

Revealed 56

chapter 56

Tiffany gritted her teeth in anger. Faking an aggrieved look, she muttered, "Thank you so much, Mr. Howlett."

Franklin sat in the Bentley. The car roared away the next second.

Jasper gaped at it and couldn't believe he had been dumped heartlessly.

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Pearlhall Villa.

After Sylvia got off the taxi and was about to walk into the house, she heard a harsh creak behind her.

Franklin hopped off the car and strode to catch up with her.

Sylvia recognized him from his footsteps without looking back.

"You should go home. Why are you here?"

"Do you want me to watch you stay with other men in the same house without doing anything?"

Franklin saw the two tall, sturdy men at the door, who bowed at Sylvia politely. "Good evening, Miss Andrews."

Logan's men respected her, which impressed Franklin again.

"We've divorced. I have freedom. It's my right to stay with whomever I want." Sylvia stopped at the iron gate of the villa and cast him a glance. "Mr. Maskelyne, you'd better stop being so nosy."

Then she shut him out.

Franklin watched her gradually vanish.

The following morning.

Sylvia finished breakfast and was about to leave the house. Logan drifted downstairs, circling her. Then with a flattering smile, he asked, "Boss, can you do me a favor, please?"

"Ehn?" Sylvia was annoyed by him two days ago. Afraid of being sent to the mine in Africa, Logan behaved himself and avoided her.

She was amazed by his boldness now.

"There's a charity banquet on Friday evening. Netizens on Twitter know you are my goddess. Can you... Can you..." Logan stammered while studying Sylvia's expression.

"Want me to be your date?" Sylvia slapped him. "You do have guts, Logan! How dare you!"

"Boss, I was too drunk to realize what I was doing that evening. If I hadn't been drunk, I'd have killed myself rather than post that photo on Twitter," Logan explained gloomily. He didn't look like a

company's president in Sylvia's presence. "Please, Boss. Help me. I cannot attend the banquet alone. It'll be so shameful."

"It depends on your performance." Sylvia darted at him, picked up her handbag, and left.

Logan howled pitifully behind her.

Sylvia would perform Levi's operation today.

Levi had been severely injured, so she didn't want other doctors to take care of him.

After arriving at the hospital, she went to Levi's ward. Cara was watching her husband. There were two men in the room who looked old and haggard. Sylvia could tell they had been worn out by hard work in the past.

"Are you my son's surgeon?" Levi's mother stared at Sylvia meanly. With a disdainful look, she doubted, "You are so young. Are you sure you can do the operation?"

Sylvia had been doubted countless times. She checked the signed operation agreement and passed it to a nurse behind her. Then she answered, "Yes, I can."

"You know what? You'll be doomed if anything goes wrong with my son." Levi's mother disliked Sylvia by instinct. It was the first time that she had seen such a pretty doctor. That was also why she threatened Sylvia.

She didn't trust the doctor.

Sylvia didn't want to argue with such an ignorant woman.

Neve had done it the previous day. Now, Levi's mother doubted her. Sylvia felt too exhausted to deal with such a matter.

Ignoring the old woman, she turned away.

Levi's mother was angry, so she vented it on Cara. "You can't ignore my son's life for saving money. If my son dies, I won't let go of you."

While she spoke, she pinched Cara's arm fiercely.

Cara frowned in pain, shrinking to the corner. She bowed her head in silence with reddened eyes.

She wouldn't have chosen such a young doctor if they hadn't been too poor to afford the operation.

If Levi hadn't been sent to the hospital, he would have had to wait to die while lying on the bed.

However, due to her fear of her mother-in-law, Cara dared not to utter any word.

The operation would start soon. As usual, Sylvia walked into the operating room, followed by several doctors and nurses. It was a big group.

"She's so young but followed by so many people. I'm sure she's pretending," Levi's mother muttered scornfully.

It was quiet in the operation room, but it wasn't outside.

As time went by, Levi's mother became more and more irritated.

She kept poking Cara. "Why does it take so long?"

"What kind of lousy doctor have you found?"

"If something goes wrong with my son, you'll be kicked out of my family."

"Cara Rees, you are just a hoodoo. You harmed my son." Levi's mother grabbed her hair and dragged her head to hit the wall.

With a loud bang, Cara yelled in pain, "Let go of me!"

Levi's father watched without doing anything, seemingly getting used to it.

A nurse rushed over after hearing the noise. "Stop it! Keep quiet!"

Levi's mother reluctantly let go of Cara, curling her lips. "It's my family affairs. None of your business."

"You are in a hospital. If you dare to hit her again, I'll call the police." The nurse cast a sympathetic glance at Cara, who curled up in the corner with messy hair and a creased blouse. Her face reddened, probably because of anger or pain.

Levi's mother didn't retort, sitting next to her husband sullenly.

The nurse left.

Cara wiped her tears, staying in the corner motionlessly.

The door of the operation room wasn't opened until another half an hour later.

Sylvia walked out, and Levi was pushed out by several nurses.

She glanced at Cara, surprised by her messy look.

She walked to Cara and announced, "The operation is successful. A 24-hour observation period after the surgery is required, and he'll wake up in 48 hours. We'll send him to the ICU first."

"Thank you, Doc," Cara muttered.

"You are welcome," Sylvia replied indifferently. After darting at the mean old woman, she added, "Sometimes, the necessary fightback is the most effective means to protect yourself. If you are always weak, you'll become a pushover."

With those words, she turned away.

When she bypassed the nursing station, the head nurse called to her, "Excuse me, Dr. Sylvia."

"Yes?" Sylvia stopped mid-step, looking at her.

Under her gaze, the head nurse bit the bullet and invited her to a banquet.

"Dr. Sylvia, we'll have a gathering tonight. We've been working together for such a long time, but you never hung out with us before. Would you like to join us tonight?"

Sylvia had never joined her coworkers in any gatherings. She only worked one day each month, so she wasn't familiar with her coworkers.

Since she didn't have any plans in the evening, she agreed.

Her coworkers were pretty cooperative while she worked at the hospital. Sylvia didn't want to turn them down heartlessly.

Besides, she could tell how uneasy the head nurse looked.