

Revealed 91

chapter 91

“Now you just pretend to know nothing?” Poppy insulted Sylvia almost each time they met in Maskelyne Residence. In her eyes, Sylvia was a white elephant kept by Franklin.

Thus, it made her feel better to question Sylvia habitually as they met here.

Impassively, Sylvia looked at Poppy and said, “Miss Maskelyne, I don’t think I am close enough to you to tolerate your bad manners.”

“Bad manners?” Poppy bawled at her angrily.

Sylvia raised an eyebrow in silence, her gaze sweeping across the crowd.

Subconsciously, Poppy followed Sylvia’s gaze, noticing the disdain and mockery in those wealthy ladies’ eyes.

She suddenly realized that she seemed to stew in her own juice now, though she had planned to make a fool of Sylvia by insulting her in front of others.

“Obviously. Everybody here knows what I mean.” Sylvia swirled her glass of red wine elegantly and took a sip.

She leaned towards Poppy and said in a low voice, “Think you’re great, don’t you? Your friends play you for a fool. You idiot!”

Sylvia shoved her glass into Poppy’s hands and said, “Sadder but savvier. You’d better learn more.”

Poppy went scarlet then white with anger and awkwardness.

At the very beginning, she didn’t intend to pick on Sylvia. But some of her girlfriends kept urging her, saying that Sylvia was so pretentious and disgusting, and Poppy was the only person who dared to taunt her.

She couldn’t help to introspect. Were they really her best friends?

Though Honey couldn’t afford to offend Poppy, she said with an undertone, “Miss Maskelyne, it seems...indecent for you to say bad things about Miss Andrews publicly.”

“Who the hell are you?” Poppy railed at Honey, “How dare you judge me!”

Honey went scarlet and white because of fear. She was nothing for such an aristocrat lady.

But she didn’t have the heart to leave Sylvia alone.

She had a good impression of Sylvia when they met in the LX show last time. She wanted to help Sylvia, though she was merely a little-known actress who got implants in her face and breast.

She had seen a lot of dirty tricks used in the showbiz. As other peers kept pushing her around, she gradually learned how to intrigue against others. Thus, Sylvia’s frankness sent her a great shock.

Sylvia looked at Poppy coldly and said, "Shut up! Aren't you ashamed of what you did? Go back to Maskelyne Residence now! If you don't, I don't mind having you thrown out of the country again!"

Poppy bit her lip, stamped her feet in anger, and then turned to leave.

She believed the only reason she had to study abroad was Sylvia's instigation, but she couldn't understand why Franklin was so nice to Sylvia.

Honey looked at Sylvia gratefully.

"Miss Andrews, you are awesome." Winter complimented her smilingly, "Miss Maskelyne is famous for her brashness. And you just shut her up like a clam."

Sylvia smiled.

"She's still a child."

"Miss Andrews, you were present at the foundation of Master Keturah last time. Can you help our Wilson philanthropic foundation this time? Our foundation has more fame and larger scale than Master Keturah's." Winter paused and then said, "As far as I know, you don't have other work. What about managing the foundation with me?"

"Mrs. Wilson is right. We should have our own career. We can't only rely on men," said one of the rich ladies, "I'm the senior consultant now."

Another said, "I'm at the diamond level!"

"Almost everyone present are the consultants, directors or executive officers of Wilson philanthropic foundation," said Winter proudly, "Charity is also a type of career. It's not only about donating or funding. It's also about the spirit, faith, and love. I think you will join us for them."

Sylvia looked at Winter calmly.

The Wilson philanthropic foundation was "interesting". It was totally the same as brainwashing.

Winter just gathered up those rich ladies by offering them some dazzling nominal job titles.

Those women only played chess or went shopping in daily life. And now, they seemed to have their "careers".

Charity.

Frankly, they just invested their money in the foundation.

Now, Master Keturah who was supporting Sylvia drew the attention from Wilson Group. Winter would let Sylvia join in first; and the next one would be Master Keturah.

"I will think about it." Sylvia chuckled.

How beautiful her smile was!

Their jealous eyes were riveted on Sylvia.

She was young and pretty like an angel.

No wonder Logan and Paul were mesmerized by her.

“Alright, our party is held almost every week. You can come with your friends next time. Master Keturah is also welcomed.” Winter hurriedly said smilingly, “We are sincere for your participation. Wish you will join us soon.”

“Sure,” said Sylvia’s flat voice. Her smile was getting meaningful.

In Wright Residence.

“Where’s Sibbie?” Mayor Cody felt a bit amazed when he found it was quiet in living room.

Mrs. Wright saw Mayor Cody coming back and walked to him at once, saying worriedly, “She takes part in the private party held by Winter from the Wilson family. Honey, people in the Wilson family are sinister. What’s Sibbie going to do?”

Mayor Cody frowned slightly and sat on the sofa, “Take it easy. She’s smart.”

“I’m just worried. Winter is sophisticated. And you know she has invited me to partake in that party so many times and I have to decline her every time. I should have gone there and kept Sibbie from her.” Mrs. Wright felt a bit regretful.

“Well, honey. When will she arrive and have dinner with us?” Mayor Cody had been curious about Master Keturah long before, but Mrs. Wright always kept her secret.

Fortunately, Master Keturah didn’t do harm to Mrs. Wright.

“Tomorrow evening.”

“That’s great. You can ask her about the party tonight.”

Mrs. Wright had no choice but nodded. “Okay.”

At 9 a.m. in the next day.

In the President office of Maskelyne Group.

No sooner had Brayden stepped in the office than he said to Franklin triumphantly, “Franklin, you know what. I got a special guest tonight.”

The man said “Uh” and continued working.

Brayden said, “Tsk, you are so indifferent. Why not ask me who it is?”

“So, who is it?” Franklin asked calmly.

Brayden smiled secretly and said, “It’s Master Keturah. You know? That piano virtuoso. My mom has a great relationship with her.”

Suddenly, something occurred to him, and he said, “You have told my mom that you want to meet her, haven’t you? Come with me tonight?”

Brayden didn’t find at all that Franklin tightened the pen with his eyes twinkling coldly after he heard the words “Master Keturah”.

“OK.”

Franklin didn't tell Brayden that he had met Master Keturah with Tiffany.

However, now that he was cordially invited, he wouldn't let the chance go.

chapter 92

“So quickly?” Brayden thought Franklin was very strange today. He surveyed the man who had calmed down at this moment.

On Franklin's beautiful face, there were slightly dark circles under his eyes, “Hey, you have insomnia again, don't you?”

Since a few years ago, Franklin had suffered from mild mania accompanied with insomnia. Brayden was the only one that knew it.

In recent years, it was controlled well with medicine, and Brayden had seldom saw Franklin's dark circles.

Thus, he subconsciously related it to Franklin's disease when he noticed his complexion.

“I flew the plane all night,” Franklin said in a cold way.

“Gosh! And you still work here? Are you a superman? Go back to get some rest!”

“I can't.” Franklin rubbed his eyebrows and said, “Go to your place after work.”

Brayden was about to say something but finally held his tongue.

At 5 p.m.

Sylvia went straight to the biggest shopping mall in downtown.

It was the first time she had gone to Wright Residence. And Mrs. Wright was nice to her.

So she should prepare some gifts for the visit.

She was always purposeful when shopping. After ten minutes, she went out of the mall.

Then she drove straight to Wright Residence in her dazzling Land Rover.

Mrs. Wright had sent her address to Sylvia on Facebook.

There was heavy traffic on her way. As the time passed by, it was almost 6 p.m.

When she was about to turn around and find other way, there came a sound of the police car from the distance.

She lowered the window and heard some passers-by were discussing.

“OMG! There's an accident up ahead.”

“It's said that some children are in the car. Whether they are dead or alive is uncertain.”

Sylvia frowned and got off her car, striding to the congested spot.

When she reached the crash site, three giddy men crawled out of the deformed van bumped by the truck. They left the children in the van and fled away rapidly through the crowd after hearing the sirens.

Something was wrong!

If they were parents, they would save the children at first.

If the children were of kindergarten, they would save them, too.

But now...

They chose to escape.

Damn!

Sylvia looked cold and shouted, "They are traffickers! Don't let them go!"

It was crowded here due to the accident. There were many onlookers and drivers.

Hearing what Sylvia said, the three ran faster.

Sylvia glanced the trapped children and thought which choice she should make, saving the children or chasing the bad guys.

At this moment, the van suddenly emitted some noise, and there was heavy smoke coming from the hood with some faint sparks!

Damn! The van might explode.

She gritted her teeth and turned towards the van. Two men had dragged one of the children out.

But there were still three trapped. Two of them were in a coma. The other seemed to get hurt, crying in terror under the deformed seat.

Sylvia went there and said coldly to the men, "Move over!"

Although the men were confused, they had to stay out of the way due to her cold tone.

The slender lady raised her long leg where there was a peep-toe heel and gave the seat a strong kick. The narrow seat became teetered.

Then she put her arms on the seat and snapped it off the van!

Sylvia lowered her head and lifted the children out of the van.

As she took the last child out, the van made a huge and raspy crackle.

Sylvia shouted, "Get down!"

She leaped forward!

There was a mighty bang with enormous sparks from the van behind!

Endless dirt and car wreckage were lifted to the air by the blast and then fell down to the floor.

Everyone was shocked at this.

The van exploded!

Sylvia kept the child safe in her arms while her back aching.

Her face turned pale.

The child was shivering, gripping her shirt with his hands. Sylvia quickly pacified him, "Don't worry."

The three men were still running away.

After Sylvia ensured the children's injuries were not serious, she immediately chased the runaways.

There had been some strong men running after the runaways.

But after a while, someone overtook them, and before they realized what had happened, a slender shadow jumped to her feet, kicking on two of the runaways at the same time!

The two men fell down on the ground.

They screamed due to the pain!

She was like the cops in the movie and her kicks were quick and fluent.

As other people were still stunned, they saw that "superwoman" who even wore a pair of heels still run at an amazing speed.

It was only a few steps away. She dashed forward and jumped up again.

Given a perfect back suplex by her, the man in the lead was restrained.

And other men had clamped down the other two who were knocked down by her.

It seemed that everything just happened in a flash.

When Sylvia turned around, everyone felt choked.

What a beautiful lady!

Why did she look so stunning?

She was so powerful!

At this time, the police car stopped stably, and some policemen got off rapidly.

And there was also an ambulance. Doctors and nurses picked up the injured children.

Sylvia took a deep breath and exhaled. It was almost 6 p.m.

She hurried to get on her Land Rover and drove off.

It was impolite for her to be late.

When she got on the car, the first thing she did was to send a message to Mrs. Wright on Facebook which said, "Sis, I got a traffic jam. I may be a little bit late."

chapter 93

Mrs. Wright texted back in the next second, "That's OK. Wait for you."

At the accident scene.

People were telling the police about how the beautiful woman knocked down the evildoers.

After they finished, a policeman asked, "Where's the heroine?"

Everyone looked around but failed to find her. "She was here just now!"

"Sir, you don't see her. She's so cool and beautiful!"

"Holy! I suspected that I was watching a movie."

"Really?" the policeman felt a bit doubtful. But he looked at the three arrestees and confirmed a member of vice squad again, "It's probably the three-guy crew we have been chasing for human trafficking. Come and take them away!"

Unexpectedly, somebody videoed how Sylvia saved the children. It was awesome that she just kicked on the seat and snapped it up mightily!

As the video was posted on the Internet, it soon drew the attention from netizens.

"She's really a heroine. Her actions are so cool!"

"I think she looks like our Goddess Sylvia. Am I the only person?"

"The view of her back...So alike."

"But our Goddess Sylvia is not so powerful."

"I agree...It's not her. Definitely."

"She can save others while wearing skirt and heels! It's OK."

At this moment, another uploaded the video about Sylvia kicking the traffickers down on Twitter.

In the video, the lady moved fluently, especially the scene she leaped to her feet and struck down two bad guys at the same time. That was so amazing.

And nothing was better than the last back suplex. It was perfect.

Then... The beautiful lady turned around... Everyone was stunned.

"Jesus! Sylvia!"

"Our Goddess Sylvia!"

"My Goddess, I don't ever know you're such a person!"

“You’re amazing, same as superwoman!”

“No one will not love such a Goddess.”

“My Goddess just save a few families on the way! It’s sooo touching.”

“Goddess, why are you so cool!”

“Even though she wore a skirt and fought with others, she didn’t expose herself. How did she do that!”

The hashtags about Sylvia were the trending topic on Twitter again.

“Goddess Sylvia Is a Top Martial Artist”

“Goddess Sylvia Saved the Children Trapped in a Van”

“Take Apart the Seat by Hands; Struck Down Human Traffickers by Chance”

“You Do Love Such a Positive Goddess, Don’t You”

The netizens who always picked on Sylvia were stunned.

“I make a decision. I will never bad-mouth her.”

“I think she’s not hyping. It’s uploaded by others...”

“No one can anticipate a car accident. And she knew nothing about the children and the traffickers, didn’t she? So, it’s subconscious for her to save the children and kick down the bad guys...I should apologize for my misunderstanding before.”

“I admire the person like her! I will never criticize her for hyping or doing cosmetic surgery! The moment she turned around and looked at the traffickers really makes me fall in love with her.”

“I’m so touched by her. I suddenly feel jealous of Logan. Why does he have such a wonderful girlfriend!”

Then...

Hashtags about Logan became trending, too.

“I’m So Jealous That Logan Has Sylvia as His Girlfriend”

“Logan is the Luckiest Man”

Logan had no idea why he was mentioned.

What happened?

And the official Twitter account of the Larro government tweeted quite humorously, “To the heroine, thank you for helping us capture the three flagrant human traffickers, and for saving the children at about 6 p.m. If you read our tweet, please contact us. We have prepared 50,000\$ and a cute silk banner for you. Thanks once again.”

It meant the government authenticated what Sylvia did!

What she did was acknowledged by the government!

Netizens gathered up in the comments section of the official account of the government, constantly writing down what they knew.

“Her name is Sylvia. Logan, the president of Longevity Pharmaceuticals, is her boyfriend. Contact him. He will find Sylvia for you.”

“Sylvia is very cool!”

“Sylvia is praised by the government.”

“My Goddess is wonderful!”

Sylvia had now parked her car in front of the gate of Wright Residence.

It was in the complex where government officials lived. Almost all the residents were officials.

Each house was a detached two-layer villa. It couldn't compare with the large villa of Franklin who was born in the top wealthy family. But it was tidy, clean and spacious.

Hardly had Sylvia got off when Police Chief's car entered the complex. The driver said loudly, “Look, Mr. Hill! She's the heroine!”

“What heroine?” Jenson Hill frowned.

The driver saw Sylvia walk in the house of Mayor Cody and said excitedly, “She's...she's the heroine who caught the traffickers and saved the children!”

With his eyes twinkling, Police Chief said, “Really?”

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Sylvia stepped in the Wright Residence with a gift box.

Hearing the footsteps, Mrs. Wright came out to greet her, “Sibbie, here you are.”

“It's a bit congested.” Sylvia smiled and gave the box to Mrs. Wright in a casual way, “Sis, it's for you and your husband.”

Mayor Cody stood up from the sofa and saw a tall and young lady who had good looks but dressed down.

She was as beautiful as nymph.

Mrs. Wright always told him before that Sibbie was very beautiful. But it was still beyond his expectation.

“Welcome. Just make yourself at home.”

Sylvia nodded to Mayor Cody and said, “Hello, Mr. Wright.”

Mayor Cody was urbane, and he looked in a good shape, unlike other potbellied middle-aged men.

He was tall and straight who must be a good-looking man in his youth.

Mayor Cody felt it a bit strange to be brother-in-law of such a girl who was younger than his son.

He had to sigh in mind that his wife was inconsiderable about it.

Mrs. Wright had unwrapped the gift box and found inside were laid two watches for lovers which were internationally branded. She was amazed and asked, "Sibbie, why do you give us such expensive gifts?"

"Mere two watches. Not expensive," said Sylvia casually.

"Sibbie, I'm the person who need your help. And you just visit us with gifts." Mayor Cody looked at Mrs. Wright, feeling a bit embarrassed.

She was so smart and sensible.

No wonder his wife loved her so much.

Hearing the sound downstairs, Brayden and Franklin got out of the study.

"Brayden, it's your auntie!" said Mrs. Wright in a dissatisfied tone.

Brayden was speechless.

What was wrong with his mother?

She even asked him to call a girl younger than him "auntie"?

He would rather be killed than call her "auntie".

But Sylvia looked at the man behind Brayden who was in captain uniform.

Franklin?

Why was he here? And why was he still in uniform?

Sylvia frowned slightly. She counted in mind how long Franklin flew. Did he fly the plane all night? And he didn't even have a rest? He just cared nothing for himself!

When she was fancying on her side, Brayden just said, "Frank, this is Master Keturah. My mother's...non-related younger sister."

He would never call her "auntie".

"Son, you are so silly. They know each other." Mrs. Wright patted her son and said, "Hurry. Go wash your hands with Sibbie and Frank. We'll have dinner soon."

Both Sylvia and Franklin lost their words.

It had been so many years that they were urged to wash their hands... But it did happen again in Wright Residence...

For the moment, they seemed to get back to their childhood...

Probably, Mrs. Wright was the only person who would urge them to wash their hands.

Unconsciously, Sylvia just felt a bit warm and wanted to keep the feeling for a long while.

This was one of the reasons why she liked to stay with Mrs. Wright.

She offered Sylvia the feel and taste of home.

Then the three went to the washroom to wash hands obediently.

Franklin applied some hand sanitizer habitually. And then he grabbed the hands of Sylvia next to him and rubbed them gently.

Sylvia tried to get rid of him but failed.

She lowered her voice, "What are you doing?"

"Wash your hands," said Franklin's cold voice.

Before they got divorced, he liked to grab her hands and wash for her at home.

Her little hands were soft, and he couldn't put it down.

"I can do it myself." Sylvia blushed.

When her little hands were held in his big hands, the virus attacked her again! Damn!

But they seemed to forget Brayden who was also washing next to them!

He goggled at them.

His mother just told him they knew each other, and he thought they were merely normal friends.

But what they had done obviously showed that they were intimate!

He and Franklin grew up together from their childhood, and he never saw his mate have interest in some girl!

But now, they two were on intimate terms!

After they finished, Sylvia fled the washroom.

Brayden gripped Franklin who was about to chase after Sylvia and asked, "Dude, what are you doing? You want to be my uncle-in-law?"

"You refuse to call her auntie, don't you?" Franklin pushed Brayden away, looking aloof.

Brayden was speechless.

chapter 94

In the dining room.

Mrs. Wright and Mayor Cody had been seated and saw them come in.

Mayor Cody said smilingly, "You youngster just sit together. Take it easy. It's merely a normal family dinner. We don't have many guests at ordinary time, and Brayden seldom come back. Such a lively feast is not usual."

He looked approachable, with a hint of stateliness.

But his words were not aloof at all.

“Mr. Wright. That’s very kind of you.” Sylvia smiled. “I hear that you want me to be the consultant of National Day Gala?”

Mayor Cody felt a bit headache about this. He said, “Every year, we will spend some money on National Day Gala. However, the ratings were always low. And the rank of Larro TV Station fell behind all the other TV stations. So... I need your help this year.”

“No problem,” Sylvia replied simply.

Mayor Cody hesitated for a while and asked, “Can you be the publicity stunt for it?”

Sylvia looked at Mayor Cody. There was no fear in her eyes. She said calmly, in a neither overbearing nor servile tone, “To be honest, I don’t want to show in public.”

Mayor Cody felt a bit disappointed, but he soon hid it.

“Master Keturah” was a perfect stunt. It would attract endless audience to watch the gala.

Franklin looked at Sylvia impassively, feeling nervous for her.

And Mrs. Wright felt a bit embarrassed. When she was about to be mediator, Sylvia’s cold and clam voice called out again.

“But you can trust me. Let me take charge of the gala. I promise you will be satisfied with every performance.”

Mayor Cody raised his eyebrows and asked, “What’s your plan?”

Sylvia turned her head aside slightly. Basked in the light from chandelier, her beautiful facial features were dazzling.

“For many people, ‘Master Keturah’ is extremely attractive. But how about the ensemble? Their sweats will be ignored if the name ‘Master Keturah’ steals all the attention. It can be a publicity stunt for once. But in the next year or the year after next year, it will not work.”

Her word was logical and thought-provoking.

Mayor Cody said subconsciously, “Go on.”

Sylvia paused and said, “So what we need is a feast for both eyes and ears for all the audience. It will allow them to never forget Larro, the ensemble of Larro and the gala night! Then they will look forward to our gala next year. The improvement of ratings needs real work instead of stunt.”

Mayor Cody nodded at her frequently, “Nice plan. You are thoughtful.”

Mrs. Wright felt proud of her, radiant with vigor, “Of course. Sibbie. My sis.”

She really loved Sylvia.

And Franklin just looked at her obsessively.

She was so confident and beautiful when she was speaking.

It seemed that there was a halo around her making her so attractive.

Brayden was shocked. This lady was so thoughtful!

“Mr. Wright, I need to decide the designs, dances and lights of the stage.” Sylvia didn’t ask Mayor Cody for his suggestions but conveyed her idea to him directly without denial.

How aggressive she looked... How aggressive her tone was... If it was others, he would definitely be displeased. But he didn’t feel angry at all about Sylvia but felt more convinced.

Franklin just sat close to Sylvia. He held her hand in his big palm, rubbing her fingers constantly with his rough fingers.

Sylvia gritted her teeth.

‘Damn Franklin, what are you doing when we are talking about real business?’

She struggled, but he gripped her hand more tightly.

It occurred to Sylvia that she trod on the wrong person’s toe in Pearlhall Villa, thereby putting down her heel quietly.

It would be not good if she trod on others.

Especially it was the first time that she had been a guest in Wright Residence.

Franklin felt satisfied to hold her little hand. He picked up a shrimp for her with fork in his right hand and said, “It tastes good.”

And he picked up a piece of beef for her, “Braised Beef with Potatoes. One of the best recipes of Mrs. Wright.”

He had a frequent contact with Wright family, and thus he usually had meals in Wright Residence.

Although there were domestic workers, Mrs. Wright often cooked food. And today she made something she did best to entertain Sylvia.

“And this delicious Fried pork chop.” Franklin continued picking food for Sylvia without expression but his behavior today showed he was doting on Sylvia.

He didn’t even realize that he looked tender when he did it for Sylvia...

It was totally different from the unapproachable “Franklin”.

The Wrights knew about him quite well. Did Franklin pick up food for anybody?

The answer was nobody!

They looked at one another. Although they had known Franklin treated Sylvia differently, they were still stunned about this.

Mrs. Wright was not that pleased, but she couldn’t show much of her feelings.

“Stop. I cannot finish it.” Sylvia turned her head towards Franklin.

She didn't know how fast his heart throbbed for her now.

Franklin restrained himself from the desire of taking her home. He took a swallow and said, "OK."

He snatched his glass and drank heavily in order to calm down.

The man closed his eyes for a while and took a deep breath in secret.

"Sibbie, here is your soup." Mrs. Wright handed a bowl of soup to Sylvia.

Sylvia looked down on the soup, her eyes glittering.

Since her mother's death, she had not eaten soup made with white melons and ribs.

She took a sip. It tasted so familiar that she seemingly tried it in her childhood.

She couldn't help but take another sip.

Mrs. Wright looked a bit depressed as if she was recalling something. She said, "When I was young, I had a good friend. She taught me how to make this soup. But it's a shame..."

"Mom, shame for what?" Brayden asked, feeling strange.

"Never mind." Mrs. Wright shook her head with a faint smile.

Mayor Cody took Mrs. Wright's cool hands gently and said, "Why talking about it?"

Mrs. Wright said nothing.

"Franklin. That's enough." Sylvia was a bit speechless for the plate in front of her which had been piled up like a hill.

She was not a pig.

chapter 95

Then Franklin stretched out his arm and moved her plate to him and began to eat.

Sylvia looked at him in astonishment. The Wrights goggled at him too.

Franklin was a germophobe, wasn't he?

It was so...shocking!

Mayor Cody thought that this lass was adorable indeed, unlike those aristocrat ladies who only took a few bites because they were picky about food or they wanted to lose weights, which turned others' stomachs.

Just then, there came a resonant laughter from the gate.

"Is Mayor Cody home?"

In fact, people in the complex seldom locked their gates.

The following was a footstep.

Mayor Cody and Mrs. Wright immediately stood up and moved towards the gate.

It was Police Chief with a few policemen and a silk banner, walking in the living room.

“Hello, Mr. Hill. What does that mean?” Mayor Cody felt confused.

Mr. Hill laughed and said, “I saw the heroine was here when I came back just now. So, I hurry back to give the heroin a silk banner.”

He pointed at the Land Rover, “Her car is still there!”

Heroine?

Mayor Cody and Mrs. Wright couldn't help but look at the direction of dining room.

It was Sylvia's car. Did Police Chief come to visit her?

“Who's the heroine?” Brayden had totally no idea about it.

Police Chief then knew that they hadn't learned about what happened this afternoon.

He ordered his assistant to explain, “Roy, tell them about it.”

Roy cleared his throat and said, “Miss Andrews confronted with an accident at about 6 p.m. She not only saved the children out of the van but also captured the traffickers. She is a valiant martial artist!”

“So, we decide to award her 50,000\$ and a silk banner! Where's Miss Andrews?” said Mr. Hill excitedly.

Franklin leaned forward to Sylvia's ears, his deep and low voice said, “Sweetie, your hobby includes capturing bastards?”

Sylvia's ears turned red, and she kicked on him gently.

She stood up and walked out to the living room. Then she saw Mr. Hill, the policemen and the banner.

She looked calm, receiving the banner and saying, “I take the banner. As for the money, give it to people in need.”

“Miss Andrews, you are really...admirable.” Mr. Hill didn't expect that Sylvia was so beautiful!

A policeman behind Mr. Hill was videoing and asked Mayor Cody, Mr. Hill to stand next to Sylvia and took a photo.

Sylvia just felt embarrassed.

But Mrs. Wright was pleased and said, “Sibbie, no wonder you said you got in a traffic jam. It turns out that you knocked down the bad guys incidentally. Awesome!”

Brayden was shocked again.

This girl was so miraculous!

Even Mayor Cody felt a bit astonished. If others did what she did, they might hype themselves for how wonderful they were at once.

But Sylvia said nothing about it, though she had been here for so long.

What if Mr. Hill didn't notice her car? Did she intend to hide it from everyone?

Franklin just stood aside in silence. Some tenderness emerged from his cold face. It seemed that only when he looked at Sylvia his character iceberg would tend to thaw.

Sylvia was his wife. No doubt she was the best.

Mr. Hill said, "Now that Miss Andrews insists, we will donate the money to Wilson philanthropic foundation in the name of Miss Andrews."

Mrs. Wright didn't have a good impression of Wilson Group, and she suggested, "Mr. Hill, Sylvia has a good relationship with Master Keturah. How about donating it to the foundation of Master Keturah?"

"That's great." Mr. Hill would naturally not refuse.

Normal people would never have a chance to dine with Mayor Cody in his home.

He knew about it very much. After having a small talk with Mayor Cody, he left with his men.

Outside, he immediately asked his assistant to tweet the video.

"We must promote what Miss Andrews did to set a good example for citizens. After all, there are too few people doing boldly what is righteous for nothing in the society."

"Yes, sir."

In the living room.

Brayden glanced at his phone and said to Franklin, "Frank, my friends asked me to go to Borealis Club. Together?"

"It's OK. Don't drink too much." Mrs. Wright warned.

Franklin's cool eyes fell on Sylvia. He asked, "Together?"

Mrs. Wright quickly said, "It's not good for a girl to go to club."

The man looked straight at Mrs. Wright who felt a chill in the back. Then Mayor Cody said, "Youngsters should expose themselves more to youngsters. Sibbie, just go."

Franklin then eased a bit and stretched his arm towards Sylvia.

Sylvia subconsciously stepped back and said, "I can walk."

She would not refuse as Mayor Cody had told her to go.

Looking at them three leave, Mrs. Wright felt a bit worried, "Obviously, Franklin has an ulterior motive for Sibbie."

"Don't worry. From my perspective, it's good. In these years, I have never seen Frank care about anyone like this." Mayor Cody was clear. "Much less your Sibbie... isn't innocent as she looks. Normal people cannot control such kind of girl."

Franklin couldn't drive because he just drank.

Originally, it was Brayden who drove him here. Brayden poked his head out from the car, "Miss Andrews, go with me!"

When Sylvia hesitated, she was pushed into the car by a big hand holding her slim waist.

And the tall man just sat next to her.

Sylvia was speechless.

Could he be less bossy?

She thought she had made it clear in the Radisson Royal Restaurant.

However, it seemed that...Franklin still didn't understand.

On the way to the club, they kept silent except Brayden who uttered a few words sporadically.

Brayden thought he was a driver for the two behind.

Franklin rubbed her waist with his hand from time to time. Sylvia was in a good shape without flab.

His breath became heavy.

Sylvia was sensitive that she perceived Franklin's changing state. She twisted to keep away from him smoothly.

It was silent refusal and resistance.

The man saw that she got rid of his palm, feeling a bit disappointed.

He couldn't control himself to stretch his arm again, but Sylvia gripped his wrist quickly and said, "Franklin, that's enough."

Brayden was driving in the front who actually listened to their conversation carefully and saw what happened in the back through the rear-view mirror.

Jesus!

There was a thing!

Franklin's voice was low and charming. His eyes were vague with some feelings. He said, "Sweetie, my wife, enough is enough."

Brayden almost crashed into the traffic bars beside the road!

Fuck!

What did he hear?

Wife?

So, his ex-wife was Sylvia?

God damn it.

Was he joking?

“Franklin, we got divorced.” Sylvia stared at him, saying each word slowly.

“So what?” the man didn’t care.

“Divorce means we are done.”

The car stopped in front of the Borealis Club which was the favorite place of rich guys in Larro.

chapter 96

The consumption was also expensive.

Sylvia struggled to break free from Franklin’s palms, pulled the door open, and got off the car.

Franklin strode to follow her immediately.

Brayden followed suit, heading for the private box.

Once the door was opened, people in the box stood up instantly, but Paul lay on the sofa.

Melissa Kelly saw the girl next to Franklin with a single glimpse, feeling upset.

The girl was too charming, and Melissa didn’t think she could be a match for that girl.

Paul darted at the door leisurely. When he caught sight of Sylvia, he became excited.

He stood up to walk to Franklin. Watching the scene, others felt weird, wondering why Paul suddenly had become so friendly to Franklin.

Suddenly, Paul said enthusiastically, “Miss Andrews, what has brought you down here? Why didn’t you call me earlier? If I knew you would come, I’d greet you at the entrance.”

Other people in the box were taken aback as they had never seen Paul be that kind to any other person. They also realized that he hadn’t become friendly to Franklin but was being nice to the girl next to Franklin.

After a closer look, they had to admit the girl was a stunner, reminding them of a fairy.

Paul wanted to hold Sylvia’s hand while he spoke, but Franklin walked up to stand between them and blocked Paul’s thirsty gaze. Franklin hinted at Sylvia to sit on the sofa aside. “Ignore him.”

Sylvia cast a glance at Paul and responded, “Hello, Paul.”

That was her greeting, which astonished others again.

Seldom people in Larro had the guts to call Paul by his name, but the girl seemed to be one of them.

Melissa inwardly felt ironic, wishing Paul to teach her a lesson.

Paul beamed at Sylvia and asked tentatively, “What would you like to drink, Miss Andrews? Red wine or soft drinks?”

Others gaped as he wasn't angry at all.

Franklin felt furious when seeing Paul fawn over Sylvia, frowning deeply.

He held Sylvia's slender waist, silently informing others of his intimacy with her.

Sylvia was wordless.

He did that after they had divorced, and she wondered if that was harassment.

She twisted to break free, but the man muttered in her ear angrily, "Move again. Ready to reap the consequences."

Then he picked up a goblet, shook it slightly, and sipped the wine.

"It's Melissa's birthday today. Let's have fun," a wealthy young man suggested, "Let me give my gift to Melissa."

Only then did Sylvia realize they came here to celebrate the birthday of the pretty woman standing in the center of the box.

"This is for you, Melissa. Happy birthday." Brayden passed a box to Melissa.

All people in the circle knew that Brayden liked Melissa, but the latter didn't respond evidently. Hence, no one knew who she had a crush on.

Melissa elegantly opened the gift box, darted in, and smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Wright."

There was a costly diamond necklace in the box.

Melissa was the daughter of the Kelly family and signed a contract with the entertainment company of Maskelyne Group, so she had plenty of resources.

She was the most famous actress in the company now. After joining several TV series with high viewing rates, she had a large fan base.

Compared to an infamous actress like Honey, she was much more famous. Recently, she had been planning to join some movies.

Since she was a celebrity from a wealthy family, she had a great many admirers.

Roman Kelly, her brother, was close to Franklin and Brayden, so Melissa had a good reputation among the wealthy men.

Several rich young men gave her their gifts.

Paul darted at Franklin, who looked intimate to Sylvia, feeling unhappy. "Mr. Maskelyne, why haven't you given Melissa a gift?"

His words made others look over at Franklin.

So did Melissa, her eyes with a hidden trace of expectation. However, she covered it well, so no one captured it.

Franklin answered, "Well, my wife will mind it, as she dislikes me giving gifts to other women."

Sylvia was wordless.

'You'd better have a shame, Franklin Maskelyne.'

Brayden frowned, wondering what he was talking about. Franklin had divorced, but why did he make his wife an excuse again?

A hint of disappointment flashed through Melissa's charming eyes. The next second, she covered it and pretended to not care. "It's alright, Franklin. You never sent me any gifts in the past, either," she said.

"Frank, seriously?" Brayden frowned.

Arching an eyebrow, Paul looked at Franklin in a provocation. "Mr. Maskelyne, I didn't know you were so stingy."

Franklin held Sylvia's hand, playing with it. Then he answered in a mellow voice, "I'm not stingy. I'm just henpecked."

Seeing him holding Sylvia's hand, Paul was angrier. "You are so intimate with Miss Andrews. Aren't you afraid your wife will mind it? Henpecked?"

In an instant, all people's gazes focused on Sylvia.

Long ago, they had sensed Franklin treated her uniquely.

After Paul exposed it, they all became nosy, wishing to gossip more.

"You can tell my wife about it." Franklin pulled slightly, and Sylvia fell to sit on his lap.

She kept expressionless, gripped his shoulders, and whispered in his ears, "Franklin, you'd better know when to stop it."

However, in others' eyes, they thought they were doing PDA.

Melissa looked annoyed, watching Sylvia sit on Franklin seductively.

Franklin had never sent her any birthday gifts; she had expected them yearly. However, Franklin ignored her.

Either he refused to attend her birthday banquet or participated in the gathering without giving her any gift.

Roman patted her shoulder. "Frank, you'd better not go too far. You have a wife, and now you have the balls to keep a mistress. I recalled you were never interested in women with no backgrounds?"

His words were filled with disdain for Sylvia.

He didn't know her but recalled she seemed to be in the Twitter trends because she was Logan's girlfriend.

Logan was never in their circle, as everyone in the private box used to be childhood playmates.

However, they didn't expect Franklin to take Sylvia to Melissa's banquet.

Roman had to admit the girl was indeed competent. She hit on Logan and won Franklin's favor.

In his eyes, Tiffany was better than Sylvia. After all, Tiffany was the daughter of the Evans family.

Immediately, the temperature in the private box dropped.

Franklin was riled up.

Before he retorted, Paul was boiled over. Pointing at Roman, he shouted, "Roman Kelly, mind your language. What's so wrong about my goddess? His mistress? Bah!"

"When did I let you teach me how to do things?" Franklin asked icily.

Roman was shocked by their questions. "I said it for your own good, Frank."

The next second, Franklin became more furious. "I won't tolerate you if this happens again."

The atmosphere in the box became awkward.

The two men stood out to defend Sylvia, especially Franklin.

Melissa's heart sank again.

Brayden looked annoyed as well. No matter what, Sylvia was his mother's non-related younger sister, and he should address her "auntie" accordingly. Although Brayden didn't call her that way, he should protect her.

He had a crush on Melissa and wanted to please Roman, who might be his future brother-in-law. However, he must protect his mother's sister.

Brayden warned Roman, "You should watch your language next time. Miss Andrews isn't that kind of woman you've thought."

The two wealthiest men defended Sylvia, which surprised others, as Brayden had pursued Melissa for a long time. His words were like a bombshell, and others wondered who Sylvia was.

All the rich men in the box had dates, who were considered playthings.

Once Sylvia showed up, her beauty completely eclipsed other women's charm, including Melissa.

Franklin didn't introduce her to anyone, so others naturally thought Sylvia was his mistress, who often tried to hit on the wealthy men in the upper class.

With a smile, Melissa mediated, "Roman is just kidding. Franklin, please calm down. Ignore him."

chapter 97

Right then, a waiter knocked on the door of the private box.

A man reminded them, "It should be the birthday cake."

He trotted to open the door immediately.

A two-layered cake was pushed into the box, which eased the tensions in the room.

Melissa worked in the showbiz, so she could still keep a graceful smile after the slight grudge just now. "It's my birthday today. Shall we take a group photo together?"

Then she passed her phone to the waiter who delivered the cake. "Could you please take it for us?"

The waiter felt flattered and agreed immediately.

Everyone stood up, surrounding Melissa, who was standing in front of the cake.

She was like a princess.

But only two persons remained seated.

Sylvia smiled ironically. "Sorry, but I'm not close with you, Miss Kelly."

She stood up. Although Franklin was beside her, her aura could match his.

Melissa's smile stiffened. "Miss Andrews, are you still mad? I apologize to you on my brother's behalf."

"If you killed a person and apologized, would it work?" Sylvia ignored her.

Melissa didn't expect her to be so arrogant. She thought it was all because Franklin was her backer.

"Miss Andrews, I know you are still angry. We're friends..."

Sylvia interrupted her, "We are not friends."

Something quickly flashed through her delicate face. "It's your birthday. I don't want to bully you by asking a demanding request. However, I cannot let go of it easily."

Melissa looked at her and cracked a smile. "Miss Andrews, what on earth do you want?"

Sylvia's clear voice echoed in the room. "Kelly Group has a land in South Suburb, and it doesn't cost much money. It's quite remote in the suburbia, so Kelly Group hasn't developed it for years. Many people wanted to buy it from your father, but he repeatedly increased the price. The current price is 150 million dollars. I'll offer 80 million dollars to buy it. What do you think?"

Her words were clear and logical, appalling others.

Roman gritted his teeth in anger. "You!"

Melissa stopped him. "Calm down, Roman."

Then she looked at Sylvia. "Miss Andrews, my brother and I cannot decide anything relevant to the business. We need to ask our father for his opinion."

Franklin felt bitter and jealous.

If she wanted a land, he had many. He could give all of them to her for free.

However, she just wanted the land belonging to Kelly Group, which angered him.

Franklin seethed with rage.

“Miss Andrews, do you have 80 million dollars?” Paul looked at her worriedly and reminded her, “It’s 80 million.”

Others also didn’t believe Sylvia could have 80 million dollars.

Neither did Roman and Melissa.

Therefore, Melissa asked Roman to calm down.

“I want to buy the land. Of course, I can afford it. I only offer 80 million.” Sylvia looked stern. “I know it’s worthless for the Kelly family.”

Gritting his teeth, Roman looked at her. “Miss Andrews, you are too aggressive. Don’t you care about your public image at all?”

Sylvia blinked. “Kelly Group kept increasing the price. Don’t you care about your company’s image at all?”

Franklin didn’t know why Sylvia wanted that land, but he kept it in mind. He called Roman’s father on the phone directly. “Hello, Mr. Kelly. How much will you ask if I want the land in the suburbia?”

Roman’s father was too excited to believe it. “Franklin Maskelyne? Mr. Maskelyne, do you want it? The land is worthless. Although it holds thousands of acres, it’s too remote. Mr. Maskelyne, you are always good with the land. Why are you interested in it?”

Franklin answered impatiently, “Stop beating around the bush. How much?”

“Mr. Maskelyne, I’ll give you the lowest price if you want it. 50 million dollars.”

“I’ll send my assistant to sign the agreement with you.” Franklin ended the call directly.

Melissa and Roman looked annoyed and embarrassed as if they were slapped in public.

They fawned over Franklin secretly, but it was another story when others witnessed their father flattering him and reducing the price.

Melissa had always been a focus since childhood. She was the campus belle at school. After growing up, she worked in the entertainment business, and many people flattered her.

This was the first time that she felt so embarrassed and upset.

Looking at Franklin, she couldn’t believe he stomped on her dignity fiercely because of Sylvia.

Mainly, it happened on her birthday.

Roman also gaped at Franklin.

The Kelly family always wanted to connect with the Maskelyne family. If it wasn’t for the fact that Brayden liked Melissa, Roman wouldn’t have deserved to show up in Franklin’s presence.

Although they went to school and grew up together, Brayden was Franklin’s only close friend.

Brayden liked making friends, and the group of people who wanted to flatter Franklin fawned at Brayden.

Therefore, Franklin and Brayden became their group leaders.

However, it was too difficult to get along with Franklin. Although Paul always gathered with them, he did it to disgust Franklin.

After all, they had been foes since school.

Until now, it was still the same.

Roman had never expected Franklin to fall out with them for a woman.

Others' mouths dropped open while watching the scene, including Brayden.

They had never expected Franklin to be so aggressive and overbearing.

Sylvia glanced at others, raised her hand, and yawned elegantly. "I'm too sleepy. Send me home."

The tall, sturdy prince-like man stood up, gently squeezed her to his side, and walked toward the door.

Brayden followed suit after darting at Melissa apologetically. "I'll explain to you another day, Melissa. Roman, you shouldn't have commented Sylvia that way."

Other men's dates watched Sylvia's receding figure in envy and jealousy.

They believed Sylvia's beauty was her biggest weapon.

One woman muttered, "Is her name Sylvia? She seems to be on the trending again today."

"What's it about?" Paul tapped his phone to look for Twitter trending topics. "Gosh!"

"What's wrong?" others asked curiously.

Paul complacently shared the news with them, "My goddess had a group photo with Mayor Cody and Mr. Hill. She was even rewarded a silk banner."

chapter 98

Other people in the box checked Twitter.

"I didn't expect her to be so skillful in fighting."

"She saved several children and caught the traffickers."

"See that move? Boom!"

"Mr. Hill rewarded her in person. She even had the group photo with Mayor Cody."

"Who is she? Even if she's a heroine, she cannot be from an influential family, right?" a woman asked.

Her words raised another discussion.

Standing in front of the cake, Melissa was so angry that her face turned livid.

She was the protagonist today as it was her birthday banquet.

Others gathered to celebrate it for her. However, they all ignored her.

They focused on discussing Sylvia, who had distracted all their attention.

Melissa furiously blamed Sylvia for ruining her birthday banquet. 'Damn Sylvia Andrews!'

In anger, she grabbed her handbag, rushed out of the box, and slammed the door shut.

Roman hurriedly followed her.

Only then did others return to their senses.

"Oops. She hasn't cut the cake yet."

"She also hasn't made wishes."

...

After leaving the box, Sylvia strode forward. Franklin followed her quickly, gripping her wrist. "I bought the land for you. Why are you still upset?"

Sylvia stopped mid-step and darted at him. "I don't need you to give it to me. I could have bought it myself."

"I'll transfer the land to you tomorrow," Franklin insisted aggressively.

Brayden caught up with them and overheard his words. He couldn't help but think Franklin was a spendthrift aiming to win a woman's heart.

He could give the land worth 50 million dollars to her without hesitation.

In curiosity, Brayden asked, "Excuse me, Miss Andrews. Why do you need that land?"

Sylvia looked in the distance. "No comment."

After they left the nightclub, Brayden drove the car. As soon as they sat in, he heard the two in the backseat say in unison.

"Pearlhall Villa."

"Townyer Villa."

"Where to go?" Brayden felt an intense migraine. "Lady first."

Franklin chimed in coldly, "She's going back to Townyer Villa with me."

Then he darted at Brayden in disdain, as he wasn't so sensible as Jasper.

"Don't go too far, Franklin Maskelyne!" Sylvia glared at him angrily, knowing he wanted to have sex with her. "You know what? I won't go to your place."

Franklin snorted, "You must. Think I don't know you want to be with Logan Mertens."

Brayden was wordless. 'Now you know she's Logan Mertens' girlfriend. Why do you keep pestering her?'

Then he sensed something wrong.

Townyer Villa was Franklin's home, and his wife stayed there. Brayden wasn't even allowed to enter.

If Sylvia followed Franklin to go home, his wife would definitely beat her up. However, they had divorced, so Brayden thought his ex-wife had already moved out.

Otherwise, why would Franklin want to take Sylvia home?

Pressing her lips together, Sylvia gazed at Franklin. Her gaze shifted to his determined and rock-hard face with a sharp outline. She had to admit he was as charming as Apollo.

She struggled. "Let go of me... Hmm..."

Franklin suddenly captured her red lips. The next second, he crazily sucked and bit them, hinting at her that he would keep kissing her if she made a fuss again.

Brayden gaped at them. 'That's too wild...'

He had never seen Franklin's side before, so he was impressed.

Brayden sped up the car and parked it in front of the Townyer Villa.

Only then did Franklin let go of Sylvia. Sylvia felt uncomfortable as her lips had become red and swollen.

Franklin pushed the door open and dragged her down the car aggressively. He gripped her wrist too tightly to prevent her from escaping.

Sylvia was weakened. She wanted to escape.

However, she had to stagger forward under his force.

Franklin looked back at her rosy cheeks, curling his lips into a smile. His mood became good.

Then he pulled her closer, holding her in his arms.

The next second, he scooped her up. "I love you this way, Sylvia."

Sylvia glared at him. However, she was too weak to break free. Therefore, she looked fragile and adorable in Franklin's eyes.

Sitting in the car, Brayden watched Franklin leave while carrying Sylvia in his arms.

He felt amazed, doubting if Franklin had divorced his wife for real.

He was so fed up with watching the fun.

"Why are you so eager? You kissed her for a long time. I'm impressed by your vital capacities."

Curling his lips, he made a U-turn and left.

In Melissa's apartment, standing on the balcony, Melissa lit a cigarette.

Roman looked at her worriedly. "Melissa..."

"Shut up!" She glared at him fiercely. "You moron! Why did you insult that bitch?"

“I couldn’t stand and watch them without doing anything. I defended you,” Roman said in a grievance, “You’ve liked Franklin for so many years. I couldn’t let her be so intimate with him.”

“You didn’t need to do that. Think yourself smart, huh?” Melissa glared at him icily. “Can you be a little bit wiser in the future? Or I’ll tell Dad everything you’ve done behind him. He’ll definitely teach you a lesson.”

“Melissa, please... Forgive me. I swear I’ll be obedient to you in the future,” Roman immediately promised.

Melissa always knew what she wanted. She was also the most spoiled child at home, so Roman was obedient to her since childhood.

In public, Melissa cared about his dignity and always acted to respect him.

All the Kellys knew Melissa was the boss in the family.

Melissa exhaled the smoke and added, “No matter what you do, step away from my business.”

“Melissa, I can tell Franklin loves that woman a lot.” Roman studied her expression carefully.

“So what?” Melissa took a drag of the cigarette. “Just a whore from nowhere. I’m from an influential family, and I’m famous. How can Sylvia Andrews be compared to me? I don’t think there’s any man I can’t conquer.”

“Melissa, you have so many admirers. Why do you insist on pursuing Franklin despite your dignity?”

Melissa’s face grimaced. “I’ve had a crush on him since childhood. When I was little, I planned to become his wife. Tiffany Evans used to be his date several times. Why can’t he like me?”

“I’m reluctant. Roman, there’s only one family in Larro with the family name Andrews. Do you think the Maskelyne family will accept a girl like her to marry Franklin?”

Roman swallowed hard. “I heard he had got married. He has a wife.”

Melissa sneered. She had never believed Franklin had gotten married.

“If he had been married, why would he have never taken her to our gatherings? She saved passengers on the flight? That’s just a way to hype up the company’s reputation. Look how fast the stock price of SouthStar Airlines increases.”

“Melissa, you’ve been smarter and prouder than me since childhood, but I’m worried you may get hurt.”

Melissa darted at him. “As I said earlier, step away from my business.”

Roman’s lips parted slightly. “All right...”

...

In Towner Villa, Sylvia didn’t want to be tangled up with Franklin.

However, the virus in her body never let her win against it, so she couldn’t resist him due to its effect.

Whenever Franklin approached her, she could only surrender.

If he kissed and touched her, she would be immediately physically and mentally aroused.

After having sex with her several times, Franklin heaved a sigh and held her tightly. "Sibbie..."

In a daze, Sylvia watched him approach her closer.

Her mother used to call her that way.

His calling of her nickname eased her, making her feel secure.

However, she didn't know after she fell asleep, the virus stabilized again.

Franklin gazed at her greedily.

In her dream, she looked uneasy.

He could have been obsessed with her charming face and curved shape all his life.

Franklin caressed her sleeping face and pinched it.

She softly moaned but showed no sign of waking up. He could tell she was exhausted.

He could never get tired when watching her, thinking she was adorable.

Curling his lips into a smile, he was in a good mood.

As long as Sylvia was beside him, Franklin felt cozy.

However, if she wasn't with him, he would become moody.

Heaving a sigh, he wondered why and realized he didn't want to part from her at all.

Lying beside Sylvia, Franklin held her body in his arms and couldn't stop caressing her.

Gradually, he fell asleep.

They both slept soundly for a whole night.

The following day, Franklin straightened himself up and put on a casual outfit.

He walked to the bed to watch the sleeping woman and checked the time.

After pecking her lips quickly, he rushed downstairs and drove away from his villa.

The engine sound from the garage made Sylvia furrow her brows slightly.

She hopped off the bed. Due to lacking sleep, she felt her eyes were dry.

Standing by the window, she saw Franklin drive a black Bentley out of the villa.

chapter 99

Sylvia checked the time and found it was only six o'clock, feeling irritated.

Whenever she didn't get enough sleep, she became short-tempered and violent.

After washing her face, she found her dress had been torn into pieces.

Then she found Franklin's shirt in the closet and put on his slacks.

Sylvia picked up her handbag and left the villa.

She walked for five minutes and left the area, but she didn't see a cab on the way.

Annoyed, she heard her phone vibrate, wondering if Franklin was calling.

Sylvia swiped to answer.

"Damn you, woman! Where have you gone?"

The familiar, cold voice from the other end of the line told her how unhappy he was.

"What do you want?" Sylvia asked more rudely.

Franklin held some fresh seafood bought from the wet market and pinched the phone, looking sullen.

He got up and drove to the pier to get the seafood out of kindness. However, Sylvia vanished.

He felt terrible when he stepped into the villa and found she was gone.

Franklin panicked, wondering if she had disappeared again and which man would win her favor.

Therefore, he immediately called her.

"Where have you gone?"

"I'm going home."

Sylvia's voice made his mood better. "Home? Your home is here."

Franklin put the seafood into the kitchen, strode to the living room, grabbed the car key, and left the house. "I'll take you back."

Sylvia was about to refuse, but he ended the call overbearingly.

She put away her phone and kept moving, hoping to hail a taxi before he found her.

However, the neighborhood was full of villas, and few cabs would bypass here.

From the distance, she saw Franklin's car roar toward her. After a loud creak, it was pulled over next to her.

Pressing his thin lips together, Franklin pushed the door open, seized her wrist, and pressed her into the car.

Sylvia could tell he was in a bad mood.

"Why didn't you wait for me at home?"

When his gaze fell on her, he started looking at her up and down.

Sylvia looked slightly different today.

The black shirt on her looked familiar and seemed to be his.

The beige slacks were his, too.

His oversized shirt wrapped her body, making her waist slenderer.

Franklin wished to drive her home and make love to her.

Even though she put on his clothes, she looked gorgeous.

Thinking that his clothes were on her body, Franklin was turned on excitedly.

Gazing at her, he asked, "Have you ever put on any other man's clothes?"

Sylvia looked at him in confusion. "Are you nuts? Why would I do it?"

Franklin took it as a negative answer, his mood getting much better.

He turned to gaze at her, thinking she had only worn his clothes. It was intimate and exciting.

Sylvia didn't know why he suddenly was angry or how his mood had become better.

After they divorced, he became moody.

"I want to have breakfast," Franklin pressed her into the car while explaining, "So I went out to buy some ingredients."

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel. "Why did you run away?"

"You woke me up. Why should I stay there?" Sylvia said crossly while sitting in the passenger's seat.

She felt heated as she didn't sleep well.

In the past, before they divorced, Franklin had always tiptoed when going to work, avoiding waking her up.

Franklin started the engine and sped it up. In a blink, they returned to Townyer Villa.

Sylvia felt hungry. Since Franklin bought the ingredients, she didn't mind making breakfast personally.

Nothing was more comfortable than going to bed after eating.

Therefore, she didn't resist him.

They returned to the house.

Sylvia gaped once she stepped into the living room.

Several crabs were crawling on the floor.

Noticing the humans, they raised their claws.

"Why are you standing here?" Franklin strode to her after seeing her stop at the door.

"Why didn't you put them into the sink?" Sylvia watched the crabs, feeling a migraine.

"Deal with them."

Sylvia was so sleepy that she shivered. "Clean them. Then wake me up. I need some sleep."

While yawning, she returned to the bedroom. Afraid that Franklin would refuse, she looked back to emphasize, only to find he had put on an apron with small floral patterns. She thought he looked cute and handsome.

Sylvia bit back the words on her tongue tip.

The next second, Franklin caught the crabs, put them into a bag, and walked toward the kitchen.

She guessed he could do it well.

Franklin put the crabs, the oysters, the shellfish, and the squids into the sink.

The crabs were still flicking their claws.

Gazing at the sea animals, Franklin felt a slight migraine.

He would have bought some beef and mutton if he had known he needed to deal with them.

He had never washed or dealt with them before, so he had no clue how.

Therefore, Franklin pulled out his phone and searched for the methods online.

After dealing with all the seafood, it was almost noon.

Then Franklin went upstairs to wake up Sylvia.

Sylvia was lying on the king-sized bed. He could hardly tear his gaze off her face.

When Sylvia opened her eyes, she saw Franklin wearing an apron, kissing her gently.

The air was filled with intimacy and romance.

It reminded her of the scenes where they were still married.

However, Sylvia reminded herself that they had divorced.

Their memories of the past four years were kept in this bedroom.

All of a sudden, she pushed him away and sat up. The blanket on her slid to the floor.

Franklin felt upset after being interrupted suddenly. Holding her in his arms, he gently pinched her waist to imply his arousal.

"Are you awake?"

Ignoring him, Sylvia stretched.

Then she put on her slippers and walked toward the kitchen. "Have you cleaned them up?"

Suddenly, Franklin grabbed her.

The next second, Sylvia's back hit the cold wall. He kissed her passionately again.

Right then, they heard a growl.

Sylvia pressed her hands on his chest, pushing him away. She said coquettishly, "I'm hungry."

"I'll let you go now." Franklin pinched her waist and carried her into the kitchen.

In fact, he was also hungry.

Sylvia reached out her hands to untie the apron. Then she wore it before cooking the seafood.

Franklin didn't go to the living room or watch TV. He stayed in the kitchen, occasionally helping her.

His ever-so-cold eyes were full of tenderness, and he couldn't take his eyes off her at all.

It seemed the man of status suddenly became down-to-the-earth.

Noon.

Sylvia finished cooking the seafood.

Every dish smelt nice, arousing Franklin's appetite.

Suddenly, the house door was pushed open from the outside.

Rock entered. Soon, he smelt the food fragrance.

When he saw Sylvia in the dining room, he wondered if he had entered the wrong house.

"Mrs. Maskelyne? Did you move back?"

Since Franklin divorced, he returned to his hometown for a break.

Now he returned but saw Sylvia.

In excitement, he put down his luggage. "Mrs. Maskelyne, have you reconciled with Master Franklin? Did you remarry?"

Sylvia darted at Franklin, blaming him inwardly.

"Franklin has stomach issues, so he insisted on asking me to cook for him."

"Master Franklin, I'm afraid you cannot find another girl so good as Mrs. Maskelyne. She's charming and good at cooking." Rock strode to sit at the table. "Mrs. Maskelyne, can you stay here from now on?"

Sylvia answered, "I have something urgent to deal with, so I'll leave after lunch."

She couldn't do anything to those who treated her well.

Rock was too lovely for her, and she could hardly turn him down.

Franklin watched her without blinking, his gaze irritating her.

Although the seafood dishes were delicious, Sylvia lost her appetite.

Franklin, however, enjoyed the food immensely.

Sylvia rolled her eyes, picked up her handbag, and stood up. "I gotta go now."

Franklin suddenly asked, "Do you know you have a lot of clothes in the closet?"

chapter 100

Sylvia lowered her head to look at the man's wear on her body. After darting at him, she sneered, "I like this outfit."

She refused to wear the clothes prepared by him.

Franklin gazed at her receding figure, a touch of a smile playing on his lips.

She said she liked his clothes.

In the afternoon, Jasper sent a lot of Franklin's outfits in a smaller size to Townyer Villa.

He complained, "Why does Master Franklin want so many small-sized outfits suddenly? I don't think he can fit in."

Rock smiled mysteriously. "You'll know in the future."

Jasper snorted. He didn't have any interest in knowing the secret.

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Once Sylvia returned home, her phone rang.

There was only an unknown number on the screen. After hesitation, she swiped to answer.

"Sylvia, it's me. This is James."

However, James didn't hear any response, so he thought he had dialed the wrong number. After checking the screen, he ensured it was Sylvia's number that he'd dialed.

Then he continued, "Sylvia, you can't forget me already, can you?"

"I remember you," Sylvia replied indifferently.

"Help me, Sylvia. I'm almost breaking down. Romeo Kennedy kept winning my money. I cannot do anything or call Franklin. Can you come to rescue me?" James cried for help as if he had suffered a lot of loss.

Romeo looked at him in disdain. "Stop pretending, James."

Sylvia answered coldly, "James, you can call Franklin. He'll be glad to help you."

"Sylvia, do you have the heart to watch me be beaten by my brother? If he came to save me, he would definitely stop giving me the allowance for the next month. Sylvia, you are my only family in this world besides him," James wailed.

He continued to beg her, "Sylvia, do you know how much I admire you? Please hurry up to save me."

Afraid that Sylvia wouldn't go, he immediately ended the call.

Then he looked at his partners triumphantly. "Romeo, you've witnessed my sister-in-law's competence. If you don't want to be hit, you'd better return my money."

“Ha ha... I didn’t hit you this time. Isn’t it normal to lose or win when playing cards?” Romeo sneered.

Another young man got along with Romeo, so he echoed, “Master James, if your sister-in-law arrives, you’ll have money, won’t you? Will you continue to let us win?”

James rolled his eyes in a fury. Pointing at other young men smoking, he yelled, “Romeo Kennedy, it seems you haven’t learned the lesson last time. How dare you be so arrogant! You’d better stop smoking. Or the air will make my sister-in-law choke.”

Romeo cast him a glance leisurely and ordered the young men, “Put out your cigarettes. If my goddess gets choked, I won’t let go of you guys.”

“Oops... Master Romeo, when did you have a goddess?”

“Enough is enough. Stop talking nonsense. Hurry up. Clean the room.”

Therefore, Romeo and James ordered the young men to clean up the box.

When a waiter delivered some drinks, he gaped at the scene. “Excuse me, misters. We can do it. Please let us do it.”

“Master James, is your brother really married? Do you really have a sister-in-law?” a young man asked James curiously.

James recalled the weird atmosphere between Franklin and Sylvia at the door of Kennedy’s Villa and remained silent. He didn’t know how to answer.

“His sister-in-law? Bullshit! He wanted her to marry his brother, but she refused.” Romeo lifted his eyebrow. “You know what? She’s my goddess and will become my sister-in-law. My brother is pursuing her.”

James became angry. “What nonsense are you talking about? Is your brother pursuing Sylvia? He doesn’t deserve her.”

“Of course, he does. Our Kennedy family is influential as well.” Romeo stood on the sofa, planted his hands on his hips, and glared at James.

Suddenly, there were a few knocks on the door.

James rushed to the door. Seeing Sylvia outside, he greeted her joyfully, “Good day, Sylvia.”

Since Sylvia had rescued him from Kennedy’s Villa last time, he felt close to her naturally. He always admired competent ones, so Sylvia had become his idol.

The group of young men was addicted to surfing online. Right then, they widened their eyes while watching Sylvia.

They were amazed by her charm. She was indeed a beauty.

No wonder Paul was after her now.

“My goddess!” Romeo hopped off the sofa, grinning at her ear-to-ear. With a lovely smile, he invited Sylvia to enter. “Please come in.”

Sylvia glanced at the private box, only to find it was clean and bright.

Then her gaze fell on the only pants on James' body. James let out a hollow laugh. "Sylvia, I've lost a lot of money. No single penny left. They stripped me. Have you bought any money?"

"Nope," Sylvia answered expressionlessly.

"Why did you come here without money?" James panicked. "You can't do this to me, Sylvia. Please. Please help me!"

"Are you playing cards? I haven't played cards for a long time. May I join you?" Sylvia darted at the table and strode toward it.

Others gaped at her, wondering if she could really play cards.

So did James. "Can you really play cards, Sylvia? It will be embarrassing if you lose everything with only your panties left. Think twice."

In that case, Franklin would make him drop off the surface of the Earth.

A young man with yellow hair answered, "I support you, beauty. I trust you. Let's play."

Sylvia looked at him, nodding slightly.

She always responded coldly to people she didn't know.

The yellow-haired guy always thought he was good at socializing. Suddenly, he was cold-shouldered by Sylvia, feeling disappointed. "Beauty, am I ugly?"

Sylvia glanced at him. In fact, he looked cute. If he changed his dressing style, he could be a handsome boy. However, his taste in the dressing wasn't good.

Therefore, she answered bluntly, "You are not ugly, but your outfit is."

The yellow-haired guy cracked a smile. "What kind of style do you like, beauty?"

He returned to being confident.

"Well, like James." Sylvia pointed at James. Like a spirited college student, he wore a white shirt, blue jeans, and white sneakers.

"It's so old-fashioned." The yellow-haired guy couldn't believe it.

James snapped, "Go fuck yourself! Shut up!"

"Will you play or not?" Romeo was jealous as the yellow-haired guy kept talking with his goddess.

He was upset and thought the boy was good at acting cute.

Watching them chat, Sylvia burst into laughter, which softened her aura.

The boys were stunned.

"You are so beautiful!" the yellow-haired boy complimented her hurriedly.

