

Revealed 25

chapter 25

Elsa didn't know whether to say it or not.

"What's wrong with her?" Franklin glanced at Elsa.

Elsa couldn't help but cross her hands on her chest, recalling what she had seen just now, her heart beating fast. She never knew that a girl could be so cool!

"She carried her suitcase in one hand, and threw the suitcase into the overhead compartment. She is cool, and I think she would look even better when armed." Elsa began to imagine what Sylvia would look like when dressed as a heroine.

As an experienced stewardess, Elsa had seen all sorts of passengers.

But in Elsa's mind, Sylvia was the most dashing one.

"By the way, she even threw Jimmy's suitcase up there." Elsa couldn't help but laugh, thinking of Jimmy's stunned and funny face.

Franklin put on a long face all the time.

After he heard what Elsa said, a smile touched his lips.

Now that Sylvia could beat Paul, she must be somebody.

However, Franklin didn't expect her to humiliate Jimmy this way. It was just like a slap on Jimmy's face and would probably discourage him from chasing her.

Elsa, seeing the change in Franklin's expression, thought, 'What is the relationship between that girl and Captain Franklin? Captain Franklin has never worried about anyone else before.'

"You may ask if she wants strawberry juice?"

Franklin asked in an expressionless voice.

"Okay."

It was not time to hand out drinks and meals.

When working at Maskelyne Residence, Sylvia always juiced fresh strawberries for herself.

Sometimes she would make some for Franklin.

As soon as Elsa left, the co-pilot, whose name was Cooper, asked curiously, "Captain, I'm thirsty as well. Can I have some strawberry juice?"

Franklin refused coldly, "No."

The strawberry juice was made by him especially for Sylvia.

The co-pilot was lost for words.

In business class, Sylvia fell asleep again after throwing her suitcase into the overhead compartment.

She ignored Jimmy and the others' stunned stares.

Elsa walked up to Sylvia and asked in a whisper, "Lady, would you like a glass of freshly made strawberry juice?"

Sylvia opened her eyes and looked around, thinking, 'It isn't time for drinks, is it?'

She frowned, "No, thanks. I don't like strawberry juice."

When Elsa told this to Franklin, his face darkened at once.

He remembered Sylvia had always made strawberry juice before.

What a hypocritical woman she was!

His chest was burning with rage.

He looked at the time. "Give her my fish and chicken wings when you're serving the meal later."

It wasn't long before mealtime.

In order that Darcie didn't find Sylvia, Elsa served Sylvia in person.

Jimmy, who was in the next row, saw it and immediately stammered in Emkathi, "Why do I have only chicken wings? Where are my fish and shrimp?"

Elsa said with a gentle smile on her face, "Sorry, this is exclusive for Miss Andrews."

Captain Franklin now had only the vegetables left. All the meat and seafood were given to Sylvia.

Sylvia looked suspiciously at the meal in her lunchbox for a while. Instead of saying something, she started to eat in silence.

"Did she eat it?" Franklin asked Elsa when she returned.

"Yes," Elsa replied in a low voice.

Only then did Franklin give a satisfied look.

Darcie tugged Elsa when she got out of the cockpit. "Chief purser, what are you doing? Why do you keep entering the cockpit today?"

Darcie was afraid that Elsa also had a crush on Franklin.

Darcie sized Elsa up.

There was a wary look in her eyes.

Elsa sighed with a shrug, "You know there was a plane crash abroad a few days ago. Captain Franklin was worried, so he asked me to report on the passengers."

"But you don't have to report so many times." Darcie thought there was something wrong with it.

“You know how serious Captain Franklin is about his work.” Elsa sat down and reached out to massage her legs. “I’m almost exhausted from doing this. I don’t like it at all.”

The plane entered the atmosphere above Iqethi.

Franklin immediately contacted Iqethi ATC and asked permission to fly at a lower altitude. Very soon, his request was approved.

After about six hours of flying, the co-pilot said, “Captain Franklin, it’s my turn to pilot it.”

Franklin nodded and got up.

The co-pilot sat on the pilot’s seat.

Franklin pulled open the cockpit door and stepped out.

By now it was dark outside.

The lights inside the business class were dim. Some passengers were sleeping, and a few were listening to music with headphones on.

Some were even snoring.

Sylvia was sitting in the third row from the back. She booked two consecutive seats.

So, the seat next to her was empty.

She was leaning back in her seat with her head tilted and her eyes closed.

Jimmy, who was in the next row, also fell asleep in his seat. Franklin took a look, only to find Jimmy had yellow hair and a high nose. Although Jimmy was good-looking, he was much worse than Franklin.

Franklin walked over to Sylvia and sat down, turning to look at Sylvia.

Sylvia was not asleep, so she opened her eyes alertly at once.

In the dim light, she saw an impeccably handsome face.

Franklin’s eyes were as deep as the sea, which was very tempting.

Franklin opened his mouth and approached her in a whisper, “Miss Andrews, welcome to this flight. I’m Captain Franklin.”

When offered strawberry juice, Sylvia didn’t realize something strange. However, when the dinner was served, she was kind of sure it was Franklin’s flight.

And Franklin knew she was on the plane.

What Sylvia didn’t expect was that Franklin came over to her in person.

Now that they had divorced, Sylvia didn’t want to talk to Franklin anymore.

Sylvia said placidly, “Captain Franklin, I’m resting, so please leave me alone.”

“I need to rest as well.” Franklin fixed his eyes on her.

Sylvia said through gritted teeth, "Then you should go back to the cockpit."

"This seat looks good to me."

"I have paid for it, so it is mine."

"Well, you give me a kiss and I'll go." Franklin reached out and pinched a strand of Sylvia's hair, wrapping it around his finger.

Sylvia slapped his hand away at once, but Franklin asked, "Do you think he is handsome or that?"

Sylvia was tired of the boring talk. She knew who Franklin was asking about, but she ignored the question. After looking at Franklin for a few seconds, she closed her eyes, not bothering to pay attention to him.

"Then you think he's not as handsome as me, right?" Franklin got closer and whispered again in Sylvia's ear.

Sylvia tried to stay away from him, but his hot breath on her ear aroused a burst of titillation through her body.