

## Revealed 39

### chapter 39

Surely, he had tactics of his own such as tricking her.

“You are one to ask? How about you tricking me?” Franklin sat next to her and guessed that she had figured out why she couldn’t book a hotel room downstairs.

He stared at her with confusion. “What’s the relationship between you and the Dark? When did you become Amber?”

“What are you doing at underground boxing?” Sylvia didn’t answer but asked.

“Don’t skip my question. Couldn’t I be there to watch?” Franklin crossed his legs elegantly while holding the glass with his fingers and shaking the wine slightly, “Sylvia, what exactly are you? Is there anything about you I don’t know yet?”

“Franklin, we are divorced. Please stop asking about me. You have no right to make me say it.” Sylvia drank it all, put the glass down, and then stood up.

“I should go to my room.”

Sylvia slammed the door of her bedroom.

There was not a single expression on Franklin’s face except a frown.

Two minutes later, the sound of running water came from her room.

She was taking a shower.

And the sound vanished about a dozen minutes later.

But Franklin was getting thirstier and hornier than before.

His feelings for her were deeper than he thought.

He took a deep breath, threw his phone on the couch, and decided to take a shower to calm himself down.

Sylvia then came out after the shower. She rubbed the towel through her hair and was about to check the kitchen as she felt a bit hungry right now.

All of a sudden, the phone on the couch rang.

She walked over and found out it was Franklin’s phone.

The caller ID was Miss Evans.

Sylvia then picked up the phone and knocked on his door. But there was no answer.

She turned her ear toward the door. He must be showering as the water was running in there.

So she again threw his phone on the couch and moved on to the kitchen.

There were some eggs, tomatoes, and meat in the fridge, looking fresh. The hotel must just put them in there based on his flight.

He was a picky man and he would cook for himself instead of eating food here in Iqethi.

But what he cooked was awful. Who knew how he ate them?

It was hilarious to think of a big tall man who was picky about what he ate.

Maybe the hotel staff prepared those raw materials because he knew that what Franklin could cook was all simple stuff.

Sylvia took out the meat and julienned it together with tomatoes and some other vegetables.

While in the living room of the suite Franklin's phone was ringing nonstop like it was never coming to an end.

Sylvia had no choice but to wash her hands and walk over. The caller ID was still Miss Evans.

This woman just wouldn't give up.

Sylvia knocked on his door again with his phone in her hand. And a male voice came from inside, "Come in."

He had finished showering already?

Sylvia didn't think much and pushed the door open. A half-naked man was rubbing his hair with a towel with another white towel around his waist.

Six-pack abs were lined up on his stomach, sexy as hell.

Sylvia's face was burning hot, "Your phone kept ringing. It's annoying."

"My hands are wet. Pick it up for me, will you?" Franklin grabbed that towel, his hair wet and tangled, which added to his handsomeness in a wild way.

Sylvia soon turned around and pressed the button, "Hello?"

The girl on the other side of the phone was obviously dumbfounded; she then asked in a soft voice, "Isn't this Franklin's phone?"

"He just got out of the shower. What do you wanna say to him?" Sylvia replied coolly.

"Who are you?" Miss Evans asked again unpleasantly, "Why are you with Franklin?"

"You just called to ask about this? I guess there's nothing important you wanna say to Mr. Maskelyne. Goodbye." Sylvia hung up.

Then Sylvia threw his phone at him, "Your girl was not happy about me picking it up for you."

Miss Evans who kept asking really annoyed Sylvia.

Sylvia added before Franklin could say something, "I was going to make two sets of dinner. But now, I've decided to make just one."

Franklin's phone rang again when Sylvia turned around and left.

She sneered and then walked towards the kitchen.

Franklin picked up the phone with impatience, "Hello?"

Tiffany Evans said innocently the second she heard his voice, "Franklin, who's that woman? She's so mean."

"That's none of your business. What are you calling me for?" Franklin said coldly, deadpan.

Tiffany was astonished at the thought of why would they, a man and a woman, be together in the dead of the night.

She was getting more furious. Was Franklin still married and his wife went to Iqethi, too? Or did he cheat on his wife?

After all, what he owned was not only that stunning face but also his wealth. Words had it that he had got married.

Tiffany had been wanting to meet Mrs. Maskelyne she had been hearing about but Franklin wouldn't let her.

She then said in a more aggrieved voice, "I saw the news that your flight ran into turbulence yesterday. I'm worried about you."

"I'm fine." Franklin replied with a better attitude, "I gotta go."

"Hey, Franklin! Don't hang up. I haven't finished." Tiffany hurriedly said hearing he was going to hang up.

"What then?" Franklin was already starving. He didn't have time to chitchat with Tiffany here and just wanted to ask Sylvia for a plate of spaghetti.

"Franklin, you promised you'll get me the number of Master Keturah. My piano competition is coming. Grandpa would give up on me if I don't win this time," Tiffany said in her soft and tender voice.

She acted as if she would literally cry if he didn't help her.

Franklin replied, "I know. I'll deal with it when I get back."

Then he hung up and went straight to the kitchen.

Tiffany stared at her phone, gnashing her teeth.

Franklin was very nice to her before. Why did he change so much?

He just said to her not long ago that she was the girl he had been looking for and he would be there for her.

It had just been days.

What happened to him?

Tiffany felt she was the luckiest girl in the world when Franklin found her.

No woman in the world could resist the charm of Franklin.

It must be that woman who seduced him.

Tiffany was so angry that she just wanted to smash the phone.

In the kitchen.

Sylvia cooked in an experienced manner. She even looked amazing when she cooked spaghetti.

Franklin just stood in front of the kitchen, staring at her who was cooking elegantly in a pink cartoon pajama with a head of long and wet hair causally draping down.

He had always enjoyed it to watch her cook.

What she cooked was as luscious as she was.

But after the divorce, this never happened.

He looked at her affectionately with his eyes.

Sylvia turned around and spotted him who was strong and tall. Then she blinked and walked out of the kitchen with a plate of spaghetti in her hand like she didn't see him.

The attractive smell of meat triggered Franklin's stomach ache. He looked at it with his Adam's Apple moving up and down.

"Really? Just one?"

Franklin grabbed her arm.

"Mr. Maskelyne, I'm just your ex-wife." Sylvia laughed and thought, 'Go eat what Miss Evans made you.'

"There's nothing between us. She was just a play date." Franklin followed her outward to the kitchen, "She saved my life once when we were little."

Franklin never explained anything to anyone. And he had no idea why he explained who Tiffany was to Sylvia.

He had become weirder after the divorce.

Sylvia took a bite. It was delicious.

She kept digging in and didn't raise her head, "Well, a lifesaver."

"She just asked me for a favor. I couldn't say no, you know, she saved my life," Franklin explained again. What was wrong with him? He made a second explanation in ten minutes.

"That's why you couldn't wait to divorce me. Turns out there is someone else." Sylvia took a glance at Franklin with a complicated smile.

Her rosy lips were greasy, looking enchanting.

Franklin got thirsty in his throat so he took a deep breath.

“No one. There’s no one!”

“How old do you think I am?” Sylvia sneered. Men were all the same, and they always wanted the next one. Maybe for Franklin, it was time to make a change.

For instance, someone sweet like Miss Evans.

She was nice.

“She was just a playdate.” Franklin frowned, eyeing Sylvia, “Are you jealous?”

“No way.” Sylvia acted like she didn’t know what he was talking about. She stretched herself, put away the plate, and washed it.

Looking at the spotless kitchen, Franklin felt very hungry. “I’m starving.”

“Well.” Sylvia nodded. It was none of her business.

“You used me at the airport,” Franklin added.

Sylvia turned around and stared at him peacefully, “I’ve already agreed on staying here.”

“I didn’t eat lunch today.” Franklin pressed on his poor stomach.

Sylvia knew how picky this man could be. So, the problem with his stomach had never gone.