

Revealed 43

chapter 43

“Rumor! Mrs. Maskelyne got on Captain Franklin’s flight. They are lovey-dovey.”

“Seemingly you guys can marry Captain Franklin if they get divorced.”

“LOL. In Mrs. Maskelyne’s corner 100%.”

There were also some voices of conspiracy theorists, like “I think it’s a publicity trick used by SouthStar Airlines to build a positive image again.”

“Publicity trick? They did encounter turbulence. Captain Franklin managed to deal with it. Chief purser got injured. Mrs. Maskelyne pacified the passengers. Those were the facts. Could SouthStar Airlines anticipate such an accident? And did they dare to market themselves with the lives of more than one hundred passengers?”

“I agree with the upper. Obviously, it is instinctual in dangerous situations. And passengers and stewardesses didn’t know she is Mrs. Maskelyne before. Captain Franklin is masterly, and Mrs. Maskelyne is strong-minded.”

“They are fabulous! If Captain Franklin had been not so professional, what we are talking about would be an air disaster instead. And sis! It will be another disaster for SouthStar Airlines’ reputation. So, you guys still think they just hype themselves with this? Unless they are out of mind.”

...

A small country in the Eastern Evodroupoli far away.

In a lush three-floor villa.

At ease, a middle-aged man was sitting in front of the swimming pool in the courtyard. Basked in the sunshine, he leisurely wobbled the red wine in his glass.

He took a sip from time to time. Some domestics were doing the cleaning and sporadically came to him and asked about his needs.

At this moment.

There was a “bang” from the gate of the villa.

It startled the man, and the servants ran out, speaking about something in the local language.

“Go and see!” The man ordered.

A young lady was about to go to the gate.

A crowd of policemen in uniform rushed in with guns in their hands, pointing at the man.

He goggled in shock, wondering why he was still found even if he fled here.

Impossible.

However, the policeman at the front directly showed him a warrant for his arrest and said, "Buddy Burton. You have violated the laws of H Rovirsa. Hit and run. Be in arrears with the salaries for migrant workers. Embezzle the money for projects. And now, you are arrested. Whatever you say will become evidence in court."

"No. You got wrong. Not me!" howled the man.

He spent so much money hiding his tracks, bounced from country to country, and finally stayed in such a small place. How could the police of H Rovirsa still find him out?

"Take him away." The policeman put away the warrant and stepped forward, directly placing cold handcuffs on Buddy.

Buddy turned deathly pale. The glass in his hand dropped and smashed into pieces.

The leisure was no longer on his face.

...

After flying all night, the plane safely landed at the Larro international airport in the capital of H Rovirsa at 4 a.m.

As soon as Sylvia stepped off, she saw Logan's car.

And she directly got in the car without saying a word.

When Franklin chased out, he could only see the back of a Land Rover galloping away.

In the wee hours, there was a special coolness and the sky was pale.

The breezes were a bit chilly.

Darcie came to Franklin as she read Twitter, feeling unsatisfied.

She said to the man, who was tall and straight, angrily, "Look at this, Captain Franklin."

"What?" he said indifferently, standing still.

"It seems that Mrs. Maskelyne is hyping." Darcie didn't dissimulate the smugness in her eyes, "Unexpectedly, she actually wants to be famous."

"Hyping?" Franklin finally dropped his gaze to Darcie, which was cold though.

Darcie was so excited that her fingers couldn't help but tremble, thinking that the man was eventually willing to take a look at her.

When she was still pondering whether she had put on good make-up, the man's quiet voice said again, "Who is hyping?"

"Ah, Captain Franklin, here." It made Darcie feel a bit furious that he actually didn't look at her.

But talking with him still delighted her.

She lifted her phone and showed Franklin, “Bombshells on Twitter. For Mrs. Maskelyne’s video and another topic...”

Franklin got sullen with his brow furrowed. He stared at the hashtags on Twitter and wondered why they became the trending topic.

Darcie was observing his expressions.

His displeasure made her excited to the extreme. Sylvia, Franklin’s wrath was to confront you!

She immediately said, “Captain Franklin, Mrs. Maskelyne is quite good at hyping herself. It is astonishing. You should teach her a lesson as she did a disservice to SouthStar Airlines.”

Franklin then squinted at her fiercely and his tall figure showed a great sense of oppressiveness. He asked, “You know about my wife? What were you doing when she pacified passengers?”

The last words were extremely cold which made Darcie shudder unconsciously.

“Captain Franklin, what she did violates our rules. She is not a member of the crew. You, and we, will be punished...” Darcie was shocked and her eyes popped. How did this happen?

Did he get displeased not because of Sylvia’s hyping but her words?

Why?

She couldn’t conceal her anger and asked, “Captain Franklin, you gonna shield her?”

“She saved more than a hundred people.” Franklin sneered at her and stepped forward with his long legs, “If we were to punish such a lady, it would be a real disservice to SouthStar Airlines.”

Darcie felt stifled due to anger. She caught up with him and assailed, “Captain Franklin, you should not have covered up for her. She’s got out of line!”

The man stopped and turned his head towards her. His eyes were cold and horrific. “I’m the boss of SouthStar Airlines, and no one should question my decisions.”

Due to his frightening eyes, Darcie couldn’t control herself but let the tears roll down her face. She explained, “Captain Franklin, I just want the best for our company.”

Franklin showed a sullen face with an aura of aggressiveness. He spoke after a pause, “Who are you? Why do you want the best for SouthStar Airlines?”

Standing still, Darcie felt like a ton of ice water pouring down on her, chilled to the marrow.

She goggled at the tall man, feeling unbelievable.

She spent a lot and even took advantage of the influence of the Hart family to enter Franklin’s crew.

For him, she, a female aristocrat, worked so hard, tolerated the difficulties created by all kinds of passengers, and did chores.

But he actually said to her – “Who are you?”

Didn’t he know about her?

They had been colleagues for so long!

She could no longer refrain from shedding tears.