

## Revealed 51

### chapter 51

When helping them, Jasper got tired as well. After helping Sylvia and Franklin lie on the bed, he dragged Logan into another guest room.

After everything ended, Jasper felt exhausted. He lay on the sofa in the living room and fell asleep.

Fortunately, there was a small blanket on the sofa, so he made do with it.

While Franklin was sleeping soundly, Sylvia suffered too much as she couldn't move at all.

Franklin restrained her in his arms tightly.

When she woke up a few hours later, she felt that all her bones seemed dissembled.

Her throat was dried.

"If you keep moving, I can't guarantee what I'll do to you."

A husky voice suddenly sounded in her ear.

'Is Franklin awake?'

Sylvia breathed a sigh of relief. "Are you awake?"

Franklin had a sound sleep after staying up for two days. Now, he looked spirited.

He enjoyed the moment when he woke up and saw Sylvia.

"Let go of me!" Sylvia glared at him. "I'm almost..."

Before she finished speaking, he sealed her lips with a kiss.

The temperature in the room rose rapidly.

'Damn it!'

Holding the familiar figure, Franklin was immersed when their breath intertwined.

Sylvia blushed, and the virus inside her body took effect again.

Franklin had to admit that she had different sides. Sometimes, she was aggressive, sometimes as cold as an iceberg, and occasionally enchanting and sexy, just like now.

Her mystery made him fall for her.

'If I had known she was such a woman, I wouldn't have...'

Franklin shook his head vigorously, shocked by his thoughts.

They had divorced, but he seemed unable to part from Sylvia. He gradually changed and couldn't understand himself.

Franklin believed that it must be because of the mania.

The scene in his sight had fully occupied his mind. Shaking off his thoughts, he decided to do something more meaningful.

The next second, he stripped them both and positioned himself above her. He wanted to take her so that she would stop hitting on other men. He wanted to punish her with his passion so that she would fear other men.

Franklin squeezed her tightly, and Sylvia couldn't move at all. She even found it difficult to breathe.

When she woke up, it was bright outside.

The pleasant experience in the early morning had soothed Franklin's irritation.

He woke up earlier than Sylvia. Noticing her movement in his arms, he asked, "Are you awake?"

Sylvia looked up at him, her mood not as good as his.

No woman would feel pleased seeing her ex-husband as soon as she woke up in the morning.

She had an indescribable feeling right then.

She urged herself to control her virus as she couldn't bear it any longer.

Why would she have divorced him if this kind of thing kept going on?

As long as she was by Franklin's side, she wouldn't be able to get her freedom all her life.

She had been fed up with the marriage without love in the past four years.

"I have an operation today. Move. I'm getting up," Sylvia said impatiently.

Franklin's good mood was ruined. He could tell she was unhappy.

Hence, he moved obediently.

Ten minutes later, Franklin pulled the door of the guestroom open.

Meanwhile, the door of the other guestroom was opened as well.

The two men walked out in unison.

With messy hair, Logan gaped at Franklin. He rubbed his eyes, looking puzzled. "How could I see Franklin Maskelyne, that bastard?"

He still looked confused, not yet sobered up.

He wondered what had happened. Once he opened the door, he saw Franklin, who wasn't supposed to appear in the house.

Logan's mind was blank.

After gaping at Franklin for a while, he returned to the guestroom and slammed the door shut. Then he confirmed that he was in his house.

'Was it my illusion?'

After a long while, Logan pinched his thigh and almost cried out in pain.

Showing teeth, he reopened the door but couldn't believe his eyes.

Sylvia and Franklin walked side by side, heading for the dining room.

With messy hair, Logan stood at the dining table, glaring at the divorced couple who were elegantly munching the food.

Franklin was handsome, and Sylvia was pretty. They were supposed to be a pleasant view of the house. However, Logan was horrified.

"Sylvia, wh-what happened?" Logan couldn't return to his senses, pointing at Franklin, who emanated a strong aura.

He didn't address her as Boss, afraid Franklin would sense something.

Sylvia took a bite of a toast, her lips juicy and pink. She darted at Logan's shocked face and explained leisurely, "Mr. Mertens, check your post on Twitter."

'Twitter?'

Sylvia had realized Logan was hopeless.

She didn't know why Franklin had come over the previous night until she saw Logan's tweet.

Moreover, she also saw the trending topic titled "Why did Mr. Maskelyne's private jet land in Pearlhall Villa at midnight?" It was among the top rankings.

"Mr. Maskelyne and Logan Mertens could be a couple."

"Logon Mertens announced his girlfriend, so Mr. Maskelyne rushed to find him."

From the previous night until now, topics relevant to Logan and Franklin had occupied Twitter trends, raising mighty discussions online.

Some guessed Logan's girlfriend was one of Franklin's mistresses.

Some imagined the drama scene between Logan and Franklin, but in their opinion, Franklin truly loved Logan. After seeing Logan announce his girlfriend, Franklin angrily rushed to Logan's house to gain his heart.

The ridiculous comments and wild guesses brought Logan an intense migraine.

Especially after seeing a tweet about Sylvia's photo posted after he got drunk last night, he was almost driven crazy.

However, when he noticed the location below his tweet, he felt like having one foot in his grave.

It was already a miracle that he could stand at the dining table while browsing Twitter without being killed by his boss.

Cold sweat covered his back. Sylvia had always been low-key as she disliked being exposed online.

However, he had violated her taboo this time.

His toes curled up. "Boss... I... I'm going to get changed in my room."

Then he rushed upstairs.

Vaield and Mark were going downstairs.

They bumped into Logan, who seemed to be haunted by a ghost. "What's wrong with you, Logan?"

"Why are you running so fast?"

However, Logan didn't have the mood to talk to them. He trotted into his bedroom and slammed the door shut.

The twins exchanged a glance in confusion, wondering what lousy deed Logan had done.

They guessed that he might have offended Sylvia.

They went downstairs, heading for the dining room.

"Holy shit! Is it my illusion?"

"Mark, can you pinch me?"

They spoke and echoed each other, seemingly seeing something horrible.

They gaped at the scene in disbelief.

'Franklin? Mr. Maskelyne? Captain Franklin? He's in our house? Having breakfast?'

"Stop being like simpletons." Sylvia darted at them, her eyes glimmering.

"Uh..." The twins exchanged a glance and edged to sit in the chairs. They didn't return to their senses until having a bite of the food.

They realized that they might have missed something essential.

'Did Mr. Maskelyne stay here overnight? Wow!'

They couldn't help imagining what had happened.

Then they sensed something wrong. Sylvia had always hidden her trace by deleting the surveillance video record from the transportation department's database.

They wondered how Franklin had managed to locate her, as Sylvia would have never exposed her location.

The twins thought about Logan and almost burst into laughter.

With gloating grins, they finally understood why he had rushed upstairs so fast just now.

Jasper stayed on the sofa for a whole night, bringing pain and soreness all over his body. He was woken up by the food fragrance.

