

Revealed 141

chapter 141

Sylvia had nothing to say.

It was none of her business.

She got off the car and stood there.

Now, what she was supposed to do was to go home, take a shower and have a nice sleep.

It was so exhausting to be the general director. She was tired.

Franklin, appearing to be miserable, clutched his stomach. He slowly approached Sylvia. It was so close that his face almost touched hers.

Sylvia took a step back, "If your stomach aches, take some pills."

A sense of outrage oozed from Franklin. There was something intimidating in his dark eyes.

He had faked a pitiful look. Why didn't she show any sympathy toward him?

He could not help feeling frustrated.

Jasper was wordless. 'Mr. Maskelyne, you don't look pitiful at all. You are scary.'

After a while, Sylvia looked back at him calmly, "Don't be so childish, Franklin."

Her cold voice was devoid of sympathy, which fanned the flames of anger inside Franklin.

'What a merciless woman.'

"You think I can't live without you? Sylvia, for the sake of the old feelings, can't you make some pasta for me? I don't ask for much, just a plate of pasta."

Franklin raised his hands. His long, slender fingers caressed her face boldly, "Or do I have to resort to other measures to make you stay?"

Sylvia wanted to avoid his touch, but it was too late.

His large and firm hand had gripped her wrist and dragged her towards the house...

Sylvia frowned. 'What's he angry with?'

Franklin kicked the door open.

The atmosphere in the living room almost froze, making everyone in this room stressed.

It was like a huge cage made of ice.

And Sylvia was in the middle of it.

She watched the man, whose eyes were as sharp as blades dipped in extreme coldness. A mere glance would carve her skin open and leave her flesh bare in the piercing coldness.

Rock, who was watering the flowers, came to the living room as he heard some noise.

When he entered and saw the two people confronting each other, he immediately put down his kettle and welcomed, "Mrs. Maskelyne, you are back."

Sylvia was incapable of speech.

Mrs. Maskelyne, what a familiar old name.

Franklin was standing in front of her in an oppressing manner.

He inhaled deeply to suppress the urge to correct her behavior.

"Rock has always been nice to you. He didn't have dinner either. Make some pasta, will you?"

Rock, unaware of the tension between them, felt the atmosphere was a bit weird.

Sylvia forced herself to smile, though it was stiff, and looked into Rock's caring eyes, "Rock, you didn't have dinner?"

He glanced at Franklin. Of course, he was to take Franklin's side. It was apparent that he was determined to keep Mrs. Maskelyne here, which he was happy to see.

"No, I have not. I miss your cooking so much."

Sylvia had no other choice but to head to the kitchen.

Rock had been nice to her.

When others were nice to her, she repaid their kindness, and when others were mean to her, she would treat them the same way she was treated.

Therefore, she was not going to do anything that would harm Rock.

Franklin leaned on the couch leisurely. There were women out there more docile and lovely than Sylvia, but he was attracted by her alone, like a masochist.

His handmade suit was unbuttoned and two buttons of his black shirt inside were open, revealing his throat and collarbone and his half visible chest...

From where he was sitting, he could perfectly see what Sylvia was doing in the kitchen.

His eyes rested boldly on her, trying to catch even the slightest change on her face.

It was so sharp and dangerous that Sylvia felt a bit uncomfortable.

She had agreed to make dinner, what more did he want?

Her movements got stiffened with his attention hovering around her.

Suddenly, he stood up, took off his suit, and walked to the kitchen.

He stared at her.

His thin lips curled into a faint smile, "Let me help you."

He rolled up his sleeves and showed his arms, which were firm and masculine.

As he was washing the vegetables, the firm muscles visibly shifted and tensed.

He tilted his head a bit and saw her beautiful face. She was putting all her heart into making pasta.

She even made two eggs.

Franklin slowed down and stared at her silently.

"I want two eggs." His deep voice resounded through the kitchen.

Sylvia looked up and noticed how his face got more enchanting under the light yellow light.

"Don't you think it's too much? It's getting late."

"I'm hungry." His voice was so bland that it seemed no emotion was involved.

Sylvia made another egg.

Now that the pasta was almost done, she put the sauce in.

Soon, two plates of pasta were ready, one of which contained two eggs.

As Rock saw the plate with two eggs, he could not help cracking a smile. Mrs. Maskelyne was so partial, wasn't she?

Did it suggest that she was willing to reconcile with Master Franklin?

He thought naively as he was having dinner.

After watching Franklin eat them all, including the soup, Sylvia deeply believed that Franklin must have died of hunger in his former life.

"I should go," said Sylvia.

But Franklin caught her wrist and led her upstairs, "Time to sleep."

Sylvia struggled to get out. She raised another hand high, mustered all her strength, and waved it at him.

But he caught her easily and looked at her with irresistible force, "You will hurt both of us if you are going to fight with me."

There was coldness ascending from the floor. Franklin's proud eyes rested on her. The corner of his mouth curved up slightly, "Are you really going to test my ability, sweetheart? I'm afraid you can't bear my attack."

There was a trace of warning in his voice.

Sylvia stared back at him.

Her eyes were so clear and bright. A woman like her, insanely enticing, stirred his heart by merely standing there quietly...

Franklin, having regained control over his restless heart, pulled her into his chest and went upstairs while holding her.

It was still a bit confusing for Sylvia to come back to their old bedroom.

"You should take a shower."

She shifted her attention to Franklin, who said unexpectedly, "You and I together."

He was not as gullible as before. The moment he went into the bathroom, he was sure Sylvia would crack the window open and jump out.

Sylvia organized her thoughts, trying to suppress her anger, "Do you really believe I'm afraid to fight against you, Franklin?"

Fight? She was never afraid of fights.

"I would never fight you." His long and slender fingers touched her wrist and gripped it as if he was afraid that she would escape.

He dragged her into the bathroom.

The water faucet was open and there was water coming out.

The spray formed a vague cloud, through which Silva's delicate face was as enchanting as a mermaid, her long and thick hair drifting.

Sylvia thought of the old days. At that time, she would always take a shower with Franklin. And when she was unbuttoning his clothes clumsily, she would be so shy that she could barely keep her eyes open.

But now, they were like strangers, treating each other so impatiently. Maybe it was because there was no love between them.

He embraced her into his arms.

"In the old times..." The moment Franklin opened his mouth, Sylvia interrupted, "Don't mention the old times."

He kept silent and started unbuttoning himself.

Sylvia lowered her head, but accidentally, she caught sight of his broad shoulders, sexy chest, and six-pack stomach.

His upper body was perfectly shaped, like an inverted triangle, with a golden ratio and tempting lines.

As he was undressing, his black shirt slid down to the ground.

Suppressing her racing heartbeat, she whirled around to check the temperature of the water.

Feeling the lukewarm water flowing past her fingertips, she looked up, "It feels good."

The moment she finished talking, a strong force shoved her into the bathtub...

The water almost swallowed her. After struggling to get to her feet, Sylvia glared at Franklin.

'You psychopath!'

Her clothes were all soaked with water. And now they stuck closely on her as if they were her second layer of skin.

As Franklin was watching Sylvia trying to get out of the tub, something unfathomable was flickering in his dark eyes.

"Stay with me, sweetie." After saying that, he just directly stepped into the tub.

Sylvia, who was stunned, couldn't help staring at his firm torso.

Franklin stooped down, his long fingers gently touching Sylvia's face, "Sweetie..."

His fingers were a bit rough, but they moved slowly along her silhouette with deep fondness and obsession...

His voice was deep and hoarse, his eyes were filled with affection for her.

The sound of the water running down echoed in Sylvia's ears, bringing her back to reality.

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7-9 minutes

Sylvia gathered her strength and pushed Franklin as hard as she could, and just like that, with a splash, Franklin stumbled and fell to the tub.

He was appreciating her stunning appearance. Her change of mood was total oblivion to him.

Franklin, sitting in the tub, simply dragged Sylvia to the tub as well.

He held her waist with both of his large hands and fixed her in his hug.

There was some water in her collarbone area, her fair legs were slightly bent. She seemed to like those delicate porcelain vases, making people unable to shift their attention. She bewitched him...

Franklin gently kissed Sylvia's face with his thin lips, "You pushed me, sweetie."

There was a very subtle trace of a sigh in his voice.

Sylvia almost doubted whether she heard it right.

Why did he sigh?

"Franklin, you seem quite enjoy wooing me after a divorce?" she said ironically.

Then the soft sigh Franklin let out faded.

His warm lips came closer, "If I want to remarry, will you say yes?"

Sylvia answered without hesitation, "No."

But Franklin was not at all irritated by her answer.

He raised his hand, tenderly touched her collarbone, and smiled in a lowered voice, "One day you will."

His deep voice sounded sexy but it was full of confidence.

He buried his head in her neck.

"You are so beautiful..." He was rather generous in praising her.

What she feared the most eventually happened.

She was turned on as the virus took control of her, and she just wanted to be closer to him.

Franklin lowered his head and kissed her lips, wildly.

He released her after a long while.

Watching her reddened face, he cracked a smile, "Why are you blushing? We've been married for four years."

His long fingers held her head up so that she could look directly into his eyes. The steam made her face look more shining...

Sylvia could do nothing about it.

The virus took to Franklin the most, but honestly, she didn't know why.

When Sylvia was carried out, she felt her head heavier than ever.

Her eyes were kept closed the whole time.

"I find you are more adorable and attracting after our divorce..." he sounded like he had abiding lust for her.

Franklin had a bathrobe on, while Sylvia was lying on the bed, covered with a thin quilt, leaving only her head on the outside.

Her long and thick lashes were flickering. She was so lovely.

Franklin gently caressed her face. He was sitting by her side. Sylvia could feel the part of the bed sinking down.

She really didn't want to talk to him, so she kept pretending to be sleeping.

"Why are you silent, sweetie?" He placed his fingers under her jaw to raise them higher.

Her attitude made him feel like he was doing this all alone. She felt helpless.

He was so bossy and didn't even allow her to keep silent.

The warm light shed on him, adding a dreamy glow to his gorgeous face.

Sylvia's long lashes flickered, her eyes gradually opening. The virus in her was soothed.

“Franklin, I’m tired.”

The virus controlled her from time to time. It made her so tired. When could she get rid of it?

“Alright, good night.” He laid down by her side and locked her in his arms.

The night grew darker. Under such darkness, how many couples slept on the same bed but had different thoughts on their minds? And how many people were unable to sleep?

In a dim room.

Tiffany slowly recovered consciousness. Her head was so dizzy and her body so sore. She stood up with a drowsy head and looked around.

It was so dark...

She groped for the door and then tugged the doorknob. It was locked.

Fear and panic flooded through her. She shouted, “Hello? Is anybody here? Where am I? Why are you locking me?”

She knocked hard on the door, but no one answered her.

After she went out of the café with Darcie, she was dragged into a van, and then she passed out.

When she woke up, she was here, a place unfamiliar to her. Was she kidnapped?

Out of fear, she huddled on the floor.

She was just one of the Evans. She had no money, no power, and was not favored. Why were they kidnapping her? For what?

Suddenly, the light was turned on.

Then the door was open.

A man in black walked in with a pellet in his hand. It looked familiar.

It seemed it was the aphrodisiac she bought from the black market.

She could not help stepping back, shouting, “What do you want to do?”

“Make sure you take the pill.” His voice was hoarse.

His face was covered. There was no way she could tell what he looked like.

“No. I don’t want to take that.” She screamed and rushed to the door, trying to escape the room.

But the man was prepared. He grabbed her arm and fixed her against the wall. His hand cracked her mouth open and forced her to swallow the pill.

“No.” she struggled as hard as she could, trying to spit it out.

But somehow he got a bottle of water and forced her to drink it.

She swallowed a lot and then it was impossible to get it out.

He shrugged her away and ditched her to the floor as if she was a rag.

She lay on the ground like a drowned rat. Her clothes were untidy, her hair messy and the front part of her clothes, which was sticking to her, was all wet due to the water.

Tears flowed down her cheeks.

“Who are you? Why are you doing this to me? What do you want? I can give you money.”

She cried out loud painfully.

For all her life, she was the one being protected. Never had she been treated like this.

“It’s too late.” The man answered drily.

Then he lifted her holding her collar and dragged her out of the dark room.

She was thrown into a van.

Her hands were firmly tied by the man before she was thrown into this seat.

The van galloped under the dark night toward the city.

After a while, she felt her temperature increase and her body heating.

She could not help wriggling on the back seat to ease the pain.

But it was not enough. The heat wave came to her again and again.

Her consciousness was gradually fading.

The man in the driver’s seat continued to drive as if he didn’t hear anything. He did not even look at her.

The car slowly drove into the city and eventually stopped in front of a club.

The club was a famous one. Various types of people came here, good ones and bad ones, but mostly, bad ones.

The man ditched her before the club, untied her, and left.

She was so weak that she could barely walk, but anyway she managed to walk into the club with her flaccid legs.

She had only one thought in her mind.

Holding the door frame, she entered the club with a crimson face.

A bald man came to her the moment he saw her walking in by herself, “Where are you from, you pretty thing?”

Her misty eyes and slightly opened mouth clearly suggested that she was drugged. The bald man immediately got it and soon, a few men gathered around, hauling Tiffany toward a private box.

Morning.

Tiffany opened her eyes and found herself lying on a sofa in a room, with a few men lying here and there on the ground.

There were emptied beer bottles everywhere. It was so messy and there was even foul air in the room.

She looked around unbelievably.

With tears streaming down her face, she watched everything with blank eyes.

She could barely withstand the suffering.

Why? Why did such a terrible thing happen to her?

Tears fell down, just like her lost virginity.

Tiffany returned home.

It was lucky for her that no one was at home. There were only some servants doing cleaning jobs.

She rushed to her room and locked the door. It was not until she washed completely that her mood became a little bit better.

She started to ponder who was screwing her. She racked her mind but nothing seemed right.

Was it Sylvia?

Except for Sylvia, she indeed did not offend anyone.

Tiffany was exhausted last night. As she was speculating, she drifted into sleep.

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In the morning, sunshine poured through the windows.

The woman on the bed slowly opened her eyes, her fair face showing a healthy glow.

What came to her sight first was Franklin's handsome face. He had gotten up and was watching her from one side of the bed.

He looked possessive, even a bit aggressive as if he wanted to engrave her in his mind.

"Ready to get up?" he asked in a hoarse and deep voice.

"Yeah," Sylvia answered blandly.

"I'm going to fly the plane today, love." He looked at her with some kind of craving, "Come with me?"

He loved seeing her when he was on the plane.

"Don't push me, Franklin." Sylvia sat up and casually tucked a wisp of her loosened hair behind her ear. For Franklin, it was an attractive move.

The morning in the Townyer Villa seemed a bit weird.

Tiffany came early in the morning.

She directly walked into the kitchen and started making coffee and sandwiches.

It seemed she was making breakfast for Franklin. Rock watched her from behind, not daring to interrupt her.

She was not as friendly as Mrs. Maskelyne.

In the dining room, Franklin was browsing through newspapers. A simple breakfast was ready on the table, black coffee, and sandwiches.

Rock glanced at it and sneered.

Miss Evans was so headstrong. She persisted in making breakfast for Master Franklin.

Though Master Franklin's breakfast seemed simple, what she didn't know was that only Mrs. Maskelyne could make it the way he liked, no matter whether it was the thickness of the ham, the omelets, or the toast.

Indeed, it was a sandwich on the delicate plate, but there was a small pile of corn kernels and shredded carrot, which by the way was sliced messily. It looked alright from a certain distance, but if it was looked at closer, it was...not good.

Rock could figure out by his toes that master was not going to eat it.

Franklin laid down the newspaper and sipped the coffee, "Who made this?"

The water temperature was different, and therefore the smell was different. It tasted much worse.

It couldn't have been made by Sylvia.

What she made was different.

As his eyes grew colder, all the servants were scared.

"Frank, I also made some cookies. Would you like to have a try?"

Despite her physical pain, Tiffany walked to the dining table with a tray in her hand.

She didn't notice the change in the atmosphere, including the tension in the air.

"Why are you in my house? Who consented? And who let you make breakfast in my kitchen?" There was a strong discontent in his cold voice.

His sullen expression made the smile on Tiffany's face freeze. Was he unhappy? After receiving the letter from Franklin early in the morning, she hurried here especially to make him breakfast, and he was unhappy about that.

"Franklin, you sent me a letter, telling me to make you breakfast, didn't you? You gave me the address..." Faced with a volley of questions from him, she could barely breathe.

"Tiffany, you should be clear about your position. I never asked anyone to send you a letter, let alone ask you to come to my place. Stop doing silly things." He said in a harsh voice. For him, Tiffany was an irksome and calculating woman.

Did she think he would be impressed by it?

"Don't say that, Franklin. I love you with all my heart." Tiffany, who had been busy for the whole morning but got nothing in return except his cold rejection, could not help feeling grieved and cried. Large drops of tears fell down her face.

She took out a letter from her purse, showing it to Franklin, "You can read the letter yourself."

"Of course, you are fully prepared." The corner of Franklin's corner curved up ironically, "Your tears don't mean anything to me. Don't presume that I would be touched by them."

Tiffany was insanely furious.

Shame flooded through her. She stood by the dining table, holding the letter.

If the letter was not from Franklin, who was it from? To make Franklin hate her more?

"Rock, only my wife deserves to stay here. Don't let another woman show up in my house and don't let unauthorized people break this rule." Franklin glanced at Rock.

Rock had been working for him for years, so he would not give Rock a hard time.

But what happened today greatly disappointed him.

She was screwed by so many people last night, and now she came to seek sympathy by pretending that she was the miserable one. What was wrong with her?

Did she take herself as the mistress of this house?

That was ridiculous.

When Sylvia was going downstairs, she caught sight of Tiffany, who was crying desolately.

She lifted an eyebrow and peeked at Franklin, who was sitting up straight.

As for the food on the table, he did not touch any of them.

"Since someone has made you breakfast, I'm going to leave." There was something chilly in her voice.

Hearing the voice, Tiffany raised her head instantly and directly looked into Sylvia's eyes. Though without makeup, she looked bright and dainty. Her tall figure and shaped body were apparent even though she was only wearing a simple T-shirt and jeans.

"Why are you here?" she screamed.

How come it was Sylvia again?

Sylvia's eyes met Tiffany's accidentally.

If Tiffany's gaze could kill, Sylvia did not doubt she would have been killed.

The deep resentment and hatred in Tiffany's eyes were so strong.

"You are here as well. Is there any particular reason that I can't be here?" Sylvia sneered. She was about to ignore Tiffany and leave.

But Franklin was even quicker.

Sylvia had no idea when he had left the dining table. When she realized it, he had reached out his hands and clutched her wrist, "I haven't had breakfast yet."

"Someone has made it for you," she answered in a bland tone.

"But I want to eat what you make." He looked down at her, "Yours is tastier."

"After seeing some trash early in the morning, my good mood is spoiled." She shook off his hands and headed to the door.

He strode to keep up with her.

Tiffany watched them leave unwillingly. Just as she was about to follow them, Rock stopped her.

He said with a stern face, "Miss Evans, please don't make things hard for me. Master Franklin has made it clear that he doesn't want you here."

Tiffany claimed to be the mistress of this house and insisted on going to the kitchen, which greatly embarrassed him.

Had he not been clear of Franklin's mind, he would have evicted her already.

Now that Franklin had made it clear that there was only Sylvia deserved to be the mistress of the house, he wouldn't hesitate anymore.

Tiffany glanced at him impatiently. 'You old idiot. When I become Mrs. Maskelyne, you will be the first to be kicked out by me.'

Franklin went out and saw Sylvia walking in front of him with quick steps.

He watched her slim figure from behind with a somewhat hideous face.

It was like a hunter who was about to get his quarry.

He was only a few steps away from her.

Now, Sylvia's only wish was to leave the house and get a taxi.

Franklin just showed up in her life like a phantom and stirred her quiet and cozy life.

It sucked.

Taking the plane he flew was out of the problem.

Suddenly, a strong hand gripped her wrist.

Sylvia frowned and tried to get rid of him.

“Where are you going?” His voice was cold, but elegant, just like an animal waiting to catch his prey.

Sylvia glared at the big figure in front of her, “It’s none of your business.”

He sounded as elegant as ever, “Don’t mess around, sweetie.”

“What the fuck do you want? Franklin?” Sylvia stared at him angrily. Her patience was running out.

“All this time, all I wanted to fuck is you, don’t you know that?” he smiled suddenly. His lowered voice came into Sylvia’s ears.

She could almost feel his chest vibrating.

“You are crazy.” Sylvia could not help kicking him.

But her leg was caught by his large, firm hand. Before she could realize it, he had laid his hand on her bare ankle.

The heat from his hand evoked a sense of quivering excitement in her.

Franklin was rather tall and handsome, which attracted several girls who were walking by.

Some of them wanted to take pictures but were stopped by his intimidating eyes.

He was standing there under the sunlight, looking so perfect as if he was carefully made by god.

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He silently kept his attention on her, this breathtakingly beautiful lady.

Even though she was only wearing the simplest T-shirt, she was able to take his breath away.

Sylvia was looking at Franklin as well.

His eyes were fixed on her while her ankle was in his large hands.

It was just like a movie.

All the people and all the things around them were just passing illusions.

It seemed that only the two of them were left in the world.

As their eyes met in the air, the man wanted to conquer, but the woman wanted to resist.

They could only see each other, anything else beside them was invisible to them.

That was what Tiffany saw when she came here.

She stared at Sylvia with deep resentment. ‘That bitch stayed at the Townyer Villa last night. But what about me? I made breakfast and coffee early in the morning, but what I got from Franklin was only humiliation. And now Franklin is even holding that bitch’s ankle.’

The chemistry between them almost drove Tiffany mad.

Why?

Why Sylvia could have the opportunity to sleep with Franklin, but she had to endure so much inhumane suffering?

Tiffany was on the edge of madness. She came to flatter Franklin despite her physical pain, but what she got in return?

The morning breeze gently blew up Sylvia's long hair, making her look like one of those figures in classic paintings.

"Franklin, let me go."

She stared at him, saying calmly.

The corner of his lips curved up a bit, "Fly with me."

Somehow Sylvia felt an impulsion to smash his smiley face.

"Don't be such a child." There was impatience in her voice.

"I'm going to Serbia today. It's a beautiful country." His smile was even cockier. Sylvia's impotence to resist him greatly satisfied him.

Sylvia really had enough. He was the one who tried to meddle in her life, but now he acted like he didn't care a bit.

It was so confusing.

Franklin watched her and said softly, "Don't be mad. You will get wrinkles."

"I'm only twenty-two. I can get as many wrinkles as I want."

Sylvia clenched her teeth.

But Franklin laughed as if it was some funny joke. Even his eyes were full of smiles, "Wrinkles will decrease your beauty. You won't look good in your wedding dress."

"Who says I'm going to wear a wedding dress?" Sylvia answered in a satirical tone, but deep down in her heart, she was bewildered.

"Come, I will send you to the studio." He pulled Sylvia into his arms and swept her up into a full bridal carry, then walked to the garage.

Sylvia stared at him and seethed silently.

When she saw Franklin holding Sylvia towards his car, Tiffany, who had been ignored by them the whole time, went after him and patted the car window, "Where are you going, Franklin?"

Franklin lowered the window, his face looking as cold as wintry ice, "Stay away from me, Tiffany. I don't want to catch any disease from you. If you show up before my eyes again, you will regret it."

"No...Franklin..." Tiffany was too shocked to move.

Her eyes enlarged due to the shock. What did she hear?

Disease...

She felt like someone had poured a barrel of cold icy water from above. Did Franklin know what happened last night?

No.

How was that possible?

He couldn't have known.

Even her parents didn't know.

The Bentley drove out of the house.

Sylvia looked at the man who was in the driving seat.

The way he treated Tiffany was ruthless, which was quite different from the old times.

What happened?

"Franklin, I'm busy today. I don't have time to fly with you." Sylvia refused him directly and indifferently.

But Franklin's mouth curled into an attractive smile. She might be able to scare other people away with her stern face, but for him, it just made her more adorable.

There was a sense of rebellion in her clear and innocent eyes. For reasons unknown, Franklin just thought she was a hundred times more gripping than the docile way she acted before their marriage.

She was always able to excite him.

"Never mind. My flight was at seven o'clock at night. Your work will be done by then." He glanced at her and said casually.

His masculine scent filled the whole car. Though he appeared to be as lazy as a cheetah bathing under the sunlight, he was still aggressive and invasive.

Sylvia hoped more than anything to get rid of Franklin, but she needed him when her virus broke out.

She was confused.

It sucked when she was not able to make the decision she wanted.

"Don't always try to escape me, love. I don't mind building a gold cage and locking you in." His smile was gradually fading, and at the same time, a large mist took over the land in his eyes. Once people walked in, they would easily get lost.

As the temperature inside the car decreased drastically, a sense of creeping coldness marched closer.

"Franklin," Sylvia said in a tone equally cold, "Do as you want, and we will see who will give in first."

This was who he really was. The cold, indifferent, elegant man during their four years of marriage was only her illusion.

The real him was bossy, arrogant, presumptuous, and even violent.

She didn't get it.

Why he was pushing her so hard after their divorce? She could barely breathe.

"I just want to return to the old times, love. Is that possible?"

The car was driving steadily on the road. There was sunlight coming through the window. They were spilled gradually on Franklin's handsome face.

"Of course not." Sylvia blurted out.

This was getting increasingly ridiculous.

He wanted them to go back to the old times.

It was he who brought up divorce first.

There was sarcasm in her eyes.

Franklin watched every bit of change on her face. He let out a faint smile. Every expression, every action, and every word from her touched his heart.

Maybe the reason why he was so curious about her was that she was so mysterious.

Franklin comforted himself.

He believed one day he would uncover all her secrets, just like peeling an onion.

"You don't have to answer so soon, love." His sharp eyes streaked her face while he was unpleasantly pressing his lips.

"Listen, Franklin, we are not gonna be together."

The moment she finished her sentence, her hand was caught by Franklin's large hand. He was swift and hard.

Sylvia intended to shake him off, only to find his gripping tighter.

His dark eyes glanced at her fair face. Eventually, he cracked out a devilish smile, "Then just treat me like a crazy man."

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"Let go of me, you psycho!" Sylvia struggled hard to get rid of him.

Franklin stopped forcing on her. Instead, he just let go of her and said lightly, "You'll beg me not to let you go some day in the future."

He must be out of his mind.

Sylvia thought he was so unreasonable.

"It's not gonna happen," she said with resolution.

Her words made the smile disappear from his face.

He narrowed his deep and gloomy eyes and glared at her with aggressiveness.

“Sylvia, you’re my wife, and you can only be my wife for this life!”

Hearing it, Sylvia felt chills riding up her spine.

The car stopped at the gate of the studio hall in the city government.

Sylvia couldn’t wait to jump off the car but heard Franklin warning behind her back, “Don’t try to escape! I’ll come pick you up at 5 p.m.”

Sylvia turned a deaf ear to it and went straight to the studio hall.

The sunlight shone on her smooth and lustrous hair.

In the studio hall, William saw Sylvia coming in and walked up to her with a cup of coffee in his hand, “Miss Andrews, the advertising video has come out! Oh, you look so stunning!”

Almost every television station would advertise its own national day gala before the live broadcast.

Each would publicize its general director, as well as the artists.

Some of TV stations chose to invite some popular online celebrities and stars to perform at their galas.

It was not advisable to hire lots of popular stars, so they usually hired only one or two stars to make the gala look grand.

In particular, many of the galas were organized and held by the local governments, which were lacking of funds, and unable to afford to hire the big stars.

As a result, some employees from each department worked as the extras. On the one hand, those local governments could show the president how clean-handed they were. On the other hand, they could cut down the expenditures.

So, as usual, they posted the advertising videos of the national day galas on Twitter and Tiktok.

The videos covered details of the rehearsal.

Sylvia was a minor celebrity on Twitter after she became the trending topics many times.

But the netizens were all taken aback when they saw the advertising video from Larro government.

“I can’t believe my eyes!”

“Sylvia is the general director? Is there no talent in Larro TV Station? How can she be the general director?”

“I can’t believe it! What was Mayor Cody thinking?”

“What is she good at? Singing or dancing? What can she do?”

“Maybe she’s good at seducing guys!”

“I hate to say it but she has a very pretty face.”

The netizens weren't optimistic about the prospect of the gala.

Actually, they found Larro's former national day galas very boring, and believed Larro TV station would screw it up again this year since it chose Sylvia as the general director.

Some of Sylvia's colleagues in Lilypad General Hospital saw Sylvia had made herself a trending topic again, and couldn't help to gather up and begin gossiping.

"Jesus! Tell me why Dr. Sylvia is so awesome! She rocks me!"

"Oh my! She is also the general director!"

"Huh! She's nothing but an eye candy." Tammy wasn't convinced by the nurses' praises and couldn't help butting in.

It had been almost one month since she worked in the surgery department in Lilypad General Hospital.

So far, she'd never seen Sylvia work here and doubted that she'd bragged herself. Maybe she wasn't a surgeon in Lilypad General Hospital.

No wonder Clark was pissed off the other day.

But those nurses were big fans of Sylvia, who was enjoying great popularity and prestige in the hospital.

All the doctors and nurses there showed great respect to her.

Hearing Tammy's disdainful tone of voice, everyone stared at her in shock.

What did they hear?

Holy shit! Someone dared to despise and belittle Dr. Sylvia?

The young nurse, who was grabbed by Franklin before, said in rage, "Tammy, just so you know, Dr. Sylvia is the representative of all the doctors in the hospital. Watch your mouth!"

"I was just telling the truth. She never comes to work, and you tell me she's the representative of all the doctors? Funny! I think we must turn her in for being absent from work!" Tammy blew up instantly when hearing someone defending Sylvia.

"Go turn her in now! Let's wait and see if the director will punish her!"

"Come on! Let's go! Don't talk to her again."

The nurses went away immediately and no one felt like talking with her again.

Tammy was so mad that she stamped her feet.

Meanwhile, William, a few mentors, and some extras were appreciating the advertising video in the studio hall.

Without doubt, Sylvia was in the center position of the video for the mentors, while William and the three mentors were standing behind her.

With aloofness in her eyes, Sylvia looked elegant and noble, which was perfectly displayed in the video.

Everyone else would seem peripheral as long as she was there.

William couldn't help but exclaim in his mind, "She's born for the limelight. It's a pity that she isn't interested in getting into showbiz."

"What the hell are you doing?" there came a sharp, mean and unpleasant voice.

"What's wrong?" Sylvia and the others turned around to see Mollie standing not far away and Jenna standing in front of her with her head down.

Jenna looked pale and helpless. She looked at Mollie and stuttered in a low voice, "So... Sorry."

"Can you be more careful? The water spilled all over me!" Mollie had a water glass in hand with more than half of the water spilling out on herself.

"I... I..." Jenna was so nervous that she couldn't utter a word.

She looked paler and paler and was sweating badly.

Clearly, she could feel people all staring at her.

She was nervous, sad and breathless.

Actually, she wanted to take a look at the advertising video but Mollie suddenly came over and almost crashed into her, and even blamed her first.

The more she wanted to say something, the more difficult it was for her to say it out.

She got so nervous and anxious that she couldn't speak out a single word.

In anxiety, she breathed rapidly and her mind went totally blank.

She could feel tensions in the air. She felt as if she was in the explosive magazine, where she could be bombed to ashes in the explosion led by a small spark.

Mollie was annoyed when she recalled that Jenna had taken Sylvia away from her yesterday.

Sylvia would have been on her car if Jenna hadn't come out.

She thought Jenna looked innocent and simple-minded, but in fact, she had got the balls to compete with her for Sylvia's favor.

So, she must teach Jenna a lesson in public today!

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She must let Jenna know only she could be Sylvia's favored one. In order to impress Sylvia, she went all out to perform dramas, and she even practice it in front of the mirror when she went back home.

She'd been totally devoted to it.

She could bear that Jenna was coached by Sylvia, but she just couldn't stand it when Jenna tried to steal Sylvia away from her.

She was pissed off!

Then, Sylvia went up to Jenna.

She parted her lips and said in a clear and cold voice, "Apologize to her." Her words were so overwhelming that no one could act against it.

Jenna looked at Sylvia unbelievably and gradually fixed her eyes on the stunning lady in front of her. Even Sylvia wanted her to apologize to Mollie?

"Mollie, please apologize to Jenna." Sylvia looked at Mollie indifferently and warned her with her eyes.

Then she held Jenna's hand and comforted her softly, "Don't be afraid."

"Syl... Sylvia..." Jenna couldn't help murmuring with tears dripping down her cheeks slowly like broken diamonds in the light.

Sylvia felt sorry for her, and guessed she must be suffering from autism again.

Jenna was pure-minded with autism. By no means would she take the initiative to provoke Mollie. So, it must be Mollie who made waves.

She held Jenna into her arms and glanced at Mollie indifferently, "She's a bit different. But how could you find fault with her on purpose?"

Mollie could tell that there was something wrong with Jenna although she was very insensitive.

But she wasn't willing to admit mistakes and said jealously, "She crashed into me and made the water spill all over me. She even took you away last night. Miss Andrews, I wanna drive you home tonight, anyway."

Hearing it, Sylvia stared at her coldly. "Mollie, this is the reason why you found fault with Jenna?"

"I... I didn't find fault with her." Mollie cowered back a little bit, "I didn't. She crashed into me."

"We can see the surveillance footage." Sylvia looked cold, "I can see that you've been working really hard recently, but I swear to God that I'll kick you out if you dare to play those dirty tricks on other actresses again."

It was out of her expectation that Sylvia could be so tough and harsh.

She looked at Sylvia, the goddess of every man, who perfectly presented a mix of aloofness, stubbornness and fascination.

At this moment, she put out a powerful vibe that pressured Mollie so much that her lips trembled.

Her face turned red with guilt and even her fingers were shaking, fearing that Sylvia would be disgusted with her for it.

She bit her lip unconsciously and said to Jenna unwillingly, "Sorry."

After that, she turned to Sylvia and looked deeply wronged, "Miss Andrews... I really want to drive you home tonight."

"Thanks, but no need. Someone will come to pick me up tonight."

Saying it, she took Jenna's hand and came to one corner.

"Are you alright?" She looked at Jenna gently.

"I... I'm OK." Jenna murmured.

Jenna lowered her head and felt her ears buzzing.

She felt desperately defeated! Still, she wasn't used to standing in front of people. And how could she give a good performance then?

She... she was gonna let her uncle down again.

Right now, she was torn and sad.

Sylvia held her hand lightly and said, "Believe yourself. You'll surely get over it! Your uncle and I will be here for you."

"We're friends, right?"

"Of course, I'll back you up."

Sylvia understood that people with autism were different from normal ones.

They always locked themselves up in isolated spaces and didn't want to come out again.

Somehow, she couldn't help bonding with Jenna when she saw Jenna at first sight, and it was a bond that nothing else could be replaced.

And, she felt exactly the same when she met Mrs. Wright back then.

For no reason, she felt Mrs. Wright somewhat familiar to her and she couldn't help getting close to Mrs. Wright...

She had always been aloof and indifferent and was rarely close to others.

But Mrs. Wilson was an exception. Now, Jenna was another exception.

Jenna was just so pathetic.

At 5 p.m., Sylvia went out of the studio hall. She hailed a cab and headed for the airport.

She was trying to leave Larro before Franklin came over.

She didn't want to take the plane he flew or whatever. She didn't have to stick with him if the virus didn't take control of her.

But she didn't expect dozens of men in black to pop up in all directions and surrounded her when she got out of the taxi.

"Miss Andrews, are you here to take the plane flown by Mr. Maskelyne?" The man in the lead was big and tall. Clearly, he practiced martial arts.

Sylvia put on a poker face and glared at these very aggressive men in black. Damn Franklin Maskelyne!

He must have sent the guys to follow her as soon as she got out of the studio hall.

How come she didn't notice it!

When did he show up?

Unbelievably, she hadn't found out!

In fact, she was in a hurry to escape, and that was why she hadn't noticed she had been followed.

"You wanna stop me? Huh?" she snorted.

Sylvia jumped up in the air lightly and quickly and made an attack in a flash.

But those men in black came well prepared. Every martial style they used was threatening.

"Miss Andrews, I've heard that you are a good martial artist. We'll see how good you are today! Bros, be ready to attack!" the man in the lead gave out an order and all the other men in black came at Sylvia immediately.

At first, passers-by were coming and going at the airport.

But they were all scared to see such a scene.

Some tourists even stopped to watch, and some timid ones simply stayed far away from the fight in case they got involved accidentally. But they couldn't hold back their curiosity and wanted to see it.

Everyone was shocked! And, quite a few of the passers-by began taking photos and recording videos.

"Oh my god!"

"The girl is awesome! She knocked off five guys with only one kick!"

"Oh! Holy shit! She struck down two guys with a punch!"

"Oh! My goodness! She's a superwoman!"

"Jeez! What a backflip!"

The passers-by were recording and screaming at the same time.

But Sylvia was having a difficult time in the fight.

These men in black were really good fighters. She guessed their identity from the way they fought and the martial styles they used.

"Surprise! Good fighters like you turn out to be Franklin's henchmen." Sylvia snorted and took them more seriously.

"Impressive, Miss Andrews! But we work for Mr. Maskelyne willingly. We aren't the henchmen as you said." The man in the lead was the eldest martial arts learner from the Ryan family, a traditional and well-known martial arts family.

His name was Blaine Ryan.

“The Ryan family never meddles with the worldly businesses, but you came to stop me for Franklin. It’s really a waste of your talents.” Sylvia kicked down two guys that were the closest to her.

“We follow Mr. Maskelyne’s order unconditionally,” Blaine said in a deep voice.

“Huh... funny!” Sylvia struck down all the others and came straight at Blaine. “Mr. Ryan, the detached good fighters like you have strong moral principles and don’t bother to meddle with the worldly businesses. But now you break the rule for Franklin Maskelyne! Shame on you!”

“Amber Morris, it’s my great honor to fight with you this life, and it’s worth it. Indeed, you deserve the reputation you enjoy.” Blaine exposed Sylvia’s other identity straightforwardly.

“Oh, you know too much!” Sylvia raised her eyebrows.

She attacked him fatally and ruthlessly.

Blaine found it more and more difficult to fight her.

Then he looked around and found all his fellow apprentices lying on the ground.

Shit! Was she gonna run away? Surely, Amber was a damn good martial artist! It seemed that only the patriarch could conquer her.

Sylvia put on a cold face and her delicate facial features were showing her toughness.

She struck again and punched right onto Blaine’s chest.

Blaine couldn’t take it and took a few steps backward.

Bang! He slumped on the ground, and couldn’t rise on his feet again.

“Blaine!”

“Blaine!”

Several of his fellow apprentices crawled over to him.

Blaine waved his hand at them, watched Sylvia leave proudly, and sighed. “This was the first defeat for the Ryan family. But, it wasn’t a shame to be defeated by her!”

He sighed again and said, “Let’s go back.”

Sylvia caught sight of Franklin’s tall and strong figure as soon as she went into the airport terminal.

Franklin raised his eyebrows and looked at her, “Oh, sweetie, I didn’t expect you’re so eager to take the plane I fly.”

Sylvia was lost for words.

Surely, he was waiting for her there.

She was ready to fight with him. “Franklin, don’t think I dare not fight you.”

"Of course, I have no doubt about that. But you've just had a good fight with the guys from the Ryan family. Are you sure you are energetic enough to beat me now?" Franklin stretched out his hand and grabbed her wrist.

Until then, he found her wrist red and swollen.

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Damn those rough guys! He'd told them not to hurt her but why it still happened?

"Does it hurt?" He looked concerned.

"You sent those guys to stop me! Come off it! Stop shedding crocodile tears." Sylvia gnashed.

Seemingly, she couldn't get away with it today, and she had no other choice but to take the plane he flew.

Franklin checked the time. The plane would take off at 7 p.m. and it was still early.

Then he grabbed her and headed for the small meeting room before the take-off.

They went past the airport lounges and got to the staff passage in the back.

Franklin held her hand all the way. He was tall and handsome, while she was pretty and delicate, so they drew lots of attention by walking together.

Darcie and Elsa were preparing for the take-off of the flight.

They looked back unconsciously when they heard the footsteps, only to see a tall and straight guy coming in with a slender woman hand in hand.

Darcie was stunned with her eyes widely open.

"Captain Franklin, only the crew members are allowed to enter the meeting room, right?"

In the morning, she'd sent a letter to inform Tiffany to pester Franklin and make him sick with her.

But why was he with Sylvia again?

Tiffany had made her sick yesterday when she called Franklin by the pet name. She thought she must do something to deal with Tiffany, otherwise, she wouldn't be resigned to it.

As expected, Tiffany called her in the afternoon, complaining about how Franklin had told her off harshly.

And she was overjoyed to hear that!

She swore she would make Franklin disgusted with Sylvia, as well as Tiffany.

Any woman who craved Franklin must go to hell!

Franklin glanced at Darcie coldly, "Who are you? What are you to speak?"

Darcie's face went pale and her heart contracted.

Franklin never remembered her name though she had worked with him for so long!

She was choked with his words and went breathless.

Franklin looked at Elsa with intimidating eyes, "Bring the medical kit over."

Elsa went for the medical kit in the meeting room instantly, while Franklin held Sylvia's hand and took her to sit down on the sofa.

Very soon, Elsa came back with the medical kit. She heard Franklin's voice when she was about to open it, "Leave us."

Elsa was stunned and stepped aside instantly.

Franklin opened the medical kit with his big and slender hands and took out the ointment for traumatic injuries.

Darcie was pissed off and goggled at them. What? A man as noble as Franklin was gonna serve Sylvia personally? Was he kidding her? She felt anger surging up inside her chest.

Sylvia raised her eyes and happened to meet Darcie's eyes which were filled with hatred and jealousy. Then she smiled lightly.

As expected, Darcie had a crush on Franklin. Jeez! With an extremely handsome face, Franklin was really a disastrous human being!

Deliberately or unconsciously, she screamed out softly when Franklin applied the ointment to the wound of her wrist.

"Does it hurt?" Franklin said anxiously.

"A little," Sylvia nodded and said in a soft voice.

Franklin went absent-minded for a second. It had been ages since he heard her soft and sweet voice last time.

He massaged softly on her wound with his finger pulps. He kept massaging it for quite a while and then let go of her wrist.

When she thought she'd been set free, Sylvia was surprised to see Franklin take out the gauze from the medical kit and wrap it gently around her wrist. In the end, he tied a small bow knot on it.

"OK. It won't hurt again," Franklin said lightly.

Sylvia stared at him speechlessly.

He sent the guys to fight with her, but now he was so soft and tender to her.

What a mercurial man!

"I'll punish them harshly and revenge for you." Suddenly, there was a cold look on his handsome face.

Sylvia was lost for words.

He could bring himself to punish his henchmen when he was ruthless.

He was indeed impressed!

While she was thinking, she saw Franklin grab the phone, call Blaine, and question him powerfully, "Blaine, you hurt her. How dare you!"

"Take all your men to work as miners in South Akas for three months! Go now!"

Blaine couldn't believe it and felt bitter. Sylvia had beaten them up and they still had to be punished. What a sad story!

"Mr. Maskelyne, who will protect you for the coming three months?"

"It's none of your concern." Franklin hung up the phone.

Sylvia touched her nose. In fact, she didn't get the short end of the stick today.

Darcie sat down on her seat, feeling shocked.

Captain Franklin was backing Sylvia up?

Her heart was leaping rapidly, and her mind was blank. She stared at Franklin's hand that was holding Sylvia's, and wished she could go up and split them up!

She couldn't take it or see it anymore. Then she closed her eyes, opened them again, and ran out of the meeting room.

At 7 p.m., Franklin finished the routine work.

He went up to Sylvia, took her hand hard, and held it more tightly.

He dragged her closer to him and said in a low voice, "Have you decided where to visit in Sneland?"

Sylvia stamped on him and smiled naughtily when she saw him frown, "Sorry, I didn't mean to."

Visit? She didn't want to visit any place there!

While she was talking, she shrank back on the seat to distance herself from Franklin.

Franklin remained indifferent as usual, and Sylvia was like a normal passenger.

Darcie saw them flirting not far away and got really upset.

Elsa didn't bother to care about her and thought Darcie was so stubborn to admire and love Franklin only. And, no one could do anything with it.

Franklin got in the cockpit and double checked everything for the flight.

He informed the ground service and got ready to receive the passengers.

Elsa stood by the boarding gate and greeted the passengers one by one.

The other stewardesses did their jobs and helped the passengers board the plane.

Elsa shut the boarding gate after she had confirmed the last passenger boarded and everything was fine.

Then she informed Franklin and the co-pilot Cooper in the cockpit.

But only one minute later, there came Franklin's mellow voice from the cockpit, "Inform all the passengers on board that the plane will take off in one hour because of the air traffic flow management."

Every crew member looked bad to hear the news, but they had to cheer up and tell the passengers the news.

After that, they began giving out food and desserts and tried to calm the passengers down.

The passengers were getting impatient and annoyed. Some of them complained. Some of them cursed, even with four-letter words.

Elsa trotted to the cockpit.

And, Franklin and Cooper seemed to have been used to air traffic flow management.

Franklin knew what Elsa wanted as soon as he saw her.

He looked gloomy and told her, "During the air traffic flow management, the control tower either ignores the calls or says they don't know. So, I have no idea when we can take off. It's the control tower's call."

"OK, I see, Franklin, but could you please explain it to the passengers?" Elsa knew Franklin's way of working.

Franklin nodded.

Sylvia was sitting in her seat in boredom. Surrounded by the passengers who were complaining, she heard Franklin's voice from the radio broadcasting the moment she saw Elsa coming out of the cockpit.

His voice sounded deep and mellow. He said it in Curesh first, then he said it again in fluent Emkathi.

His voice was so sexy and tempting that it calmed everyone down in a flash.

Sylvia even saw a teenage girl getting very excited with her eyes sparkling with admiration. "Oh my! What a sexy voice!"

The passengers quieted down because of Franklin's broadcast.

Sylvia held her chin with one hand, listened to his broadcast, and raised her eyebrows.

'It's amazing that those girls have a crush on him just after hearing his voice.'

About half an hour later, the soothing effect of Franklin's broadcast was gone. The passengers got annoyed and uneasy again.

"They said the plane would take off in one hour! Now it's been one and a half an hour! What's holding up now?" A middle-aged woman stood up in annoyance and yelled at Elsa.

"What the hell is wrong with you guys? Tell the captain to come out!" shouted another young man.

Elsa put on a fake smile and apologized, "Sorry..."

But that middle-aged woman pulled and pushed Elsa abruptly before she could finish speaking. It happened all at once and every stewardess was frightened.

Seeing someone resorting to force, the rest of the passengers became bolder and came at Elsa. Worse enough, some of them even kicked her.

What was worst was that some guys rushed towards the door of the cockpit and tried to break in.

Sylvia heard the noise and couldn't help but look back, only to find Elsa being attacked by the passengers.

She ran over to Elsa immediately and guarded Elsa behind her back. As a result, the middle-aged woman slapped Sylvia on her red and swollen wrist.

Sylvia felt the sharp pain in the wrist, gritted her teeth, and shouted at the other stewardesses who had been scared out, "What are you doing? Call 911! Tell Franklin! Now!"

Until then, Darcie and the others recovered themselves and did as Sylvia said.

After that, Sylvia checked on Elsa and found her arms bleeding severely. What a bloody scene!

But the passengers were still agitated and annoyed, and they didn't feel sorry for what they had done to Elsa.

"To be responsible for your lives and safety, the captain chose not to take off under the air traffic flow management. What the hell do you want to do?" Sylvia said with rage.

She had a good impression of Elsa and the latter was nice to her, so she couldn't bear to see Elsa get hurt.

Sylvia's clear and cold voice echoed in the cabin, which had attracted almost all the passengers' attention.

They were stunned when they saw her face clearly. What a gorgeous woman! She looked more stunning than the movie stars.

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The middle-aged woman, who took the lead to attack Elsa, shouted with disdain, "Who are you? Who the fuck do you think you are to act like a hero? You know what, the plane must take off now!"

Right at that moment, the door of the cockpit was opened.

Franklin stood up in front of everyone. He looked at Sylvia coldly and looked less gloomy after he found she wasn't injured.

But he frowned when he saw the blood on Elsa's arms.

He grabbed the middle-aged woman's arm and the latter screamed out of pain, "What are you doing? You know what, I'm the passenger. You should treat me with full respect! Ouch! Oh my lord! It hurts a lot!"

Franklin looked at the middle-aged woman indifferently and said in an icy tone of voice, "As the captain of the flight, I request you to get off the plane right away. We'll charge you for disrupting the flight for what you've done here."

The middle-aged woman's face looked deadly pale.

"Who...who the hell are you to ask me to do that?"

"I am Franklin Maskelyne!"

Hearing it, everyone in the cabin fell into silence.

Franklin Maskelyne? The president of SouthStar Airlines? The captain?

Holy shit! They were on his flight!

At the same time, the airport police boarded and took away the middle-aged woman and the other several troublemakers.

All the passengers were as mute as a fish.

Franklin went straight to Sylvia, ignored the others' gazes, and grabbed her wrist, "Are you injured?"

He checked her red and swollen wound and didn't see it getting worse. Then he sighed with relief.

Sylvia took back her hand and said in a low voice, "I'm fine. Elsa's wound needs to be taken care of. Can you please bring the medical kit over?"

Franklin still looked terribly gloomy and told Darcie, "Go fetch the medical kit."

Darice came back to earth and brought the medical kit over.

Sylvia opened the medical kit and began disinfecting and dressing Elsa's wound. Fortunately, it wasn't badly hurt.

Darice and the other stewardess got down to some issues on the spot.

Sylvia finished dressing the wound for Elsa and stood up to glance at the other stewardess who got their hands full. So, she had to put away the medical kit personally.

Franklin was standing at the cockpit door and watching her.

She could sense the familiar feeling of oppression.

He grabbed Sylvia's wrist while she bypassed him, pulled her with strength, and she fell into his arms instantly.

Then, he sealed her lips with a kiss before she struggled.

He kissed her hard with kinda rudeness, oppression, and obsession.

Sylvia couldn't help struggling but it made no difference.

Franklin pressed her on the door of the service cabin and kissed her harder and harder.

Finally, he loosened her a little bit. Sylvia seized the chance to push him away and glared at him breathlessly, "Are you crazy? What if the crew members saw it?" Her voice sounded a little bit hoarse but very sexy.

Fortunately, the cabin was chaotic now. Otherwise, someone could have seen it, and it would terribly embarrass her.

Franklin put on a straight face and said with anger surging up inside his chest, "You're my wife. What's wrong with it if I kiss you?"

"Are you out of your mind? Or did you lose your memories? We're divorced!"

"So what? We'll be back together again sooner or later." He looked Sylvia up and down and said, "Or, are you in love with someone else? If you dare to, I'll..."

"It's none of your business." Sylvia looked away and didn't talk to him again.

She took out the lipstick from her purse and wanted to paint her lips.

Suddenly, Franklin came over and had a bite of her lipstick. Then he seized the half lipstick in his teeth and applied it to her lips before Sylvia realized what had happened.

She got frozen and dared not to move at all. She could do nothing else but hold the other half of the lipstick in her hand.

A moment later, Franklin spit out the half lipstick and threw it into the dustbin beside them.

His eyes were dark with unfathomable emotions when he stared at her red and moist lips.

"It's for the crew only. I'd better get out," Sylvia said and turned to leave.

Then Franklin went into the cockpit.

"Damn it! The passengers nowadays are way out of line!" Cooper couldn't help but curse.

Franklin didn't say anything in reply. Instead, he just sat on his seat and recalled the crazy kiss just now.

This was the first time that he had kissed Sylvia on the plane. And, it was nice.

Seeing Franklin in silence, instead of going on with the topic, Cooper lowered his head to check what was new on Twitter.

Then he saw the trending hashtag, "Top Martial Artists Fought at the Airport". In no time, he clicked it open and saw...

Cooper screamed out of excitement, "Franklin, Look! Miss Andrews is fighting dozens of rough guys at the airport!"

"Oh shit! She's such a good fighter! I really admire her and want to learn martial arts from her."

"How can a woman be so cool?"

Franklin got a glimpse of Cooper's phone and saw the videos that the netizens posted on Twitter.

Sylvia could fight smoothly and skillfully. And she beat the hell out of the big guys. Surely, that was awesome!

She had made herself a trending topic one more time! Now she was getting more and more popular!

Franklin couldn't help smiling.

He took out his phone and logged in to Twitter to see how Sylvia beat the shit out of the guys from the Ryan family.

It aroused a heated discussion on Twitter.

"Why are so many guys coming at her?"

"Did she offend some big shots?"

"I think these big guys are really good at fighting!"

"Unbelievable! I see top martial artists fighting in reality!"

"Amazing! It's cooler than any action film!"

Finally, the control tower called and told them the plane could take off.

Franklin and Cooper put away their phones at the same time, informed everyone on board, and listened to the instruction of the control tower to take off and head for Sneland.

It was getting late at night. The lights on the plane were dim accordingly. Most of the passengers fell asleep.

Sylvia put down the magazine, stretched herself, and tried to rest after she came back from the restroom.

However, as soon as she went in, Franklin covered her mouth before she could close the door. He broke into the restroom.

"What are you doing? I'm peeing!" Sylvia glared at him shockingly.

She knew it was time for Franklin to change the shift. But she couldn't believe he was acting so crazy!

Franklin didn't bother to care about her attitude. Instead, he lifted her hand and checked her red and swollen wrist in the orange light in the restroom.

"Are you crazy? Your wrist is injured. Why did you stand out for Elsa?" Franklin put on a gloomy face and asked.

He knew it? He knew the middle-aged woman hit her on the wrist?

But Sylvia stared at him stubbornly. "Thanks to you, I had my wrist injured."

"It was my fault," Franklin said in a soft voice. After that, he took out a bottle of ointment from the pocket of his captain uniform.

Then he tore the gauze open and began doing massage for her with the ointment regardless of the fact that she tried to stop him.

"The ointment must be applied on time."

Sylvia felt kinda weird and couldn't tell how exactly she felt for the man in front of her. She just stared at him and said, "You...care about me?"

Hearing her words, Franklin stopped in his tracks and turned around to look at her with deep affection, "Can't you see it? I'm hitting on you. I want to be with you."

Saying it, he pushed the door open and went out.

Sylvia was uncomfortable with the sweet words. What was wrong with him this time? It really scared the hell out of her when hearing him say that. She stayed in the restroom for a while, then went out.

She happened to meet Elsa on duty when she came out. Sylvia blinked her bright eyes and said, "Chief purser, why not take a nap?"

"It's my turn to be on duty now." Elsa smiled. "Thanks a lot, for everything."

"Don't mention it," Sylvia said lightly and went back to her seat.

Perhaps because she fought a bunch of guys in the daytime, she got a little bit tired and fell asleep soon.

It was about dawn when she woke up. The sky looked bright with twilight.

Some passengers were awake and making sounds.

Franklin and Sylvia didn't see or talk to each other again until the plane landed steadily at the airport of Sneland.

Sneland was a small country but it had very beautiful scenery. What was more, it had a long-lasting good relationship with H Rovirsa.

The crew members got on the crew bus and headed for the hotel after they saw all the passengers off.

Franklin took Sylvia's hand and sat on the last row of the seats.

Looking at the strange city, several stewardesses around them were discussing heatedly. This was their first flight to Sneland.

Franklin held her hand and turned to stare at her. She was tilting her head, put it against the window, and enjoyed the view out of the window. Her long eyelashes looked adorable.

Franklin fixed his eyes on her for a while and felt he had lost himself in her.

He had been watching this face for four years but he was still attracted to it.

She was like a magic flower that everyone would be addicted to.

The bus stopped slowly. Everyone got off. Darcie didn't see Franklin get off, then she looked back, only to find him staring at Sylvia obsessively.

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She got kinda jealous and angry and then she made a sound accidentally.

Franklin frowned and looked towards her, while Sylvia squinted at her as well.

They found the bus had stopped and everyone else was out of the car.

“Let’s go.” Sylvia stretched herself. She looked so elegant and attractive even when she stretched herself like that.

Franklin moved his long legs, took her hand, and got off the bus.

Some other stewardesses were envious of their intimacy.

Sylvia came without luggage, while Franklin wheeled the suitcase with one hand and held her hand with the other.

He was as bossy as usual.

Soon, they checked in to the hotel. As Franklin’s family member in their eyes, Sylvia found that she had to share the same room with Franklin.

Everyone got on the elevator.

Then Elsa teased them naughtily, “Captain Franklin, Miss Andrews. Sorry, but the elevator is full. Please take the next lift.”

Saying it, Elsa pushed the button to close the elevator door instantly.

Sylvia stood side by side with Franklin, “Franklin... Why did you insist on my being with you on the same flight? It’s embarrassing.”

Franklin stared at her with a faint smile on his good-looking face.

He said nothing. Instead, he dragged her into the elevator.

Sylvia was about to struggle but Franklin seemed to have read her mind and warned her, “Don’t move!”

Surely, she stopped struggling.

Seeing her face, Franklin couldn’t help smiling, his eyes filled with affection for her.

They went into the room. Franklin put down his suitcase and said to Sylvia, “Let’s go to the hospital.”

“For what?” Sylvia blinked her beautiful eyes.

“To check your hand,” Franklin said in a bossy tone, leaving no room for refusal.

Sylvia curled her lips, thinking it was no big deal since she had been more badly injured before.

Ten minutes later, Sylvia got changed. To her surprise, half of the contents of Franklin’s suitcase were her clothes. Even her underwear was in it!

Franklin took off the captain’s uniform and put on leisure wear.

He suddenly took out a pair of sunglasses and put it on her face while she was ready to go out, "The sun is scorching."

Then, he put on a pair of sunglasses as well and opened the door.

Sylvia was rooted to the spot, as she found they were his and hers glasses.

By no means would Franklin tell her that he selected the glasses personally.

Perhaps because they were in a foreign country, tensions between them seemed to have eased down a lot. He took her hand and went out of the room.

"Don't drag me. I can walk on my own!" Sylvia said clearly and coldly.

"I didn't drag you. We are holding hands. It's what couples often do." Franklin raised his hand to caress her long hair.

"We're not a couple," Sylvia said calmly.

Franklin said nothing. Right! They were divorced, and they weren't even a couple.

All at once, they fell into silence.

There was a hospital nearby. Franklin took her hand and walked for ten minutes. Then they arrived at the hospital.

The doctor changed dressings for her friendly and prescribed some ointment to apply on the wound.

Franklin stood aside, frowned, and looked bad, then said coldly, "When can she fully recover?"

"In around one week. It will cure soon if you apply ointment to her wound every day. Fortunately, her bone hasn't been injured," explained the doctor.

"Thank you." Sylvia thanked the doctor.

They went out of the hospital and wandered around on the streets in Sneland.

The scenery was great and the food was local and special.

They wandered around for a whole morning.

After lunch, they were about to head back to the hotel.

They hailed a cab. Sylvia was tired and drifted to sleep with her head on Franklin's shoulder in the car.

Franklin lowered his eyes to look at her sleeping face.

They arrived at the gate of the hotel. Instead of waking her up, he carried her out of the car and went to the hotel.

The crew members were ready to have lunch together. And they found Franklin carrying Sylvia in his arms the moment they got off the elevator.

"Oh my! Franklin is so hot and manly!"

“That’s damn cool!”

“I’m so envious of Miss Andrews.”

“Don’t let the cat out of the bag, girls. They were secretly married!” Elsa reminded everyone.

As the Chief purser, she not only helped Franklin with his work but also took care of his private life.

Sylvia was still asleep when she was carried to the room.

Franklin put her on the soft king-sized bed, stared at her pretty face with his dark eyes, and whispered, “Sylvia, my love, are you inviting me to sleep with you?”

Sylvia was awoken by his kiss. She opened her eyes slowly and found Franklin’s thin lips coming close to hers.

Subconsciously, she raised her hand to hit his handsome face but Franklin lifted his hand to stop her.

“Shh! Be good...”

It was late in the afternoon when Sylvia woke up.

She wanted to grab her phone to check the time, but found it wasn’t on the night table.

She moved her body and realized that she had been held tightly in his arms.

Franklin held her waist tightly and then she stretched to pinch him on the chest.

He was so bossy even in his sleep. What the hell did he want to do?

Franklin was deep in sleep and felt the pain in his chest.

Then he blinked his long eyelashes, opened his sharp eyes instantly and looked totally awake.

“You’re awake!” He said in a hoarse and sexy voice and saw the obvious red mark on his chest when he lowered his eyes.

Then, he smiled and felt content for having a good sleep.

“Let go of me.” Sylvia twisted her waist.

“Are you trying to seduce me?” Franklin fixed his eyes on her fair skin.

“What nonsense are you talking! Seems you need a spanking!” Sylvia parted her red lips and said harshly to him.

Then she turned over and stood up. She took a dress out of the suitcase and took a shower in the bathroom. Then she realized that she was starving.

Franklin leaned against the bed, and watched her quietly and his deep-set eyes looked charming.

His chiseled facial features seemed to be more attractive in the light. He didn’t get off the bed to wash up until Sylvia came out of the bathroom.

They got out of the room together and went straight to the cafeteria in the hotel.

The cafeteria was big. It was dinner time and it was crowded.

They saw the crew members sitting around the table and getting ready to eat when they entered the cafeteria.

Their presence had attracted everyone's attention. Sylvia was in a blue dress, which had set off her fair skin as well as her soft and slim waist. She wore high heels and her slender and straight calves were naked.

Franklin, who was tall and straight, took her hand and moved his strong legs inside the black pants. He was a dreamboat with a pretty face that no one could forget at the first sight.

They walked shoulder to shoulder and looked intimate and harmonious, catching everyone's attention.

Franklin picked up the plate with the other hand and asked casually, "What would you like to eat?"

"Let me do it myself." Sylvia took over the plate from him and started picking her favorite food.

Franklin stayed right behind her and picked up whatever she had put on her plate.

They didn't join the crew members for dinner. Instead, they sat at another double table.

"Franklin is super handsome and rich. Miss Andrews is pretty. They're a perfect couple!" one of the stewardesses said.

"I second that. Miss Andrews is pretty and kind. She's good!" Elsa smiled.

She just couldn't like and admire Sylvia more.

As Mrs. Maskelyne, Sylvia was so easy-going and good at fighting, and she had even saved the kids from the human traffickers. She was so perfect and so admirable!

Now Elsa was a big fan of Sylvia. She scrolled through Twitter when she was bored and argued a lot with Sylvia's anti-fans.

Hearing their words, Darcie got so mad that she put down the fork and knife heavily and said coldly, "I'm done eating."

Elsa said nothing but glanced at Darcie, wondering why she was acting up unreasonably like that. They all worked for SouthStar Airlines, and they weren't obliged to please her or humor her.

Darcie knew clearly that Mr. Maskelyne had a wife but still threw herself at him, which Elsa thought was immoral.

The atmosphere was getting a little tense.

"Each of the crew members, including Captain Franklin, needs to hand in a report on the flight disruption," Elsa said calmly. "So, don't forget to send it to me tomorrow after you go back."

"OK. Chief purser."

Then, all of them buried their heads to eat without saying anything else.

Undoubtedly, they hated to hand in reports!

Franklin had a poor appetite as usual.

He stared at the food on Sylvia's plate and got a feeling that her food looked more delicious.

Then he picked up the fork and took a piece of cake of which she had a bite, "Yours looks tastier."

Surely! He seemed to feel the warmth of her lips on the bite she left on the cake. It was so sweet and delicious.

The crew members finished dinner, went past their table and happened to see it.

What? Mr. Maskelyne could be so childlike?

Was Franklin a cold fish that they all knew?

Clearly, he looked like a naughty big boy!

They couldn't believe their eyes and stared at Franklin and Sylvia unbelievably.

In particular, Darcie wished she could become the cake and get tasted and eaten by Franklin and bond with him.

"What the hell are you doing here? What's so funny about it?" His freezing cold voice stunned everyone in a second.

"Captain Franklin, Miss Andrews, please enjoy your food."

"Captain Franklin, see you around."

Everyone left quickly.

Thinking of Franklin's indifferent handsome face and cold voice, they felt it was their illusion that Franklin childishly grabbed a bite of Sylvia's cake.

Franklin should be always cool and cold. That was Franklin they were familiar with!

chapter 150

Darcie had no idea how she'd gotten back to her room.

Her legs were heavy, and the tearing pain in her heart was killing her.

She clenched her fists tightly and tried hard not to cry out loud.

At the moment, she got mixed feelings of jealousy, hatred, sadness and bitterness.

Why! Why Sylvia could be loved and cared about by Franklin?

In the cafeteria, Franklin stared greedily at the stake in Sylvia's plate.

She cut one piece and put it into her mouth, then she raised her eyes only to look him into his greedy eyes.

"I want that," he said in a bossy and naive way.

Sylvia knew he had a poor appetite and he was a terribly picky eater. So, she had to give out her stake to him and said, "There you go."

Franklin began cutting the stake happily, while Sylvia shook her head helplessly.

She was about to bring another stake but Franklin stopped her, "You can have mine."

His eyes looked dark and deep. He loved the intimate feeling of exchanging food.

He no longer looked cold or distant. Right now, he was like a young boy who was exchanging love tokens with his girl.

Sylvia thought he was abnormally childish.

"Take mine!" Franklin saw her standing still and said in a bossy tone again.

He looked like he would turn over the table if Sylvia dared to turn him down.

Sylvia had no choice but to sit down again, and sighed, "Franklin, I suggest you see the psychologist. You're sick. You need to see a doctor."

"I'm fine." Franklin looked cold and stared at her gloomily, "I can't fly the plane if I'm sick."

To be a captain, one must be physically fit and mentally healthy.

Sylvia was too sensitive, so he had to hide the fact that his mania became severe after their divorce.

He didn't want to scare her away...

"Fine, you're fine. You aren't sick, OK?" Sylvia groaned and buried her head to eat the stake.

After dinner, Franklin took her hand and hailed a cab.

"Where are we going?" Sylvia was a little confused.

"You'll know it later when we get there."

The cab stopped. Franklin took her out of the cab.

The beautiful lake water was clean and clear with white water lilies scattering around, looking unearthly.

The mountains were winding not far away. The trees were green and thick. Everything looked so nice.

Big and tall magnolia flower trees were surrounding the lake, smelling fresh and fragrant.

But Sylvia could only smell Franklin's masculine hormone.

He was standing next to her and holding her hand like a majestic king.

He turned to look at her. The fine view and the pretty girl were perfectly matched with each other, which was like a good painting.

Sylvia sensed he was in a good mood, as he was staring at her with a smile.

"Why are you looking at me? Aren't you out for the beautiful scenery?" Sylvia glanced at him and said.

Franklin opened his arms, leaned over to her and held her into his arms, "Sweetie, as long as you're with me, you'll be happy and satisfied, in every way."

He bit her earlobe lightly and whispered in her ear.

He liked to bite her ears, which got red when he touched them softly, and he couldn't help getting aroused.

Sylvia felt her heart racing. She tried to push him away but he grabbed her hands, "We've got one day and one night left. We can enjoy it."

They could enjoy being together in the beauty of nature.

His voice sounded intoxicating. It was quiet around and they could only hear the wind blowing the leaves.

Sylvia just let Franklin hold her tightly in his arms like that.

His arms were strong and warm.

In fact, they were divorced, but they embraced each other so closely now. And she felt safe in his arms.

What a contradictory and ironic thing!

Suddenly, there came some pleasant music.

Sylvia opened her eyes abruptly and saw a fountain rising at the center of the lake.

Surprisingly, there was a music fountain in the lake!

As the fountain rose, lights in many colors were shining on the lake all at once and illuminating Sylvia and Franklin. What a view!

The crystal-clear water was colorful at the moment. Fish was swimming here and there freely.

In the sky, they could see a bright moon, which was scattered around with sparkling stars, while in the lake, they could see the brilliant music fountain.

Franklin held up her pretty face and asked deeply, "Do you like it?"

Sylvia raised her head and looked at him in the eyes, and she could see his thick eyelashes clearly.

Suddenly, he kissed her on the lips, so passionately and possessively. He kissed her so hard that she could smell all his breath, and she couldn't help trembling slightly...

There was a two-story cabin by the lake.

Franklin carried her in his arms and strode over to the cabin. She was carried to the bedroom on the second floor and thrown onto the bed before she could look around the decoration carefully in the cabin.

Until then, she realized that the roof of the cabin was made of transparent glass!

She lay on the bed and was able to see the twinkling stars in the sky. In the starry sky and the rising and falling of the music fountain, Franklin jumped up on her.

Through the huge French window, she could keep enjoying the music fountain only by turning her head a little bit.

Franklin gasped heavily and came closer to her, "Everything here is specially for you, this cabin included."

His thin lips nearly touched her trembling red lips. Then he uttered the words, "Sweetie, let's get back together."

Sylvia looked away and tried not to look at his charmingly handsome face. But he carried her up again and went straight to the back of the cabin.

To her surprise, Sylvia found there was a pool of hot water. It was steaming.

Some good-looking stones were built up in the pool.

Some green bamboos were planted around the pool, and they rustled lightly in the night breeze, which was pleasant to the ear.

"This is a natural hot spring pool." Franklin tore her dress off but Sylvia pressed his hands, "It's outdoor."

She thought it very embarrassing to bathe in the open air.

"Nobody will come here," Franklin said lightly.

They could still see the music fountain not far away from the spring pool.

The light around was dim and dark but the music fountain still looked brilliant.

There was a unique street lamp in front of the cabin which was covered in its dim light.

Beauty was created from all this.

She bathed in the warm spring water and relaxed. Franklin stretched out his arms and held her. His strong chest was clinging to her smooth and fair skin.

She was frozen, trying to escape.

But Franklin held her slim waist so tightly that she couldn't move at all.

He lowered his eyes and faintly saw her seductively curvy figure in the water.

The hot water splashed on her fair skin softly.

In the dim light, she looked stunning. She curled her slender legs in an elegant way, looking so attractive.

He narrowed his sharp eyes, his breathing fast and then long.

He always knew how beautiful she was! But she looked like a fairy right here right now!

Every time he took a close look at her, he could find she displayed her beauty in a different way.

It was like digging a treasure. The deeper he went, the deeper he was in love with her.

Franklin felt he was tense all over.

He put on the bathrobe loosely and carried Sylvia in his arms.

Then he put her softly on the bed, while he was leaning against the bed idly like a noble king.

Her hair was wet by water steams and hanging down randomly, which made her face look more delicate.

Her face was as red as a cherry after bathing in the hot spring, and he wanted so much to bite it.

Sylvia stared at him stubbornly like a cheetah, which was ready to attack with its sharp paws. And, she looked as tasty like candy in the light.

Franklin appreciated her in the way that a noble king was inspecting his land.

He had no idea since when the bathrobe had slipped off.

She had sex with him many times during their four-year marriage, but she still felt uneasy seeing his naked body.

He fiddled with her long curly hair gently with his rough fingers.

Sylvia looked at him quietly and found his eyes seemed darker than the night sky.

She could see the dark sky and twinkling stars overhead. And everything was so romantic and nice.

...

The rising sun in Sneland shone through the glass window overhead.