

Revealed 28

chapter 28

However, something unexpected happened.

Instead of slowing down, the plane bumped even more violently.

The crew members, wearing seat belts, kept swaying with the jolts.

“What happened?”

“We have the right to know.”

“You promised the jolt will stop, but why is it getting more and more violent?”

“Tell us what’s going on!”

Passengers panicked and began to talk, louder and louder.

Jimmy asked Sylvia, “Lady, are you afraid? Shall we be all right?”

Sylvia said coolly, “Of course.”

Jimmy shouted exaggeratedly, “I don’t think so. We are in the sky, far from the land! My goodness! Does he know how to fly a plane or not? Flying a plane has nothing to do with being handsome!”

Hearing this, someone in the front row echoed angrily, “You are right. He looks even better than the stars. I don’t think he is professional enough!”

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and glanced at them. “Franklin is the current president of SouthStar Airlines. And he is the best captain in it.”

“Don’t pull my leg. It’s impossible for the president to fly the plane himself.”

“How ridiculous!”

None of the passengers believe what Sylvia said.

Once again, the plane bumped violently.

“I’m almost flying out!” Jimmy shouted angrily.

“If we had an older captain, we couldn’t have encountered this. He sucks at flying planes!”

Sylvia knew Franklin was an expert in flying. During their marriage, Franklin was highly trained in all aspects of his career, so he was second to nobody in SouthStar Airlines.

Although they had divorced, Sylvia wanted to defend Franklin.

She was not unreasonable, so she wouldn’t just stand by and watch when Franklin was denigrated.

She pursed her lips and said with a sneer, “If you don’t trust Franklin, why not do it yourselves?”

But there was still mistrust and panic in everyone’s eyes.

Nobody could stay calm when facing death.

Overcome with fear, some passengers even started to make loud noises and badmouthed the stewardesses.

Elsa walked into the cockpit. "Captain Franklin, the passengers were overcome with negativity. Miss Andrews refuted Jimmy in defense of you."

Franklin did not reply to Elsa. His eyes were fixed on the radar image.

Meanwhile, Sylvia was thinking about something else. The plane was so bumpy that Sylvia thought it was not ordinary turbulence.

She looked out the window at the night sky with a frown.

Suddenly, the plane bumped again, which was even more violent than the previous ones. Darcie, who stood in the aisle, grabbed the armrest of a seat at once.

Elsa, who stumbled out of the cockpit, was caught off guard and fell heavily to the ground. She rolled for a few seconds to the cockpit door and thumped on it.

Elsa cried out in pain, curling up on the floor. Her eyes were blurred with a burst of dizziness.

"Chief purser!"

The stewardess, who was the nearest to Elsa, tried to help Elsa, but she could not balance herself. So, she had to crawl towards Elsa instead.

The suitcases in the overhead compartment made a violent crashing sound, as if they would break out and fall on the passengers at any time.

Hearing Elsa's harsh scream, Sylvia stood up and walked towards the cockpit.

"Lady, please stay where you are. The plane is now violently bumpy!" A stewardess who was close to Sylvia immediately stopped Sylvia. "You will be in danger!"

Sylvia grabbed the armrest of the seat and continued walking to Elsa quickly. Even Darcie yelled at her angrily, "Do you wish to die?" What do you want to do?"

Sylvia walked quickly to Elsa. Because of the bump, even the experienced stewardesses could not keep their balance, but Sylvia walked steadily.

She ignored Darcie's screams, got down on one knee, and helped Elsa up along with the stewardess who had just gotten up.

The passengers on the plane kept shouting. Affected by the children's cries, some passengers, with poor mental health, began to cry in pain.

"I don't want to die!"

"I miss my mom!"

"Does it mean we will die?"

Whatever the stewardesses said, the passengers couldn't calm down.

"Please fasten your seat belts, and put on your oxygen masks! Please keep quiet!"

"Please listen to us."

"Don't worry. We must trust our captain."

The plane bumped increasingly violently. And everyone was getting on their nerves.

None of the other stewardesses dared to unbuckle their seat belts or walk around.

Sylvia quickly examined Elsa, whose forehead was covered with sweat.

"I'm Sylvia, a doctor at Larro Lilypad General Hospital. You are very weak now and you'd better slow down your breath."

Sylvia helped Elsa to the Chief purser's seat, "Just take a break."

Elsa had such a great headache that she could barely say anything.

She had thought she was going to die just now. With disheveled hair, she stumbled to her seat.

"Thank..."

Elsa wanted to thank Sylvia, but couldn't manage it.

The pain throughout her body made it hard for her to say anything.

The other stewardesses were pale with fear. They had never been so nervous before. A stewardess, who had worked for only six months, was scared to tears.

But she tried her best to hold back her tears.

She kept comforting a small child in front of himself, "It's okay. Don't worry. We'll be fine."

The whole cabin was full of voices.

Almost every passenger was emotional. They kept screaming and hurling insults.

The stewardesses' comfort and persuasion were ignored.

Just then, a cold voice came from the radio.

"Hello, everyone, this is Sylvia, Captain Franklin's wife. Franklin is my husband. He is professionally trained. When I married him four years ago, he had just taken over SouthStar Airlines. To better run SouthStar Airlines, he trained hard and got his pilot certificate. I know clearly what he has done to be a captain from a trainee pilot. I know very well how capable he is. So, I hope you can believe him. As my husband and the captain, he will take responsibility for me and everyone here. I'm here with you and I'm sure he won't abandon us. He will definitely be able to make a safe landing."

Sylvia stood in front of the cockpit door, with the radio intercom in her hand, like a warrior full of power.