

Revealed 32

chapter 32

When she showed up alone, his last hope was gone.

In an office at the hospital, Franklin sat quietly in front of Lexton Lloyd who was in a white lab coat, he said with a cold face, "I need a higher dose or a different drug, a more effective one."

"What's the matter?" Lexton looked at his friend for years.

Franklin looked upset and it took a moment before he said, "I'm divorced."

"Oh?" Lexton couldn't help but look at him in amazement, "Divorced? Haven't you been living a quiet life since she came along? What happened?"

"I..." Franklin slowly exhaled a breath and stretched out his fingers to rub his brow. At the time he just felt that they needed a different life since they didn't love each other.

Besides, they got married because of his grandfather but his grandfather had passed away.

But he never thought that everything would change after the divorce.

He had already gotten used to her presence and her cooking.

As long as Sylvia was around, he would feel calm and peaceful.

After the divorce, his mania became worse. It was as if the medication that controlled his mania all these years no longer worked.

Lexton said seriously, "Franklin, you need to understand that the reason why you suffer from mania is that you have psychological problems. The medication couldn't cure the mental disease. You need to think deeply about your wife. For you, is she just a companion to live with? And do you have no other feelings for her?"

He paused for a while and then added, "Franklin, you are smart and you should understand what I mean."

Franklin understood his words, but when he thought of her indifference, he couldn't figure out what she was really thinking beneath her cold face.

"She was my wife for four years. I realized after the divorce that she was like playing role-playing games and that wasn't the real her, you know? I never knew she was a surgeon and I never knew she knew martial arts." Franklin felt powerless for the first time in his life.

"Franklin, is it because you ignore her too much, never get close to her, get to know her, or is she deliberately concealing it? That's the problem." Lexton spread his hands, "Unfortunately, I'm not a relationship expert. I don't know what's going on between you two."

Franklin's heart contracted slightly.

It was true that he had never tried to get to know her.

In the past, he only thought of her as his contract wife and they did not need not bother each other. And Sylvia kept a proper distance from him. She never had any demands on him and never asked him for anything.

If he gave her something, she would accept it. But if he didn't, she wouldn't ask him for it either.

They were always courteous to each other.

They never even quarreled and when he looked back on the past, they were like two strangers living under the same roof.

Except for the fact that they would have sex.

Franklin sighed.

His mind was a mess.

"Lexton, I just want to know now if my disease deteriorates, will it affect my flying the plane?"

"You should understand that if you have a mental illness or a psychological illness, you can't pass the flight test and you will be suspended." Lexton prescribed some more medication for him, "Take your medication first and I suggest you take your marriage seriously."

Then Franklin left Lexton's office.

He drove into a quiet street and there was only one store on this street.

He didn't hesitate but went straight to the plush doll store, whose area was 300 square meters.

The store was full of colorful and cute dolls.

Just as he got out of the car, a strong man stopped him, "Sir, tickets."

Franklin took a black card out of his pocket and gave it to him, "I'll buy one."

That thuggish man looked him up and down, swiped his card, and handed him a ticket, then said, "Go inside to the end and turn left."

Franklin didn't say anything and followed the man's instructions. He walked towards a small, hidden door deep inside the doll store.

There was an extremely narrow corridor.

Dim wall sconces were hanging on both sides of the corridor, and when he reached the first corner, he heard some exciting shouts from below.

"Fight! Fight!"

"Fight! Beat him to death!"

"I'm betting \$2 million on you. Get up! Hurry up and stand up for me!"

"Damn it, you pussy!"

The shouts were incessant and the environment here was violent and bloody.

If it wasn't for the fact that he was too irritable and wanted to find a vent, he would never want to set foot here.

He has not been to underground boxing for four years.

But now he heard these crazy shouts, he finally calmed down.

He wanted to scream to vent all the annoyance in his chest as they did.

Franklin stepped out of a rusty iron door. This place was huge.

It could accommodate several thousand people and the ground beneath them was rough terrazzo, with a huge ring in the center.

There were several crazy spectators near the ring. Behind them were the terraced seats that were filled with crazy spectators.

And there was a simple VIP box on the second floor.

They were ordinary spectators and compared to the VIPs on the second floor, the bet they made was simply not worth mentioning.

Those were the rich people, squandering millions of dollars without hesitation.

And at this time, two men were fighting.

Every fighter on the stage had signed a waiver.

Their fight was extremely sanguinary.

There was a bar on the west side and dozens of seats were placed in front of the bar. Many foreigners were sitting there. And they were all facing the direction of the ring while drinking and shouting with excitement.

He was dressed in black and when he stepped into the underground boxing, he immediately attracted a lot of attention.

He was so handsome with a noble temperament and he was as tall as those foreigners. He was exactly like an heir of an ancient noble family, and he looked quite extraordinarily out of place in that noisy place.