

Revealed 54

chapter 54

Noticing her confused look, Franklin explained again, "I meant Tiffany Evans."

"Oh. What does it have to do with me?" Sylvia darted at him, still confused about his point. Then she decided to send him away. "I'm exhausted. I need a rest."

She had remodeled her office, so there was a lounge inside.

As she spoke, she walked toward the lounge, ignoring Franklin.

However, as soon as she finished speaking, tensions grew in the office.

With a stern look, Franklin noticed Sylvia's aloofness, feeling uncontrollably irritated.

When they got up earlier this morning, they were like before. They had breakfast together, and then he sent her to work.

The air in the office seemed to freeze.

Before Sylvia was about to close the lounge door, suddenly, a big hand reached in to press the door. Franklin forcibly broke into the room.

In fact, he had no idea what he was doing. All he wanted was to make Sylvia as gentle and adorable as before.

He disliked the way how she was treating him at this moment.

A trace of disgust flashed through Sylvia's eyes. If it weren't for the virus, she would have never had anything to do with Franklin again.

She sucked in her breath, staring at him icily. "Mr. Maskelyne, I'm too exhausted. I need a rest."

"Let me accompany you." Franklin scooped her up. Sylvia struggled and raised her head, looking into his charming eyes.

Franklin was born with a strong aura, which could make others feel stressed.

However, Sylvia was an exception.

"I don't want you to accompany me." She stared at him indifferently.

The next second, Franklin bowed his head. His cold lips captured hers. "Are you sure?" he muttered mellowly.

His voice was seductive. "Are you sure you don't want me to be here?"

When he kissed her, her pupils constricted instantly.

Her eyes glittered, and she inwardly reminded herself to win against the virus.

When Franklin stared at her with lust and desire in his eyes, Sylvia pressed his chest, gritted her teeth, and said, "Franklin, I hope we'll not keep in touch. I want a peaceful life."

He gazed at her intensely, and his eyes were like a deep pool that could drown her out.

Sylvia looked into his eyes boldly. However, the familiar heat surged in her body, rushing to her crazily.

Franklin's eyes became eagle-sharp, glittering with coldness and some unfathomable emotions.

Time passed by. Sylvia was running out of patience.

"Are you leaving or not?"

Although she was good at fighting, she couldn't win against Franklin once the virus took effect inside her body.

They were standing so close to each other now. Sylvia was afraid the virus would make her lose control and do something horrible to Franklin that could make her regret it later.

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Tiffany followed Franklin, only to find him walking into a doctor's office at the corner.

Almost 20 minutes had passed, but he was still in the office.

Tiffany was anxious, wondering what he was doing there.

The door of another office was pulled open, and a female doctor walked out. Seeing Tiffany circling anxiously, she was taken aback and asked, "Excuse me, Ma'am. What can I do for you?"

"Doc, may I know whose office this is?" Tiffany asked tentatively.

"It's Dr. Sylvia's office," the doctor answered politely. She thought Tiffany wanted to ask Sylvia to see a patient, so she reminded her kindly, "If you want to ask her to see a patient, it won't work. She's determined. It's difficult for her to agree."

Tiffany beamed at her. "Thank you, Doc."

She knew Dr. Sylvia was her grandfather's chief surgeon earlier, wondering why everyone in the hospital behaved so weirdly whenever mentioning Dr. Sylvia.

Tiffany was the daughter of the famous Evans family. She didn't think she needed to ask a doctor for a favor.

Disdain sprung on her face.

Thinking that Franklin was in the office, she was anxious. She was curious about the relationship between Franklin and Dr. Sylvia. He had stayed in the female doctor's office for a long time but didn't leave.

Hesitantly, Tiffany reached out her hand with polished fingers and knocked on the office door.

Suddenly, the door was pulled open from the inside.

She saw Franklin's breathtaking face. Noticing his outfits were straightened, Tiffany finally felt relieved. It seemed nothing had happened between them.

Pretending to be surprised, she asked, "Franklin? Why are you also here?"

"Ehn," Franklin replied with a grunt.

He was depressed as Tiffany had interrupted him and Sylvia.

Sylvia asked in the office, "What's the matter?"

"Dr. Sylvia, I want to ask you about my grandfather's condition." Tiffany walked into the office, her gaze sweeping around the room. The decoration was neat and simple, and she didn't smell anything weird.

However, when she saw the woman at the desk clearly, she gaped.

Tiffany was amazed by her gorgeous look.

Her eyes were shiny like stars, her lips were juicy and pink, and her skin was fair. She looked like a celestial being.

Her long hair was coiled up, revealing her slender finger. She emanated pressure and aggressiveness in the white gown that wrapped her body up.

Sylvia looked at her calmly, and her gaze made Tiffany feel guilty subconsciously.

Tiffany had never expected Dr. Sylvia to be such a beauty.

Her woman's instinct made her jealous of Dr. Sylvia instantly. Tiffany pinched her hands to keep calm.

"I'm only in charge of the operation. Other doctors will answer your questions," Sylvia answered indifferently. Then she looked over at the door.

"You may leave now, Miss Evans."

Tiffany didn't expect Dr. Sylvia to send her away directly.

Biting her lip, she glanced at Franklin gingerly.

"You, too, Franklin," Sylvia added.

Tiffany couldn't believe what she had heard, wondering if she had heard wrong.

The doctor sent Franklin away.

Tiffany wondered if Dr. Sylvia knew what Franklin was. He was like a king in Larro, wealthy, powerful, and influential.

While she was taken aback, Franklin walked toward the office and stared at Sylvia. "I'll pick you up after work."

"No, thanks," Sylvia refused instantly.

Franklin left the office, but Tiffany didn't. Standing before Sylvia, Tiffany stared at her tentatively and confusedly, her eyes glimmering with jealousy.

"What else, Miss Evans?" Sylvia frowned at her, for Tiffany still stayed in her office.

Tiffany felt that Dr. Sylvia had read her mind, feeling guilty. However, she stood upright and replied in a warning tone, "Dr. Sylvia, I'm warning you. You'd better leave Franklin alone. He's my boyfriend now. We'll get married soon."

Sylvia stared at her in silence, calmly and indifferently.

"You are a doctor. You have a good job, and you are pretty. You can find any man you like. You don't have to compete for Franklin with me. He's the president of Maskelyne Group and a crew commander of SouthStar Airlines. How could he fall in love with you? You are from an ordinary family, so you don't deserve him. Think you can become his wife after his grandfather has passed away, huh?"

"Countless women want to marry him. Unfortunately, you all can only keep dreaming. Franklin is mine. Never think of gaining his heart!"

Although she warned Dr. Sylvia, she sounded worried.

Dr. Sylvia looked too stunned.

Sylvia stared at her calmly as if staring at a clown. "Done your statement?"

"What?" Tiffany didn't expect her reaction this way.

"Leave." Sylvia bowed her head to open a medical book. From time to time, she took notes down.

Tiffany swallowed hard and couldn't return to her senses.