

Revealed 53

chapter 53

The door of the operation room was closed.

Sylvia started the operation, looking solemn.

All the Evans gathered outside.

In the latest gear from Chanel, Tiffany swung to Neve while holding a handbag of the same series.

"How's Grandpa doing now?" she asked.

"The famous doctor is operating on him. No worries." Neve held her hands. "It's too hot outside. Are you tired?"

Tiffany sat next to her. "Not really."

Neve muttered, "Does Mr. Maskelyne know about your grandfather's operation?"

Tiffany shook her head. However, to maintain her pride in the presence of her mother and other family members, she wore a bright smile. As if she had become Franklin's fiancée, she said, "Let me call him."

Neve felt proud, patting her hand. "Go ahead."

Tiffany walked to the staircase and dialed Franklin's number. "Hello, Franklin. My grandfather is having an operation now. Can you come to the hospital? I'm scared..."

She started sobbing. "I'm afraid my grandfather will..."

Franklin's icy, aloof voice sounded. "Which hospital?"

After ending the call, Tiffany smiled triumphantly. The sadness had faded off her face. She only pretended to sob earlier.

Instead of returning to the operation room, she waited for Franklin in front of the elevator.

More than 20 minutes later.

A man in a black windbreaker stepped out of the elevator.

Right after he had gotten changed at home, Tiffany called him.

The old Evans was severely sick. Since he had known it, Franklin decided to come over to check on him. It helped maintain his connection with the Evans family.

Seeing him, Tiffany walked up, and her eyes lit up. "Here you came, Franklin."

The black windbreaker wrapped his slender figure up, making him elegant and noble.

Tiffany's breath was taken away.

"Has the operation started?" Franklin looked stern.

“It started over an hour ago.” Tiffany’s eyes reddened, looking pitiful. “I wonder how he’s doing. I’m so scared.”

Franklin darted at her. “Don’t worry.”

While they spoke, they arrived at the door of the operation room.

Others were taken aback at Franklin’s appearance.

Then they looked at Tiffany in amazement as they didn’t expect Franklin to come to the hospital because of her.

The Evans started to wonder if the rumors that Tiffany had become Franklin’s mistress were real.

Tiffany had been cursed on Twitter by the netizens, but she tolerated it.

The Evans feared the old Evans would be angry, so no one had told him about it.

Since the old Evans didn’t ask Tiffany about it, others had no guts to bother her with the rumors.

Much to their surprise, Franklin came to the hospital in person.

With an evident complacent look, Tiffany smiled at her family members.

Jasper passed them a basket with fruits. One of the Evans took it over and thanked Franklin.

Eddie tried to find topics to chat about with Franklin, rubbing his hands in excitement.

It was a rare chance to talk to a wealthy man like Franklin, so he wouldn’t miss it.

Franklin talked to them leisurely.

Time passed by. Finally, three hours later, the door of the operation room was pushed open.

A young woman walked out. Her hair was coiled up, revealing her slender neck, on which there was a diamond necklace. “Push the patient to the ICU. He needs to be observed for three days.”

A nurse answered OK and did as ordered.

Franklin gaped at Sylvia. He hadn’t expected her to be the chief surgeon for the old Evans. What a coincidence!

Sylvia saw the eye-catching man in the crowd. He was handsome with an excellent temperament and a strong aura. No matter where he was, he was always the focus.

She also hadn’t expected him to appear here.

Then she recalled the trending topics on Twitter and darted at the plain-looking woman next to him.

It seemed that woman was named Tiffany, one of the so-called mistresses of Franklin.

‘What a small world! Is the old Evans her grandfather?’

However, it was understandable. If a man like Franklin would get married again, he should find a daughter from an influential family.

Ignoring the emotion surging in her chest, Sylvia took off her gloves.

Suddenly, Neve asked in an arrogant tone, "Dr. Sylvia, how's my father?"

Ignoring her, Sylvia walked forward. She usually ignored such kind of patient's family.

Dr. Remy stopped Eddie, who was about to block Sylvia's way. "The operation was successful. We put in four bridges for Mr. Evans, so it took longer than expected. Our nurse will inform you about the postoperative considerations and common knowledge in nursing later."

Neve blinked and snapped, "Have you noticed her attitude? I asked her a question, but she was so arrogant. She ignored me."

"Sorry, but that's how Dr. Sylvia is. If the hospital director hadn't asked her for a favor, she wouldn't have done the operation for Mr. Evans," Dr. Remy replied indifferently. He just stated the fact to remind the patient's family.

Neve tiptoed, gazing at Sylvia's receding figure. Suddenly, she yelled, "She's just a doctor, isn't she? No matter how hard she works, she only makes a little money. What is she so arrogant about?"

Suddenly, a figure stood in front of her with a stressful aura. Neve was shocked, raising her head. Then she met an aggressive gaze from Franklin.

Her heart almost stopped beating. Cold sweat oozed on her forehead. She felt suffocated under Franklin's sharp gaze, so she stammered, "Mr-Mr. Maskelyne... Wh-what's wrong?"

"Mrs. Evans, why don't you use a scalpel to operate on Mr. Evans yourself?" With those words, Franklin turned away.

Neve collapsed, holding the wall to keep her balance. Her legs weakened.

She wondered what he meant.

Tiffany helped her up and chided her gently, "Mom, you are from a wealthy family. Why did you condescend to argue with a doctor? You could have just ignored her."

Then she stared at Franklin's figure. Although he looked horrible just now, she couldn't take her eyes off him.

She pressed Neve to sit on the bench in the corridor, hurriedly following Franklin.

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Sylvia felt exhausted after the operation as she had to be entirely concentrated during the operation and be alert to any unexpected incidents during it.

She wasn't a robot, so she was tired. Moreover, she didn't have a good sleep the previous night.

The thought of Franklin irritated her.

She heaved a sigh and poured a glass of water. Sitting on the sofa, she was about to take a nap.

Suddenly, her office door was pushed open. A familiar figure entered.

Sylvia snapped open her eyes, resignedly watching Franklin stride toward her, wondering why he couldn't leave her in peace.

Franklin stood before the sofa, looking down at her.

Sylvia ignored him, lowering her head to sip the water.

Suddenly, he bent over and reached out a hand toward her cheek.

Sylvia arched an eyebrow.

His fingers held a strand of her hair that almost fell into the water cup and naturally tossed it behind her ear.

After that, Franklin withdrew his hand and gazed at her affectionately.

Then his gaze drifted from her slender neck to the skin on her face, studying every change of her expression.

Sylvia didn't have the mood to talk to him. She hurriedly tidied her hair to stop it from hanging over again.

The next second, Franklin's mellow voice sounded out, "She was only a childhood playmate. We're not dating."

Sylvia was confused, wondering what he was talking about.

Her eyebrows were knitted as she stared up at Franklin in confusion.