

Revealed 231

chapter 231

Skyla sneered, rolled her eyes, and blocked the door. Holding her arms across her chest, she snorted, "Want to enter? You wish! I reserved this banquet room first. Who do you think you are? Bitch!"

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

She had lost her husband and the company and become the laughingstock of Larro's upper class because of Sylvia. How she wished to skin Sylvia alive!

Skyla failed to repress her anger and was about to slap Sylvia.

However, before Sylvia could react, Skyla's hand was grabbed by a big hand.

The man shook her off violently, and she fell to the ground.

Pain surged from her hips. Skyla got up and snapped despite the pain, "How dare you hit me! Do you know who I am?"

She shouted abuse.

"Kick her out," a man's icy voice sounded out.

Skyla looked over, only to find Franklin walking toward Sylvia in a black suit. His eyes were full of ice, and he looked sullen and aggressive. Under the light in the corridor, he was stunning, like a superstar.

He seemed to pull at everyone's heartstrings whenever he took a step. He was indeed an elegant, aloof nobleman.

"Mr. Maskelyne? Why are you here as well?" Skyla widened her eyes, trembling in disbelief.

The next second, she realized she had become an earl's daughter in Aettosa, so she didn't need to be afraid of Franklin, a businessman.

Skyla stood upright and glared at Jasper, who stopped her from hitting Sylvia. "Who do you think you are? How dare you bully me!"

She dragged Tammy to stand in front of Franklin. "Mr. Maskelyne, do you know who my daughter and I are now? Do you still want to do business in Aettosa? You've offended us. You're doomed."

"You know what? Sylvia Andrews is just a cheap slut. My daughter's status is a hundred times higher than hers."

"Too noisy!" Franklin uttered coldly, glaring at the men in black behind him.

Several bodyguards rushed to Skyla and Tammy, kept them in control, and dragged them toward the elevator.

"Wait and see, Franklin Maskelyne, Sylvia Andrews! I must avenge!" Skyla couldn't stop cursing as she had gone ballistic.

The lobby manager stood before Franklin in embarrassment, cold sweat oozing from his forehead. "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Maskelyne. It's all my fault."

Franklin ordered sullenly, "I never want to see the two women again."

"OK, Mr. Maskelyne. I'll arrange for it now." The lobby manager left hurriedly as if he was escaping.

Since then, all hotels run by Maskelyne banned Skyla and Tammy.

Meanwhile, in the hotel lobby on the first floor, the bodyguards tossed Skyla and Tammy out of the hotel.

In embarrassment, Skyla had to repress her urge to curse loudly as there were many celebrities and women from the upper class. She and Tammy helped each other stand up and walked toward the lobby again.

However, as soon as they pushed the door, two security guards stopped them, "Sorry. You two have been banned from entering our hotel. Please leave."

The celebrities had run out of patience while waiting in the lounge.

Watching the two women be kicked out, they exchanged glances with each other and followed them out. Then they heard the security guards' warning.

The celebrities gaped at Skyla and Tammy. One marchioness said, "What happened, Ms. Watts? This hotel is a chain hotel globally. If you are banned, you'll never be allowed to enter all the chain hotels under this brand."

"What on earth happened?"

"Didn't you say you'd reserved a banquet room to hold a party?"

"It's so late now. We can't stay in the hotel or hold the party, can we?"

The lobby manager could tell he couldn't afford to offend any of those celebrities. With a professional smile, he explained, "You all are welcome to check into our hotel if you've reserved rooms, but Ms. Watts and her daughter are only the two exceptions."

"That's better."

"Sorry, Ms. Watts. The countess did it out of her kindness. Unfortunately, we can't hold a party now. I'm afraid we'll also be kicked out from the fashion shows tomorrow." The marchioness meaningfully glanced at Skyla with a miserable look, unconcealed disdain written all over her eyes.

"Let's go shopping tomorrow."

"Let's go home after staying here for two days. So dramatic!"

"Right. I don't have any interest in watching the shows. How annoying!"

None of the wealthy women or the celebrities were kind.

They didn't like Skyla initially, as they were born into noble families. Although Skyla was the earl's daughter, she hadn't grown up in their circle, so they disliked her.

After getting familiar with Skyla, they also found this woman was petty and cheap.

They wondered how blind the earl had been to take such a daughter home.

Thinking of the elegant countess, they couldn't find any familiarity between Skyla and the countess.

Upon hearing their mockery, Skyla had to tolerate them in anger.

Fury surged in her heart. She had thought she had become a woman with status so no one would dare to disdain her. However, she had encountered Sylvia in this place.

Sylvia was her powerful remedy. Skyla didn't think she would have become a laughingstock if it weren't for her.

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In the banquet room, Franklin and Sylvia entered, followed by others.

The hall was decorated luxurious and romantic. Melodious music echoed in the air.

Lifting a brow, Sylvia looked at Franklin. "Don't you have a dinner party?"

"Coincidentally, it's the same one as yours." Franklin smiled at her. "Are you mad?"

"Stop overthinking." Sylvia almost rolled her eyes at him.

Franklin rubbed her hair. "I'll go talk to Mr. Alexander. Suit yourself."

Sylvia frowned at him as she was enlightened. "Are you the mysterious investor of our company?"

Gazing at her without blinking, Franklin didn't answer immediately. When Sylvia thought she would never get the answer, he replied, "Guess."

'Guess my ass!' thought Sylvia. She gritted her teeth. "What a bore!"

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Looking at her dewy eyes, Franklin cast his eyes down and approached, "Honey, I can buy LX for you. What do you think?"

Sylvia snorted, "If I want it, I can get it easily."

With those words, she strode toward her coworkers.

Franklin frowned slightly, wondering what she meant precisely and whether she implied many men would buy it for her to gain her favor.

Sylvia went to Shiloh, who was chatting with their coworkers while holding a glass of wine. None of them had expected Franklin to be the major investor.

Seeing Sylvia come over, Shiloh asked, "Boss, are you Sylvia Andrews?"

“Ms. X, Sylvia Andrews is an online celebrity. We’ve been working together for such a long time. None of us has seen your face before.”

“X, can we take a look, please?”

“Let us see your face.”

“X, what’s your relationship with Mr. Maskelyne? He seems to care about you a lot.”

Several coworkers started to jest.

Amused, Sylvia shook her head. Before replying to them, a woman said in jealousy, “Mrs. Maskelyne is at home. Someone must have done something dirty to get promoted.”

“What do you mean, Luz?” Shiloh said sullenly.

“No implications. Just the literal meaning.” Luz Craig chuckled in disdain, “Or why did someone scold her in her presence? Would they have cursed her if she hadn’t done anything shameful?”

Luz was on good terms with Reina, whose career and life had been ruined.

Since Reina had been kicked out of LX Fashion Company, the design director’s position was vacant. Luz had thought she had the competence to become the new design director. However, Designer X had just won a prize and became the biggest obstacle for her to be promoted.

Therefore, she detested Sylvia, thinking Sylvia was too triumphant just because of that prize.

Earlier, she witnessed two women curse Sylvia, so she believed Sylvia must have done something disgusting.

Besides, Sylvia hit on Franklin, the most handsome, influential man.

Luz might have hidden her disgust toward Sylvia well earlier. After seeing how uniquely Franklin treated Sylvia, she could hardly control her jealousy and hatred.

They both were designers, but Designer X seemed to be extremely lucky. She hadn’t only won a prize but also attracted the most outstanding man’s attention.

Shiloh wanted to retort to her, but Sylvia tugged her arm to stop her. “Let’s go over there.”

“X, why did you stop me? I was about to curse her.” Shiloh angrily followed Sylvia to a quiet balcony.

Sylvia beamed at her. “It’s not worth getting even with that kind of woman. Let her enjoy the short victory of winning a verbal fight.”

She peered out the window to enjoy the night view.

Besides, her initial goal of becoming an LX designer was to...

Forget it. She brought herself out of her scattered thoughts.

“X, if there’s a new design director in our department, it must be you,” Shiloh flattered her.

Sylvia shook her head. “I’m not interested.”

Although talking to Mike, Franklin paid attention to Sylvia, checking on her occasionally.

Seeing Luz insult Sylvia, he furrowed his brows slightly and was angered by how bold Luz was to humiliate Sylvia.

Luz noticed his glance, feeling joyful. She wondered if Franklin had a crush on her. However, she ignored his disgusted and cold gaze, straightening her dress.

Then she picked up a glass of wine from a waiter's tray, swinging toward Franklin.

She thought Franklin had shown a sign to her, so she must act smartly. Luz felt complacent.

Standing next to Franklin and Mike, she couldn't repress her thumping heart when facing Franklin at such a short distance.

With a closer look, she found him more handsome and elegant. His every movement indicated he was a nobleman with elegance.

Gazing at him obsessively and thinking he took the initiative to hit on her, Luz raised her goblet and said coquettishly, "Mr. Maskelyne, let's have a drink."

Franklin darted at her from the corner of his eye and said to Mike, "I like your ideas, Mr. Alexander. That's impressive."

Luz tightened her grip on the goblet, her smile frozen. A trace of embarrassment flashed through her face.

Things were different than she had imagined as Franklin ignored her.

He was staring at her earlier, wasn't he?

In a panic, Luz tried hard to keep her smile and added, "Mr. Maskelyne, you've become the major shareholder of LX. I look forward to working with you in the future."

"Working with me? Do you think you deserve it?" Franklin chuckled ironically. Holding his goblet, he clinked it with Mike.

Mike left sensibly, leaving the private space for Franklin and Luz.

Luz paled, glaring at the handsome man in disbelief. "I... I beg your pardon. You just..."

"Who are you?" Franklin wondered what the stupid woman wanted to say, his eyes filled with impatience.

"You stared at me just now. Don't you like me?" Luz looked at him, feeling heartbroken. She thought she looked pitiful while shedding tears, and Franklin would want to protect her and dote on her.

Franklin understood what she referred to, finally. "I see what you mean."

He looked at Luz up and down. The woman couldn't compare to Sylvia in terms of body shape, appearance, character, and talent. He was surprised such an ordinary scum had been so bold to provoke Sylvia.

Noticing his gaze, Luz had a ray of hope again and thought Franklin had recalled he stared at her earlier. She twisted her body, acting cute while clinging to him. "Mr. Maskelyne, take it easy. You'll have a great night with me. I'm better than Designer X."

Franklin flinched. Luz was off guard, almost falling to the ground.

Standing in embarrassment and disappointment, she was shocked as it was out of her expectation again.

"Kick her out! Let LX fire her!" Franklin ordered icily. Jasper rushed to Luz with several bodyguards in black.

After capturing Luz, they dragged her toward the entrance. Luz was baffled. "No... Please, Mr. Maskelyne. Why are you doing this? Mr. Maskelyne..."

Franklin sternly strode toward Sylvia, who was chatting and laughing with Mike.

He felt hurt as Sylvia didn't notice how hard he tried to clean the obstacles for her. Instead, she was chatting with another man.

"Mr. Alexander, you invited me to work with you on one design project? Are you serious?" Sylvia asked, her jaws going slack, her eyes filled with surprise.

Mike wore a loving smile and didn't look as stern as on the stage. He was like an easygoing elder. "Yes, I am. Ms. X, I like your talents very much."

Sylvia nodded at him with a smile. "Thank you, Mr. Alexander. I'll try my best to do it well."

"After I finish my current work, I'll go to H Rovirsa in person. Then we can work on the design project." Mike looked forward to the scene. "H Rovirsa is a beautiful country."

"You are welcomed to visit my country at any time." Sylvia reached out her hand to shake hands with him.

Before Mike took her hand, a large hand gripped it.

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The warmth from that familiar big palm traveled up to hers instantly.

Sylvia gaped at Franklin, wondering why he suddenly appeared to make trouble.

"Franklin. You..."

"I can shake hands with you on Mr. Alexander's behalf. I don't think you'll mind, Mr. Alexander." Franklin curled his lips into an evil smile.

He couldn't believe Sylvia was so bold to hold another man's hand.

'What an overbearing jerk!' Sylvia could tell he overreacted again, wishing he could take his pills to mitigate his mental disease.

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Meanwhile, at the entrance of the five-star hotel, Luz was tossed out of the hotel, lying prone on the ground miserably.

Gritting her teeth in anger, she checked on her palms, which had been scratched by the ground. Blood oozed from the wounds.

She seethed with rage but couldn't vent her anger.

"Excuse me, Ma'am. Are you all right? Let me help you."

She heard a familiar voice suddenly. Then a woman helped her up.

Luz stood up, only to find the mother and the daughter who had cursed Designer X standing in front of her.

Skyla had just helped her stand up.

She didn't look like a shrew as before. When Luz was kicked out, she recognized Luz was Sylvia's coworker.

With a gentle smile, she asked compassionately, "Did they also kick you out?"

"Do-Do you know Designer X?" Luz bit her lip and was about to pull out a paper napkin from her handbag to wipe the blood off her arms.

A wet tissue had covered her wounds. Tammy said gently, "I used to be a nurse. Let me deal with your wounds."

Ten minutes later, the three women were sitting in a cafe nearby the hotel.

"Do you mean she's Sylvia Andrews? That online celebrity?" Luz frowned, "Why does she wear a mask, then?"

"Probably she's too ugly." Tammy curled her lips. "Alas... We're fellow victims."

"You have a bright future in your career. Are you reluctant to be fired in this way?" Skyla looked at her in sympathy. "LX is one of the most famous design companies worldwide."

"I've already been fired. What can I do?" Luz replied in depression.

Skyla held her hand gently, looking at her demagogically. "Do you want to avenge?"

"Of course, I do."

"I can help you."

Luz wasn't a fool. She asked on alert, "There's no free lunch. Why do you want to help me?"

Skyla answered bluntly, "Because I also want to avenge. If we work together, I believe we'll send Sylvia Andrews to Hell. After that, you will have fame and money. Here is a bank card with one million dollars in it. Take it. I heard your mother needed money for surgery."

"You..." Luz didn't expect Skyla to obtain everything about her quickly.

“Girl, your mother’s life matters. I’m helping you. I won’t harm you.” Skyla wore a graceful smile, pretending to be a kind-hearted elder.

Luz was convinced.

She wasn’t from a wealthy family and needed money urgently.

Her mother suffered from lung cancer. If she didn’t take surgery, the cancer cells would spread.

Therefore, Luz had been working hard and dreaming of having a boyfriend like Franklin. Then she would obtain a lot of money to rescue her mother.

However, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t earn much money.

Her mother was almost dying.

Now, she had lost her job. She didn’t know what to do in the future.

Gazing at the bank card from Skyla, she hesitated. The one million dollars were indeed appealing to her.

A hint of greed flashed through her eyes. Money seemed to be the most challenging test for a person who needed money the most.

Skyla continued in a magical voice, “Ms. Craig, money can save your mother’s life. You are also talented. With the money, you’ll be compared to Sylvia Andrews and even win against her.”

“Trust me. You can do it.”

“If you obey me, you can avenge and earn money.”

Luz bit her lip. “Who on earth are you?”

“It doesn’t matter who I am. You need money, and I have it.” Skyla could tell Luz had already bitten the bait.

She shoved the bank card into Luz’s hands. “I look forward to your good news.”

With those words, she took Tammy out of the cafe.

Tammy whispered, “Mom, why did you give her so much money?”

“We don’t lack one million dollars.” Skyla knocked on her head. “Your grandmother gave me ten million dollars to let me spend on the fashion week. One million is nothing. I’ll pay her five million if Sylvia can be ruined, let alone one million.”

“Will Luz be obedient to us?” Tammy felt disappointed after her mother disdained her.

Determination flashed through Skyla’s eyes. “She’ll help us.”

She had seen reluctance and greed in Luz’s eyes earlier.

A person with desire was easy to be manipulated.

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The night was deep.

The manor was blanketed by silence.

When Franklin took Sylvia to the manor, Lilian walked up to them. Seeing them together, she wore a sweet smile, although a weird light flashed through her eyes.

“Master Franklin, Miss Andrews, welcome back.”

Franklin let go of Sylvia’s hand. “Exhausted? Want to take a shower now or later?”

Sylvia was slightly tired. Although “Starry” was stunning, she needed much energy to wear it for a whole night.

“I’ll take a shower now.”

Smiling, Franklin could tell she was exhausted. He scooped her up, striding toward the stairs.

They nearly had nothing at the banquet, so he ordered Lilian, “Make some late supper.”

“Yes, Master Franklin.”

Lilian jealously gazed at Sylvia in Franklin’s arms. After they vanished on the stairs, she entered the kitchen.

In the master bedroom, Franklin helped Sylvia take off the dress.

Glaring at him, Sylvia refused, “I can do it myself.”

“I’m familiar with this work.” Franklin lifted a brow, his big hands reaching her waist to fumble for the hidden zipper. He pulled it down.

Sylvia snorted. “I’m going to the bathroom.”

Then she left.

Franklin watched her figure vanish in sight, his Adam’s apple rolling up and down. Flames of desire surged in his intense eyes.

He strode toward the bathroom door and put his hand on the doorknob. However, he failed to open it.

Sylvia chuckled, “I’ve locked it from the inside.”

“It’s my manor. Think you can stop me with it?” Franklin obtained a key, opened the door, and strode in.

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Sylvia nestled in his arms, feeling worn out.

Rubbing her sore back, she complained, “You beast!”

“Honey, let’s get back together.” Franklin pecked her neck.

“No.”

“Don’t you love me at all?” Franklin wore a bitter smile.

Suddenly, there were knocks on the door. Lilian said, “Excuse me, Master Franklin, Miss Andrews. The supper is ready.”

Sylvia broke free from his arms, seemingly covering her panic. She quickly said, “I’m hungry.”

Then she opened the bedroom door and strode out.

She almost trotted.

At the corner, she suddenly slipped, almost rolling down the stairs.

It happened in a blink, but Sylvia reacted quickly.

She did two backward flips and fell to the ground in the living room.

“Are you all right, Miss Andrews?” Lilian’s expression changed dramatically. She hurriedly rushed down the stairs to check on her.

Fortunately, thick carpets were on the stairs and the living room floor. Sylvia supported herself with one arm. When Lilian arrived, she stood up.

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Sylvia wasn’t injured, but she wondered why she had fallen as the carpets were everywhere. She almost rolled down the stairs. If she hadn’t reacted quickly, she would have either been killed immediately or disabled.

Lilian looked worried. “I’m sorry, Miss Andrews. It’s my fault. If something happened to you, I would feel extremely guilty.”

She kept blaming herself and felt upset, looking pitiful, as if she would shed tears the next second. Sylvia was the victim, but Lilian seemed to have encountered the accident instead.

Arching her brow, Sylvia said, “I didn’t fall. Save your tears till the day I become disabled.”

“Miss Andrews, you were awesome just now. Are you a martial artist?” Lilian asked, wiping the tears off her eye corner.

“Right. Whoever dares to harm me will end up miserably.” Sylvia stared at her eyes, and her tone was cold.

Then she went to the dining room.

Biting her lip, Lilian followed her.

The supper was simple, and Sylvia wasn’t picky. She ate some.

When Franklin went downstairs, Lilian hurriedly served another portion. “Master Franklin, have a try. I prepared it for you deliberately.”

“I only eat Sylvia’s dishes,” Franklin replied expressionlessly.

He wore a black bathrobe. After a shower, he looked seductive and hot with messy hair on his handsome face.

This was the first time Lilian had seen him look so unruly and sexy. Usually, Franklin wore suits, looking aloof and self-restrained.

He looked utterly different but still made her heart race.

Lilian blushed.

“Master Franklin, I-I made it as perfect as possible.”

“So what?” Franklin ordered leisurely, “Leave.”

Lilian gaped at him in disbelief as he sent her away.

“I’m done.” Sylvia elegantly wiped her red lips. Lilian’s obsessed look upset her slightly.

Without hesitation, she bent over to tighten Franklin’s bathrobe and said, “I’m sleepy.”

Franklin looked down at her hand on his chest, smiling. “All right. Let’s go to bed.”

Then he held her hand and left the dining room.

Behind them, Lilian watched them leave, hatred filling her eyes.

“Are you jealous, sweetie?”

“Jealous?” Sylvia snorted, “You’d better not overthink again.”

“Why are your ears red?” Franklin pinched her rosy earlobe. “Also, you pulled my bathrobe to cover me.”

“Ha ha... I was just sickened when I saw Lilian drooling at you,” Sylvia retorted, pretending to be careless. “You deliberately revealed your chest, didn’t you? If you want to hit on her, you can tell me bluntly next time. I won’t do it again.”

The more Sylvia spoke, the weirder she felt.

‘What the heck am I talking about?’

She rubbed her forehead.

“Still don’t admit it? Jealousy is evident on your face.” Franklin couldn’t help feeling delighted, wearing a charming smile.

Sylvia’s heart was racing. When she looked up at his bright grin, she was stunned.

When Franklin didn’t smile, he looked cold and ruthless. However, whenever he smiled, he was indeed charming, which she could never resist.

He had the power to make all women in the world obsessed.

Looking at her trembling eyelashes, Franklin bent down his head and pecked her forehead.

He repeatedly kissed her smooth forehead gently and affectionately.

Sylvia held her breath, feeling his kisses trailing down.

Finally, his lips fell on her red lips.

Instead of deepening his kiss, Franklin tenderly pecked them.

When Sylvia opened her eyes, she found Franklin staring at her wholeheartedly. She blushed.

However, she felt awkward under his gaze, wondering why her heart started hammering again.

She cursed inwardly.

Sylvia wore a loose nightgown, revealing her tender shoulders under the soft light of the bedroom. She wanted to straighten it up, but it slid down again.

Franklin pressed her hands and asked hoarsely, "Trying to seduce me, huh?"

Sylvia's cheeks turned rosy, and her eyes were tinged with desire.

His words annoyed her, though.

She glared at him and inwardly blamed her nightgown.

Sylvia was always confident in her self-restraint, but Franklin had repeatedly shattered it. She almost flared up.

"Seduce you? You've overthought. I'm going to sleep now."

Suddenly, Franklin untied the black belt of his bathrobe, dragged her hand, and pressed it on his chest. "You wanted to touch me in the dining room earlier, didn't you? Now suit yourself."

Feeling the heat under her palm, Sylvia caressed the outline of his muscles. Her mind was jumbled.

'Franklin is indeed a psycho,' her inner voice screamed.

Sylvia's cheeks became scarlet, but she was unwilling to admit being defeated.

She bit his lips violently.

She sneered and said provocatively, "Mr. Maskelyne, you always like to take control, don't you? Why did you let me control everything this time?"

Approaching him, she exhaled hot breath seductively on his ear.

Franklin reminded her hoarsely with an evil smile, "You are challenging my tolerance, sweetie."

His eyes glinted in desire, and his body seemed to scream at him to take her.

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The following morning, sunlight fell onto the king-size bed.

Pushing Franklin's hands away, Sylvia smelt his familiar mint scent.

Shaking her head, she got off the bed and entered the bathroom.

When she left, Franklin snapped open his sharp eyes. Gazing at her back, he smiled.

Once Sylvia entered the bathroom, the door was pushed open from the outside.

Franklin said in a nasal voice, "Why don't you sleep in? I didn't expect you to get up so early."

He sounded seductive.

Sylvia darted at him coldly, blushing. Pretending to be calm, she reminded him, "Please behave yourself, Mr. Maskelyne. It's still early morning."

She didn't have the mood to argue with him, so she turned on the tap and washed her face.

After straightening themselves up, they went to the dining room together.

Seeing them appear, Lilian could sense that they were very flirtatious.

Incredibly, she noticed Franklin's flirtatious smile. She hadn't seen him so charming before.

Franklin was always serious and cold, but it turned out he was so attractive when smiling.

Lilian wondered what was so good about Sylvia. In her opinion, Sylvia was ugly with only a curvy shape, and she couldn't compare to blonde women at all.

Sylvia sensed Lilian's weirdness.

Lilian gazed at Franklin with a strong desire for possession, which was much stronger than her admiration a few days ago.

The butler also noticed Lilian was too close to Franklin, so he unhappily warned her, "Lilian, you haven't finished your work in the garden yet."

No one except Miss Andrews had the right to be with Master Franklin.

Besides, Franklin would never let another woman be so close to him.

Lilian looked at him reluctantly and believed she was the most suitable woman to stay by his side.

She would never let Sylvia win Franklin's heart.

"Master Franklin," she called him. Franklin glanced at her icily.

Lilian was frozen, feeling like she had fallen into an ice cellar. She couldn't utter a word at all.

Sitting at the dining table, Sylvia elegantly had breakfast.

The sunlight fell through the window, enveloping her.

Lilian stared at her in a daze. All of a sudden, she felt the ugly woman was gorgeous.

Sylvia looked graceful and charming, and her table manner made her look like a princess.

Lilian's gaze swept between Franklin and Sylvia, and a voice in her mind told her they were a perfect match.

Whether their appearances or temperaments, they looked like each other.

Jealousy and hatred surged in her chest; she had never felt them so strong.

Ignoring Lilian, Franklin pulled Sylvia's plate and pulled his to her.

Despite the leftover sandwich from Sylvia, he took a bite.

He looked natural and delighted. Seemingly he had had her leftover countless times.

Sylvia rolled her eyes at him and said crossly, "I've eaten half of the sandwich."

"I love sharing food with you." A smile touched Franklin's lips.

Sylvia darted at him and then checked on Lilian. Franklin was a charming man with an excellent temperament, so she wasn't surprised that girls in other countries would fall for him.

She clicked her tongue. Franklin was indeed heartless.

The jealousy and hatred in Lilian's heart increased. Lilian wondered why Sylvia was looking at her and if Sylvia was showing off or mocking her.

Inwardly, Lilian cursed her.

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How she wished to skin Sylvia alive.

"Please excuse me, Master Franklin." Lilian rushed out of the dining room as if she was fleeing away.

"Where are you going, sweetie?" Franklin asked hoarsely, his eyes glimmering seductively under the morning sunshine.

Sylvia looked into his eyes, her heart racing.

"I'm returning to H Rovirsa later."

"Returning to H Rovirsa?" Franklin frowned. He had adjusted his flight to stay in Lleilaga for her, but she was returning home.

"Right. I'll have a seminar at Vista University tomorrow." Sylvia had promised the university's president, so she couldn't break her word.

Suddenly, Franklin approached his charming face to hers, and Sylvia caught sight of his sexy, thin lips off guard.

They looked perfect and seductive, making her want to bite.

The thought caught Sylvia off guard, and she followed it to bite him.

While her soft, tender lips touched his, they were taken aback as if an electric current passed through their lips.

Surprise flashed through Franklin's eyes.

The next second, a smile touched them. It was the first time Sylvia had actively kissed him.

He didn't feel sickened. Instead, his heart was filled with joy.

He parted his lips to suck hers.

Sylvia was shocked. She immediately pushed him away, running out of the dining room.

Behind her, Franklin burst into laughter. Sylvia was annoyed and embarrassed.

She couldn't believe she had taken the initiative to kiss Franklin.

She had become unlike herself more and more. Clenching her fists, she couldn't help thinking about Franklin.

Gritting her teeth, Sylvia patted her face to sober herself.

Inwardly, she reminded herself to forget Franklin's charm.

Meanwhile, in the dining room, the butler reported the matter the previous night to Franklin.

"What did you say?" Franklin looked sullen. "What on earth happened last night?"

The butler could hardly look into his eyes. "Miss Andrews almost roll down the stairs. Fortunately, she reacted quickly and did two backward flips."

Franklin's face was dark. He failed to repress his fury.

Sylvia was good at fighting, but she almost rolled down the stairs to the dining room. He sensed something fishy.

"Check if there's anything behind it," Franklin ordered.

"Yes, Master Franklin." The butler immediately got down to investigation.

Meanwhile, in the master bedroom, Lilian said with a sweet, gentle smile, "Miss Andrews, I picked some flowers from the garden for you. They are beautiful."

Before Sylvia replied, she entered the bedroom and put the vase with the flowers on the windowsill.

It was a bunch of yellow daisies, fresh and pretty.

"Thank you, Lilian."

"Miss Andrews, since you arrived, you haven't walked in the manor yet. I can show you around," Lilian suggested enthusiastically.

Sylvia beamed at her, her eyes glittering with wisdom. Lilian felt guilty under her gaze.

She wondered if Sylvia had read her mind and hoped not.

When she thought Sylvia would refuse, the latter answered indifferently, "Sure."

The sunshine was bright in the garden.

Since Sylvia wasn't familiar with the routes, she followed Lilian. The lanes became narrower, remoter, and bumpier gradually.

From time to time, Lilian looked back to check on her. "Miss Andrews, I didn't expect you to adjust to the hill road so well."

"I didn't expect such bumpy roads behind Franklin's manor, either," Sylvia replied indifferently.

Looking at the cliff in front, she curled her lips into a mocking smile, "You deliberately took me here. Tell me. What on earth do you want?"

Lilian's smile became dark and gloomy. "I didn't expect you to be so smart, bitch. You are right. I didn't want to show you around the manor."

Gazing at Sylvia in jealousy and hatred, she added, "You are just a cheap whore. Who do you think you are?"

Looking at the strong hatred in her eyes, Sylvia held her arms across her chest and lifted her eyebrow. "Who am I? I'm your master's beloved woman."

"Bitch! How dare you stay by Master Franklin's side and occupy him! I must let you vanish." Lilian glared at her fiercely.

Sylvia snorted, gazing at her icily. "You are just a maid. Don't you think you're too nosy?"

"Ugly slut, you don't deserve to be with Master Franklin. I'm the one who deserves to be by his side." Lilian became crazier. Suddenly, she pulled out a glass bottle from nowhere, in which there was black liquid, approaching Sylvia step by step.

"Let me guess. There must be some liquid to disfigure me in this bottle, right? TSK. TSK. You must have spent a lot of money on such a thing." Sylvia stood motionlessly and fearlessly. Lilian was indeed bold to harm her.

Lilian giggled horribly and replied in complacency, "Of course, I will ruin you. You'll never think of hitting on Master Franklin again."

Sylvia glanced at her coldly. "Don't you think you are like a clown?"

"Shut up! You are the clown," Lilian suddenly roared in a fury. "Why aren't you afraid? Why don't you beg me? Kneel and beg me. Probably, I'll let go of you."

She hated Sylvia's calmness the most. Sylvia seemed to be indifferent and confident all the time. How arrogant!

She made Lilian think she was born a queen.

Lilian gazed at her in hatred. The crazy desire to possess toward Franklin drove her to go nuts.

She raised her hand and splashed the liquid in the bottle on Sylvia. "Master Franklin is noble and handsome. He's a perfect man. You never deserve him, ugly cunt!"

Sylvia moved aside to dodge. "You pushed me to fall downstairs yesterday, but I didn't get even with you. You do have the balls to hurt me again."

The glass bottle fell to the ground and cracked.

The black liquid splashed on the weeds, which turned into ashes immediately.

Sylvia could tell how strong the liquid was. If it had been splashed on her face or body, the consequences would be out of imagination.

She frowned at this thought.

"Master Franklin treats you so well. He even smiled at you and ate your leftovers. If you are dead, Master Franklin will notice me. He'll marry me."

Lilian was still daydreaming. After the first bottle fell, she pulled out another one.

Sylvia could tell she had lost her reason, her lips twitching helplessly. "You lunatic, you should go to see a doctor."

Lilian held the new glass bottle high, glaring at her darkly. "You know what? As long as you disappear, I'll get everything."

With those words, she approached Sylvia again.

When she was three steps away, Sylvia gave her a sidekick and knocked down the glass bottle in her hand. "Silly bitch, you should blame yourself for having no charm to gain a man's heart. You pushed all blame on me. You are indeed sick."

Then she kicked Lilian down, stomping on her chest. Bending over, she pinched Lilian's chin. "I don't want to dirty my hands on scum like you."

Lying prone on the ground, Lilian didn't struggle. Suddenly, she burst into laughter, "Ha ha ha... You fell into my trap."

Sylvia was shocked. "What do you mean?"

"You are a martial artist. How could I win against you?" Lilian laughed wantonly and triumphantly. "I only used the glass bottles to distract your attention."

chapter 236

Gazing at her icily, Sylvia felt the pain in her fingers. "When on earth did you drug me?"

"When you kicked me." Lilian glared at her ferociously, her eyes almost popping out. "I painted my whole body with poison. If you touched me, you would be drugged."

"Damn it!" Sylvia concentrated entirely on the glass bottle but didn't expect Lilian to be so crazy as to paint herself with the poison.

Sylvia inwardly blamed herself for being too careless.

“You’d better give me the antidote, Lilian. Or I’ll kill you,” Sylvia warned her coldly. She tightened the pinch on her chin, and the pain twisted Lilian’s face.

“Go to Hell! No one can save your life. I spent a lot of money buying the poison from NN terror group. There’s no antidote. You’ll become old and ugly soon. Master Franklin will detest you and be sickened by you soon.” Lilian burst into laughter crazily.

Dark blood rushed out from her nose and mouth, thick blood smell spread in the air.

Sylvia let go of her. Gazing at her, she was shocked. “You painted the poison all over your body and it has entered your body through your pores. So...”

“I’d rather kill myself to send you to Hell. If you died, Master Franklin would remember me and avenge me. He will do it.” Lilian started vomiting blood.

“Bang!”

Suddenly, a gunshot sounded.

Lilian’s chest was shot and bleeding.

In pain, she huddled up on the ground.

Sylvia turned around, finding Franklin wearing a black outfit behind her.

He glared at Lilian ruthlessly.

“Franklin?” Sylvia lifted her eyebrow. “She’s your maid.”

“She had the balls to hurt you. She deserved to die.” With those words, he strode toward her, held her in his arms, and asked solemnly, “Are you all right?”

Sylvia shook her head, looking at Lilian in blood. “She was poisoned. If you didn’t come over, she would die soon.”

Lilian stared at the gorgeous man obsessively as if she couldn’t see the ruthlessness on his face. She reached out her hand toward him, her face covered with blood, her chest still bleeding.

However, she ignored everything but muttered, “Master Franklin... Master Franklin... Did you come to save me?”

She crawled toward him with difficulty, like a worm covered with blood.

Sylvia was afraid she would drug Franklin as well. She stood protectively before him by instinct and snapped, “Fuck off, Lilian!”

Upon hearing her voice, Lilian cursed viciously, “You are the one to fuck off. Bitch!”

Franklin was taken aback when seeing Sylvia’s subconscious reaction, gaping at her back. He didn’t expect her to protect him.

She stood in front of him protectively without hesitation, and he could tell she did it subconsciously.

Franklin had always thought it was his responsibility to protect his beloved woman.

However, he had never expected Sylvia to shelter him from danger.

Warmth flooded his heart, traveled through his vein, and sent pleasure to his chest.

He held Sylvia in his arms and asked gently and affectionately, "Sweetie, you are so silly. Aren't you afraid of her?"

Sylvia blurted out, "As long as I'm here, I'll never let anyone hurt you."

Then she found the smile on Franklin's face became broader.

Frowning, she bit out, "What are you laughing about? Do you know how serious this matter is? She's poisonous. Go away!"

She pushed Franklin with her right hand, which hadn't been drugged. However, he dragged her closer, pressing a kiss on her forehead. Smiling at her joyfully, he confessed, "Sweetie, you care about me. I feel so happy."

Sylvia glared at him. "I'm not caring about you. It's life or death. Leave!"

She pushed him away again.

Lilian watched them behave intimately in her presence, jealousy increasing in her eyes.

She wondered why Franklin loved this woman so much but repulsed her.

Without hesitation, she used up all her strength and rushed to them. "Go to Hell!"

Sylvia lifted her foot to kick the crazy woman away. With a loud bang, Lilian fell to the ground.

She spat several mouthfuls of blood and closed her eyes, probably fainting or dying.

Franklin was about to check on her, but Sylvia stopped him. "Let me do it."

She squatted to test Lilian's breath. "She's gone."

Lilian's ashen face looked more horrible under the sunlight.

"She died so easily." Franklin dialed a number and ordered sullenly, "Deal with Lilian's corpse."

Then he wanted to hold Sylvia's hand, but she dodged.

Franklin looked sullen. "What's wrong?"

Her dodge annoyed him.

"Nothing. There are bloodstains on my clothes. Too dirty," Sylvia replied indifferently. She shifted their conversation in another direction. "How did you know we were here?"

"I knew she had tried to push you downstairs, so I was looking for you." Franklin wanted to embrace her, but she dodged again.

Sylvia had a lingering fear. Earlier, Franklin hugged her when he arrived. She wondered if he would be affected by the poison on her. The drug was too poisonous. Although she was drugged slightly, she was worried.

Therefore, she didn't want to have any intimate interaction with Franklin now.

"Why didn't you tell me she had pushed you?" Franklin suddenly asked and abruptly brought her back to her senses.

Sylvia looked up at him in confusion. "Why should I? I didn't have any evidence."

She and Lilian were the only two on the scene.

She didn't think Franklin would believe her if she told him.

chapter 237

"I'll believe everything you tell me. You don't need to show any evidence." Franklin gazed at her affectionately as if he wanted to read her thoughts.

Sylvia was taken aback and replied, "Thank you for your trust, Mr. Maskelyne."

Franklin drawled solemnly, "Sylvia, although you refused to admit it, I could feel the big change in your attitude toward me. Do I mean nothing to you? Honestly?"

Sylvia's expression froze for a while. Finally, she said, "I'm hungry. What would you like for lunch?"

"Don't try to distract my attention. You are lame in changing the subject this time."

Sylvia looked away. Without looking at him, she could still feel him staring at her.

Heaving a sigh, she asked, "How could we be together, Franklin?"

"If not, why were we married for four years? You could marry me in the past, and so can you now. We'll be together forever in the future," Franklin retorted determinedly.

Sylvia checked on her left palm, where she saw the dark skin. Her wrist had also become bruising.

She naturally pulled down her sleeve to cover them. "Let's talk about it some other day."

She had a virus, and now, she was poisoned by a drug from NN terror group. Sylvia didn't know if she could be detoxified, and she must figure it out at present.

Therefore, she decided to put aside her personal feelings for the time being.

She strode forward under the sun, but sorrow and worry filled her heart.

...

Sylvia wore disposable rubber gloves in the kitchen before making a noodle bowl.

It was simple, but making the noodle bowl delicious was challenging.

She had to control the gas and the sauce perfectly.

Shortly after, she finished cooking the noodle and several stir-fried dishes.

Sitting at the table, Franklin browsed the noodle and the dishes one after another. They all looked appealing and smelt good.

As usual, Franklin tasted the noodle first. "Yummy!"

Then he picked up a piece of beef and took a bite.

His table manner was elegant, like a nobleman's.

No matter what he did, he was pleasant to the eye.

With a smile, Sylvia started eating her noodle.

She didn't take off the disposable rubber gloves. Franklin frowned, "Why didn't you take off the gloves?"

He didn't see her wearing the gloves often, feeling weird.

Sylvia checked on them and answered, "I'll do the dishes later, so I will take them off after that."

"You don't need to do dishes." Franklin wiped his lips with a napkin. "We have maids."

Sylvia chuckled, "I like wearing them."

Franklin's eyes darkened. He sensed something wrong.

However, he knew he couldn't get an answer if he insisted on asking Sylvia as long as she was unwilling to tell him.

...

At midnight, a private jet landed slowly.

Franklin woke up Sylvia next to him. "We've arrived."

Sylvia slowly opened her eyes. After staring at him blankly for a while, she finally sobered. "I see. Let's get off."

Since the afternoon, she felt sleepy. After boarding the flight, she slept all the way.

Even though she was woken up, she still battled her sleepiness.

Earlier, Sylvia messaged Logan to let him check the drug developed by NN terror group. She wondered if he had found anything.

After getting off the flight, they sat in a Bentley.

Sylvia struggled to keep awake, turned on her phone, and logged into Facebook.

Logan sent her a message several hours ago. "Boss, there are three types of drugs from NN terror group. None has the antidote. The one you've been drugged with will gradually make you become a child, according to the symptoms. It's named Rejuvenator. You'll lose your intelligence and become like a three-year-old. The drug will ruin your nerve system and destroy your brain. The brain is the first to get hurt, and then your nerves. You'll become paranoid, waiting for death eventually."

Sylvia's eye pupils constricted. She gazed at this message.

'The brain is the first to get hurt, and then your nerves. You'll become paranoid, waiting for death eventually.'

She couldn't accept it.

"After the poison took effect, how long do I have before dying? Lilian spat blood pretty soon. Will I be like her as well?" Sylvia replied.

Since dealing with Lilian, Franklin had paid attention to Sylvia wholeheartedly. He instantly sensed Sylvia's mood change.

'What happened to her?' His intuition told him she had hidden something from him.

A bad hunch raised in his heart.

However, his integrity wouldn't allow him to sneak a glance at Sylvia's chat messages.

Sitting next to her, he glanced at her from time to time.

Sylvia was too shocked and horrified to notice Franklin. Also, she waited for Logan's reply in silence.

Logan didn't make her wait long. He replied to her shortly after, "Boss, you weren't poisoned severely, so it wouldn't be that soon. However, you don't have much time left. Three months at the most."

Sylvia gritted her teeth. "Look for the method to detoxify the drug. Lilian could have bought the drug, and so could we. Buy it. We can study and research the antidote."

"Yes, Boss. I'll get it done now."

Sylvia quit Facebook, leaning against the seatback.

Closing her eyes, she felt bothered.

The drug would make her regress into a child.

Lilian was only a maid. Sylvia wondered how she could have managed to contact NN terror group.

'Did someone aim to harm Franklin?'

Her mind was jumbled.

The car was parked in front of Towner Villa. Franklin stared at the eye-closed woman intensely. "Sweetie, we're home."

Sylvia was always highly alert, but she failed to wake up immediately this time.

Frowning, Franklin patted her cheeks. "Sweetie?"

He couldn't believe she was sleeping so soundly.

She had slept back to Larro but still looked sleepy.

Something was indeed wrong.

Suddenly, Jasper's phone rang. "Okay. I see. All right. I'll inform Master Franklin."

Franklin gazed at him, his eyes dark. "What happened?"

“Master Franklin, it’s Lilian’s autopsy,” Jasper hurriedly reported to him, “The butler said the result of her autopsy had been announced. She painted her whole body with a drug named Rejuvenator from NN terror group. Before you shot her, she had overdosed, so she died fast.”

Franklin’s eyes became cold. “Rejuvenator? One of the three most famous drugs from NN terror group? How did Lilian contact them? Check it.”

“Yes, Master Franklin.”

Franklin carried Sylvia in his arms and got off the car.

After returning home, he put her on the bed and entered the bathroom for a shower.

The sound of the running water woke Sylvia up on the soft bed. She was taken aback for a while before realizing she had been in Townyer Villa.

Dizzily, she sat up, rubbing her forehead.

chapter 238

‘Damn it! I fell asleep again.’

Sylvia believed that she must find the detoxification methods as soon as possible.

If it was delayed, she couldn’t imagine what else would happen.

Sylvia checked on her palm, which darkened more than earlier as if painted in black ink.

She couldn’t stay in this villa any longer. If Franklin was infected, she would regret it all her life.

Without hesitation, she stood up and messaged Logan. “I’m in Townyer Villa. Come to pick me up.”

When Franklin left the bathroom, Sylvia was gone from his bed.

His heart tightened.

Before rushing downstairs to look for her, he saw a note with Sylvia’s beautiful handwriting on a nightstand. “I need to deal with something urgent. I must go, Franklin.”

Holding the note, Franklin looked annoyed.

‘Why did she run away again? So many things have happened. Why must she run away from me? Damn it!’

...

A Land Rover sped up on the road at midnight.

Sylvia struggled hard to stay awake.

She ordered coldly, “To our company.”

“How are you feeling, Boss?” Logan asked worriedly while driving. He wondered why she had been drugged abroad; the poison was rare.

“Not dead yet,” Sylvia answered without any spirit. She tried hard to open her eyes. “Inform everyone to hold an urgent meeting.”

“Yes, Boss.”

The Land Rover roared all the way and pulled up to the medical lab established by Longevity Pharmaceuticals.

All the employees of the research and development department had arrived.

Some were yawning, and some looked spiritless. A few night owls mocked them, “Boss will scold you after seeing you guys like this.”

“I don’t buy it. What happened to Boss? Why did she wake us up at midnight?”

“Is Boss crazy? I’m so sleepy.”

When the eight employees were mocking each other and chitchatting, they heard footsteps at the door. Then it was pushed open.

A tall, slender figure entered. The woman was in a white dress, her pretty face looking pale.

A tall, sturdy man followed her to enter.

Seeing them, everyone sat upright solemnly in silence.

Sylvia sat in the host’s chair, looking spirited. Then she hinted at Logan.

“Tell them.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Five minutes later, all the employees gaped at Sylvia in disbelief. They couldn’t accept Logan’s words at all.

“If that’s real, Boss...”

“What should we do if something happens to you?”

“Boss, you are so young.”

“Stop looking at me in compassion.” Sylvia glanced at them coldly. “I can’t waste any time. Please develop a drug to relieve the toxicity first to buy me more time. Then you can develop the antidote.”

“Since the drug was created, there must be a powerful remedy. I believe there must be an antidote for it,” Sylvia said affirmatively.

The following morning, Sylvia was woken up by the clock alarm. She had a long sleep but still felt sick.

After leaving the lab the previous night, she fell asleep on the way back again and didn’t wake up until now.

Feeling exhausted, Sylvia got up and straightened herself up.

After having breakfast, she found the black print on her palm enlarged. It meant the toxicity was spreading.

Instead of driving, she asked Vaield to send her to the lab.

Logan was efficient.

When Sylvia arrived, he had already obtained a bottle of Rejuvenator and was studying it.

“The toxicity of this drug is weird and complicated. It must be a genius who created it,” Logan sighed.

“This poison shouldn’t have existed,” Sylvia said coldly, “If it’s spread in the market, many people will be harmed.”

Looking solemn, she put on the insulating clothes and added, “I’ll join the research. Gather all of them.”

“Yes, Boss.”

To avoid being struck by sleepiness, Sylvia injected a stimulant drug into herself.

Logan felt sorry for her. “Boss, you’ve been drugged. Why don’t you take a rest? Leave everything for us.”

“I’m a doctor. I can help you.” Sylvia reminded him, “Stop talking nonsense. Let’s get started.”

The research and study lasted until two o’clock in the afternoon without a stop.

Exhausted, Sylvia took off the insulating clothes. “Produce a drug to relieve the toxicity first. I need to go to Vista University now.”

With those words, she entered the lounge, took a shower, and changed her clothes.

Vaield sent her to the university.

On the way, she felt dizzy and fell asleep again.

...

Vista University.

In a classroom, James nestled up in his chair. Romeo approached and muttered with an evil smile, “I heard a pretty female doctor will hold a seminar for the medical school this afternoon. It’s said she’s the top surgeon. Do you think it’ll be my brother’s girlfriend?”

James snorted, “Your brother’s girlfriend? She’s my sister-in-law, all right?”

Upon hearing their conversation, several affluent students gathered around. “I heard she was a stunner with a slender waist and long legs.”

James and Romeo suddenly became hard-working recently.

They used to fight against each other, but now, they competed for their exam results.

Such a change made other wealthy students who always hung out with them feel pretty weird.

The two boys' argument attracted their attention, and they wondered if James had a crush on a girl.

"Is she really THAT beautiful? We can hang out with her after the seminar."

Wearing a nasty smile, Cameron chuckled, "Can she easily turn men on?"

"I heard she was the most famous surgeon in Lilypad General Hospital. She's good-looking and professional."

"Really?" Cameron became more excited.

chapter 239

"Her photo is on the bulletin board of the medical school. Cameron, she's indeed hot."

"Wow! Let's go to her seminar. Hurry." Cameron rushed out with his followers.

"Let's go, James." Romeo patted James' shoulder.

The latter jumped to his feet and followed him.

When they bypassed the bulletin board at the medical school, they saw Sylvia's photo.

"Whoa! Sylvia is really here," James grinned ear to ear.

"Gee! You look so silly." Romeo curled his lips and insisted, "She is my sister-in-law."

They argued while trotting toward the lecture room, which had already been fully packed.

Some students couldn't find empty seats and had to stand at the back.

Cameron and his followers didn't take a look at the bulletin board on the way but rushed to occupy the seats, but they were still late.

Therefore, they cursed the medical school students and forced them to leave.

However, those medical students refused, "You are not from our medical school. Leave!"

"Leave my ass! You should feel honored as I come to your medical school."

Cameron talked extremely dirty, "The lecturer will probably be in my bed tomorrow. Think she's something?"

His followers echoed while laughing loudly, "Exactly. Who can resist money? She's a woman willing to sleep with Mr. Wilson for a few luxurious handbags."

"Ha ha... No woman can say no if Mr. Wilson wants to sleep with her."

James and Romeo heard those nasty comments when they entered the lecture room.

James strode toward them, grabbed Camera's collar, and violently pressed him against the wall. Other students exclaimed.

The next second, James threw a punch at Cameron's face.

His followers rushed to hit James, and Romeo roared, "Dare to hit him? I'll beat you up."

They all knew the Kennedy family's background, and Romeo was a well-trained fighter.

When the university president and other leaders entered the lecture room, they saw the two young men from the Maskelyne and the Kennedy families teaching the son of the Wilson family a lesson.

"What's wrong, James? We are just joking about the lecturer. Why did you hit Cameron?"

"Romeo, why did you hit us? What did Cameron do wrong?"

Other followers wanted to stop them, but the two young men beat Cameron more violently.

Blood streamed down his head.

Cameron roared in pain, "You bastards! My brother won't let go of you both."

"You bullied my younger sister last time. Now you insulted the lecturer. I'm getting even with you," James snarled.

The president and university leaders returned to their senses. The president shouted, "Stop it!"

The dean of education yelled, "Security! Security!"

After Sylvia got off the car, a female professor received her. "You must be Dr. Sylvia. Nice to meet you. Please follow me."

"All right. Thanks." Sylvia nodded at her in response, heading for the lecture room.

Its door was wide open, but there was pin-drop silence in the room.

Arching her brow, Sylvia saw two students squatting in the corner with a single glimpse.

They bowed their heads, so she couldn't see their faces.

In the first seat of the first row sat a student with a black and blue face, blood oozing on the wounds on his cheeks.

'That's fierce!'

"What happened?" Sylvia frowned.

Her voice attracted everyone's attention.

A tall, slender woman in white was standing at the door. Her gorgeous face took their breath away and sparkled under the afternoon sunlight. All gaped at her.

'What a fairy!'

The university president rubbed his hands awkwardly. "Sorry, Dr. Sylvia. Too many students gathered here. They had a fight."

Upon hearing Sylvia's familiar voice, the two boys huddled in the corner more as if they wanted her to ignore their existence.

“Clark, you must help me. I have been beaten again,” Cameron complained after dialing Clark’s number. He couldn’t help sobbing.

The president looked more embarrassed, “Mr. Wilson, you’d better go to the clinic.”

‘Wilson?’

Sylvia looked over at the boy whose features couldn’t be seen clearly but failed to recognize him.

Cameron was helped stand up by his two followers. When he raised his head, he saw a beautiful face that was like a nightmare to him.

“Argh!” he exclaimed, rolling his eyes, almost fainting. “Why-Why are you here?”

He couldn’t believe why Sylvia, the demon-like, ruthless woman, appeared in the lecture room. Her behaviors in that private box had brought him too many nightmares.

His miserable face paled instantly, and his legs weakened so much that he couldn’t move forward at all.

Sylvia replied indifferently, “I’m giving a lecture here.”

Cameron felt dizzy. Finally, he understood why James and Romeo were so angry.

How he wished to vanish from the scene instantly!

Cameron shed tears. “I’m sorry, Miss Andrews. Please have mercy. I didn’t know you were the lecturer.”

The reversal of this incident caught everyone off guard.

Last second, Cameron was arrogantly complaining to Clark on the phone. However, he behaved humbly right now and repeatedly apologized to Sylvia.

Others discussed in confusion while gaping at Sylvia.

Sylvia looked around and finally recognized him. She asked in disdain, “Who are you?”

Cameron howled more miserably in pain as if the end of the world had come. “I’m Cameron Wilson. I’m sorry. I deserved to be hit.”

The two boys huddling in the corner exchanged a secret glance with each other.

They had thought Sylvia would chide them after knowing they fought again.

However, it turned out Cameron feared her.

Looking at that coward, they felt more delighted than winning against him in a fight.

Others could feel the aggressive vibe from Sylvia. None of them dared to think anything nasty when looking at her.

They finally understood why James and Romeo beat Cameron up after the latter insulted the lecturer.

Then they wondered if the two boys knew this lecturer

Even the university president felt shocked while watching the scene.

Cameron had done a lot of evil deeds and bullied many students because of his family background, but no one had seen him so cowardly before.

“Stand up, you two.” Sylvia’s gaze shifted from Cameron and fell on the two boys in the corner.

The two realized she had recognized them.

In silence, they stood up and raised their heads secretly.

After quickly glancing at her, they bowed their heads again.

Then they exchanged glances with each other and talked in tacit understanding, “Will Sylvia blame us? Or will she hit us?”

chapter 240

“She won’t.”

“She ignored Cameron Wilson just now.”

Right then, the policemen arrived. Someone had called them.

The captain knew Sylvia. His eyes lit up when he saw her. Immediately, he greeted, “Hi, Miss Andrews.”

Sylvia nodded at him in response. “My brothers are too reckless. They hit someone.”

‘Brothers?’

Romeo raised his head in excitement and darted at her.

He wondered if that meant Sylvia would become his sister-in-law soon.

“Don’t worry, Miss Andrews. We’ll handle this case justly,” the captain answered. Then he let his subordinates take away Cameron, Romeo, and James.

Only then did others return to their senses. The president looked at Sylvia in embarrassment. “Dr. Sylvia, I didn’t expect this to happen. I hope it hasn’t impacted your mood to give the lecture.”

“Not at all.” Sylvia beamed at him. She put on makeup to cover her pale face. Pinching her fingers to keep sober, she walked up to the stage and greeted the students, “Nice to meet you all. I’m Sylvia Andrews, a surgeon from the Lilypad General Hospital. My seminar subject today is acute abdomen misdiagnosed as appendicitis.”

None had expected Sylvia to choose such a subject.

“What’s so important about acute abdomen and appendicitis?”

“Neither is vital.”

“I want to hear the techniques in surgery.”

“I heard the top surgeon from the Lilypad General Hospital was skillful in playing with the scalpel.”

“Be quiet. She’s speaking.”

The students offstage were expectant earlier. Gradually, they became disappointed.

Onstage, Sylvia noticed all of their mood changes.

She was tall and slim, behaving gracefully and elegantly.

Her hair was black, and her skin was fair and smooth. Whenever her gaze swept, she looked lively. Standing on the stage, she was pleasant to the eye.

Her voice echoed in the lecture room.

“In clinical practice, the certain gynecological emergency abdomen is quite similar to acute appendicitis, which can easily cause misdiagnosis. Within the total of 3,087 cases of the gynecological emergency abdomen in our hospital from the year 2007 to 2022, 59 cases were misdiagnosed as acute appendicitis. And this rate is considered pretty high.”

After hearing the evidence, the medical school students became solemn instead of being disdainful and disappointed initially.

“You’re the future doctors and nurses. In the future, you’ll not only face each case but patients. Each of them means a life. You must be responsible for them all, so you must be careful with even the tiny differences. No misjudgment or misdiagnosis is allowed. The consequences of the misdiagnosis have been shown in the cases I shared with you earlier.”

“Excuse me, Mr. Carrillo.”

Mr. Carrillo was immersed in listening to the lecture. Suddenly, Sylvia called him, and he was shocked and hurriedly stood up, “Yes, Dr. Sylvia?”

While holding a USB drive, Sylvia told him, “My seminar’s PowerPoint slides have been stored here. You can give each student a copy for their reference.”

All people in the room were taken aback, as none had expected her to be willing to share it with them so openly.

Such a kind of material was supposed to be rare and valuable.

Sylvia only stayed at the university briefly. After the seminar, she left the lecture room. Surprisingly, a young policeman was waiting for her at the door.

“Miss Andrews,” he greeted her.

“Yes? What’s wrong?” Sylvia stopped mid-step.

“Can you go to the police department with us, please?” the policeman requested in embarrassment.

Sylvia could tell something was wrong with Romeo and James again.

Shortly after, Sylvia arrived at the police station.

Once she entered, a man with a feminine, gloomy face was standing before Cameron, one of his hands stuffed in the pocket of his slacks.

Cameron lowered his head, and all the wounds on his cheeks had been dealt with.

Clark glanced at James and Romeo darkly and sneered, "You were beaten up by the two dandies. How dare you call me!"

"Clark..." They used to have many cousins in the Wilson family, but Clark had already dealt with them. Only Cameron was left because he was Clark's biological younger brother. However, he feared Clark from the bottom of his heart.

Realizing Clark was unwilling to back him up, Cameron became more fearful. However, he wanted to avenge more. "Clark, that woman, the evil woman I told you last time, appeared again. Clark, you must avenge me. My dear brother!"

"Which evil woman?" a woman's cold voice sounded out at the door.

The familiar voice made Cameron shiver. In fear, he hid behind Clark. "That's her, Clark. She's here."

Clark's cold gaze fell on Sylvia.

With a sneer, he said, "Dr. Sylvia, it's you. Will my grandfather's operation be taken tomorrow?"

"Yep. Tomorrow morning. Mr. Cameron Wilson, did you mean to cancel your grandfather's operation tomorrow?" Sylvia lifted her brow to look at Cameron's swollen face, which paled instantly.

Cameron felt suffocated, hard to breathe.

Although he was stupid, he realized Sylvia would be the surgeon for his grandfather's surgery.

'Holy shit! Who can help me?' Cameron trembled.

A big hand dragged him to Sylvia. Before returning to his senses, he was kicked by Clark. The next second, with a loud bang, Cameron lay prone before Sylvia miserably.

"Ouch! It hurts!"

"Apologize!" Clark said coldly, and Cameron couldn't disobey him.

His eyes reddened. Cameron gingerly apologized in a trembling voice, "Sorry, Miss Andrews. It's my fault. I shouldn't have fought with James and Romeo."

He had been beaten black and blue, but he needed to apologize. Cameron felt he was too pitiful.

"Humph! You know what? If you dare to insult my sister-in-law again, I'll still hit you," James growled.

"Cameron Wilson, if you are a man, you should be ashamed. I don't care which actresses or models you want to hook up with. However, if you harassed my goddess, I would never let go of you," Romeo echoed and spat on Cameron.

"Who's so bold to insult and harass her?"

Right then, the police chief's office door was pushed open from the outside.

A man in a black suit strode in.

His handsome face had a sharp outline, emanating a strong aura.

His sharp eyes glanced around and finally concentrated on Sylvia.

“Franklin!” James looked at him in surprise as if his backer had arrived. He trotted to Franklin. “Cameron Wilson insulted Sylvia. I was so angry that I hit him.”

‘Think you are the only one having an older brother?’ Romeo’s thought crossly. However, he panicked, wondering why his brother still hadn’t shown up.

Sylvia lifted her brow quietly. Only then did she realize the two boys hit Cameron because the latter had insulted her.

Therefore, they did it to defend her.

Sylvia’s gaze swept between the two reckless young men.

She was surprised as she had never expected to be defended by them.