

After divorce, Ex-wife Revealed Identities

Chapter 261

Kira was so partial to Otto that she couldn't differentiate right from wrong. Sylvia didn't doubt at all that Kira would sacrifice herself for Otto.

Sylvia suddenly felt exhausted.

She put down the knife and handed Kira a credit card. "The money in it can support you for the rest of your life, grandma. I might..."

She wanted to tell Kira that she might not have much time

left. But so what if she told Kira?

It wouldn't solve anything.

"I don't want your money! I want your father back!" Kira said angrily with tears, "Sibbie, why can't you just get him out?"

"I just can't." Sylvia sighed and put the credit card on the table, "Grandma, I have paid the care worker five years' salary. She would take care of you after you are discharged from the hospital."

It was as if she was giving her last words.

Kira wiped her tears and asked in confusion, "Five years? Why? I can take care of myself after leaving the hospital. Besides, I have you taking care of me since your dad's away, right?"

"It's not that I don't want to take care of you, grandma. I couldn't anymore." Sylvia felt distressed. Back then, when Otto was around, Kira insisted on staying with him no matter how she persuaded her to move out.

Now that Otto was in jail, Kira thought of her granddaughter.

Otto had been torturing her but she was still so kind to her.

Sylvia wanted to live with Kira, but she had been poisoned. She had a virus and Rejuvenator inside her body.

She might die any time soon. She'd rather keep Kira in the dark, thinking that she was still alive, just not

around. Sylvia said goodbye to Kira after saying the words.

However, right after she left, there was a ruthless expression on Kira's face. "What an ungrateful little bastard! I had been taking care of her after her mother died and my efforts have all gone to waste. I should have left her to die back then!"

When the nurse walked in and saw the look on her face, she was scared.

When she looked at Kira again, she had returned to the kind old lady. "Miss, when can I leave the

hospital?" "In about a week, ma'am." The nurse put the tray down and thought she must have seen it

wrong.

In the research room of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, Logan sat there on the sofa, feeling tired. He had been working on developing the medicine non-stop for days.

But it had gone nowhere.

Rejuvenator was a tricky poison.

And even after he had found the ingredients that made it, he failed to make the

antidote. He had tried a lot of ways but none of them worked.

The eight researchers were all exhausted from days of

work. Just as he was about to take a nap, footsteps came.

Logan frowned and looked over. He saw a man walking in.

He was in a black suit and with his hands in his pockets. He had the presence of a

king. Logan looked over his shoulders.

What was wrong?

Franklin always showed up with a dozen

bodyguards. But he came alone today and didn't

even bring Jasper. Was he here to kill him or beat

him up?

Logan's mind was a

mess. "I know how to

cure Sylvia."

Franklin spoke, interrupting Logan's

thoughts. Logan was stunned.

Franklin knew how to cure

Sylvia? Did he hear it wrong?

"Mr. Maskelyne, this is not something to joke about," Logan said, trying to calm himself down, "There's no antidote for the poison in her."

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Franklin glanced at him, expressionless.

Logan somehow felt flustered under his gaze.

But soon, he adjusted himself. "Come in please, Mr.

Maskelyne." He pushed the door of the lab open.

The eight researchers were still working.

Half an hour later, Logan looked at Franklin with a serious look, "Mr. Maskelyne, are you sure you're doing

this?" Franklin answered him with determination, "I'm sure."

"Mr. Maskelyne, you are strong and healthy, but if we are doing this, you might..."

After Logan knew Franklin's way of saving Sylvia, he was shocked.

"If I didn't save her, I would have to watch her die and I couldn't accept it," Franklin said. He couldn't keep calm and indifferent when it came to Sylvia.

Then, following the instructions, he lay in

bed. He didn't move or blink.

"But... Mr. Maskelyne..." Logan wanted to say something more.

Franklin interrupted him, "Logan, I have made up my mind. I am willing to do anything for Sylvia. I will give her my life if she wants it. I have never begged anyone for anything, but I beg you to do me a favor."

Logan looked at Franklin, this breathtakingly handsome man, in shock.

He had always assumed that Franklin was just a rich and bossy man who was possessive of

Sylvia. He had never known that Franklin had been so deeply in love with Sylvia.

"Go ahead."

"Don't tell Sylvia that I ever came here and don't tell her how the antidote is made."

"Mr. Maskelyne..." Logan looked at him in disbelief.

Franklin didn't answer him but said to the researchers, "Let's begin."

Logan couldn't bear to see it, turned around, and left.

The door was closed behind him.

He leaned back against the door and couldn't stand still.

Through the door, he could hear the sound of the machines operating and the researchers

discussing. But he didn't hear any sound of pain from Franklin.

He didn't make a sound, bearing the pain.

Logan was impressed by Franklin's

endurance.

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Logan thought to himself, 'Franklin, you save Sylvia's life. I will do anything to repay you in the future!'

When Sylvia came to the laboratory, she saw Logan curling up at the door with a distressed face.

She walked over and had a bad feeling. "Logan, I know we might not be able to make the antidote. It's okay. I have lived for twenty-two years, and it's long enough. My life has been more exciting than many people's, you don't have to..."

Logan looked up at Sylvia standing in front of him.

He had known her for years and she had always been like this. She looked indifferent to everything but deep inside, she was more sensitive than anyone else.

Even after she was poisoned, even if she may leave the world at any time, she was still comforting him, a healthy man.

"Don't you know how to show weakness?" Logan held her shoulder and stared at her. "You know, it will only make me feel worse when you act tough."

Sylvia looked away. Of course, she didn't want to die. But

she was ready if death was coming to her.

She wanted to live, but she was not afraid of death. However, the only person she didn't want to let go of was Franklin. She might never see him again after her death.

Thinking of this, her heart ached.

She hadn't told Franklin how she felt about him now and she didn't intend to. Anyway, she was a dying person, there was no future for them to share.

"You need to cry and let it out." Logan could not help embracing her.

Sylvia did not speak and she didn't know what to say or do.

Over the years, it was the first time Logan had hugged her.

She was somewhat unaccustomed to being embraced by a man other than Franklin.

"Don't worry. I will save you. We have had some breakthroughs."

Hearing his words, Sylvia's eyes lit up and she said, "Really? I want to hear it."

There was a cure for her?

She had been prepared to face up to death. Unexpectedly,

there was hope.

At this time, in the laboratory, Franklin's face was covered with sweat and he was enduring great pain. The researchers looked at him with worry, "Mr. Maskelyne, should we stop?"

"No, continue," Franklin answered as sweat fell down his forehead. His

blood was being sucked into a big tube from within his chest. As he lay

there, he could see his blood being drawn out bit by bit. He could also

clearly hear Logan and Sylvia from outside the door. Sylvia was such a

tough woman.

He wanted to rush out and hug her in his arms and say to her, "You don't have to act tough in front of me." But he couldn't.

The pain in his chest was not as severe as that of the pain in his heart.

Especially when he heard that Sylvia was still comforting Logan at this very moment, he felt heartbroken.

Outside the door, Sylvia was stopped by Logan, "Don't go in, we have finally made progress, let the researchers focus on what they are doing. Maybe there will be a cure tomorrow."

Sylvia looked at him suspiciously and felt that something was off. But

she was not a very stubborn person. "All right."

In the lab, Franklin looked pale and his pupils constricted. His

clenched fists showed the pain he was in right now.

"Mr. Maskelyne, you will die if we keep drawing your blood," a researcher said in a low voice. The instrument had begun to squeal.

"Not enough, it is far from enough..." Franklin shook his head and said, "Keep drawing." The

pain made him clench his fists and he bit his fist.

The pain was almost unbearable. But he

endured it.

When it was over, he lay silently on the small bed.

His face had been ghastly pale and two researchers and the medical staff were binding up his wound. The

blood stained the gauze red, but he did not seem to feel anything.

He closed his eyes and was bearing the pain.

He didn't say a word or groan. If his face weren't so pale, one could hardly see how much pain he was in. Of

course, it was painful. But at the thought that his blood might save Sylvia's life, he thought it was worth it. The

courage could help him face the greatest pain.

He would give up his soul and his life for Sylvia as long as Sylvia could live on.

He couldn't bear the thought of her leaving him and that he might not hear her voice again. As

long as he could keep her alive, he could do anything for her.

After a long rest in the lab, he slowly got up.

It was already late at night when Jasper came to pick him up.

Looking at his haggard and pale face, Jasper quickly held him, "Mr. Maskelyne, are you feeling better now?" "I'm

OK." Franklin's voice was weak, and he didn't want Sylvia to see him like this, so he had to leave right now. Jasper

nodded and helped him out of the lab.

The black Bentley was running on the highway.

Jasper took Franklin to a private hospital.

The patients' identities here were highly confidential and the cost here was expensive. The

doctor was shocked when he saw Franklin's clothes stained red with his blood. "What

happened, sir?"

Franklin refused to spit a word.

Jasper said, "Mr. Maskelyne needs to be hospitalized."

When all the procedures were done and Franklin lay down in the VIP ward, he finally slowly closed his eyes and fell asleep. No

matter how healthy he was, he couldn't withstand that much blood being drawn out of him.

Jasper had been staying by his side. Franklin had always been masterful and tough, and now he looked so fragile. He

could not help shaking his head helplessly.

Franklin really loved Sylvia deeply.

Early in the morning the next day, Sylvia rubbed her eyes and woke up in the lounge in the lab and found that it was eight o'clock in

the morning.

The sun shone in through the window.

She sat up and found that the poison in her had spread to her neck.

If it kept spreading in her, it would reach her mouth, nose, and brain... If Franklin kissed her, he would get infected. Sylvia

shook her head, and her face was slightly red. Why was she thinking about kissing him?

She didn't have many days to leave, which should be her concern. She

sighed and went to the bathroom to wash up.

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At breakfast, Sylvia asked Logan, whose eyes were bloodshot, "Is there any progress in making the antidote?"

Logan raised his bloodshot eyes and looked at her. "It will be made by the afternoon."

"So fast?" Sylvia was surprised.

How did it go so well? They didn't have any idea about it just before yesterday. She felt

something strange about it.

After breakfast, she walked into the laboratory, and this time, Logan did not stop her.

The eight researcher's tables were each placed with a bottle of red liquid. It seemed to be blood.

Blood?

Where did they get so much blood? What

was the blood for?

Sylvia frowned.

She glanced around the room and suddenly widened her eyes. She saw something familiar here.

Under the corner of a table, she saw a burgundy handkerchief.

It belonged to Franklin. Why

was it here?

Sylvia thought of how Logan stopped her from walking last night. Was

he hiding something from her?

Sylvia frowned.

She picked it up and left.

Logan saw her come out, and he yawned. "I stayed up all night last night and I need to rest for a while." "Logan, this

belonged to Franklin. Why is it here?" Sylvia squinted at Logan, observing him.

Logan said, smiling, "How can this be Franklin's? This is mine. I was just looking for it yesterday." He

took it from Sylvia. "Sylvia, you seem to miss him. If you want to see him, go find him."

But Franklin might not be able to see her.

Logan thought to himself.

Sylvia felt that something was wrong, but she couldn't figure out what was wrong.

Logan walked to the lounge.

The sun was shining brightly outside.

Sylvia took a bottle of coke from the refrigerator and went up to the balcony.

This balcony was huge, with a chair and an end table in the middle, surrounded by wisteria.

There were also some plants on the ground. The sun cast shadows down on them.

The breeze was warm.

The employees and researchers would come here to take breaks.

Sylvia lay on the chair and drank her coke.

She basked in the sun, looking like a fairy.

On the fifth floor of the hospital opposite the building, a weak man looked out of the window and happened to see her.

Franklin could not help but touch his chest when he saw her.

The private hospital Jasper sent him yesterday at midnight was just opposite the laboratory.

Franklin had just woken up from a whole day's sleep.

He saw Sylvia on the balcony.

At this time, he wasn't wearing any clothes, and his chest was wrapped in white gauze. Even with his pale face, he looked manly with a powerful vibe.

His sexy body could easily arouse women's desire. No woman could resist his charm.

"You have chosen a perfect hospital," Franklin said in a plain tone to the man standing behind him.

Jasper was nervous and quickly explained, "I thought you might want to follow up on Ms. Andrews's health."

Franklin picked up the black shirt on the sofa and put it on slowly. His gauze had just been changed.

He was physically weak now and it would take a long time for him to recover. Jasper

looked at Franklin worriedly.

Alas!

Sylvia took a nap on the balcony.

When Logan found her, it was already dusk.

Sylvia slowly opened her eyes and saw Logan holding a cup of warm water in one hand and two red pills in the other. She

widened her eyes in shock, "Is this the antidote?"

As soon as she opened her mouth, she tasted blood in her throat.

Blood came out of her mouth and nose and dyed her clothes red.

Logan was shocked. "Sylvia, are you okay?"

Sylvia grabbed the tissue on the table, wiped the blood, and gave Logan a weak smile, "I'm fine..." She

didn't expect the toxicity to be so intense.

She was dizzy, but she felt lucky that Franklin did not know that she had been poisoned. Otherwise, she didn't know what crazy moves he might take.

Logan quickly handed the water to her and stuffed the two pills into her mouth. "You have to take the antidote now." Was this

really the antidote?

Sylvia thought to herself.

She took the pills and vaguely tasted blood in them.

But before she could think further about it, she passed out.

Standing by the window on the fifth floor of the hospital opposite, Franklin frowned and felt sad.

The moment he saw Sylvia's blood, he wanted to rush over and hug her. He wished he could bear the pain for her.

Maybe he was too anxious, Franklin coughed violently and blood oozed out of the wound in his chest again, dyeing the gauze red. Jasper

could not help but persuade him, "Mr. Maskelyne, you should keep calm to get better."

Franklin did not say anything and was in pain, His

eyes were still fixed on Sylvia.

Seeing Logan carry her up in his arms and walk away, he felt heartbroken. He

should be the man by her side at this moment.

He took a deep breath.

He lay back in bed, picked up his phone, and sent Sylvia a message.

"Sweetie, what are you doing? I am on a business trip to Aettosa."

He had to lie to reassure Sylvia. After sending the message, he closed his eyes in distress. In

Aldo's villa, Aldo looked at the empty house without Jenna.

It had been several days since she disappeared. He

couldn't find her no matter how hard he tried. He had

been living in anxiety for days.

He sat on the sofa in Jenna's room, looking at the picture on the table, in which she smiled shyly. He

couldn't help stroking the photo, murmuring, "Jenna, where are you?"

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Aldo had sent a lot of men to find her but in vain. He sat on the

sofa, feeling lonely and empty.

Gradually, he drifted into sleep.

During his sleep, he seemed to feel someone gently cover him with a blanket.

He opened his eyes, looking at the woman in front of him. He was excited and raised his hand to grab her wrist, "Jenna, you came back."

Cristal was stunned.

She said indifferently, "It's me." It wasn't

Jenna?

Aldo sat up, fixed his eyes on her, and found the woman in front of him was the blind date woman a few days ago. She wore a red

dress that framed her good body shape, and the light makeup made her look like a socialite.

Aldo loosened her wrist in embarrassment and rubbed his eyes. "Why are you here?"

Cristal tried hard to suppress her anger. She sat down beside him. "I heard that your adopted daughter is missing, so I came to check on you."

"Thank you for your concern," Aldo said.

Cristal was 28, only two years younger than Aldo.

She stretched out her hand, gently put it on the back of Aldo's hand, and said in a charming voice, "Mr. Carson, I am very interested in you. Should we date?"

"Miss Chan, I have made it clear to you that I love someone else," Aldo said with a frown. His mother must have meddled in this. Otherwise, how did Cristal know where he lived?

As if hearing some kind of joke, Cristal laughed, "What does that matter? I stand a chance as long as you are a bachelor. Besides, you can get divorced after marriage. What does it matter if you love someone else now?"

As she said, she grabbed Aldo's hand and put it on her thigh. "You are in your thirties already. Don't you want to..." She was trying to seduce him.

Aldo didn't expect this bold move from her since this was only the second time they had seen each other.

He withdrew his hand at once and stood up. "Miss Chan, please behave yourself. You have to learn to respect yourself before others can respect you."

Aldo said, irritated, "Excuse me, Miss Chan. I have something else to do." Then, he

walked out without waiting for Cristal's answer.

Again!

She was left alone again by him! Cristal gritted her

teeth in anger.

There were now the servants and her left in the house. She grabbed

her purse and left.

In Lilypad General Hospital, the old Evans would be discharged from the hospital today. Almost the whole family came and everyone was packing up his things.

The old Evans looked upset somehow.

A nurse came over to deliver the medicine to him. He hesitated for a while and asked, "Miss, has Dr. Sylvia come to work today?"

It had been so long since he last saw Sylvia.

Since the operation, Sylvia had only asked once about his condition, then another doctor took it over.

The nurse put the medicine in front of him, smiled, and said, "Dr. Sylvia has asked for leave and may not come to the hospital recently."

The old Evans was worried, "Why would she ask for leave? Is she sick?" "We don't

know much about Dr. Sylvia," the nurse said and then went out. When Tiffany heard her

grandpa asking about Sylvia, she got jealous.

What was going on?

Franklin was protective of Sylvia, and now her grandpa was worried about Sylvia.

Jealousy came over Tiffany. She said, pouting, "Grandpa, why do you want to see her? She always wears a long face. It's so annoying."

"Tiffany Evans!" The old Evans looked at her with a frown. The old Evans

rarely called her by her full name.

There was only one occasion when he would, and that was when he was angry.

Tiffany was nervous. She came to pick her grandfather up early in the morning and didn't think she had done anything wrong. Why was he

angry?

How hard he was to please!

"Grandpa... I... Did I say anything wrong?"

"You know what you did in Lileilaga," the old Evans said seriously, "It was a huge favor that Mr. Maskelyne didn't throw you off the plane for what you did there! And later, you slandered Dr. Sylvia in the mall and almost hurt her! Tiffany, why were you so ill-bred? You humiliated the whole family!"

A hint of fluster appeared on Tiffany's face. How did her

grandfather know all of these? Who told him?

Who was so gossipy?

She was very angry, but she could only swallow the anger. "Grandpa, it's

not like that. I can explain..."

"Explain? There are all videos of you making a scene on the Internet now. Do you think I couldn't see them or I wouldn't hear anything because I have been in the hospital?" the old Evans yelled at her, "Do such a thing again and you will be punished!"

"Dad, Tiffany got up early and came here to pick you up. You shouldn't be so hard on her," Neve said, protecting her daughter. Neve curled

her mouth. Why was the old Evans so protective of Sylvia?

"Besides, Sylvia provoked Tiffany every time they met. She must have done it on purpose. Tiffany is simple-minded and falls into her trap."

"It's just because Tiffany has a mother like you that she ended up like this!" The old

Evans trembled with anger.

Eddie hurriedly said, "Dad, keep calm. You can't get angry after the heart bypass surgery." The old Evans

shook his head with anger. "Just do what you want! I don't care anymore!" After that, he walked out of the

ward with Eddie's help.

None of the Evans could make him free from worries.

The old Evans seemed to be many years older in an instant. In the

Wilson's Villa, Winter lay in bed in her room.

Someone said that abortion would damage one's health. In particular, she was a middle-aged woman now. She had to

take care of her health after the abortion, or it would be even more difficult to get pregnant again. She didn't care. From her

current status, how could she get pregnant again?

She would rather she could never get pregnant.

However, when she closed her eyes, she couldn't help imagining a cute little child who kept calling her "mommy". At the

thought of that, she couldn't help but want to cry.

It was all her fault, she failed to protect her baby... Winter

closed her eyes again.

Just then, the door of the room was pushed open from the outside, and someone walked in. Winter

pretended to be asleep and did not open her eyes.

Clark had a cup of milk in his hand, standing before the bed. Looking at

the woman in bed, he had mixed feelings.

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With her eyes closed, Winter thought to herself, 'Why is he standing still? What is he looking at? Is he crazy? Why doesn't he go out?'

She didn't want to keep faking sleep, but she had to since she didn't want to see

Clark. Ten minutes passed.

Just as she thought Clark was going to leave, she felt his warm palm on her belly.

Winter's body stiffened.

What was he doing?

Clark looked at her flat belly.

There was once a baby

there. It was his flesh and

blood.

What a pity. He found it out too late and the baby was already

gone. His heart ached.

He had never been blessed by God...

Otherwise, why did God take the baby away from him?

"Winter..."

He called her in a low voice.

Winter was motionless, not daring to open her eyes.

The ties in the Wilson family were extremely complicated. Clark's father was the eldest son of his grandfather, but after his parents died, their names were erased from the family tree and his uncle became the eldest child.

While the youngest son who Winter married, Clark's other uncle, became the second son.

She didn't understand why Milo did this.

Clark kept calling her name. Winter thought he must miss his

parents. But he was such a cold-blooded man. How could he miss

his parents? As Winter was thinking, her eyelashes trembled and

gave her away.

Then, she heard Clark's words, "If you can't fall asleep, get up and drink the

milk." Winter didn't know what to say.

Did he find she was faking sleep?

She opened her eyes and looked a little embarrassed. Looking into Clark's gloomy eyes, she was a little scared.

She obeyed his words and drank the milk.

Just as she put down the glass, she heard Clark say, "Bring her

in." Her?

Who?

Then, she suddenly heard the sound of chains.

An unkempt and shabby woman was pushed in by two men in black. Although covered in dirt, Winter could recognize her face.

Winter looked at her for a while and cried out in surprise, "Sarai?"

Sarai? Clark's aunt?

How did she become like this?

Sarai cried and walked over to kneel before the bed.

"Winter, please forgive me! I didn't know you were pregnant!"

"I really didn't know it! Please, will you ask Clark to let me

go?" "I won't do it again."

One of her hands was chopped off, and the wound was not bandaged. It looked horrifying.

She was covered in blood and dirt.

What was even more shocking was the chains around her ankles.

As she moved, the chains made a terrible noise.

Clark was a cold-blooded man. Winter knew it very well. But what he did to Sarai was beyond her imagination.

He could even do this to his own family...

Sarai had been suspecting that Clark and Winter had an affair.

Now, she finally confirmed it. Winter was even pregnant with his

child! She didn't expect Clark to be so protective of Winter.

She got herself into this.

She'd rather die than be tortured.

"Clark, what is this about? Let her go. I don't want to see her." Winter frowned.

She was not a kind person. Her cruelty was the reason that she could be trusted by Clark for so many years.

Winter thought of how Sarai humiliated her in the hospital and strong hate rose inside her.

"Such a filthy bitch doesn't deserve to show her face to me!"

"Since my woman doesn't want to forgive you, you should fuck off now." Clark suddenly showed a smile of a devil, "We have a well-equipped asylum for lunatics. You could spend the rest of your life there, AUNT."

He waved his hand.

The two men in black immediately took Sarai away.

Sarai cried out in despair. "You will be punished for doing this to me! You sultry

couple!" "I will kill you!"

"I won't go!"

She did not expect that Winter wouldn't have any sympathy for her after seeing what she had become.

...

In the laboratory of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, Sylvia had been sleeping for half a

day. After taking the pill, she began to vomit blood.

Logan had been in terror since seeing her blood.

He invited a doctor over but the doctor couldn't tell how Sylvia was.

Logan had been staying by Sylvia's bed, but she didn't seem to be waking up at

all. He was anxious.

Vaild could not help but say, "Logan, can you stop pacing back and forth?"

Mark sighed, "I know you are worried about Sylvia, but this is a fight in which she's on her own."

"What do you know?" Logan glared at the twins. "She has to take two pills a day for 21 days in a row and this is only the first day she had it. But she reacted so badly. I can't imagine what will happen in the following days."

"I've never seen any medicine with such strong side effects," Vaild said.

Logan said nothing more with a stern face. It was not ordinary medicine.

Franklin gave so much blood and endured so much pain to make just a bottle of the pills.

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Logan dared not think too much about it. He was sad about what Franklin was suffering from.

Franklin took the binoculars and stood on the fifth floor of the hospital across the street, looking inside the lounge of the research lab.

The sight of Sylvia lying quietly and weakly on the bed almost killed him.

He thought, 'Doesn't the medicine work? Why is she still in a coma? It is not supposed to be like this. The prescription for that antidote costs 100 million. They don't have to lie to me.'

Just then, Sylvia, who was lying on the bed, slowly opened her eyes. She

felt confused with a blank mind.

It took a while for her to realize what was going on.

She looked at Logan with empty eyes and asked, "What time is it?"

"7 p.m." Logan said with a worried face, "Sylvia, how are you feeling now? Are you feeling better?"

"My head is pounding. It seems like the poison is more intense than before." Sylvia shook her head. As she spoke, she began to vomit blood.

It was sticky and warm.

Blood kept trickling down the corner of her lips. Even

the quilt was stained.

Overcome with dizziness, Sylvia nearly passed out.

"Sylvia!"

"Sylvia!"

Mark, Vaild, and Logan exclaimed simultaneously.

Sylvia tried her best to look at them and asked, "What ... what's wrong?"

"Sylvia, your hair..." Logan pointed painfully at Sylvia's long hair and stared in disbelief.

"What happened to my hair?" Sylvia scratched her hair, only to find a large handful of hair in her palm. Her

hair was falling out fast.

On the pillow was a large number of dark hair.

"Am I going bald?" Sylvia said jokingly with a smile, "I want to know whether the antidote is working. I find it is more virulent." Sylvia

forced a smile with a pale look.

Mark said with tears in his eyes, "Sylvia, you don't have to do this? We are very worried about you."

"Nothing to worry about. Everyone is born to die, sooner or later." Sylvia smiled and looked even paler.

Franklin stood across the street and kept looking at her in silence.

He was pained to see this.

He wanted to rush over and hold her tightly in his arms. Sylvia's hair was long and beautiful, but she was losing them, which greatly grieved him.

Her frail look and pale smile all wrenched at his heart.

Franklin was overwhelmed by sadness.

"Sweetie, why are you still trying to be tough?" Although Franklin didn't know what Sylvia said, he could guess it according to her expression. Franklin's eyes darkened and he made up his mind.

"Sweetie, you don't have to bite this off. I will protect you even if the whole world falls apart."

Thinking of this, he took out his phone and sent another message to Sylvia on Facebook.

"Sweetie, why don't you reply to me? What are you doing?"

Sylvia, sitting on the bed, heard her phone ring.

She picked it up curiously and found it was a message from Franklin on Facebook.

She lowered her eyes and stared blankly at the phone screen.

After a while, she began to type.

"I just woke up from a nap. I've been quite busy lately, and I'm on a business trip, too." Sylvia

lied.

This was because Franklin would find her wherever she went in H Rovirsa. However,

Franklin was also lying.

Reading this, Franklin was overcome with grief and almost lost his balance. He

barely typed with trembling fingers, "Sweetie, can you send me a selfie!"

Seeing this, Jasper hurriedly held him. "Mr. Maskelyne, you need to go back to bed and rest. You are too weak now." "I

want to see her a little longer," Franklin said indifferently.

"Well, then I'll move a chair for you," Jasper hurriedly said. In

the lounge, Sylvia asked, "Do you have a mirror?" "What do

you need a mirror for?" Logan asked curiously.

"No?" Sylvia wanted to see how haggard she was now. She didn't want Franklin to find something was off. She

said to Mark, "Give me my handbag on the coat rack."

Mark hurriedly got up and fetched the handbag for her.

Sylvia pulled out a lipstick from inside her handbag, used her phone as a mirror, and began to put on the lipstick.

Wearing lipstick, she looked better.

And then she took a selfie and sent it to Franklin.

Franklin saw the whole process. Especially when Sylvia put on lipstick, he almost went crazy.

Ever since Sylvia was poisoned, she didn't tell him anything about it.

She was extremely weak now, but she still pretended that she was fine.

Franklin sometimes wished Sylvia not to be so strong and independent.

Franklin looked at the selfie from Sylvia, in which she grinned, showing her white teeth. Usually, when she was fine, she would certainly not send him any selfies.

But now, she changed a little, not that cold to him.

Thinking of this, Franklin was moved.

...

Jenna was having a good time in the Wright Residence.

Since Mrs. Wright knew that Jenna liked what she made, the cooks were deprived of the chance to cook. Mrs.

Wright made almost every meal by herself.

Brayden said to Jenna with great envy and jealousy, "My mother is so nice to you. Whenever I ask her to make something for me, she turns a deaf ear to me. But now she cooks for you every day."

Jenna smiled very shyly. Wearing a pink dress, she was sitting on the couch and looked very cute. Mrs.

Wright liked her very much, eager to show off Jenna to her friends.

After getting familiar with the Wrights, Jenna found it was a warm and lovely home.

Mayor Cody was elegant and erudite, Brayden was cheerful, and Mrs. Wright was amiable.

Jenna did like them. Although their house was not big, the family atmosphere was warm and cozy. She enjoyed such an atmosphere.

Brayden liked playing tricks and sometimes deliberately teased her, which often made her shy.

Mrs. Wright washed a plate of grapes and brought it over. "You can't always stay at home. Brayden, take Jenna out tomorrow!"

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Chapter 267

The next day, Brayden called Franklin.

Brayden asked Franklin and Sylvia to take the barbecue tools and go out for a picnic.

To his surprise, Franklin said he was sick in the hospital.

Brayden thought it was unbelievable.

"My goodness. You are almost the fittest man I've known, but you actually fall ill! What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing serious. I should be fine in a few days."

Franklin's voice was cold but weak, and his voice was so low that it seemed to come from deep in his throat. He

was decisive and dominant in the world of business, but now, he pained for Sylvia.

Hearing Franklin's voice, Brayden intuited that it wasn't as simple as Franklin said. "What the hell is wrong with you?" "You

don't have to worry about me. Just have fun."

After Franklin finished speaking, he hung up the phone.

Brayden looked at the phone screen and frowned.

He wondered what happened to Franklin.

He felt as if something serious happened.

However, before Brayden could think much about it, Mrs. Wright urged him to go out.

"Brayden, are you ready?"

"Oh, yes."

Apart from Franklin, who was Brayden's good chum, Brayden also had some other friends.

He called them and asked them to go with their girlfriends. Very soon, they set off in a big way for the suburbs. It

was sunny but not hot, so it was a great day to go on a tour.

When they arrived at a scenic spot by the lake, they got out of the cars.

After finding a place with a nice view, they started preparing for an outdoor barbecue.

Jenna, dressed in a pink T-shirt and pink pants, looked like a Barbie doll.

A blue mask, which covered her face, revealed only a pair of dark and bright eyes.

The others all wondered what she looked like without the mask.

Jenna followed Brayden in silence. When she saw the others get off the cars, she was subconsciously a little nervous. Her

heart pounded through her chest.

She used to be a bit socially awkward and afraid of crowds. Now

disfigured, she became more faint-hearted.

As a result, her little face behind the mask turned a little pale. She

couldn't help but want to hide behind Brayden.

Brayden looked at Jenna, who looked very uneasy for some reason and said, "Don't be afraid. They are all friends."

"Brayden, what makes you so attentive and gentle?"

A voice interrupted Brayden and Jenna.

Jenna's eyes were wide open as she looked at the speaker.

It was a man of about thirty years old dressed in designer clothes, according to which he must be a rich gentry.

"Let me introduce her to you. This is Jenna Shepherd, my good friend. I treat her as my sister. You need to show some respect."

Brayden raised his eyebrows and showed Jenna to the crowd.

Jenna bit her lower lip to death, not daring to look up at the others. She

looked particularly strange with her head lowered stiffly.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Shepherd. I'm Elvis Chan." Elvis bent down and extended his hand toward Jenna.

Brayden's eyes narrowed and he sensed Jenna's unease. Brayden slapped Elvis's hand away. "Stay away from Jenna. You will scare her."

"Ouch!" Elvis cried out in pain, withdrew his hand, and looked at Brayden with annoyance, "Brayden, you don't have to be so petty. Anyway, you should allow me to introduce myself to Miss Shepherd."

Brayden turned down the corners of his mouth. "No, you will scare her. Just go where you are needed!"

Subconsciously, Brayden wanted to keep these people away from Jenna.

Especially when seeing Jenna's nervous look, Brayden got even more protective of her.

Jenna was sensitive and tended to be autistic. Usually, even Brayden's loud voice could scare her.

Therefore, Brayden thought he should be responsible.

"Brayden, you are so cold!" A somewhat handsome man put his hand on Brayden's shoulder with an impish smile. "I don't think she is just your friend."

"Don't talk nonsense." Brayden punched the man in the chest. "Shut the hell up." "That's

a quick denial! It's so weird."

"Yes! Can't agree more! Miss Shepherd, take off the mask. We all want to see what you look like."

"Miss Shepherd, are you still a student?"

The others said jokingly.

Jenna, who was always timid, was originally a little embarrassed.

But gradually, she was not that wary of them anymore.

These gentries were all rich or powerful.

However, Jenna found it was not very difficult to get along with them.

Elvis realized that Jenna was somewhat different from the other girls. Compared to them, Jenna looked extremely shy and reticent.

He smiled gently, "Don't worry, Miss Shepherd. We just like talking this way."

Jenna pursed her lips, shook her head, and said in a small voice, "It doesn't matter."

Her voice was as beautiful as the nightingale, so the crowd was slightly surprised.

They were more curious whether she was a great beauty.

"Jenna is young, so you'd better watch what you say." "Mind

your tongue with her."

"Okay!"

"Well, stop talking nonsense and help me build a fire!" Brayden said to the gentry.

Only then did they stop asking Jenna.

Elvis, building the barbecue grill, curiously asked, "Brayden, what makes you want to have a barbecue?"

"I'm bored." Brayden raised an eyebrow.

The meat was cut into pieces, skewered, and put on the grill. The

women, who were all dressed up, surrounded Jenna.

They all knew Brayden. They knew Brayden was the mayor's son. It was known to all that Brayden and Franklin were single.

Therefore, it was the girls' first time seeing Brayden bring a girl with him.

What was more, Brayden was so attentive to her.

"Miss Shepherd, we are all friends, so it is not proper to wear a mask all the time, right?"

The woman speaking was called Noelle Bush, who was a celebrity coming with Elvis. She was sick of Jenna's delicate and timid look.

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"I..." Jenna opened her mouth, but she didn't know what to say.

The wound on her face made Jenna, who was a little autistic, feel bad about herself. She lowered her head

sadly, not daring to look at those well-dressed women.

"What are you doing? Don't give Miss Shepherd a hard time, okay?" Seeing that Jenna was

surrounded, Elvis could not help but say.

"Yes, Miss Shepherd is young. You should take care of her!" Another man echoed. When the other women

heard this, their faces changed slightly.

For Elvis and the other gentry, these women were just trophy girlfriends.

However, they cared so much about Jenna, which made all the women present jealous.

The women didn't understand why these gentries were so protective of this masked girl. If Jenna hadn't come with Brayden, these gentries wouldn't have been so nice to Jenna.

Thinking of this, the other women got even more envious! It was unfair!

Jenna always felt that these women were looking at her a bit strangely. She looked up, only to see the sweet smiles on their faces.

But they looked so strange.

Just then, the chicken wings are ready. Brayden brought a plate, on which were chicken wings, lamb skewers, and beef skewers. They were sprinkled with cumin, sizzling with a great smell.

"Jenna, let's go over there to eat."

Jenna looked at the skewers on the plate, eyes lighting up, and nodded heavily. "Okay."

She carefully followed behind Brayden and went behind a large tree, with her back to the crowd.

Noelle jealously stared at Jenna's back, "She must look ugly and scary. Otherwise, she would eat with us." "You know nothing about men.

Brayden is getting the utmost out of the time!"

Elvis said with a smirk, and the others soon got what he implied.

Noelle gave a smile and looked at Elvis flirtatiously and said, "Elvis, can you feed me?"

"You think too highly of yourself. You don't deserve it." Elvis pooh-poohed. "Come over and help me! How senseless you are!" Noelle got embarrassed with a flushed face.

She had wanted to curry favor, only to become a laughing stock.

Seeing the other women's amused look, Noelle wished the earth could open up and swallow her. She had recently had an

affair with Elvis, so she didn't expect him to humiliate her in public.

Although furious, she had no way to vent her anger.

She could only bite her lower lip and strode to Elvis, and help him.

Just then, Brayden returned with a plate. "Is there anything else ready?"

Elvis put some skewers and vegetables on Brayden's plate and then urged Noelle. "Be quick! Brayden and Miss Shepherd are waiting now."

Noelle lowered her head in humiliation. She thought it was unfair.

She hated it when she was treated as a servant while Jenna was served well.

"Brayden, come and have a drink with us." Another man poured a glass of beer for Brayden. Brayden shook his head. "I have

to go and keep Jenna company. Just enjoy yourselves."

"There are so many beautiful women with her. You don't have to do that. Noelle, bring this to Miss Shepherd," Elvis said to Noelle in an icy tone.

Noelle picked up the plate and came to Jenna. Looking at Jenna's beautiful eyes, Noelle was overcome with anger!

With a gleam of hatred in her eyes, Noelle reached out towards Jenna's mask when she bent down to put down the plate. Jenna was originally looking at the blue sky overhead in a good mood.

Away from the crowd, she was comfortable and at ease.

When Noelle reached out to Jenna with her red-nailed fingers, Jenna's mind went blank. She unconsciously said,

"Brayden!"

As Noelle jerked the mask off Jenna's face, she shouted, "You are so ugly!"

Hearing Jenna's panicked voice, Brayden, who was having a drink with those gentries, turned around at once. He quickly looked towards

Jenna.

Jenna was standing there helpless and lonely.

She covered her face with both hands and subconsciously protected her face, which instantly made Brayden very sorry for her. Damn it!

Without hesitation, Brayden pushed aside Elvis, who was standing in his way, and dashed over, "Jenna!" Noelle, who finally recovered

from the shock, couldn't help but back up. "I didn't mean to do this. I'm sorry." "I didn't know your face was so scary!"

Everyone else was shocked by this. "My goodness, what's going

on?" "Damn it. What is Noelle doing?"

The other gentry naturally couldn't ignore it, so they all followed Brayden over. Jenna's face was pale, both

hands covering her cheeks. Her mind remained blank.

She didn't even hear what Brayden said. She swayed as if she was going to fall to the ground.

She thought to herself, 'My face was seen. This woman apologized, but she keeps saying I'm ugly.' Jenna's eyes turned red. Noelle

kept explaining, but Jenna could not hear anything but the word "ugly." Those gentries also froze after seeing Jenna's disfigured face.

They didn't expect Jenna, who had beautiful eyes, to be disfigured! The contrast shocked everyone present. Jenna could not help but take

two steps back, greatly hurt by the others' gazes.

'No! I want to go home!'

Her tears trickled down her cheeks like broken diamonds under the sunlight. Helpless, Jenna glanced about as

if for an exit and escape.

Suddenly, a large warm palm clutched her small hands, and then she was pressed into a broad chest. Brayden's powerful heartbeat

echoed around her ears.

Brayden put Jenna's cheek against his chest, looked sharply at Noelle, and said in a cold voice, "Jenna was disfigured in an accident, but you seem to enjoy rubbing salt into her wound. Right?"

Noelle paled. Before she could say something, she was smacked right across the face.

"What a bitch! How dare you take off Miss Shepherd's mask. Apologize to her right now!" Elvis glared at Noelle, as if he wanted to eat her alive.

Noelle bit her lip, burning with hatred. Nonetheless, she couldn't afford to offend Elvis and Brayden. She humiliatingly stepped forward and tearfully apologized, "I'm sorry, Miss Shepherd. I didn't mean to do it. I hope you can forgive me."

Hearing this, Jenna still didn't dare to lift her head from Brayden's chest.

Brayden sensed her fear, so he soothingly patted her back. "Don't be afraid. With me here, no one can do anything to you." Suddenly, a husky male voice rang

out behind the crowd, "Hello, everyone. What is going on?"

Hearing this familiar voice, Jenna froze. But she didn't dare to look

up.

Many days passed since Jenna had heard this voice the last time. She was surprised to hear it

here.

Jenna wanted to lift her head from Brayden's embrace to look at that familiar handsome face. But she didn't dare.

Jenna kept hiding in Brayden's arms, like an ostrich. She dared not to face any

reality.

And then Brayden said, with his chest rising and falling, "How do you do, Mr.

Carson?"

It was really Aldo! Jenna bit her lower lip and didn't dare to move at all. Somehow, she found it more reassuring to be held by Brayden than by Aldo.

Jenna hadn't been very familiar with Brayden, who actually gave her a timely hug when she was in need. She remembered the day

when she almost died in the heavy rain.

Brayden saved her!

Mrs. Wright was extremely nice to her.

If it was before, Jenna would have rushed immediately into Aldo's arms, but now, she hesitated. Jenna thought, "Aldo must be

as scared of my face as those people. What if he thinks me ugly?" Jenna dared not even think what would happen.

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"Elvis, what's wrong with you? Why didn't you tell me and Mr. Carson about the barbecue today?" Cristal glared at Elvis with dissatisfaction.

Hearing Cristal's voice, Jenna got shocked. She didn't expect Aldo to have a woman with him. She suddenly thought of

what Mrs. Carson said a few days ago. Aldo went on a blind date.

"You haven't even married Mr. Carson yet, but you have been partial to him." Elvis glanced at Aldo. "Take your seat, Mr. Carson!" Jenna got even more

nervous.

She did not want to see Aldo at all, afraid that her face would disgust him. After all, she was so ugly now.

Jenna was also sad that Aldo didn't look for her after she went missing. He even went on an outing

with this woman.

Thinking of this, Jenna got mixed feelings. She couldn't tell what it was.

But it almost killed her inside.

Brayden knew that they couldn't go on with the barbecue.

He was not in the mood to stay here, so he stood with Jenna behind him and said, "She is not feeling well, so I should go." "Brayden, we have just arrived

here. You can't leave so early." Cristal muttered discontentedly with an arrogant look.

Few people dared to offend her.

Even if Brayden was the mayor's son, from Cristal's point of view, he couldn't be that impolite. "Excuse me, Miss Chan. It's

an emergency," Brayden said as he escorted Jenna to the car.

Just as they turned around, Aldo stopped Brayden and looked at Jenna, who was in Brayden's arms. "Wait!"

"What can I do for you, Mr. Carson?" Brayden's eyes narrowed slightly.

Aldo's heart pounding, he fixed his eyes on the girl in Brayden's arms. Aldo found that the girl had a slender figure, but she kept burying her head in Brayden's arms, so Aldo couldn't see her face.

However, Aldo felt the girl looked so much like Jenna!

He looked at Jenna excitedly, wondering whether he guessed right. He asked in a trembling

voice, "Mr. Wright, may I know who she is?" Hearing this, Jenna got even more nervous.

She kept blinking worriedly in Brayden's arms. As she blinked, her long eyelashes kept scratching Brayden's chest through the T-shirt like two little brushes.

And Brayden could also feel her hot breath on his chest. His heart began to beat

faster.

But Aldo didn't give up.

Annoyed, Brayden looked at Aldo unhappily, "She's my sister. What's your problem?"

"May I have a look at her face? I think she looks like someone I know." Aldo, who was focusing on Jenna, did not notice the impatience in Brayden's tone.

Jenna subconsciously wrapped her arms around Brayden's strong waist and she could clearly feel his firm abs. His abs felt awesome!

Jenna was driven by instinct, not knowing that what she did made Brayden freeze. His heart was pounding.

Damn it!

He had an erection.

Brayden blamed this on the fact that he hadn't hugged a woman for too long. Otherwise, he wouldn't be

turned on so easily.

Brayden could feel Jenna's hands on his abs.

He could also feel that her hands were incredibly soft and tender. Jenna did this unconsciously,

but it made Brayden burn with lust.

Brayden didn't reply, so Aldo couldn't help but ask again, "Can I take a look?"

Brayden glanced at Aldo with annoyance, "No. She doesn't like this. I'm sorry, Mr. Carson." After saying that, Brayden

carried Jenna and walked toward his car.

Jenna was a little scared.

She hurriedly wrapped her arms around Brayden's neck, with her hand rubbing against his Adam's apple. Because of this, Brayden

gritted his teeth and was turned on again.

He almost threw Jenna out. Damn it!

He took a deep breath, carried Jenna quickly to the car, pulled open the door, and shoved her onto the passenger seat. But Jenna said, "I want to

drive."

At that, Brayden froze before he remembered that he had just had a glass of beer. "You can drive?"

"Yes." Jenna nodded firmly and changed seats with Brayden. The next minute, the car started and drove away.

Cristal frowned, looked unhappily at Aldo, and said in an annoyed tone, "Mr. Carson, it's impolite of you to keep staring at other women when dating me."

She was really angry.

It took her a lot of effort to have Aldo go out with her.

Nevertheless, Aldo never took the initiative to talk to her. And he even ignored her in front of all those gentries and their girlfriends.

Elvis pouted disdainfully. "Mr. Carson, what's wrong with my sister? Do you think she is not good enough for you?" Aldo was still wondering

whether the girl in Brayden's arms was Jenna.

He ignored Cristal, but asked Elvis, "Does the girl in Mr. Wright's arms have big eyes and an oval face? Her skin should be smooth and fair.

Elvis looked at Aldo as if Aldo was a psychopath. "You must be crazy. Smooth and fair skin? I'm telling you, that woman is super ugly. Her face is scarred and

pockmarked. I don't understand why Brayden would like such a woman."

"Really?" Aldo looked at Elvis in surprise.

"I don't have to lie to you. Everyone here just saw it." Elvis pushed Cristal in front of Aldo. "Cristal is much prettier than her! Mr. Carson, you must be nice to Cristal!"

Cristal blushed and glared at Elvis. "Elvis, what are you talking about?" She couldn't help but wonder

who Aldo was exactly looking for.

'Is he looking for his adopted girl? Mrs. Carson said that girl had run away from home. I am far better than that girl. It should be lucky for Aldo to date me. However, he cares about nobody but that adopted girl. He is going too far.'

Before Cristal threw a fit, she remembered what her mother said to her. Her mother told her that she should be soft and that no man liked a woman with a bad temper.

Thinking of this, Cristal tried her best to calm down and forced a smile.

Aldo did not even notice her emotional change but thought about Elvis's words in silence. He thought, 'Jenna is not

ugly at all. And she can't drive either.'

Aldo looked at the blue sky and white clouds in a trance, wondering, 'Jenna, where are you now?'

...

The black car drove smoothly on the highway.

Jenna grabbed the steering wheel, looking ahead carefully.

Brayden glanced at her side face from time to time, thinking her side face was perfect as well. She must be a beauty if not

disfigured.

Brayden also found that Jenna was not quite the same as other girls. Though she looked soft and sheepish, it was relaxing to be with her.

Especially when she said something, her soft voice gave him reassurance.

"When did you get your driver's license?" Brayden's low voice rang out in the silent car. He typed on the phone with

his slender fingers and unintentionally asked.

"Last month." Jenna's voice remained delicate.

"Last month?" Brayden then looked at Jenna, who was driving skillfully, and their car kept overtaking the others. To avoid the cars behind

and rushing in the front, she looked ahead with bright eyes.

The next second, she turned the steering wheel calmly. With a creak, their car overtook all the other cars. It was a nice drift, done in

the blink of an eye.

After avoiding the vehicles, Jenna continued to drive steadily forward. Brayden was dumbfounded.

He didn't expect Jenna to be so good at driving.

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Brayden began to wonder how much Jenna had learned from her driving instructor.

As a person who had had her driver's license for only a month, she was too skilled at driving.

Jenna, who was unaware of what Brayden was thinking, focused on driving and did not tell him that this was her first time driving on the road.

Aldo had been so protective of Jenna that she was not allowed to get a driver's license. He insisted that she should go wherever she wanted with the chauffeur.

However, Jenna really wanted her own license, so she enrolled in a driving school in secret.

Fortunately, Aldo was always very busy.

No wonder the firefighters were always looked down on. They had to work day and night.

As a result, Aldo did not know that she had gotten the driver's license.

In fact, she not only got a driver's license...

Thinking of her previous life, Jenna was a little breathless.

Both Brayden and Jenna ate a little just now.

Thus, Brayden was a little hungry. He took out his phone and began to read the comments on restaurants nearby.

A few minutes later, Brayden chose a popular restaurant and held up the phone to Jenna while the red light was on. "How about eating in this restaurant?"

After seeing the tag "The Best Place for Couples" on the phone screen, Jenna flushed.

The car stopped in front of the restaurant.

Jenna was a little hesitant. "It seems to be a restaurant for only couples."

Brayden did not realize anything wrong with this restaurant. "No restaurant welcomes only couples. They will definitely welcome us."

Brayden and Jenna walked into the restaurant, and the waiter immediately greeted them, giving Jenna a pair of custom-made mugs.

The shape of the mugs was very cute. The lids of them stood a blue cherub and a pink cherub respectively.

Jenna took one, with her eyes lighting up. "It's so cute."

Brayden glanced at the mug and took the other one. "Only children would like this."

Jenna snorted, not wanting to say anything to him.

"What do you want to eat?" Brayden looked at the menu and asked.

Jenna pouted. "Whatever. It's up to you."

"No, what if you don't like it?" Brayden pushed the menu in front of her. "Just order whatever you like."

It was Jenna's first time eating in this kind of restaurant, on whose menu were almost all couple combos.

She grew shy with a flushed face.

Her hair fell, covering half of her disfigured face, and the other half looked beautiful and lovely.

"I ... I don't know what to order," Jenna stammered.

Then Brayden ordered one of the signature flavors at random.

...

Once the food was served, Jenna was lost for words.

They were served with only one set of cutleries, which was on target with the restaurant's theme.

Even the black tea had only one straw in it.

Brayden was too careless to feel anything wrong. He directly cut the steak into small pieces and pushed the plate to Jenna. "You eat first, and I will eat after you finish. Just enjoy the meal."

Jenna pursed her lips. "But..."

She even hadn't shared the cutlery with Aldo.

She thought it was awkward to do this.

"It's not a big deal. We always share the meals at home, so it doesn't matter to share the cutlery."

Brayden was very hungry at this moment.

He kept urging. "Just go ahead!"

Jenna was sensitive, recalling that she had seen Brayden naked and that she was held in his arms with her arms around his waist.

Thinking of this, Jenna got a glitch in her brain!

Somehow, her face was burning hot. And her heart was pounding.

Jenna didn't even dare to look at Brayden's handsome face.

Seeing Jenna's flushed face, Brayden, who hadn't thought too much of this, felt a little embarrassed as well.

He got a strange feeling especially when Jenna picked up the fork and put the steak into her rosy little mouth.

Making no noise, she looked graceful when eating.

After eating a little steak, Jenna began to drink the black tea through a straw. When she slurped the straw, she looked like a cute rabbit.

Brayden thought her cheeks must be very soft and wanted to touch them.

The food here actually smelt good.

Brayden, who was hungry, couldn't help swallowing.

Jenna took a sip of black tea and looked up, only to see his rolling Adam's apple.

Seeing this, Jenna flushed again.

Brayden had a long and slender neck with a sexy Adam's apple.

Jenna's heart pounded again.

She subconsciously looked away, only to see the couples around them feeding each other.

Shocked, she hurriedly looked away from them.

By contrast, Brayden was much more unperturbed. Seeing Jenna's shocked look, he curiously followed her gaze, only to see the couples around them kissing.

Brayden didn't expect Jenna to be shy about this. What a pure girl she was! A smile curled the corners of Brayden's mouth, with a gleam in his deep eyes. "Have you ever been in love with someone?"

Jenna glared at Brayden, thinking it was improper for him to ask this.

Just then, Aldo and Cristal stepped in together.

After Brayden left, those gentries were not in the mood to have a barbecue anymore, so they left as well.

"It is a new restaurant. There are so many people here," Cristal said as she chose the seats with Aldo.

The restaurant was very quiet and the couples all looked happy.

It was a perfect place for dating.

Aldo looked at the couples around and began to wonder what Jenna would look like if she came here with him.

"But where is she now?"

Thinking of this, Aldo was a little upset.

After Cristal chose the seats, she pulled him to sit down.

Suddenly, Aldo looked up and was attracted by a couple by the window.

The next second, his eyes opened wide in disbelief.