

Revealed 3

chapter 3

Logan mumbled to himself. "That was right..."

After Sylvia walked back to her room and was about to take a shower, her phone rang.

She picked it up and found it was Franklin.

"Hello?"

Franklin's voice with displeasure sounded, "Where have you gone? Why haven't you come home? It's so late."

Sylvia was stunned. "We have just gotten divorced."

Why did he call?

Why did he call to ask her home?

It was not the weekend. Why was he in the Townyer Villa?

"I haven't signed on the paper yet, so it's not valid." Thinking of what Jasper had said to him, Franklin couldn't help frowning.

Why could she be so indifferent toward the divorce?

After getting off work, he came straight back to the Townyer Villa. However. The lights weren't on and they usually were.

After he walked into the house, there was no one inside and Sylvia wasn't there.

It turned out she had packed up her things and left.

Sylvia tried to suppress her impatience and to keep a gentle voice. "Honey, I have signed on the paper. It was you who proposed the divorce."

If she snapped at him, who knew if he would change his mind about the divorce?

By then she would have to figure something out to get him to agree to the divorce.

She was busy and she had no time to play such a game with Franklin.

"Honey, will you come back home first?" Standing by the window, Franklin looked outside at the houses that were brightly lit and said.

He looked like a loving husband who was urging his wife home.

Sylvia took a deep breath, "Okay. Wait for me for half an hour."

After she went downstairs, she pulled a long face and didn't seem to be happy at all.

The men in black saw the look on her face and got sweat all over their heads. One of them plucked up his courage and asked, "Boss, where are you going?"

"I'm going to the Townyer Villa," Sylvia spoke. She found it hard to control her temper.

'Calm down, you would be able to divorce him soon.'

Logan followed her out, gloating, "I thought you were staying here?"

"Shut up!" Sylvia wished she could beat Franklin up, but she couldn't, so she could only snap at Logan.

"Go shoot 100 shots in the training room before you go to sleep."

"Boss!" Logan yowled.

However, as soon as she got in the car and closed the door, she drove at an extremely fast speed.

The two men sitting in the back were startled by the speed. "Boss..."

"Ah!"

"Slower!"

They had long heard that it was scary taking Sylvia's ride, and now they finally understood why. They both felt sick.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Sylvia was expressionless, staring at the front with her eyes fixed ahead, grabbing the steering wheel and stepping on the gas. She did all these in one move.

The two men sitting in the back had to admit that although they were about to throw up, Sylvia looked really cool when she drove.

The ride originally would take an hour, but she drove so fast that it was halved.

The car was parked at the entrance of the neighborhood. The two men immediately got out of it and puked at the roadside flower beds, their faces red.

"You are weak, you'd better get more training after you get back," Sylvia said with a frown. "It wasn't fast at all. If I drove at full speed, would you die on the spot?"

She was tired of looking at the two tall men and walked into the neighborhood in her high heels.

The villa district was a high-end neighborhood. The residents here were all big shots or extremely rich men.

A house here was worth tens of millions of dollars, but it wasn't appealing to Sylvia at all.

Sylvia really didn't want to come here again.

Unlocking the door with her fingerprint, she entered the house and saw Franklin sitting on the sofa with a laptop on his knees.

Hearing the noises, he looked up at her. "Where have you been?"

"Searching for a house," Sylvia told a lie. Anyway, they were going to divorce. Franklin had never cared about her whereabouts and what she did in the four years and he wouldn't know them in the future.

"You really don't want this house?" Franklin closed his laptop and waved at her.

Sylvia blinked, changed into a gentle face, and walked to the front of him.

Before she could speak, Franklin pulled her into his arms and let her sit on his lap.

Sylvia looked at him, grabbed his neck, and answered readily, "No."

"You were looking for a house, weren't you?" Franklin touched her hair gently. "You won't have to look for one if you take this house."

"I'm lazy and this house is too big and too expensive for me to hire a cleaning lady," Sylvia smiled brightly.

Looking at her smile, Franklin couldn't help saying, "Don't you think you would miss out on a lot if you don't want anything?"

"You have never argued with me or mistreated me in the past four years. I have always had the best things in the world," Sylvia said with clear eyes. "I didn't miss out on anything."

Franklin gave her presents at every festival and the gifts that he had sent her were all either luxurious, expensive, or rare.

Although they didn't have any feelings for each other, they had been getting along in harmony with each other.

Franklin hugged Sylvia. "Don't you have any feelings for me? You can have anything you want if you stayed by my side."

It seemed that Sylvia didn't want anything. They had been married for four years but she had never asked him for cars, houses, or money like the other woman had.

Sylvia didn't reject his touch, she cuddled in his arms, with her eyes languishingly squinted, like a kitten.

The marriage used to be a lifesaver for her.

It had saved her for four years and now it should end. She didn't want money or to be loved like other women. All she wanted was just to stay alive.

But just as Franklin had said, since they were going to get divorced, they might as well cherish all the time they had left.

Thinking of this, she kissed him and hugged him tightly.

In the morning of late autumn, the air was fresh and somewhat cold.

Sylvia woke up from a kiss.

Franklin's lips were on hers. She pushed him and said in a sexy and hoarse voice, "No..."

"Be a good girl." Franklin grabbed her hand and looked into her eyes with his alluring eyes.

He had charming features, with a high nose and a noble temperament.

Sylvia mumbled, "But I'm exhausted..."

“That’s why you need more exercise in bed.” Franklin chuckled, raised her chin, and kissed her again.

In an instant.

Both of them were lured by desire and their bodies clung.

Sylvia was exhausted from the crazy sex in the morning. When she woke up again, it was already at noon.