

Revealed 47

chapter 47

Tiffany strained every sinew to hide the affection in her eyes. She shyly raised the goblet with red wine and said, "Cheers. For your safe return."

"Thanks."

"My mother asks me to invite you to pay a visit, will you?" Tiffany took a sip of wine and then looked at Franklin, with hands holding her face.

For this dating, she had a professional stylist to dress her up. She put on delicate makeup in a white dress and silver high heels. She looked elegant and gorgeous.

She was beautiful. However, compared to Sylvia, she was nothing.

Others might reckon that Tiffany was really pretty, but from the perspective of Franklin, Tiffany was plain-looking.

There were a lot of beauties he had seen. The celebrities of the entertainment company of Maskelyne Group had been countless.

"It's not convenient for the moment," Franklin said, looking at Tiffany.

There was a flash of disappointment in her eyes, but she soon concealed it and said with studied casualness, "That's OK. You are a busy man. I will tell my mom."

Franklin's phone suddenly rang.

It was an unknown number. Franklin answered it impassively, "Hello."

"Mr. Maskelyne. I'm Honey. My birthday party is being held tonight. You promise me you will come." There came the sweet voice of Honey.

Franklin recalled in his mind and remembered that he accepted a star's invitation before he got divorced to irritate Sylvia.

He did stew himself in the juice. At that time, Sylvia was so heartless that she didn't react at all.

And now he had to keep his appointment because he was a man of his word.

He would not get others stood up.

The French food was not tasty. He just took a few bites.

At this moment, he felt it more unpalatable.

Especially the perfume of Tiffany was so scented that it made his nose really uncomfortable.

"Where are you? I go there now," said Franklin.

Honey was radiant at his words. She thought he would not be present.

Then she hurried to say, "I text you."

“Good.”

Franklin hung up the phone and saw Tiffany looking at him worriedly. She asked, “Franklin, are you leaving now?”

“A friend’s birthday party. Come along?” Franklin rose to his feet and grabbed his jacket, then he asked her, “Do you finish?”

Tiffany thought, ‘You have stood up, and if I say no, that would be indecent.’

Therefore, she got up elegantly and looked awkward, “Can I? Does it trouble you?”

“That’s OK,” replied Franklin, who then walked out.

Tiffany wore a pair of high heels today. And Franklin walked so fast with his long legs that she had to trot to catch up with him.

He was so inconsiderate!

Each of her ex-boyfriends used to pamper her.

Tiffany felt a bit angry, but she endured it. She had to hold back her anger to get Franklin, a wealthy and powerful man. Others even had no chance to be treated that way.

The birthday party was held in a small opera. She invited some of her big fans and friends.

Compared to A-listers’ party, it was really small.

Although the opera was not that spacious, its decoration was delicate and sweet.

She just got on trending this year. Such a small party was not exaggerating that it would make her look popular. After all, if she chose a big place like a stadium or exhibition center, it would be embarrassing to death when merely hundreds of people were present.

And a small opera could make her birthday party look crowded.

Incidentally, she could hype that it was hard to get a ticket or so, to make her seem to be in a higher rank.

Sitting backstage, Honey was expecting Franklin’s arrival.

The entertainment agent had been conferring with the emcee about how Franklin showed up, “Mr. Maskelyne has to address. At the end or beginning?”

“Uh... It depends on Mr. Maskelyne?” The emcee was also a member of the entertainment company of Maskelyne Group. It was the first time that he had heard that Franklin join in such a party.

Was the rumor real that Franklin had an affair with Honey?

Mr. Maskelyne did descend to taking part in this kind of party?

“Well, I will ask him then.” The agent was radiant with vigor. Only if Franklin came, he would absolutely seize the chance to hype.

He was bound to make Honey one of the A-listers!

After half an hour, Franklin's car stopped in front of the gate of the opera. He walked in with Tiffany.

The opera was full of Honey's fans for the sake of her birthday.

Tiffany was a bit envious in her mind. But she then thought when she became a piano virtuoso, her fans must be much more than Honey's.

Moreover, her family was much better than such a starlet's.

The agent was standing at the gate to welcome Franklin. As he saw him, he said hurriedly and excitedly, "Mr. Maskelyne, your presence is a great honor."

Franklin looked aloof and asked, "Where is Honey?"

"She's backstage. This way." The agent led Franklin backstage. He then found that there was a lady following behind Franklin.

He just thought she was a fan of Honey. But now, he felt something was wrong.

Was she Mrs. Maskelyne they had been hearing about?

"This lady is..." The agent asked humbly as he walked.

"Oh, Tiffany Evans." Franklin still looked offish.

'Mr. Maskelyne Introduced her in such an open manner?'

The agent felt more confused. He thought the last name "Evans" was so familiar, which he might have heard somewhere.

However, they had reached backstage, and no time was left for him to ponder it.

Honey heard the footsteps and rose to her feet, "Hello, Mr. Maskelyne!"

She hastened to greet Franklin. The smile on her face resembled a rose in full bloom.