

Revealed 50

chapter 50

The security guards could hardly open their eyes under the wind caused by the propeller. The leader held a flashlight with one hand and a baton with the other. He plucked up his courage and yelled, "Who are you?"

A tall, sturdy man stepped out of the cabin. He asked huskily, "Where does Logan Mertens live?"

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The night was deep.

Sylvia stretched and closed her notebook. Then she put away the medical books.

Before going back to the bedroom, she saw Logan sleeping aside.

He nestled on the mat next to her, his head pressing against the sofa. Although it was a shocking gesture, he was sleeping soundly. He breathed evenly, grinding his teeth repeatedly, reminding her of a husky guarding the door.

Sylvia bent over and patted his cheek. "Get up, Logan. Go back to your room."

Logan opened his eyes dizzily. "Hmm?"

When he struggled to stand up, Sylvia tried to help him. However, he was too drunk and too dizzy to keep his balance. After a stagger, they both fell to the sofa.

When Sylvia realized it, she was nestling on Logan's chest.

'What a fool!'

She slapped him across his head. "Get up! I should have left you here."

Right after she finished her words, she felt chilly.

Sylvia was always sensitive to changes in the environment. When she raised her head in confusion, she saw a man step in with a twisted face.

He strode toward them as if coming across the blades step by step.

Behind him, Jasper wiped the sweat off his forehead. He didn't expect to follow Franklin out at midnight for catching adultery.

'Miss Andrews interacted intimately with Logan Mertens and was caught by Mr. Maskelyne on the scene.'

Sylvia looked at Franklin in confusion, noticing the angry flames in his eyes. "Why are you in my house? I didn't invite you to my home."

Her words sent him into a rage.

'Her house? Her home?'

It turned out she had never considered Townyer Villa as where her home was. Her home was in the house where Logan was.

Franklin seized her wrist tightly. "Go home with me."

Although he sounded agitated, Sylvia yawned lazily.

The next second, she quickly broke free from his grip and darted at him in disdain. "Franklin Maskelyne, you intruded on my house. How dare you be so arrogant!"

She had already calmed down but felt confused about Franklin's sudden appearance.

Mainly she was puzzled by his jealous tone.

Since the divorce, she often doubted if she knew Franklin well.

Jasper was too shocked to utter a beep.

'Miss Andrews, can't you tell Mr. Maskelyne is jealous and angry? He couldn't wait to come over to take you home.'

Jasper panicked, wishing he could be Franklin's interpreter, but unfortunately, he didn't have the guts.

He darted at Franklin gingerly, only to see the fury surging among other mixed feelings, which he couldn't tell.

'God bless you, Miss Andrews.'

It was too late, so the bodyguards and servants in the villa had gone to bed.

Logan still lay on the sofa. Sylvia got off, waving at Franklin, considering him as free labor. "Help me carry him to the bedroom."

Franklin gazed at her intensely.

'How dare she ask me to help her carry her lover into the bedroom! Does she want me to watch her and the bastard lie on the same bed?'

With a sullen look, he squeezed a question between his teeth, "Sylvia Andrews, how dare you treat me this way!"

Sylvia was shocked.

She only wanted him to help her carry Logan into the bedroom, but he seemed pissed. She was annoyed and amused slightly.

Franklin kept approaching her, enveloping her with his rage.

"You refused to stay in Townyer Villa. It turned out you wanted to stay with Logan Mertens. Are you so happy to be his mistress?"

Before Sylvia understood what he meant, Franklin dragged her into his arms. Then she felt pain in her lips.

He pressed an angry kiss on her lips, biting and sucking them like crazy.

She was overwhelmed by the familiar alpha male's scent.

Sylvia's eyes turned icy, and she didn't respond.

Franklin behaved like a kid whose toy had been snatched by another child. He didn't care about the toy in the past, but he wanted it back after it had been taken away.

How childish! How ridiculous!

Sylvia wondered if he knew what he was doing.

They had divorced, and they didn't love each other.

Franklin suddenly appeared in the house, looking as if he found his wife had cheated on her.

It was ridiculous to Sylvia. When she returned to her senses and was about to push Franklin, she felt his heated breath on her sensitive neck.

Sylvia pushed him but failed to distance herself from him.

Jasper gaped. Then he whispered, "Mr. Maskelyne fell asleep."

Sylvia was in a wordless state of shock.

Tilting her head, she checked on Franklin, who hugged her tightly. While she was crazily bitching about him, he collapsed on her shoulder and fell asleep.

He breathed evenly and calmly.

One man was lying on the sofa, sleeping soundly. Another was holding her, pressing his neck on her shoulder, and sleeping.

"Franklin?" Sylvia called his name helplessly. "Wake up. Let go of me."

However, he had no response.

Sylvia checked the clock on the wall. It was almost midnight.

"Take your master away." She glanced at Jasper.

Under her angry gaze, Jasper trotted over. He rubbed his hands and was about to distance Franklin from Sylvia. However, no matter how hard he tried, Franklin slept too deeply to be woken up.

Notably, his arms locked up Sylvia's waist like a vice. He didn't want to let go of her at all.

'How could he be so powerful after falling asleep?'

Sylvia heaved a sigh.

Franklin hadn't wrapped his arms around her waist only but also clung to her. Sylvia was as stiff as an iron bar.

She tried to break free but failed.

She couldn't keep standing in the living room.

"Since Mr. Maskelyne got off the flight two days ago, he had never slept," Jasper whispered to explain, "So that's why he's sleeping so soundly now."

"He hasn't slept for two days?" Sylvia looked at him in doubt. In the past, Franklin had a regular daily routine. She wondered if it was because of his insomnia.

"Miss Andrews, I can help you move him to the bedroom."

"Move him to the guest room." Sylvia had a headache. There were two guest rooms on the first floor beside the living room and the kitchen.

Logan stayed in the villa, and some bodyguards and servants stayed on the third and fourth floors.

Sylvia had to walk while dragging Franklin forcibly, feeling tired and irritated.