

Revealed 59

chapter 59

Pressing her lips together, Sylvia glared at Franklin angrily.

Seeing the angry flames in her eyes, Franklin frowned and dragged her hand down from her cheek, although his cheek hurt.

Then he saw the clear bite mark on her fair skin, his eyes glittering.

A faint smile touched his lips. The heartless woman had dumped her wedding ring, and he punished her. He wondered what she would do next.

“What do you want? You psycho!”

Sylvia blew up. The lived expression made her more charming.

The next second, she hit Franklin.

“Freeze!” Franklin growled, seized her hands, and raised them above her head.

Sylvia was always proud of her fighting skills, but surprisingly, she couldn't win against him.

Seething with rage, she raised her head and met his eyes which were dark with unfathomable emotions.

They glimmered with aggressiveness and a crazy desire for possession.

However, she also sensed something else in them but couldn't understand.

She looked away, her eyes filled with resignation and irritation.

Since she had stopped struggling, for the time being, Franklin was satisfied.

The irritation that had bothered him in the recent few days finally eased slightly.

He felt like winning against her finally.

“What the heck do you want?” Sylvia glared at him on alert, wondering if he would bite her neck.

He glared at her in warning, pinching her chin to stop her from moving around. His gaze fell on her fair neck, where blue veins were faintly shown.

Sylvia struggled desperately. “Let go of me, you lunatic!”

A while later, she peered out of the window wordlessly. The pain on her neck reminded her of how violent Franklin was just now.

Franklin wasn't only childish, crazy, and irritated, but also a violent maniac.

His heated fingers caressed her neck while his gaze was fixed on her.

Arching an eyebrow, Sylvia looked at him up and down, wondering if he had rabies.

“Now you should know how to behave yourself,” he drawled.

“Yes, Captain Franklin,” Sylvia answered in an even tone.

Franklin could tell she wished to beat him black and blue but repressed her urge, thinking she was indeed adorable.

A faint smile played on his sexy, thin lips. His eyes twinkled.

“Good girl.” He let his fingers run through her smooth hair again.

Although his tone was still icy and solemn, Sylvia sensed that his voice was a little bit doting, her eyelids twitching.

Once she raised her head, she met the lunatic’s gaze. Irritation seemed to fade off his face, and his expression had eased to joy.

Gazing at his curled lips, Sylvia was shocked.

Since they divorced, Franklin looked irritated, cold, and touchy, like a madman. However, he was smiling at her now.

Sylvia repressed her urge to call him Rabid Dog.

In fact, the smile didn’t suit him.

However, she was overjoyed when his cheek rapidly swelled up. After all, she used much strength to hit him earlier.

He had bitten her cheek, and she punched his. They were even.

Jasper was driving obediently in silence. He was thrilled by their fight.

Then he pulled over the car and reminded Franklin, “Excuse me, Mr. Maskelyne. We’ve arrived.”

While in the car, Sylvia focused on Franklin. After getting off, she realized they were not in Pearlhall Villa.

They pulled up to Townyer Villa instead.

‘Didn’t he say he would give me a ride home?’

The repressed anger rose in her chest again. “Why did you do so, Franklin Maskelyne?”

“It’s too late. Townyer Villa is closer to the bar,” Franklin answered coldly. “You stayed here for four years. You shouldn’t mind staying for one more night.”

Sylvia looked sullen.

“Don’t you want to stay here?” Franklin patted her cheek, gazing at her with a frown.

He studied her expression carefully.

Sylvia was too quiet, and he felt slightly uneasy.

Sylvia didn’t reply as she didn’t want to cooperate with the touchy, childish lunatic.

All she wished was to hit his other cheek.

“I don’t understand.” Sylvia pressed her red lips together.

Her words made Franklin’s face darken. He gazed at her coldly.

They locked eyes in a stalemate.

Jasper shivered in fear and whispered, “It’s past midnight. Mr. Maskelyne, you’ll have a morning tomorrow morning.”

His inner voice added, ‘Are you sure you guys don’t want to go to sleep? I want to go home and sleep. I can’t stand staying up late.’

Gazing at Sylvia, Franklin said, “If you don’t want to enter, I won’t mind standing here with you for a whole night.”

Sylvia rolled her eyes at him. “Childish!”

She had to admit that she couldn’t win against him in this aspect.

In silence, she walked toward the house.

However, Franklin scooped her up and strode into the villa.

Sylvia heaved a sigh.

‘Not again! I’ve tangled up with this jerk again...’

After a shower, Sylvia dried her hair while sitting on the bed. Franklin left the bathroom and naturally took the hairdryer to help her.

Sylvia was in a trance, as the scene reminded her how they got along before they divorced.

At that time, Franklin was aloof but always treated her gently, unlike now. He changed to a moody man who was easy to blow up.

Sylvia pretended to be weak and gentle before, so she wondered if he also disguised himself to be a gentleman.

She wondered how his characters could differ so much during the marriage and after the divorce.

Franklin looked down at her. Seeing the bite mark on her fair, slender neck when she bowed her head, he was turned on.

He tossed the hairdryer again. Gripping her shoulders, he squeezed Sylvia into his arms.

The next second, his thin lips captured her lips.

‘Come on. Not again!’ Sylvia thought to herself sadly.

Franklin sighed and muttered overbearingly, “Will you hit on other men again in the future? Answer me?”

Sylvia had never done such a thing. How could she answer him?

However, Franklin was unhappy about her response and decided to tame this unruly woman. If she became obsessed with him, she would never leave him again.

He skillfully stripped her and kissed her hard this time. He vented all his grievances in the past few days on her and decided to teach her a lesson.

When Sylvia woke up the following morning, Franklin had gotten up.

Rubbing her sore waist, she wanted to curse a blue streak.

When she turned around, she saw a delicate gift box on the nightstand. She opened it in confusion, only to find a sparkling crystal necklace.

Franklin was always generous, so Sylvia could tell it was costly.

However, she put it back.

In the past, he had given her much jewelry. When she left the house, she didn't take any of them, let alone this one.

He could save it for Miss Evans.

However, she didn't know something had caused a mighty uproar not among ordinary netizens only but also among media accounts.

Franklin rarely posted on Twitter, but he did it the previous night.

"She's lovely even when sleeping."

Together with the text was a photo in which a blanket covered a curved figure. It was a photo of a woman's back.

She looked pretty, and her long hair spread on the pillow.

"Holy shit!"

"Captain Franklin is married for sure. Mrs. Maskelyne's back is gorgeous."

"Is he doing PDA?"

"Ah!"

"A few days ago, it was said he would divorce and had a lot of mistresses."

"Hence... Is that Mrs. Maskelyne? You'd better stop overthinking."