

## Revealed 81

### chapter 81

The brand LX was also on the list of trending topics.

Netizens were discussing the popularity of LX and its amazing designs.

Watching the heated discussion, Rose couldn't help saying, "Fortune finally favors you. I don't need to spend more money to make you a trending topic this time."

"Come on, I won't be unlucky all the time!" said Honey contentedly. "It's thanks to Miss Andrews this time. She is awesome."

"Tiffany is brainless. She showed her true colors in public. Last time when she attended your birthday party, I thought she was a schemer!" Rose said scornfully. "This time, she did discredit the Evans family."

"You're right!" said Honey, still reading the trending topic about her.

She and Franklin were on the same hashtag. After that, no one would regard her as a mistress again, right?

She was the one-day shop manager invited by LX, but Tiffany appeared with Franklin this time.

Clearly, Tiffany was more like the mistress!

Although she wanted to be Mrs. Maskelyne, Tiffany had done much more than her!

The news that Tiffany was banned from buying LX clothing also became a trending topic.

The pictures and videos of Tiffany making a scene at the LX Shoppe taken by the celebs and some passers-by were posted on Twitter.

"Tiffany reveals her true color."

"She turns out to be a shrew."

"An ill-bred woman from the musical family?"

"She really impresses me."

"I always think she is disingenuous. My intuition turns out to be right."

"We were all cheated by her."

The most surprising thing was that she wanted to slap Logan's girlfriend.

But Franklin stopped her and protected Sylvia.

Franklin was handsome. He was even more attractive when he had a cold face! Even if the videos weren't taken seriously, Sylvia looked beautiful and elegant and Franklin was handsome in them.

When they stood together, they looked surprisingly like a perfect couple.

"Did Mrs. Maskelyne know Mr. Maskelyne protected Miss Andrews?"

“Will Mrs. Maskelyne abuse Mr. Maskelyne because of that?”

“Maybe she will punish him. But he looked so amazing the moment he stopped Tiffany from slapping Miss Andrews!”

“I still want to know if Mrs. Maskelyne knows that?”

“Hey, compared with Miss Andrews who was cool, Tiffany is like a whore. People who do not know about them must think that Miss Andrews is the heir of the musical family!”

“Yeah, Miss Andrews fits my imagination of accomplished ladies!”

Tiffany did not expect that what happened that day would stir up a heated discussion.

She stayed at home and dared not go anywhere.

Neve was so angry that he almost fainted in the hospital when he read the news on the Internet.

Hurrying back, she saw Tiffany, who curled up in the corner of the bed and cried bitterly.

She was angry and said, “You keep bad news to yourself and say you will be with Franklin. But now I doubt if Franklin will cut you off after you make such a scene!”

“Mom, what can I do now?” Tiffany kept crying. “I don’t know what drove me to act like that.”

“You are so silly! Your grandpa is in hospital. If you still want to be the heir, you must try every means to patch things up with Franklin!” Neve was exasperated.

“Mom!” Tiffany looked up at Neve with tears. “Mom, he is pissed off by me. What can I do...”

“How stupid you are” Neve took a deep breath angrily and then bent over, whispering to Tiffany.

Tiffany listened very carefully. “I see, Mom. I will do as you said.”

“Put your mind to it, and don’t let me down again,” Neve said coldly.

...

Townyer Villa.

After going home, Franklin slowly exhaled when he looked at the empty living room.

He was so hungry.

He hadn’t eaten anything since he had breakfast in the morning.

He went to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator.

When he saw the refrigerator full of food, he was less angry.

He took out a box of pasta and heated it in the microwave oven.

Since it was cooked by Sylvia, he was very happy to eat it.

His stomach pain eased.

But when he thought the reason why Sylvia made so much food, he was irritated.

'Damn it, does she hate coming back so much?'

'She cooked so much.'

The food was enough for him to eat for a week!

After eating the pasta, he took a photo of the empty box and sent it to Sylvia on Twitter.

"Finished."

Sylvia didn't text him back.

He stared blankly at the message interface.

After waiting for about five or six minutes, he didn't get a response.

He was more impatient, tapping the video call button with his slender finger.

Sylvia had hardly left the bathroom when she heard the ringtone of a video call. Who was it? It was so late.

Grabbing her mobile phone, she saw the video call popping up.

Franklin...

She took the call.

His handsome face came into view.

"Why don't you reply to my message?"

"I'm taking a bath." Sylvia looked nonchalant.

She was wearing a large white bathrobe.

Sylvia naturally pressed the corner of her coat, flipping her long wet hair with her other hand.

The left-side bathrobe was soaked by her wet hair on the left shoulder.

The water dropped slowly and slid down her long neck to her collar bone which was glowing under the light.

After bathing, her cheeks were pink, and her skin was fair and moist.

Her clear eyes were beautiful and charming.

Franklin was aroused though they were on the video call.

Franklin's sexy Adam's apple bobbed. "The pasta is delicious."

Sylvia chuckled, her fair hands holding a towel to wipe the drops on her hair. "It's easy to cook. Mr. Maskelyne, you've enjoyed delicacies of every kind, haven't you? But you think the pasta is delicious. I don't buy it."

Franklin's face was expressionless.

He didn't talk, and neither did Sylvia.

Sylvia couldn't figure out why he called her.

She stood up slowly. Some noises came to Franklin's ears. Soon, she sat back.

Franklin saw that she had a hair dryer in her hand.

Before he could speak, he heard the sound of a hair dryer.

Franklin wanted to say something, but he closed his mouth.

He used to blow dry Sylvia's hair. Sylvia's hair was very long and soft. It felt smooth when he held it in his hand.

He used to grab a strand of her hair to fiddle with.

Now... He looked down at his empty palm.

His body seemed to vaguely remember the soft and smooth touch.

After blowing dry her hair, Sylvia applied hair care essential oil.

Sylvia ran her hand through her hair and found that her hair was almost dry.

She put down the hair dryer. "I'm done."

Franklin was watching her silently. She was charming, and attractive. Even when she ran her hand through her hair casually, she was giving off sexual energy.

He suppressed his desire for her.

"You promised to let me meet Master Keturah."

"Oh, yes. Tomorrow. She happens to be free," Sylvia said calmly.

Franklin was wordless.

'It's hard for others to meet Master Keturah. Why did she arrange the meeting so casually as if it was not a big deal?' thought Franklin.

"Do you know her well?"

"Kind of."

Franklin whispered, "Well... See you tomorrow."

"OK. Do you have anything else?" Sylvia looked at him calmly with no emotion in her lovely eyes.

It seemed that he was a stranger to her.

"No," Franklin said in a lower voice.

**chapter 82**

“Good night.” Sylvia pressed the hung-up button, not waiting for Franklin’s answer.

The screen went black.

Franklin sat there, unmoved.

He looked around the empty room and murmured, “Good night.”

He stared at the dark screen. A trace of gloominess flashed into his deep-set eyes.

‘She is so heartless. How could he hang up so quickly?’.

He stared at her and waited for her to finish blowing dry her hair for so long!

...

In the Evans’s Villa.

Early in the morning.

Tiffany did not sleep all night. Her eyes were red and swollen, with dark eye circles under them. She looked haggard and pale.

Neve knocked and walked in. As soon as she entered, she saw the paper towels all over the floor and Tiffany who still curled up in the corner.

She couldn’t help sighing.

She felt distressed for Tiffany because Tiffany was her daughter.

However, Tiffany was too young and disobedient.

“Well, it has happened. It’s useless for you to cry. Go to wash up. I will go with you to apologize to Franklin. Behave yourself well. Got it?”

Neve took her hand and pulled her out of bed.

Tiffany nodded, looking dispirited and frustrated.

“Mom, can you help me deal with Sylvia?”

Tiffany was very thin, but now she looked even thinner as if she could be blown away by the wind at any time.

“Be my good girl. I will help you to deal with that bitch.” Neve quickly reassured her, “I know more than Sylvia! I think that’s all she can do.”

Hearing his mother’s words, Tiffany felt better.

After washing up, she put on some makeup and finally looked better.

She followed Neve downstairs.

After sitting in the dining room, she heard her family say with sarcasm, “Tiffany, I don’t mean to blame you. It’s just that what you did discredits our family so much!”

Wearing a dark green dress, Alyssa Booth, Tiffany's auntie, came in.

All the Evans were living in this villa.

Thus, they had come into a lot of conflicts.

They all had their plans.

Neve smiled and looked at Alyssa, "Alyssa, don't be so mean to Tiffany. Those are all rumors. You know well Tiffany has a good character, don't you?"

"But the brand has tweeted and mentioned Tiffany!" Alyssa laughed, gloating.

"What did you say?" Tiffany was in a low mood. Hearing Alyssa's words, she was more depressed.

"Don't you know it yet?" Alyssa rolled her eyes and looked at Tiffany's face. She said word for word, "The official Twitter account of LX brand post a Tweet about you early in the morning, and so did the Flourishing Age Group."

Tiffany looked pale, her trembling voice saying, "It's impossible..."

"Just watch Twitter by yourself." Alyssa took a sip of milk and said, "Hey, if the old Evans knows it, his illness may deteriorate. Tiffany, you really let us down. I think you should not go to the hospital these days."

Tiffany turned a deaf ear to Alyssa's words because she saw the trending topic and her mind was in a mess.

"LX Official Statement"

"Flourishing Age Group Official Statement"

She tapped the hashtag and then saw LX's tweet, "Given the insult and abuse of Tiffany Evans to LX, we hereby declare that LX reserves the right to take legal action, and from now on, LX will not have any cooperation with Tiffany Evans."

She hurried to search the official Twitter account of Flourishing Age Group.

"Given unethical behavior of Tiffany Evans which goes against our group's positive principle, we hereby declare Flourishing Age Group will not cooperate with Tiffany Evans in any way."

Flourishing Age Group!

Flourishing Age Group was the agency of all global luxury brands in H Rovirsa.

Whatever luxury brands wanted to expand the market in H Rovirsa should work with the Flourishing Age Group.

Flourishing Age Group not only acted as an agency but also owned many fashion brands that were famous throughout H Rovirsa.

Thus, Flourishing Age Group played was important and influential in H Rovirsa, even in the world.

Tiffany, as a noble lady, was banned by Flourishing Age Group. It meant that she offended the whole fashion industry.

She would never have any access to fashion. It also meant that she could no longer fit into the circle of celebs, because noble ladies usually gathered together to discuss new bags, clothing in vogue, and customized skin care products.

But then again, why was Flourishing Age Group involved?

Isaac Carr, the president of Flourishing Age Group, was a big shot who lived abroad for many years.

If he lived in H Rovirsa, he would be the super-rich man that many women craved.

What was the relationship between Sylvia and Flourishing Age Group?

Tiffany was dumbstruck.

LX banned her; it wasn't a big deal. She wouldn't go to LX Shoppe anymore, but she still had a lot of other choices.

However, so many famous luxury brands banned her from buying their clothing.

Did she have to wear old clothes to attend important occasions in the future?

She couldn't imagine how others would look at her

"Ah!"

Tiffany was so angry that she threw her cell phone out and cried bitterly.

"I can't stand it! I can't stand it! Why? Why even Flourishing Age Group helped Sylvia, that bitch!"

Her face was distorted because of anger.

Alyssa was shocked. "Tiffany, don't go crazy! You scared me."

After drinking milk and eating sandwiches in a hurry, she left.

She was laughing at Tiffany inside while walking.

Tiffany was spoiled without understanding more.

'What a spoiled girl. It's fine that she throws a tantrum at home, but she even makes a scene in public.'

Neve gritted her teeth, picked up the phone and then said, "I will pay to remove trending topic and mitigate its influence right now. Don't worry. We can go abroad to buy clothes. We can afford them. Flourishing Age Group is just the agency of those brands. It's not like it buys out all of them."

"It's just too humiliating!" Tiffany's red and swollen eyes looked like walnuts.

She looked very funny.

Her makeup was blurred by her tears.

She really wanted to tear Sylvia into pieces!

“All right, stop crying, good girl. I will handle this first. When you get married to Franklin, no one dares to laugh at you and those brands will try everything to curry favor with you.”

“But...” Tiffany wanted to say something, but Neve interrupted her, “No buts. I will help you. ”

The heated debate continued on Twitter.

Everyone laughed at Tiffany.

Some noble ladies who were once bullied by Tiffany took this opportunity to expose Tiffany’s bad deeds.

When she was at school, she secretly spat in her classmates’ cups.

She stole clothes from her classmates.

Also, she bullied a girl at campus and forced that girl to transfer to another school.

Some brands revealed that Tiffany took their garment samples without returning or paying for them after she borrowed them.

“It’s so shocking, isn’t it?”

“She has such a bad character. I didn’t expect the good reputation of the old Evans, the great pianist, would be ruined by his granddaughter.”

“She’s disgusting.”

“If I had such a classmate, I would strangle her.”

“She profits herself at the expense of the brands.”

“It’s unlucky for the brands to handle such kind of noble lady.”

Sylvia was shocked when she saw the latest news on Twitter.

Why did Flourishing Age Group do that?

Right on cue, her phone rang and she answered the call.

“Isaac, did you have Flourishing Age Group post the tweet?”

Sylvia asked curiously.

Isaac’s attractive voice came from the other side, “What will you do in return?”

“You don’t have to do that. She’s just a small potato. You flatters her so much by doing that,” Sylvia said calmly.

“Sibbie, what have you been doing for the past four years? Why didn’t you come to me?” Isaac sounded as if implying something, “Why can Logan be so close to you? Why do you repulse me?”

“Isaac... Are you jealousy of Logan? He is my subordinate and you are my brother.” Sylvia chuckled. “As the CEO of Flourishing Age Group, you should be busy handling your business. Why bother to be jealous of my subordinate?”



When Issac heard Sylvia's chuckle, a glint flashed into Isaac's dark blue eyes. "Sibbie, when I come back, shall we eat together?"

"Eat together? I dare not. I am afraid of being torn into pieces by your admirers," Sylvia muttered.

### **chapter 83**

"Naughty girl!" Isaac said with resignation.

"I'm joking. Call me when you come back." After saying that, Sylvia hung up.

What an embarrassing chat.

She became the trending topics so frequently.

She knew Isaac would notice her sooner or later.

Damn it!

She sighed and scratched her hair in annoyance.

Isaac looked like a tender man on the outside, but he was actually very domineering.

Sylvia didn't want to think about Isaac for now.

Opening her wardrobe, she prepared to find a suit of clothes that she liked.

...

President's office of SouthStar Airlines.

This month, Franklin had flined the plane for enough hours, so he did not have to fly the plane the next week.

All his time would be spent on dealing with business.

Today he worked at SouthStar Airlines.

There was a staff meeting at 9 a.m.

The elevator door opened on the top floor. Darcie, who had been waiting in the president's office, greeted Franklin as soon Franklin he stepped out of the elevator.

"Mr. Maskelyne. I have something to tell you."

Franklin looked cold. "Tell my assistant Jasper if there is anything."

"Mr. Maskelyne, I gotta tell you personally."

Darcie was wearing the air hostess uniform. She had a good figure and looked beautiful in it.

But in Franklin's eyes, all women were inferior to Sylvia.

So he just turned a blind eye to Darcie.

The last time Darcie talked to Franklin about Sylvia, she was pissed off by Franklin.

This time, she had collected enough evidence.

Therefore, she must tell Franklin that he couldn't be cheated by Sylvia, that slut, who depended on a man to earn money.

She liked to fool around with various men.

Franklin stopped, and looked at Darcie unhappily, "What is it?"

Under his cold and appalling gaze, Darcie said, "Mr. Maskelyne, it's like this. I... I have received some information about Sylvia. She is involved with Logan, the president of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, and she has cheated on you..."

Franklin's face darkened. "She and Logan are good friends. What's the problem?"

"She... she and Logan are very intimate with each other. She must have cheated on you! I have photos." Darcie quickly took out her mobile phone to show the photos.

"Look, this is a photo of her and Logan attending a charity dinner party some time ago. Look, they whispered to each other, and they almost kissed!"

"I have a video!" Darcie tapped to press the play button. Logan and Sylvia were very close in the video.

Although there were noises, the conversation between Sylvia and Logan could be heard.

"Hey, massage my feet when we go back home. I am exhausted from wearing high-heeled shoes."

"Roger that."

His blue veins stood out on his hand which was holding the mobile phone. He looked gloomy and hideous.

"They even live together! Mr. Maskelyne, listen to what they are saying. She asked him to massage her!"

Darcie looked very excited. She thought she had gotten something on Sylvia, and her voice was trembling with excitement.

"Shut up!" Franklin said coldly and shot daggers at Darcie.

Darcie was confused.

Why did Franklin lose his temper with her? Shouldn't he settle scores with Sylvia who cheated on her?

"I know everything you said." Franklin frowned. "She and Logan are good friends. That's all."

Darcie looked shocked and said, "Mr. Maskelyne, they are not good friends. She cheats on you and lives with another man! She has betrayed you!"

Franklin looked grim, "You are in no position to investigate her!"

Darcie was about to break down.

She gave the evidence of Sylvia's betrayal, but Franklin still defended Sylvia.

How fatuous he was!

“Without my permission, you are not allowed to step into the top floor!” Franklin was very angry. “Get out!”

Jasper bent over to make a gesture, “Miss Hart, this way please.”

What an ignorant woman!

Yesterday, Mr. Maskelyne scolded Tiffany. Today, Darcie came to look for trouble.

Why were these women so brainless?

They all did something to irritate Mr. Maskelyne.

Darcie was angry and aggrieved.

She went to her crew’s office.

Opening the door indignantly, she found several stewardesses chatting.

When she saw Darcie coming in, Elsa waved at her. “Darcie, come over here. I made some coffee. Give it a shot.”

The crew had no tasks in recent days, so they were enjoying themselves.

Darcie sat on the chair angrily, “Chief purser, tell me what is on our captain’s mind.”

Several stewardesses looked at her and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Elsa brought her a cup of coffee. “Young girl, don’t be so short-tempered.”

“Obviously, Sylvia, cheated. I am working on the flight and seldom take part in those events. One of my friends happened to take the intimate photos of Logan and Sylvia at a charity party. I showed those photos to the captain. Guess what? He didn’t believe me.”

The others fell silent.

“Darcie, why do you care so much about their business?” Elsa couldn’t help saying.

Darcie widened her eyes. “Of course, I should. Franklin is the president of Maskelyne Group. He is so noble and powerful, but he is fooled by Sylvia. How can I not be angry about it?”

“Darcie, listen to me. Just stay out of it. As you said, Franklin is not only our captain, but also the president. He knows what his wife is. Whatever you say about it will just irritate him. Besides, he keeps his marriage a secret, and no one knows that Sylvia is his wife. It’s understandable that Sylvia has a good relationship with any other man. After all, not everyone knows Sylvia is married!”

“But it’s true that she cheated!” Darcie’s eyes were red with anger, and she was about to cry.

She was such a good lady and never dated any men, but Franklin took no heed of her! He just cared about Sylvia, that bitch!

She watched Twitter angrily. When she saw the trending topics in the recent days, she couldn’t help but smile.

'Tiffany, Sylvia, Honey. That sounds like a hell of a party. Since I feel so bad, I won't let any of you have a good day.' thought Darcie.

#### **chapter 84**

At the lunch break, Jasper took the takeout containers from the staff canteen and sent them to Franklin.

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

Franklin thought it was Jasper and said with an undertone, "Come in."

Then he heard the sound of high-heeled shoes and a coquettish voice, "Franklin..."

Tiffany!

Franklin raised his eyes and looked coldly at Tiffany.

She wore an off-the-shoulder dress and looked very sexy.

"What are you doing here?"

"Franklin, I was wrong. Please forgive me." Tiffany's eyes turned red when she heard his cold voice.

She went to the large office desk and said in an imploring voice, "Franklin, given we are childhood playmates, could you give me one more chance?"

She rubbed her eyes as she spoke, tears trickling down her cheeks, "I was so pissed off yesterday that I did so humiliating a thing. Now, I am a laughingstock among the celebs and even banned by the fashion industry."

"If I lose you, Franklin, I have no reason to live." Tiffany begged him with a pitiful look. "When we were little, we had an innocent friendship. We are grown-ups not, but you wanna abandon me, Franklin?"

Tiffany's sobs echoed in his ear.

Franklin seemed to see the little girl who looked like an angel in his childhood again.

He frowned, "You let me down."

"Franklin, I promise that I will never do that again. You know me well, don't you? I was just so angry yesterday, especially when you were protective of Sylvia. I'm jealous of her."

Tiffany cried more bitterly.

Sensing Franklin was softened, she went over to him, grabbed his arm and rubbed it against her body as if inadvertently.

She was trying to seduce him.

She stared at his handsome face. "You said several times that you would divorce. But you haven't done it yet. I know you are excellent, and many women want to be with you. So, when Sylvia attracted your attention, I was so worried and jealous of her. Please forgive me. I just like you so much!"

From the very beginning, she didn't disguise her love for Franklin.

However, Franklin never got close to her, kissed her, or even held her hand, not to mention any sexual intercourse.

Disgust filled Franklin's eyes. Obviously, He hated to be touched by Tiffany.

If it wasn't for the fact that she saved his life when he was little, he would have thrown her out.

Franklin pulled out his arm, controlling his annoyance.

He said coldly, "I used to have some special feelings for you because you left a good impression on me when we were children. But, Tiffany, you really let me down. My good impression on you and my feelings for you all vanished. I never said I would marry you or be with you. It's not because of you that I want a divorce. Please figure this out. Don't misunderstand me."

"What... What did you say?" Tiffany stared at his cold face in disbelief. "No, I haven't misunderstood you. You have never been so close to any other woman. You eat with me and even give me flowers."

"The reason I will take you to see Master Keturah is that I owe you. I can help you fulfill some wishes, but it is impossible for me to love or marry you!" Franklin's face was cold. His handsomeness and aloofness sent a chill to Tiffany's heart.

Tears gushed out of her eyes.

Why did such a bad things happen to her?

Why was it completely different from what she imagined?

"No, Franklin, did you ever like me? You did like me before. You acted that way. Clearly, you want to chase me!" Tiffany cried and shook her head. "What I did made you sad, so you said such heartbreaking things to me, right?"

Franklin didn't want Tiffany to continue to misunderstand him. He never wanted to be in a love relationship with Tiffany.

He admitted that he had a good impression of Tiffany, but he could tell that he didn't love her.

He couldn't marry a woman he didn't love because she once saved him.

Though Tiffany was plain-looking now, he would not refuse to do something in return.

He could repay her for her kindness, but he could never love her.

"Tiffany, whether I get divorced or not, I will not marry you. Do not be mistaken."

Tiffany looked at him sadly, her red lips trembling. "No, Franklin, don't be so cruel to me..."

Franklin frowned. "Get out. At four o'clock in the afternoon, I'll take you to see Master Keturah."

After hearing that, Tiffany was delighted, and she seemed to see hope for life again.

He was willing to take her to see Master Keturah. Did it mean that he just said those heartless words out of anger?

She quickly wiped the tears from her face and said excitedly, "Franklin, thank you, I... I went out first. I'll come to see you later."

Jasper had been standing at the door and waiting with meal containers in his hands.

Seeing that Tiffany whom he disliked finally came out, he immediately entered the office.

This woman was shameless. At noon, all the staff went out to have lunch and no one else was in the president's office except for Mr. Maskelyne. She took advantage of it and came over to harass Mr. Maskelyne.

On the same day, SouthStar Airlines issued a new regulation that non-employees were not allowed to enter the president's office.

...

Four o'clock in the afternoon.

Radisson Royal Restaurant.

It was located in a very quiet area in the city center.

It was the most popular place for plutocrats in Larro to enjoy afternoon tea.

Almost all rich and powerful people were proud to have tea at Radisson Royal Restaurant.

If Tiffany was not with Franklin, she would never be qualified to enter this legendary teahouse.

They walked slowly into the teahouse together.

The waiters and waitresses at the entrance of the teahouse greeted them respectfully and decently, opening the door for them.

After stepping into the teahouse, Tiffany was attracted by its classical decoration style and she felt like travelling to the past.

Familiar people could be seen everywhere in the teahouse, and most seats were occupied.

The waitresses, dressed in traditional dresses, gracefully bent to Franklin and Tiffany and said gently and politely, "Would you like to drink tea?"

"We have an appointment at room number one," Franklin spoke indifferently.

## **chapter 85**

At this moment, a melodious sound suddenly came from the second floor.

Almost everyone looked at the second floor.

It sounded beautiful, which echoed in every corner of the teahouse.

Even the laypeople would thought it was amazing!

When Tiffany was about to ask the waitress who played that, someone shouted, "It's Master Keturah! It's Master Keturah playing the harp!"

“I didn’t expect to hear Master Keturah playing the harp!”

When the customers heard the words, “Master Keturah”, they were excited.

Tiffany was a pianist, so she could tell how skilled the player was. She couldn’t help saying, “Isn’t Master Keturah good at playing the piano?”

“Miss, I gotta tell you. Master Keturah has only learned playing the piano for a month. She likes playing the harp the most. So, she will come to the teahouse to play the harp when she is free. Otherwise, what do you think makes this teahouse so popular?”

All of clients came here to listen to Master Keturah playing the harp!

One month!

Master Keturah only learned playing the piano for one month and she could win the world championship of piano competition!

It shocked Tiffany who had learned to play the piano since little.

She felt it hard to accept the reality. How annoying.

“We have an appointment with Master Keturah,” Franklin said coldly.

Tiffany looked smug. “Can you take us to the room where Master Keturah is?”

The waitress smiled at Franklin, “So you are Mr. Maskelyne, this way please.”

Then they followed the waitress and walked towards the second floor under the envious gaze of others.

The waitress took them to room number one.

There was a spacious terrace in the room and someone was playing the harp there.

The waitress served them tea. After filling up the cups, she walked out.

Franklin listened quietly to the beautiful sound of the harp, with his slender fingers tapping on the table.

Tiffany was blowing hot tea and looking at Franklin beside her.

As soon as she stepped into the teahouse just now, she noticed the envy and jealousy in the eyes of those waitresses.

She was faintly proud.

She especially enjoyed being envied by others.

If only... she could always be like this.

As time went by, the melodious, beautiful sound of the harp continued.

Tiffany couldn’t sit still. She complained in a low voice, “Franklin, does she make a fool of us? Why hasn’t she come out after an hour?”

Franklin was expressionless. “Be quiet.”

He could feel the music she played was tinged with loneliness, perhaps it was because no one could truly understand her.

Suddenly, the music style changed.

Franklin frowned slightly. Master Keturah was really impressed.

At this moment, behind the byobu screen, the sound of harp came to a halt.

Franklin parted his thin lips, "Master Keturah, I'm Franklin. Thanks to Sylvia and Mrs. Wright, I have the opportunity to meet you."

The waitress knocked on the door, walked in, and then said respectfully to Franklin, "Mr. Maskelyne, please follow me."

Then Franklin and Tiffany followed the waitress, bypassed the screen and walked forward.

There was a tulle curtain at the door of the spacious terrace. After the waitress lifted it, they found that no one was there.

At this time, Master Keturah was ready to receive them in another room.

After the waitress pushed the door of another room, they saw delicate afternoon tea placed on the table.

A woman who was dressed in a red traditional dress sat quietly with a harp in her arms on the stool next to the table.

She turned her back to them, making them unable to see her face.

But they could feel her noble temperament.

Next to the woman sat a middle-aged woman in traditional dress who looked dignified and elegant. The dark red traditional dress was embroidered with delicate roses. In this attire, she was like a noble lady in the king's court.

The middle-aged woman was whispering to the young woman.

Hearing the footsteps, the middle-aged woman looked up. When she saw Franklin, she smiled gently and waved to him, "Frank, come here. Let me introduce you to Master Keturah."

With a gentle face, Franklin showed some respect. "Auntie."

This middle-aged woman was Brayden's mother, Mrs. Wright. She pointed to the stool beside him and said, "Sit down."

Then she patted the young woman's hand again, "Sibbie, this is my nephew who wants to see you. He begged me several times. I had no other choice but to bring him here."

Tiffany was ignored. Mrs. Wright only glanced at her, and then looked away.

She gritted her teeth and looked at Mrs. Wright, feeling humiliated.



Mrs. Wright was the wife of Mayor Cody. Their son, Brayden Wright, preferred to do business, and now he was the CEO of Maskelyne Group.

With a powerful family background, Brayden was a rich man that many single ladies craved for.

Brayden's mother, Mrs. Wright, however, kept a low profile. Unless necessary, she would not attend any occasions.

It was said that those ladies who wanted to connect with the Wright family through business marriage often paid a visit to Wright Residence.

Mrs. Wright, of course, didn't give any of them opportunities.

Tiffany was jealous of Master Keturah for she knew Mrs. Wright at a young age.

Thinking of the purpose of her visit, she suppressed her jealousy and looked at Master Keturah.

## **chapter 86**

In the quiet space.

The young woman let out a sweet chuckle to break the silence.

Then, she turned around with the harp in her arms.

When Tiffany saw Keturah's face clearly, she was shocked. She widened her eyes incredulously and shouted, "Why is it you?"

Sylvia kept smiling. Her calm and lovely face made her look like an angel.

At this time, she wore a traditional dress, which made her look like a raving beauty from the court painting!

Franklin was also shocked and stared at Sylvia, who held the harp and was breathtakingly beautiful.

The shock in his eyes turned into anger.

No wonder she was calm when she promised him to make an appointment with Master Keturah.

No wonder she could decide to give Mr. Rogers one more painting of Master Keturah.

No wonder she could auction off Master Keturah's painting on her behalf.

It was because she was Master Keturah!

The tea cup placed in front of Sylvia was steaming. Sylvia put the harp on the table beside her and gently smiled. "Mr. Maskelyne, you spent nine million in exchange for a meeting with me. Why?"

Franklin looked at her like a hunter staring at his prey.

His gaze was sharp, oppressive, and frightening.

"Sylvia, what do you take me for? A fool?"

“Mr. Maskelyne, you spent nine million just to ask such a question?” Sylvia supported her chin with her hands, with mockery in her eyes.

Franklin never asked her about her relationship with Master Keturah. She shouldn't be blamed for not telling him about it, right?

If she introduced herself as Master Keturah, nobody would believe her, right?

She could tell Tiffany didn't believe it from Tiffany's goggling eyes.

Mrs. Wright didn't expect Franklin to know Sylvia. She asked Franklin in surprise, “Frank, do you know Sibbie?”

“More than than!” Franklin gritted his teeth and sounded fierce.

At the sight of Franklin's angry face, Mrs. Wright stood in front of Sylvia to protect her, “Frank, Sibbie and I are good friends. I will never allow you to hurt her! If you do, don't blame me for getting back at you!”

The Wright family and the Maskelyne family had a deep relationship.

The children of the two families grew up together. Franklin was like Mrs. Wright's son.

It was the first time that Franklin had seen that Mrs. Wright was so protective of an outsider.

His heart contracted. “Auntie... I would not hurt her.”

“Then calm down.” Mrs. Wright glared at him. “Come on, why are you looking for Sibbie?”

Franklin was preparing to say his purpose, but Tiffany shook her head and said, “No, I don't want to learn from her.”

A hint of coldness flashed across Sylvia's beautiful face as she squinted slightly. “I don't want to teach you.”

“Miss Evans, right?” Mrs. Wright finally looked at Tiffany. “Don't you know what Sibbie is? Sibbie is not only Master Keturah but also the designer of LX. That's why you were banned by LX. You don't deserve to be a noble lady. The Wright family has some connections with the Evans family. I feel pity for the old Evans, for he has a granddaughter like you.”

Mrs. Wright was so angry about Tiffany after reading the trending topic yesterday.

Tiffany, the shrew, dared to make a scene at LX Shoppe, insulted the brand, and even wanted to slap Sibbie!

Now that Tiffany came here to look for trouble, she would seize this chance to teach Tiffany a good reason.

Tiffany's face changed.

She had to hold back her anger, because she couldn't afford to offend Mrs. Wright.

Even if it was Neve being scolded by Mrs. Wright, she would have to swallow the anger.

Tiffany couldn't understand why Mrs. Wright stood up for Sylvia.

Aggrieved and angry, she had tears in her eyes.

She turned to leave, but Mrs. Wright sounded from behind her, "Do you take the Radisson Royal Restaurant as your home where you can come and leave freely? Apologize! You must apologize to Sibbie!"

As the mayor's wife, Mrs. Wright was formidable.

Tiffany looked at Franklin in humiliation, but Franklin turned a blind eye to her.

If Franklin had known that Master Keturah was Sylvia, he would not have brought Tiffany to her, or let Tiffany learn from her.

Aggrieved, Tiffany cried bitterly. "She should be to blame. Why should I be treated like this? What have I done wrong? Why should I apologize? I am now the target of public criticism and laughingstock. I am banned by the Flourishing Age Group. It's all her fault. I am a victim. Why should I apologize to her?"

Mrs. Wright was shocked to hear Tiffany's defensive words.

She was about to speak again, but Sylvia put her hand on her wrist. "Sis, no need to stand up for me."

'Sis? Sylvia called my auntie sis?' At the thought, Franklin's face was ablaze with rage.

He blurted out, "How can you call her sis?"

"Frank, I told you to be nice to Sibbie. Got it?" Mrs. Wright glared at Franklin. "Sibbie is my bestie. Of course, she should call me 'Sis'!"

Franklin took a deep breath.

Mrs. Wright was his auntie, and Sylvia called Mrs. Wright "Sis".

What should he call Sylvia, "auntie"?

It was so ridiculous!

Anger boiled up in his chest.

Outdone by Sylvia in all aspects, Tiffany felt herself too miserable, but nobody felt pity for her.

With tears in her eyes, she shook her head desperately, "You are bullying me!"

She turned and rushed out.

Franklin stood there, his sharp eyes fixed on Sylvia.

Sylvia was holding the teapot with her long fingers and pouring tea for Mrs. Wright elegantly and said softly, "Sis, please drink tea."

Mrs. Wright sighed and took the cup. "You are so tender. Even that shrew dares to bully you."

'Soft?' Franklin felt it was a ridiculous remark.

## chapter 87

'She could beat up a boxing champion in the ring. Is she tender?' thought Franklin.

He guessed Sylvia won Mrs. Wright's favor because she appeared obedient and cute in front of Mrs. Sylvia.

He was also tricked by her during their four-year marriage.

Sylvia picked up her teacup and took a sip. She looked up. Finding Franklin still standing there. She was surprised, "Don't you go after her?"

"No!"

Franklin suddenly got up and took her to leave.

"Auntie, let me stay alone with Sylvia for three minutes."

Sylvia's wrist was grabbed by him, and she felt pain. He exerted so much strength that she felt pain.

Was he angry?

Sylvia was dragged out of the room by him.

The bathroom door was slammed shut. He was so angry that he lost his mind for the time being.

"Sylvia, explain to me! I want your explanation."

Sis? Master Keturah?

Franklin flared up.

Sylvia looked at him quietly.

"Franklin, you have never asked me what the relationship between me and Master Keturah is. Also, you have never asked me if I am Master Keturah. Why should I be blamed?"

Sylvia leaned against the wall, looking nonchalant.

Franklin put his big hand on her neck and said in a cold voice, "Are you blaming me for not paying much attention to you and not knowing you well enough?"

Sylvia looked at him. An odd feeling rose inside. "Franklin, I didn't mean that. Why do I need your attention?"

"Sylvia, what are you keeping from me?" Franklin's voice was frightening.

He tightened his grip on Sylvia's neck, "Don't let me guess it."

"Did I let you do that? You enjoy playing this game very much, don't you? You are the one that asks for a meeting with Master Keturah." Sylvia moved her neck. His grip made her very uncomfortable.

"Franklin, Mrs. Wright is waiting for me. You'd better... Hmm..."

Her lips were sealed.

A little bit worried about Sylvia, Mrs. Wright chased after them and saw them going into the bathroom. She came to the bathroom and suddenly heard the strange sound coming from inside.

As a married woman, Mrs. Wright knew what it meant.

She was a little bit confused.

What was going on? Were Franklin and Sylvia a couple? She recalled what had happened. It seemed that Frank treated Sylvia differently.

She watched Franklin grow up, so she knew Franklin's character very well. It was the first time she had seen him care so much about a woman.

She heard that Franklin was married.

Maybe Sylvia was his wife?

Mrs. Wright was confused.

The light in the bathroom was dim and Sylvia was against the wall with a flush on her face.

Franklin's face was full of envy, "You care about so many people, like Logan, the twins, and even Mrs. Wright. They know you much better than me. They..."

The jealousy drove him mad.

He was not a saint. He couldn't accept the fact that he didn't even have a basic understanding of his wife who had been with him for four years

Sylvia interrupted him, "Franklin, during our four-year marriage, I never told you anything about me, because I don't think it is necessary. You and I know it's just a loveless contract marriage. Also, you have never tried to get to know anything about me. You don't care about my family, my hobbies, and my life. What you need me to do is to wait at home for you to come back. So, isn't it absurd to blame me for not telling you and say you don't know me at all?"

"We know well how to excite each other's bodies, and that's all." After Sylvia said that, she opened the door and turned away to leave without looking at him.

When she returned to room number one, the waitress at the door said in a low voice, "Miss Andrews, Mrs. Wright has just left because she has something to deal with. And she asked me to inform you."

"I see." Sylvia nodded, pulled the door open, and went in.

Franklin stood in the bathroom for a long time without moving.

...

Wright Residence.

As soon as Brayden entered the door, his mother came back.

He took a look at Mrs. Wright's traditional dance, feeling a headache. "Mom, can you not wear bizarre dresses? Traditional dresses don't fit you at all."

“You know nothing!” Mrs. Wright glared at him, threw her customized bag onto the sofa, and kicked off her shoes.

“I am promoting the traditional culture. Have you ever been to Radisson Royal Restaurant? Do you have a gold membership card there? To level with you, I have a diamond card. Sibbie told me that only five members own diamond cards. I am one of them.”

“All right. I don’t like drinking tea, so I’m not interested in that place,” Brayden said with resignation.

He was a little jealous that his mother had a very good relationship with Master Keturah.

“Hum, come here.” Mrs. Wright sat on the sofa and waved to his son.

“What?” Brayden walked over confusedly and sat down beside his mother.

“How is the relationship between Frank and his wife? Are they on bad terms?” Mrs. Wright took his son’s hand and looked into his eyes. “You mustn’t lie to me. Be honest, okay?”

“Mom, why did you ask about Frank?” Brayden’s mouth twitched.

“I am serious!” Mrs. Wright patted Brayden, “Just tell me!”

“He got divorced about a month ago.” Brayden sat on the sofa lazily and flicked his fingers, his legs spread. “Frank is annoying. He has married for so many years, but he hides his wife and never introduces her to me.”

“He really divorced?” Mrs. Wright’s eyes widened.

“Sure, Frank never lies to me.” Brayden tilted his head. “Anyway, there is no love between them. They got married just for the sake of the old Maskelyne.”

Mrs. Wright took a long breath, “That’s good news.”

## **chapter 88**

‘It’s fine as long as Sibbie was not a mistress.’

Franklin was a divorced man, but he wanted to woo Sylvia. Mrs. Wright didn’t think he deserved Sylvia.

In Mrs. Wright’s mind, Sylvia was beautiful, nice, and talented... Although Frank was also very good, rich, and powerful, he had married another women.

That was not proper for them to be together.

Mrs. Wright looked at her son. ‘Brayden idles away all the day. He is unworthy of Sibbie, and even worse than Frank!’

Brayden did not know that his mother thought less of him and his buddy, Franklin.

He looked at Mrs.Wright suspiciously, “What does that mean? Frank is divorced, and are you happy about it?”

“No.” Mixed emotions were on Mrs. Wright’s face. “It’s none of your business. Don’t ask so much.”

She needed to find time to ask Sibbie about her ideas.

Mayor Cody came downstairs from the study and heard the mother and son chatting there.

“Sweetheart, let Sibbie come to our house to have a meal when it is convenient. National Day is coming, and a National Day gala is planned. I wanna invite Sibbie as an arts mentor to help guide those artists. Do you think she will agree?”

“How much will you pay? I won’t let Sibbie work for nothing.” Mrs. Wright glanced at Mayor Cody.

Mayor Cody laughed and said, “It hurts my feelings to talk about money.”

“It makes me lose money to care about your feelings!” Mrs. Wright took a sip of water and said, “Cody, no kidding, do you have any outstanding young talents in your company. Who are of good character and family background?”

“What are you doing? Do you want to help Sibbie find a boyfriend?” Mayor Cody couldn’t help laughing, “Sibbie is very famous. She is also Master Keturah. Talented men will all be overshadowed by her and lose the courage to date her.”

Mrs. Wright was glad to hear her husband praise Sylvia.

Speaking of Sylvia, Mrs. Wright flushed with excitement. “Sibbie is breathtakingly beautiful. Logan pesters her every day, but I don’t think he’s worthy of Sibbie. Sibbie’s mother died much too young, so I need to take care of Sibbie.”

“What do you think of our son?”

“A bad choice. Even Frank doesn’t deserve Sibbie.” Mrs. Wright snorted and said with disdain.

Brayden complained, “Mom, how can you belittle your son like that! Is Sibbie that awesome?”

Mrs. Wright put out her hand and poked at his handsome face. “You are my son, but honestly, you are not as good as Sibbie. Sibbie will do a lot of things with me, like going shopping, drinking tea, playing the piano, and going to concerts. What about you?”

“Mom, does Sibbie have ulterior motives to get close to you?” Brayden whispered.

Since his mother met Master Keturah two years ago, she seemed to be possessed. She was never tired of talking about Sylvia. In her mind, Sylvia was the best and whoever spoke ill of Sylvia would be her enemy!

She was even crazier than those brainless fervent fans on the Internet.

“How can you bad-mouth Sibbie?” Mrs. Wright gritted her teeth and glared at her son, “Sibbie always helps us. When did Sibbie trouble us? Look at the paintings on the wall. Each of them is worth over ten million, but Sibbie gave them to me for free!”

Brayden looked at the paintings all over the wall without a word.

‘They are beautiful, but there are too many of them!’

“You two stop bickering. Ask Sibbie if she has time on Friday night.” After saying that, Mayor Cody went upstairs to work again.

As soon as Mayor Cody went upstairs, the assistant called him. “Mayor Cody, as to the case of Wilson Group, Zero told me that Wilson Group has fallen for a trap.”

“Really?” Mayor Cody said, somewhat surprised.

“Yes. Zero needs to continue to investigate the specific situation.”

“You keep in touch with the Secret organization. If they say money isn’t enough, we will give them more. It’s fine as long as they can find the criminal evidence against Wilson Group!” Mayor Cody said quietly.

“Yes.”

After hanging up, Mayor Cody looked out to the dark night sky.

Friday night.

Pearl Acres Restaurant was a high-level restaurant.

The dishes in the restaurant were delicious and expensive. This restaurant was one of the restaurants owned by the Wilson Group, and it was run by Winter.

Winter liked to hold parties here, so it was furnished according to her preferences.

The parties were not as grand as Wilson charity dinner. Still, the meeting place of Pearl Acres Restaurant was furnished magnificently.

The hall on the first floor was crowded, and almost all the guests were women.

Winter always got her finger on the pulse. Instead of inviting media reporters, she invited a famous online celebrity to do a live broadcast on the official account of Wilson Group Charity.

The female celebrity participated in such a party of rich ladies for the first time, and her tone was full of excitement.

“Oh, my goodness. Guess who I saw.”

The female celebrity was called Sophie. Sophie held her mobile phone and excitedly pointed the camera at a middle-aged woman who had just stepped in. “Mrs. Lee, come and say hello to the netizens.”

She trotted over to Mrs. Lee.

All the rich ladies who came to the party were informed in advance that there would a live broadcast. Though mentally prepared, Mrs. Lee was a little bit embarrassed, waving her hand to the camera, “Hello, everyone. I’m Mrs. Lee, and I came to Winter’s private party today.

“As a noble lady, Mrs. Lee is really graceful and impressed.” Sophie smiled and praised.

Then she walked around, and when she saw guests, she would let them face the camera and say something.

The real-time bullet comments from viewers scrolled across the screen.



Netizens was very curious about how the rich led a life, so the Wilson Group's streaming channel soon attracted numerous viewers.

"Wow, the venue is so beautiful."

"These ladies all seem to be wearing luxury brands."

"I saw Mrs. Sutton. Her husband is a real estate developer and very rich."

"Isn't that Mrs. Spencer? She looks wealthy!"

"I saw Honey, and she was there! I'm a fan of hers! LX's white dress fits her very well!"

At that moment, Sylvia stepped into the hall on the first floor.

Sophie quickly pointed the camera at her. "Look, everyone, our Ms. Popularity, Sylvia, has arrived."

"Oh, my goodness! How beautiful she is!"

"Oh, my goddess is stunning."

"She's wearing the flagship dress of LX. She looks elegant in it."

"She should be very tall, at least 5.6 feet, right?"

"She is so pretty and elegant."

Winter had been sitting on the sofa in the leisure area. She was the star of this party. All those noble ladies usually hung around her and all curried favor with her because she had a distinguished position in the Wilson Group.

Other members of the Wilson family couldn't be compared with her at all, and they didn't even attend the party, because they would be peripheral if they came. So why bother?

Meanwhile, they all bad-mouthed Winter behind her back and believed Winter had an affair with Clark!

## **chapter 89**

They found no other reason to explain why Clark valued her so much!

Winter was beautiful, outgoing, and good at socializing.

Though in her late 30s, with proper skin care, no one could tell her actual age.

A hint of amazement flashed into her eyes when she saw Sylvia.

She had to admit that Sylvia was indeed gorgeous.

All the noble ladies present were wearing luxury brands and behaved in elegant manners.

However, as soon as Sylvia appeared, she hogged the limelight.

A simple dress outlined her perfect and curvy figure.

Her face was aloof. Her eyes swept across the crowd and fell on Winter.

Winter smiled and said, "Miss Andrews, I held a private party today. It's my honor to have you here!"

"It's a pity that Master Keturah did not come with you, as we all want to know about Master Keturah," said Winter's secretary, who took care of a lot of things assigned by Winter.

Winter glared at her. "Rosie, what are you talking about? Master Keturah is such a big shot. We can't see her readily."

Then she smiled at Sylvia. "Am I right? Miss Andrews."

"That's too exaggerated."

Sylvia nodded slightly.

When other noble ladies saw that Sylvia was personally received by Winter; they were a little bit jealous.

"Look at her face. The cosmetic surgery she had must be a very success. I can't find anything wrong with her face."

"And her boobs, she must have had breast implants."

"Well, I guess the well-toned butt was implanted, too."

Several women gossiped, their voices full of jealousy. They thought that Sylvia, a woman of low status, who climbed the ladder by using Logan, would be timid at a party for rich ladies.

However... they were all disappointed.

Sylvia was relaxed and elegant.

Poppy just walked behind those gossipy women and heard them abusing Sylvia.

She glanced at Sylvia, who was standing with Winter, and thought, 'Sylvia, let me see how you will get into trouble. So many ladies hate you!'

In Sophie's channel, those netizens were commenting excitedly.

"My goddess is so beautiful. Have you seen her expression? So intimidating!"

"She has a powerful aura."

"I don't know why. I thought of Mr. Maskelyne when I saw her expression."

"Me too... I thought of Mr. Maskelyne at the sight of her. She has such a strong aura. I couldn't help thinking of who could rival her. Then Mr. Maskelyne came into my mind!"

"Exactly. It's a pity that she is Logan's girlfriend."

"I am so curious about what Mrs. Maskelyne is like!"

"Look! Sylvia is moving with Winter!"

The netizens in the channel sent bullet comments non-stop.

At that time, Sylvia occupied the trending topics again.

“Sylvia is eye-catching in Winter’s private partie”

“My idol Sylvia”

Tiffany had stayed in her room in Evans’ Villa recently.

Feeling bored, she logged on to Twitter and saw trending hashtags about Sylvia.

“Bitch!”

After the scandal about her caused a stir on Twitter, her friends cut her off or said some sarcastic words to annoy her.

Then she saw one lady’s comment on Sylvia, “I doubt if she has cosmetic surgery. Her face looks so perfect.”

This comment inspired Tiffany.

She smiled viciously and sent an email to the guy who had made her trending before.

A few minutes later, the hashtag, “Photos of Sylvia before and after the plastic surgery” became trending.

Netizens clicked the hashtag and saw ugly photos of Sylvia before the plastic surgery, and some comparison photos of her before and after the plastic surgery.

Those pictures were shocking.

In the pictures, she had small eyes, a flat nose, dark skin, and a big mouth.

A Twitter poster who was certified as a cosmetic surgeon tweeted that Sylvia had a facial surgery that cost at least 500,000 dollars.

Some netizens scolded Sylvia as an artificial woman who tried everything to hook up with men.

At the same time, Franklin just got off the plane. It was the beginning of the month, and it was his turn to fly the plane.

He was in the lead, followed by the crew.

He was tall, attractive, and celibate in a captain’s uniform.

Darcie had hardly turned on her mobile phone when she saw the Twitter Feed.

The Twitter Feed showed a familiar name, so she quickly tapped it.

“Captain Franklin.”

She walked quickly to catch up with Franklin and looked up at him.

It seemed that he didn’t want to be disturbed.

He looked down at her and said, “What’s wrong?”

“Look...” Darcie summoned up her courage and held her mobile up to his face. “Sylvia had plastic surgery. A plastic surgeon confirmed it.”

Franklin looked at the phone screen, and his face darkened.

The tweet posted by the plastic surgeon had been forwarded tens of thousands of times.

His face became gloomier. Her eyes were dark with unfathomable emotions.

Jasper cautiously glanced at Franklin.

Obviously, he was in a bad mood, boiling with rage.

With a cold look in his eyes, he ordered Jasper, “Contact the PR manager and let him handle this matter.”

He said angrily. “Deal with that plastic surgeon!”

Darcie froze.

‘What does Franklin mean? I’ve shown the evidence to prove Sylvia had plastic surgery, but he’s trying to defend Sylvia. What’s wrong with him? Why did he want to protect a gold digger who had plastic surgery and cheated on him!’

Darcie was so anxious that she couldn’t help losing her temper. “Captain Franklin, you don’t believe Sylvia had plastic surgery? She did that because she wanted to seduce men. She is not born beautiful.”

## **chapter 90**

Franklin snorted and said, “I don’t care if she’s born beautiful. No matter what, she is my wife!”

Darcie said with tears in her eyes, “But she cheated on you... She’s an indecent woman!”

Franklin said coldly, “She has friends of her own. I know best whether she has cheated! Don’t let me hear you slander her again. Otherwise, you will bear the consequences!”

Darcie screamed hysterically, “If she is that nice, why did keep your marriage a secret? Do your parents know her? Do you dare let her live with your parents? Don’t you think your relationship is deformed?”

Franklin glanced at her without saying a word.

“It’s none of your business! It’s just a matter between she and me! Just butt out!”

With that, he strode away.

The other stewardesses looked at Darcie sympathetically.

‘Is Darcie crazy? How could she talk to Captain Franklin like crazy? It would only make Captain Franklin disgusted with her.’

They bypassed Darcie and chased after Franklin.

Darcie freaked out and stood there, crying loudly.

Why did Franklin trust that bitch so much? Why did he defend her?

Wasn't he afraid that Sylvia cuckolded him?

Sylvia was his wife, but she was tricking others in the name of Logan's girlfriend!

The trending hashtag, "Photos of Sylvia before and after the plastic surgery" soon disappeared.

The slander of that doctor became trending.

A little-known online celebrity died on his operating table, but it did not make a stir because the online celebrity was not famous. The plastic surgeon only paid some money, and that was over.

Now, the shocking information about him was revealed at this time and soon became trending.

All that just happened in half an hour.

Now the thing was moving in the opposite direction.

"So the doctor's words are not credible at all."

"This doctor is a pest. Why didn't the family of that online celebrity sue him at that time?"

"They must have signed an agreement before the surgery. I guess that online celebrity did not read the agreement carefully before the surgery."

"Damn murderer!"

"I think Sylvia's face is natural. She can control her face perfectly!"

The public opinion moved towards an opposite view.

At the same time, Sylvia was chatting happily with Winter and others. She didn't know that there was an uproar on Twitter because of her.

"Miss Andrews, can I introduce you to some other ladies? They have a deep relationship with Wilson philanthropic foundation and donated a lot of money to those poor people. I appreciate them and admire them," Winter said with a smile.

She wanted to work with Master Keturah. It was better for Wilson philanthropic foundation to merge Keturah foundation.

With Master Keturah as a stunt, Wilson philosophical foundation was surely going stronger.

Thus, she must win over Sylvia. It was said that Sylvia was a no-brainer relying on men.

Sylvia was beautiful and graceful, but she was brainless. That was good news for Winter.

"If you say so, I'd like to see them." Sylvia said calmly, "I always admire outstanding women."

Winter disdained Sylvia within herself, "What a hypocritical woman."

Then Winter took Sylvia to greet those rich ladies to make Sylvia know how sociable she was.

These rich ladies were extremely respectful to Winter, which surprised Sylvia.

Since Sylvia was the friend of Master Keturah, those rich ladies greeted her warmly and said, "Remember to bring Master Keturah over next time! We all want to know about him."

Some rich ladies disdained to talk to Sylvia. 'She's no more than eye candy.'

Winter curried favor with Sylvia just because she wanted to know Master Keturah.

Master Keturah really had a poor taste! She even made friends with a gold digger.

Honey saw that Sylvia and Winter were very close from afar. She came to Sylvia and greeted her, "Miss Andrews, it's been a long time."

After the last launch event of LX, Honey had a very good impression of Sylvia.

"Ms. Bennett." Sylvia didn't talk to those rich ladies, but now she started a conversation with Honey.

Those rich ladies were angry.

'She disdains to talk with me, but she starts a conversation with an actress of low status. I must say, birds of a feather flock together!' Those ladies shared the same idea on their minds.

"Sylvia!"

Suddenly, a sharp voice sounded.

Poppy came up to her angrily in casual clothes, pointed at her mobile phone, and said snappishly, "Did you let my brother remove the trending hashtag?"

'Poppy is here, too?' thought Sylvia.

Sylvia was a little bit surprised and then said calmly, "I can't understand what you are talking about."

When people around saw Poppy's face, they began to expect what would happen later.

Poppy was a short-tempered lady. After coming back from abroad, she idled away all the time and messed up with some hooligans.

Though she had some friends in the circle of celebs. If she was not from the Maskelyne family, no one present would take heed of her.

Besides, those well-bred noble ladies were not willing to be friends with Poppy at all.