

Revealed 9

chapter 9

Walking out of the airport, Sylvia and Jasper got in the car and waited for about ten minutes before Franklin came.

He must be tired from flying the airplane all night.

As a perfect wife, to get her husband to sign the divorcement paper, Sylvia knew what she should do.

Sylvia helped him massage his shoulder. "Does this feel good?"

Franklin grabbed her hands. "Let me hold you for a while."

Then he pulled her into his arms and closed his eyes for rest.

The car was parked steadily in the garage, but Sylvia found that Franklin had fallen asleep leaning on her shoulder.

Even when he was asleep, he was still handsome and charming.

He had thick and long eyelashes that even women would envy.

His cap was placed on the seat, and he was still in his captain's uniform.

Jasper wanted to wake Franklin up when he saw Sylvia make a gesture of "hush". He had to get out of the car quietly and leave the room for the two of them.

Sylvia's shoulder was sore, but she couldn't bear to disturb Franklin from his sleep. She closed her eyes.

Being a captain looked like a glorious and classy job, but it took hard work.

Especially after the plane took off, Franklin had to stay highly concentrated and he couldn't allow anything to go wrong.

A little mistake was likely to bring about terrible consequences.

But why was she feeling sorry for him?

Sylvia smiled with self-mockery.

Was it because they were about to divorce?

In the president's office of the Maskelyne Group.

Franklin looked at the divorcement paper on his desk.

When he did not need to fly the plane, he would be working in the Maskelyne Group.

The SouthStar Airlines was the old Mrs. Maskelyne's family business. The old Mrs. Maskelyne's family name was Moss. The Moss family didn't have anyone to carry forward their family business now.

The Moss family had two daughters, but neither of them wanted to take over the family business.

One was studying to become a painter and the other wanted to be a photographer.

Neither of them had any interest in aviation.

In the end, the Moss family had to come and ask if anyone in the Maskelyne family was willing to inherit the SouthStar Airlines. The old Mrs. Maskelyne's last wish before her death was to pass down the family business.

Franklin had been the president of SouthStar Airlines since a few years ago. He had promised his grandmother that he would take good care of the Moss family's two daughters and protect them for the rest of his life. He had also promised the old Mrs. Maskelyne he would carry forward the SouthStar Airlines.

He had a plan in mind. After taking over the SouthStar Airlines, several years later, if the Moss family's two daughters could give birth to qualified heirs and cultivate them, he would return the SouthStar Airlines to the Moss family.

Since he had taken over the SouthStar Airlines, he needed to learn about this industry.

He had always been a serious and responsible person. Once he shouldered the responsibility, he would do the best he could.

Similarly, since he had decided to divorce Sylvia, he should be decisive about it.

Franklin tightened his grip on the pen and signed his name on the divorcement paper.

Then, he called Jasper over and said, "Take one of them to Sylvia."

"Master Franklin! Did you really sign on it?" Jasper almost screamed. He really didn't want to see Franklin and Sylvia divorce.

"What? You're unhappy about my divorce?" Franklin looked up at Jasper.

Jasper took a deep breath, "No. I will send it to Miss Andrews right now."

From today on, he couldn't call Sylvia Mrs. Maskelyne again.

In the Townyer Villa.

Sylvia was sitting there, holding her laptop, her fingers typing on the keyboard. When she heard the knock on the door, she immediately closed the laptop.

Jasper walked in, "Master Franklin has signed on the divorcement paper."

"That's great!" Sylvia took over the divorcement paper with a relieved smile. "Jasper, will you please tell Franklin that I will meet him at the Civil Affairs Bureau at three in the afternoon to get the divorce certificates? I will be waiting for him."

With that, she walked out of the villa with her already-packed suitcase.

Jasper had to call Franklin to repeat her words.

"She just can't wait to divorce me, can she?" Franklin was somehow pissed.

He originally got married to her because his grandpa had been urging him to get married, and now, since the old Maskelyne had passed away, there was no reason for the marriage to exist.

Fine, just get the divorce done.

Without waiting for Jasper's further words, he said, "Why wait? Let's do it now."

Sylvia had just walked to the entrance of the neighborhood when she heard Jasper chasing after her, panting, "Miss Andrews!"

"What's wrong?"

Did Franklin break his word?

"Master Franklin said you two could get the divorce certificate now. He told me to drive you to Civil Affairs Bureau."

"That's great! Thank you, then."

In the Civil Affairs Bureau.

There were very few people who came to get divorced at noon and the whole department hall appeared to be empty.

It had only taken a few minutes before Sylvia and Franklin walked out with the divorce certificates.

Sylvia felt that the sky was particularly blue and the air was very fresh today.

Finally, the marriage of four years came to an end.

"Where are you going? I will drive you," Franklin said.

Sylvia smiled at him, "It's okay."

She waved to someone, and then, Franklin saw a Land Rover that had been parked on the side of the road driving towards them. The door was opened and Franklin saw a familiar face.

"Mr. Mertens." With a straight face, Franklin didn't understand how Sylvia knew Logan. Logan, the rumored president of longevity Pharmaceuticals, was a single and rich man. Franklin felt a little distraught.

"Mr. Maskelyne, nice to see you again. Thanks for your taking care of Sylvia over the years." Logan smiled and helped carry Sylvia's luggage into the car.

Franklin frowned at Sylvia, who got into the car and sat on the passenger seat. No wonder she had been so eager to divorce him, it turned out she had met someone new.

Did he think Logan was more handsome or richer than him? She... Damn it! Why was he comparing himself to Logan? Logan couldn't be compared to him at all.

He did not know why, but he felt very upset.

"Mr. Maskelyne, I guess this is farewell." Sylvia waved her hand at him and smiled very brightly.

She would never call him “sweetie” again... In the four years of their marriage, she had always been a gentle and charming wife, but she had never laughed so brightly.

Franklin was stunned.

He felt as if he had lost something very important.

The Land Rover had driven away, and Jasper carefully walked up to Franklin, “Master Franklin, let’s go.”

Franklin looked sullen and got into the car without saying a word.

After getting in the car, he slammed the door.

Instead of going back to the Pearlhall Villa, Sylvia went to Shanwens cemetery.

She knelt in front of the old Maskelyne’s grave, her fingertips gently touching the photo of the old Maskelyne. He was a kind man with a gentle temperament.

“Mr. Maskelyne, I’m sorry, but Franklin and I have gotten divorced. I hope you won’t hate me for this.”

“I will come to see you again when I have time.”

She turned around, only to see the man standing not far away, dressed in black, tall and handsome, and staring at her.