

Revealed 58

chapter 58

Some material young nurses envied Sylvia. The man could afford to drive a Lamborghini, so they believed he must be either rich or powerful.

Sitting in the Bentley, Franklin watched the scene. Rage surged in his eyes, and he pinched his phone tightly.

He gripped the handle on the door and was about to get off.

The next second, Sylvia bypassed Paul and hailed a cab.

“Wait, Miss Andrews. My car is much cozier than the cab.” Paul followed her while holding the bouquet.

Sylvia bent over and sat in the taxi, looking at him. “Mr. Kennedy, if you are here to apologize to me, I accept it. If you have another purpose, forget it.”

“Apologize?” Paul didn’t get the picture.

“You woke me up while I was sleeping several days ago. Shouldn’t you apologize?” With those words, Sylvia asked the driver to leave.

On the way, the driver repeatedly checked on the gorgeous woman in the backseat.

He was impressed that she had given up taking the luxury car but chosen to take a taxi, let alone she was a stunner.

Standing motionlessly, Paul gritted his teeth with a sullen face.

The head nurse walked to him, afraid Paul would refuse to pay the bill.

She asked gingerly, “Mr. Kennedy, the bill tonight...”

Other coworkers finally understood what had happened. It turned out Paul had sponsored their gathering.

Paul darted at her and answered crossly, “My assistant will transfer the money to you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Kennedy.” The head nurse breathed a sigh of relief.

Inside the Bentley.

Franklin gaped.

He used to give roses to Sylvia, who loved them. He was surprised to see that she refused the roses from Paul.

Sitting in the driver’s seat, Jasper shivered in fear. He wondered why Franklin suddenly became calm and peaceful as he had seethed with rage a few seconds ago. Jasper could even see the joy on his face.

Then, people at the bar’s entrance saw that the Bentley was pulled away, following the receding taxi.

“Excuse me, Ma’am. A car is stalking us...” The taxi driver studied the Bentley carefully.

“Ignore him.” Sylvia fiddled with her phone, bowing her head.

The next second, the driver stepped on the brake, and the taxi shook violently.

The Bentley forcibly stopped him.

The driver said apologetically, “Sorry, Ma’am. I’m not that good at driving...”

“It’s alright.”

The door of the Bentley was pushed open. A man got off.

Sylvia stared at the ring on his finger in a daze, wondering why he was still wearing the wedding ring.

It was with a simple design. The woman’s ring was a plain-cut diamond ring without any design; the man’s ring was just a circle with a small diamond.

After divorcing him, Sylvia had taken off her ring and put it in a nightstand drawer in Townyer Villa’s bedroom.

The strong vibe exuded from the man frightened the taxi driver, and his legs weakened.

Franklin pulled the rear door open and ordered, “Get down.”

He shoved a bill into the driver’s hand.

“Keep the change.”

Sylvia knew she had to follow his order and get off.

After darting at him, she got down from the taxi and sat in the Bentley.

The taxi driver breathed a sigh of relief and immediately escaped.

With Sylvia sitting by his side, Franklin glanced at her occasionally, looking pleased. Evidently, he was in a good mood.

Although Paul created the encounter and wanted to send Sylvia roses, she sat in his car eventually.

Franklin didn’t realize how childish he was, unlike a company president.

“Send me home.” A faint alcohol smell spread from Sylvia. After drinking a lot, she flushed slightly, looking pretty enchanting.

“Sylvia,” Franklin drawled in a deep voice, gazing at her solemnly.

Sylvia was taken aback, looking up at him.

She saw her reflection in his eyes, which glimmered with emotions she couldn’t understand.

His behaviors in recent days confused her. They had divorced and were supposed to part. However, Franklin kept pestering her. They didn’t love each other.

He stared at her, making her heart skip a beat.

A weird feeling surged in her chest, making her frown.

She hated it when things were out of her control.

“What do you want?” Sylvia avoided his gaze.

The next second, her chin was gripped and forcibly turned. She had to look into his eyes.

Franklin didn't answer but gazed at her, his thumb slowly rubbing her smooth skin.

The weird atmosphere keyed up Sylvia. She was about to pat his hand off.

However, his hand suddenly ran through her hair. Bending down, he pressed his forehead against hers.

In the car, his voice with anger and resignation sounded out, “You hateful woman...”

Sylvia was too shocked to utter a word.

Feeling the smoothness from her forehead, Franklin was burned in anger. A weird feeling surged crazily in his chest, almost making his heart pop out.

It was irritation with an urge, like a beast eagerly rushing out of the cage.

Without thinking twice, Franklin suddenly bit on Sylvia's ruby cheek.

“Ouch! Holy shit! Are you nuts?” Sylvia exclaimed in pain.

In anger, she pushed him away and threw a punch at his face. “You psycho!”

Covering her cheek, she glared at him. Her teeth were gritted with clicks.

Boiled over, she wondered where the aloof gentleman named Franklin had gone.

Recently, the man beside her had become a moody lunatic who could lose control at any time.

Gazing at the angry woman, Franklin pinched her chin and snapped without feeling sorry, “Humph! How dare you hit on other men! It's your punishment.”

Whenever thinking about her popularity with men, he failed to repress his fury.

His words made her glare at him. Her pink lips trembled.

‘Who did I hit on? What a childish psycho! Fuck off!’ her inner voice cursed.