

Revealed 241

chapter 241

The thought made a faint smile play around her mouth. It was a charming smile, as bright as the morning sunlight, which seemed to melt everything.

All people on the scene were stunned and couldn't help but praise her beauty.

"Well done!" Franklin replied. He pulled out a bank card and tossed it to James. "Five million dollars. Your reward."

"Thank you, Franklin." James grinned at him ear-to-ear and was evidently overjoyed.

He had thought Franklin would hit him as he had been taken to the police station.

Much to his surprise, Franklin rewarded him.

Sylvia walked to the two boys with a smile. "You can't solve the problems by fighting. However, you wanted to defend me. I won't blame you. James, Romeo, you are good friends. You must remember violence can solve some problems sometimes, but it cannot solve all problems. You are the sons of the Maskelyne and Kennedy families, so you must be responsible for your families' reputations. Don't do anything to disgrace your clans, OK?"

James and Romeo were startled, feeling awkward.

It was one thing that they secretly defended Sylvia from hitting Cameron. However, after she exposed it in public and reminded them kindly, they felt shy.

However, sweetness surged inside them. They were delighted.

Significantly Romeo grew up in an environment that worshiped violence. No one else had taught him such things.

For a moment, he couldn't utter a word.

The more he looked at Sylvia, the more he felt she was beautiful and easygoing.

How he wished to be with her, listen to her, and watch her smile!

Inwardly, Romeo blamed his brother for coming over too late.

Seeing them keep silent, Sylvia beamed at them and softened her tone. "I do appreciate your help. Come follow me. I'll treat you to dinner tonight."

"Dinner?" James' eyes lit up.

"For real?" Romeo widened his eyes.

"Just a meal." Sylvia chuckled, "Congrats, James and Romeo. You've become maturer and more responsible."

Her words made Franklin's face darken.

Sylvia had never taken the initiative to treat him to a meal. However, she invited the two boys for dinner.

Clark also looked gloomy. "Dr. Sylvia, you should be more generous. My younger brother has apologized. He's still decent after admitting his mistake and correcting it. Why didn't you invite him?"

"He insulted my sister-in-law. Why should we take him with us?" James glared at him in anger.

He seemed to be on the verge of anger.

Cameron stood up miserably and hurriedly promised, "I swear it won't happen again in the future."

He realized even Clark was tolerant of Sylvia. What could he do? He had to behave humbly in her presence.

As the son of the Wilson family, he had never been like this. Cameron was angry but couldn't do anything.

"I'm not THAT generous to invite someone who insulted me for dinner," Sylvia replied sternly, "Mr. Wilson, sorry for that."

Clark's eyes became icy, but he didn't insist.

Franklin turned around to follow Sylvia. She frowned, "Why are you following us?"

Franklin looked down at her, "I'll join your dinner."

"No, you won't. Stay here to deal with the rest of matters." Sylvia stared at him solemnly.

Her tone was full of scorn for Franklin.

Sylvia was still wearing transparent gloves and didn't want to stay with him long, afraid she might expose her secret.

For some reason, she didn't want to let Franklin know she had been drugged.

Franklin gazed at her intensely, her charm taking his breath away. He thought she was gorgeous and reminded him of the star in the sky.

However, he sensed something wrong with her. He had such an odd feeling for a while, although she looked as usual.

She wore delicate makeup with a faint smile. Her eyes were as bright as the stars, and her lips were tender and juicy like rose petals.

Franklin frowned.

Sylvia seldom wore thick makeup. Instead, she put on lip gloss or eye shadows only.

However, he could tell she had put on foundation and rouge on her cheeks. She even wore contact lenses.

'When did Sylvia need contact lenses?'

She was born to be a beauty with a unique temperament, already like a fairy without any makeup.

Franklin wondered why she had put on such thick makeup.

Gazing at her without blinking, he asked, "What on earth are you hiding from me?"

"What are you talking about, Franklin? I don't follow." Sylvia's heart trembled.

Her organs twisted.

Sylvia turned around and walked forward.

James secretly glanced at Franklin's annoyed face, hurriedly following her.

'TSK. TSK. Sylvia is still the masterful woman.'

Romeo followed suit, wondering if Franklin had an intimate relationship with his goddess.

He sensed the intimacy between them.

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In the police station, Clark looked at Cameron, whose head was bandaged and whose face was blue and black, thinking his younger brother looked miserable.

However, he didn't pity Cameron.

After glancing at the boy, he said crossly, "Stupid!"

Franklin pushed the door open and reentered. Looking down at the Wilson brothers, he asked, "Done everything?"

Clark gazed at him coldly, "Mr. Maskelyne, it seems Dr. Sylvia doesn't like you much."

"None of your business," Franklin retorted.

Jasper walked over while holding a file folder. "Master Franklin, please sign here."

After signing on the paper, Franklin looked over at the police chief. "Can I leave now?"

"Of course, Mr. Maskelyne. Take care." The police chief couldn't do anything.

Clark also took Cameron away.

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Right after they had gone, Paul rushed into the police station and asked a policeman randomly, "Where is Sylvia Andrews? How about my younger brother?"

"Mr. Kennedy? They've left. All of them."

The policeman returned to his work after answering.

Paul inwardly cursed in depression and turned away.

...

In Royal Galaxy Restaurant, Sylvia sat at the table with James and Romeo.

Then she said to the waiter, "Three ice creams, please. My favorite flavor."

"Okay, Miss Andrews."

A short moment later, three ice creams were served.

The boys blushed slightly and hesitated to have them.

James tightened his grip on the spoon. He always thought ice cream was girls' food and never had it, let alone eat it in a high-end restaurant like Royal Galaxy.

He was worried about his public image.

However, Romeo wasn't. After hesitating for a moment, he took a bite. "Wow! I like it."

He nudged James. "Why are you hesitant? My goddess invited us to have ice cream. Do you want to let her down?"

A smile touched Sylvia's lips. She stared at them gently and said tenderly, "The ice cream is yummy. James, are you sure you don't want to try it?"

Her voice made James tighten his grip on the spoon again. He had never thought his name could sound so lovely after Sylvia called it.

For many years, he thought Franklin's name was much better than his and Poppy's.

James disliked his name. However, he loved his name after Sylvia called him.

Looking at her expectantly, he wished she could call his name again.

"Why are you staring at me? What's wrong?" Sylvia asked.

"Nothing. Nothing." James shook his head and quickly got a spoonful of ice cream to have a bite.

Sylvia noticed he was using his left hand. "Has your right hand been injured?"

"Nope." James stubbornly hid his right hand behind him.

"Why are you using your left hand, then? You've been wounded, but you don't want to admit it," Romeo exposed him naughtily.

James hit Cameron so hard that the skin of his right hand was broken.

"I can deal with your wound," Sylvia asked the waiter to fetch the first-aid kit and dealt with his wounds with the cotton swabs. "When you fight, you need skills instead of only strength."

Then she put the medicine to his wounds.

James was attracted by her words instantly. She didn't mock him but reminded him gently. James wondered what she meant.

Thinking about her fighting skills, he became excited.

His Adam's apple rolled up and down. Munching the ice cream, he asked, "Sylvia, do you..."

"I have a few friends attending the fighting training weekly. If you guys are interested, you can join them," said Sylvia. She tossed the used cotton swabs into the trash can.

Romeo stared at her, widening his eyes. "Goddess... I have studied martial arts since I was little. I can't learn from another master."

Sylvia glanced at him and continued to have her ice cream. "Your family has already become a merchant family instead of the martial arts one. Does your brother practice his fighting skills every day?"

Romeo was still stunned.

However, Sylvia's words made sense. Paul always dealt with the files and the company clients. In the past, he attended the training every day. However, he reduced it to once per week. Gradually, he would only practice martial arts once biweekly or once per month because he was too busy.

"I'd love to join them, Sylvia," James answered excitedly. He almost burst into tears. In the Maskelyne family, he had been living under Franklin's halo. For the first time, a person cared about him so much and offered him advice.

Sylvia said, "OK. You can start tomorrow. I'll let my friend pick you up after class. Then you can go to the training center yourself after knowing the address."

When Franklin entered Royal Galaxy Restaurant, he glanced around. His gaze finally fell on a table in the corner.

A charming woman had ice cream with two boys.

They enjoyed it a lot, as joyful as three kids.

Franklin looked steely and aloof, but he instantly became the lobby's focus.

He was born a center of the crowd, always attracting others' attention.

Approaching them, he faintly heard their conversation.

"Goddess, do you really let him practice martial arts? I..." Romeo asked. He often chirped, annoying Franklin.

"Don't worry, Sylvia. I'll practice hard. Then I can protect you in the future." James slightly blushed. Thinking about sheltering Sylvia, he was overexcited.

"Ehn. You are physically strong. You can make progress pretty soon," Sylvia remarked positively.

James almost cheered.

Romeo glared at him jealously as his goddess praised James. He believed he was much more robust with a better foundation than James.

Gazing at them coldly, Franklin wondered what they were talking about.

He noticed James' face was reddened, worship and admiration glimmering in James' eyes.

'Damn it!'

Franklin strode toward them and sat in the empty chair.

The three were shocked, looking at him.

"Franklin?" Sylvia furrowed her brows.

She didn't expect him to not give up and still follow them.

"What have you ordered?" As soon as he spoke, he emanated a superior aura. The two boys were too scared to utter a word.

Romeo felt stressed when sitting at the same table.

Franklin's aura was several times stronger than Paul's. Romeo admired James and Sylvia for keeping calm in his presence.

Especially Sylvia could match Franklin in temperament.

Romeo was proud of her.

Sylvia answered coldly, "Mr. Maskelyne, we ordered dishes for three persons only."

She wanted to send him away.

Franklin noticed the gloves on her hands again, wondering why she was wearing them.

A bad hunch surged in his heart.

Lilian's autopsy report flashed through his mind – she had painted her body with poison.

His heart skipped a beat, and he suddenly had a guess.

Franklin seized Sylvia's wrist, gazing at her intensely. Studying her expression carefully, he snapped, "Come with me."

"What are you doing, Franklin?" James exclaimed.

Sylvia was shocked by the fierceness on his face. "Franklin, we're in Royal Galaxy, not your house."

Franklin stared daggers at her sternly. His thin lips were pressed together. In silence, he dragged her toward the restroom.

"What are you doing?"

Sylvia struggled but failed to break free, so she had to follow him.

James and Romeo worriedly gazed at their receding figures. Romeo nudged James and asked, "Will your brother hit my goddess?"

"I-I don't think so... He's not a violent mania," James muttered but lacked confidence.

After pulling Sylvia into the men's room, he locked the door from the inside.

Before Sylvia reacted, she had been pressed against the door.

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Subconsciously, Sylvia stared at his lovely face.

His perfect features made him look attractive from every angle. Although he looked stern and sullen now, her heart pounded.

Sylvia calmed down. "You..."

As soon as she uttered a word, Franklin bowed his head to kiss her.

Staring at her under the dim yellowish light, he failed to repress his passion for her.

Suddenly, he hugged her tightly, sniffing her unique, refreshed fragrance.

Gaping at his gorgeous face in such a short distance, Sylvia pressed his chest and sighed on his lips, "Stop it, Franklin."

"Tell me, sweetie. What on earth have you hidden from you?"

Sylvia reminded him of a beautiful nymph under the moonlight.

Her long eyelashes flapped slightly like butterfly wings. Their shadow covered her eyes, so Franklin couldn't read her mind.

He let go of her, gazing at her intensely without blinking.

"Nothing, Franklin." Sylvia struggled to distance herself from him.

Seeing her try her best to repress herself, Franklin chuckled, "Why do you have to do this, sweetie?"

Sylvia bit her lip tightly.

Franklin took her into the elevator and went up to the 23rd floor of Royal Galaxy Restaurant, where Jasper had already reserved a suite for them.

Franklin grabbed her struggling hands. "Aren't you going to tell me the truth?"

He seemed to interrogate her.

Looking into her crystal-clear eyes, he complained huskily in reluctance, "Sweetie, why don't you want to tell me? It's been so many years. Why do you always hide it from me?"

Anger filled in her dewy eyes. "I don't need to report everything to you, Franklin."

However, an unexpected thing happened when Sylvia was off guard.

Closing her eyes, she hugged him tightly by instinct, unwilling to let go of him.

When Franklin woke up, it was already the next morning.

He lifted the quilt, got off the bed, and entered the bathroom, but Sylvia wasn't there.

Realizing she had gone, Franklin looked stern.

He cursed icily, "Damn it!"

He had planned to interrogate her, but he was too obsessed with their sex in the end.

Therefore, Sylvia's secret still hadn't been exposed.

Meanwhile, Sylvia had arrived at the hospital.

Rubbing her sore back, she was having a meeting with the doctors and nurses in her department. "You all should know every detail of Mr. Wilson's status. Let's get ready for his surgery."

"Yes, Dr. Sylvia."

"Dr. Sylvia, do you not feel well?" the head of the surgical department glanced at her with concern.

"I'm fine. Thanks." Sylvia replied, "Please don't worry."

Then she left the meeting room while holding the medical record.

At the door of her office, a man wearing a black suit looked stern, followed by an enchanting woman in her thirties.

They were Clark and Winter.

Winter looked at Sylvia in a daze. Sylvia had a slender waist and well-toned bottom. Although she put on a pair of flat white shoes with a loose white gown for doctors, her perfect figure couldn't be hidden completely.

Besides, she looked gentle with delicate features. Her eyes were sparkling as brightly as gems. She emanated an aloof aura.

Her eyebrows were slightly raised, different from the womanish thin and curved ones or the popular flat ones.

The brows made her unique.

This was the first time when Winter saw Sylvia in a white gown.

Although Sylvia didn't put on heavy makeup, she looked charming in the simple white gown.

Standing in front, Sylvia greeted them, "Morning, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson."

"When will my grandfather's surgery start?" Clark asked indifferently as if he was asking about a stranger's status.

Winter secretly studied Clark and found his mood didn't change when facing Sylvia.

She didn't know why she had done so, but she suddenly wondered if Clark would be attracted by Sylvia.

The next second, she denied it. Clark hated Sylvia to the core, as she meant a threat to him. Sylvia had ruined one of Wilson Group's ways to earn money and let Clark suffer a significant loss. She didn't think Clark would have a crush on her.

Winter breathed a sigh of relief secretly.

"It'll start at nine o'clock sharp," Sylvia replied.

Then she pulled out a piece of paper from the folder in her hand. "Those are the necessities after the operation, including things needed daily. Please get all of them ready."

Usually, a nurse would remind the patient's family about those things.

However, Sylvia happened to have a copy, so she passed it to Clark on the way.

Winter hurriedly thanked her.

"I'm still busy. Please suit yourselves." Sylvia entered her office without any intention of letting them in.

Clark gazed at the closed door darkly. Then he strode away.

Winter followed suit. Suddenly, she felt sick. Covering her mouth, she bypassed Clark and trotted toward the ladies' room at the end of the corridor.

Clark was taken aback, something flashing through his eyes.

Then he followed her.

In the ladies' room, Winter retched into the sink.

Clark followed her in. Seeing her look so suffered, he patted her on the back and gazed at her, "What happened to you? Why are you vomiting suddenly?"

Winter's heart tightened. She bowed her head and pulled out a tissue to wipe her mouth.

Pinching the tissue, she tried hard to calm down and hold her nerves. Then she looked up at him, "My stomach is turning."

Clark looked at her indifferently. "Aunt Winter, if you are sick, you should get a checkup. Remember this is a hospital?"

Winter paled, her throat dry and bitter. "Not necessary. I'll get better after taking some pills."

"You'd better not challenge my patience, Winter Bennett." Clark suddenly trapped her between his chest and the sink, scowling at her. "Why do you look so pale? Did you do anything wrong behind my back?"

Under his terrifying gaze, Winter forced a smile, her hair standing on end. "How could it be possible? After you've reviewed everything in the company, I'll do it. If I made any mistake, you would fire me long ago."

Winter was afraid of him. She feared him.

Clark could tell she was trembling.

Withdrawing his arm, he muttered on her lips, "Are you afraid of me, Aunt Winter?"

"I... I'm not." Winter kept a bright smile, but her heart was in her mouth.

If Clark found she had been pregnant, she would end up miserably.

“Are you pregnant?” Clark’s cold gaze fell on her flat belly.

Winter froze as if she had been struck by lightning.

Raising her head stiffly, she looked at Clark and denied it affirmatively, “Nah! How could I get pregnant?”

Clark looked handsome in the black suit, but his features were covered with sternness.

“Aunt Winter, you’d better not try to hide anything from me. You know my means well.”

Winter shivered, lowering her head to dodge his gaze.

“What are you talking about? How could I hide anything from you?”

Clark pinched her chin violently, “You’d better not.”

Covering the panic, Winter advised, “Mylo’s surgery will start soon. Let’s go to the operating room. Hurry.”

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Mylo had multiple fractures all over his body, so the surgery lasted five hours.

All the assistant surgeons, doctors, and nurses stood next to the operation table without a rest.

When Sylvia announced the surgery had ended, they all collapsed on the ground. “Gee! So exhausted!”

“Finally! What happened to this old man? His bones cracked into countless pieces. No wonder Mr. Wilson needed to look for famous doctors to save him.”

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“Of course. Only Dr. Andrew can do it. His crushed bones needed to be reassembled. If not...”

Sylvia looked at her exhausted coworkers and smiled. “Guys, cheer up. Let’s do the aftermath. Push the patient to the ICU for a 24-hour observation.”

“OK, Dr. Sylvia.”

The nurses struggled to stand up to deal with the aftermath.

“Thank you all for your hard work. I’ll treat you to dinner in Royal Galaxy Restaurant today.” With those words, Sylvia left the operating room.

The doctors and nurses cheered behind her.

“What? Royal Galaxy Restaurant!”

“Dr. Sylvia is awesome!”

Sylvia pushed the door open and saw Winter sitting on the bench.

Holding a tablet, she seemed to be working.

Upon hearing the door open, Winter stood up and walked to her. "Dr. Sylvia, how's my father doing?"

"The operation is successful. He needs to rest for a while." Sylvia took off the mask and sucked in the fresh air.

She felt tired and was about to return to her office for a rest.

Suddenly, footsteps sounded in the corridor. A woman yelled harshly, "Clark Wilson, what's wrong with you? Why didn't you inform us about Dad's operation?"

"Sarai..." Winter turned around to greet her. The next second, she was slapped across her face, and the crisp sound echoed in the quiet corridor.

"Shut up, bitch! Who do you think you are? How dare you call me Sarai!" Sarai Wilson glared at Winter fiercely. "Everyone knows you sleep with Clark Wilson."

The mid-aged woman was the oldest daughter of the Wilson family, Sarai Wilson.

Behind her was the oldest son and daughter-in-law of the family, Ruben Wilson and his wife Emery. Emery pretended to be kind and tugged Sarai's sleeve. "Winter is also our family, Sarai. She's our sister-in-law. You should show some respect to her in public."

Feeling the burning pain in her cheek, Winter covered her red, swollen face. Instead of looking confident and proud in Wilson Group, she bit her lip tightly. However, she stubbornly held back her tears.

After taking a deep breath, she looked at Sarai, neither humbly nor arrogantly. "Sarai, what have I done to irritate you?"

Sarai sneered, "Dad has surgery. Isn't it super important? Clark was too busy to inform us. Why didn't you tell us? How dare you hide it!"

Since Clark took over the Wilson Group, he fiercely suppressed his uncles and aunts.

Only Winter had become his assistant in the company.

Other family members had disliked Winter for a long time. Mylo had been sick and needed surgery, but none informed them.

Upon hearing the news, they rushed to the hospital. They scolded Winter because she was a pushover.

Therefore, they vented anger at her.

Winter looked at her in disgrace. "Mr. Wilson told me what to do with Dad's surgery. If you want to take care of him, you can watch him in the hospital from now on. My husband is still at home. Please excuse me."

When she turned around to leave, Sarai grabbed her hair and dragged her backward.

Feeling the pain in her scalp, Winter gripped her hands tightly. "Let go! Let go of me!"

She staggered under Sarai's force. Her ankle twisted, so her high heels were lost. However, the pain in her scalp was too fierce.

"Bitch! How many men have you hit on to become the chairwoman of the foundation?" Sarai roared at her in jealousy.

Back then, when the Wilson Philanthropic Foundation had first been founded, Sarai longed to become the foundation's chairwoman. However, the position finally fell into Winter's hands.

In the past few years, other members of the Wilson family could only stay in the retirement home or do some unimportant jobs. Only Winter had a good position in the Wilson Group and was trusted by Clark.

All other Wilsons had hated her for a long time.

Therefore, they made Mylo's operation an excuse to give her a hard time.

Sylvia was watching the scene silently, as she never liked anyone in the Wilson Group.

However, seeing Sarai bully Winter so violently, Sylvia couldn't keep watching without doing anything. She wasn't a saint, nor did she pity Winter.

Frowning, she strode up to them, pinched Sarai's wrist, and reminded her, "Ms. Wilson, you cannot make trouble in the hospital. Don't disturb the patients."

"Who are you? Who do you think you are? I'm teaching my sister-in-law a lesson. Mind your own business." Sarai felt a sharp pang in her wrist, so she had to let go of Winter and shook off Sylvia's hand.

"You are in a hospital. Mr. Mylo Wilson is my patient. Can you bear the consequences if my patient is interrupted?" Sylvia gazed at her coldly.

Rubbing her aching wrist, Sarai glared at Sylvia. She was stunned by Sylvia's beauty but didn't believe she was Mylo's surgeon.

"Stop bluffing! I've never seen a surgeon of your age. If you are my father's attending doctor, I can eat shit," Sarai sneered in disdain.

The next second, more than ten bodyguards in black rushed out from nowhere. They were well-trained with strong auras, attracting people's attention.

The man in the lead was holding a basin of a black mud-like thing. Before Sarai saw what it was, several bodyguards had rushed to her and kept her in control.

Jasper kicked her to kneel to Sylvia with a loud bang.

The basin was tossed in front of her. "Please go ahead, Ms. Wilson."

Sarai was over 40, but she took care of herself well. She gaped in horror, her makeup cracked. "Who are you? What do you want? How dare you bully me aboveboard! Do you know who I am?"

She was sickened by the thing in the basin. The stink made her almost vomit.

The bodyguards pressed her toward the basin, her face almost clung to the thing.

Pressing her lips tightly, Sarai widened her eyes. Tears welled up in them.

Other Wilsons were also shocked, watching the scene in a daze.

They wondered where those bodyguards in black were from.

Ruben was the first one to return to his senses. He rushed over without hesitation and wanted to rescue his sister from the bodyguards. However, he was too weak to win against them in fighting.

He yelled angrily, "She's my older sister. Clark Wilson won't let go of you if you dare to force her to eat shit."

"Really?" a man snorted coldly. While walking toward them, he asked the man next to him, "Mr. Wilson, what will you do to me?"

A steely, gloomy voice sounded in mockery, "Don't be kidding, Mr. Maskelyne. They are all scumbags. Not worth me sparing a glance."

Ruben widened his eyes, looking toward the voices. In disbelief, he flinched.

Two tall, sturdy men were walking toward them from the end of the corridor, but their temperaments differed utterly.

They both were in black suits. Franklin looked stern, noble, and elegant. When he walked, he stuffed a hand into his suit pants pocket. His strong aura made him a focus.

Compared to him, Clark was less attractive. However, his feminine face was better looking than a pretty woman's. The gloominess on it made people staring at him shiver in fear.

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When the two men approached, Franklin looked sterner. His powerful deterrence tightened others' hearts.

Looking down at Sylvia in a white gown, he asked, "Are you all right?"

Sylvia nodded in response.

Clark glanced at Winter and noticed her messy clothes and hair, his glance reminding others of a viper's. Sarai had torn off several strands of Winter's hair. It was a shocking scene.

Winter dared not to look at him. She believed she must look ugly and miserable. Subconsciously, she covered her red, swollen left cheek, unwilling to let Clark see her current status.

"Do you know how much money Aunt Winter has earned for Wilson Group? Do you know how much effort she has put in saving Wilson Group's reputation?" Clark's lips twitched into a sneer. "Grandpa is still in the ICU ward. How dare you hit Aunt Winter! You have my word. If anyone disdains her, it means you disdain me."

Winter yanked up her head, gaping at Clark, her jaws slack.

She couldn't hear what he had said. It was like an illusion as he defended her.

With a sneer, he lifted a brow, squatted, and pinched Sarai's chin like a demon from Hell. "Old witch, which hand did you use to bully her?"

"I... I..." Sarai was almost suffocated by the stink from the basin and couldn't help retching.

"Can't tell? I'll chop both your hands, then." Clark flicked his hand. Another group of men in black rushed over. One of them held a blade, striding toward Sarai.

Without speaking, he raised the blade while raising her arms.

"Stop it! Please! Clark, I'm sorry. I won't make trouble for Winter anymore. Clark, aren't you afraid my father will get angry with you?" Sarai screamed like a pig to be butchered. Glaring at Clark, she was soaked in a cold sweat.

Suddenly, a stink raised below her bottom.

Sylvia frowned.

Clark withdrew his hand. "Coward! You even wet your pants."

He stood up. A man hurriedly passed a handkerchief to him. Clark took it over and wiped his hands.

When Sarai breathed a sigh of relief and thought Clark would let go of her, he suddenly ordered indifferently, "Chop them."

The blade was raised and fallen.

One palm rolled on the ground.

"Argh!" Sarai let out a cry in pain, holding her chopped left hand. Blood flooded from the wound.

It also streamed down her clothes, dripping to the ground.

Winter flinched in fear, looking at Clark in horror and panic, thinking he was a devil.

For the first time, she realized how ruthless he was.

So did Ruben and his wife. Blood drained from their faces. "Demon! You are a demon!" Ruben roared at Clark.

Clark ignored their curse and fear. Tilting his head, he looked over at Franklin. "Mr. Maskelyne, how do you like my explanation?"

"Ms. Wilson has lost her hand. She doesn't need to eat the shit," Franklin answered coldly, "How dare she doubt if Sylvia is a doctor! She must have a death wish. Or don't your Wilsons wish Mylo to live long?"

"Ignorant! Stupid! Dr. Sylvia is the most famous surgeon now. How dare you look down on her!" Jasper kicked Ruben to express his disdain for the Wilson scumbags.

"Mr. Wilson, two days ago, Cameron insulted my beloved woman. Today, Ms. Wilson doubted if she was a doctor. Think our Maskelyne family a pushover?" Franklin arched his brow, staring daggers at the Wilsons.

Sarai almost fainted in pain but couldn't utter a word. She had lost a hand, but Franklin still couldn't forgive them.

Franklin was a well-known bigwig in Larro. Everyone knew he was ruthless.

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Be busy just the way she should, of course.

'Mr. Maskelyne was ignored again. Is he going to be mad?' Jasper thought.

"What can I do? I gotta let my wife do whatever she wants!"

Franklin looked in the direction where Sylvia disappeared and sighed slightly, "She is too busy. I hope she won't be too tired. Jasper, go to order food."

"Roger that." Jasper hurried to do it.

'Tsk, does Mr. Maskelyne understand how to dote on Miss Andrews now and decide to be a considerate husband.' Jasper thought.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, at the entrance of Lilypad General Hospital, a truck with the slogan, "Golden Restaurant" slowly drove in.

After a while, several dining cars were carried down from the truck.

Each was filled with exquisite dishes.

The food trucks were pushed into all floors and rooms of the hospital.

Doctors, nurses, patients, and their families were all lucky today.

Each of them got a package, which included three dishes, one soup, and some desserts.

"What's going on, Oh my God! Why is Golden Restaurant serving us food?"

"Golden Restaurant is only second to Royal Galaxy! It is said to be under Maskelyne Group."

"Oh my God, did you hear that? Mr. Maskelyne came to the hospital today. Someone scolded Miss Andrews. Mr. Maskelyne was angry about it."

"I saw Mr. Maskelyne's assistant Jasper! He was directing the dining carts!"

Sylvia was sorting out her papers when someone knocked on her office door.

"Please come in," she said lightly.

The door was opened. She heard the sound of cartwheels.

Sylvia looked up in surprise and saw Franklin in a suit pushing a dining cart in.

What was this man playing?

"Franklin, the senior waiter of Golden Restaurant, is at your service." His low voice sounded in the office.

Sylvia lifted her eyebrows. "I'm sorry, I have an appointment with my workmates at Royal Galaxy. "

Just as she finished speaking, her phone rang. She picked it up, and before she said anything, she heard her colleague's excited voice coming from the other side of the line. "Holy shit! Miss Andrews, Mr. Maskelyne delivered the food from Golden Restaurant to everybody in the hospital. Let's take a rain check.

That was crazy! Everybody in the hospital? Including the patients and their families?

Sylvia was speechless.

She put down her phone and looked at the handsome man in front of her. She never knew what he was thinking about.

She took a long breath and look at him in a puzzle. "Franklin, what the hell are you doing?"

Franklin stared at her, but not said anything.

He walked to her, held her hand, led her to the coffee table, and sat down.

He put his palms on her shoulders and started massaging her. "Good?"

"Yea." Sylvia nodded. He was massaging her.

After about 10 minutes, Franklin opened the cart.

Sylvia was stunned when she saw the beautiful red rose.

"Darling, you've been working hard lately." Franklin put the flower in front of her and start serving the food.

He put the delicious dishes on the table.

So, in order to eat with her, he treated everybody in the hospital for dinner.

What? Sylvia was stunned.

"You have finished the operation, why are you still wearing the gloves?" Franklin noticed the transparent gloves on her hands.

Sylvia tightened her fingers, and said lightly, "I just like wearing gloves recently, can't I?"

Franklin didn't speak anymore. He started feeding her.

The sun was setting. Feeding her was an enjoyment.

All of a sudden, he kissed her.

Sylvia was taken aback

...

At the doctor's office, Clark couldn't believe his ears.

"What did you say?"

He lost his child.

He felt like dreaming, his body trembled with anger.

He had just known that he had a child. And now the child was gone.

It was all the bitch Sarai's fault.

"Damn it!"

Even though Sarai's arm was broken 10,000 times, he wouldn't forgive her.

Thinking of Winter's bloody appearance, he went crazy.

The gynecologist had never encountered such an emotional family member, she wiped the sweat from her forehead and stammered, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, the baby is gone."

She heard that Winter was his aunt-in-law.

This child was his uncle's.

Why was he so angry?

At this moment, a nurse came over and said, "Doctor, the patient in ward 307 is awake."

The doctor immediately stood up and said, "Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson is awake, I have to go over and check on her now."

Before she finished, Clark turned and strode towards the ward.

In the ward, Winter stared unfocused at the white ceiling overhead.

There was a faint pain in her lower abdomen, and she knew that the child should be gone.

She thought about having an abortion or giving birth in a secret place where no one knew.

But when it really disappeared, she was really sad.

It was her first time being pregnant. Clark was her first man.

chapter 247

She was 36 but still had no right to give birth. Even if the baby was born, it would be a bastard, a jinx.

She had never had a family. She wouldn't let her child suffer the same.

Tears fell down her cheeks and she closed her eyes.

She felt sorry for the baby. She failed to protect it.

She only knew what sorrow felt like when she lost her child.

She wished she were living in a novel where she could just give up everything and go abroad, and raise the child by herself.

But the reality was cruel. Clark wouldn't let go of her!

She took a deep breath, feeling hopeless.

At this time, she heard some footsteps.

She slowly opened her eyes and looked at the person that was coming

Clark? Why did he look so angry?

Of course, he would be angry after knowing that she was pregnant.

"I..." She wanted to say something but was interrupted rudely. "Winter, how dare you! Who gave you the galls to hide it from me? Are you happy now that the child is gone?"

"Why did you wear high heels when you know you're pregnant? Why didn't you protect yourself? Why did you give the bitch Sarai a chance to hurt you?"

The man's rough voice echoed over the ward.

His face which was more beautiful than women was full of anger now.

Winter looked at him in shock, incredulous.

Was she wrong? Why did she seem to see a trace of regret and distress in his eyes?

The doctor who followed quickly gave Winter a new examination, "Does it hurt?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel unwell anywhere else?"

"Nope."

"If you feel uncomfortable, you must tell me. You can't have sex in a month. You need nutrition, otherwise, you're very likely to have anemia. You are not a young mother. If you do not take care of your body carefully, it will be difficult to get pregnant again."

The doctor rushed out of the ward as if fleeing after that.

She was scared by Clark, who actually yelled at a patient! It was terrible!

Clark seemed to be exhausted for a moment. He looked at the haggard woman on the hospital bed for a long time before saying, "I'll ask the maid to come and take care of you."

"If I told you I was pregnant, would you keep the child?" Winter looked at the man's tall back and suddenly exclaimed.

The man paused, slowly turned his head, and looked at her deeply, "If you don't ask, how will you know if I am a good father?"

He then turned away.

Winter buried herself deep under the thin covers. Her long-suppressed tears were out of control.

She lost her child.

...

At Sylvia's office, Franklin looked at Sylvia, pressing his lips together.

Sylvia was enjoying the food.

She didn't put any makeup on. Her skin was fair. Her eyes were clear. Her nose was pointing. She looked innocent and charming.

She was so beautiful yet very mean. She was never sweet to him like other girls.

Franklin had an unfathomable expression.

Sylvia, who was eating, looked up and met Franklin's dark eyes. Her heart skipped a beat.

"Franklin?" Why was he looking at her like this?

He looked like her as if she was prey that he was going to swallow at any moment.

Franklin lifted Sylvia's petite chin, his eyes dark. "Darling, I behave so well today! Can I kiss you?"

He was close to her. She could feel his breath. It was charming.

Sylvia had just stuffed a shrimp into her mouth when Franklin bent to kiss her. "Or just feed me?"

The man held her small tender face with his big palm. His strong masculine aura made her heart beat faster. Her brain seemed to lack oxygen.

In the silent office, Sylvia blushed. How could he be so cheeky? He stole her shrimp! No!

She was embarrassed and at the same time kind of pissed.

She didn't know if her poison could be cured, she could die at any moment. She didn't want any regret. During that time, it was always Franklin who chased her. And now...

Sylvia suddenly had courage. She stuffed a piece of chicken into her mouth and the next second, she grabbed his shoulders and pressed him down on the sofa.

She raised her fair face and looked at the man's sexy thin lips. Her gaze was clear and compelling.

She smiled, and said in a masterful tone, "Mr. Maskelyne, since you're hungry, I will feed you until you are full."

Then, she kissed him with her pale lips.

Franklin stopped breathing for a second, his dark eyes deeper. Did she really take the initiative to kiss him?

The handsome and arrogant man clasped the back of her head and kissed her deeply, fiercely, and domineeringly.

For the first time, Sylvia responded to him so enthusiastically.

She might be dying anyway.

At least, she would have no regrets.

Franklin was handsome, charming, and manly.

No woman could resist him. When he treated a woman nicely, he made her feel that she was all he could see in this world.

Sylvia had to admit that she had long been attracted to him.

But so, what?

She was poisoned, and there was no antidote.

Her eyes were filled with sorrow.

She lowered her head and pursed her lips hard.

The light in her eyes faded.

She didn't expect that she not only had the virus but also Rejuvenator in her body. God always liked to joke with her.

It was just a pity that she hadn't found her mother yet before she had to face death again.

Before she could find her sister, she was going to die.

She just started to have a crush on Franklin, yet she was dying.

She couldn't help but stretch out her hands, hug the man tightly, and bury her cheek in the man's chest, "Franklin, promise me to live well."

A hint of surprise flashed in Franklin's deep-set eyes. Sylvia was not a pessimistic person. She was energetic. She never gave in.

Why did she suddenly say such a thing?

It didn't sound like her at all.

He was about to dig deeper but Sylvia's phone on the table rang.

It was Aldo calling. Why?

Sylvia frowned.

Sensing the change in her mood, Franklin looked down at her phone, "What is Aldo calling?"

"I don't know." Sylvia shook her head, then answered it. "Hey."

"Miss Andrews, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have bothered you so late, but I don't know who to turn to except you." Aldo's tone was extremely embarrassed.

chapter 248

"Mr. Carson, it's okay. Did something happen to Jenna?" Sylvia had a bad feeling.

She always felt that Aldo's call must have something to do with Jenna.

"Yes." Aldo sighed and began to speak.

A minute later, Sylvia hung up the phone and saw Franklin staring at her.

Sylvia's eyelashes trembled, "Franklin, I have to work tonight, go back."

"I'll be here with you." Franklin faintly smiled.

She didn't need his company at all.

She just wanted to go to the lab of Longevity Pharmaceuticals to check out what they found today.

The effect of Rejuvenator was getting stronger every day. If she didn't cover her wrist with long sleeves. He would find her dark area of skin.

She was torn with anxiety.

She couldn't just wait here.

But she could do nothing with Franklin around.

She took a deep breath and hugged the man's strong waist, "Franklin, you know what?"

Franklin held his breath, his heart beating wildly. His strong body was slightly stiff. She not only took the initiative to kiss him today but now hug him.

"I don't hate you anymore, I promise." Sylvia smiled beautifully.

She hooked her hands around Franklin's slender neck and sighed into his ear, "What about me?" How do you feel about me?"

Franklin's voice was hoarse, "Sweetie."

He looked at Sylvia from head to toe, his eyes full of disbelief.

Sylvia suddenly reached out and kneaded Franklin's ear, His red lips came to his lips. She kissed him. "I want you!"

Franklin's eyes were frighteningly bright as he stared at Sylvia's delicate red lips like a hungry wolf.

The next second, he kissed her madly. Just then, a silver needle appeared on the fingertip that Sylvia hooked his neck with!

She stabbed him in the neck.

He felt as if bitten by an ant rose, followed by a sense of numbness rushing to the brain.

Franklin's eyes were as red as a bloodthirsty ghost in hell, "Sylvia! How dare you!"

Sylvia laughed, jumped off Franklin's body, and threw a kiss at him. "Franklin, I'm sorry. I'll ask Jasper to pick you up."

Franklin fell on the ground, and at the moment he fell, he saw Sylvia take off her white coat and walk out.

She lied! She was not going to work. What was she going to do? She didn't want him to know!

Looking at her back, Franklin felt angry.

The situation was somewhat out of his control.

What was the secret of the little woman?

He wanted to chase her out, but the anesthesia worked, and he slowly closed his eyes.

At the lab of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, Sylvia sat at the conference table and tried her best to keep her spirit high as she listened to the presentations of the eight researchers.

"So, we've made no progress, right?" Sylvia rubbed her brow wearily. "All of you, go out. Leave the reports on the table."

The researchers walked out full of shame.

Logan sat down next to her worriedly, "Boss, how are you? Are there any other symptoms today?"

Sylvia took off her gloves. Her wrist had been eroded by the poison.

"I'm exhausted. Logan, if it doesn't work..." Sylvia was interrupted by Logan before she could finish speaking, "Boss, you'll be fine. We will find the antidote!"

"We must not give up until the last minute." Logan looked at Sylvia's haggard face and said with heartache. "The worst case scenario, I'll sneak into NN terror group to get the antidote."

"Do you think I didn't send people to try?" Sylvia chuckled, "But there is no. They couldn't find anything."

She looked at the night sky outside the window. After a while, she spoke, "Logan, I've invested in a movie! I don't know if I can live until it's displayed."

"Boss, you will. Now, take the medicine first." Logan got up and poured Sylvia a glass of warm water.

Sylvia took a sip of the water and took a black pill.

This medicine was only a mental comfort. It didn't help at all.

Her eyes suddenly turned sharp. Since this was the case, she might as well do what she wanted to do the most.

In Townyer Villa, Franklin slowly opened his eyes and saw Jasper beside his bed.

Franklin cast a sharp gaze on Jasper, which startled him. "Mr. Maskelyne?"

"How long did I sleep?" Franklin sat up and rubbed his brows. The ruthless woman actually gave him such a heavy anesthetic, and he was still a little uncomfortable.

He was in a black shirt with two buttons undone. His sexy collarbone was exposed to the air and paired with messy hair, he looked uninhibited.

"You slept for four hours." Jasper quickly replied, "It's already midnight."

Franklin's voice was hoarse with a hint of coldness, "Where is Sylvia?"

"Miss Andrews," Jasper glanced up at Franklin, then quickly grabbed a piece of document from the bedside table and handed it to Franklin, "Mr. Maskelyne, you better look at this first."

Franklin didn't speak. He took the document and turned to the first page.

When he saw what was written on it clearly, he narrowed his eyes slightly, looking irritable, "What is this? Sylvia is likely to be poisoned by Rejuvenator?"

Jasper nodded heavily, "Yes. At that time, Lilian was covered with medicine, which was very toxic and infectious once the skin was touched. The consequences of it are unimaginable, the toxicity will erode the brain, and the poisoned person will gradually have cerebral palsy, and finally, atrophy, and die. All bodily functions will be degraded. Miss Andrews does seem a little strange lately."

Not just strange. She was weird!

Franklin thought of Sylvia's request when they were hooking up and of the transparent gloves she wore all the time, and of the fact that she anesthetized him tonight and escaped.

Damn it!

Now he was almost completely sure that Sylvia was poisoned.

"Get a car, go to Pearlhall Villa." Franklin lifted the quilt.

...

The next morning.

chapter 249

Early in the morning, the sky was gloomy, as if heavy rain would come at any time. The air was depressing.

In the dining room of the Carson family, Jenna looked at Aldo, who was not in his iconic blue uniform but a gray suit.

The handmade tailor-made suit made him imposing and tall.

"Aldo, why do you?" Jenna blinked her watery eyes and looked at the man curiously.

A hint of embarrassment appeared on Aldo's face. He couldn't tell a single lie in the face of the girl's clear eyes.

The man sat down opposite Jenna, took a sip of coffee, and then spoke, "I need to go out today."

"Oh, is it important?" Jenna playfully said, "You are super handsome like this!"

Aldo didn't speak again.

After breakfast, the man drove out.

Jenna pouted and looked at the housekeeper, "What do you think Aldo is going to do? He is so mysterious."

The housekeeper coughed lightly. He naturally did not dare to discuss Aldo's matter in private. "I don't know, maybe there is something important."

After that, he took the maid to the market for routine shopping.

The house suddenly became empty. Jenna was about to turn around and go upstairs.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps at the door of the living room, she thought that Aldo forgot to bring something. So, she smiled and turned back, "Aldo, did you...?"

When she saw who was coming, the smile at the corner of her lips gradually froze, "Mrs. Carson?"

Mrs. Carson looked at Jenna with disdain. Jenna was tall. She was in a robe with strawberry patterns on it. Her fair shoulders and neck were exposed. Her legs were fair and straight.

"Did you dress this way to seduce my son?"

Jenna turned pale, "Mrs. Carson, my relationship with Aldo is not what you think."

Mrs. Carson smiled smugly, "No? Then why are you sticking to my son? Jenna, let me tell you the truth, my son went on a blind date today."

"Blind date? Aldo went on a blind date?" The girl's face turned pale, and she looked at Mrs. Carson who was dripping with jewels in disbelief.

No wonder Aldo dressed up so handsomely early in the morning, his so-called important thing turned out to be a blind date.

But why didn't he tell her? Why did he hide it from her?

"His date today is the lady of the Chan family. She is rich and educated. Look at you. What reason do you have to stay by my son?" Mrs. Carson stretched out her finger with a gemstone ring and poked hard at Jenna's forehead.

She got her nails down and there were a lot of ornaments on her nails, which all pierced into Jenna's skin fiercely. Several bloodstains were immediately visible on Jenna's forehead.

It looked shocking.

Jenna kept shaking her head, watching Mrs. Carson yell at her like a demon.

No, that was not true.

No!

Her face became paler and paler.

The more anxious she became, the more she was unable to speak. Facing Mrs. Carson who was malicious and mean, she couldn't even utter a single word.

She could only shake her head in horror.

Tears slid down her cheeks like broken pearls.

"Don't go out, the outside world is scary!"

"Jenna, Jenna. Go back to your world, go back."

"Go back!"

A voice kept ringing in her mind.

"Why are you crying? You useless thing, what else can you do besides crying? You will only drag my son down! You are a burden."

"Without you, my son would have been married long ago."

"He is thirty years old and still not married yet! Who do you think you are? You are just a plaything of my son! When he gets tired of you, he will just throw you away!"

Jenna's beautiful eyes were wide open, she covered her ears, and shook her head constantly. "Stop talking. Stop talking!"

"No, I am not!"

"I'm not!"

Her tears kept falling, her beautiful face tear-stained.

Mrs. Carson got angrier the more she watched. What a slut! What eye candy!

The bitch was playing innocent!

Thinking of how this little bitch pestered Aldo and stopped him from dating the young ladies of the same status, Mrs. Carson was burning with anger.

The hatred and resentment she had accumulated for a long time all erupted now.

She slapped Jenna on the face, "Bitch, I'll smash your face, and see what you will use to seduce men in the future!"

Jenna covered her burning cheeks in humiliation, she subconsciously raised her hand to resist Mrs. Carson, "Don't... Don't hit me!"

Mrs. Carson squinted her eyes, feeling her resistance, and she got even crazier. She glanced at the cabinet by the door fiercely and saw a sewing box on it.

It was put there casually after the servant used it yesterday.

Mrs. Carson walked over quickly, grabbed the sewing box, and poured out dozens of embroidery needles from it.

She held up the needles and approached Jenna step by step.

“I’m going to ruin your face! How dare you show up in front of my son. Men all like beautiful women. If your face is destroyed, no one would like you. Even if you are sold to a brothel, you would have no customers!”

Jenna was shocked and frightened at the same time, she couldn’t help but take a few steps back. She put her hands in front of her body and made a defensive gesture.

“Don’t!”

She let out a shrill cry and was so frightened that she took a few steps back again, leaning her back against the wall.

Mrs. Carson approached Jenna with the needles in her hands.

Looking at the thin needle tips, Jenna was petrified.

Mrs. Carson strode up to her and stabbed the needles into Jenna’s face fiercely.

Jenna screamed. The pain almost made her convulse.

Blood oozed out along the tips of the needle. Her beautiful face looked terrifying.

Mrs. Carson let go of her hand abruptly, and gradually regained her senses.

When she saw everything in front of her clearly, she kept shaking her head. “No. I didn’t do it. I didn’t want to hurt you at all.”

Pointing at the girl who was kneeling on the ground in pain, she yelled viciously, “You forced me. If you hadn’t seduced my son, would I lose my mind in anger?”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you. Don’t blame me! Jenna, you can only blame your bad luck for being an orphan!”

After speaking, Mrs. Carson hurriedly ran towards the door of the villa.

...

When the alarm clock rang, Sylvia’s mind went blank.

It took her a while to realize that she was going to pick up Jenna to go shopping today.

Habitually glancing at the pitch-black wrist, she found that the black mark had spread to the center of her arm.

She smiled helplessly. The poison spread too fast.

chapter 250

Sylvia let out a long breath. After washing, she left the door of the lab.

She was so tired last night that she slept at the lab.

Walking up to the Land Rover, she saw Mark in the driver’s seat.

Mark looked at her worriedly. Sylvia raised an eyebrow. "I'm not dead yet, why this look?"

"Boss." Mark almost choked.

"Save it! I am a troublemaker. I won't die so easily. Maybe I'll be cured tomorrow." Sylvia patted him on the shoulder and sat down in the passenger seat, "Let's go to the Carson Residence."

About half an hour later, they got to the villa area of the Carson Residence.

Sylvia got out of the car and entered the villa.

Stepping inside, she keenly noticed the faint blood stains on the stones.

She was shocked, why was there blood on the ground?

She walked quickly towards the hall.

The hall was empty, and there was a faint smell of Jenna's blood in the air.

The clean floor was scattered with blood.

"Jenna." Sylvia was anxious. "What's going on? Why is there blood?"

No one answered in the empty villa.

She quickly called Mark, "Come in."

Mark got out of the car and rushed into the villa with confusion, Then, he saw the anxiety on Sylvia's beautiful face, "Jenna is gone. You go upstairs, I'll look for her in the yard."

"How?" Mark was also taken aback.

The two acted separately.

Ten minutes later, they met again at the door of the villa.

"She is not upstairs."

"She is not in the yard either."

Sylvia was anxious. Jenna had autism. She worried that something might happen to Jenna.

"Ask people to go out and look for her, now send me to Aldo."

"Yes."

...

In a fancy café with a good setting, Aldo sat in his seat.

More than ten minutes had passed than the appointed time.

Miss Chan didn't show up.

He fiddled with the coffee in front of him in distraction, and just as he was about to leave, the glass door of the restaurant was pushed open, and a woman dressed stylishly with a black mask entered.

“Sorry, I was caught in a traffic jam, I am sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Carson.” Cristal Chan took off her sunglasses and smiled in a way that she thought was sweet.

“I just arrived not long ago,” Aldo said lightly.

Cristal looked at the man in front of her, who was in a suit. Aldo was good-looking, and he was from a rich family. But it was said that he had no interest in the family business and instead became a firefighter.

That was interesting.

“Mr. Carson, do you have any hobbies?”

“Nope.”

“Mr. Carson, what food do you like? Do you prefer local food or foreign food?”

“Miss Chan, long story short.” Aldo interrupted Cristal with annoyance. He looked at her and said, “My heart has been given to someone else. My mother forced me to come here today.”

Cristal’s interested face immediately changed. She asked in a sharp voice, “What?”

Aldo stood up. He knew that his action was offensive, yet he still said, “We are impossible.”

“Aldo, this is too much! Do you think I have no pursuers? Or do you think that everybody likes you?” Cristal trembled with anger. “Listen carefully, you’ll pay the price for what you’ve done today.”

“Miss Chan, excuse me.” Aldo apologized to Cristal. After that, he left.

Cristal grabbed the coffee cup and smashed it toward Aldo’s back.

It hit him. Aldo felt a pain in his back. The cup fell on the ground and broke into pieces.

The hot coffee burned his skin through his clothes.

His expensive suit was ruined.

He turned back slowly, glaring at Cristal gloomily, “Miss Chan, I am so surprised about your ill-bred manners!”

After that, he left without looking back.

Out of the café, his cell phone rang.

Sylvia?

Aldo had a bad feeling for some reason.

“Miss Andrews, what’s wrong?”

“What do you say? Jenna is missing?”

“Blood on the floor?”

“Okay, I’ll ask people to go look for her immediately.”

Hanging up the phone, his BMW rushed out like a sharp arrow and disappeared in an instant.

Cristal stood up from her seat, got into a Mercedes-Benz, and then sternly ordered the driver, "Find out who the little bitch that Aldo loves is!"

"Yes, Miss." The driver trembled. It seemed that Cristal's blind date didn't go well!

...

It began to rain.

The crystal rain triggered the gloomy mood of every passerby.

A young girl who was soaked by the drizzle was walking aimlessly on the street. She was like a walking dead, looking lonely.

"Bitch, I'll smash your face, and see what you will use to seduce men in the future!"

"I'm going to ruin your face! How dare you show up in front of my son. Men all like beautiful women. If your face is destroyed, no one would like you. Even if you are sold to a brothel, you would have no customers!"

"No one slept with me, I'm not a whore. I'm not a slut.

"I just don't have a mother."

"I don't have a mother."

"Mom, I miss you so much, where are you, Mom?"

"Mom."

Jenna still had the needles in her face. Blood was still sliding down her cheeks, constantly washed by the rain that hit the wound, and caused burning pain.

Not only her skin was hurt but also her heart.

"Aldo, Aldo, sorry. I am a burden. Is it because of me that you are still single?"

"No, I'm not a bitch! Mom!"

The rain became heavier and heavier, and the drizzle gradually turned into a downpour.

The thin girl finally couldn't bear the physical and mental blows. She fainted and fell in the heavy rain.

At this moment, a black car stopped slowly, and a tall man stepped out of the opened door, bent over, and picked up the girl into the car.

The door closed, and the car disappeared into the rain