

Revealed 55

chapter 55

Even after she left Sylvia's office, Tiffany was still in a daze.

She had spoken many words to Dr. Sylvia, but the latter didn't respond at all. Tiffany felt as if she had a talk show but was ignored utterly.

Therefore, she wasn't sure about the relationship between Dr. Sylvia and Franklin.

If they had nothing to do with each other, why would Franklin have stayed in her office for such a long time?

The more Tiffany recalled it, the more confused she was.

Then she decided to urge Franklin to divorce his wife ASAP. He once mentioned he would divorce her.

For the time being, Tiffany let go of Sylvia and would fully concentrate on dealing with Franklin's wife.

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Instead of leaving the hospital, Franklin stayed in his car.

Jasper followed him to sit in. After he had used the men's room earlier, he saw Tiffany leave Sylvia's office with a weird look with a smug but confused look.

Jasper wanted to tell Franklin but hesitated, afraid Tiffany would get Sylvia into trouble.

In his opinion, Tiffany was scheming with all kinds of means, such as acting cute, showing her weakness, or pretending to be pitiful.

She always used the means to hit on Franklin.

Unlike her, Sylvia did things aboveboard and straightforwardly.

Jasper heaved a sigh, wondering why Franklin had the heart to divorce such an excellent woman.

After half an hour, Franklin still hadn't told the driver to leave.

Jasper asked gingerly, "Mr. Maskelyne, shall we go home or return to the company?"

"Nowhere. Wait." Franklin was irritated after being kicked out of Sylvia's office. He wanted to go nowhere.

Jasper buttoned his lip.

'Are we waiting for Miss Andrews to finish her work or for Miss Evans to give her a ride home?' thought Jasper.

Time passed slowly.

Tiffany sat in the hospital for a half day, feeling exhausted. She wanted to impress her grandfather. However, he didn't wake up after she had waited for several hours.

As soon as she walked out of the hospital lobby, she noticed the low-key Bentley in the parking lot.

It was Franklin's car.

She swung toward the car joyfully, looking innocent and cute. Her eyes, with delicate makeup, glittered with excitement. Tiffany knocked on the window, bending over.

She saw Franklin's handsome, expressionless face when the window was pressed down.

Approaching him, Tiffany asked coquettishly, "Are you waiting for me, Franklin?"

She purposely wore a dress with a V-neck. When she bent over, she faintly showed her bosom, looking as if she had done it carelessly but coquettishly.

Hence, she naturally hit on Franklin by doing so.

However, Franklin's expression didn't change.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up.

Tiffany was delighted, wondering if he had noticed it. She knew men would always fall head over heels for her because of her charm.

Right then, the door of the car was pulled open. Franklin got off.

Tiffany stood upright while holding her handbag, waiting for Franklin to let her sit in gentlemanly.

However, he bypassed her.

Tiffany widened her eyes, her gaze following his receding figure.

Franklin walked toward a pretty woman and said eagerly, "Sylvia, let me ride you home."

"Are you too idle, Franklin?" Sylvia looked at him, lifting an eyebrow. Her juicy lips curled slightly while she ironically glanced at Tiffany in front of the Bentley.

The latter was glaring at her in embarrassment, anger, and jealousy.

"Franklin!" Tiffany walked up to them. Suddenly, her ankle twisted. Falling to the ground, she exclaimed, "Ouch!"

Franklin looked back, seeing her pressing her ankle. Biting her lip, she stared at him pitifully and complained, "My ankle hurts, Franklin."

"Franklin, your mistress has twisted her ankle. Go check on her." Sylvia was amused by the scene. She couldn't help but burst into laughter. "What a lame excuse! TSK. TSK. So hilarious."

Then she bypassed Tiffany and walked forward.

Tiffany called to her coquettishly, "Dr. Sylvia, my ankle is twisted. Can you check it, please?"

Sylvia stopped mid-step, standing upright. She replied coldly under the breeze, "Miss Evans, are you sure you can afford my payment?"

Biting her lip, Tiffany looked at Franklin, aggrieved. "Franklin, I..."

Tears welled up in her eyes. "She's a doctor. How could she be so heartless? It's so unethical, isn't it?"

Sylvia's principles for doing operations appeared in Franklin's mind.

His thin lips parted. "You've only twisted your ankles. You can't let Dr. Sylvia break her rules."

'I've only twisted my ankles? Break her rules? Are her rules more important than my foot?'

The thought sent Tiffany into a rage, but she dared not to blow up in Franklin's presence. Otherwise, he would see her ugly side.

She looked up at him pitifully. "Franklin, my ankle hurts a lot. Can you take me to see the doctor?"

Franklin darted at Jasper in the car, his face dark. "Call 911 for Miss Evans."

Jasper was impressed. 'Mr. Maskelyne, you are really awesome! We're in front of a hospital's outpatient building. You asked me to call 911. I'm afraid the doctors on the ambulance would blame me harshly.'

Tiffany froze, glaring at Franklin in disbelief. She was his childhood playmate whom he had searched for over a decade. She used to rescue him.

However, seemingly it meant nothing to Franklin.

As Franklin scowled at Jasper, Jasper obediently got off the car and walked to Tiffany. "Miss Evans, let me help you."