

Revealed 41

chapter 41

After freshening up, Sylvia checked the time and found that it was already 11 o'clock at noon.

There was a bunch of food freshly added to the fridge.

"I want Tournedos Rossini, Cold Grilled Chicken..." Franklin walked over in a robe, with the collar wide open, and with a looming sight of his pectoral muscles which captured the imagination.

"What? This is a restaurant or something?" Her hands that were getting the apron done paused and felt that she was like his maid.

"I need to keep up the strength of my body, you know, from last night. And also I have a flight at four this afternoon." Franklin looked down at her with his eyebrows relaxing and said earnestly.

Her face was burning. After all, she was just a 22-year-old girl. It seemed like those in the fridge were all prepared as Franklin asked.

She required without a nice attitude, "You, take care of the main dish."

It was not new for Franklin because he used to help her in the kitchen when he had time back at home when they were still married.

Sylvia took a look at him and shoved the potatoes in his hand, "Here."

The side of his face was still gorgeous when he was peeling the potato. A few glances at him would make one fascinated.

Even his peeling a potato was like making a sculpture.

God really loved him.

Sylvia glanced at him and then moved on to other ingredients.

One hour later.

The dishes Franklin ordered before were all on the dining table. He took the liberty to bring out the main dish, knives, and forks before Sylvia asked.

They then sat down.

Franklin smiled as he really enjoyed such a moment of peace.

But he could only get this feeling when he was with her, and not anyone else.

He decently put a slice of mutton into his mouth and chewed contentedly, "Yum!"

Sylvia stopped him when he was about to eat a third plate of mutton.

"As a doctor, I should warn you that binge eating would hurt your stomach."

"Are you worried about me?" Franklin stared at her and his gaze fell on somewhere else of her body.

He was full obviously but he couldn't stop eating.

Weren't bosses all strict about how much they ate? Like a small plate of steak?

Why couldn't this boss in front of her stop eating? He almost ate them all on the table.

He deserved that stomach ache!

Sylvia never saw him like this when they were still married.

"I'm a doctor. It's my job." Sylvia looked down and moved on to her dish.

Franklin smirked. Even he himself hadn't gotten used to the divorce, so no matter how aloofly Sylvia acted, she might feel the same way as him, right?

He got much better at this thought.

Those pleasant lovemaking scenes rose before his eyes again.

When one is fed and warmed, one's sexual desires will come up.

Franklin stared at her tender skin in a black nightdress, which popped up her smooth skin. And every man would kill to have sex with her.

His mouth would dry when his eyes met her big round eyes even though there was no expression on her face.

Just like right now

Franklin stared at her breast and he just wanted to strip her.

Sylvia sensed his staring and looked up right at his aggressive and sexual eyes glaring at her.

She couldn't be more familiar with this look after a four-year marring with him, so she frowned.

"Franklin, what you wanna do?"

The next second, he threw down the knife and fork and held her on his shoulder.

Then he dropped her on the couch and pressed her with his strong body.

Sylvia started to struggle. What happened last night was an accident and she couldn't let it happen again and again.

She needed a clean break with him. How could she have sex with her ex-husband?

It got sexier.

And Sylvia's face got hotter.

The virus was activated again.

She realized that she couldn't resist it when that man was Franklin.

If he were someone else, she would kick his ass.

But it was Franklin...

It was impossible to fight against the virus inside her even if she wanted to.

She smelled so great. Franklin held her waist tightly and kissed her right on her lips.

There was still enough time left for a couple of sex rounds before four o'clock.

The intense lovemaking was back again on the couch.

Franklin held her to the bathroom, helped her clean up, and then put her on the bed.

At the sight of Sylvia who was lying on his chest, he held her closer to him with his hand around her waist.

The sex was too intense so she had fallen asleep.

There was a slight smell coming from her who had just showered. And she slept heavily with her hair around his neck.

Franklin put his finger on the middle part of her eyebrows and then brushed the hair away from her dainty face, staring at her lovingly with one hand holding up his chin.

She was so pretty that she looked like an angel falling from heaven.

His habitually knitted eyebrows started to spread somehow.

Everything around them was just right at the sight of her sweet face.

One day he would figure out everything about her!

Franklin touched her face back and forth with his finger, and once again he felt her tender and smooth skin.

Franklin took a deep breath and pulled his hand back. Then he lay down by her, holding her much closer to him.

It was two hours later when they woke up.

Sylvia was at a loss for words as it was the second embarrassing moment within a day.

Franklin suddenly opened his eyes with subtle tenderness in them as he sensed her move.

The short eye contact between them was extremely embarrassing.

Franklin then put his hand behind her head.

He kissed her again in an erotic way.

Sylvia slowly closed her eyes with his breaths pervading across her mouth.

It was a short kiss. But Sylvia looked like she just had had sex with him again when he moved his lips.

She finally admitted that her body wanted him so much.

She wouldn't be able to resist but she would respond with obedience when Franklin approached her. Sometimes when the virus went rogue she would even ask him to do her harder with a kiss.

Damn it!

It was raining outside in rhythm.

Sylvia frowned a little, "Would the rain affect your flight?"

Franklin held her slightly cold hands, trying to warm them up, "I'll find out later at the meeting. Now, get up. We should go."

"Okay." Sylvia nodded.

They had dressed up after ten more minutes.

Franklin, in a uniform, looked like a charming figure coming from a comic book.

Especially that pair of surprisingly amazing legs.

Sylvia looked rather vigorous and fresh in those jeans.

They were all breathtaking.

The wind was blowing outside the hotel, which was chilly along with the rain.

Franklin drove them to the airport.

Sylvia sometimes checked on the view outside the window with thick lashes draping down above her eyes.

Franklin passed her a flight ticket when they arrived at the airport.

She took it over with her eyebrows raised. Then Franklin said in a deep and sexy voice, "I gotta go to the meeting."

Sylvia nodded and watched him walk away.

There was still some time before departure. She rubbed the area between her eyebrows with sadness.

How could she make love to him?

She admitted that he was good-looking and his body was great.

But it couldn't be that the virus inside her relapsed every time they were together.

She felt so shameful.

She must not do that again!

But what was he doing here with her now that they had divorced?

She felt herself at a disadvantage with him.

Elsa walked over with a few stewardesses. They were all dumbfounded at the sight of Sylvia.

After all, she was the wife of Captain Franklin and they had been through a life-and-death situation.

So these beautiful women walked toward her and said to her with a smile, "Mrs. Maskelyne, why don't you stay a little longer here?"

"Chief purser, how you doing? Will the flight be too much for you?" Sylvia raised her eyes and met Elsa's smiling face.

Elsa seemed nice.

"I've rested for a day. I'm fine now. Just a small bump on the head." Elsa remembered vividly when Sylvia helped her that day, "Thanks to Mrs. Maskelyne, or I have no idea what would happen."

"That's right. You helped check on the Chief purser. I was scared to death," another stewardess said.

"You were awesome. How could you be that composed?"

"Maybe it was that Franklin was there with me," Sylvia said with a smile.

"Hurry! We got a meeting to catch."

An unpleasant voice interrupted when they were talking to Sylvia, gathering around her.