

## Revealed 8

### chapter 8

Wasn't divorce the best end for them? Franklin didn't understand why he suddenly got mad when he heard Sylvia mention divorce just now.

During the four years of their marriage, he seldom got angry.

His mania had become much less.

He thought it was because of the medicine he had been taking.

By the time Franklin came out of the bathroom, he had calmed down.

He then saw Sylvia sitting on the sofa and playing games on her phone. "Since you don't want the Townyer Villa, I will buy you the whole Stormview Estate."

"What did you say?" Sylvia's hand holding the phone immediately froze. She could no longer focus on the game and she lost it.

Franklin stood in front of the French window. The lights fell on him, showing his perfect and manly figure.

"The three hundred houses in Stormview Estate will be yours. You can live freely in any of the houses."

Stormview Estate was the latest real-estate project of the Maskelyne Group. It was said that the sales would begin next month.

Why did he suddenly give it to her?

"Don't. Master Franklin, I know you are rich, but there is no need to do that." Sylvia refused to take it.

"I'm buying it with my own money. It has nothing to do with the Maskelyne Group," Franklin said in a plain tone as if he didn't think it was a big deal at all.

It was true that the whole Maskelyne Group was his, but he couldn't give Sylvia shares of the Maskelyne Group.

Therefore, he had bought the three hundred houses all with his own money, and at a price ten percent higher than the opening price.

The Maskelyne Group would profit from it.

Although he would suffer a big loss.

Sylvia thought that he must be crazy, "Sweetie, we're going to get a divorce soon and we had agreed I wouldn't get a penny of your property."

"It's just \$2.8 billion, it's nothing," Franklin said indifferently and no longer felt distraught.

Sylvia thought she couldn't take it.

If she took the Stormview Estate, she would never be able to get rid of him.

Her heart was filled with fidget.

However, Franklin had pressed her under him, "Since we can't leave the room, we might as well do something here?"

"No..." Sylvia subconsciously wanted to refuse, but Franklin kissed her on the lips to stop her from talking.

At seven o'clock in the evening.

The plane took off on time, and Sylvia sat next to Jasper, feeling exhausted physically.

She had had a cold, and now she was feeling uncomfortable all over.

She had a childish thought that she should pass her cold to Franklin.

The stewardess began to hand out the midnight snacks, but Sylvia had no appetite.

"Just have some, Mrs. Maskelyne. If Master Franklin knows you didn't eat anything, I would be..." Jasper said worriedly.

Sylvia had to grab a bite.

Just as she finished it, Jasper brought her a glass of water. "Ma'am, take the pills,"

"He ordered you to watch me take the pills?" Sylvia was really fed up with taking medicine. She had always been in good health and had never taken medicine after she caught a cold. It would be healed after a few days of rest.

But, in order to avoid unnecessary trouble, she had to take the pills.

She had never known before that Jasper was so good at nagging.

When Franklin came out, he saw Sylvia staring at Jasper with a long face.

She looked quite cute.

"Have you taken the medicine?"

He stood in front of her, looking down at her.

"She has," Jasper replied quickly. "But Mrs. Maskelyne doesn't seem to want to drink water."

"Drink some water and you will feel better," Franklin said, wearing a captain's uniform and attracting the gazes of many female passengers on the plane.

Sylvia could only do as he said.

So he came out just to check if she had taken the pills?

She had been forced by Jasper to drink two glasses of water already.

She didn't want to keep going to the bathroom. It was awkward!

Not far away, Darcie heard some words from their conversation and frowned.

Her intuition told her that the woman was not Jasper's girlfriend.

She seemed closer to... Captain Franklin.

Franklin raised his hand and pulled the blanket up Sylvia's knees. He did it elegantly. "Be careful not to catch a cold again."

Then, he ordered Darcie, "Grab me another blanket."

Darcie bit her lip. Although she didn't want to, she grabbed another blanket and was about to give it to Sylvia when Franklin took it and gently covered it on Sylvia. "It will turn cold at night."

Darcie stared at them with her eyes widened and couldn't believe it.

Did Franklin have such a gentle side in him?

He covered the blanket for the woman?

What was this?

Wasn't this woman Jasper's girlfriend?

Darcie was really confused.

"Got it." Sylvia muttered, "Why are you still here? Shouldn't you be flying the plane?"

"The co-pilot and I change shifts," Franklin said with somewhat unhappiness. "Are you driving me away?"

Sylvia immediately changed her attitude, "No! I was just worried about your work. The lives of hundreds of people on this plane are in your hands, after all."

Franklin smiled. "You naughty girl."

Then he turned around and walked towards the cockpit.

Sylvia curled her lips, and she knew men would buy this. When she looked up, she found that the stewardess was still standing in front of her.

She smiled at her. "Is there anything else, miss?"

Darcie finally centered herself. "Oh, do you need any other service?"

"No, I'm fine." Sylvia shook her head.

It seemed that this was another of Franklin's admirers.

She could see that the stewardess was disappointed.

Darcie's heart was racing and she could barely control it. Did she see it wrong? Captain Franklin, who was always aloof, could be so gentle? Her mind was full of jealousy. Who was she?

When she walked back, she heard several stewardesses talking about what they had seen just now.

"My God! Captain Franklin covered the blanket for her!"

“Could she be Mrs. Maskelyne?”

“But I heard they have been married for four years. Could Mrs. Maskelyne stay so young?”

“I know!”

Seeing Darcie coming over, they immediately silenced.

Darcie had mixed feelings. She poured a glass of water for herself with a long face.

Who exactly was she?

It was over four o'clock in the morning when the plane landed.

When the wind blew over, Sylvia felt a chill.

Sylvia was wearing a Chanel coat, and she thought Franklin made the right decision to buy this coat for her.

She walked with Jasper towards the ferry car, “Jasper, I want to ask you something.”

“Mrs. Maskelyne, go ahead.”

“When will Franklin sign on the divorcement paper?” She looked up at the horizon. “Will he sign it tomorrow?”

“Mrs. Maskelyne, I can't guarantee you anything,” Jasper replied very carefully. Why did Mrs. Maskelyne ask that?