

Revealed 61

chapter 61

“Who dared to hit my friend?”

Brayden looked at Frank’s perfect face and felt sorry for him.

“Frank, if my mom saw your face like that, she’s gonna cry for like three days.”

“I can’t stand it anymore, just tell me.”

Brayden kept speaking, wanting to revenge for Frank.

Franklin sat there, opened the first page of the document, and said lazily, “Are you going to beat my wife?”

Brayden didn’t understand. “What did you say?”

Didn’t this guy divorce his wife?

Franklin glanced at him. “I’ve decided to send you on a business trip to Akas.”

Brayden was immediately dumbfounded, “What? Dude, why are you sending me to Akas for no reason? The weather sucks there and more importantly, there are no beautiful women! When did you decide to send me there?”

Franklin said, “A second ago.”

Brayden was speechless.

Was it because he said he was going to beat the person who hurt Franklin?

So, it was indeed Franklin’s ex-wife.

“You are heartless.” Brayden was about to faint.

Franklin smiled, looking pleased as he said, “You should go. Akas is waiting for you.”

That was too much!

Brayden escaped in devastation.

The conference room was once again quiet.

All the executives present were tense. The amusing atmosphere suddenly became solemn.

Was it really Mr. Maskelyne’s wife who hit him?

This was domestic violence, right?

Why did Mr. Maskelyne look very happy when he was beaten?

Was he beaten too hard?

People couldn’t help but imagine.

Thinking of Franklin, who was cold and serious, being beaten by his wife, everybody felt amused.

That didn't sound like what he would do.

Franklin looked at everyone commandingly, "You know what, this is proof that my wife loves me. Now, let's begin!"

Everyone was speechless.

What was wrong with those rich people? In their eyes, even being beaten was a signal of love.

Their love story must be a dramatic one.

No wonder Mr. Maskelyne tweeted early in the morning to announce who his wife was.

Mrs. Maskelyne must have been angry after seeing Franklin with the other woman.

Franklin should have been punished by his wife at home.

That was funny.

Things seemed to be easier to understand now.

If it were them hanging out with "the other woman", the punishment waiting for them at home would be harsher.

So, after Mrs. Maskelyne's account became a trending topic. Another one followed.

"Mr. Maskelyne was beaten by Mrs. Maskelyne"

"Mr. Maskelyne's face"

"Mrs. Maskelyne is amazing"

This thing happened because Franklin went to the café with his injured face.

This caused an uproar among the crowd.

Many employees secretly took pictures of his injuries and posted the pictures online.

There were too many employees and the pictures were soon everywhere on the internet.

So...

It became a trending topic again.

"Wow! Mrs. Maskelyne is amazing. No wonder Mr. Maskelyne announced her Twitter account this morning. Presumably, Mrs. Maskelyne was claiming her husband and hitting the other woman in the face."

"If Mr. Maskelyne dares to cheat, Mrs. Maskelyne would beat him!"

"I feel sorry for Mr. Maskelyne's handsome face..."

"Mr. Maskelyne is still handsome with the wound..."

“Mrs. Maskelyne is a vixen.”

“Mr. Maskelyne is so handsome! How could she do that?”

“What a cruel woman!”

Some were praising her while some were cursing her.

Everyone was curious about Mrs. Maskelyne.

Sylvia read the comment of the netizens who kept quoting her on Twitter. There were still teeth marks on her face.

She was so angry.

Franklin took her phone and registered a Twitter account for her on her mobile behind her back.

Why was everyone saying that she forced him to do that?

What the hell!

That was totally wrong!

Sylvia was so angry that she got a headache.

She took a picture of the tooth marks on her cheek and posted it on her Twitter. She didn't show her face.

Franklin had been playing the victim.

She could do the same.

She tweeted.

Unexpectedly, in the next second, Franklin actually forwarded her tweet and commented, “Honey, my fault. I shouldn't bite you in the face.”

Franklin's interaction pushed this farce to the climax.

Everyone got excited.

“Mr. Maskelyne fought back against Mrs. Maskelyne with his teeth.”

“What a lovely fight!”

“So, who won?”

“Mr. Maskelyne, how can you bite your wife's tender skin?”

“Is this another show of affection in disguise?”

Franklin replied to two comments in a great mood.

“This is proof that my wife loves me.”

“I've also left a mark on her face, nice.”

After Franklin replied to Twitter, he went back to work.

He was very serious as if nothing happened just now.

And Sylvia, who was also checking Twitter, was speechless.

They had divorced. What was Franklin trying to do?

He went too far.

She let out a long breath, a little regretful for her impulsive tweeting.

Franklin went crazy, did she go crazy too?

Since when she became so easily provoked?

She tossed her phone aside and went to bed.

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She went back to Pearlhall Villa after she woke up.

The servants were checking Twitter too.

“Mr. Maskelyne and Ms. Andrews are a good match.”

“It’s a pity they got divorced.”

“I think Mr. Maskelyne has bad taste. His mistresses are the dramatic type. They are far from Ms. Andrews.”

“That’s right, Ms. Andrews even got this group of big guys to listen to her. Not everyone can do that.”

Sylvia went downstairs to find something to eat and heard the chatters.

She was speechless, “You guys don’t have anything to do?”

“Miss Andrews...” The servants looked up in surprise. When they saw Sylvia standing behind them, they hurriedly scattered.

But after seeing the teeth marks on Sylvia’s face, which was a little funny, one of the servants said boldly, “Miss Andrews, should I boil an egg for you?”

“What for?” Sylvia said very badly.

“It helps to heal your swollen face.”

“Okay, I want ten!” Sylvia then took some pastries from the refrigerator and turned upstairs.

She was not going out these days!

When Logan came back, he couldn’t help laughing when he saw the “love mark” on Sylvia’s face.

Sylvia glared at him, “I’ll hit you if you dare to laugh again!”

What was so funny?

Franklin was slapped in the face too.

“You guys must have had an exciting night.” Logan still couldn’t stop laughing.

“Don’t you dare laugh again!” Sylvia grabbed the tissue box and threw it at Logan.

Logan dodged neatly, “Don’t! Boss, keep the mark on your face. It’s very pretty.”

“Get lost!” Sylvia scolded angrily.

“Miss Andrews, don’t move.” The servant quickly grabbed Sylvia with a boiled egg in her hand. She gently rolled the egg on the teeth marks on Sylvia’s face.

Sylvia stopped moving immediately.

Logan craned his neck to take a look, then came over and watched her closely. “He bites really hard! The mark looks so deep. But could it disappear by the day of the charity party?”

“Do you think I will still be your companion after what you’ve done just now? You are dreaming!” Sylvia sneered.

Logan was lost for words.

He regretted having laughed at Sylvia.

At this time, Sylvia got a video call.

She grabbed the phone from the table. It was Franklin.

She knew how crazy he was. He would keep calling her until she answered the call.

Or perhaps, he would come over directly.

That day he came to Pearlhall Villa by helicopter. She had to call the community to let him in.

No one could do anything when he lost his mind.

So, Sylvia had to answer the call.

“What are you doing?”

“I’ve just stepped out of the shower. Have you taken yours?”

Franklin was wiping his hair, topless. He got nice muscles, and under the light, he looked very hot.

His wet hair made him even wilder.

“What’s wrong with you? What does it have to do with you if I’ve taken my shower?” Sylvia said angrily.

“If there is nothing, bye.”

“Wait...” Franklin hurriedly stopped her, “There is a charity party in a few days, can you come with me?”

Sylvia sneered, “Sorry, No. I’m just your ex-wife, I don’t deserve to be around you, I bet Miss Evans and Ms. Honey are both waiting for your invitation.”

After speaking, she hung up.

After rejecting Franklin, she felt great.

That was how a divorced couple should treat each other.

She didn't want to be in the same room with him.

Her mind would be much clearer when he was not around.

The feeling of being controlled was unpleasant.

Franklin, who was hung up, threw the towel in his hand to the ground.

His swollen face became even uglier.

The woman who was still obediently in his arms last night became ruthless again.

She was the representative of ruthlessness.

Sylvia huddled at home for a few days.

It was Friday in the blink of an eye.

At noon, Logan came back from the company in person, almost on his knees to beg Sylvia.

Sylvia lazily agreed to attend the charity party with him.

Everybody knew that Logan had a goddess. If Sylvia didn't show up, Logan would become the laughingstock.

It was five in the afternoon.

Logan invited a special styling team to Pearlhall Villa.

It was seven o'clock in the afternoon.

Sylvia had just finished styling, she opened her eyes lazily, and asked the maid to bring the meal.

After eating some fruits and snacks, she had some tea.

Then she got up and went downstairs.

The styling team was stunned.

They serve many top actors and actresses as well as some rich and powerful people.

Among them, some had an outstanding appearance. Some got great temperament...

But no one had all those combined except Sylvia.

A male stylist behind hurriedly said, "Miss Andrews, please be careful while walking down the stairs."

He leaned over to smooth Sylvia's dress.

Sylvia smiled, "Thanks for the reminder."

Turning around again, she saw Logan standing not far away.

Logan watched her smile slowly disappear from the corner of her lips. Her eyebrows looked perfect. She was shining.

She looked different than usual!

Logan swallowed his saliva. He knew Sylvia was beautiful, but he was still stunned.

No wonder Franklin was still pestering her even after the divorce.

Sylvia was as beautiful as Helen of Troy, who can cause war.

As the president of longevity Pharmaceuticals, Logan attended various occasions and knew all kinds of people from the upper class. The styling team he hired was naturally top-notch.

Sylvia didn't look in the mirror, so she didn't know what she was like now.

It was eight p.m.

Their car arrived at SpiritFord Hotel on time.

A long red carpet had been laid out at the entrance of the banquet, and the venue had also been decorated magnificently, with attendants in uniforms shuttling back and forth.

The reporters had been waiting outside.

Cars stopped one after another. Men in suits and women in exquisite dresses walked onto the red carpet.

Many of them were famous celebrities and big shots in showbiz.

To participate in a charity dinner, of course, they had prepared something for the auction.

Logan looked at these stars and said, "The Wilson family holds a charity party every year, and it is now the tenth time. It has a good reputation. The Wilson philanthropic foundation is highly praised throughout H Rovirsa. Almost all of the top billionaires in the industry, as well as celebrities and small businesses, are flocking to it. It's an honor to be invited to the Wilson charity party."

Sylvia lowered her eyebrows and said, "I hope the Wilson Group is really that generous."

Logan didn't understand what she meant.

Sylvia didn't speak anymore, when she heard Logan say again, "I prepared a jadeite for your lot."

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Sylvia looked at him and said, "My lot has been submitted."

Logan was startled, "What?"

Sylvia glanced at him, "If I don't prepare one or two lots, I'm afraid you'll be embarrassed."

The spotlights in front illuminated the entire red carpet.

Celebrities were making poses in front of the camera.

But after the tycoons came out, they immediately moved aside.

It was a world of capital.

Celebrities were merely tools.

Sylvia and Logan got out of the car. They were immediately surrounded by the reporters

These reporters were stunned, taking pictures crazily.

Gosh!

Logan's girlfriend?

For real?

He actually brought his girlfriend here.

It was just astounding.

Logan, who always seemed to be single, had a girlfriend.

"Who is this woman? I don't remember her."

"Could it be some international celebrity that we don't know?"

"Her face is unforgettable!"

Several stars whispered, stunned by the look and temperament of the women with Logan. With Sylvia around, even Logan became less attractive.

Logan was stunned by Sylvia's aura too.

The two quickly walked to the door.

When they stepped in the door, the rich people who were talking suddenly looked back and saw Sylvia.

They were all stunned.

How could she be so beautiful?

Her beauty overshadowed all the women in the venue. Those who were beautiful a moment ago instantly became boring.

It was only a moment later that they noticed Logan, who was beside the woman. They all had a complicated look.

Logan tweeted the other day and said he had a goddess.

At that time, just a side face made the netizens excited.

No one expected Sylvia to be so beautiful!

She was breathtakingly beautiful.

“Mr. Mertens.”

The flashbulbs erupted.

Logan took Sylvia’s hand, and leaned close to her ear, “Boss, look, they all become your fans. You should make good use of your face. There is no need to work hard.”

Sylvia glanced at him lightly, “Shut up.”

Logan laughed even harder, “Ouch, I was praising you!”

Sylvia nodded lightly, gracefully, “You were not praising me but stating a fact.”

When the reporters saw their intimate appearance, they took pictures wildly.

The guests in the hall were all jealous of Logan.

They had been frightened by the rapid development of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, and now even his girlfriend was so beautiful.

Life was so unfair.

At the president’s office of Maskelyne Group.

Jasper pushed through the door and he swallowed.

After Sylvia rejected Franklin, Franklin tore the invitation of the Wilson Group and threw it in the trash can.

But just now he saw the real-time Twitter Feed of Wilson Group Charity, and Logan appeared with his mysterious girlfriend.

As soon as this tweet was posted, it was immediately on the trend.

So...

Under tremendous pressure, he looked at the man sitting in the leather seat and said, “Miss Andrews went there as Logan’s companion!”

Hearing this, the man raised his head that had been buried in work, and gritted his teeth in resentment, “Damn!”

It seemed that he didn’t bite hard enough. How dare she go there with Logan!

His eyes were cold, and a strong sense of oppression filled the entire space.

Jasper didn’t dare to breathe; He was drenched in a cold sweat. Standing stiffly in front of Franklin, he saw the torn invitation, and his eyes were full of despair.

He thought that Franklin’s mania was getting more and more serious.

Sylvia slept with Franklin and was bitten by him. Just now, she was with Logan.

They had divorced. Franklin proposed it. Why couldn’t he just let go now?

Franklin's face was gloomy. He was on the edge of being crazy.

Sylvia was such a disobedient woman!

"Get her back, get her back for me." Franklin's dull voice sounded.

Jasper was frightened by Franklin's unfriendly expression, "Okay, okay, I'll go do it now."

"Wait!" Franklin suddenly got up from his seat, and his tall figure seemed to glow with cold light, "I'll go personally!"

In an instant, several black luxury cars set off!

Sylvia was good at fighting. Jasper wouldn't be able to handle her.

Franklin sat in the car and slowly closed his angry eyes.

At this time, the charity party has begun, and the first part was naturally the auction.

The host of the auction stood on the stage and looked at the crowd below.

The Wilson Group's boss, Clark Wilson was in the first row.

Behind him were people of the Mertens family, the Kennedy family, and some other families.

Franklin's position was naturally on par with the Wilson family.

Everyone watched as Clark and his female companion sat alone in the first row.

They all whispered, "Mr. Maskelyne didn't come."

"Mr. Maskelyne didn't come last time either."

"Mr. Maskelyne doesn't seem to be interested in charity parties."

Paul was already seated, he came and sat down early. He was not interested in exchanging pleasantries in the hall.

Because of his family background, he hated that kind of stuff.

But not long after he sat down, he heard someone not far away greeting Logan, "Mr. Mertens, it's so nice to see you here."

"Miss Andrews."

Paul sneered inside. Everybody knew that Logan had a crush and he brought her here today. He was curious about who she was.

It was known to all that Logan was a celibate freak.

Thinking of this, he couldn't help but look back.

Sylvia happened to look in his direction.

They saw each other

Paul was a bit stunned. Sylvia? Why was she here?

Seeing Logan beside her, he felt a huge sense of crisis. Was Sylvia the goddess of Logan?

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Shit!

Damn Logan! When did she hook up with Sylvia?

After greeting people, Logan and Sylvia sat beside Paul.

Romeo was there too. Seeing Sylvia, he was so excited. "Oh my goodness, Sylvia! I must be blessed to see you here."

Before he finished, Paul stopped him. "Shut up! Be quiet!"

"Paul... Romeo felt wronged. Yet he reached his hand and said with a low voice, "Sylvia, could you please shake hands with me?"

Sylvia's expression was cold, and her voice was a little arrogant. "No."

Romeo's heart was broken.

Clark sat in front and heard the noises behind him. When he heard Sylvia's words, he thought that her voice was very pleasant to the ear.

But he didn't turn back. To him, Sylvia was just a gold digger, even though she got a nice voice.

At the door of the hotel at this time.

The waiter was kind of speechless looking at the invitation that had been broken and then fixed together.

He thought, "Mr. Maskelyne, how much do you despise Wilson Group's to do this?"

The invitation was shredded and put together again...

Jasper was embarrassed when he handed the invitation over.

Franklin was just crazy when he was having a mania.

The two stepped into the venue and walked straight toward the auction.

In the distance, Franklin saw Sylvia sitting next to Logan with light makeup, looking stunning.

She was all he could see.

Tiffany arrived late. She saw Franklin's back from a distance and quickly followed up. "Franklin!"

Franklin turned a deaf ear. The only thing he had in mind was to take Sylvia away.

"Ouch!" Tiffany wanted to hold Franklin's arm, but he walked too fast and she stepped on herself.

She fell.

The reporters captured it frantically.

They even had the title in mind. Mr. Maskelyne did not dare to be intimate with his mistress after being punished by his wife. His mistress Tiffany Wilson fell at the charity party.

Tiffany was embarrassed and angry, and with the help of the waiter, she quickly got up and went on chasing Franklin.

Franklin immediately attracted the attention of people.

“Mr. Maskelyne never came before.”

“What brings him here this time?”

“He looks scary!”

Logan held a plate of strawberries in his hand and raised it to Sylvia, looking like her fervent fan, “They are sent back from Iqethi by air. Have a try.”

Sylvia glanced at him and tried one. “It tastes good.”

Paul took a plate of cantaloupe over. “Miss Andrews, this cantaloupe is shipped from the border, it is very sweet.”

Sylvia nodded and tried a piece of it as well. “Nice.”

Everyone around was shocked!

Who was this woman?

Mr. Mertens and Master Paul were both trying to please her. Romeo was a crazy fan of hers.

Franklin was furious seeing Sylvia with the two men. He wanted to throw the guys into the ocean.

He sat down with resentment.

Suppressing his anger, he said with a cold voice, “Sit beside me.”

Hearing the familiar dull voice, Sylvia raised her eyes.

She saw Franklin’s gloomy and handsome face. There was some hidden anger in his eyes.

“Were you talking to me?” Sylvia looked at him, her expression innocent, “Excuse me, Mr. Maskelyne, I’m Mr. Mertens’ companion. Your invitation is late.”

“Good, good.” Franklin forced the anger in his chest, and everything around him bored him. He wanted to destroy it all.

Everyone was shocked again!

Even Franklin offered to invite her to sit with him! Who was she? They really wanted to know!

Clark was also a little surprised by Franklin’s actions. This woman was so sophisticated. Logan, Paul, and even Franklin were trying to please her.

At this time, Tiffany came over, panting, her face flushed.

If Sylvia wasn't present, Tiffany would be regarded as beautiful.

But Sylvia was there to eclipse Tiffany.

Tiffany wiped the sweat on her forehead, thinking that she was doing it in an elegant manner. She whispered, "Franklin, why are you walking so fast, I just fell. My leg hurts so much."

Saying that, she was about to sit next to Franklin, but Franklin pressed his palm on the seat, He said coldly and impatiently, "This is my wife's place, Miss Evans, please find yourself another seat."

Tiffany's face flushed, "Aren't you..."

'Aren't you going to get divorced?'

But under the man's unfriendly expression, she didn't have the courage to say it.

Tears stood in her eyes. She had never been humiliated like that, especially in such an important public setting.

She was ashamed.

She cried and ran to the back seat, sitting at the Evans family's place.

Fortunately, she was the only one in her family who came today. Other people were all in the hospital with the old Evans. She was asked by the old Evans to come here to auction his calligraphy works on behalf of the Evans family. In addition to the old Evans' calligraphy works, she also brought some of her own paintings.

As a celebrity, she must have some skills.

She drew well, not the best, but not bad. Even though she was just average, she was better than the majority of the people in the industry.

After all, few people were talented.

Tiffany had about five or sixty thousand fans on Twitter. She was kind of an influencer.

She had hired some posters and reporters to tweet as soon as her paintings were photographed.

Everyone watched what Franklin was doing like watching a show.

The photo of Mr. Maskelyne being beaten by his wife went viral on Twitter the other day.

Now looking at his face, the injury was healed. But he had learned his lesson and stayed away from his mistress.

Nice.

It was no news for rich people to cheat.

Seeing that Franklin changed after being beaten by his wife, many rich ladies were envious of Mrs. Maskelyne.

Their men never changed.

And the men believed that Franklin was pretending. They believed that in private, he was still in contact with his mistresses.

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The host didn't pay attention to what people were thinking.

The auction began on time.

"I announce that the auction officially begins now, and the first lot is an ancestral gemstone earring by Mr. Jones of the Jones Group."

Many top businessmen were there, some had good relations with the Wilson Group, some with the Maskelyne Group, SouthStar Airlines, and some with the Kennedy family.

Clark greeted Franklin and then sat down in the front seat, watching the auction.

The charity party had been held ten times. The lots were all precious collections of each family. No one would bring unworthy stuff to humiliate the Wilson family.

Therefore, the lots had long been verified in advance.

The auction went on as planned. The old Evans' calligraphy was sold for three million dollars.

Finally, the host of the auction exclaimed in high spirits, "The next item is Miss Evans' painting."

After the host finished speaking, the staff brought up a landscape painting.

"This is Miss Evans's painting. We all know that Miss Evans was born into a piano family. Just now, the old Evans' calligraphy was auctioned for three million dollars. Miss Evans is his granddaughter, and she had inherited his talent."

"Miss Evans is not only beautiful but also kind. She wants to support our charity. The figure in the painting is a hard-working child living in the mountains. It matches the theme of the charity party. We want to help those in need. The starting price is 80,000."

Sylvia looked at the painting. She didn't know Tiffany could draw.

At this moment, she saw Tiffany walk up to the stage, standing beside the host and smiling shyly.

"Thanks for the support."

Logan leaned into Sylvia's ear and asked, "How do you think about this painting?"

Sylvia scoffed. "Average."

The people around who heard it all choked, thinking that she was arrogant.

Tiffany was a well-known talent in the circle of celebrities...

They couldn't wait to see what Sylvia brought over.

"Aren't you going to support your mistress?" Sylvia kicked Franklin, who was sitting in front.

People were stunned by how arrogant she was.

Everyone in the room thought that Tiffany was Franklin's mistress, but no one dared to say it in front of him.

Not even Clark.

But!

Sylvia dared!

People couldn't help but sweat for her... She would suffer if Franklin was angry.

But Logan and Paul looked like they were watching the show. They were not worried about Sylvia at all.

Both of them were thinking, "Sylvia is my goddess! My boss!"

She could do whatever she wanted.

Franklin turned back and glared at Sylvia. She was provoking him!

On the stage, Tiffany was also surprised by Sylvia's bad temper. She even dared to provoke Franklin.

She hoped that Franklin would teach Sylvia a lesson.

Thinking of this, she looked at Franklin with great anticipation, hoping that Franklin would punish Sylvia.

However, Franklin only said lightly, "Don't mess around."

'Don't mess around...'

Everyone suspected that they had a hallucination.

Franklin spoke with a dotting tone. What was going on?

Sylvia pouted and disdainfully said, "Boring!"

Tiffany was about to cry. Who was this woman?

She looked at Sylvia with hatred and was then stunned.

She recognized that Sylvia was the doctor.

Why was she here?

Before, Tiffany's attention was all on Franklin, so she didn't pay attention to other people around her.

Now after taking a look, she suddenly froze.

Why would a nameless doctor appear on such an occasion?

Paul and Logan were sitting around Sylvia like protectors, trying their best to please her. Tiffany was even more confused.

When did Sylvia hook up with these rich people? It seemed that she was close to Logan and Paul.

Slut!

Tiffany cursed inside.

In the end, Tiffany's painting was sold for 100,000.

People applauded.

"This painting is not even worth 10,000," Sylvia commented.

Tiffany, who stepped down, happened to hear it. She felt humiliated greatly. "Why are you so mean? Show us what you have."

Sylvia raised an eyebrow, "You'll know."

"Are you ashamed of it?" Tiffany couldn't help but be sarcastic.

"You are not ashamed of your cheap collection, why would I?" Sylvia was good at arguing.

Logan and Paul had long known how eloquent Sylvia was, so they were not surprised.

Clark was a little impatient with Sylvia's arrogance. He thought she was sophisticated, but now, she seemed to be superficial.

Tiffany's face turned red. She gritted her teeth so hard that they almost broke. She could only ask Franklin for help, "Franklin, did you hear what she said?"

Franklin lowered his head without looking at Tiffany. "She's right, your grandfather's calligraphy is artwork, but yours are far from it."

Tiffany was so angry that her hands were shaking.

She glared at Sylvia with resentment before returning to her seat.

Brayden sat down next to Franklin and sighed, "Bro, what is going on?"

He sneaked a glance at Sylvia in the back. She was glaringly beautiful but not easy to get along with. Did Franklin like this type of woman?

"Have you abandoned your wife for this woman?"

"Man, this is a bit crazy!"

"If you treated Mrs. Maskelyne this way, you wouldn't have been beaten!"

"Shut up!" Franklin couldn't stand it anymore.

It seemed that he didn't learn from his trip to Akas. He should stay there for three years to learn something.

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Other people couldn't help but prick up their ears. Wow, if they ever had any doubts about Franklin's being abused by his wife before, now they were all cleared.

After all, it had been confirmed by Master Brayden in person! Moreover, the listeners were also curious about what kind of woman Mrs. Maskelyne was to beat up Franklin.

Then some pieces of jewelry and antique calligraphy were sold, all at astronomical prices.

Tiffany sized Sylvia up occasionally, waiting to see what she was putting up.

Just then, the emcee paused for a second before saying, "The next item we are seeing is from Miss Andrews. It's a painting titled One Hundred Birds."

"One Hundred Birds?"

"Master Keturah is famous for painting birds and One Hundred Birds is among the ones with which he made his name. Can this be Master Keturah's work?"

A man who was a worthy painting collector was surprised.

"How's that possible? How can Sylvia own Master Keturah's painting?"

"Tell me about it! It's said that Master Keturah draws amazing pictures with his left hand and plays great piano music with the right one! He draws with his left hand! Left hand! Ordinary people can't even draw well using their right hands, let alone left hands."

"So is Master Keturah a left-hander?"

"But he plays piano with his right hand!"

There followed a heated discussion.

All those trophy female partners that came with the super-rich men were eye candy, so they didn't have to bring anything for the auction.

Unlike them, Sylvia was not someone who would attend such an event with empty hands so she brought a well-selected piece.

Then Sylvia got up from her seat and walked toward the stage.

After a look at the pretty woman's back, Paul lifted the corner of his mouth. "Mr. Mertens, is Miss Andrews your girlfriend?"

Logan felt really proud to hear that. "I'm so flattered. She is just the woman I adore."

"I happen to adore her too." Paul lowered his eyes smilingly. "What about a fair competition?"

Logan's face turned grim. He would never have the nerve to make that move because it would make him end up being a dead man.

He gave Paul a pitying look and said, "Then good luck, Master Paul."

Paul frowned, confused by his words.

That just didn't sound serious.

Meanwhile, Sylvia had come up on the stage, with all the eyes on her.

It was not until then that Clark was stunned by the look of the woman he had despised.

She was so stunning and eye-catching.

This woman afforded to feel superior.

She had more than beauty; she had connections too.

Among them, Master Keturah was the best one.

It suddenly hit him why this woman was always surrounded by those super-rich men.

The woman deserved that!

Sylvia glanced at the emcee. "You are not done with the introduction yet."

It was the first time the emcee had ever seen a woman that pretty.

He came to himself and continued, "This is a famous painting by Master Keturah, whose works are much in demand but priceless, so the opening bid is ten million dollars!"

The bidders felt silent.

It was Master Keturah's painting after all!

Her works were known to be like gold dust!

Tiffany stood up in disbelief, screeching, "That's impossible!"

The painting she brought were sold for five hundred thousand dollars, which was a trending topic on Twitter at the moment.

It was all over the news.

She had expected to steal the spotlight.

After all, what those debutantes brought was nothing more than some jewelry, which was no contest against her painting!

But a painting of Master Keturah just came out of nowhere! How was it possible for an other-worldly master like her to give up her work to Sylvia for auction?

"Where did you get that painting?" Tiffany questioned Sylvia furiously.

"Master Keturah gave it to me," said Sylvia without giving Tiffany even one look, "Why? Because she needs your approval to give away her painting?"

Tiffany swallowed with a defeated look.

She couldn't help but look at that painting.

It was well known that Master Keturah's paintings were not for sale, and were only given to the destined people. That was why they were priceless.

Brayden was shocked too. “How interesting. Mom has more than two paintings by Master Keturah at home, and they were all given by her to my mom... Does it mean that my mom is gonna be rich? The starting price itself is ten million dollars...”

He didn’t know anything about art, so he was surprised to know how wealthy those rich people were in that coterie.

Franklin felt something wrong with the whole thing.

He had never known Sylvia to know Master Keturah.

Rumor had it that Keturah Brown was a striking beauty and an eccentric. Others said she was so ugly that she was always seen wearing a mask.

But...her talent was world famous. Her achievement in piano playing and her gift for painting, especially that she drew with her left hand and played music with her right, had had no parallel before and never would have.

She was arguably a remarkable talent of many ages.

So Brayden was a little carried away. “My mom is just so lucky to be friends with Master Keturah...”

The emcee almost ran out of his vocabulary to describe the item. “This painting...! A consummate and magnificent depiction by Master Keturah!”

The awe-inspiring item was three meters in length.

Even people who knew nothing about art would be inspired by the power of the master!

“This painting had an elaborate design and Master Keturah knew that I was coming to the charity auction, so she gave it to me. The real meaning of the painting is the prosperity of the people and that the president is leading the people of H Rovirsa to thrive and to a happy life.”

Sylvia, appearing composed, continued her speech on the stage, “Helping charity is a common and inspiring thing. As an average person, Master Keturah also wants to make her contribution to charity. And I just happen to know her.”

The message she was conveying was – “Master Keturah even gives such a valuable work of art to raise money for charity; everyone present should bid for it positively.”

Clark’s eyes were riveted on her.

The woman stood tall in an elegant and lofty manner.

Sylvia went back to her seat and said to Logan, “You make a bid.”

Logan swallowed and asked, “How much?”

“You decide.” Sylvia yawned gracefully, feeling such kind of event was so boring.

Paul soon turned to her complaisantly and said, “What do you say I raise the bid?”

He was not going to let Logan take all the attention, so he had to push himself forward too.

“Whatever,” Sylvia gave him the same response.

“15 million dollars,” said a man in a brisk voice.

The two men were shocked and they both looked at Franklin.

For god’s sake, they couldn’t believe that a married man was trying to upstage two single men!

Paul was fuming as he thought that Franklin not only made trouble for him over everything but tried to steal the woman he liked.

What made Paul more furious was that Franklin, “the jerk”, made the stock price of Kennedy Group drop by three percent just because Romeo had hit James.

He fought back his rage and went against Franklin right away, “16 million dollars.”

Franklin turned around and glimpsed at Sylvia, implying by the eye – “Did I do a good job?”

Sylvia was wordless

Could he be more juvenile?

chapter 67

She said drily, “Thank you. I’m saying it to you for Master Keturah.”

Everyone started to feel tantalized.

Franklin added five million dollars to the price with his first bid.

It was a testament to the value of Master Keturah’s painting.

Hence...The bid kept increasing.

It only took a while for the price to increase to 20 million dollars.

A painting for 20 million dollars. That was far from being affordable!

But the name of Master Keturah was too famous to be ignored.

Those super-rich men had been trying to get a work of Master Keturah since always but to no avail.

Then and there, the painting they had dreamed of was right in front of them, so how could they not fight for it?

Then the price started skyrocketing!

25 million!

30 million!

35 million!

The numbers kept growing bigger and bigger.

These super-rich men seemed to have lost their marbles.

Brayden was gaping, wishing he could have just taken all the paintings by Master Keturah off the walls of his home for the auction!

But he didn't have the guts, because those were his mother's treasures.

The bid had been very high, and the higher it got, the more the painting was desired.

Then it reached 50 million dollars!

Finally, a man with a pot belly yelled, "100 million dollars! The painting is mine!"

Silence reigned the room.

Everyone was staring at him in wide-eyed shock.

The man was known for collecting antique paintings and calligraphy.

But he hadn't possessed any painting by Master Keturah yet.

Tiffany gasped at what was happening there.

He was out of mind, wasn't he?

100 million dollars for a painting!

A satisfied look appeared on Sylvia's face.

She rose from her seat and bowed to the middle-aged man gracefully, and managed to see his name on his seat with her keen eyes. "Mr. Rogers, I am so grateful to you for your discerning eye, and I now promise you that a new painting by Master Keturah will be given to you too."

"Really?" Calvin Rogers was ecstatic with his face getting red and his hands trembling.

"Yes." Sylvia then sat down. Calvin was writing the check as he exclaimed to Sylvia, "Thank you! Thank you so much! Ha-ha!"

There came a noisy discussion.

"Buy one and get one free? Isn't it too good to be true?"

"Is this Sylvia lying about it? Is she that close with Master Keturah?"

Sylvia smiled, her cheeks rosy like a blossoming rose as she took the check, "Master Keturah told me that all the proceeds from the painting will go to Keturah foundation for charity. The accounts are open to public inspection."

Franklin frowned, feeling weird somehow.

Clark's face darkened. That woman was brash enough to think little of Wilson Group!

All the proceeds from the charity auction would be donated through Wilson Group.

For the first time, proceeds from the Wilson charity dinner had to go to another foundation.

His admiration for her soon dissolved into hatred.

Sylvia, meanwhile, had come off the stage and gone back to her seat.

Logan seized her by the tip of her clothes anxiously, saying, "Are you crazy? Are you like Master Keturah's best friend or what? What if she says no? That's so reckless of you."

"She won't say no," Sylvia said nothing more and focused on the auction.

Paul observed Clark's expression and said in a hushed tone, "Miss Andrews, Wilson Group doesn't seem to be happy with it."

Unlike Paul's hushed tone, Sylvia's voice wasn't too loud but loud enough for Clark to hear it. "Oh, so Wilson Group is so petty as to care about that 100 million dollars."

Clark was speechless.

His face froze noticeably before he turned around and smiled at Sylvia, "You are so funny, Miss Andrews. Wilson Group won't take that amount seriously. Whatever the form it is, the purpose of charity is to help those in need."

The rhetoric made the Wilson Group appear generous.

Clark believed that he had made a decent speech.

Even when he smiled, he looked kind of sinister, very creepy.

Although Paul's family used to be involved in the underworld, he was a decent man.

Sylvia thought Clark was the vicious one. He was a bad person underneath his good appearance, so she couldn't appreciate his good look.

"Then thank you so much, Mr. Wilson." Sylvia nodded to Clark.

The moment she thanked him, Clark somehow felt a soothing feeling of being complimented surging inside him

Damn it!

It was not like he was Sylvia's backup!

For sure, he looked down upon Logan and Paul, the two CEOs, who relegated themselves to her backups.

Meanwhile, The hashtag, "Master Keturah's One Hundred Birds sold for an astronomical price" appeared at the top of the trending topics on Twitter.

Funnily enough, it was followed by the hashtag, "Master Keturah's painting was bidden 100 million dollars", plus, "100 million dollars are transferred to Keturah foundation."

"That's incredible, the money gained at the Wilson charity dinner went to Keturah foundation."

"Wow, does anyone think that Logan's girlfriend is an amazing woman?"

"Is Wilson Group gonna be mad?"

“Who knows? 100 million dollars! I can never have so much money in my whole life.”

Tiffany exploded with anger as she scrolled through Twitter.

She had auctioned off a painting by herself for five hundred thousand dollars at the charity dinner.

According to her plan, that would have made a great publicity stunt, enlarging her fan base and promoting her image as a beautiful rich woman along the way.

Then she could have pleased the old Evans, who might have thus chosen her as the heir.

The hashtag she bought for herself was shown as the seventh hottest topic on Twitter.

“Tiffany, my idol, is such a versatile girl.”

“I just want to lick Tiffany’s masterpiece.”

“I’m officially a fan now. I knew she plays piano, but she draws too!”

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“Five hundred thousand dollars! That’s amazing.”

And a lot of netizens who didn’t know the fact became her fans.

But after topics about Master Keturah made them to the top three on the trending topics, the hashtag about Tiffany seemed inconspicuous and awkward.

The official account of Wilson philanthropic foundation posted: At a charity dinner in Spirit Ford Hotel, The painting of One Hundred Birds by Master Keturah was bidden an astronomical price and sold for 100 million dollars, which has gone to Keturah philanthropic foundation. We are looking forward to future cooperation with @Keturah philanthropic foundation.

People’s comments flooded the comment section.

“Poverty just limits my imagination. A painting at 100 million dollars, what kind of painting it is? It must be out of the hands of God!”

“A worthless painting at 100 million dollars? Fake news!”

“OMG. But that money did go to Keturah philanthropic foundation.”

“The two foundations seem to share a harmonious relationship!”

“You are right. And that’s pretty amazing of Logan’s girlfriend to snatch that money from Wilson philanthropic foundation, and Wilson Group doesn’t even care.”

“Is it for Mr.Mertens’s sake? So Wilson Group doesn’t care?”

“No idea!”

And then the discussion was all about Sylvia

“What a corrupt society! A painting auctioned by the rich can be inflated to 100 million dollars!”

“There is nothing the rich can’t do!”

“And Mr. Mertens’s girlfriend’s an incredible woman. Master Keturah’s painting is worth that money because of her, so does this mean all Master Keturah’s paintings will cost at least 100 million dollars?”

“Why does it feel like a publicity trick used by Logan to make his girlfriend famous?”

“Nonsense. You are saying that the Mertens family is working with the Wilson Group? It’s impossible! The money went directly to Keturah foundation without being handled up by the Wilson Group. It’s a wonder that the latter has not blown up. How could they work on the publicity stunt?”

“Shocked! I think Logan’s girlfriend is paving her path to show business, using Master Keturah as a hype.”

“You have said my words! Just think about how many times she has been the topic on Twitter!”

“What a hype. Just right after the hashtag about some real celeb’s painting.”

“Aren’t those topics all about Master Keturah? What does it have anything to do with Logan’s girlfriend? That’s very jealous of you. Are you fans of that mistress? So now a real girlfriend becomes the target, but a mistress becomes the treasure? How absurd!”

“Unbelievable. A disgraceful mistress like Tiffany has fans?”

“That’s weird. What kind of people they are to be fans of Tiffany?”

And the topic of the discussion kept straying...These people just argued with one another in the comment section.

The more they argued, the more heated the topic became, occupying the number-one spot on the trending topics.

But certain people were infuriated badly.

Tiffany, for example, was driven crazy!

Why would things turn out like that? She had never bought her way to the trending topic before, and this time she had just meant to be talked about as a pretty, giving, and talented girl, while somehow people would have just forgotten her as a mistress.

However...people knew better about the mistress thing and discussed it more.

It got her so riled up.

Meanwhile at an office, Honey was urging her agent Rose, “Come on, poke the fire harder and bring this woman down. She is dead meat.”

If it hadn’t been for Tiffany, she would not have become the target of people’s criticism and shunned by the entertainment company of Maskelyne Group.

She had been out of work for some while.

When she was finally starting to gain some popularity, it all vanished because of Tiffany.

“Tiffany has neither looks nor figure, not even character. This bitch is just lucky enough to hitch on Franklin.” Rose was angry too.

Honey was the only promising one among all the artists she worked for. Unfortunately, Tiffany, the eyesore, suddenly ruined Honey’s reputation!

That birthday party Honey had thrown had meant to get a bigger fan base, but it was messed up by Tiffany’s arrival. Moreover, Honey was then said to be one of the mistresses.

That had tarnished her image. It would have been fine if she had been his mistress, but Honey had never even come to Franklin’s notice. Such a sheer loss!

Many jobs had been canceled.

Not only Honey, but Rose was also embittered.

Therefore, they agreed on paying posters to curse Tiffany on social media.

Also, the pictures of Tiffany’s pratfall at the charity dinner were sold to them by paparazzi.

Tiffany had given a lot of money to the paparazzi to prevent those pictures from going public, but some paparazzi still sold them to Honey and Rose to gain more money.

Rose then posted on private account, “See, this is the glamorous celeb you are talking about. What a glamorous fall!”

Those pictures showed Tiffany’s distorted face during the fall in detail with great clarity.

There were nine pictures of them.

She had been known as a composed, graceful celeb, but her image was ruined by those pictures which showed her wide-open mouth and almost-popping eyes.

Right after the post, she had the paid posters re-post it with comments.

It didn’t take very long for the hashtag, “Tiffany’s ugly pratfall”, to become a trending topic, listed right next to the one “Tiffany’s painting at five hundred thousand dollars.”

Many people viewed it and laughed.

“Is she doing this on purpose?”

“Another stunt?”

“Seeking attention?”

“Looks like a fake fall.”

“A hypocritical woman.”

Despite the buzzy Twitter, the auction was still going on.

The emcee was introducing a set of expensive antique jewelry. "This set of jewelry was used by the royal family of H Rovirsa, including a crown, a scepter, a necklace, a bracelet, and earrings, all made of the finest gems and gold."

Its value was hard to assess, and it was antique jewelry.

As soon as she saw the jewelry, Sylvia took a breath and fixed her eyes eagerly on it. She liked it, loved it, and was crazy about it.

Only a noble queen or empress could wear the set.

It was all perfectly reserved, so the price could be pretty high.

So beautiful!

Right after the emcee said the price of ten million dollars, she was anxious to make her bid, "20 million dollars."

Almost at the same time, a man was heard saying the same thing, "20 million dollars."

People were shocked. So Logan indulged her that much?

People intuitively thought that Logan was the one who was offering the price.

What surprised them more was that... Mr. Maskelyne liked it too? They were so in sync! Both added ten million dollars to the price when making their first bid!

chapter 69

It seemed like the jewelry was going to be either of them.

Franklin was surprised to see that well-reserved set. And he wanted it too as he thought that Master Keturah was a big fan of such things.

Meanwhile, what Mrs. Wright had said came to his mind, "Give the people what they want."

And for sure, he would have to bring a decent gift when he came to visit Master Keturah.

He just didn't expect Sylvia liked it too.

He looked at that set with a reluctant look in his eyes for a while. "Well, just let her have it."

The dining room was silent as no other bid was made.

Sylvia beckoned to Logan, "Go pay for it."

Logan soon rose from his seat with a credit card, while Paul got up faster than him. "I get it! I get it!"

The emcee said to the two respectfully, "There is no need to pay for it anymore, sirs. It's been paid by Mr. Maskelyne."

Both Logan and Paul were shocked.

Clark looked at Franklin carelessly, with a vicious smile on his sinister face. "I wonder what Mr. Maskelyne's lot is."

Franklin glanced at Sylvia from the corner of his eye and said in a dry voice, "Just some bauble that my wife doesn't like. I think it can be used for charity."

He was still upset as he remembered how Sylvia had tossed on the table his well-selected present for her when he had returned to the Townyer Villa.

Something that Mrs. Maskelyne didn't like?

What could it be?

Everyone's curiosity was instantly aroused.

When a lady came out with a red velvet box, a diamond necklace of at least six carats shone gorgeously under the limelight.

Everyone gave an exclamation of surprise!

Mrs. Maskelyne didn't want a diamond as huge as that?!

Then what did she like?

No woman could resist a diamond!

A tinge of desire flashed across Tiffany's eyes. Ever since they had met, the only thing Franklin had ever given her was a bunch of flowers, although there were 999 flowers in it, it was nothing compared to that diamond...

She felt tortured, wondering what on earth that legendary Mrs. Maskelyne was like.

There really had been no love between them during their four years of marriage?

Tiffany had been certain that she was special to Franklin and believed that Franklin would divorce his wife.

But at that moment...

Why was she feeling so insecure?

Why was she feeling uneasy?

There was Mrs. Maskelyne, and then Sylvia.

God knew how jealous she was when she heard Franklin pay 20 million dollars for that set of jewelry for Sylvia.

She just didn't understand. That woman was just frivolous eye candy.

Couldn't Franklin see it? That woman was fooling around with Logan and Paul.

Tiffany was furious!

At the same time, Paul was also pondering. Wasn't Sylvia Franklin's wife? If she was, why wouldn't she be together with Franklin? If not, then why would she have taken James away from Kennedy's Villa?

He was confused.

But he didn't think an elite like Logan would have wooed a married woman.

So, Sylvia couldn't be Mrs. Maskelyne!

The emcee continued with the auction and coincidentally enough, or purposely, the starting price was five hundred thousand dollars.

What had been tossed away by Mrs. Maskelyne was worth Tiffany's proud painting...

Tiffany seemed to feel some mocking stares from the people around her.

The corners of her mouth were twitching with fury.

Just when people were hesitating over their bid, Sylvia made hers, "One million dollars."

Sylvia glimpsed at him with a smile on her rosy cheeks. "No one dislikes diamond."

'Then why didn't you take it away?'

Franklin gritted his teeth.

Did that mean that she didn't like it to be given by him?

The more Franklin thought about it, the more his anger built up.

So was she implying that she didn't like him?

Then why did she get married to him if she didn't like him?

Franklin gritted his teeth so hard as if to break them.

Flames of fury were raging inside him. He wished he could just snatch the woman away and confined her, regardless of all the possible consequences, so that she would not have had any chance to mock him.

With Sylvia's involvement and the effort of Franklin's toadies, the diamond necklace was inflated to nine million dollars soon after.

Eventually, the necklace belonged to a rich businessman who was looking to cooperate with Maskelyne Group.

Franklin stuffed the check into Sylvia's hand. "Donate it to Keturah foundation, and I wonder if it can be exchanged for a meeting with her?"

Sylvia gave the check a careless flick. "What for?"

"I need a favor from her," Franklin said in a dull voice.

"Since I've got your money, it would make me look bad if said no. I will schedule it for you." With that, Sylvia put away the check.

More money was always better.

Everyone watched the two enviously.

Both were enviable, whether it was that money or a chance to meet Master Keturah.

“So, one only needs to pay nine million to see Master Keturah? Then may I donate the same amount of money to the Keturah foundation in exchange for a chance to meet her?” Calvin, who was rich and silly, soon asked.

Sylvia looked up at him, “Mr. Rogues, what’s rare makes it precious. There is one only person here who gets to meet Master Keturah, and it’s Mr. Maskelyne. And as promised, you will receive another Master Keturah’s painting for free in return for your generosity. It’s wise to not be too greedy.”

Her speech made sense.

It even impressed everyone.

You could totally tell from her look and tone that she meant it, instead of giving him the runaround or showing herself off.

Tiffany felt a blast of joy inside, thinking that Franklin was spending that nine hundred million dollars for her.

Sylvia, Mrs. Maskelyne, to hell with them.

She recovered her confidence in winning Franklin over again.

Wilson philanthropic foundation had been completely left out the whole time.

Its director was Winter Bennett, Clark’s aunt. The head of the Wilson family was Clark, while other family members worked in Wilson Group. Winter, who had majored in economics and management, stood out among her relatives and took over the foundation.

With excellent social ability, she had been in charge of the Wilson family ever since the old Wilson’s illness. But she had been obedient to Clark, who thus trusted her.

Winter watched how Sylvia and Franklin humiliated Wilson Group again and again.

She couldn’t swallow her anger.

But she dared not to do anything without Clark’s permission.

Meanwhile, Sylvia caught her attention.

There was a dinner after the auction.

Sylvia seated herself gracefully at a table in the corner of the room. Her heels were hurt by the rub of her high-heeled shoes.

She took off her shoes, looked down, and found a blister.

Without any hesitation, she pressed it to make it burst and cleared the wound with a tissue.

“That’s the price for looking pretty,” said a man in a cold voice overhead.

Sylvia knew who he was without looking up.

“So you are saying that I look pretty?”

It wasn't unusual for her to make Franklin speechless.

He then sat down right next to the woman and placed her foot on his lap. He paused for a second the moment he gripped her ankle.

Franklin raised his eyes and saw the woman slightly wince.

She looked adorable and sexy with strands of hair drooping down her face.

She barely wore make-up, mostly seen with a natural look.

He was surprised to see how beautiful she looked that night.

Sylvia tried to take her leg off him but was stopped.

Franklin grabbed her ankle with one hand and pressed the wound with the other. With his head lowered, he softly dabbed the pierced blister with a tissue.

He was very gentle. His slightly rough fingers were felt rubbing against her tender skin.

Sylvia felt an electric shock surging from the sole of her foot, through her body until it reached the cortex of her brain!

For a moment there, Sylvia forgot to struggle.

The light from the crystal chandelier came streaming down on the two, who were shrouded in the mild glow.

She felt hotter in her legs.

Sylvia couldn't explain her feelings, which were particularly odd.

“Why are you staring at me?” Franklin let go of her fair, soft, and pretty foot, fitting in the shoe size of USA 5.5.

With his throat getting dry, Franklin turned his eyes away. “Don't wear shoes you are not good with.”

Sylvia said nothing.

His husky voice made Sylvia avert her eyes. She raised her hand and put the hanging hair around her ear back.

Somehow, her ears reddened.

Her face seemed to be burning.

“Miss Andrews.”

Suddenly, Paul came. The strapping man was seen striding toward them with ice cream and a complaisant smile.

“It's freshly served. I got you one. Try it and see if you like it.”

The chemistry between Sylvia and Franklin dissipated.

Sylvia took over the ice cream and swirled around it with her tongue, with a tinge of satisfaction on her face. "Thanks."

Franklin was so annoyed that the atmosphere froze.

Sylvia felt the cold and saw the icy look in the man's eyes as she looked up.

Sylvia put out her tongue and licked it again, feeling the nice chill.

It tasted very good.

Franklin was brewing with anger. Anything given by another man was that good?

Licked it over and over again?

What was it so good to lick off?

The man clenched his fists and went right before Sylvia.

With her eyes wide open, Sylvia said to him, "What are you... Ah!"

Her body was in the air before she got to finish her words.

Shockingly, the man opened his arms and swept her up.

"Go home," a cold voice said.

The scent of the woman kept seducing him...

chapter 70

The man felt like a completely different person the moment he lifted her off the ground.

Noticing his changes, Paul held his breath, leaped forward, and stopped him with a stern face, "Mr. Maskelyne, it's rude of you to do that, isn't it?"

"Get off!" Franklin said in a deep and hoarse voice.

"Put me down, Franklin." Sylvia was embarrassed.

She could feel many people watching them.

The two super-rich men had made quite a scene.

Tension grew between Franklin and Paul as they glared at each other.

Sylvia's heels were still in pain, but the pain was a piece of cake to her.

She pinched Franklin in his strong waist. "Are you deaf? I said put me down!"

Franklin felt hurt in the waist, lowering his eyes to look at her. She was seen with rosy cheeks and a cute angry look on her face.

He felt softened and laid her down obediently.

As soon as her feet touched the floor, she waved at Logon, who had been absorbed in talking among the crowd, "Logan, come over here, right now."

As soon as he heard it, Logan gave an apologetic smile to the middle-aged man before him and sprinted to her. Before he got to ask her, the woman held out her hand like a queen, gave him a reproachful look, and said, "Keep me steady."

"Yes!" replied Logon, suppressing the urge to say, "Your Majesty!"

"I dare you to go with him." Franklin shot daggers at Logan.

Franklin pursed his lip slightly with a silent stare at the two.

Sylvia thought he was unreasonable. "If I can't go with him, should I go with you? What am I to you, Mr. Maskelyne? Just think clearly about it and tell me."

The man leaned forward and twirled a strand of her hair around her ear with his shapely fingers. "Don't you know it?"

He threw the question to her.

"Yes, I do know, and that's why I going with him." Sylvia raised her hand and blew him a kiss. "Never see you again."

Sylvia was leaving the room step by step, holding onto Logan's arm.

Even with the pain in her ankle, she walked gracefully, as if she couldn't have felt the pain.

People made a way for them automatically.

Franklin was wild with rage.

That unruly woman!

With a fierce look on his face, the man grabbed a glass of whisky from the table and gulped it down.

He then strode toward the woman.

At that time, Sylvia and Logan had been out of the hotel, and Sylvia was waiting for Logan to get his car.

The night breeze blew her hair, sending a chill through her.

All of a sudden, her tender wrist was grabbed by a strong big hand. After a forceful pull, she was in warm arms.

She could even clearly feel the powerful heartbeats of the man and the strong vitality.

The strong smell of male hormones along with the husky overbearing voice of the man overwhelmed her, "I'm way better than Logan."

Logan even left her freezing in the cold.

"But he obeys me," said Sylvia in an impassive tone, "Let go, Mr. Maskelyne."

"No way!" A blaze of fire was hidden in the man's eyes.

Sylvia turned around and found the man's eyes fixed dead on her.

The eerie blaze in those dark eyes grew brighter.

Those eyes were staring at her without a blink.

Sylvia knitted her eyebrows, as she saw his blushing face, and her face then darkened.

Something was wrong with Franklin's look.

"What did you drink?"

His strong self-control broke.

He stared at Sylvia with his blazing eyes.

"Franklin, what have you eaten? Did you drink anything at dinner?" Sylvia asked in a grim tone.

Still he remained silent, as he lifted her off the ground and carried her on his shoulders, marching toward his Bentley.

Meanwhile, Jasper had driven the car outside the hotel.

Franklin threw Sylvia into the car.

As the car slowly started, Logan drove past it and saw what had happened.

In the Bentley, Sylvia propped herself up from the seat, watched Franklin, who looked strange, and pursed her rosy lips, repeating impatiently, "What the hell have you eaten, Franklin?"

What was the matter with the man?

"Miss Andrews, what happened?" Jasper looked at Franklin concernedly.

He was worried.

Franklin, however, still fixed his eyes on her. And his eyes were filled with lust and desire.

He reached out his big hand and pulled Sylvia right over.

"Whisky, I drank a whisky."

Before he left, he was so upset that he took a drink from the table.

But what they didn't know was two waiters were fidgeting in the dining room.

"What should I do? I gave that special drink to the wrong person."

"Who did you give it to?"

"I think I saw Mr. Maskelyne drink it."

"Are you crazy? That's for Miss Andrews. What...are we gonna do?"

"Escape!"

As the two decided, they took off their uniforms and ran away that night.

While inside the Bentley, Sylvia was struggling in Franklin's arms. She was startled by the man's burning big hands.

"Don't move!" Franklin groaned.

He lifted her chiseled chin with his hand, and the woman's pretty face was rigid, with those clear eyes glaring at him.

The man's eyes were terrifyingly burning, and so was his handsome face.

Sylvia calmed down and sniffed.

Obviously, there must have been something wrong with that drink.

"Franklin, you were drugged," Sylvia said to the man who had been staring at her.

Franklin's face was then a little gloomy but he hadn't lost his mind yet.

When he heard that, his eyes dimmed. He said to Sylvia, frowning, "I feel so hot."

With his wild half-closed eyes, slightly-fluttering thick eyelashes, and beads of sweat flowing off his chiseled nose, the car was filled with male hormones. His horny sexiness sent her heart pounding.

He looked so yummy!

Sylvia couldn't help but swallow.

She had never known that men could be as sexy, alluring, and seductive as that.

"Franklin...we are about to get home..." Before she got to finish, suddenly...

She was pinned down on the seat by Franklin.

Sylvia's face turned extremely grim when her head hit hard on the seat with a bang.

She stared coldly at Franklin who was pressing her.

"Franklin. Get up! Now!"

There was a repressed anger in the woman's voice.

But Franklin responded to her with his scorching lips, forcing her to keep quiet.

Sylvia felt a stinging pain in the corners of her mouth.

Her face darkened and she tried to push him away with her hands.

But Franklin was savage and wild as if he had been a wolf.

Sylvia held her breath.

"Franklin! Are you crazy?"

She screamed at him, her pretty face distorted.

Sylvia grabbed his arm and bit him in irritation.

Franklin was hurt and groaned.

He had come to his senses a little bit, as he said to her with misted eyes, "You are a cruel woman."

There was a mocking look on Sylvia's face.

Behind the wheel, Jasper had long been scarlet from the shocking scene.

He was surprised to see that wild side of Franklin.

His eyes widened in shock when seeing them from the rear-view mirror.

Then he saw the gate of the Townyer Villa, and said in a shaky voice, "Mr. Maskelyne, hold on. We are almost home."