

Revealed 101

chapter 101

These playboys, who were spoiled by either their sisters or brothers, often played with beautiful women.

So they had seen a lot of beautiful women.

Little-known stars and Internet celebrities just loved flattering them.

However, none of them were as beautiful and elegant as the woman in front of them.

Sylvia sneered again and played her card with her slender fingers.

Romeo immediately wailed, "Goddess, you scoop me!"

Not willing to be outdone, the yellow-haired guy and another teenager started another game.

It didn't take long for Sylvia to win.

"Fuck!"

"No way!"

Romeo and the other two looked at Sylvia with frustration yet confusion.

He just didn't believe that.

Sylvia played several games on their persistence, but the result was the same.

It didn't take long before hundreds of 100-dollar bills piled up.

All the money James lost before was back, and doubled.

On the contrary, the other three had less and less money.

"Goddess, you ... Why are you so good at this?" Romeo looked at Sylvia and said like he was much behind on her victory.

James was giddy with excitement.

No one knew Sylvia was such a good player at cards.

The night was falling as three or four hours passed without a trace.

Sylvia stood up, looking at the pile of money on the table, and then at the boys who had miserably lost so much money.

"It's James' treat today. Let's go to Royal Galaxy."

"Royal Galaxy? Sylvia, we haven't booked a place, so it's impossible." It was not that James was unwilling to pay the bill.

It was universally acknowledged how hard it was to make a reservation at Royal Galaxy. The public had to book at least one week in advance.

There was absolutely no room for them if they just rushed there!

Sylvia wouldn't take the money she just won. "Trust me, let's go."

Royal Galaxy was a comprehensive clubhouse with chess rooms, KTVs, and billiards rooms ...

They exited a private box. James excitedly ran to foot the bill.

"Let me go! Let me go!" A familiar voice came to him when he returned to look for others, passing another box.

"Cameron, you are a shit. Don't you dare touch me again! My brother will come over and kick your ass!"

"Bitch! I'm going to take away your virginity anyway! And who doesn't know that your brother doesn't even care about you!" A man cursed.

It was Poppy!

"Poppy!" James' heart tightened. He broke into the box without hesitation,

Several playboys placed their arms around a woman in the box filled with indulgence, and one of them pushed Poppy onto the sofa, her skirt ripped apart and her white shoulders exposed to them. Moreover, it could be seen that the poor Poppy had just been slapped.

James was so angry that he grabbed a beer bottle from the table and smashed it at the man, "How dare you sully my sister! You're dead people now!"

He was a flighty young man who would definitely explode seeing his sister harassed, and he fought with Cameron and Wilson without thinking.

The sound of smashing bottles filled the box.

James was so angry that his eyes turned red; Cameron and the others pinned him down, punching and kicking him unscrupulously.

"James! Don't hurt my brother!" Poppy cowered fearfully.

What James and Poppy didn't expect was that Cameron's gang carried knives! One of them drew a long knife and walked towards James.

They were too engaged in the fight to continue bullying Poppy who rushed out of the box and cried for help.

"Help! There is killing here!"

Sylvia and Romeo were waiting for James to come back and join them, but after waiting for a while they didn't see him, so they came out for him.

But they ran into Poppy with her ripped clothes and teary eyes the moment they came out.

Poppy rushed over desperately as soon as she saw Sylvia, "Sylvia! They have knives and try to kill James!"

They were young men who valued friendship. Knowing that something bad happened to James, they said without hesitation, "Let's go!"

"Fuck! How dare they hurt our bro!"

Romeo sprinted forward as he took off his jacket and draped it over Poppy, "Get dressed! Lead the way!"

In the box, James was outnumbered and got badly battered.

James struggled to crawl out, and several men behind him were smashing bottles at his head.

Bang!

A hole materialized in his forehead immediately.

Blood was flooding.

Sylvia had just reached the door of the box when a beer bottle hit her head.

She stayed cool, lifting the purse in her hand and flinging it forward!

The bottle suddenly shattered right in mid-air, the wreckage plummeting to the ground.

The purse fell steadily into her palm with her fingers reaching it.

Their faces changed as they heard the noise outside during the fight.

They all looked out, only to see the stunning image of Sylvia shattering a bottle with her purse.

Cameron and others, with long knives in their hands, were cold-blooded but still were shocked to see an extremely beautiful woman with such strength.

"Sylvia ... help me," James mumbled. He was lying on the floor, dying, his hands reaching Sylvia, his face covered in blood.

Cameron thought someone was coming to the aid of James, so he pulled a knife and stabbed James on the ground without thinking.

Franklin paid \$9 million for Keturah at the Wilson family's last charity dinner, which greatly humiliated the Wilson family.

Cameron was looking for revenge on the Maskelynes this time as a final reckoning.

"James!" Romeo and others nearby, scared by the sight of the falling knife, couldn't do anything but shouted desperately.

It looked like the knife was about to stab James' back!

The purse in Sylvia's hand swished out, hitting Cameron's wrist with precision.

His hand trembled, shaken by the weight of the purse, and he released the knife.

Bang!

The long knife landed on the ground with a crash and broke in two!

None wasn't shocked.

This was the first time James had seen someone break a blade with a purse!

But the long knife was obviously made of SAE 304 stainless steel.

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The broken knife fell right in front of James who stared in shock and confused by the loss of blood.

His mouth was wide open and he wanted to call Sylvia, but he couldn't find his voice.

Cameron's accomplices were equally credulous.

"Don't you dare stab him." Sylvia stepped into the box.

Her footsteps were gentle, yet it was as if she was treading on everyone's heart, causing them to have cold feet.

The woman's strongness and coldness made this box like an ice sheet.

It was frightening.

James didn't expect Sylvia to care so much about him who always disrespected her.

He was a bit smug, smiling like a fool, especially with a face covered with bright blood.

Cameron and his pals behind instinctively shrank back, fear springing to their eyes.

Who was this woman to be so fierce?

"Aren't you very cocky just now? I'm telling you. James is my rival and I'm the only one who can beat him!" Romeo rushed over and grabbed Cameron and punched him,

The Wilson family's youngest son, Cameron, had arguably done all the unethical things in the world.

Romeo had been pissed off by him too.

"How dare you stab James with a knife? Had not for Sylvia here, James would be dead now? How can you have such disregard for human life?" The yellow-haired guy cursed angrily.

Sylvia was madder at the hearing of the word death.

"This is Sylvia, bring your people in!" She didn't need to do anything, just ringing the call bell inside the box and ordering toughly and coldly.

One minute just passed.

A flurry of footsteps came.

“Miss Andrews, I’m sorry for not welcoming you because I didn’t know that you are here.” The lobby manager of the Wild Ones Club rushed over with a group of black-clad men and nodded to Sylvia, wiping his sweat from his face.

“Cut the crap and solved these shits!” Sylvia said, pointing to Cameron and the others in the box.

“Hit them!” The lobby manager cast a hateful glance at Cameron and waved his hand violently.

“My brother is Clark. I’m the youngest son of the Wilson family. Aren’t you afraid we’ll destroy the Wild Ones Club?”

“Not even your brother! Miss Andrews has the say!” The lobby manager, who had a good chance to perform, looked at the beaten guys and said to Sylvia with an ingratiating smile, “Is this satisfactory to you, Miss Andrews?”

“Just now they tried to stab my brother with a knife. How about one stab back for them?” Sylvia glanced at them who were battered and screamed painfully.

“Don’t you dare, bitch!” Cameron yelled.

Cameron was answered with another slap.

His arrogance totally disappeared.

“Another curse, another stab!” Sylvia stared at him coldly.

James’s friends behind her helped him up.

They all looked at her in astonishment.

The Wild Ones Club was low key, but that did not mean it could be messed with. So people like Cameron who made trouble at Wild Ones Club naturally had strong backing.

But now Cameron was battered so bad?

His reputation for being a scum had long spread to the circle of playboys – playing with women and bullying young masters of other families.

Admittedly, Romeo and James were at odds, but they had the same enemy – Cameron.

The men in black solved the mess in no time as Sylvia ordered.

James and Romeo felt they were nobody compared to Sylvia.

Did the people of Wild Ones Club take orders from her?

“Go to the hospital.” Sylvia turned around and walked away.

The lobby manager immediately respectfully followed Sylvia with his staff in black, dragging Cameron and the others.

People coming out of the other boxes were shocked, seeing the formidable scene.

Who was she?

Almost everyone looked at the woman with bated breath.

It was hard to believe that so many people respectfully sent out such a young woman.

"Miss Andrews, you're welcome to come back," The lobby manager said respectfully.

"I believe there's no need for me to tell you how to deal with them." Sylvia nodded at him, then glanced at Cameron and the others who were dragged to the floor,

"Sure."

It was at nine o'clock that evening.

Suddenly a black van appeared in front of the Wilson family's Villa.

Two large men in black took a sack from the car, slammed the door, and left bluntly.

The doorman was stunned.

And when he opened the sack, there was Cameron who was bleeding!

Meanwhile, the families of those playboys Cameron hung out with all received a sack on their doorstep!

Those families who considered themselves to be gentry instantly flared up!

Who was so desperate?

Who dared slash the young master of their family?

James was asleep in his hospital bed.

Poppy, who changed into a clean outfit, sat on the sofa and lowered her head all the time.

The atmosphere in the ward was somewhat palpably serious.

Franklin gazed at James and Poppy formidably; he literally wanted to beat them himself.

"Tell me what happened."

"Brother ... I didn't want to go in the first place. I recently got a new boyfriend who tricked me into a box Cameron booked and who forced me to drink beer. Cameron even tried to rape me."

"I don't know he's someone Cameron placed around me. Brother, I was wrong and I'll never do that again." Poppy looked pretty pitiable as she sobbed with her weary eyes.

"So stupid!" Anger blazed in his eyes.

The Wilson family had clout and publicity, and the Wilson Group was ambitious, always seeking to monopolize the property industry and become the leader of Larro.

Clark was a ruthless and tough guy among this generation and treated the Maskelyne Group as an enemy.

Although the Kennedy family started from its gangster background, they were not beneath doing things under the table.

While the Wilson family was different and did everything as long as it won them money.

"Sylvia ..." Poppy quietly moved closer to Sylvia.

Sylvia now gave her endless security; she was so naive before.

If it hadn't been for Sylvia this time, she and James would have been dead.

"She can't protect you this time!" Franklin stared coldly at Poppy, "I've been negligent with you so that you've developed so many bad habits. You gotta register in Lakewood City High School in three days!"

"No, Brother." Poppy whispered to defy his order, "I don't want to go ..."

"Remember what I told you last time?" Sylvia glanced at Poppy and said coldly.

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"What?" Poppy swallowed, not quite knowing what she meant.

"People should study hard if they are stupid."

Poppy felt very hurt.

How did Goddess who just saved her life suddenly become so...

James gradually opened his eyes, his head still dizzy.

"James, you've come to your senses?"

Poppy stood to her feet and walked over to the bed, looking at James with concern.

"Well, where's Sylvia?" James touched his painful wound which was now bandaged with a circle of gauze.

"Don't worry. She's still here," Poppy said in a rush.

Franklin looked at James with displeasure since he looked for Sylvia the second he woke up.

"Your brother is here too, so let me make it clear." Sylvia got up from the sofa with a cold expression on her pretty face, "We've been divorced for over a month. From now on, James, you should directly turn to your brother if you need anything instead of asking me for help."

"What? You two are divorced?" James almost fell off the bed.

Poppy's eyes brimmed with tears, "How can you get divorced? Sylvia, you don't care about us anymore?"

But she just had a soft spot for Sylvia.

No wonder she always felt that Sylvia had somewhat changed in some way.

It turned out to be the influence of a divorce.

But Sylvia was so charismatic after the divorce!

She would not refuse to live with Sylvia and stay with her 24/7; Sylvia was her idol!

"You two used to hate me in the old days. Now what? Can't you leave me now?" Sylvia raised an eyebrow and looked at them.

"Sylvia! No, no! Sylvia, with my severe pain, don't divorce my brother, will you?"

James clutched his head and began to play the sympathy card.

"You are not badly injured, so give it a rest!" Sylvia glanced coldly at James, ignoring Franklin and walking away.

Greed, repression, and forbearance filled Franklin's eyes fixed on her back.

Eventually, he marched and chased her.

He always seemed to be chasing her like that since their divorce.

Sylvia heard footsteps behind her and the man suddenly stopped her.

"What's wrong?" Sylvia parted her red lips and said lightly.

"Thank you." The man hoarsely said with difficulty after a long time.

"Never mind. Regard it as a reward for you not giving me a hard time during our marriage of four years," Sylvia said nonchalantly and intended to leave.

Franklin watched the slender figure step into the elevator.

He squeezed in with his hulky figure when she lowered her eyes to close the door.

She was pressed against the wall, and the man's hot lip met her lip fiercely and impatiently before she could react.

Sylvia's heart pounded.

Her eyes widened and she tried to push him away, but the man was so strong that she was cornered against the wall and could not break free from his arms.

Suddenly the elevator plummeted.

A strange sound came from overhead.

Darkness covered the elevator the next second.

Franklin immediately reached out and covered her with his body to protect her.

"Sweetie!"

Sylvia took a deep breath.

The descending elevator suddenly got stuck in one place and, after a few jerks, stopped falling down.

"The elevator should be broken."

"Are you scared?" Franklin's voice reverberated in the darkness.

But then the elevator started to shake violently with a thud again.

"Damn, on what floor are we!" Franklin let go of Sylvia and tried to find the problem.

Sylvia was silent; he frowned, turning back to find her in the darkness, but his work failed even from such a short distance.

"Dear?" Franklin tried again.

Still no response.

Sylvia's mind went blank and void began to possess her pupils.

She was moved from left to right in the darkness as the elevator shook vehemently again.

She held her head tightly with her hands.

She could almost feel the virus inside her body starting to kick in, her body slowly turning cold as the virus spread all over her body as a result of her mood swing.

She was overwhelmed by things she least wanted to recall as if her Pandora's Box had been opened by the virus.

She started shaking, "No ... No ... Dad, don't fight ... Dad, let me out."

She fell to her knees and had difficulties breathing, feeling like the air in her chest growing thinner and thinner. She was almost entirely controlled by the virus; it was as if she was forced back to her childhood again ... So helpless, so scared ... No one was there to help her, no one ...

Her heart almost broke as she looked at the man slamming his fist frantically into her ...

Franklin heard Sylvia's voice, felt around for her, and grabbed her hand, only to be startled by the coldness.

"Sweetie? How are you feeling?"

Sylvia's hands trembled even more as if she was immersed in her world.

Her lips were getting paler and paler with her dry throat; she saw her mother in that world.

"Mom ... take me with you."

"Mom, Dad hit me again today; Mom, I miss you so much."

"Mom ..."

In the darkness, she reached out to the hands of her mother and flung herself over ...

Mother smiled so softly; Sibbie was not afraid ...

"Mama ..." She kept whispering with her eyes wet with tears because she felt she was tightly hugged by her mom.

She gradually lost consciousness over time...

"Sweetie, are you still awake?" Franklin only felt the weakening strength from her small hand that gripped him.

"Sweetie, can you hear me?" He clasped Sylvia's cold body into his arms, his voice tense with a hint of concern he didn't notice himself.

But there was only deadly silence in the elevator.

There was still no response from Sylvia.

"Is there anyone in there, please?" Maintenance men rushed up with a large metal clip outside the elevator.

"We're here!" Franklin responded right away, "Open it up quickly! Someone here seemed to be stifling!"

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They started prying open the elevator doors!

A crack was created with their help.

Light breaking the darkness. Franklin finally looked down to see Sylvia who had fainted in his arms.

"Sweetie, sweetie, how are you?" His face went white and he had never been so scared.

"Hurry! Open it up!" He glared anxiously at the maintenance men outside.

However, the elevator seemed to be stuck, not moving at all.

"No, sweetie, can you hear me?" Franklin's voice was trembling because he was too worried, too scared; he hugged Sylvia tightly, his gloomy eyes flushed with redness.

Just then, the elevator suddenly jolted.

It was fully opened.

Franklin held Sylvia who had lost consciousness in his arms and strode out of the elevator.

Their clothes were almost soaked with sweat when trapped in the elevator.

"Hurry up to the ward, hurry up!" Outside the elevator, there were quite a few medical staff who immediately gathered around seeing Sylvia.

"Oxygen." The doctors started soon.

Franklin put her on the hospital bed; her face was still pale, as if she were a vegetable.

He was in an extremely complicated mood staring at her on the bed seriously.

He could barely breathe.

His mind went blank.

He didn't bother to guess why Sylvia and he were involved in such trouble in the elevator.

He dreaded to think about what would have happened to Sylvia if he had not been in the elevator at that time.

It was as if a knife was cutting his tough heart.

'It's going to be okay; she will pull through. She's so tough, so strong, and she was good at martial arts. Nothing could happen to her!'

"Mr. Franklin, we need to get Dr. Sylvia fully examined. Maybe you should leave now."

The doctor said cautiously.

The man in front of him was so cold and formidable.

The door behind him was slammed shut as soon as Franklin stepped out of the ward.

Logan Mertens ran towards him and swung his fist at him before he could react. "Franklin, you loser! If anything happens to her, I won't let you off!"

Franklin fell backward, grinding his teeth in pain.

He did not fight back because Logan was right – he failed to protect Sylvia.

"Investigate! Find out what's behind the elevator thing!" Logan said to Vaild Owen and Mark Owen, behind him. He felt that it was not a coincidence; it was as if someone was trying to harm Sylvia, but who?

"We are on it." Vaild and Mark glanced worriedly at the closed ward door and immediately worked on the investigation.

Logan was busy with the land of Kelly group for the past few days and the formalities have been completed.

He called Sylvia, but Franklin answered the phone.

Logan almost exploded with anger When he knew Sylvia passed out in the elevator.

He knew Sylvia was not afraid of anything, but she had her Achilles' heel!

This weakness, if taken advantage of by someone, would put her in great danger.

Jasper hurried there and was shocked to see Franklin whose face was bruised.

"Go find out what's wrong with the elevator!" Franklin erupted before Jasper tried to figure out what was going on there.

"Yes, Mr. Maskelyne," Jasper hurriedly answered, and he went back soon. "Mr. Maskelyne, I've found out some clues about the hotel thing."

"Tell me."

Franklin looked at him grimly.

"Miss Evans seems to have something to do with that," Jasper said while observing Franklin's expression because Evans was kind of indulged by Franklin these days.

Franklin was quite nice to her, so he was unsure of what Franklin felt about her.

"Eh?" Franklin raised an eyebrow and squinted at him.

"I found a hacker and knew from the surveillance that Miss Evans contacted an underground drug dealer who sold illegal drugs to buy a packet of specific drugs the night before the incident." Jasper murmured, "It was the very same drug you took that night."

"Keep investigating!" Franklin was cold like a devil.

"Yes." Jasper hurriedly nodded and turned to leave.

At the same time, another man walked quickly forward outside the hospital.

He walked directly into a BMW and then the car drove off in a flash.

"Miss Evans, it's done. Sylvia got into that elevator that needed repair." The man looked smug as he took out his phone and called Evans.

That man was Abram Schultz, one of Tiffany's admirers.

He was a little wealthy and fell in love with Tiffany at first sight.

To put it bluntly, he was a blind admirer of Tiffany, not even a backup.

Tiffany came to him when she needed him to run errands.

"Abram, thank you so much, I'll treat you to dinner someday!" Tiffany immediately rushed out of her room after knowing that Sylvia had entered the elevator.

"My pleasure, Miss Evans." Abram's heart was pounding with excitement. It was a great blessing that his crush was willing to invite him to dinner.

His family was not that wealthy; he was just the kind of nouveau riche in the toilet business.

No one inside the circle of rich people respected his family.

Abram himself was an uneducated playboy.

Tiffany drove her red Porsche all the way to the hospital, speeding directly to the hospital.

She had expected to hear the news that Sylvia fell to her death in the elevator or something like that.

But ...

It was quiet in the doctor's room.

It was as if nothing happened at all.

But even though Abram was not a big potato, he did not dare to lie to her.

What's really going on?

She went to the ward of the old Evans with her doubts.

“Dad, it’s healthy to drink more water.” The old Evans was in good spirits these days, and Eddie Evans was filling a glass of water and handed it to him.

“Sure, you’re tired too, sit down for a while,” the old Evans said.

“Tiffany, what are you doing here? It’s my turn today to look after your grandpa.” Eddie sat down on the sofa as he saw Tiffany carrying her purse in.

They looked after the old Evans like this – A two-day round for three families.

“I miss grandpa and come over,” Tiffany said with a smile. “Eddie, why not take a break and go out for a walk? I want to keep grandpa company for a while.”

“No, I don’t know what happened to this hospital today. Dr. Sylvia was stuck in the elevator and almost died, so I’m not going out there.” Eddie exaggerated.

He was talkative. He described the accident more vividly to Evans, “Evans, Dr. Sylvia’s face was horribly pale when she was rescued from the elevator, and she received oxygen treatment immediately. Mr. Maskelyne was also there, trapped together in the elevator with her. But he seemed fine.”

“What? Franklin was also there?” Evans was listening with great interest, but the sudden mention of Mr. Maskelyne made her kind of confused.

Her face paled and she got more baffled.

How come Franklin was there too?

“Who knows! I don’t know either. Mr. Maskelyne was not injured while Dr. Sylvia was still in the emergency room right now!”

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“Dad, Dr. Sylvia is the one that operated on you!” Eddie sighed.

“Such a nice kid. You go to the ward and check on her for me.” The cup in the old Evans’s hand shook a little, “I always think she is good and she seems to be kind.”

“Grandpa, do you know her? It’s just an operation for you ... Besides, she got paid for her job; do you need to be so grateful?” Tiffany was annoyed when she heard her grandpa mention Sylvia.

Who was his real granddaughter anyway!

How could he be so concerned about Sylvia?

Sylvia would not come here and serve him by the bedside!

“How could you compare Dr. Sylvia to any other ordinary doctor? You are too young to realize that” He frowned.

“All right. I don’t understand.” Tiffany got the information and she stood up, “I have to leave first, Grandpa; you take care. I’ll see you again in a couple of days.”

“Okay.” The old Evans glanced at her.

Tiffany left the ward, heading for the emergency center.

Eddie just said that Sylvia was still in the emergency room.

But it was not a sure thing.

She did not show up from the beginning to the end.

Although there was surveillance in the hospital, it was all done by Abram alone.

She thought she was not involved.

Even if there was an investigation, she would not be suspected.

The only person who knew the truth was Abram. He certainly would not report her to the police.

Of course, it was in her best interest that he just disappeared.

The man now was flying to Aettosa to hide.

Tiffany promised him that she would have a relationship with him when this matter was over.

The man then blissfully did whatever she asked him to do.

So, even if Franklin was determined to investigate, he probably wouldn't be able to find anything.

He called the shots at home but not abroad.

Franklin must be short of resources to track down Abram when he was abroad.

If Sylvia was in the elevator alone, no one should care about it.

But now that Franklin was also there, Tiffany thought that he would definitely look into this!

Luckily, she had just arranged for Abram to fly abroad.

She arrived in front of the emergency room soon.

She saw Franklin there. His handsome face was slightly red and swollen; his lip was skinned a little, bloodshot seeping out faintly. But that didn't ruin his handsomeness in any way, only adding wildness to his charisma.

He was leaning against the wall, his long legs against the wall.

His expression was cold as if he were a god without feelings.

“Franklin, why are you here?” Tiffany came to him with a tone of surprise.

Franklin squinted his cold eyes slightly, remembering the drug thing reported by Jasper earlier.

Her clear eyes during her childhood, reflecting her tough character, were completely different now. She changed.

Now she was mercenary, shallow, pretentious, vain, and sly.

She was a master of disguise, pretending to be a victim to gain sympathy from others.

He was so disappointed because the girl was perfect in his childhood memory.

However, Tiffany destroyed it all.

He did not want to see her for even one second right now.

Silence was the best answer now.

“What’s wrong? Did you come here for someone?” Tiffany asked again, standing there a little embarrassed because Franklin did not answer her.

She tried to be less embarrassed.

Franklin finally gave a cold “hmm” in response.

“Miss Evans, haven’t you realized what happened?” Logan sat on the chair nearby and couldn’t help but raise his eyebrows and laugh.

Tiffany wore a pink dress, pink high heels, and a pink purse today.

She looked pink and girly.

However, she wore very heavy make-up that ruined it all.

It looked extremely unnatural.

She did not notice Logan sitting on a chair not far away before hearing his question.

Did Logan have a crush on her? Why did he talk to her first? It was said that he loved Sylvia, wasn’t it?

But that he started a conversation with her significantly satisfied her vanity.

“Mr. Mertens, what are you talking about? You lost me.” She fixed her bangs with her fingers and made an elegant gesture to look at Logan.

“Mr. Maskelyne clearly doesn’t want to talk to you!” Logan’s words echoed in the corridor.

Tiffany’s smiling face froze all of a sudden.

“How is that possible? Mr. Mertens, you must be kidding.”

“I’m not joking but telling the truth.” Logan raised his eyebrows.

He despised Tiffany, this hypocritical woman, at the charity dinner party and now he would not refuse the chance to direct his dissatisfaction at her.

Though angry and annoyed, Tiffany could not afford to offend Logan.

“Franklin ...” She had to look at Franklin, asking for help.

“Bang!” Just then, the door to the emergency room was opened.

Doctors and nurses came out.

Franklin passed Tiffany and walked directly to the doctor. "How is Sylvia?"

Logan followed him over. "Does she come to herself?"

The doctor took off her mask and suggested. "Sylvia is still resting. Please do not disturb her too much. You need to visit her properly."

Sylvia was quickly transferred to the general ward.

It embarrassed Tiffany that Franklin ignored her like this.

Tiffany was possessed by jealousy and hatred, especially when she saw Sylvia's pale but beautiful face.

'Bitch! Why are you still alive?'

Franklin and Logan both went into the ward, leaving Tiffany alone outside.

Tiffany stomped angrily outside the ward.

She was indignant but could do nothing.

She could only watch Franklin step into the ward and close the door in front of her.

She then could see nothing.

Sylvia was lifeless on the bed.

Her eyes were tightly closed, and her long curly lashes gently covered her eyelids, as if a butterfly was resting above her eyes – a quiet beauty that could not be described in words.

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6-7 minutes

Franklin looked at the pale woman; he couldn't help but frown.

A faint pain hit his heart.

He never knew that she was claustrophobic.

But how was that possible? She seemed to be so powerful ... Yet at times she was so fragile.

The way she mumbled then scared him.

But he didn't know what she actually said ...

Logan cast a glance at Franklin whose tall figure was an eyesore.

"Franklin, stay away from her." He was furious at the thought that Sylvia got injured when she was with Franklin.

"Logan, you are not wading into anything between me and Sylvia again." Franklin's expression changed, gloomy and cold.

“Franklin, what happens to Sylvia has nothing to do with you!” Logan also looked gloomy.

Emelia, who eavesdropped outside the ward, curled her lips with dissatisfaction.

She cursed that Sylvia could lie on the bed and never wake up.

In short, be a vegetable!

Emelia cursed Sylvia viciously.

“Logan, that you and Sylvia are living at the same house doesn’t mean you can win Sylvia.” Franklin sneered. “You are not needed in the ward now, please leave.”

“I will stay by Sylvia’s side; she is not your private property, so who are you to hog her?” Logan bristled with dissatisfaction.

He knew very well that they were divorced, but Franklin was still clinging to Sylvia, which could have been acceptable to him a few days ago.

But something happened to Sylvia when she was around Franklin, so he started to doubt Franklin’s ability to protect Sylvia!

Those who couldn’t protect Sylvia were all knocked out!

Paul Kennedy and Romeo Kennedy arrived at the hospital in a hurry while they were arguing in the ward.

Paul and Romeo went straight to Sylvia’s ward as soon as they stepped out of the elevator and knew where Sylvia was.

They saw Emelia eavesdropping on the wall from a distance.

Paul cast a disdainful glance at Emelia. “Please give way to us, Miss Evans.”

Emelia was listening intently. Her nails were almost pinched off out of jealousy, especially when she heard Franklin and Logan, two powerful presidents, arguing over Sylvia.

she was in a frenzy of hatred and jealousy when a voice filled with mockery and disdain suddenly came from overhead.

“Ah!” She jumped in shock.

She naturally took a step backward and the back of her head hit the door of the ward with a loud thud.

The pain made her eyes glaze over.

“That hurts!” She covered the back of her head, her mouth open in pain, losing all the qualities of a socialite.

At this point, she couldn’t care less about her image.

She had the vague feeling that the back of her head was heaving with a bump.

It hurt so much that she burst into tears.

It was awkward to be caught eavesdropping.

But no more embarrassment could compare to her pain.

It really hurt.

The two men in the ward heard the noise outside; Logan strode over, pulling open the door of the ward to see Emelia with tears.

Paul, holding a bouquet of Gypsophila in his hand, glanced at Logan and said frantically, "What are you doing in my goddess' ward?"

"Yes, what are you doing here!" Romeo held his head high.

He thought that his brother and Sylvia would marry each other in the future, and he must eliminate any love rival for his brother.

The scene in which Sylvia saved Poppy and James was embedded in Romeo's mind.

From then on, he did not allow anyone else to covet his goddess!

Logan glanced at them and stepped aside to let them in.

Then he glanced at Franklin and gloated.

Emelia wanted to come along and cry to Franklin about her grievances to gain a little sympathy.

Bang!

Romeo slammed the door. Why were there so many people here? Mr. Franklin was also here. 'Damn it!' Romeo cursed within himself and slammed the door more violently.

As a result, Emelia's nose hit the door of the ward.

That nearly broke her nose.

"Ouch, it hurts!"

She cried out in pain.

It hurt!

"Ah! Blood!" She raised her hand to rub her nose.

She stared in shock at the blood on her palm, and her eyes rolled. She almost fainted.

Luckily, a nurse passing by helped her. "Lady, can I help you? Do you have a nosebleed?"

"I ..." Emelia's tears kept running out of her eyes, so she had to follow the nurse to see the doctor.

In the clinic, the doctor looked at the large bump on Emelia's head and then looked at her nose bridge.

"Miss Evans, did you have plastic surgery... on your nose before?"

"You did that! All of your whole family members did that!" Emelia glared at him.

The doctor ignored Emelia as he had seen a lot of hot-tempered patients like her.

"If not, then your nose is too weak and I need to put a filler in your nostrils. You come back in a week."

"What about the bump on my head?"

"It will go down in a few days." The doctor finished and let the nurse stuff something into her nose.

Seeing Emelia go out, the doctor glanced coldly at her back and disdainfully said to another doctor, "Obviously she had plastic surgery but still denies it. How could an untouched nose be so brittle?"

"Is there any woman these days who didn't do that?"

"Dr. Sylvia's face is 100% natural!" The doctor smiled and said, "My profession enables me to know her facial features comply with the golden ratio, which explains why she is stunning!"

"Tsk! You're paying quite a lot of attention to her face!" Another doctor laughed at him.

"So what!"

The atmosphere was odd in the ward.

Sylvia slowly opened her eyes and saw three men and a teenager standing in front of her bed.

Her eyelashes fluttered, and she closed her eyes again.

She was still dizzy.

It took a while before she opened her eyes again.

But they were still there.

What was going on?

She began to recall what had happened.

She seemed to pass out in the elevator.

chapter 107

5-7 minutes

Sylvia took a deep breath, feeling helpless.

She feared nothing but claustrophobic spaces.

When she was in a claustrophobic space, the virus could flare up as her immune system was weakened by her fear.

So she was vulnerable to the virus and even regarded Franklin as a savior, passing out straight away.

Now all of them knew her weakness.

This virus was such an encumbrance!

Sylvia was too weak to grumble.

"I ..." She blinked her pretty eyes and her throat was too dry to make any voice.

"Would you like some water?" Logan walked quickly to the water fountain and passed her a glass of warm water. "Have some water for your throat."

"Thank you." Sylvia took it and sipped at the glass. Her throat got better.

"Miss Andrews, are you feeling better?" Seeing this, Paul hurriedly put a pillow behind Sylvia's waist and helped her sit up.

Sylvia nodded in good spirits, but her face was still a bit pale.

"I'm feeling better."

Franklin was sullen, sitting by and despising their ingratiating behavior.

What he had planned to do was all preempted by these two eyesores.

Damn!

He gritted his back teeth and suppressed the urge to beat them.

"Are you hungry? Ask Jasper to prepare some porridge," Franklin's hoarse voice rang out.

"Do you want to eat fruit? I brought a fruit basket." Paul snorted defiantly.

"Are you tired? Do you want me to give you a massage?" Hating to be outdone by them, Logan asked.

"Stop! Shut up, all of you! Now listen to me." Sylvia had a bit of a headache.

The ward was immediately quiet.

She took a deep breath and kept her cool as usual. "Paul, how did you know I was in hospital?"

"I ..." Paul was embarrassed.

"The head nurse is still your informant, right?" Sylvia raised an eyebrow.

"Uh-" Paul was embarrassed to be exposed in front of Sylvia.

"I hope your cooperation stop from now on." Sylvia said coldly, and then looked at Logan, "Why are you here?"

"I called you and he answered it," Logan reported truthfully.

"I need to rest now, please go out." Sylvia was a little annoyed.

How could a normal elevator suddenly break down?

Her instinct told her that it was not a simple accident.

She needed to clear her mind and sorted it out.

Franklin's heart ached a little as she was driving him away again. What he most disliked was that she always rejected him.

Obviously, he was much better and stronger than both Logan and Paul!

Romeo glanced at Sylvia and then at his own brother, tugging on his sleeve and persuading reluctantly. "Brother, let's go out first."

"Well." Paul took a deep look at Sylvia and glanced at the other two.

Logan also went out. "Call me if needed." He added.

Only Franklin stayed, staring seriously at her in the hospital bed. "How come you are claustrophobic?"

Sylvia didn't know what to say.

He wouldn't believe it even if she told him.

"Franklin, I'm tired."

Was she trying to kick him out again?

He turned around and walked towards the door. He locked the door from inside just as Sylvia thought he finally left.

Sylvia glared at him.

When did he become so cheeky and shameless?

He was totally unlike the aloof and elegant man in the marriage she knew about!

The man was as handsome and indifferent as ever, a faint livid tinge under his eyelids from insomnia making him a bit eerie.

"Franklin, what are you doing?" Sylvia frowned.

Franklin gazed at the tempting woman on the bed.

He disliked the way she looked at him. It was indifferent and distant.

Her small hand was gripped by Franklin before she could react.

She clearly felt his rough palm wrapping her hand tightly, just as it did in the elevator ... Somehow, she felt reassured.

She knew that Franklin was a part of the treatment for the virus, but she didn't know he played such a large part in her treatment.

She looked at Franklin without any expression and didn't know what he was up to again, not realizing one of his hands was gripping hers and the other clasping her waist.

He sat directly on the edge of the hospital bed the next moment.

He lay on her lap, his eyes closed with a steady breath, as if he fell ... asleep?

“You!” Sylvia was stunned by his shamelessness again.

Could he be any better at sleeping?

But he seemed to be sleeping soundly.

Sylvia pushed him, but he didn’t move at all.

“Franklin, could you please stop sleeping on my lap? Your head is heavy!”

“Quiet!” Franklin grunted before falling asleep again.

She couldn’t break free from his clasping hands even when he was asleep.

The door was still locked and no one outside could get in.

Logan and Paul could not resist looking in through the window since Franklin still didn’t come out.

The curtains were drawn and they could only see inside via a tiny slit.

To their shock, Franklin was lying on Sylvia’s lap with his eyes closed!

Did he fall asleep?

“Shame on him!” Paul said with hatred.

“Brother, I think he was too thick-skinned. You could try that next time!” Romeo was also angry. All those who tried to stop his brother’s pursuit of Sylvia were not good people.

Logan was also helpless.

Franklin obviously was not over his boss, but then why did he get a divorce in the first place?

It was too confusing.

“Franklin, wake up!” Sylvia pushed Franklin, her legs almost numb.

The man who was sleeping on her lap suddenly seemed very unhappy to be pushed.

chapter 108

“Wake up, you psycho!” Sylvia twisted his ear.

But he was simply still, and his face was less chilling than before.

Sylvia had to take out her phone as she failed to wake up Franklin and sent a message to Logan,

“Anything about the investigation?”

“Mark and Vaild are on it; nothing came out for now,” Logan replied in seconds.

“Go check me out of the hospital. I’m much better now.” Sylvia instructed him again, “The land of Kelly Group?”

“Nailed it.”

“Well done.”

Sylvia changed another interface of her phone.

Her phone was powerful. Though it looked no different from an ordinary I-phone, its performance of system was cutting-edge.

She logged on to Twitter and found that the hospital elevator incident was not spread.

She sighed in relief.

She was afraid that some news reported it and then cautioned people to be careful when taking an elevator.

The last thing she wanted anyone to know was this weakness.

Luckily, it was Franklin who was by her side at that time. She knew he was a man of good character and would keep this secret to himself.

She then logged on to the official website of Wilson Group, from which she found the username and password of Lexton Lloyd.

A company naturally had its own office system and its own funding system.

Nothing wrong could be seen on the website of the Charitable Foundation of Wilson Group.

So she accessed its office system and the funding system in unusual ways.

Half an hour later, she managed to use the username and password to access its office system and the funding system. The accounts were clear, and the official materials were normal.

There was nothing unusual.

Lexton's account had top-level access, but Sylvia could find nothing noteworthy or unusual.

No way!

Did Wilson Group disguise their work so well?

Sylvia appeared thoughtful, logging out of the account and clearing all browsing traces.

When Franklin opened his eyes, Sylvia's thoughtful face filled his eyes.

Her eyes were full of contemplation, but even that was incredibly beautiful.

His slender fingers couldn't help but touch ...

Sylvia was contemplating when she suddenly felt something squirming on her eyelids.

Only then did she realize that Franklin had woken up.

"You're awake."

"What are you thinking about?" His voice was husky and magnetic as he had just woken up from a nap.

"Spend some time on Twitter, and a bit tired now."

Sylvia said indifferently.

"Your hubby could offer a hug." Franklin raised his hand, then dragged her into his arms like a lazy lion, and his face came to her collarbone.

He said "hubby" extremely smoothly, and she was stunned.

His hot breath came from her nape, along with the lazy, husky voice.

It was just as it used to be in the mornings when they were not divorced. So natural.

Everything changed yet, so she pushed him. "You're so heavy, get up, my legs are numb."

"Let me massage them." Franklin lowered his eyes.

The man had slept for two hours now and he was obviously spirited.

But Sylvia was not in a good mood at all, so she sent Logan a message. "Knock!"

"Open the door, open the door." A second later, Logan's voice rang out.

Franklin felt offended and opened the door gloomily, only to see the disgusting Logan with discharge formalities in his hand. "The discharge formalities are done. Let's go." Logan stuck his head out and said to Sylvia.

Damn!

"Why?" Franklin's face was gloomy.

"I'm not sick, of course, I'm going to be discharged from the hospital," Sylvia said clearly and coldly. It was the virus that was responsible for her passing out; she wasn't sick at all.

She rubbed her sore numb legs because of Franklin, got out of bed, and put on her shoes.

She headed straight outside.

"Go to Townyer Villa with me." Franklin abruptly stretched out his hand and fiercely clutched her wrist in his palm when Sylvia passed by.

"Could you change your lines except for this one?" Sylvia shook him off and looked at Logan, "Go."

But no sooner had she arrived at Pearlhall Villa did a sudden wave of dizziness hit her.

She subconsciously pressed against the door panel, barely keeping her balance.

Her heart pounded faster.

The thing in her blood overwhelmed and almost stifled her.

She took a deep breath and moved to the edge of the bed, throwing herself on the bed and lying down.

The virus was extremely virulent and could subtly change her constitution.

Sylvia was cool in nature, but she always unconsciously exuded a bewitching and seductive aura because of the virus.

The virus was the real culprit.

She let out a long sigh, and sweat gradually seeped from her forehead. The virus was extraordinarily active with irritation and oppression.

She failed to mitigate the effects of the virus. Thus, her body was changing between cold and hot state.

At one moment it was like being in a freezing cellar, and at another in a furnace.

She never wanted to experience it again in her life.

Her body was drenched in sweat, her sweaty hair glued to her cheeks. Her pretty, delicate face was thickly veined, and she was biting her lower lip tightly to contain the pain inside her.

She kept breathing deeply as the cold almost froze her.

The virus was never so angry except for its attack four years ago.

Now, the virus was torturing her like that again.

Did she have to live like in hell again?

She lay stiffly on the bed, feeling her blood was about to freeze.

She shivered with cold; every cell in her body was hit by the cold.

She was in so much pain that she wanted to kill herself.

She twitched on the bed, her delicate face contorted. She felt as if she were covered in ice.

But the next moment a scorching fire replaced the cold and raged inside her.

She was exposed to the scorching heat of a volcano instead of the bitterly cold before; every cell in her body was grilled by the heat, and her lips split open. Blood seeped out.

She looked horrible.

She curled up her body, suffering the indescribable pain.

chapter 109

8-10 minutes

She was burning up; it seemed that every cell in her body was scorched to ashes.

She, with a deathly pale face, tried to catch her phone on the bedside table.

Suppressing the sharp pain in the joints, she reached out for the phone. Bang!

She fell to the floor.

It hurt!

Each inch was in great pain.

Although she was tenacious and forbearing, the excruciating pain made her so sweaty and weak. She struggled to crawl over and get her phone to call Logan.

But!

She was too exhausted to move.

She just lay on the ground, gasping for breath.

Suddenly, Logan burst in here. But at that moment, Sylvia had lost consciousness.

“Boss! Boss!”

Logan was frightened and he had no idea what he could do next.

He carried her to the bed immediately. “How are you? Boss. Damn it! Does the virus relapse?”

He remembered such a bad situation had appeared many times 4 years ago.

The virus hadn’t died down until she got married.

Sylvia barely opened her tired eyes and weakly said, “I... I... ”

Just then, the intense pain made her faint out.

“Damn it!”

She said that the virus wouldn’t relapse anymore, didn’t she?

Why she suffered a relapse again?

...

Sylvia slowly opened her eyes and the chills she felt over her body were gone.

Had the virus been under control?

She propped herself up and sat up. She felt so relaxed now, though just now she felt like a heavy burden weighed on her weak body.

Also her head became much clearer.

She thought she had gotten over the relapse of the virus when a deep voice suddenly said, “You are awake?”

Sylvia didn’t respond.

The familiar, faint, and attractive voice must be Franklin’s.

She turned towards the source of the voice and saw the man sitting on her bed.

The man was so handsome that he could make every woman swoon whenever and wherever.

However, what shocked her the most was that he was hugging her firmly with one arm around her waist!

She got a little dizzy as she said. "Why are you here?"

"I was about to ask you why you needed me so much." He looked at her pale face in confusion.

Logan called him anxiously and said that he must come quickly as something was wrong with Sylvia. If he didn't come, she would be in danger.

Then he came, only to find she was sleeping and looked fine.

She looked just fine, except that her body was covered with sweat.

Sylvia thought, 'No wonder I got awake. Franklin came.'

It must be Logan who called Franklin to come here.

She was speechless.

She wiped the sweat on her forehead with her sleeve. Covered with sweat, she felt uncomfortable.

"I'm going to take a shower. Suit yourself."

"What's wrong with you?" Franklin wasn't a fool.

He smelled something fishy.

Why did his rival in love, Logan, ask him to come to Sylvia?

And his anxious tone showed he was serious.

Why did Sylvia sweat so much?

Why did she look fine after he came? Why did she get awake soon?

He was full of doubts.

"I am fine. It's just a trick played by Logan. You know, he is too idle," Sylvia answered indifferently.

Then she went into the bathroom with new pajamas in her hands.

She looked at herself in the mirror and felt embarrassed.

She looked so messy after she was attacked by the virus. The clothes she wore were crumpled and the makeup on her face was messed up due to sweat. Black eyeliner shed along her eye pit, making her look like a ghost.

Now her long and sweaty hair was stuck on her cheek and neck. With a face that resembled a ghost, she could scare children away if she ran out.

What was wrong with Franklin?

He could even hug her and lay on the same bed.

She took a hot shower after taking her makeup off.

Half an hour later, the smell of sweat in her body was removed.

She felt so comfortable. Then she went out of the bathroom.

She wrapped her hair and opened the bathroom door, surprised to see Franklin still sitting on her bed that was soaked by her sweat.

Why he was still here?

She was in a daze for a while. Then she went over to the dresser to dry her hair.

He was quietly sitting on the edge of the bed, looking around her room.

This was the room where she made a video call with him before. It was a room with a simple decoration style.

He watched her dry her hair with a dryer and go through a skin care routine.

Later on, she lifted her pajamas, rubbing skin care products against her legs and arms...

He kept staring at her.

She peered speechlessly at him.

Such a tall and leggy man made her quite spacious room a bit crowded.

After she was done, she said to him. "Get up."

He frowned. "For what?"

"Change the sheet."

She looked at the damp sheet. God knew how much she had sweated!

The hateful virus just obediently died down after Franklin came to her.

It was her blood feeding it, not Franklin's

If it liked him so much, it should go to his body and let him be the host!

She felt it was so annoying.

However, she could do nothing.

She was somewhat depressed and took out a set of new bedding from the closet.

Then she asked him to take off the dirty sheet.

Franklin was surprised.

Only hesitating for a second, he bowed to touch the sheet.

It was the first time he had done such chores, so he wasn't skillful.

The sheet was easy to take off, but it was difficult to change the cover.

She stood aside and stared at him.

She had to admit something he was still so attractive even when doing chores.

He soon found the zipper of the cover and took the thin quilt out.

The quilt even didn't touch the ground as he was so tall that he carried the quilt with his hand up a little.

He gracefully did all this and looked like a professional male model for selling bedding with the light on his arms and shoulder.

She pulled a new sheet on the bed and unfold the new cover.

She told him the key to changing the cover. "You need to grasp two corners of the quilt. You know? Then I will squeeze the quilt into another two corners. Then we need to jerk it like this!"

He stood near the bed and grasped two corners.

After she filled the quilt well and was about to grasp another two corners, the man jerked it.

Then he turned the quilt quickly, grasped another two corners of the quilt, and jerked it.

After that, he took fixers to fix four corners of the quilt.

During their four-year marriage, he had never done such trifles with Sylvia as there were servants who did those.

Warmth seemed to flood his heart.

He was touched and happy.

As long as he stayed with Sylvia, he seemed to calm down and get pleased naturally.

The green sheet and cover she took out were so fresh with flowers on them.

They were really pleasant to the eye.

He liked the bedding set, which somehow reflected his good mood.

While she was about to sit, he suddenly said, "I'm hungry."

Clearly, he hadn't had dinner yet.

Only then did she realize she was tired and hungry.

She sweated a lot and was tortured by the pain. No wonder she felt hungry.

"Okay, I will go downstairs to cook something. You can come to help me."

...

Logan was nervous.

It was a clear sign that Sylvia was tormented by the virus again.

Each time she would suffer intense pain.

This time he had no choice but to call Franklin to come over to ease her pain.

But Franklin had been up there for almost an hour. Logan was anxious to know how she was.

He was very worried.

If possible, he would prefer to transfer the virus into his body. Every time she got attacked by the virus, all her men were worried about her.

It was too unbearable.

Just when he was about to go up to see, he heard the sound of footsteps.

Then he saw Sylvia in clean pajamas, with hair draping over her shoulder.

The tall man in a wrinkled and black business suit followed.

The wrinkled suit Franklin wore made Logan have an odd feeling.

Did the virus in Sylvia's body go rogue again? Did they have sex just now?

He soon walked to Sylvia, looked at her, and asked worriedly. "How are you? Do you feel better?"

"Go away! Remove your unclean thoughts." She pushed away his head.

chapter 110

It was so obvious to know what Logan thought. He must think she had sex with Franklin.

Franklin turned gloomy while he saw Logan tagging along with Sylvia.

The air seemed to be frozen.

It was in somewhat embarrassment.

Sylvia peeked at Franklin. Her pale lip turned pink, resembling the bloom of flowers. "What are you angry about? Aren't you hungry? Come over to help," she said.

Then Logan saw, Franklin, the imposing and cold man, following Sylvia to help her in the kitchen.

It looked very funny.

"Don't be smug, Logan. Come over to help if you wanna eat." She walked to the kitchen door, and found Logan was gloating while she looked back.

"OK." Logan ran over to the kitchen. As long as she was okay, he could do anything.

He was in a good mood at that moment.

She looked at the food in the refrigerator, and then suggested, "Let's make bacon spaghetti. It's delicious and easy to cook."

"Okay." Franklin agreed. An expectant look flashed across his cold face.

He enjoyed cooking with her, because it would bring warmth to his heart, just like when he changed the sheet with her.

However, Logan, the third wheel, was an eyesore!

He glared at Logan and wondered why this fool stood here to ruin their moment. Did Logan do better in washing or cutting than him?

Logan was now dicing bacon.

As he rarely did chores, and even hardly went to kitchen, he couldn't cut well. Some dices were big and some were small, which looked unappetizing.

Franklin believed the spaghetti with the bacon diced by Logan must be tasteless.

Franklin started to dice potato.

He sneered at Logan then showed his evenly sized diced potatoes.

It pissed Logan off.

Why did Franklin could cut the ingredients so much better than him?

Logan, however, decided to hold back his anger for now, considering that Franklin could ease Sylvia's pain resulting from the virus.

Sylvia ignored the two men against each otherShe was busy with mixing sauce.

Bacon spaghetti was easy to do, but it would be better to make another two dishes.

Then she made pumpkin soup and steak pizzaiolla.

When she was done, the spaghetti was cooked properly.

Then she put dices of bacon and potatoes over the spaghetti.

The smell of the spaghetti made Logan salivate.

"Wow, Boss, you're such a good cook."

Franklin looked at him expressionlessly. He wished that Logan, this noisy man, could disappear.

How did Logan usually act as a president in his own company to manage his subordinates? He was so meek and submissive in front of Sylvia.

Franklin was reluctant to stay with Logan.

And he believed Logan had many flaws, not as elegant, smart and handsome as him.

Franklin carried a dish out, and served Sylvia a plate of spaghetti in front of her.

Then he thoughtfully handed the knife and fork to her as well.

She took it resignedly.

Was there no way to cut ties with Franklin?

"Thank you," Sylvia said.

“Save it.” Franklin frowned and looked at her. He disliked the way she deliberately alienated him.

She didn’t reply.

She had fought against the virus for so long, and she desperately needed to replenish some nutrition.

The two men said nothing.

Franklin was a reticent man.

Logan was about to say something to liven up the atmosphere, but then gave up the idea as he saw she was so tired.

His boss really had a hard time.

Thus, the three of them had dinner in silence.

Then Logan knew it was time for him to go to his own room and leave them alone.

This made Franklin realize maybe Logan and Sylvia were not in an intimate relationship as the rumor said.

No man was willing to have his lover stay with another man, right?

Franklin was puzzled about the relationship between Logan and Sylvia.

Soon he ignored it.

As he noticed Sylvia who walked in front of him didn’t look nice.

She felt so painful.

The pain was too familiar to her.

She walked weakly and almost fell to the ground.

Then Franklin clasped her waist in time and she subconsciously stretch out her arms to hold him.

This made Franklin’s Adam’s apple bob.

Her pink skin overwhelmed him.

“Sylvia.....”

“I...” She wanted him to let go of her.

She could endure the pain.

However, the man could not suppress his desire.

So, he carried her in his arms.

She closed her eyes in despair as it seemed that she could not leave him until she overcame this virus.

In the next day morning, Franklin slowly opened his eyes, and the images of Sylvia throwing herself at him came into his mind.

Since the divorce, he had rarely slept so soundly.

He even slept through the night.

Sylvia was not there. Franklin washed up and went downstairs. A maid came over, holding a new business suit and a tie.

"Mr. Maskelyne, please take this."

"No worries; it's new." Logan wandered downstairs with a lollipop in his mouth.

"You prepare it?" Franklin looked at Logan coldly.

"My... Sylvia did it." Logan wanted to say "my boss", but he withheld it in the end.

'I almost exposed Sylvia's identity!' thought Logan.

Although Sylvia didn't show up, he was pleased that Sylvia prepared the suit for him.

He went to the Maskelyne Group in the suit Sylvia prepared.

In the president's office Franklin was working.

Perhaps because of the sound sleep last night and the suit prepared by Sylvia, Franklin was in a very good mood all day.

He did not get angry, even when a secretary accidentally spilled coffee on his documents.

He only asked the secretary to print another one and let her out.

The secretary was at a loss and went to her office.

It had been almost two months.

Franklin, the cold and short-tempered president made his subordinates suffer every day.

But today, Franklin acted like another person, and he didn't blame her for making a mistake!

When she told it to the director, the director sighed. "I don't know what happened to Mr. Maskelyne. Four years ago, we worked cautiously in this company every day. Four years later, Mr. Maskelyne becomes what he used to be."

She had been one of his secretaries since graduation and finally became the secretary director after many years of working hard. So, she knew Mr. Maskelyne very well, including the way he behaved.

"What do you mean? Mr. Maskelyne has been very tender over the last four years?"

The young secretary was confused.

"Yes, he was such a modest and gentle man. Now, he is just a tyrant!" The director whispered, "Well, no more prying. Employees that talk about the boss behind his back might be get fired!"

Jasper suspected that Mr. Maskelyne and Sylvia had made up with each other.

Otherwise, Mr. Maskelyne would not be in such a good mood, right?

But he did not dare to ask, and only guessed that.

At that time, Franklin's phone rang. Jasper glanced at it.

It was Tiffany.

Why was the woman still badgering Mr. Maskelyne?

Franklin glanced at Jasper, who got his hint, picked up the phone and pressed the answer button.

Before he spoke, Tiffany said in a lovely voice, "Frank."

Jasper coughed lightly and said seriously, "Sorry, it's me. Miss Evans."

Then a sharp voice interrupted him. "Why is it you? Where is Frank?"

The voice gave Jasper a headache. "It is not convenient for him to take your call as he is having a meeting with executives. What do you want to tell him about?"

"I can't tell you what I want to say to Frank. Let him call me back when he ends up the meeting."

Tiffany was very dissatisfied.

She hung up before Jasper replied.

Her nose was still wrapped in gauze. It was all Sylvia's fault. If it wasn't Sylvia, she wouldn't be in such a difficult position.

Neither would she be outstayed by the fashion industry.

That day, she left hospital, disguised herself and went to the beauty salon where she had plastic surgery. Then a plastic surgeon did a new nose job for her.

She was in recovery.

However, she blamed all of this on Sylvia.

She got so furious while thinking of Sylvia, even wishing her to die.

...

In the president's office of the Maskelyne Group.

Jasper looked at the phone and respectfully said to Franklin. "She hung up."

"Let it be." Franklin stroked the buttons of his suit and said coldly. "How about the drugging thing?"

"That woman ... is probably Miss Evans." Jasper said with an undertone, "She did it very covertly, so we haven't found any evidence. And she gave those two people cash, instead of transferring money to them."

"Okay." Franklin remained expressionless, but his deep-set and dark eyes looked terrifying.

Jasper observed his expression and cautiously asked. "Mr. Maskelyne, what should we do now?"

“On that day, I was drugged and hurt Sylvia,” Franklin said coldly. “In that case, let’s be in a tit for tat!”

‘Well, Mr. Maskelyne is as cold and ruthless as before,’ thought Jasper.