

Revealed 60

chapter 60

“One of his mistresses has blonde hair, and the other has curly hair. And this woman is clearly not his mistress.”

“I agree. This is Mrs. Maskelyne.”

“Probably she’s another mistress.”

The netizens started to search for clues from Franklin’s other tweets.

In the end, they found a follower’s ID in his contact list named “I’m Mrs. Maskelyne,” which had just been registered.

All the netizens rushed to check the ID’s Twitter page but failed to find anything.

There was only an automatic message when the registration was successful.

Besides, they noticed the ID was registered at eight o’clock that morning.

Countless netizens captured the detail and spread the news online.

They also sent many private messages to the ID.

After leaving Townyer Villa, Sylvia heard continuous beeps from her phone.

It wasn’t like the tone for text messages or incoming calls.

In confusion, she pulled the phone out and was almost pissed off.

Twitter had been installed on her phone screen, and she was registered under an ID named “I’m Mrs. Maskelyne.”

She checked the profile and could tell it was registered in her phone number.

Sylvia sucked in her breath to repress her anger, cursing Franklin inwardly.

She couldn’t believe what that childish man had done while she was sleeping.

Since her phone could be unlocked by facial recognition, he could easily use her phone.

He had downloaded Twitter for her, got her registered, and let her ID only follow his.

The ID name he had chosen angered her more.

They had already divorced. She had become Franklin’s ex-wife.

Franklin would be 30 soon, but she didn’t expect him to be so childish.

‘We’ve divorced! Why have you done such a stupid thing?’ her inner voice growled.

Sylvia also noticed the netizens’ uproar.

In the past, he wanted to hide his marital status from the public and refused to let others know about her existence. He had taken her as an invisible person for four years.

Sylvia wondered why he suddenly changed after divorcing her.

The continuous beeps were from Twitter.

Her private message box almost exploded, and so were the comments on her Twitter page.

Countless netizens asked her if she was Franklin's wife.

Some asked her how she managed to hit on him. Some asked when they would divorce.

Some even cursed her and urged her to separate from Franklin.

Reading the curses, Sylvia gritted her teeth in anger. She blamed Franklin for all those things.

All she wished was to let him leave her in peace.

Tiffany was addicted to Twitter, so she immediately noticed the trending topic, "I'm Mrs. Maskelyne."

Jealousy almost drove her crazy.

Especially after she saw the photo of the woman's back, she was almost killed by jealousy of Mrs. Maskelyne.

She called Franklin on the phone. "Hello, Franklin?"

"Ehn?" he answered. "What's the matter?"

"I wonder when you'll take me to meet Keturah Brown. You've returned from abroad for several days..." Tiffany sounded coquettish.

Franklin had never taken this matter seriously.

When Tiffany mentioned it, he finally recalled that she expected to meet Master Keturah.

"Master Keturah is a short-tempered businesswoman. I need to make an appointment with her first."

Tiffany asked in a pitiful tone, "Really? Even you have to make an appointment to meet her?"

"She's a celebrity with her principles," Franklin answered coldly.

Tiffany could tell he was unhappy, so she changed her attitude and said pitifully, "As you know, I want to join the piano contest. If I could win a good prize, my grandfather would get better after hearing the good news. For my grandfather, I wish I could meet her ASAP."

"All right. I'll let you know after making the appointment."

Franklin ended the call. Standing in front of the French window in a daze, he looked at the blue sky and white clouds.

Brayden, his childhood playmate who grew up with him together, told Franklin once that his mother was a crazy music fan of all kinds of concerts. She was a loyal fan of Master Keturah.

The Wright family worked in politics for generations. Mrs. Wright was the mayor's wife, so others always fawned over her. Therefore, she was also respected by the musicians.

Besides, it was something worth showing off if Mrs. Wright worshiped them.

However, there was an exception.

It was said that Keturah was always mysterious and seldom showed up in public. She always wore a traditional dress and a golden mask when she held a concert.

The netizens were attracted by such a charming pianist wearing a traditional dress.

Moreover, Keturah was famous worldwide and had countless fans globally.

Anyone who had listened to her play would be obsessed with her music.

Although they could buy her CDs and replay the videos, all fans longed to go to her concert personally. Nothing else could compare to her live show.

Therefore, after Tiffany called Franklin, he contacted Mrs. Wright to help him.

For Brayden's sake, Mrs. Wright agreed but reminded him that Keturah never did things for anyone's sake. Hence, Franklin needed to prepare a gift to win Keturah's favor.

Words had it that Keturah loved collecting all kinds of traditional dresses and accessories.

Jasper knocked on the door and entered the office. "Excuse me, Mr. Maskelyne. The meeting will start soon."

Franklin turned around. One of his cheeks was red and swollen with a kiss mark. He looked hilarious but horrible.

Jasper swallowed hard. "Mr. Maskelyne, do you need to wear a mask or sunglasses?"

"Not necessary." Franklin stroked the wound on his cheek, smiling smugly.

Jasper was single, so he didn't know the wound was the mark of Sylvia's love.

Franklin walked toward the meeting room, followed by Jasper.

The senior executives were chatting in low voices in the room.

Once Franklin appeared, the room was blanketed by silence instantly.

The meeting attendees gaped, wondering if they had illusions.

Their handsome boss had a red, swollen cheek on which there was a purple kiss mark.

They all wondered who had been that bold to slap Franklin.

The senior executives exchanged glances with each other and couldn't return to their senses.

"Start the meeting," Franklin ordered after sitting in the host chair.

His cold voice brought them back to their senses, and they confirmed that it was really Mr. Maskelyne.

Right then, Brayden entered the meeting room. When he saw Franklin's wretched face, he exclaimed and rushed to him, "Oh, my goodness! Frank, what's wrong with you? Who was so bold to hit you?"

"Tell me. I'm gonna avenge you now."