

## Revealed 111

### chapter 111

This time Tiffany couldn't get away with it, no matter what she did, like acting cute or showing weakness.

Franklin said nothing and continued to deal with documents.

The appearance or character of such a calculating women like Tiffany were not attractive to Franklin at all except for a good impression of her during childhood.

The reason he tolerated her was just that she once saved him when he was a child.

She was ungrateful and even set him up.

In that case, he would teach her a lesson without mercy.

He once spent 9 million dollars on helping her see Keturah Brown.

This could be the return for her saving his life.

As for anything else she wanted to get from him, she could never achieve it for the rest of her life.

He looked cold with unfathomable emotions in his eyes.

...

In a small, inconspicuous store of Tech Mall, a woman wearing a pair of jeans was squatting and rummaging through boxes to find something.

"Sylvia, every time you come, you act like a bandit. What are you doing!" A middle-aged man, with a cigarette in his mouth, was sitting with his legs crossed on a dirty chair.

He reached out to flick cigarette ash, which slowly floated down to the ground.

"Don't pretend to be poor in front of me."

Sylvia went straight to Tech Mall in the early morning.

Her computer and phone needed to be upgraded, but what she wanted only could be found here.

She stood up and glanced at the middle-aged man, "Doggy, hurry up and bring me your latest products. I'll help fit them together. Is that okay?"

She looked for a while but didn't find what she wanted, so they must have been hidden by him.

"Such a mean girl, can't you talk properly? I am your uncle. How can you call me Doggy?"

The middle-aged man stood up and stared angrily at her. "Call me properly and I'll get them for you."

"Adriel, please stop gibbering. I have urgent business to handle!" Sylvia was really in a hurry. It was almost noon, and she had no more time to waste here.

The middle-aged man realized it, no longer teased her, and turned into the inner room. After a while, he took a box.

This box was new, a sharp contrast to his dirty, shabby and small store.

“The latest goods are all in it. Here you are.”

Sylvia reached out and took it with a smile.

She put a bank card on the table, “Give you!”

Then she held that box and hurried away.

The middle-aged man ran out and shouted to her, “Sylvia, I’m leaving tomorrow! Please call me if there’s an emergency.”

“Okay. Hope you’re doing well.” Sylvia said without turning back.

A shopkeeper from the next store talked to the middle-aged man cheerfully, “Your niece comes here again? No consumer comes to your store, except your niece. Without her, your business must be over.”

“Go away. You know nothing.” The middle-aged man smilingly picked up the bank card and closed his store.

...

When Sylvia had just left the Tech Mall and put the box in the car, her phone rang.

She looked at the caller ID and chuckled. “Hello, Mrs. Wilson.”

“Miss Andrews. Our foundation will hold an outdoor tea party tomorrow afternoon as the weather has been good recently. Are you interested in it? There are many young talents, and many senior professionals from all walks of life,” Winter said with a smile.

A smile flicked into her eyes as she said casually, “Oh? What is the theme?”

“You will know it when you come. I wanna keep you in suspense and our tea party won’t let you down.” Winter boasted, “Miss Andrews, I wonder whether Keturah Brown would be interested in such a tea party?”

“Oh, well, you don’t even tell what the theme is. How could I know whether she would go?” Sylvia said indifferently.

The tone sounded arrogant and cold, a sharp contrast to Winter’s studied cordial tone of voice.

Such an uncomfortable tone almost irritated Winter.

Then Winter bottled up her anger as much as possible. “Miss Andrews, I’m just joking. Well, I’ve heard that Keturah Brown is very knowledgeable about traditional clothing, which is exactly the theme of the tea party. It will be held in Wilson Group Tulip Town.”

Winter paused and said excitedly, “In a sea of blooming tulips, we wear elegant and classical traditional costumes, and happily drink afternoon tea. Such a pleasant scene! I even can’t wait!”

Sylvia felt Winter's words disgusting. "Mrs. Wilson, it's not hard to tell you are very talented at poetry reading."

Those who didn't know the fact may think that Winter was not talking on the phone, but doing poetry readings.

Winter didn't notice the mockery in Sylvia's tone of voice, but felt proud, "Miss Andrews, you are flattering me. To be honest, I am indeed the head of the poetry reading group of the Wilson philanthropic foundation."

Sylvia felt speechless.

After a moment, she said, "Mrs. Wilson, I'm glad you inform me it's about traditional costume. If I were the only one in casual clothes tomorrow, I would be very embarrassed."

Winter's smile froze. "Miss Andrews, you misunderstand me. I am joking just now."

"I know it, but it is a bad joke." Sylvia didn't want to talk to her. She made up her mind to get rid of the Wilson family! As to the Wilson Group, she gotta figure out what dirty business it was doing.

Then she hung up the phone.

Winter was so angry that she stared at the dark phone screen and swore, "A bitch! How dare she hang up on me! Who does she think she is? She's just an eye candy, who climbs the ladder by man! How dare she hang up on me?"

Her secretary Rosie hurriedly gave her a glass of water, "Mrs. Wilson, please calm down. She was not worth it."

"You don't know what she said! Such a bitch, how dare she talk to me like that. I will teach her a good lesson after I play up to Keturah Brown! After I diddle all the money from Keturah Brown, I will crush her!"

Winter was so angry that she took deep breaths, and still couldn't calm down. The anger made her almost lose her mind.

"Mrs. Wilson, she is just a slutty woman. We have seen many women of this type in our foundation, and you conquered all of them. She has yet to realize how powerful you are, but one day she will know it."

Rosie flattered Winter, which made Winter feel a little bit better.

"You are right. Just give her a chance to boast herself today. In tomorrow's tea party, I'll let her pay a lot!"

She looked greedy and vicious with a sneer on her lips.

## **chapter 112**

Pearlhall Villa.

Sylvia got out of the car with her suitcase and went straight to her study.

She fiddled with the laptop.

An hour later, her laptop looked exactly the same, but the parts inside were completely different, and a new high-end laptop came into being.

She tried the computer's performance, instant boot, and she tried the computer's smoothness.

"The latest CPU, the latest hard drive. They perform so well."

Sylvia smiled, wrote down the configuration of her newly assembled laptop, and sent it to Adriel Andrews.

"Here!"

After Adriel received it, he laughed happily and sent a voice message directly, "Girl, you've used these parts perfectly, bringing out the highest performance of the laptop. Alright! I'm going to batch-produce them now!"

"Remember my share," Sylvia replied.

"Of course."

At this moment, Adriel did not look like the dusty and dirty guy he was. He was dressed in a high-end handmade suit. He sat on a leather office chair and sent the configuration blueprint to his assistant's phone.

Then, with a cold face, he said to the respectful assistant in front of him, "All the new machines in our group will be made according to this configuration."

The assistant quickly went to look at the blueprint. His eyes widened in surprise. "Those are the new parts that we've produced. They are assembled to do their maximum performance!"

This was incredible!

Those parts were new, but they were only 20 percent better than the latest computers on the market, no matter how they were combined.

What their company did was to produce and sell high-end computers.

However, this configuration list put their parts to the best use.

If this computer came out, it would be so popular among wealthy tech people.

He could almost see the group's sales rocketing.

"Is this the configuration sheet made by Jess, that mysterious guy?" The assistant asked, still shocked.

"Of course, only Jess can do that." Adriel mentioned Sylvia with a big smile on his face, he was in a great mood.

He said with great emotion, "It is my good fortune to have the help of such a child!"

The chairman was only so happy when he mentioned Jess.

Not even the president could receive such treatment.

The assistant silently thought in his mind, and then respectfully said, "Mr. Andrews, I will now inform RSD department."

"Go now." Adriel waved at him, proudly opened the Bluetooth speaker on the desk, and began to play songs.

Adriel shook his head as he listened. He was very happy.

Wilson Group Tulip Town.

Rosie directed the staff. "The lawn has to be done. Did you spray the insecticide? There are a lot of respected guests here today!"

"That arch is a bit crooked."

"Make sure the candlesticks are in place."

She had her hands full.

At more than two o'clock in the afternoon, there were guests coming into the venue one after another. The guests were all dressed in beautiful and chic traditional costumes, which made them look well blended in with the environment.

It was a good time to enjoy the flowers and smell the tulips in the breeze.

There was a large artificial lake in the middle of the Tulip Town, where some Arowanas were kept.

The tea party was held on the lawn in front of the artificial lake, with an arch made of pink and white balloons and ribbons at the entrance.

Across the archway was a red carpet, and at the end of it was a dining table with exquisite pastries, imported fruit, and fine red wine. It was very cozy.

It was just...

When Sylvia showed up in a traditional dress, she did not feel good.

This was a tea party themed the traditional clothing. Why was the decoration so stylish? The pastries and the design made the party look like a western-style wedding.

Especially the balloon-filled arch, Winter's and Rosie's tastes were so bizarre.

Didn't they feel a little out of place in a traditional dress, sitting in a venue designed for a western-style wedding?

At the tea party, there were so many guests, Sylvia went in and saw so many men.

It suddenly occurred to her that Winter said yesterday that there would be a lot of young talents.

She looked at the men who were holding the goblet and talking to the wealthy lady and frowned.

She felt weird.

So the Wilson philanthropic foundation was established to get these lonely noble ladies to cheat on their husbands?

Sylvia was stunned.

Winter was sitting on a white Evodroupolian-style wooden chair, chatting with some ladies.

“Hasn’t Sylvia agreed to ask Keturah here?”

“Miss Andrews is very tight-lipped, probably because she doesn’t trust our foundation enough,” Winter said with a smile.

“Speaking of the Devil!” said one of the ladies.

The crowd looked up and saw a slim figure from afar.

She was dressed in a beautiful traditional dress, looking like a beauty from ancient times, fresh and charming.

### **chapter 113**

All the noble ladies present were dressed in traditional costumes. Each was beautiful in her own way.

But Sylvia was the only person who dressed so elegantly in traditional clothes.

As soon as she appeared, she caught everyone’s attention.

Many young men rushed towards her.

“Miss, would you be interested in talking to me? I’m in a really tough spot right now. I come here for the Wilson philanthropic foundation. I am a village teacher. The students in my primary school have old textbooks and broken desks. Even our school buildings are crumbling. When it rains, the building is dangerous, with all the children inside... Oh, I beg you to have pity and give us five hundred thousand,” said a sad young man in traditional men’s clothing.

Sylvia sized up the man, who looked as though he were very thoughtful of the children.

But Sylvia felt that there was something odd about the man’s eyes and that he didn’t look like a village teacher...

Just then another man said, “Are you as difficult as I am? I am a cadre of a mountain village deep. All the young people in our village have moved out, leaving only the poor elderly, and some are sick and unable to move. I’m the only cadre in the village, but I can’t hold on any longer. I finally heard that the Wilson philanthropic foundation has a lot of charity projects. Beautiful and kind lady, please save us! Give us ten thousand!”

The two men’s eyes turned red as they spoke.

Not too far away, a few rich ladies heard the two men’s words. They looked at the two men again. They were quite handsome and seemed young. They did not look like bad people.

So, a lady said, “Your deeds touched me. I decided to donate five hundred thousand to each of you, and set up a public welfare project.”

As soon as the lady spoke, Winter smiled and said, “Mrs. Sutton, you are a very kind woman. I thank you on behalf of the children.”

Rosie quickly brought the donation contract and the project plan.

Mrs. Sutton quickly signed it. The project plan was in triplicate. One was for the two men, one was for Mrs. Sutton, and the other was for the Wilson philanthropic foundation.

Winter glanced at the crowd and shouted, “Congrats, Mrs. Sutton, on donating money to such two great projects. Congrats to the two people who successfully sought help. If anyone else has a problem, just say it! As to your projects, I’m sure all the ladies here will help you in any way they can!”

Then everyone in the room began to clap.

Mrs. Sutton was very proud and took her seat with the project plan in her hand.

It was so easy for those two guys to gain one million, wasn’t it?

Then, there were many young men, all dressed up, and wearing traditional clothing, and they behaved in a respectful way.

They served tea to the ladies and grabbed them the refreshments.

They were making these ladies very happy.

Sylvia heard a thousand sad and miserable stories all afternoon.

For example, someone said his parents both had cancer, someone said his sister had a car accident and someone said his brother became a vegetable... The lady heard the narration of them and shed tears uncontrollably.

One million dollars was donated.

And then the lady got a donation project plan.

Someone even made up a story – he had been vulnerable since childhood and was bullied by peers at school because he was so handsome. He was a sophomore, and his sister sold herself to a bald old man to afford his tuition fees. That old man even abused her. She even miscarried because of his beating. He wanted to help his sister to get rid of that man, so he asked for a donation to save his sister.

Then some rich lady cried, “Your sister is so miserable. I must help her.”

Then 3 million dollars was given away.

Those men swindled so much money so quickly.

Were these rich women no-brainers?

The stories made up by those men were about their miserable life.

Those young men were good-looking and in good shape. As they played the victim in traditional clothing, those rich ladies could not help but sympathize with them.

It was easy to get others, especially those rich ladies to feel pity for them, to immerse in their stories, and to do something to help them.

Those ladies, whose husbands were bosses, led a boring life and stayed at home with nothing to do.

The Wilson philanthropic foundation had a very good reputation.

They had a high level of trust in the Wilson Group, and naturally believed what the men said.

Sylvia sat in a corner, listening to the men's cries.

And from time to time, Winter would come out and preside, "The Wilson philanthropic foundation has checked the authenticity of what these young talents said. They were telling the truth. So just donate the money freely. If any story turns out to be fake, I will compensate you 10 times for your donation and punish the liar!"

"The future of our country rests with these young men. Can you bear to see them end up being hopeless, penniless, and lifeless? A lot of social news told us nowadays young men committed suicide because of poverty. We spend hundreds and thousands of dollars on bags and shoes, but we just need to donate the money for a bag or a pair of shoes to save many lives! We are doing something good!"

Winter's speech was like a pyramid scheme.

Sylvia looked at those rich ladies, who were listening intently and nodding at Winter's words from time to time.

She blinked her beautiful round eyes.

Those who just entered the tea party at the Wilson philanthropic foundation might find this hard to believe.

But clearly, those ladies had been brainwashed by Winter.

Winter did have a talent for brainwashing, and she used the same trick to fool those rich ladies and socialites countless times.

It could be told by the fact that she said those words very fluently.

Sylvia was bored and fiddling with her nails when she heard a familiar voice. "Oh, I feel so sorry for you. My brother didn't give me much allowance, and I'll donate ten thousand to you first."

'Poppy?'

Sylvia raised an eyebrow and looked toward the voice source. She saw Poppy crying her eyes out, and a young man was kneeling in front of her. The man's eyes were blinking with tears, but he tried his best to hold them back.

It was touching to see him hold back his emotions.

"Thank you, Miss, it's my utmost luck to meet you when I am this helpless."

Sylvia was speechless.



## chapter 114

What was the tragic story made up by this man?

Just as Poppy pulled out her card and was about to swipe it.

Sylvia walked over and held her hand. "You are going to give away ten thousand on a whim? Do you want your brother to freeze your bank card?"

"Uh-who are you? It's none of your business." Poppy, still immersed in the man's sad story, snapped without looking at Sylvia.

Sylvia chuckled. "You don't know who I am?"

'Why did that voice sound so familiar?' Poppy thought.

Poppy looked up and saw Sylvia's beautiful face.

She said in surprise, "You, what are you doing here?"

"I told you to read more to improve your IQ." Sylvia pointed to her brain. "You don't have a brain, do you?"

"How can you say that?" Poppy mumbled.

If it was before, she would have flared up.

But since the last time Sylvia saved her, she was totally obsessed with Sylvia. She was Sylvia's most fervent fan.

She grabbed Sylvia by the arm, "Let me tell you, he's very pitiful. He suffered from septicemia at a young age, but he was top in the class. He didn't have the money to see a doctor. I have a soft spot for top students. I think he's pitiful."

"Really? I happen to be a doctor. How about I make a diagnosis for you?" Sylvia smiled at the young man in front of her.

The man had a pair of lovely eyes; he was not tall. Now he was angry that Sylvia who came out of nowhere stopped him from gaining money when he almost made it. Although the woman was beautiful, she was a bad person to ruin his plan.

But he did not dare to show his anger. He could only say with a smile frozen on his face, "No, no need. I should go to the hospital to see the doctor."

He glanced at Poppy. "Miss, please swipe your card. I will be grateful to you for the rest of my life."

"Her allowance has been deducted, and now she has no money to donate to you. Find someone else," said Sylvia coldly as she yanked Poppy's card.

The man was dumbfounded.

"Oh, no... we have made a deal."

"What's your Name?" Sylvia's cold eyes fell on the man.

Somehow, he felt the woman in front of him seemed to know everything, and the man's voice began to tremble, "My name... My name is Luca Ball."

"What school are you in?"

"Vista University."

"OK." Sylvia dialed Logan's number directly. "I need you to look into a student named Luca Ball at Vista University."

A trace of panic flashed into Luca's eyes. "What do you mean? Why do you want to investigate me?"

"My sister wants to donate money to you. Is it too much for me to check if you're telling the truth?" Sylvia raised an eyebrow at the flustered man, "You're so scared. Could it be that you have an amazing CV? Did you get lots of scholarships or credits? Or maybe you're afraid that I'll find out something fishy you've done?"

Luca's eyes flickered and he growled, "What are you talking about?"

Poppy was so moved by the man's story that tears were trickling down uncontrollably.

Now she recovered her wits after she heard Sylvia's question and Luca's ambiguous answer.

Obviously, there seemed to be something fishy with this man.

No wonder Sylvia advised her to study more to improve her IQ.

She swore she must read more books and study hard from today on!

Just then, Logan called. "Boss, the president told me no student in Vista University was named Luca Ball."

Sylvia put Logan on speakerphone. "But in front of me stands a poor college student with septicemia named Luca who said he was studying at Vista University."

Logan played the recording of the phone call with the president of Vista University. The president's aged voice came from the phone. "Luca Ball? Hold on, I'll have my assistant check the student system."

Two minutes later.

The president's voice rang out again. "No, we had a student named Luca Ball ten years ago, but he has graduated. Now we have no student named Luca Ball."

Logan's voice said, "Thank you, Mr. Carrillo."

Luca's face turned pale and his lips trembled.

He could not help but take a step back, wanting to escape.

Sylvia stared into his eyes and said coldly, "Did you hear that? You're a fake. No student named Luca Ball is at Vista University. I guess it's not your real name, right?"

"What nonsense are you talking about? Who knows if you're calling the real president of Vista University? You just tried to fool me with a phone record," Luca said in a panic.

Poppy glared at him, her pretty face tense. "You liar! I trusted you, but you made up a story to lie to me!"

Their quarrel attracted a lot of attention.

Winter came over with Rosie.

And after Luca was exposed, panicked, he turned around to escape.

But Sylvia would not let him get away so easily.

She stretched her long legs and tripped Luca!

Then Luca fell to the ground.

Winter thought to herself, 'Why is Sylvia so troublesome? Everyone else listened to the story with gusto and empathy, and then donated money. How come this trick doesn't work out on her?'

She suppressed the annoyance and asked with a faint smile on her face, "What happened?"

"I found out he was a fraud." Sylvia smiled and glanced at Winter.

Winter's expression changed slightly, and her eyes turned cold.

"Miss Andrews, what do you mean by this? The projects that the Wilson philanthropic foundation wants to support and the people that we donate to are all thoroughly investigated to make sure the authenticity."

"I'm sorry, but I've asked Logan to call the president of Vista University, who said that there was no student named Luca Ball in their school."

Sylvia's bright face was alluring and attractive under the sunlight.

She faced up to Winter, the host of the tea party, as if Winter was just a small potato.

## **chapter 115**

Winter's heart skipped a beat and she stared at Sylvia in disbelief.

She clenched her fists in anger. There were so many rich ladies, and no one dared to suspect the foundation. Even the families which supported those rich ladies did not care about such a small amount of money squandered by them.

So, no family ever suspected her charity foundation or tea party.

Some families which wanted to establish a good relationship with the Wilson Group sent their ladies over to butter her up.

They were happy to donate the money.

And guess what? Sylvia, this bitch dared to investigate the truth and nailed her lies openly!

Winter took a deep breath with a smile on her face, "As I said, If any person we help turns out to be a fraud, I will compensate you 10 times for your donation. So, Miss Andrews, Luca can't be a fraud. There must be a misunderstanding between you and him."

Sylvia looked coldly at Winter. "Really? If you insist so, why don't you listen to this?"

She played the recording of the phone call between Logan and the president of Vista University.

All eyes were now on her. With light makeup on her face, she looked lovely and elegant.

She was neither subservient nor overbearing, her fair and slender wrist holding the mobile phone.

Her face was the envy of every woman!

Winter was pissed off, but she tried to defend herself, "What does this mean, Miss Andrews? I'll only believe it if you can get the president of Vista University here to tell the truth. I don't think this recording is more convincing than the good reputation of Wilson Group."

Sylvia squinted. It was obvious that Winter was trying to cover up for Luca.

In fact, none of these tragic stories could stand up to scrutiny.

"Miss Andrews, you are too much. Luca is pitiful enough. Why are you questioning him? It's like rubbing salt in his wounds, you know?" A rich lady said with disdain.

"That's right. Those young men all lead miserable lives and need our help. How can we hurt them? If we hurt them, we are just like bad people, aren't we?" another young lady said.

"I have never seen a person as vicious as her. Mrs. Wilson. I suggest that you kick her out."

"She's not one of us. She's just a scheming bitch."

Sylvia was wordless.

She finally understood that it was impossible to talk sense into brainless people.

Poppy was taking the video secretly with her phone and sent a short video to Franklin.

With so many people supporting him, Luca stopped feeling nervous and said confidently, "I have septicemia. If I don't get proper treatment, I'll die soon. Yet, she insists that I'm not a college student and that my identity is fake. I... I might as well die now!"

Then the man ran towards the lake.

Winter commanded the security guards to stop him and said snappishly "Miss Andrews, you disappointed me so much. How could you drive him to death?"

Sylvia thought it was absurd. "It's his own business that he wants to die. What's that got to do with me?"

"What a heartless woman. She coerced Luca to jump into the lake, but she thinks it has nothing to do with her! She's gone too far!"

"I can't stand it. Luca is so pitiful."

Just as everyone was criticizing Sylvia, a powerful voice sounded from not too far away. "Mr. Carrillo, this way please."

"Mr. McKee, this way, please."

Everyone couldn't help looking at the man.

Not far away, a group of people was walking towards them through the arch covered with balloons.

The man in the lead was tall, his face cold and intimidating.

His eyes, like a deep pool, were frightening.

After he heard those rich ladies' speech, gloominess gathered in his eyes.

Sylvia recognized Franklin at a glance. What was he doing here?

A realization hit her when she glanced at Poppy who put on a smug look.

"Mr. Maskelyne?" Winter soon processed it and rushed up to greet him. "I didn't expect you would be here. I am sorry about the rude welcome."

Saying pleasantries were necessary on such an occasion. At the same time, Winter was frightened.

Why was Franklin Here?

She was confused and could not figure out what Franklin had come for.

Franklin ignored her. His handsome and cold face betrayed no emotions.

Then his cold gaze swept across Sylvia not far away. Tenderness flashed into his eyes.

Sylvia, in traditional clothing, stood straight and gracefully, very eye-catching.

Warmth flashed through his eyes. He said to those two middle-aged men beside him, "Mr. Carrillo, Mr. McKee, is Luca Ball studying at Vista University?"

As soon as Franklin finished, the man named Luca went pale and his legs were trembling.

Franklin was known to all people in Larro.

Why did he condescend to mind such a trivia?

What the hell was going on?

Luca was dumbfounded, fear surging through him.

He did not dare to raise his head but tried to make himself invisible. He quietly walked into the crowd step by step...

Everyone was shocked.

Winter, who was a smooth talker, could not utter a word in front of Franklin.

Was Franklin here to expose Luca?

How was that possible?

No way!

She stared at Franklin in disbelief before she snapped back to reality. "Mr. Maskelyne... you mean, these two..."

Jasper quickly introduced them. "They are the president and admissions director of Vista University."

Mr. Carrillo looked around. As the president, it was impossible for him to know every student. He asked the director of the admissions office, who immediately took the laptop from the assistant behind him.

He searched "Luca Ball" in the system.

However, as Logan said on the phone, there was only Luca Ball who graduated ten years ago.

The assistant held the laptop and showed it to everyone.

Mr. Mckee said, "Mr. Carrillo, no student named Luca Ball is at our university."

## **chapter 116**

The president looked at all the rich ladies present, some of which knew him. He had heard of Wilson philanthropic foundation.

He was confused about why he had to prove Luca was not a student at Vista University, and he could not figure it out.

He, however, honestly said, "You all heard it. No student named Luca Ball is at my university; the only student named Luca Ball graduated ten years ago."

So, "Luca" who claimed to be a student from Vista University and sick with sepsis was a fraud!

The surrounding rich ladies were shocked to hear this. Sylvia's phone recording might be false, but now it was proved to be true by the president and the director of the admissions office.

"Luca is a real fraud."

"My goodness, Mrs. Wilson, what's going on?"

"I've donated 2 million today. I'm afraid that the person I donated to is also a fraud. If so, it would be too much!"

"Yeah, scammers who gain our sympathy and swindle our money are just too hateful!"

"Luckily, Miss Andrews has good judgment."

Hearing the discussion of these rich ladies, Winter went pale and beads of sweat trickled down from her forehead.

Since she took over the Wilson philanthropic foundation, it was the first time that she encountered someone who revealed the identity of the recipient on the spot!

Did Franklin come here to reveal what Luca was?

Was Poppy that important to him?

She only heard that Franklin did not have a good relationship with his two siblings.

Perhaps he came here for the sake of Sylvia, that bitch? But he just posted a tweet to show his affection for his wife, didn't he?

It was a PR crisis! The reputation of Wilson philanthropic foundation couldn't be ruined by this incident!

Winter's mind raced as she looked at Luca, who was trying to retreat into the crowd. Then she blurted out, "You liar! Stop right there, where are you going?"

After working for Winter for so many years, Rosie got Winter's hint immediately and called security guards over.

A couple of tall security guards pinned Luca to the ground in seconds.

Luca lay on the ground, badly battered by the security guards.

He was beaten up.

When he was just about to struggle and scream, Rosie ripped off the hem of her traditional dress and put it into his mouth to prevent him from making any sound.

"I didn't expect a crook could get himself into the foundation. I am so sorry for worrying everyone." Winter wiped the sweat on her forehead and darted at Rosie.

Then she smiled and said, "Mr. Maskelyne, thank you for exposing this fraud to us. It was the negligence of the foundation staff. I am really sorry for letting you down."

Sylvia's lovely eyes glinted under the sunlight, and her red lips curled into a smile.

It made Winter's flesh creep.

What was Sylvia up to?

"Mrs. Wilson, you said you would compensate ten times the donation if any of them turns out to be a fraud? Thus, you should pay Miss Maskelyne one million. Just now, she was about to donate ten thousand dollars!"

The woman's crispy voice rang out.

Winter almost fainted with anger, but she said with a fake smile on her face, "Miss Maskelyne did not donate it, didn't she? So, she didn't suffer any loss."

Sylvia stared at Winter and said with mockery, "But Luca is a fake! When you made a promise, you didn't say the precondition is to suffer losses!"

Poppy didn't even think about asking for the compensation, but after Sylvia reminded her, she raised her chin and said proudly, "Mrs. Wilson, you wanna get a good reputation without any effort?"

She didn't want Sylvia to think of her as a no-brainer, so this time, she spoke up to show her wit, but she didn't know if Sylvia would appreciate it.

She racked her brain to mock at Winter's hypocrisy.

After she echoed with Sylvia, she gingerly glanced at Sylvia, expecting Sylvia to give her an encouraging look or smile.

But she was bound to be disappointed.

She was heartbroken and encouraged herself. 'I didn't behave well enough, so Sylvia didn't praise me.'

She was so upset.

She would read more books and behave better next time.

Sylvia was amused by Poppy's words, but she held back the desire to laugh.

Winter almost went blind with rage, but she got so strong a heart that she could not faint easily. She wished to faint. If she did, maybe she could avoid offering compensation.

Ten times ten thousand was one million!

At the thought of giving Poppy a million dollars for nothing, she might as well be killed.

However, she didn't have the guts to say no when looking at Franklin's creepy figure.

She felt as if she was being strangled and physically drained by the devil.

She said with a stiff face and managed to sound calm, "Wilson philanthropic foundation upholds honesty all the time. It is our negligence, so we will take responsibility and make compensation. Rosie, get the check!

After saying these words, she was deflated. If not for Rosie, her secretary, who helped her, she would have fallen to her knees in distress.

Rosie felt worried.

Once Winter was steady on her feet, she took the 1 million dollar check Rosie handed her and brought it to Poppy with both hands sincerely. "Miss Maskelyne, I'm so sorry. I apologize on behalf of the Wilson philanthropic foundation for posing a problem for you."

Then she said very sincerely to Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, you are amazing. You discern this fraud at a glance. Thank you for helping us get rid of this crook! Thank you!"

By making a sincere apology and offering compensation, Winter won over those rich ladies.

The rich ladies who were suspicious of her just now couldn't help defending her.

"She did compensate."

"She also apologized."

"Who hasn't made a mistake before? Maybe it was just a careless mistake."

"Mrs. Wilson is still trustworthy."

"I agree! I think maybe Mrs. Wilson didn't know it."



Sylvia had to admit that Winter knew when to yield and when not. No wonder Clark assigned such an important task to her.

She was indeed impressed.

When Poppy got a million dollars in compensation, she was happy and proud.

She used to squander money, but she had never earned money. For the first time she earned money, she got a whopping million. It was amazing.

After that, the tea party ended hastily.

Poppy excitedly took Sylvia's hand, "It's the first time I have made money. Sylvia, Franklin, can I treat you two to dinner at Royal Galaxy?"

Sylvia was about to say no when she heard Poppy say, "Just say yes, okay? I got one million dollars! We can eat the most famous dishes there!"

Poppy looked at Winter who had a pale face not far away, "Don't you think it's fun to spend other people's money?"

#### **chapter 117**

Sylvia was amused by Poppy.

She darted at Franklin and said to Poppy, "Let's go."

Franklin felt that Sylvia had stopped loving him. She even preferred Poppy more than him as she accepted Poppy's invitation.

On the contrary, Sylvia always rejected him.

Franklin said to the other two men, "Thank you for your help today, Mr. Carrillo, Mr. McKee. I would like to invite you to join us for lunch."

Mr. Carrillo replied with a smile, "We need a reservation before going to Royal Galaxy, right?"

"Mr. Carrillo, Sylvia will go with us. Don't worry. We will have a table for sure," Poppy chimed in. Then she looked at Sylvia in admiration. "Right, Sylvia?"

James once told her that Sylvia told them not to make a reservation before going to Royal Galaxy as she had privileges there. Poppy wondered if it worked.

Sylvia beamed at others. "It's my honor to have lunch with you, Mr. Carrillo, Mr. McKee. Shall we go now?"

Franklin, however, furrowed his brows, wondering about the relationship between Sylvia and the owner of Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

'Is the restaurant owner one of her pursuers?'

The thought drove him to go crazy. Instantly, Franklin wished to beat the restaurant owner up and bomb the restaurant.

They left Tulip Town.

For the first time, Franklin felt his younger sister was an obstacle.

Poppy even invited Sylvia to sit in her Porsche. When Sylvia got in, Poppy looked attentive and excited, and her smile reminded Franklin of a Samoyed dog. He had also seen such a kind of expression on the Kennedy brothers before.

Franklin wondered if his sister was lesbian.

He was alert against Logan and the Kennedy brothers, but now he also seemed to guard against his younger sister.

Franklin's face darkened. Sitting in the Bentley, he seethed with rage.

He was proud of his Bentley Arnage 728, which cost several million dollars. It had the most high-end design and features, including leather seats and interior decoration.

Moreover, there was a DVD system with a 24-inch LED screen and a stereo system. The back compartment could be used as a private mobile theater.

He wanted to impress Sylvia with it, but she had chosen to take Poppy's Porsche 911.

Franklin was so riled up.

Gritting his teeth, he stared daggers at the red Porsche in front of his car.

When they pulled up to the entrance of Royal Galaxy Restaurant, several ushers came over to help them park the cars.

Once they got off, they saw James, Romeo, and Paul waiting at the door.

Franklin looked sullen, wondering why the three got together. They seemed to be waiting for them.

The next second, James, whose head was bandaged, scooted over with a flattering smile. "Hey, Sylvia. I've been waiting for you for a long time."

Then he bowed, nodded at Sylvia, reached his arm, and pushed the restaurant door open. "Hurry. Get in. It's too hot outside."

Romeo was annoyed and pushed him away. Then he showed Sylvia the way. "My goddess, dishes in Royal Galaxy are all delicious. The lunch is on my brother."

"Miss Andrews, I hope you'll enjoy the food. Romeo told me you'd saved him in the nightclub a few days ago. I must treat you to lunch to thank you. I'll also treat you to dinner, breakfast, and midnight supper. Every day..."

Paul winked at Sylvia, wearing a smile that he thought could make him look handsome. "I'd love to be in charge of your meals all your life."

Romeo and he went to visit James in the hospital. However, James received Poppy's message earlier. She told him they were going to have lunch in Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

The three young men went to the restaurant immediately.

James even felt much better.

Weirdly, Romeo and James were foes before, but they became Sylvia's fans. Although they still argued from time to time, they stopped fighting violently.

"Paul Kennedy, stop being so stupid," Sylvia snapped and cast him an impatient glance.

Holding the hemline of her traditional dress, she entered the restaurant lobby.

Poppy hurriedly followed her. "Slow down, Sylvia. Wait for us."

Paul greeted Mr. Carrillo and Mr. Mckee.

The two influential men from Vista University were inquisitive about Sylvia's background.

She looked pretty with an excellent temperament.

Poppy seemed to be close to her, and Paul fawned over her.

When Franklin contacted them, they thought something terrible had happened. However, Franklin only asked them to defend the young woman named Sylvia.

When Sylvia talked to Paul, she sounded like Paul was just her errand boy, and Paul didn't become angry. Instead, he looked joyful.

Mr. Carrillo and Mr. Mckee exchanged glances in confusion.

They had to admit that they were too old to understand the youngsters.

The three young men and Poppy chitchatted with Sylvia, laughing from time to time. Sylvia leaned slightly toward them, her eyes glimmering. Seemingly she focused on their conversation.

Suddenly, Franklin wanted to seize her wrist. However, she raised her hand quickly to dodge his hand.

Franklin pressed his lips together with his hand in mid-air, gazing at Sylvia without blinking.

Anger surged in his eyes, which almost sparked the angry flames.

'Why is she so interested in the conversation of those kids? Why did she dodge my touch?'

The irritation gathered in his eyes.

The first-floor lobby of the restaurant was filled with tension. Even the waiters and waitresses felt terrified.

However, Paul was the exception. He raised his eyebrows triumphantly.

Sylvia didn't treat Franklin better because of his gorgeous face.

Watching the scene, Paul felt less depressed after Sylvia refused him.

As long as Franklin suffered, he would be delighted.

Sylvia went to the front desk.

Before she spoke, the lobby manager excitedly greeted her, "Good day, Miss Andrews. You look wonderful today. I thought I'd seen a celestial being from a painting."

"Oh, save it." Sylvia curled up her lips into a faint smile. "Please get us a table. They are all my friends."

"Sure. I'll arrange it for you now." The lobby manager nodded at her respectfully. Then he trotted out of the front desk and started to inform his subordinates.

"Miss Andrews is here."

"Tell the kitchen Miss Andrews is here. Prepare all her favorite dishes and ice cream. She brought her friends here. Make sure to serve them well."

A few minutes later, the lobby manager personally led them to a round table.

"This is your table, Miss Andrew."

"Mr. Carrillo, Mr. McKee, please take a seat." Sylvia smiled at the two mid-aged men. "Let's sit down."

## **chapter 118**

The two mid-aged men were shocked again as they could tell Royal Galaxy Restaurant provided Sylvia with the service for a VIP.

Royal Galaxy was a high-end restaurant with a booming business. Usually, a table needed to be reserved one week ahead, and most of the time, it was too difficult to succeed.

However, Sylvia directly took them in without waiting in line, looking as if she were the restaurant owner.

Franklin and Paul didn't object to it.

Poppy was about to sit next to Sylvia, but her target chair was occupied by someone else.

When she raised her head, aggrieved, she saw Franklin sitting on Sylvia's left like an iceberg.

Poppy was annoyed and tried to sit on Sylvia's right, but Paul immediately sat down.

Therefore, she had to sit next to James in disappointment.

James patted her hand. "Silly girl, Franklin is always with Sylvia. The Kennedy brothers want to break them up. Can't you see it?"

Poppy bowed her head in depression. 'I just want to sit beside Sylvia. What's so wrong with it?'

"Miss Andrews, I've told the kitchen to prepare your favorite dishes. What would your friends like to order?" The lobby manager served their table personally. He would ensure to make Sylvia's friends enjoy lunch in his restaurant.

In this world, only Miss Andrews deserved his service.

Sylvia darted at him leisurely, only to find he was excited. Immediately, she read his mind.

She pushed the menus to Mr. Carrillo and Mr. McKee. "Please order whatever you want. Poppy has gained one million dollars today."

"Exactly. Thank you for being my witnesses, Mr. Carrillo, Mr. McKee," Poppy echoed.

The two mid-aged men ordered a few dishes and pushed the menus to Franklin.

Franklin glanced at a menu in silence. The next second, he pushed it to Sylvia.

Sylvia looked at him in confusion. "What's wrong?"

"Help me order," he uttered three words, staring at her expectantly.

Sylvia looked amused. "This one. This dish. That one..."

She ordered several dishes, all Franklin's favorites, which she often used to cook for him before.

Inwardly, she mocked him for being arrogant and abnormal.

'Do the dishes I order taste better? You psycho.'

Watching them, Paul said to Sylvia, "Miss Andrews, can you also help me order?"

"Sorry, but I don't know what your favorite dishes are. I'm afraid you need to order yourself." Sylvia tossed a menu to him, feeling slightly annoyed.

When Paul raised his head, he saw a triumphant gleam in Franklin's eyes.

Sylvia treated Franklin differently from others.

Paul was frustrated because she knew about Franklin's favorite dishes and helped him order.

Since entering the restaurant, Franklin had been unhappy. Finally, at this moment, he felt much better. A suggestion of a smile appeared on his face.

However, shortly after, his mood worsened again.

Jealousy sprung in him, which others could feel.

The chef of Royal Galaxy Restaurant, who seldom met the patrons or showed up in public, suddenly appeared at their table.

The chef had blonde hair and blue eyes, looking pretty much like the British actor Tom Hiddleston.

"Oops. Sibbie, here you came," he exclaimed joyfully, almost giving Sylvia a bear hug.

Suddenly, a solid hand pressed his shoulder to stop him. "Sylvia likes to keep her distance from others."

Franklin gazed at the chef icily, gripping his shoulder like a vice.

Feeling the pain, the handsome chef glared at him. "Who are you? Sibbie is my best friend."

"All right, Gage. Go ahead to cook. All right?"

Sylvia patted him on the back.

Gage Klein felt aggrieved. "Sibbie, this man is a violent maniac. I have human rights. I'll sue him."

"Shush!" Sylvia glanced at him coldly. "Get back to your kitchen. You can't come here without my permission."

"Sibbie..." Gage looked more depressed. The lobby manager trotted over and dragged him away. "Chef Gage, please return to the kitchen. Miss Andrews brought her friends here for lunch. Be a good boy."

"OK."

Gage still felt aggrieved, pouting.

His heart was broken as Sylvia didn't love him anymore.

"He's a talented chef but not adept at interacting with people." Sylvia darted at Franklin indifferently and then looked at others. "I hope you don't mind. Please don't think he's abnormal."

"No wonder he seldom appeared in public. Many celebrities wanted to meet him, but he refused them." Paul nodded in understanding. "I like his accent, though."

Inwardly, he wondered if Gage had some mental trouble as Gage behaved like a five-year-old boy. The lobby manager even had to coax him.

Right then, the dishes were served.

When the waiters and waitresses saw Sylvia, they greeted her enthusiastically. Royal Galaxy Restaurant was famous for its excellent services, but its staff treated Sylvia exceptionally well.

Whenever a waiter or a waitress saw her, joy was sparked in their eyes evidently.

Everyone could tell the way they stared at Sylvia was different. Their eyes were full of ecstasy and obsession as if Sylvia was their idol.

Franklin had been used to such a kind of gaze because Romeo, James, and Poppy also looked at Sylvia the same way.

"Miss Andrews, all your ordered dishes have been served. Please enjoy your lunch. Call us whenever you need anything," a waiter bowed at Sylvia and said respectfully after serving the last dish.

"Thanks," Sylvia replied.

"Bon appetit, everyone." The waiter left.

Paul immediately picked up a piece of grilled rib on her plate. "Miss Andrews, try the rib. It looks yummy."

Sylvia was taken aback slightly. Then she nodded at him to thank him.

Watching the scene, James became anxious.

The Kennedy brothers were ambitious. They looked easygoing and lively but never approached anyone actively.

They always distanced themselves from others.

However, Paul had just picked up the food for Sylvia.

James cast an anxious glance at Franklin. 'Come on, Franklin. Fight against your enemy. He's fawning over your wife.'

Paul picked up some vegetable salad for himself with a faint smile. His gaze fell on Sylvia's expressionless charming face.

The smile on Paul's face became broader.

Sylvia ate the rib picked by him.

Romeo secretly praised his older brother for his excellent performance.

Franklin looked stern, watching the scene icily. Then his gaze fell on the rib, his eyes glittering with anger.

The next second, he started to shell the lobsters. His slender, artwork-liked fingers worked fast. Several Boston lobsters were shelled shortly after.

"Hiss!" he suddenly grasped.

Others looked over, only to find the blood on a finger of his right hand.

Franklin stared at the wound expressionlessly. Then he looked at Sylvia and complained, "It hurts." Others were shocked by his words.

He looked as if he was repressing the tremendous pain. "I'd better be tolerant."

With those words, he pushed the shelled lobsters to Sylvia. "For you, Sylvia."

Everyone could tell he was trying to act cute.

He behaved too awkwardly but was still attractive, especially since he had such a lovely face.

Sylvia glanced at the lobster and then at Franklin, who was as noble as a prince. She thought he wasn't only abnormal but also dramatic.

'Mr. Maskelyne, you are always an overbearing, cold man. Why are you so dramatic now?' thought her.

While she was wondering, Franklin kept an aloof look and reached his injured finger to her. "It still bleeds. Dr. Andrews, can you help me?"

Sylvia grabbed a paper napkin, covered his wound, and tied a bowknot. "Are you happy with my help, Mr. Maskelyne?"

The bowknot was too adorable for such a man of status.

However, Franklin replied in satisfaction, "Dr. Andrews, I want to have the orange chicken. Can you please pick some for me? My right-hand hurts. I'm afraid I cannot use a fork now."

Once again, Sylvia inwardly mocked him for being so childish.

Poppy gaped at them as she had never expected her brother to be so.

In her opinion, Franklin was always aggressive, cold-hearted, and ruthless.

However, he behaved so shamelessly now.

Compared to him, her tricks to gain Sylvia's favor were nothing.

James winked at Romeo triumphantly. 'Look. My brother's more skilled.'

James inwardly praised Franklin. He never wanted Franklin and Sylvia to break up.

Mr. Carrillo and Mr. McKee bowed their heads while munching the food in silence.

Franklin changed his image in their mind again.

Jasper was also shocked. 'Bravo, Mr. Maskelyne!' However, he was worried as Sylvia might not be cooperative.

As he expected, Sylvia parted her lips and called over a waiter. "Mr. Maskelyne is injured. Please help him have lunch."

"Yes, Miss Andrews." The waiter picked up a serving spoon, looking at Franklin with a sincere smile. "Mr. Maskelyne, which dish would you like to have now?"

Franklin's eagle-sharp eyes narrowed. He said, sounding aggressive, "Sylvia, my stomach hurts."

Paul almost smashed his fork onto Franklin's face. 'How shameless!'

He naturally picked up more food for Sylvia, staring at Franklin.

The latter almost went ballistic. Pushing the lobster closer to Sylvia, he said, "Sylvia, this one is more nutritious."

A faint smile blossomed across Sylvia's face.

Her features were exquisite. When she looked stern, she emanated aloofness. However, when she smiled, her face was glowing.

Her smile seemed to light up the room. All people at the table were stunned.

Franklin gazed at her intensely. He asked mellowly in a seductive tone, "What are you laughing about?"

"You helped me shell the lobsters. Thanks, Franklin." Sylvia stood up while she spoke. She picked up his plate and started putting food on it, all Franklin's favorite dishes.

After that, she said to the waiter, who stood next to Franklin but was ignored by him, "You can go back to your work. He's just too dramatic. Thanks for your help."

Sylvia was the only woman in this world with the guts to remark Franklin to be dramatic.

However, Franklin stared at her expectantly, looking as if he was waiting for her to feed him.

Other people at the table couldn't believe their eyes at all.

As a man of status, Franklin exuded a strong aura. His eyes were intense and cold.



When he looked at someone, the person would naturally feel stressed.

However, when his gaze fell on Sylvia, his eyes were filled with fervency.

Anyone wise could tell he was obsessed with Sylvia.

Paul stared at him, his face dark, his eyes full of hidden emotions.

He had to admit that Franklin was skillful in gaining a woman's favor as he could play shameless tricks.

He didn't believe Franklin had a stomachache or the wound on his finger was severe.

Franklin just played the victim shamelessly to gain Sylvia's sympathy.

Noticing his gaze, Franklin scowled at Paul.

The Kennedy and Maskelyne families never got along. Much to Franklin's surprise, after Sylvia had taught the Kennedy brothers a lesson, they became obsessed with her.

Narrowing his eyes, Franklin looked at the food that was picked up by Sylvia on his plate. He suddenly asked, trying to hit Paul's raw nerves, "Mr. Kennedy, has the 3% stock price of Kennedy Firm returned?"

His words sent Paul into a rage.

"Mr. Maskelyne, Kennedy Firm's stock has nothing to do with you."

Franklin elegantly put some food into his mouth, enjoying the taste. If Sylvia didn't know the owner of Royal Galaxy Restaurant, he would feel much better.

"All right. Wish Kennedy Firm would turn the tables and its stock price would rise soon."

Franklin's mood became better.

Kennedy Firm's stock price kept decreasing. Besides, Sylvia didn't pick up food for either Paul or Romeo.

Franklin hadn't realized how childish he had behaved and thought.

Everyone at the table felt the strong aura from Franklin. Looking at his intense eyes, they could tell his complaint had eased to an unconcealed joy on his face.

No one figured out what was on his mind.

Although James was slow sometimes, he could tell Franklin was jealous after Paul tried to please Sylvia earlier.

Suddenly, James realized that the Kennedy brothers had come to the restaurant because of him.

Judging from Franklin's strong desire for possession, James realized he was angry.

He wondered if Franklin would deduct his allowance.

With a pale face, he cast a glance at Sylvia pitifully. Then he muttered in an entreating voice, "Franklin, I..."

**chapter 119**

The smile on Paul's face became broader.

Sylvia ate the rib picked by him.

Romeo secretly praised his older brother for his excellent performance.

Franklin looked stern, watching the scene icily. Then his gaze fell on the rib, his eyes glittering with anger.

The next second, he started to shell the lobsters. His slender, artwork-liked fingers worked fast. Several Boston lobsters were shelled shortly after.

"Hiss!" he suddenly grasped.

Others looked over, only to find the blood on a finger of his right hand.

Franklin stared at the wound expressionlessly. Then he looked at Sylvia and complained, "It hurts." Others were shocked by his words.

He looked as if he was repressing the tremendous pain. "I'd better be tolerant."

With those words, he pushed the shelled lobsters to Sylvia. "For you, Sylvia."

Everyone could tell he was trying to act cute.

He behaved too awkwardly but was still attractive, especially since he had such a lovely face.

Sylvia glanced at the lobster and then at Franklin, who was as noble as a prince. She thought he wasn't only abnormal but also dramatic.

'Mr. Maskelyne, you are always an overbearing, cold man. Why are you so dramatic now?' thought her.

While she was wondering, Franklin kept an aloof look and reached his injured finger to her. "It still bleeds. Dr. Andrews, can you help me?"

Sylvia grabbed a paper napkin, covered his wound, and tied a bowknot. "Are you happy with my help, Mr. Maskelyne?"

The bowknot was too adorable for such a man of status.

However, Franklin replied in satisfaction, "Dr. Andrews, I want to have the orange chicken. Can you please pick some for me? My right-hand hurts. I'm afraid I cannot use a fork now."

Once again, Sylvia inwardly mocked him for being so childish.

Poppy gaped at them as she had never expected her brother to be so.

In her opinion, Franklin was always aggressive, cold-hearted, and ruthless.

However, he behaved so shamelessly now.

Compared to him, her tricks to gain Sylvia's favor were nothing.

James winked at Romeo triumphantly. 'Look. My brother's more skilled.'

James inwardly praised Franklin. He never wanted Franklin and Sylvia to break up.

Mr. Carrillo and Mr. McKee bowed their heads while munching the food in silence.

Franklin changed his image in their mind again.

Jasper was also shocked. 'Bravo, Mr. Maskelyne!' However, he was worried as Sylvia might not be cooperative.

As he expected, Sylvia parted her lips and called over a waiter. "Mr. Maskelyne is injured. Please help him have lunch."

"Yes, Miss Andrews." The waiter picked up a serving spoon, looking at Franklin with a sincere smile. "Mr. Maskelyne, which dish would you like to have now?"

Franklin's eagle-sharp eyes narrowed. He said, sounding aggressive, "Sylvia, my stomach hurts."

Paul almost smashed his fork onto Franklin's face. 'How shameless!'

He naturally picked up more food for Sylvia, staring at Franklin.

The latter almost went ballistic. Pushing the lobster closer to Sylvia, he said, "Sylvia, this one is more nutritious."

A faint smile blossomed across Sylvia's face.

Her features were exquisite. When she looked stern, she emanated aloofness. However, when she smiled, her face was glowing.

Her smile seemed to light up the room. All people at the table were stunned.

Franklin gazed at her intensely. He asked mellowly in a seductive tone, "What are you laughing about?"

"You helped me shell the lobsters. Thanks, Franklin." Sylvia stood up while she spoke. She picked up his plate and started putting food on it, all Franklin's favorite dishes.

After that, she said to the waiter, who stood next to Franklin but was ignored by him, "You can go back to your work. He's just too dramatic. Thanks for your help."

Sylvia was the only woman in this world with the guts to remark Franklin to be dramatic.

However, Franklin stared at her expectantly, looking as if he was waiting for her to feed him.

Other people at the table couldn't believe their eyes at all.

As a man of status, Franklin exuded a strong aura. His eyes were intense and cold.

When he looked at someone, the person would naturally feel stressed.

However, when his gaze fell on Sylvia, his eyes were filled with fervency.

Anyone wise could tell he was obsessed with Sylvia.

Paul stared at him, his face dark, his eyes full of hidden emotions.

He had to admit that Franklin was skillful in gaining a woman's favor as he could play shameless tricks.

He didn't believe Franklin had a stomachache or the wound on his finger was severe.

Franklin just played the victim shamelessly to gain Sylvia's sympathy.

Noticing his gaze, Franklin scowled at Paul.

The Kennedy and Maskelyne families never got along. Much to Franklin's surprise, after Sylvia had taught the Kennedy brothers a lesson, they became obsessed with her.

Narrowing his eyes, Franklin looked at the food that was picked up by Sylvia on his plate. He suddenly asked, trying to hit Paul's raw nerves, "Mr. Kennedy, has the 3% stock price of Kennedy Firm returned?"

His words sent Paul into a rage.

"Mr. Maskelyne, Kennedy Firm's stock has nothing to do with you."

Franklin elegantly put some food into his mouth, enjoying the taste. If Sylvia didn't know the owner of Royal Galaxy Restaurant, he would feel much better.

"All right. Wish Kennedy Firm would turn the tables and its stock price would rise soon."

Franklin's mood became better.

Kennedy Firm's stock price kept decreasing. Besides, Sylvia didn't pick up food for either Paul or Romeo.

Franklin hadn't realized how childish he had behaved and thought.

Everyone at the table felt the strong aura from Franklin. Looking at his intense eyes, they could tell his complaint had eased to an unconcealed joy on his face.

No one figured out what was on his mind.

Although James was slow sometimes, he could tell Franklin was jealous after Paul tried to please Sylvia earlier.

Suddenly, James realized that the Kennedy brothers had come to the restaurant because of him.

Judging from Franklin's strong desire for possession, James realized he was angry.

He wondered if Franklin would deduct his allowance.

With a pale face, he cast a glance at Sylvia pitifully. Then he muttered in an entreating voice, "Franklin, I..."

## **chapter 120**

Franklin squinted. Then he stared daggers at James, sending fear to his chest. "Shut up."

James' heart sank.

However, he was unconvinced.

He thought, 'You are so weird, Franklin. If you still have a desire for possessions toward Sylvia and are jealous of other men pursuing her, you shouldn't have divorced her.'

Are you fond of the love game after divorce? Sylvia is your ex-wife now. She has the freedom to dine out with any man she likes. It's none of your business.'

The next second, James shook off his thoughts. He couldn't think that way as he was unwilling to see Sylvia marry into the Kennedy family.

Nodding vigorously, James said, "Franklin, I... I can help you pick up food."

Franklin refused him, "No, thanks. You cannot do it well."

James felt heartbroken. His brother just despised him.

After the lunch ended, Poppy and Paul argued about paying the bill. Glaring at him, Poppy pouted. "What are you doing? It's on me. We've agreed before lunch. I invited Mr. Carrillo and Mr. McKee to thank them for their help. You can't pay it."

"Poppy, I'm a gentleman. I should pay the bill." Paul had never expected to fight with a girl to pay for a bill.

"It doesn't make sense. Most people at this table are my family. It must be my treat today." Poppy pulled out her wallet angrily. Then she swiped the card to pay the bill.

Mr. Carrillo and Mr. McKee were curious about Sylvia.

Mr. Carrillo asked, "Miss Andrews, what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a doctor," Sylvia answered politely.

"I see." Mr. Carrillo nodded.

Mr. McKee asked, "Miss Andrews, which department are you in?"

Sylvia replied politely, "The surgical department."

The two mid-aged men exchanged a glance and looked away naturally.

"Miss Andrews, are you close to the restaurant owner?" Mr. Carrillo asked.

"Not really. We are acquaintances only." Although the two mid-aged men looked gentle and well-educated, they were too nosy.

They kept asking Sylvia questions.

Sitting aside, Franklin was all his ears to their conversation.

He felt relieved hearing Sylvia deny being a close friend of the restaurant owner. He wondered if she was only close to the chef.

However, the chef looked abnormal and behaved like a five-year-old.

Gradually, he felt relieved.

After leaving Royal Galaxy Restaurant, Mr. Carrillo said to Sylvia, “Miss Andrews, if you have time, can you share your working experience with the students of the medical school of Vista University? When will you be available?”

Franklin was unhappy upon hearing his invitation.

He was alert to other men, but much to his surprise, Mr. Carrillo also wanted to pester Sylvia.

“Mr. Carrillo, I’ve been busy recently. I was assigned to a task at the city hall. After it’s over, I’ll contact you to ensure the schedule.” Since Mr. Carrillo and Mr. McKee helped her identify Luca Ball earlier today, Sylvia wanted to return the favor.

“Really?” Mr. Carrillo and Mr. McKee exchanged an excited glance with each other.

They didn’t expect Sylvia to agree so quickly.

“I never break my promise.” Sylvia beamed at them. “You can also contact Logan Mertens directly. He called you earlier, didn’t he?”

Only then did Mr. Carrillo recall that he had received a call from Logan before, who also asked him about Luca.

He realized that Logan wanted to help Sylvia at that time as well.

He became more curious about Sylvia.

Upon hearing her ask Mr. Carrillo to contact Logan, Franklin wrapped his arm around Sylvia’s waist. “Mr. Carrillo, you can contact me for that matter.”

His grip on her waist was so tight that it caused discomfort.

Although Sylvia was expressionless, she felt irritated.

To stop Franklin from touching her, she nudged him. In pain, Franklin frowned but still gripped her without letting go.

‘My belly hurts. How could Sylvia be so brutal to me?’ his inner voice complained.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Royal Galaxy Restaurant, a blonde man looked down before the floor-to-ceiling window. He watched the tall, slender man wrap his arm around Sylvia’s waist.

The naiveness had already faded off from his blue eyes. He narrowed his gaze, his aqua eyes full of jealousy.

Gazing at Franklin and Sylvia, he was almost drowned in his crazy jealousy.

‘Sibbie...’

Reaching out toward the woman downstairs subconsciously, he muttered in a trembling tone, “Sibbie, it’s been so many years, but you’ve never paid attention to me.”

For Sylvia, he stayed in H Rovirsa and Royal Galaxy Restaurant willingly. Although she rarely showed up, he was still waiting for her.

However, she was now in another man's arms.

Piercing pain rose in his heart.

"Excuse me, Chef Gage. Are you going to cook other dishes today?" a cook asked him respectfully.

Although Gage didn't know how to socialize with others and behaved like a child, he was an expert in cooking. Therefore, all cooks in Royal Galaxy Restaurant respected him.

Gage put away the anger and jealousy from his face, his blue eyes becoming pure and innocent again. "I'm tired today. I won't cook other dishes. Please go ahead to cook."

"All right." The cook turned away, doubting why the chef looked different from usual. Earlier, when he saw Gage, he dared not to speak at all.

Gage's face was full of hostility and anger. The cook wondered if that was his illusion.

At the restaurant entrance, the cars had been driven over.

Gazing at Franklin's hand on Sylvia's waist, Paul was annoyed.

Failing to repress his anger, he snapped, "Mr. Maskelyne, you're married. It's inappropriate to behave so intimately with Miss Andrews, isn't it? Aren't you afraid Mrs. Maskelyne will punish you after you return home?"

Irritation sprung into Franklin's eyes. If he hadn't divorced Sylvia, he could ask Paul to get out of sight and tell him Sylvia was his wife.

However, all Franklin could do was frown and reply coldly, "Mr. Kennedy, what does my relationship with my wife have to do with you?"

Inwardly, he felt he sounded too weak by saying so.

He could embarrass Paul in public if he aggressively announced Sylvia was his wife.

After divorcing Sylvia, he regretted it sometimes. However, he ignored the feeling immediately.

He had never wondered why he repeatedly pestered Sylvia.

Right then, he truly regretted divorcing her.

If he had known Sylvia was so adorable and attractive to men, he wouldn't have divorced her. Then he wouldn't need to be so alert to other men.

Sylvia swung her waist to struggle, wishing to break free from his grip.

However, Franklin tightened his grasp on her waist and pressed her into his Bentley.

Poppy watched Sylvia be taken away by Franklin overbearingly but could do anything. She sat in her car in depression.

'Gee... You've divorced. Why do you fully occupy Sylvia?' she inwardly bitched about her brother.