

## Revealed 46

### chapter 46

"Someone says he has a wife on Twitter." Tiffany's mother felt a bit worried, "The Evans family and your grandpa enjoy a good reputation. You can't ruin it."

"I know, mom. He promises me that he will get divorced," said Tiffany with a smile, "Just relax. I will request him to make our relationship public."

"OK." Neve always thought it dubious.

How did her daughter become the girl whom Franklin had sought for ten years?

Tiffany stayed with her 10 years ago. When did she have a romance with the young Franklin?

She could not figure it out.

But if Tiffany finally became Mrs. Maskelyne, she would definitely be the heir of the Evans family.

Neve fantasized about it and went to the Lilypad General Hospital with Tiffany.

Eddie Evans, Emmanuel's brother, was sitting beside the bed and chatting with the old Evans, "Dad, I hear that Dr. Sylvia's skill is consummate. Tomorrow, I will ask if she can check for you. She only has one surgery a month."

It seemed that the old Evans was not so sprightly. He shook his head and said, "Come on. I cannot be healed for a while. Only if you don't make me angry, I will get better soon."

"Dad, how about listening to the tune Edda practiced in the morning?" Eddie hurried to take his phone and showed the video to the old Evans.

As Neve walked into the ward, she saw this scene. She couldn't help but roll her eyes and said, "Eddie, dad doesn't feel good. Why do you still ask him to teach Edda?"

"Listen to yourself, Neve," Eddie frowned and rebutted, "He's bored. I just show him the video to amuse him."

"Grandpa, are you feeling better?" Tiffany stepped in front of the bed and asked concernedly.

"Not bad." The old Evans got distraught when his sons and their wives got together and quarreled with each other. "Leave me alone. I need to be quiet. My carer can take good care of me."

"Grandpa, I just got here..." Tiffany wanted to get close to the old Evans. How could she make their relationship better if he asked her to leave as she just came here?

"Do what you need to do. Don't be here so frequently." The old Evans then covered himself in the quilt after he finished saying such words.

Neve winked at Tiffany and left with her. And she didn't forget to call Eddie, "Eddie, just go."

Eddie reluctantly stood up and got out of the ward.

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Hardly when Sylvia arrived at the hospital did she be called to the director's office.

"Director, do you need me?"

The hospital director wrung his hands, looking at her awkwardly, and said, "Dr. Sylvia, I've got a huge favor to ask."

"Come on. Who let you ask me to do surgery for him?" Sylvia sat on the couch, crossing her legs elegantly. Her beautiful beady eyes showed that she had known everything.

The director smiled and continued, "No one can pull the wool over your eyes, Dr. Sylvia. But he didn't ask me to. I ask you."

"Oh?" Sylvia raised her brows.

"I have an old friend. We know each other for more than twenty years. He was exasperated by his offspring and got sick. He needs bypass surgery." The director shook his head, "I don't trust others but you. Here are the test results of his condition. I examine him by myself."

He put the results in front of Sylvia.

"Hypertension and diabetes? And four bypasses are needed for him. Mr. Remy can do it. I'm not the only person," the beautiful woman sat on the couch and said.

She wore a grass-green dress with a white coat today, which made people feel comfortable and refreshed.

Her twinkling eyes, especially, were impressive as they focused on you.

"Mr. Remy did surgery in the morning. I'm afraid he can't stand for another surgery which needs four bypasses." The director sighed, "Dr. Sylvia, I know the contract between you and the hospital and I cannot force you. We didn't give you a salary before because you charged based on the difficulty of the surgeries. But at least, we are colleagues now. I know your rules and I almost refuse others' requests no matter how important they were. It's the first time that I have asked you. Please."

Sylvia murmured to herself. After a while, she spoke with her full lips opened, "We are colleagues, aren't we? I can take it, but I need you to transfer a patient to this hospital, and his cost of treatment should be waived. His family is having a hard time."

"Dr. Sylvia, you are never at a loss. Deal." The director smiled, with his head shaking slightly, "I bring you to my old friend now."

"We will meet in the operating room at 9 a.m. tomorrow. I will send the information of my patient to you." Sylvia stood up as she finished speaking.

At 2 p.m., Levi Thomson, the worker who had an accident during the construction of the Wilson family's Hotel, was transferred to Lilypad General Hospital.

Looking frightened, his wife asked the nurse urgently, "Miss, why are you transferring my husband?"

“The health care of Lilypad General Hospital is relatively the best in Larro. Don’t worry. We will reimburse your husband for any expense of his treatment,” the nurse said, smiling, and then walked away with her medicine cart.

Levi’s wife was called Cara Rees. In normal times, Levi worked in Larro while she planted crops and looked after their children in the countryside.

After Levi got injured, the family lost the breadwinner. She commended the children to Levi’s parents and took care of Levi in Larro.

However, the cost of ICU was sky-high. She nearly lent money from nearly all her relatives. The unscrupulous employer of the construction company, named Otto, left 100,000 dollars and vanished.

And she couldn’t contact him.

In the ICU, the cost was more than 10,000 dollars. The money was soon used up.

These days, Cara almost cried all her tears. And luck just happened to her suddenly?

The hospital reimbursed all the expenses?

It was like the universe just gave her a gift.

Sylvia stepped out of the office and came to the corridor of the ICU, seeing Cara wiping away her tears.

She looked like in her early forties but she was actually in her thirties. Toiling made her look tired, her face dotted with some freckles.

The clothes she wore were made of sackcloth, with a pair of man-made shoes. They were worn but tidy.

Sylvia walked to her and asked, “Are you Levi’s wife Cara?”

She had read the information of Levi.

“Yes. You are?” Cara looked at her in surprise. She had never seen such a beautiful lady who was prettier than the stars on TV.

“I’m Sylvia. A doctor. I have known about your husband’s situation.” Sylvia put her hands in the pockets of her white coat, “I will do the craniotomy for him. I have to clean the clots in his brain. And his right leg and arms are broken. You know these.”

“Yes. The doctor in the other hospital said he was about to be in a vegetative state.” Cara cried again as she said so. She doubted if such a young doctor could cure his husband.

“Don’t cry. All the surgeries are risky.” Sylvia said calmly, trying to soothe Cara, “So is a craniotomy. There is still hope. We arrange his surgery in the morning of the day after tomorrow. We can’t put it off any longer.”

“I see. Thank you, Dr. Sylvia.” Cara cried more loudly. Her eyes were red. Now she knew why the hospital would reimburse all the expenses. It was for the young doctor to practice with his husband.

She just cried and covered her face with her hands, sitting in front of the door of the ICU.

But she was too poor to ask a good doctor for help.

She had nothing to do but accept it because it was the only hospital that didn't need her to pay.

Her family was just too poor.

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In a romantic fancy restaurant for French food.

A charming man in a black shirt sat on his seat. Reserved and noble. He put a sliced steak into his mouth in an elegant manner.