgusted! She glared at Tiffany with anger and jealousy. 'What a bitch! How dare she call Captain Franklin that way!'

The others also looked at Tiffany and Franklin curiously, very curious about their relationship.

With a sullen face, Franklin pursed his lips.

"Miss Evans, we are not even friends, so please address me as Captain Franklin."

What Franklin said burst Tiffany's bubbles at once.

She was disappointed, upset, and sad.

She looked at Franklin with sorrow, flushed with embarrassment and humiliation in the eyes, "Captain Franklin, there's a hair in this porridge."

Franklin lowered his eyes and looked toward the porridge.

With a glance at Tiffany's blond hair, his eyes turned sharp and cold.

Franklin had great confidence in the service and hygiene of SouthStar Airlines.

He sneered, "Miss Evans, I don't think it's a good drama."

Tiffany's face paled. "Captain Franklin, what do you mean by that?"

She thought, 'Does he detect my lie? No, it's impossible. He has been in the cockpit all the time, so he couldn't have seen what I did!'

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"Miss Evans, your hair is blond, and the hair in this bowl is also blond. So, this hair is yours." Franklin crossed his arms with a cold expression.

Tiffany was shocked, but she pretended to be calm. "It's your problem. How dare you blame it on me! It is not my hair!"

Franklin sneered and looked at her askance. "Miss Evans, do you want me to take this hair and do a DNA test with your hair?"

At these words, Tiffany's face paled. She wondered how he knew what she had done.

The crowd all stared at Tiffany in surprise. This woman was so crazy that she framed this on the crew. If this gets out, it will give a black eye to SouthStar Airlines.

The hygienic situation and hair in the porridge would hurt the reputation and credibility of SouthStar Airlines.

Therefore, Franklin must stop it.

He swept a glance at Elsa, who was shocked by the truth and ordered, "Take a piece of Miss Evans's hair and save the hair in the porridge. We'll do the DNA test after the landing and post the results online."

Before Tiffany could do something, Elsa quickly took a piece of Tiffany's hair. "Sorry, Miss Evans."

With pain in the scalp, Tiffany saw the hair in Elsa's hand. She tried to grab it back but in vain.

She was angry and anxious.

If Franklin really did the DNA test, her reputation would be ruined.

She hurriedly explained, "Captain Franklin, I was too happy when knowing that this is your flight. I wanted to see you, so I lied. Please forgive me! I love you so much. That's why I do this. I'll apologize to you and Elsa."

"Frank, I wish I could make you understand how deeply I regret having to do this. Can you forgive me?"

Hearing Tiffany's words, the others all stared at her in shock.

They thought, 'This woman admitted it! It is just her drama. What a crazy woman! How dare she frame the crew! It's shameless of her to ask for forgiveness!'

Thinking of Tiffany's bad attitude when she reprimanded Elsa, the others disdained her even more.

Some passengers even videoed what had just happened. But Tiffany knew nothing about it.

Elsa looked at Tiffany angrily, burning with anger, "Miss Evans, how can you frame us? Do you know what will happen to it? This would greatly hurt our reputation. You're maliciously smearing our company!"

"Congratulations, Tiffany. You are on the blacklist of SouthStar Airlines," Franklin spoke coldly before he turned around and left.

Tiffany was dumbfounded.

If blacklisted, she would not be allowed to fly on any flight of SouthStar Airlines in the future.

With tears trickling down her cheeks, Tiffany shouted at Franklin, "Frank, you can't be so cruel to me. I don't think it is wrong to love you. I did everything for you!"

Franklin stopped in his tracks, but he did not turn around, saying in a cold voice, "I'm tired of your self-righteous love. I will never love you!"

Tiffany fell heavily on the seat and cried out in pain.

Darcie stood not far away, watching this, and pursed her lips. She was speechless.

She thought, 'What a stupid woman! To see Franklin, she actually tried to smear SouthStar Airlines. No wonder she fails.'

Darcie was gleeful that Franklin paid no attention to Tiffany.

The plane landed safely in Lleilaga.

Sylvia, who had just got off another plane, ran into Franklin.

Franklin, dragging his flight suitcase, did not expect to see Sylvia, either.

Sylvia leaned towards the suitcase, looking up and down at Franklin with her pretty eyes. "Captain Franklin, what a coincidence!"

Franklin pursed his lips. "Sweetie, I'm happy you love me so much. You even followed me here. But you are too shy to let me know it. So, you take another flight, right?"

However, he thought, 'Why did she even fly on another airline rather than mine? Damn it!'

Franklin was angry at this.

Sylvia ruffled her long hair and looked up at Franklin, who was a head taller than her.

As Sylvia got closer, Franklin's eyes shone. She was wearing a beige trench coat with a blue dress in it. Her slender legs were so beautiful that Franklin fixed his eyes on them.

Sensing his gaze, Sylvia kicked his toes.

"I'm here for something else, not for you."

She thought Franklin didn't even know that he was being a narcissist!

Franklin reached out and gently pressed her into his arms, leaning close to her beautiful face. "What is it?"

When he left in the morning, she was still sleeping.

But in the blink of an eye, she was in Lleilaga.

"I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to say." Sylvia smiled and walked outside.

Seeing this, Franklin immediately chased after her, "Sweetie, you haven't eaten yet, right? Would you like to eat with me?"

Sylvia looked back at him. "Then where should we go?"

"The hotel." Franklin looked at her meaningfully.

Angry, Sylvia glared at him. "Go away!"

Franklin pursed his lips, took her hand, and left the airport together.

After Franklin and Sylvia got into the car, it took Jasper more than an hour before arriving at the destination.

As soon as Sylvia got off the car, she saw a beautiful castle.

The castle retained the architectural style of the last century, and a butler with two rows of maids respectfully was waiting at the entrance.

“Good evening, Master Franklin and Miss Andrews.”

The butler looked about forty years old, and he was extremely respectful.

“This is Rik, the butler here.” Franklin’s face was expressionless.

“What’s the point of coming here?” Sylvia vaguely guessed that this should be Franklin’s estate in Emkath.

“Inspecting my winery.” Franklin glanced at Sylvia, “Do you want to drink some wine?”

A winery?

Sylvia was a little bit shocked. She didn’t expect this beautiful castle to be a winery.

This kind of castle should normally be home to the nobles, but Franklin used it as a winery. What a crazy man!

“This way, please, Miss Andrews,” The butler said in a respectful voice.

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Sylvia raised an eyebrow and stepped into the castle.

As expected, the castle was gorgeous and exquisite, with dignity and elegance in every place.

“Master Franklin, the dinner is ready,” the butler said softly.

“I see.” Franklin took Sylvia’s hand and said in a husky voice, “Let’s have dinner.”

It was a surprise for Franklin to meet Sylvia in Lleilaga. Therefore, he was over the moon.

Sylvia looked at Franklin, who was as noble as a king, and raised an eyebrow, “Okay!”

Then she was led into a luxurious dining room.

The long table was laid out with flowers, elaborate meals, and wine.

It was opposite the window, through which Sylvia could see a large sea of lavenders outside the window.

Sylvia felt as if she was in a beautiful fairyland. In the middle of the flowers was a large windmill, spinning with the breeze.

This happened only in romantic movies. How beautiful!

Franklin was much richer than Sylvia thought. And she even wondered whether he had properties all over the world.

The scent of flowers came with the wind.

While dining, Sylvia couldn't help but smile. "It's so beautiful here."

Franklin raised the corners of his mouth. "It's good that you like it."

Just then, a young maid came over with a plate of delicate pudding. "Master Franklin, this is the newly baked pudding."

"Put it down," Franklin said indifferently.

After the maid put it down, she did not leave like other maids. Instead, she stood beside Franklin and said with a sweet smile, "Master Franklin, may I ask what else you want to eat? I can go for it all. It's rare for you to come back once, so I will try my best to serve you well!"

This maid's name was Lilian. Her blue eyes were almost glued to Franklin.

Sylvia detected a strong adoration from Lilian's eyes. She guessed Lilian liked Franklin.

Girls were only so nice to people they liked!

"No need." Franklin looked cold and pushed the pudding to Sylvia, "This is specially made for you."

Franklin knew that Sylvia enjoyed desserts like ice cream and pudding.

So, he specially ordered the pudding to be made.

Seeing that Franklin was so nice to Sylvia, Lilian was disappointed and jealous.

She had just heard from the other maids in the kitchen that Franklin had brought back a very beautiful woman.

And now, she saw it in person and felt very upset.

After dinner, Sylvia sat in the living room, a little sleepy.

She curled up on the sofa like a cat, lazily watching TV.

Franklin sat elegantly beside her, with a laptop on his lap, as he worked on the business.

Sylvia had long been accustomed to this. Anyway, she had nothing to do tonight, so she would stay here rather than at the hotel.

It was much more beautiful and comfortable than the hotel.

Having watched TV for a while, Sylvia got bored.

She involuntarily looked towards Franklin, whose perfect side face looked much less hostile in the soft light. When he was focusing on the computer screen, his thin pursed lips looked very sexy.

Gradually, an urge welled up inside Sylvia. She actually wanted to kiss Franklin's thin lips as he was too seductive.

Sylvia tried her best not to calm herself. She kept telling herself that, Franklin, despite a good appearance, was narcissistic, lascivious, and domineering.

Therefore, she must stay calm!

She couldn't be tempted by Franklin's beauty. There were many more outstanding men in the world.

Sylvia forced herself to look toward the TV again. She was ashamed of having such an urge.

Just then, Lilian came over with a cup of coffee, still wearing a sweet smile. "Master Franklin, this is your coffee."

Franklin raised his eyes from the screen and smelt the scent of coffee. He lazily glanced at Sylvia and gestured for her to take it for him.

Sylvia got what he implied. She was unwilling to do that.

However, given that she had dinner and would stay here tonight, took the coffee and said, "Thank you for the coffee."

When Sylvia caught the coffee, she saw a fierce flash in Lilian's eyes.

But it was quickly covered by Lilian's sweet smile.

Sylvia lowered her eyes. She took a sip of coffee, only to find it was sweet.

It seemed Lilian didn't know much about Franklin's flavor.

Franklin did not like anything sweet, especially sweet coffee.

He liked black coffee, especially made by Sylvia.

More exactly, he liked anything Sylvia made.

Whatever Sylvia made was delicious for him.

"I want to drink what you make." Franklin raised his hand and touched Sylvia's cheek, which felt smooth and delicate.

Sylvia slapped away Franklin's hands. "Don't touch me!"

After saying that, she stood up.

She was not to make coffee for Franklin. She stood up because the coffee was so bad that she didn't want to take another sip!

Embarrassed and upset, Lilian stood in place and looked at Franklin, who was again immersed in the work.

As Sylvia got up, she saw Lilian's expression.

However, Sylvia thought it had nothing to do with her.

To Sylvia's surprise, Lilian followed Sylvia and asked, "Miss Andrews, why did Master Franklin ask you to make coffee for him?"

'Because he's psycho!' Sylvia thought. However, she said in a clear and cold voice, "I don't know."

Lilian stood right next to Sylvia, watching her make the coffee.

It took Lilian a while to say, "You didn't put sugar in it."

Sylvia brought up the coffee cup. "He doesn't like sweet coffee."

'Do you mean I'm bad at making coffee?' Lilian thought indignantly.

Franklin smelled the familiar aroma of the coffee, reached out, and took it. He elegantly took a sip, and then a satisfied smile played on his lips. "I do love the coffee you made."

Finding that Franklin fixed his eyes on her, Sylvia flushed. "Cut it out!"

Franklin put down his laptop, wrapped his arm around her waist, and brought her into his arms. "Sweetie, you haven't told me why you came to Lleilaga."

Franklin remained horrified by the fact that Sylvia had fought against a boxing champion in Iqethi.

Thus, he was a little afraid that Sylvia was going to do something dangerous again.

"I'm not telling you." Sylvia yawned, "I'm a little sleepy."

chapter 216

"Are you going to kick those gangsters' asses in Lleilaga and then announce you're coming back?"

Franklin frowned as his expression turned cold as if it was something serious.

Sylvia blinked her pretty watery eyes with her long eyelashes fluttering. She looked at him in confusion, wondering why he thought that way.

It sounded as if she used to be the head of a big gang. How ridiculous!

Franklin looked at her quietly, and his expression was still serious. "Sylvia, I'm warning you. You should not do anything dangerous."

Sylvia snorted. "Who told you I was going to do that?"

She rolled her eyes. "I'll go to bed now."

Franklin stopped frowning and asked with concern, "Really?"

This pulled at Sylvia's heartstrings. Stunned, she wondered whether he was caring for her.

But the next second, she denied this idea.

Sylvia rudely slapped Franklin's hand away and walked towards the guest room. "Yes, I won't do that!"

Hearing this, Franklin couldn't help but smile. He closed his computer and followed her upstairs.

Lilian, who had just come out of the kitchen, saw the smile on Franklin's lips.

Her eyes widened in amazement at once.

Her heart also beat faster. After all, in her memory, Franklin had never smiled before.

This was the first time she saw Franklin's smile. How handsome! Enchanted, Lilian stood where she was for a long time, unable to calm down.

Rik, who happened to come over, saw Lilian looking at Franklin's back fascinatedly.

With a frown, he said, "Lilian, please be aware of who you are. Master Franklin is our boss, so you can't have any crush on him."

Lilian looked at Rik in depression, "Rik, if I can marry Master Franklin, I will definitely give you a promotion and raise your salary. Don't you want it? Besides, Master Franklin has been really nice to me. When I was almost sold to the nightspot, it was Master Franklin who passed by and saved me. Therefore, I am special to him."

Rik's eyes turned extremely serious. He frowned and stared at Lilian. "I know what you want, Lilian, but we are just Master Franklin's servants. Master Franklin likes Miss Andrews very much, and she is the only woman he has taken with him these years. If you dare to do anything irredeemable to Miss Andrews, Lilian, I'll be the first to kick you out of here!"

"Rik, why are you also speaking for that woman? I don't think she is that attractive. I'm the woman Master Franklin likes best," Lilian said angrily.

She thought, "Rik, after I marry Master Franklin and become the hostess here, I will definitely fire you.

"Lilian, I'm telling you, you're just a maid. So, stop daydreaming." Rik stared coldly at Lilian, "Master Franklin is noble while you are just a maid. You don't even belong in the same world. Miss Andrews is the woman who deserves him. They are perfect for each other in any aspect. I've never seen Master Franklin care so much about a woman. Lilian, I'm giving you some brotherly advice."

Lilian watched as Rik left, with a gleam of hatred in her eyes.

She thought, 'I'm the one who is better for Master Franklin! If it weren't for Sylvia, Master Franklin would only love me.'

...

Sylvia went upstairs and walked into the guest room. Before she could close the door, Franklin propped the door with one hand and squeezed himself in.

"Franklin, it is not your bedroom."

"The whole estate is mine, so I can sleep wherever I want." A smile touched Franklin's lips.

He thought it was fun to watch Sylvia get cranky.

Sylvia's eyelashes fluttered in the light, extremely attractive.

Franklin was turned on. He leaned over and gently kissed her pretty eyes.

Sylvia was startled at this warm, wet, and hot kiss, and she could not help but hold her breath, not pushing Franklin away.

Franklin's lips were like a dragonfly crossing the surface of a lake.

He kissed Sylvia's left eye and then went to kiss her right eye.

Finally, he gently kissed her forehead.

Only then did Franklin stop and raise his head.

Sylvia opened her eyes, only to see his enthusiastic eyes. Flushed, she felt very embarrassed.

"What are you looking at me for?" Sylvia said with a glare at him.

Franklin reached out and pressed her against the wall, "Don't you like it?"

Sylvia's face got even hotter, not knowing what to say.

She just wanted Franklin to disappear right now.

"Franklin, I'm going to sleep," she had no choice but to say in a powerless voice.

Franklin's face was cold, so Sylvia was alert.

The chemistry between them grew.

"Franklin." Sylvia coughed, trying to lighten the mood.

Franklin looked at her beautiful face. "What's wrong?"

Stunned by Franklin's handsome face, Sylvia was lost for words.

"What's wrong?" Sylvia remained silent, so Franklin whispered in her ear, "Did you find me very handsome? So, you are dumbfounded."

"What a narcissist you are!" Sylvia flushed with annoyance and shyness.

Face burning with shame, Sylvia looked away and refused to admit that she was once again enchanted by Franklin's handsome face.

"You can't deny it." A sexy smile touched Franklin's lips. "In my mind, you are very beautiful. We are perfect for each other."

Franklin laughed out loud. His laughter echoed throughout the room.

The servants outside heard it clearly and got amazed.

Franklin had seldom laughed so happily, so the servants all wanted to know what was going on.

Sylvia reached out and hit Franklin's chest.

Franklin frowned with pain and narrowed his eyes, "Sweetie, you are killing your husband."

Sylvia tried her best to push away Franklin. And then she lost her balance and fell to the floor.

Seeing this, Franklin burst into another laughter.

It was funny and surprising to see Sylvia, who was always cold, to fall on the ground.

When Lilian heard Franklin's laughter from the outside, her eyes were red with anger.

She wondered why Franklin was so happy. She guessed Sylvia must have done something unseemly to seduce him.

Thinking of this, Lilian gritted her teeth.

She stomped her feet and knocked on the door.

Hearing the knock at the door, Franklin opened the door.

Lilian walked in with two glasses of milk. "Master Franklin, and Miss Andrews, it's good for you to drink a glass of milk before going to bed. It is helpful for your sleep."

She darted a glance at Franklin, and then lowered her eyes.

Sylvia took a glass of milk and was about to give it to Franklin when Lilian stopped her. "Miss Andrews, this one is for you."

"Is there any difference between the two glasses?" Sylvia pursed her lips and looked at Lilian with sharp eyes.

Lilian froze, but she quickly forced a sweet smile. "I especially heated your milk." Sylvia raised an eyebrow, "Thanks for what you did."

She put the milk back on the tray. "Sorry, I don't feel like drinking milk now."

Lilian gritted her teeth, realizing Sylvia was more cunning than she thought.

Franklin was annoyed about Lilian's interrupting him and Sylvia.

He said in a cold voice, "Get out!"

Lilian looked at Franklin in shock. He had never been so cold to her.

Freezing for a moment, she left hurriedly with a gloomy face.

Lilian blamed all this on Sylvia. Otherwise, Franklin should have been very nice to her.

The door was closed at once.

Lilian then heard Sylvia's voice from inside. "Franklin, don't take off my clothes!"

It was followed by Franklin's low chuckles.

Lilian realized what they were doing now.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she was!

Lilian even wanted to trash the tray in her hand.

In the bedroom, Franklin was turned on.

His eyes turned darker and looked more seductive. He couldn't help but breathe heavily.

...

Early the next morning, Sylvia lazily opened her eyes.

The sunlight poured in through the windows and onto the messy bed. The whole room was very silent.

Sylvia turned herself over, only to find she was held in Franklin's warm arms. She could feel his hot breath on her face.

Sylvia closed her eyes helplessly. She thought, 'Sylvia, even if you have a virus in your body and are easy to be turned on, you do not have to do so, right?'

Suddenly, Sylvia felt the strong arms around her tightened. Alarmed, she subconsciously tried to break free.

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Franklin said in a lazy voice and teasing tone, "Sweetie, you're awake so early. Do you want another sex?"

Hearing this, Sylvia even wanted to slap Franklin away.

She coughed, blinked, and looked at Franklin, "Captain Franklin, you did a good job last night. I am very satisfied."

Franklin narrowed his eyes. With a smirk, he leaned over and held her firmly under his body. "Sweetie, let's go on."

Sylvia hurriedly pushed him away. "No, I have something important to do today."

She walked quickly into the bathroom and began to wash up.

After taking a shower, Sylvia found that Franklin changed into a black suit, which made him look extremely heroic and noble, but his handsome face was still as cold as ever.

Their sex lasted for the whole night, so both of them barely slept.

But Franklin looked energetic rather than tired.

Sylvia couldn't understand why he was so energetic.

Sylvia got a pure white dress from her suitcase. The dress was exquisite and could outline her pretty figure, so she looked elegant and beautiful in it.

After that, Franklin and Sylvia got downstairs.

Just as Franklin sat down, Lilian put a cup of steaming in front of him. "Master Franklin, this is your coffee."

Franklin glanced at Lilian indifferently and then said to Sylvia, "It's not good to drink coffee in the morning. I want to eat the sandwich you make."

Sylvia reluctantly glanced at him. "I'm too tired to make it."

Franklin froze, and then a smile played on his lips. He said meaningfully, "It seems I did a little outrageously. Don't worry. I will behave well in the future."

Sylvia flushed at once, thinking, "What a hooligan!"

Lilian stood awkwardly at the table and watched this.

She was burning with rage.

Lilian drugged the milk last night, but it was a pity that Sylvia did not drink it.

Therefore, Lilian decided to find another way to teach Sylvia a lesson.

Sylvia elegantly finished her breakfast, grabbed her handbag, and walked towards the door. "See you, Franklin."

Franklin's face changed. He took a big step towards her and clasped her wrist. "What do you mean? Where are you going?"

"Thanks for taking me in last night, but now I'm going to do my own business. It has nothing to do with you." Sylvia looked at Franklin with her watery eyes. She glanced at the time and found she was going to be late.

"I'll drive you." Franklin fixed his eyes on Sylvia, wanting to see what she was going to do.

"You should have to work today." Sylvia raised an eyebrow.

"I'll change my shift." Franklin looked at Sylvia with great affection in his eyes.

Words failed Sylvia. Anyway, as the president of SouthStar Airlines, Franklin could do whatever he wanted.

How capricious!

Sylvia was in a hurry, so she didn't refuse.

"Take me to Atlantis Hotel," Sylvia got into Franklin's Lamborghini and said.

Franklin sat in the driver's seat and grabbed her hand. He wondered what she was going to do in Atlantis Hotel.

Sylvia pulled out her hand and began to read the messages on her phone.

Many people were asking her in a chat group called LX.

"Ms. X, when will you arrive? We are all waiting for you."

"Hurry up and come! You didn't come to the hotel last night. Where did you go?"

"Please come over quickly. We've waited for a long time."

Reading this, Sylvia replied, "I'll be right there."

Half an hour later, the car pulled over steadily in front of Atlantis Hotel.

Sylvia quickly got out of the car and stepped into it.

Franklin was lost for words. It seemed he was used as a driver.

What a heartless woman Sylvia was!

In a presidential suite of a hotel, the higher-ups of LX all looked solemn.

The core members of the design department were also there.

A woman dressed ably crossed her arms, saying in an impatient and harsh voice, "The runway show of Lleilaga Fashion Week is very important to LX. Many high-end brands will participate and introduce their new products. In the end, there will be a selection process and some very important awards will be given to the winners. What's up with Ms. X? Where is she now?"

"Ms. Morton, Ms. X said she would be here soon," A designer whispered.

Reina Morton glanced coldly at this designer and put on a long face. "Does she really think LX will go out of business without her? Does she think herself a diva? We're all waiting for her!"

Lleilaga Fashion Week, one of the four major fashion weeks in the world, ranked third in terms of reputation, but it was very influential.

Generally, only local brands could win awards here.

It was very hard for foreign brands to get nominated, let alone win awards.

This was LX's first time attending Lleilaga Fashion Week, so it was a rare opportunity.

This was also the first time for Reina, the design director of LX, to lead the team to be here.

She attached great importance to Lleilaga Fashion Week. At first, she had no hope that LX could compete with local brands.

After all, few foreign brands had won awards in history.

However, recently, Reina met a jury of the fashion week, so she was very confident now.

Reina didn't expect Designer X to be so uncooperative, which would erode Reina's prestige in the company in the future.

Designer X was secretive all the time and had never appeared in the company, so only a few top executives had seen her in person.

Even Reina had never seen Designer X, which, from where Reina stood, was a kind of contempt.

Therefore, Reina had long held strong animosity and dissatisfaction towards Designer X. She was angry that Designer X acted mysterious even here.

Burning with rage, Reina fixed her eyes on the doorway of the suite.

All the designers were holding their breath. As a thirty-year-old single woman, Reina was very grumpy, so no one liked her.

Reina had been resenting Designer X for a long time, and now she was going to throw a hit.

She had wanted to snap at Designer X a long time ago, but Designer X never came to the company.

Designer X only appeared on the due date.

Time went on.

After about ten minutes or so, someone knocked on the door.

An assistant hurried to open the door, only to see a tall and slender woman at the door. With a mask covering half of her face, the woman looked elegant and mysterious in a white dress. It was Sylvia, known as Designer X.

When Sylvia stepped into the suite, she realized the tense atmosphere.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and put a bag of a few cups of coffee on the table. "Sorry, I'm late."

Then she gestured for the assistant to distribute the coffee to everyone and said indifferently, "I bought these on the way here for you."

"Thank you, Ms. X."

"Wow, I love the coffee of this cafe the most."

"We love you so much, Ms. X."

Reina narrowed her eyes, glanced at Sylvia, and said disdainfully, "Ms. X, you're twenty minutes late. Everyone is waiting for you. By the way, as the chief designer, why do you never show your true face? You will tarnish our brand image with this look."

Hearing this, Sylvia looked toward Reina coldly with a smile. "Ms. Morton, I don't think LX's image depends on what I wear. It depends on our products."

"How dare you!" Reina didn't expect Sylvia to be so tough. She took a deep breath and smiled. "Ms. X, I didn't expect you to be so sharp-tongued."

Sylvia took a sip of coffee and said, "I didn't expect Ms. Morton to be so mean."

As the design director, Reina was always outshone by Sylvia, who was known as a genius designer.

Thus, a strong gust of hatred welled up in Reina's chest.

With sharp eyes, Reina got a good idea, "Ms. X, do you want to make a bet?"

Sylvia's pretty eyes were cold. Even if she wore a pair of flat shoes, she was still taller than Reina, who was wearing high heels. Sylvia looked down at Reina, cold and noble.

Sylvia was born beautiful. Although half of her face was covered by the mask, the others were sure that she boasted a perfect face.

She absently took another sip of coffee. "Ms. Morton, just go ahead."

Sylvia's indifference greatly annoyed Reina.

Trembling with anger, Reina looked up into Sylvia's eyes and said with a long face, "Your LX series and my LS series both attend the fashion week on behalf of LX. If LS series wins the award, you must resign and leave the company. If you win the award, I'll go. Is that OK?"

Reina's words stunned everyone present.

LX series and LS series could not be mentioned in the same breath at all.

LX series was mainly aimed at high-end customers, celebrities, and noblewomen.

LS series mainly targeted middle-class and white-collar workers. Because of its large target customer group, LS series always had higher total sales than LX series.

But as a high-end series, LX series enjoyed an excellent reputation among the noblewomen, so the new products would be sold out as soon as they were launched.

Therefore, there was no comparison between LX series and LS series.

A designer named Shiloh Prince, who had a good relationship with Sylvia, frowned and said, "Ms. Morton, don't you think you're pushing Ms. X too far?"

Reina sneered. "Shiloh, the show hasn't even begun. You are so unconfident about your products."

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"Ms. Morton is right. LS series is always the sales champion! So you are scared, right?" Claudia Garner, who was Reina's assistant, said in an arrogant voice.

"Can't agree more. You must be afraid to compete with us," Another designer, who was also Reina's follower, echoed.

Seeing this, Sylvia sneered. These people disgusted her.

Shiloh glared at them and then looked at Sylvia. "Ms. X, there is no comparison between LX series and LS series. They target different customers."

"We agree with Shiloh. We don't have to compete with them," the other designers, who were close to Sylvia, worriedly said.

With a smile playing on her lips, Sylvia said in a confident voice, "Ms. Morton, I'm in."

It was so naive of Reina to try to kick Sylvia out of LX!

Hearing this, the others all stared at Sylvia in disbelief.

LS series' sales were increasing year after year. Although the products of LX series were popular with celebrities, they paled into insignificance when compared with LS series in sales. Sylvia, who asked each shoppe to provide products of only three sizes, should be responsible for this. None of the clothes she designed would be mass-produced.

On the contrary, any popular products of LS series would be put into mass production.

The judges would not only judge the participants' designs and ideas but also refer to their products' sales.

If so, LS series would definitely beat LX series!

Although LX series' products were novel and fashionable, they were never put into mass production

Hence, it was simply impossible to beat LS series!

“Ms. X is so arrogant. Although her clothes are popular with celebrities and noblewomen, the middle class and white-collar workers can’t afford to wear them.”

“Yes, she is really crazy. I can’t wait to see her sad face when the judges announce the results.”

“I guess she has been affected by something. After all, she has always been held in high regard, so she is really cocky now.”

“What a shocker! I guess she coveted the position of design director, so she wants to take advantage of this chance and take the place of Ms. Morton.”

That was what Reina wanted.

With so many people as witnesses, Sylvia would not be able to backtrack.

And then she would be kicked out of the company!

Once Sylvia left LX, Reina would have no rival in the company!

“Then it’s a deal, Ms. X. See you at the fashion week!”

Sylvia looked at Reina with a cold expression. “See you, Ms. Morton.”

Reina was sure she could win!

No matter what, Designer X would be kicked out of LX!

The crowd left the presidential suite and set off toward where the fashion week was held.

Sylvia and Shiloh were in the same car.

Shiloh looked at Sylvia with concern, “Ms. X, you are too impulsive.”

“It’s just a bet. Don’t worry about it.” Sylvia narrowed her eyes, her mouth curling into a smile. “I like taking risks. Don’t you think it’s exciting?”

Words failed Shiloh. She couldn’t understand Sylvia!

“But if you lose, you’ll have to leave LX, and I will be at the mercy of Reina,” Shiloh said in a depressed voice.

“The battle hasn’t even begun, but it seems you have no confidence in me.” Sylvia smiled. “I can’t believe you don’t trust me! Or do you think my design is worse Reina’s?”

Shiloh blinked. “No, whatever you design is the best.”

...

Franklin, who had sat inside his Lamborghini for a long time, stared at the entrance of the hotel with his sharp eyes.

As time passed by, he didn’t exactly how long he had waited.

Finally, Franklin saw Sylvia!

But he frowned when seeing the mask that covered half of her pretty face.

And then he saw Sylvia get into a black car with a group of young people.

The car had a very obvious logo.

It was of LX Fashion Company.

“Master Franklin, should I follow Miss Andrews’ car?” Jasper asked cautiously.

“Yes.” Franklin nodded, with a thoughtful expression.

He remembered he had visited a shoppe called LX with Tiffany.

They met Sylvia that day when LX launched its new products.

Did it mean that Sylvia had something to do with LX?

“It seems they are going to the fashion week. Today is its first day,” Jasper said as he followed the car where Sylvia was. He had read the news about the fashion week on Twitter yesterday.

...

Darcie and Tiffany were at the entrance to the fashion week.

Darcie took Tiffany’s hand, pulled out two invitation cards from her bag, and handed one to Tiffany.

“Tiffany, don’t be sad. I’ll take you for a break. It cost my brother a lot to get these cards.” Darcie said comfortingly, “Captain Franklin is always cold, so you don’t have to take it to heart.”

Tiffany said listlessly with a sad face, “That’s impossible. He actually made me on the blacklist of SouthStar Airlines. I can’t take a flight in the future.”

Darcie resisted the urge to roll her eyes. ‘There are other airlines.’

She looked around the crowd and pulled Tiffany. “Let’s hurry inside.”

The fashion weeks were always popular among brands, celebrities, noblewomen, and fashion gurus.

Some were invited, and others bought the invitation cards themselves at a high price.

Darcie’s invitation cards cost her brother an arm and a leg.

But Darcie would not tell anyone else about it. Instead, she took selfies with the fashion show as her background.

She tweeted, “It’s pleasant to be invited to the show!”

And then, she was shocked by the trending topic. “Tiffany! You are in trouble now!”

Tiffany, who was taking random pictures, lazily asked, “What’s wrong? What’s all the fuss about?”

“You’re trending on the Internet!” Darcie gave her mobile phone to Tiffany. “You’d better take a look.”

Tiffany got nervous and immediately took the phone. After figuring out what was going on, she almost passed out.

The trending topic about Tiffany was a video in which she reproached Elsa on the plane.

What she did on the plane was all recorded. And the video was posted on Twitter.

Tiffany was now a target of the blame on the Internet.

“What a psycho! She did disgrace the Evans family.”

“What she did is so disgusting.”

“To see Captain Franklin, she even tried to frame the crew. How cunning!”

“Captain Franklin did such a great job to call her bluff.”

“She deserves to be blacklisted.”

“After being blacklisted by the fashion industry, Tiffany is blacklisted by SouthStar Airlines. She is really good at being blacklisted.”

chapter 219

“Tiffany should be the first noble lady who has been blacklisted like this.”

Tiffany was trembling with anger. With her chest heaving, she almost freaked out.

“How did that happen?” Her mind went blank, with only rage welling up in her chest.

She wondered who recorded the video and posted it on the Internet.

“Damn it!” She was so angry that she grabbed her hair and screamed out, like a maniac.

Darcie could not help but close her eyes and think, ‘Come on. Please don’t freak out here. Damn it! Do you know where you are now? This is fashion week. All around us are fashion celebrities and the top executives of high-end brands.’

Darcie felt very awkward.

Darcie could feel that they attracted more and more attention from the others.

Just then, a group of people from H Rovirsa approached Darcie and Tiffany.

This made Darcie even more embarrassed.

It was a great shame! Darcie was regretful that she was allied with Tiffany.

Tiffany was so stupid that she kept making trouble for Darcie.

The next second, Darcie saw a familiar figure and froze.

Although Sylvia wore a mask, Darcie, who was familiar with Sylvia, recognized her at once.

After all, Sylvia’s temperament could always distinguish her from the crowd.

Darcie's eyes widened in shock. When Sylvia passed by, Darcie couldn't help but open her mouth to call Sylvia, but Sylvia walked past Darcie as if she didn't know her.

Darcie wondered, 'Why is Sylvia here? Why does she wear a mask?'

Darcie was confused.

Sylvia naturally saw Darcie and Tiffany.

Especially when seeing Tiffany wailing for some reason, Sylvia gave a small snort of laughter.

What Tiffany did was a disgrace to everyone of H Rovirsa.

...

The runway show on the first day after the opening ceremony was very important.

That was because it meant a good start.

All major brands were well prepared for it.

The fashion show was held in a large indoor plaza.

The catwalk was placed in the middle, and the guests who came to watch the show sat around the catwalk in a fan shape.

Cameras were set up all around.

Many major international brands had made their appearance, and those fashion media were ready at present.

"Ms. X, we must fight on," Shiloh whispered and cheered for Sylvia.

Whether LX could attract the attention of the fashion world depended on its expressivity and design.

As a designer, Shiloh had attended many similar fashion shows in H Rovirsa. Nonetheless, it was her first time to be abroad, so she was a little nervous.

"What are you afraid of? It is just a show!" Sylvia said carelessly.

"But if you lose, Ms. X, you'll have to leave the company." Shiloh was extremely worried and nervous.

What was worse, Sylvia was abnormally calm, which made Shiloh more anxious.

There was a huge screen in the front of the plaza. The brands nominated would appear on it and everyone would see them.

Not only that, the videos of nominated brands' runway shows would be played on the screen as well.

The brand with the most votes would win the first prize.

There are five judges in total, so only a few brands would be able to get all the votes.

It took the judges a long time to arrive, but the atmosphere was euphoric.

Sylvia sat in her seat, not nervous at all.

Reina, who was sitting not far away, looked towards Sylvia with disdain and provocation from time to time.

The runway show would soon begin.

The first to take the stage were the five judges. The first judge was Kevin Harris, a big name in the fashion industry. His nickname was “the Devil in Fashion”.

He was prestigious in the world. He was known as not only a nobleman but also a talk show host. Even if he was in his fifties, he looked graceful and elegant.

Then came the other four judges, all of whom were senior executives of major brands. A woman in her forties was the president of Fashion Lingerie Group. Her name was Melissa. The two men following her were Orion, the chief design director of a major international brand, and Carter, a popular Oscar winner for Best Actor.

The host stepped on the stage, briefly introduced the judges, and then started the show with something funny.

The runway show began with the debut of the latest apparel from major brands.

And it got a lot of buzz from the guests watching the show.

Many of the guests were designers, fashion professionals, celebrities, and noblewomen, so their vision was naturally very unique.

The LS series and LX series were No.8 and No.9 respectively.

The clothes of LS series were aimed at women aged from 25 to 35. Designed according to modern aesthetic principles, with a good proportion of simple lines and selective colors and a proper infiltration of different style elements, the clothes could better show the charm of women and make them look more graceful.

The models wearing the clothes were all tall and upright. When they walked on the stage, they looked charming and capable.

As a result, LS series' clothes were well received.

“LS series' clothes are very suitable for the masses. I will definitely buy them as workwear.”

“It's not easy to come up with new ideas about workwear, but LS series did it.”

“I think it's great. I like this series.”

Reina couldn't help but feel smug as she listened to the comments of these professionals around her about the clothes she designed.

She looked toward Sylvia, only to see that Sylvia was still sitting calmly in her seat.

Reina disdainfully thought, ‘Don't act like you don't care about it. You must be worried and anxious now.’

chapter 220

After LS series' show, there was a huge applause.

The lights dimmed, and a few seconds later, the music played again.

The models dressed in modern and historical aesthetic clothes appeared on the stage with the sound of music.

Sylvia's designs featured a historical touch, not only embroidered ancient floral patterns but also decorated with inspired prints.

Different from other major brands, LX series' clothes were made of tulle or cotton.

This kind of design made all the models boast both classical taste and modern touch.

As LX series' models appeared on the stage one after another, LS series' models were quickly outshone.

LX series' models walked on stage, dancing beautifully with their arms to the beat of classical music.

Even their postures, which made them more charming, were Sylvia's ideas.

All the guests were impressed and couldn't help applauding.

Many of them were fashionistas who came from all over the world, but it was the first time they saw such distinctive clothes.

Even the models and their postures were impressive.

Generally, professionals seldom paid attention to the models on the runway show.

Nonetheless, when LX series' models appeared on the stage, their clothes made them extremely attractive.

Their clothes represented the long history and civilization inheritance of H Rovirsa.

Therefore, the theme of LX series was inheritance.

"Ms. X is crazy, right? How dare she make such conservative clothes. They even got applause!" Claudia, who was Reina's assistant, said in a tone of disdain and anger.

"Apart from the historical elements, LX series' design has nothing special." Reina said with a sneer, "Ms. X should be burnt out, right?"

"Ms. Morton, I think LS series is the best. These foreigners have poor taste. They actually like LX series."

Another designer said to Reina, which greatly pleased Reina.

Not far away from them, Melissa, the president of Fashion Lingerie Group, frowned, "LX is just a small workshop. All its designs are awful."

As the president of Fashion Lingerie Group, she was proud and smug, thinking nothing of H Rovirsa's brands. Usually, even if a judge disliked something, he would not make a humiliating remark on purpose.

Hence, it was rare for a judge to belittle a design like Melissa. It was obvious that she bore a grudge against LX and H Rovirsa.

Kevin knew what Melissa was thinking, so he said coldly, "Melissa, do you realize your long-time working on underwear makes you narrow-minded? What matters was what a designer designs, but you only care about how big the company is."

Melissa lowered her eyes and pursed her lips, not saying anything. The contempt she felt for H Rovirsa and everything of it was obvious.

On the contrary, Orion smiled. "I thought LS series is very good. I like it."

The judges expressed their opinions as they watched the runway show.

The guests who disdained LX series started talking about Sylvia and her group after they found out where Sylvia was seated.

"LX is just a small company. I don't see anything in its clothes."

"LS series is not bad. But LX series is really boring. I can't understand why its clothes could be popular with the royalty."

"That designer just got lucky, right?"

"I really don't see anything good about her design."

Those guests, in fact, were very jealous that LX series was so popular.

Therefore, they deliberately belittled Sylvia's designs to vent their anger.

It was obvious that Sylvia's designs were beautiful with a very aesthetic and historical touch, which was the highlight that the other designers could not simulate.

Anyone majoring in design would be stunned and exclaim.

Those guests spoke so loudly that they didn't mind being overheard by Sylvia and the others at all.

Hearing what they said, Reina got even happier.

With a gleam of smugness in her eyes, she looked disdainfully toward Sylvia and sneered, "Ms. X, you don't have to be sad. Even if you lose the bet, I will speak to the president for you. After all, I don't really want you to leave. That would just be cruel."

Sylvia looked at Reina, who was wearing a hypocritical smile, and gave a smile, "Ms. Morton, you should be patient before the results come out."

"Are you kidding me? Did you hear what they said about your design?" Claudia laughed, "Someone has bitten off more than she can chew. She is not in the same league as Ms. Morton at designing."

"You might as well hold onto it for a bit. We'll find out when the results come out," Shiloh snorted in exasperation.

“What a great joke! Look at what Ms. X designed. They are far worse than Ms. Morton’s. How silly you are!” Claudia said cheerfully.

Shiloh wanted to argue with Claudia, but Sylvia grabbed her arm and said soothingly, “Don’t argue with the ignorant. It’s meaningless.”

“Who are you calling the ignorant?” Claudia roared in anger.

Sylvia lowered her eyes with a charming smile. “Whoever is irked.”

Claudia jumped to her feet in a fury. “How dare you!”

Her sudden standing up attracted the attention of those who had quietly watched the show.

Embarrassed, Reina pressed Claudia down to her seat, “ Claudia, don’t be impulsive. Anyway, they are about to lose.”

Claudia had no choice but to sit down and said “You are right! The really interesting part of the bet is yet to come!”

The first place of the runway show would not be announced until all the brands’ models finished their parts.

By then, the runway show would come to an end.

Sylvia, Shiloh, and others had spent half the day watching the show, and soon it was time for lunch.

The indoor plaza had a fancy restaurant, in which the models and guests could dine directly after the show.