

## Revealed 7

### chapter 7

There came praises from the Emkathish on the plane.

“The captain’s Emkathi is the most professional and fluent I’ve ever heard.”

“His Emkathi is perfect!”

“And his Curesh is also very good.”

Sylvia heard their praises clearly.

Jasper looked proud, “Mrs. Maskelyne, Master Franklin is really an excellent man, isn’t he?”

“He’s my husband, of course, he’s very excellent.” Sylvia smiled and praised.

Because she knew that Jasper would report to Franklin everything she had said and done.

It was 11 p.m. when they arrived at Lleilaga.

As soon as she got off the plane, Sylvia sneezed.

Although she was wearing a yellow dress and a khaki windbreaker, the night was so cold that she felt a chill.

Jasper accompanied her while they waited for Franklin.

Franklin came out after his work was done.

He was followed by Elsa and several stewardesses. They were all good-looking.

Franklin, in particular, was tall and extremely handsome in his uniform.

Sylvia showed a sweet smile at him, but at the thought of their coming divorce, she didn’t say anything intimate to him in front of his colleagues.

She just quietly stood by Jasper.

“Captain Franklin, see you tomorrow night.”

“Captain Franklin, bye!”

Elsa and the stewardesses said goodbye to him and they parted.

“Mr. Howlett came with his girlfriend on a business trip?”

“I don’t think so. Maybe she’s Captain Franklin’s wife?”

“She looks like she has just turned twenty and our captain is already 28. How could he marry someone that younger than him?”

“Captain Franklin is a proud and serious man, I don’t think she’s his type,” Darcie said, with a snort.

As soon as she spoke, none of the other stewardesses said anything more. After a while, they began to talk about something else.

They drove to the hotel.

Franklin took Sylvia's hand as soon as they got in the car. "Why is your hand so cool?"

"It's a little cool at night." Sylvia leaned her head against his shoulder.

If it wasn't for the fact that they were getting a divorce, they really seemed like a loving couple.

After arriving at the hotel room, Sylvia took a bath and went to bed to sleep.

She felt a little drowsy.

When Franklin came out after the shower and saw that she was asleep, he lay down in bed next to her. When he was about to turn off the lights, he found that Sylvia's body was very hot.

"Sylvia?"

Sylvia's eyes were closed, and she looked soundly asleep.

Franklin touched her forehead and frowned, "Why is it so hot?"

Looking at Sylvia's strange flushed face, he called the room service, "Could you call a doctor over? It will be best if it's a female doctor."

About ten minutes later, the doctor arrived with the medical kit.

The doctor took Sylvia's temperature and found that she was having a fever.

"It seems this lady has caught a cold. Sir, will you help me take off her clothes?" said the female doctor, looking at Franklin. "She needs an IV."

Franklin looked worried and started taking off Sylvia's clothes for her.

The doctor gave Sylvia an IV, and then prescribed some medicine for her before she left.

In the middle of the night, Franklin would occasionally touch Sylvia to feel her body temperature. He was worried that her fever might not go down.

In her sleep, Sylvia felt uncomfortable all over, and even her breath became hot.

She tossed and turned in bed uneasily and slowly opened her eyes. As soon as she opened her eyes, she met Franklin's deep eyes. He had been looking at her.

She sat up in bed and stroked her forehead. "What time is it now?"

"Four o'clock in the morning."

"Why aren't you asleep?" She looked at Franklin and frowned.

"Now that you are up, take the pills." Franklin got out of bed and poured her a glass of water. Then he handed her the pills.

“Why do I need the pills?” Sylvia looked a little puzzled at the pills in her hand.

She never took pills.

Franklin frowned, “You know you are having a fever, right? I shouldn’t have asked you to come along.”

“No wonder I feel terrible.” Although Sylvia didn’t like taking medicine, Franklin kept staring at her and she took it.

After taking the medicine, she rubbed her head against Franklin’s chest and spoke in a somewhat weak voice, “Thank you, sweetie.”

Franklin must have called a doctor over when he found out she was sick.

They had been married for four years and Sylvia knew that Franklin was very tender. He had done all that he should as a husband.

Even though he had no love for her.

Seeing Sylvia acting adorably, Franklin wrapped his arms around her waist, “Are you seducing me?”

Sylvia smiled. “I have had some sleep and I am energetic now. You know what I mean, don’t you?”

“You are having a fever, sweetie.” Franklin touched her head.

“You really don’t want me?” Sylvia looked up at Franklin with tempting eyes. Then, she looked around the room, which was obviously decorated for couples. “We shouldn’t let the room down, should we?”

Franklin couldn’t withstand such temptation. He looked at her body and couldn’t help it anymore. “You wanted it.”

He tore Sylvia’s clothes, and the sound made the two even more excited. Franklin told Sylvia to lie on top of him so that she didn’t need to do any work and just needed to enjoy it.

Maybe it was because of the coming divorce that the two of them wanted to release the negativity by having crazy sex.

Sylvia slept until it was almost noon the next day.

Franklin handed a delicate box to her. “Wear this today.”

“I have taken spare clothes with me.” Sylvia blinked. How considerate was he to bring her clothes to change!

“It’s raining outside,” Franklin said domineeringly.

Sylvia did not say anything more. A good wife should obey her husband.

She opened the box and found that it was Chanel’s latest designed coat of the season.

It was paired with a pair of trousers.

After washing up, she changed into them.

She walked to the window and looked at the drizzle outside, “What a pity! We can’t leave the room.”

“Your fever has just gone down. We can go to the nearby shopping mall, but we won’t be doing any other outdoor activities,” Franklin was playing with his phone and said.

Sylvia opened the window and reached out her hand to catch the rainwater. “Sweetie, look. Do you think God knows that we are going to divorce, so he wants to ruin our last and only trip together?”

They were destined to have regrets in the marriage.

For the first time, Franklin said to Sylvia in an irritable tone. “Can you stop talking about divorce?”

Sylvia closed the window and looked at him in astonishment. “You proposed the divorce back then.”

“I will sign on it when we get back,” Franklin said and went straight into the bathroom.

Sylvia rolled her eyes behind him. What did he mean? Had he changed his mind?

Franklin lit a cigarette, smoked it, and slowly breathed it out. He felt much better after that.