

Revealed 52

chapter 52

Once Jasper woke up, a servant provided him with disposable toiletries. He thanked the servant.

"You are welcome, Sir. Miss Andrews asked me to do so," the servant replied politely and left.

After straightening himself up, Jasper sat at the dining table.

He sensed the weird atmosphere, though.

'Mr. Maskelyne seems to have so many rivals in love.'

He saw the intimate interaction between Logan and Sylvia last night. Now, he met the twins and couldn't believe they had stayed in the same house.

'Miss Andrews is so capable. How does she balance the relationships among those men? Don't they ever fight?'

Jasper cast a ginger glance at Franklin.

As expected, he could tell Franklin's face was dark and stern as Franklin shot daggers at the twins from time to time.

Logan ran away, but the twins stayed in the dining room for breakfast.

Their appearance worsened his good mood. Franklin became irritated and annoyed.

"Sylvia, we will go on a business trip today," Mark wiped his lips and said.

"Right. We must deal with the matter last night," Vaield echoed.

"Go ahead." Sylvia munched the oatmeal. "Be careful."

A force from the Middle Evroya wanted to block the mineral vein in Akas. They must teach those people a lesson.

Sylvia assigned the twins to deal with it.

She wore a chiffon blouse in bright pink, which showed her slender waist. The chiffon skirt revealed her fair legs. She looked gorgeous today.

Due to the operation later, she didn't wear the earrings but only a neat-styled diamond ring.

Her neck was smooth and elegant, reminding Franklin of a swan.

Sitting next to him, he could smell the faint fragrance from her from time to time. He felt his throat dry out.

Franklin put down the fork and knife, secretly grasping her hand.

Sylvia was taken aback.

She wanted to break free from his grip, but he held her hand more tightly.

Curling her lips into a smile, Sylvia kicked Franklin with her foot in high heels.

Franklin was expressionless.

“Ouch! Why did you kick me?” Mark exclaimed in pain, glaring at Vaild.

Vaild looked at him in confusion. “I didn’t.”

Sylvia was in a wordless embarrassment.

A smile touched Franklin’s lips and eyes. He let go of her hand and asked, “Are you happy now?”

After a moment of silence, Sylvia replied, “Very much so.”

She didn’t get hurt, anyway.

Franklin put a piece of toast on her plate. “You seemed to like having toast for breakfast at home.”

“Unfortunately, I dislike them now.” Sylvia put it back on his plate. “Eat it yourself.”

She wiped her lips with a napkin, stood up, and walked toward the door.

Seeing that, Franklin tossed his fork and followed her.

In a hurry, Jasper also followed them after grabbing a sandwich.

In the villa’s garage, a sturdy man in black was standing before a Land Rover. Seeing Sylvia, he immediately greeted her, “Morning, Miss Andrews. I’ll give you a ride today.”

“No, thanks. I’ll drive to work.” Sylvia checked her watch. Due to Franklin, she had gotten up later than planned.

If she couldn’t hurry to the hospital, the operation would be delayed, but she was always punctual.

Franklin strode to her and said overbearingly, “Let me give you a ride.”

“I don’t have time to waste on you,” Sylvia refused coldly. She pulled the door open and was about to sit in the driver’s seat.

Frowning, Franklin seized her wrist with an edgy look. “Can you drive?”

“What’s so weird about it?” Sylvia’s charming face looked stunning under the morning sun. “I’m your ex-wife. It’s normal you don’t know me well.”

“Aren’t you supposed to hurry to the hospital?” Pointing at the top roof of the apartment building, Franklin reminded her, “My private jet is there. It’s much faster than driving there.”

Sylvia narrowed her eyes.

They had married for four years, so he could tell she was in a hurry from her expression.

“I’ll take it as a tacit approval.” Franklin dragged her toward the apartment building.

They entered the elevator and arrived at the top roof, where the private jet was.

Franklin arrived it personally, heading for the hospital.

On the way, Sylvia received a call from the director. "Hello, Dr. Sylvia. Where are you now?"

"I'll be there in five minutes," Sylvia answered. "The operation will start on time."

Her words relieved the director.

He hurriedly said to the old Evans, "Dr. Sylvia will be here soon, Mr. Evans. She's a top surgeon. If I hadn't asked her to do me a favor..."

He broke off, shaking his head.

Eddie asked, "Is Dr. Sylvia a young surgeon? She's famous in your hospital."

"It's she." The director nodded.

"Is she young?" Tiffany's mother didn't trust young doctors. "Is she inexperienced?"

"No. She's the top one," Eddie sneered in disdain. "I wanted to ask her to do the surgery before, but Dad refused."

While they were talking, a pretty woman walked into the ward.

"Morning, Dr. Sylvia," the director greeted her politely.

Sylvia nodded at him in response.

She wore a white gown and a blue medical mask, only revealing charming eyes. After glancing around the ward, she looked at the old Evans and said, "Mr. Evans, it's five to nine now. You'll enter the operation room in five minutes. I'm your chief surgeon today. Have you signed the agreement and finished all the procedures?"

When the old Evans saw her eyes, he was stunned by them.

They seemed familiar to him, but he couldn't tell where exactly he had seen her before.

Sylvia noticed he was absentminded, so she repeated her question.

The old Evans was brought back to his senses. "Oh. Yes, I've signed them."

"Good. Has the nurse told you what to prepare before the operation?" Sylvia asked patiently, her hands stuffed in her pockets.

"Yes, she has," the old Evans answered.

"He can enter the operation room now," Sylvia informed other doctors and nurses. Several nurses pushed the old Evans toward the operating room.

Sylvia followed them to get things ready.

Tiffany's mother sized her up. "This surgeon seems to be arrogant."

Usually, people showed respect to them after knowing they were from the Evans family.

However, Dr. Sylvia seemed to be indifferent and cold.

Tiffany's mother was used to being flattered, so she was annoyed.

"She's a famous surgeon. Of course, it's not easy to get along," Eddie explained.