

## Revealed 191

### chapter 191

Franklin's face gradually turned cold, and there was a hint of danger in his cold eyes. He raised his lips with a hint of coldness, and said in a low voice slowly, "I don't think this is a good idea. Eden knows nothing about acting."

Jasper, who was driving, was speechless.

He was surprised that Franklin would judge the popular idol working for his company this way.

Eden was the most popular singer and dancer. But he was a new actor. This movie was a good chance for him.

Yet Franklin didn't have much confidence in Eden.

Jasper felt sorry for Eden.

"He will learn through acting. Besides, this movie is about a boy becoming an idol. It's his story. There is no better choice better than him."

When it came to working, Sylvia had endless words to say, her face shining.

Hearing that she was strongly approving of Eden, Franklin was once again angry.

"I am his boss, and I said no for him."

"Your words don't count. I've talked to his agent. We'll sign the contract this afternoon."

Sylvia was angry. She felt that Franklin was preventing her from developing her career.

Her face suddenly turned cold as she looked sharply at Franklin, saying, "Franklin, don't challenge my patience. Otherwise, I won't cook dinner for you."

Franklin was speechless.

She threatened him with dinner for the sake of Eden.

Franklin felt worse. His gaze turned mad. "He got nothing but a pretty face. You like it, right?"

Sylvia was too lazy to argue. She felt she was wasting her time talking to him.

Pretty face?

"Yes, he is pretty. Girls like him."

"You do too?" Franklin was jealous.

"Who doesn't like pretty boys? You like pretty girls too, don't you?" Sylvia was amused, not knowing what Franklin was angry about.

He was saying nonsense, wasn't he?

He suddenly pinched her chin and leaned into her ear, his tone low and sexy. "I don't like pretty girls. I like you."

Sylvia covered her beating heart and stared at him in disbelief.

Was he flirting with her?

The man's enchanting handsome face carried a hint of pampering, and he even touched her nose, "What's wrong? Speak."

The atmosphere instantly changed. Just now, they were about to fight, but at this moment, they were at peace.

Sylvia could vaguely feel Franklin's warmth on her nose.

She had only seen such intimate gestures in dramas.

She never expected that one day, a man would dare to touch her nose.

It was such an intimate gesture!

She was a little uncomfortable.

Her face instantly turned red. Her heart beat rapidly.

She was no longer in the mood to quarrel with Franklin.

It was so childish to argue.

She shouldn't become as naïve as Franklin.

The smart Jasper took Franklin and Sylvia to the supermarket again.

At the seafood area of the supermarket.

There were freshly killed fish as well as other seafood.

Sylvia stood there picking fish, her head still dizzy.

Why was she shopping with Franklin again?

It was so weird. They were arguing just a moment ago.

Forget it. She decided to focus on shopping.

Sylvia picked up the fish and asked the staff to clean it.

Then she bought some spices for the dish.

Their outstanding appearance attracted the attention of many customers in the supermarket.

One of the supermarket assistants liked using Twitter. She stared at Franklin and Sylvia's backs with wide eyes.

Franklin followed Sylvia closely.

The supermarket assistant was shocked. She quickly took a picture and tweeted.

“Oh my God! I think I saw Mr. Maskelyne and Mrs. Maskelyne; they seem to be shopping together again. They were buying fish and other ingredients.”

Her hands were shaking while editing the tweet.

Unfortunately, since she was too nervous, she only took a picture of Mrs. Maskelyne’s back.

She hurriedly chased after them, wanting to see what Mrs. Maskelyne looked like.

But Franklin and Sylvia had finished paying and left the supermarket.

The supermarket assistant’s tweet received a lot of comments.

“Another picture of her back again? Are you a paid poster to publicize Franklin?”

“Yeah, why do they go to the supermarket so frequently? Twice a day?”

“Why didn’t you take a picture of their faces?”

The supermarket assistant responded speechlessly.

“I wanted to capture their faces, but they left.”

“If I am a paid poster, why do I have few followers?”

“I’m not.”

“Fine, believe it or not. I bet they make boiled fish or pickled fish at night.”

The staff replied to several comments in one go.

Then she put down her phone and went back to work.

She had missed her only chance to approach Mr. Maskelyne and Mrs. Maskelyne.

Would they come again tomorrow?

Franklin and Sylvia got into the car and headed straight for Townyer Villa.

“The fish is fresh; it must be delicious.” Franklin’s tone was full of anticipation.

In one day, Sylvia cooked twice for him.

He was very content.

Sylvia didn’t pay attention to him. She was replying to Vaild’s message.

“Boss, the evidence has been submitted.”

“I see.”

Not surprisingly, the bad deeds of Andrews Construction would soon be revealed.

"The odd thing is that your dad got an investment out of nowhere. The Andrews Construction started a few projects today."

Sylvia frowned, "Check the flow of money. Find out where it from as soon as possible."

"Okay."

Who would help Otto, a notorious man, at such a time?

That was too weird.

When she was wondering, Otto called her.

"Silvia, listen, you refused to help me, but someone else would. You had no sense of gratitude. I won't let you off the hooks this time after I go through this crisis."

Otto cursed angrily.

He bore a grudge against Sylvia at the thought of Sylvia refusing to save him.

He would have killed Sylvia too if he had known it earlier.

Keeping Sylvia alive did him no good.

"Do you call me just to scold me or are there other reasons?" Sylvia said coldly.

"Listen carefully, Master Clark invites our family to dinner tomorrow, you must be there. If you don't go, I will make a fuss at your hospital. You won't be able to work," Otto roared angrily.

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Sylvia said impatiently, "That's your attitude for inviting me?"

"Mr. Wilson has many ways to make it if you refuse." Otto hung up the phone after saying such words.

As the screen was locked, Sylvia put away the phone.

Why did Clark and Otto have such a good relationship? And Clark even invited the Andrews for dinner.

It was so weird.

As she was thinking about it, Valid sent her a message.

"Boss, it's a capital injection from Wilson Group."

That explained a lot.

A faint sneer flashed in her eyes. And she said, "Keep tabs on them and update anytime."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't be sad."

Suddenly, there was a masculine voice in her ear.

Then her cold hand was covered by a warm palm.

Sylvia lost her words.

What did that mean?

In a surprise, she raised her eyes and saw that Franklin was looking at her. His enigmatic eyes showed too much love and desire for possessiveness.

“Don’t be sad for what?” Sylvia tried pulling away her hand.

However, she then gave up because Franklin just gripped it.

“I will take good care of you. Don’t worry. They are trivial.”

The light of the sunset’s afterglow shone on Franklin’s face, which showed gentleness and love slightly.

As time went by, it was already dust.

Franklin touched her delicate face gently with his other hand, his smiling brimmed with tenderness.

“Sweetie, I know it was my wrong before that I ignored you. I promise I will give you whatever you want, even my life.”

Sylvia pursed her cherry-colored lips slightly. She couldn’t even force a word because her throat felt raw and tight.

Franklin came closer and gave her face a light peck.

“Stop. It’s so embarrassing,” said Sylvia.

Her heart was thudding and her face began to blush. It was like burning where he kissed just now, making her feverish and awkward.

Franklin held her jaw with one hand while wrapping her slender waist with the other arm, leaning close to her, and whispered in her ears, “Really? I don’t think so. It’s genuine.”

Sylvia’s pretty face was reddening, which merged with afterglow, looking extremely seductive.

Her nose was fully covered by the smell of her man.

It made her heart flutter again.

Franklin had an angular face. His lips raised slightly, smirking.

He gripped her wrist, pulled her into his arms, and held her down on the seat.

Close to his rock-like chest, she could feel his familiar hormone and dangerous vibe.

Sylvia felt as if she had lost control of her nose.

She hurried to prop her arms against him and shouted, “Franklin, what are you doing!”

Franklin looked down at the lady whose face blushed scarlet. “I am kissing you,” said he.

Jasper tactfully closed the curtain, leaving them a private space.

He knew what to do when his master wanted to play the “Kiss Game”.

As a bachelor after all, he didn’t think he should watch their intimacy.

Gently, Franklin’s kiss fell on Sylvia’s lips, which were soft like rose petals, with her unique fragrance.

They were so seductive and indulging.

Some time later, the car stopped stably.

Sylvia shoved Franklin away.

Her beautiful face still blushed.

“Do you eat sweets?”

Franklin braced his forehead against Sylvia’s. His word was flirty.

“Sweets?” Sylvia was confused.

“You are so sweet that I want to taste again and again.” Franklin lowered his eyes and gave her a small smile with his lips curved.

Sylvia blushed to the extreme.

What the hell of the sweets?

“Damn. It’s so cheesy,” said Sylvia. She tried hard to stop herself from rubbing raw her goose skin caused by the man.

Franklin looked sullen due to her comment, mingled with a shred of unreasonable chagrin.

Actually, he had searched online for a long time and chose one which didn’t sound that disgusting.

However, he was cold-shouldered again.

Some answers on the forum could not be trusted.

Franklin kept staring at Sylvia. After a long while, he said, “Let’s get off.”

Sylvia came back to life from feeling embarrassed, and Franklin opened the door, holding her arm and pulling her to the villa.

Jasper walked behind them, with the vegetables and fish they bought just now in his hands.

Franklin pursed his lips together; his palm holding her wrist was warm.

Sylvia tilted her head to look at his beautiful face as she followed him.

She had to admit that the man was truly able to make girls crazy.

His face, especially, was perfect.

The handsome person would always be handsome whatever he wore.

A simple black suit could make him exude a powerful vibe.

Sylvia was a bit zoned out.

The virus seemed not to take effect.

It allowed her to sigh with relief.

Walking into the villa, they changed their slippers.

Sylvia didn't stay still but entered the kitchen and began to cook for Mr. Maskelyne's sake.

It was not strange for her to make boiled fish because she had cooked it many times.

Franklin just stayed in the kitchen and watched her cook deftly with a phone in his hands.

Sylvia thought he was scrolling on it and ignored him.

However, Franklin was vlogging her.

The whole process of her cooking fish was filmed by the man, although there were merely her fair long-fingered hands in the video.

Then Franklin clicked an app and reproduced the video by compressing and fast-forwarding.

After finishing, he opened Twitter. There was full of gossip about how he bought fish with Sylvia in the supermarket.

Franklin grinned.

He was happy to see him and Sylvia being on trends.

On one hand, he could show his affection for Sylvia in public; on the other hand, he wanted to let Sylvia know that she was stamped on by him, even though they had been divorced.

His desire for possessiveness was so strong that he allowed nobody to oppose him.

He would infiltrate her life in every respect.

As his PDA aroused heated discussions on the Internet in these two days, he was determined that his wife could only be Sylvia.

Therefore, he must tell everyone.

If somebody coveted his wife, he would definitely destroy him!

He posted the cooking video on Twitter. Although there were her hands in it, they were just so beautiful that all netizens wanted to "lick their screens".

"Damn it! Mrs. Maskelyne looks pretty, and so do her hands."

"Does Franklin realize that he just posts tweets so frequently today?"

"He tweeted several times."

"And each tweet is for showing affection."

“Mr. Maskelyne, are you kidnapped by someone else? Or Mrs. Maskelyne got something on you? Say something.”

“Frequent hype. Boring.”

“It seems that Franklin gets cursed.”

“It’s not his style!”

At this moment, Sylvia had totally no idea that child-like Franklin showed PDA on Twitter again.

He got “frustrated” by her so he couldn’t help venting it out somewhere. It was true that people always showed what they lack.

And Franklin needed Sylvia, thereby flaunting her more and more.

He wanted her to know about his decision.

However, Sylvia opened Twitter as she ate the fish calmly.

Then she gave a jaw-dropping reply.

“Franklin, if you still post the videos or photos about me secretly, you’re gonna die!”

After that, she locked the phone and put it aside, concentrating on her meal.

It was enough. The man was childish and posted something on social media. While other girls might show their designer bags or branded make-up, he actually showed off her non-stop!

It was astonishing.

Sylvia just became speechless.

Some netizens found her aggressive reply.

They were shocked.

“Maybe only Mrs. Maskelyne dares say such words to Captain Franklin.”

“His family position is not that high though.”

“Whoa, that’s crazy.”

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“Mrs. Maskelyne is so great.”

“Good job.”

Franklin didn’t respond to Sylvia on Twitter. He put the knife and fork down and looked at her with his dark eyes, saying, “Are you angry?”

“Franklin, don’t be so childish, Okay?” Sylvia also put down her knife and fork, “Why is your unapproachable-president image totally shattered? You are aloof, dignified, and dismissive of descending to being ordinary, aren’t you?”



"For you, I am content to be ordinary." Franklin picked a piece of fish into Sylvia's bowl, "Sylvia, you can't get rid of me."

The man was so pushy. She felt a bit stifled.

She said nothing but began to eat.

"If you don't like my high profile, I will change." Franklin felt a bit nervous due to Sylvia's silence so he hurriedly added.

Some netizens commented on the forum that girls liked to be shown off by their boyfriends on social media as a way to make their relationships known to all.

Surely, he was fooled by the comment again.

Damn it!

Sylvia had trouble adjusting to his sudden nervous tone because he was always superior, aggressive, and temperamental.

But he was such a pushover now, saying that he would change on his initiative.

It was a bit freaking her out.

But she didn't react much. After all, others didn't see her face. Otherwise, it would be a disaster.

They had gotten divorced but still messed around with each other. Moreover, she was posted as Mrs. Maskelyne by him on Twitter every day.

If someone dug out stuff on them and nailed Franklin's lies, it would be indecent for them.

She sighed. "Franklin, we can't get back. So don't do this again. It's so naive."

"Not even friends?" Franklin asked, looking depressed with his dashing eyebrows knitted.

He started to be irrepressibly fretted.

He clenched his fists and fought the impulse to sweep everything off the table.

"Then just friends," Sylvia looked at him and said.

She pulled out some napkins to wipe her lips, picked up her bag, and turned to leave.

However, at this moment, a violent feeling attacked her.

The virus! It came back after dying down for a long time.

Sylvia only felt all hot and shivery, and her face changed between red and white.

She forced herself to walk forward.

But this time, the pain caused by the virus was more violent. What she felt now was like a knife gouging into every inch of her body and every cell in his blood.

She took a deep breath and moved her lead-like legs forward, the pain blinding her.

Each move she made was like treading on a knife.

At this moment, she was the mermaid who needed cutting bloody when turned into a human being.

When she stepped out of the villa, she had been drenched with sweat.

Her wet hair was on her cheek.

She gawked at the sullen sky, fumbled in her bag for her phone, and gave a call to Logan. Then there came his voice on the phone, "Hi, boss."

"Come and get me," Sylvia said faintly. Her vision blurred, and she almost lost consciousness.

Especially, her high-temperature body and the burning desire reminded her of what she needed most.

But she didn't want to get a slap in the face.

She just said that she would no longer mess with him. And now, did she have to violate it due to the virus?

No! Her dignity didn't allow her to do this.

Even she would be tortured to die by the virus.

And she was determined to fight it to the bitter end.

Logan perceived something wrong that happened to her and asked, "What's wrong? Where are you?"

She bit her lower lip tightly, her face burning brightly.

She held her phone in her hands tremblingly and said, "Town...Townyer Villa."

Thunder was growling and lightning made a zigzag in the dark sky.

The light lit up Sylvia's face, which was burning and blushing weirdly.

She was extremely beautiful; and now she was like a nymph, illuminatingly beautiful.

It was about to rain.

Subconsciously, Sylvia tried walking forward.

Nearby, there were bridges, waters, pavilions, and trees. The environment was nice.

She wanted to take shelter in a pavilion, but she had used all her strength to endure the pain.

She clenched her teeth and forced herself to move.

"No. No." Sylvia constantly told herself, trying to repress the huge shock caused by the virus.

Soon, five minutes passed, but Sylvia only took three steps.

She never expected that walking would be torture for her someday.

It was cloudy, and suddenly it rained violently. The raindrops that snapped at her made her feel pain.

Sylvia closed her eyes for a while. Damn!

It sucked.

Standing in the rain, she suffered from the great drops pounding on her. No wonder she would be wet like a drowned rat.

In the villa, Jasper was tidying up the dishes. Meanwhile, he looked at the downpour out of the window worriedly.

He gave a peek at Franklin and said timidly, "Hope Miss Andrews can hail a cab."

The city was shrouded in the night.

There were sporadically a few luxury cars passing by in the villa area.

The extremely charming lady stood stiff in the rain. Someone cast a glance at her and felt amazed by her beauty.

Sylvia still struggled with the virus, looking at the rainstorm night.

Her heartbeat was so fast that she almost had her heart in her mouth.

Seemingly, the pain was going to rip her up.

"Sylvia, don't you give in?" A sudden voice said in her ears.

She looked up sharply. It was a man in a silver mask.

He was tall, standing in the rain. Behind the mask were terrible eyes tinged with mischief and disdain.

It seemed that everyone was nonentity to him.

A lightening flashed across the sky, illuminating his silver mask which made him more horrible.

The masked man appeared again.

Four years ago, it was a masked man who hunted her down with hundreds of people and injected the virus into her.

Sylvia looked at his frightening face and tried hard to compose herself. She didn't know if he was the man she confronted four years ago.

"Who are you?"

The man was about 5 steps away from her.

She had been painful to death, her pupils shrinking constantly.

Such a beautiful but contorted face made the masked man pleased.

"I cannot bear to see so pretty a lady get painful!"

The man chuckled and his voice was horrible, like being from the hell.

His eerie tone and his dismissive eyes were familiar.

Sylvia was increasingly sure that he was the guy.

The man moved towards Sylvia step by step, with his long and strong legs.

At this moment, Sylvia had no way to fight him due to the virus.

Unconsciously, she began to back away from him.

He spoke in a low and cold voice, "Sylvia, I thought that you would turn to me. Unexpectedly, you married that guy for four years. How naughty. And now, you still mess with him. It makes me so disappointed. May I finish this for you?"

Sylvia clenched her fists.

She said coldly, "What are you gonna do? Franklin and I have been divorced. We're done."

"Really?" said the man, his unfathomable eyes staring at Sylvia darkly, "Oh, that's true."

He paused and suddenly said, "You'd better not be involved with him. Otherwise, he might vanish."

"You!"

The masked face looked malicious in the street lamp.

Sylvia stared at him silently. She clearly felt the fatal danger from the man in front of her.

"You can simply kill me if you want. Why go to all this trouble?"

She was deeply confused that he only put the virus in her without other actions.

The man tossed a thoughtful look at her, "It sucks my plan to get you is forestalled."

Sylvia sneered.

Just then, the man suddenly caressed her face, "Look, you want me, don't you? Come into my arms."

His voice was siren-like.

"I'm not interested in you," said Sylvia coldly.

There was a huge ball of emotion swelling to the utmost in her chest. The pain attacked her crazily.

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The moment the man stretched his hand to her, she felt the pain ease a lot.

She was stunned and looked at the man.

The virus was strange. It loved rare blood and normal types of blood had no way to calm it down.

And Franklin had Rh-negative blood. That was one of the reasons why Sylvia chose to get married to him.

The virus was fond of getting close to Franklin. It liked his blood.

Did the masked man have Rh-negative blood?

Sylvia bit her lip hard, trying to refuse the sense of relief caused by his touch.

She was bound to overcome it.

She couldn't give in!

Although she had divorced Franklin, she wasn't willing to have sex with others except him.

No way!

The masked man looked at her bloodthirstily and arrogantly, his lips rising slightly, and said, "How tough you are!"

Sylvia didn't reply.

The rain was getting heavier.

She still stood there stiffly, like a sculpture.

A Bentley was out of the garage slowly.

"Master, it's Miss Andrews!" Jasper said quietly.

In the car, Franklin looked out of the window.

He closed his eyes, with his mind blank for a few seconds.

He clenched his fists and tried to repress his emotions.

Sylvia and a man were looking at each other in the heavy rain. The streetlight was shone on them.

Two seconds later, the man touched her face.

She stayed still.

Franklin quivered, overwhelmed by rage and pain.

'Sylvia! I asked for it! You never lack suitors. You can even flirt with a man in such a moment.'

Franklin felt so disappointed, like being drowned in an icy lake.

The rain was still heavy. Sylvia rubbed her hands, her thick and long eyelashes fluttering. On the back of her fair hands, there were veins bulged.

The virus was quieting down. She slapped his hand away and said angrily, "Don't touch me!"

"How fierce!" said the man, with darkness and covetousness shown on his face, "One day, you will kneel down in tears in front of me."

His possessiveness for her was undisguised.

His words were so disgusting that Sylvia almost threw up.

"Never!" said Sylvia.

“Whoa. I will see.” The man saw Franklin get off from the Bentley not far away.

He squinted at Franklin maliciously.

“Can’t wait to meet your beau, uh? You just leave my house.” Franklin’s eyes fell on Sylvia and then on the masked man frigidly.

It was so strange that the masked man seemed familiar to him.

A tinge of surprise flashed in Franklin’s mind.

“Your ex is here. He cares about you!” The man smiled, throwing a provocative glance at Franklin, and left.

As he got away, Sylvia was in full relief.

She loosened her fists, but the suffocating pain attacked her again.

Sylvia saw Franklin come to her from the dark in the misty rain.

Franklin stared at her pale face. He raised his hands to touch his temples which were beating and ached.

He felt mixed strong emotions.

But his beautiful face remained composed.

The rain poured down on them.

Sylvia closed her eyes slowly, her consciousness being lost.

Franklin saw her teeter and quickly held her slender body in his arms.

In the patter of rain, there came her hoarse and weak voice, “Franklin, can I trust in you?”

“Sylvia? Sylvia!”

Franklin picked her up to the villa. They were both saturated.

Jasper followed them rapidly and handed a clean towel to Franklin.

Franklin put Sylvia on the bed and wrapped her in the towel.

After a while, he felt she got warm, then he put away the towel.

Jasper walked in and said, “Master, the hot bath is ready.”

“Well,” said Franklin without another word. He held Sylvia who was drenched all over into the bathroom and slammed the door.

Jasper left tactfully.

Franklin didn’t figure out why his lady, who looked all right just now, got into a coma suddenly.

The rage and heartburn caused by the man touching her face vanished when Sylvia passed out.

In the bathtub, Sylvia felt hot and cold while her face turned red and white.

Did she have a fever?

It didn't feel like a fever though because her body was as cold as ice from time to time.

It occurred to Franklin that Logan told him that Sylvia needed him on the phone last time.

His heart sank.

What did Sylvia hide from him?

He asked his private doctor to check. After a long while, the doctor looked at him pensively.

"Mr. Maskelyne, the lady should be hospitalized to confirm the diagnosis of her abnormality."

"What?" There were raindrops on Franklin's handsome face which was tense, showing a sense of sharpness and coldness.

The doctor flinched and replied, "Her disease is unusual. Medical experiments are needed to draw a conclusion."

"Get out! You quack!" roared Franklin.

She had an excellent constitution. She couldn't get a rare disease suddenly.

What a quack!

The doctor was quite shocked, but he had to leave with his kit hurriedly.

No sooner had the doctor left than the doorbell rang.

Logan rushed in, drenched, "Where's Sylvia?"

He had found her around Townyer Villa for a long time but failed.

Now that she asked him to pick her up, she wouldn't leave alone.

He looked at the surveillance footage in the guard room and learned that Sylvia hadn't gotten out of here.

Franklin stared at Logan and said in an indifferent tone, "She's here."

Two minutes later, Logan was led to the bedroom.

When he saw Sylvia who looked pale and drawn lying on the soft bed, his eyes were red-rimmed.

He walked to her quickly and held her hands.

Her changing temperature astonished him.

"You are close now. What's wrong with her?" asked Franklin, gritting his teeth.

It was about health of Sylvia. He had to ask with his jealousy suppressed.

His heart really ached when he saw her be touched by others.

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Logan turned around and looked at Franklin silently.

He hesitated if he should tell Franklin about Sylvia's secret.

However, the virus was like a time bomb.

She might die because of it at any time.

The last thing he wanted was Sylvia's death.

He didn't know what his grandfather told Sylvia on his deathbed, but he knew Sylvia was his elder sister when they were young. It was Sylvia who took him to join the Dark Night and cultivated him to be her right hand. Then there was the second most powerful man, Logan Mertens.

And Sylvia allowed Eden to do what he liked in order to keep him from some dark events.

She just protected the brothers in silence.

Maybe, it was time for him to repay her.

"Do you know the virus?" said Logan's low and calm voice in the room.

"What?"

Franklin clenched his fists, stunned.

Logan actually knew the secret of Sylvia.

He felt as bitter as bile. He thought that he was familiar with Sylvia, but it was not the truth.

It seemed he knew nothing about her in fact.

"There's an incurable virus which will live and die with its host. The virus will undermine the willpower and body of the host. It craves blood from the opposite sex. And rare blood is its favorite. To absorb the 'nutrient', it will urge the host to have sex."

Franklin's face was cold.

Franklin looked at Logan's impassive, with his chilly pupils shrunk.

His temples ached again, like an awl piercing his nerves violently.

He suddenly knew why Logan phoned him last time.

It was the reason.

Sylvia suffered from the virus, thereby needing his RH-negative blood.

His knuckles turned white due to his clenching. His heart seemed to be hammered with a nail that gradually pierced deeper and ultimately made him no longer tolerate the pain.

He almost used all his strength to say a word hoarsely, "So, I'm only her painkiller. And the marriage four years ago was expedient, wasn't it?"



Logan was still blank-faced, looking at him. But there was a flash of pain and sympathy in his eyes. He said, "Mr. Maskelyne, you are clever as expected. The meeting in front of the hospital was elaborated. She had to marry somebody to ease the pain. And she finally chose you after investigations and confirmations."

In the room, it was so quiet that only the patter outside and Franklin's heavy breathing could be heard.

A pang of heartache seized him. He raised his lips slightly and spoke in an extremely cold voice, "I thought I was the sovereign of our marriage. I never expected that it was a trick. She tricked me and divorced me. Good for you, Sylvia!"

Unexpectedly, their marriage was only a designed scheme and a joke.

"She's gonna marry the masked man? Or whoever? So, she couldn't wait to divorce me?" Franklin stood straight, his breathing fast and heavy.

"Nope. After marrying you, the virus gradually dies down. Therefore, when you offered a divorce, she agreed without hesitation. However, the virus came to life frequently later."

The orange light shone on Franklin's face. He sneered, "Should I express my gratitude to her for marrying me to great lengths?"

"The virus attacks her now. Save her or not, it depends on you." Logan looked at Franklin, feeling a bit fatigued, "I tell you about this because I'm scared. Each time, she was almost tortured to death. I don't like it."

"What a great admirer! Just give away your beloved to another man," said Franklin pointedly.

He couldn't believe that he had totally no idea of Sylvia's secret.

And what made him mad was that Sylvia schemed to marry him. He used to think she was a cageling. However, he was the fish in her pool.

What was left to him was heartache.

"Have you known her for many years? Earlier than our marriage?"

"Yes," Logan said. It was best for Sylvia to stay with Franklin.

In the room, there were only Sylvia and Franklin.

Logan had left.

The man looked down at the lady on the bed. Her perfect face was still attractive, even when she was in a coma.

Her burning cheeks were charming.

Franklin stood in front of the bed, like a lost child.

She stayed with him for living longer.

It seemed that his heart was soaked in bitter water.

His mind messed up. His ears hummed.

His heart shrank and twinged. His emotions were out of control.

He closed his eyes and opened them. In a trance, he was like a ghost wandering around.

After a long while, "Noooo." the lady on the bed struggled to fight against something.

She seemed to be in an interminable dream where the masked man intimidated her, and she pushed him away.

"No! Back off!"

Her voice was as hoarse as there was sand full of her mouth.

She was so weak that her voice was faint.

Franklin was standing here, looking at her struggle and pain and feeling complicated.

He never knew that something he never heard could make this lordly and aloof lady in such a condition.

He didn't know what to do.

Did she feel that pain when the virus attacked her every time?

Her new-changed sleepwear was damped by sweats. It seemed the clothes were picked up from the rain.

Her body, gorgeous as a rose, was extremely attractive to him.

However, he wanted to refuse her.

He didn't descend to having sex with a lady who schemed with him.

Whom did she think about now?

Whom did she shout at?

Was it he? Her ex-husband?

"Franklin has RH-negative blood. He will save me. Get away from me!"

Sylvia growled suddenly, seemingly sparing no effort.

After that, she was lying there feebly as if she was in a state of prostration or a coma again.

Franklin's pupils shrank, staring at her ghastly white face.

What did she say?

She called his name!

She was awaiting him!

Franklin's heart thudded, almost leaping out of his chest.

He couldn't control himself anymore. His lips fell on hers violently.

The air seemed to be burnt.

Two hours later, Franklin walked to the bathroom, drenched in sweat.

Meanwhile, Sylvia, on the bed, recovered. Her temperature returned to normal and the red on her face faded away.

Franklin held Sylvia in his arms, cleaned the bed, and put her down.

Franklin put a new sheet and a new cover by himself.

The used sheet was as wet as last time when Sylvia got attacked by the virus in Pearlhall Villa, by her sweat.

At that moment, he had no idea; but now, he knew it clearly.

He really wondered if the virus was incurable.

He called a phone number.

In New York. At midnight. Lexton was sleeping with a blonde-hair beautiful woman in his arms.

When there came the noisy phone ring, he angrily snatched the phone and said, "You'd better have good reasons! Or..."

Before he finished, a cold voice interrupted him, "Or what?"

Lexton was suddenly awake like being poured iced water. His sleepy eyes turned bright, "Franklin? What's wrong? Does your disease worsen?"

Franklin said in an indifferent and icy tone, "I got something to ask you."

Five minutes later, Lexton said in shock, "Gosh! It really exists? I used to think it documentary only."

"So you know it?" said Franklin, squinting slightly.

Lexton put the woman away and sat up, "Franklin, though I'm the expert of psychological diseases, I also dabbled with other difficult diagnoses. I once learned about it in an abstract. It's a shame that there was no cure for it."

"Lexton, I need it. And I need you." The tall handsome man in black shirt stood leisurely in front of the window, with the phone in his hand. His eyes were cold.

The patters on the window were like thuds on his heart.

"I will ask my seniors and my teachers. Maybe they can deal with it. I will let you know in time if anything comes up." Lexton paused for a while and said, "But there's not much hope."

## **chapter 196**

Franklin interrupted him again, "I know, but I will try."

Then Franklin hung up the phone.

He stood on the balcony, looking at Sylvia, who was sleeping tranquilly on the bed, through the glass door. His expression was deep and quiet.

He gazed at her in silence. After a long while, he took an imported cigar from a humidor and pressed the button of his silver lighter.

Blue flame spurted out.

At this moment, Sylvia woke up and saw his beautiful face clearly.

It was as perfect as being created by the God, pretty but masculine.

His eyes were glittering but freezing, like a devil, strong and aloof.

Franklin took a snuff. The smoke shrouded him.

Sylvia looked around and found it was the bedroom where she lived four years ago.

Was she taken here by Franklin?

She gradually got her memory back.

The formidable masked man and the jealous Franklin flashed through her mind.

She felt a bit headache.

But her body was in a good condition, but a bit sore which reminded her of what happened before.

Did she have sex with Franklin again?

It was obvious.

However, why was he so sullen?

Sylvia sat up. She wanted to say something but failed because her throat was dry and uncomfortable.

She frowned slightly and found there was a cup of water on the nightstand.

She snatched it up and swallowed the water.

The flow went through her dry throat which was suddenly moistened.

After drinking it up, Sylvia put down the cup. Meanwhile, Franklin stubbed out the cigar and opened the glass door, walking in and looking down on her.

There was a faint smell of tobacco around the man.

During their marriage, he never smoked in front of Sylvia.

It was the first time.

When she was a bit confused, the man spoke in an aloof voice, "Another cup?"

Sylvia bit her lower lip and said, "One more."

Then she saw him get another cup of water for her.

He bent, his tobacco-smell breathing reaching Sylvia's forehead and wafting down.

Sylvia's eyelashes fluttered. She took the cup and drank.

And she looked at the man from time to time.

There was light on his angular, carved face. He squinted; his eyes were as black as ink, looking especially deep.

The corner of his eyes showed a hint of alienation, making others fail to stop themselves to be appalled.

As Sylvia was drinking water, her stomach ached. A warm flow gushed.

Gosh, her period started early again.

Since she had suffered from the virus, her period was never regular.

She put down the cup and got out of the bed subconsciously.

However, Franklin put her back with his long-fingered and powerful palms on her shoulders.

His face, beautiful and cool, came close to her. His voice was in an intimidating tone, saying through gritted teeth, "What are you doing?"

Sylvia was angry and impatient, feeling that the warm fluid was getting more.

It gradually dampened her pajamas and was gushing out with a sense of stickiness.

She would break down if she didn't go to the bathroom right now.

Sylvia struggled to free herself and said, "Let go! I'm going to the bathroom."

"Really?" Franklin fixed his gaze on Sylvia. Her face was a bit pale and her jaw tautened.

Franklin tipped his front teeth with his tongue, chuckling. She had fled so many times.

Sylvia clenched her teeth. It was no doubt that her pants had been wet through. She shouted, "Franklin! You bastard! Let me go!"

Her stomach felt more and more uncomfortable, so she struggled to move towards the bathroom without another explanation.

However, her struggle made the apple of his throat move up and down.

When she turned her head and stared at him, Franklin lowered his head and clamped her jade-like earlobe in his mouth precisely, his nose rubbing her ear.

"Sweetie, don't flee from me!" said his dangerous voice.

Sylvia's complexion was a bit paler.

Sweat exuded from her delicate and beautiful nose.

She seemed really unwell and said, "Franklin! Let me go, please. My period comes."

Franklin raised his eyebrows coldly. "Don't trick me."

His voice was low and sexy.

Sylvia was so weak because she just recovered from the pain caused by the virus.

She controlled her urge to kick him off and nodded, "Let go!"

Franklin squinted at her paler face and her acting impatiently, then he finally raised his hands.

Sylvia got liberated and quickly rushed into the bathroom, slamming the door.

Franklin sank into the soft bed.

At the next second, he saw the obtrusive crimson on the cover.

Damn it. He changed it just now.

Sylvia opened the locker. Before they got divorced, she always kept some sanitary napkins in it. Others were placed in an exclusive locker in her closet.

But she had no idea if he had thrown them away.

When Sylvia saw there were two bags, she sighed with relief.

Her thin pajamas were tinged by the blood. The bed must be tinged.

Franklin! Damn!

Sylvia closed her eyes for a second.

A while later, she came out of the bathroom and saw that Franklin was bending to tidy up the new sheet.

Franklin was tall and handsome. Even though he was changing a sheet, it was as elegant as vogue shoots.

If there was a camera, it would be an advertisement shooting set for bedding.

Each freeze-frame would definitely be the cover of any magazine.

The man was handsome to the utmost.

But Sylvia was not in the mood to enjoy it. She found the sheet put aside on the ground and intended to take it to the bigger washroom outside.

"Put it down," said the cold voice of the man behind her.

"I will wash it," said Sylvia embarrassingly.

Franklin made the bed.

And he walked toward her with his long and powerful legs and snatched the sheet in her hands, saying, "You are not allowed to touch cold water during your period."

Sylvia felt confused due to his reactions but said, "I'm gonna put it into the washing machine with a piece of soap."

She never said she was about to wash it by hand.

The next second, she felt astonished to see that he grabbed the sheet, opened the door, and walked into the washroom outside.

What was he going to do?

Sylvia followed him curiously.

Jesus!

Franklin was scrubbing the dyed part hard with soap.

He lowered his head slightly. His eyelashes were thicker and longer than women's. There were thin but sexy lips under his straight nose.

He actually washed her menstrual blood with his hands?

It was said that rich families treated it as taboo because it was filthy and implied a bad hunch.

Sylvia was a bit stunned.

The crimson on the sheet faded away.

After a while, he turned on the faucet to rinse it.

And he scrubbed it again until it was completely clean.

Then he put it into the washer.

Hardly had he turned around when he saw Sylvia looking shocked.

Sylvia gasped and came to life when she saw his cold eyes.

She opened her mouth and said, "Franklin, you, you wash it?"

"First time. Just for you ever after," said Franklin, coldly and powerfully.

He was always mighty and aloof, speaking like a monarch.

But Sylvia felt a bit touched.

Her skin seemed as fair as fresh milk in the light, beautiful enough to feast the eyes.

Franklin squinted at her and then seized her wrist above her head.

Before Sylvia realized it, she had been pinned against the tiled wall in the washroom.

The tall man leaned forward.

She couldn't help but raise her head, seeing his face getting close to her.

Then his soft and cool lips touched hers.

He kept his arm around her supple waist. Her body was fixed between his chest and the wall.

Despite anything, she beat and kicked Franklin.

But he was as stable as a mountain, motionless.

She couldn't repress her anger anymore.

So, she intended to kick his heel of Achilles.

However, it seemed that he found out her intention, and he let go of her in good time and took a step back.

Franklin looked at Sylvia in silence, raising his eyebrows.

"Psycho, I need rest." Sylvia stretched her uncomfortable waist and walked towards the bedroom.

But she felt a bit confused. At that moment, she was in a coma. Why didn't Franklin question her?

Typically, it was impossible for him not to interrogate her, such as "why did you faint", "why did you feel hot or cold from time to time", etc.

And he just stayed calm which was so weird.

Sylvia felt strange.

Something was surely wrong.

She grabbed her phone but found it had run out of battery.

She charged it with a charger found on the nightstand. After a while, the phone was powered up.

Then she saw the message from Logan on Facebook.

## **chapter 197**

"Boss, I lost to Franklin in a fight for you, so I have come home. You should stay with him since there's a virus inside you. Is he amazing in bed?"

Reading Logan's message, Sylvia frowned and replied, "Stop talking nonsense."

It was two in the morning already.

Logan had fallen asleep.

Sylvia was thinking about why Franklin didn't get to the bottom of it.

She waited for a while and found that he hadn't come back to the bedroom.

Forget about him! She was tired and slowly fell asleep.

In the kitchen, Franklin was following the online video instruction and taking out the ginger and milk from the fridge.

"Crush the ginger and heat the milk."



He turned on the stove and heated the milk.

Ten minutes later, he turned off the stove and the ginger milk was made.

Sylvia was sleeping when she heard his deep voice, "Sweetie, wake up. Have some milk."

She slowly opened her eyes and smelled ginger.

Ginger?

Raising her eyes, she saw Franklin bending over with a glass of milk.

He was wearing a woman's apron but still looked handsome and charming.

"You made ginger milk?" she sat up and took the milk.

She took a sip. It was sweet. Why was it so sweet? She could hardly taste the ginger.

"I didn't put much ginger in it. I didn't know if you liked it." Franklin smiled and asked, "What do you think?"

"It's sweet."

It was too sweet for her.

But she wasn't an ungrateful person.

Franklin was willing to make her ginger milk just so she could feel a bit warmer in her stomach.

She drank it up. "Thank you."

She did feel warmer in her stomach.

"You are my wife. This is what I should do," Franklin's calm voice said.

However, Sylvia simply closed her eyes. She had been numb to these words of his and tired of arguing.

She was his ex-wife. They had divorced.

But she didn't bother to argue with him since she didn't feel well.

The next day, Sylvia woke up as soon as the sky turned bright and found that Franklin was not in the room.

She washed up and changed her menstrual pad, feeling refreshed.

Last night, after falling asleep, she seemed to feel a warm hand rubbing her belly to keep it warm for her. Maybe it was her illusion.

Would Franklin be that thoughtful? Sylvia frowned at this thought.

They had been married for four years, during which he never came to the Townyer Villa when she was in her period. He only came to stay for one night or two after her period was gone.

Therefore, he never knew she would feel uncomfortable during her period.

Last night, Franklin had been feeling guilty because of it.

He had been a terrible husband.

After Sylvia went downstairs, she saw breakfast on the table.

Rock, the butler, was bringing out the dishes from the kitchen.

"Mrs. Maskelyne, you are up."

"Good morning." Sylvia smiled at him.

She was about to make breakfast herself. It seemed that she didn't have to.

"Master Franklin hired a chef from Royal Galaxy to make breakfast for you. The breakfast is ready," Rock said after bringing out the last dish.

Franklin walked out of the kitchen with a glass of milk.

What was going on? He didn't ask her to make him breakfast?

It seemed that Franklin had read her mind and known her confusion. He smiled and looked at her.

She looked much better than yesterday. At least his work all night last night wasn't in vain.

Her hair had been tied into a ponytail, revealing her forehead. She was wearing a white hoodie and a pair of black jeans, looking energetic.

Her face was so fair and delicate.

Even though she was dressed casually, she looked pretty.

"You weren't feeling well, so I ordered a chef over," Franklin said, pointing at the chair next to him, "Come."

Sylvia was stunned. She didn't expect he would be so gentle one day.

He washed the bedsheet, made her milk, and ordered a chef to cook her breakfast.

She was moved.

She walked over and sat down next to him, "Can you eat these?"

Franklin smiled, "Of course."

He added, "If you feed me."

"You just said I'm not feeling well but you want me to serve you food?" Sylvia was out of words.

She no longer felt moved.

Rock said in a pitiful tone, "Mrs. Maskelyne, it's the only way Master Franklin could eat. He really can't live without you. Please do not say no to Master Franklin again!"

He said it as if Franklin would live a very miserable life without her.

He was trying to make her feel sorry for Franklin.

But Sylvia had never felt this way about him.

Therefore, she refused without thinking, "No."

Franklin's face turned gloomy as he stared at her.

Just as Sylvia picked up a dumpling and was about to eat it, she saw Franklin frowning and putting his hand on his stomach, "It hurts..."

Rock seldom came over here, he usually worked in Maskelyne Residence.

Receiving the hint from Franklin, he hurriedly said, "Master Franklin! Are you having a stomachache again? Shall we go to the hospital?"

While he said it, he looked over at Sylvia, "Mrs. Maskelyne, you are really just going to watch Master Franklin suffer?"

Sylvia was rendered speechless by their show.

She didn't know what to say.

Fine! But it was all because Franklin had been nice to her last night.

She picked up a dumpling and put it on his plate.

Then, she heard Franklin say, "Sweetie, this is not feeding..."

Sylvia glanced at him and frowned. She picked another dumpling and put it in front of his mouth. "Eat it!"

Franklin looked at her and thought she did have a bad temper.

## **chapter 198**

Franklin elegantly chewed the food Sylvia fed him with pleasure.

Sylvia saw a smile on his handsome face and heard him say, "It tastes good."

Everything became pleasant with Sylvia next to him.

Sylvia wanted to roll her eyes at him.

What a psycho!

"Eat more then," she stuffed another dumpling into his mouth.

Franklin ate it and asked, "Can I have something else? I want a taco."

"You are annoying." Sylvia fed him a taco.

A while later, Franklin ordered again, "I want some milk."

"Some cereal with yogurt."

"Another dumpling."

Sylvia had lost her words.

She'd rather cook by herself than feed him.

When she was about to lose her temper, Franklin finally took a handkerchief and wiped his mouth with it. "Sweetie, I'm full."

Sylvia took a sigh of relief and then heard him say, "It's my turn to feed you now."

"I don't want it."

"You can't say no," Franklin said with a smile, "Be a good girl, will you?"

Rock looked at the harmony between them and felt relieved.

Why did they divorce? They looked perfect together.

It seemed that they might get back together again someday.

At noon, Sylvia came to a five-star hotel.

'Otto picked such a fancy place just to please Clark?'

Sylvia sneered.

Standing at the gate, Tammy saw Sylvia walking over in a hoodie and felt jealous. Even in casual clothes, she still looked stunning.

She thought of the man she had seen in the hospital. He was so handsome yet aloof. And then, she thought of herself today.

She glared at Sylvia and put on airs. "You didn't even get dressed for this occasion? Aren't you afraid of humiliating dad at all?"

Sylvia snorted. Tammy never learned her lesson.

She had just taught Tammy a lesson in the hospital and now Tammy went back to her old self again.

"It's not your call."

Sylvia was wearing no makeup, yet still beautiful, while Tammy was wearing heavy makeup and yet her viciousness made her ugly.

"Sylvia, you think you are better than me just because you're a doctor? I'm telling you, maybe one day soon, you will no longer be the surgeon whom everyone looks up to!"

Just then, Otto and Skyla got out of the car and were walking over.

Tammy immediately put on an aggrieved look and walked up to them, "Dad, Sylvia just yelled at me because I told her she should have gotten dressed up today."

Skyla looked at Sylvia from head to toe and said with disdain, "We are meeting Mr. Wilson today. Tammy wears a designer dress today. Look at what Sylvia is wearing. Shame on her."

Otto had just received a generous investment from Clark, and now he was treating Clark to a meal.

He was surprised that Clark would invest two million, and he also felt excited and thrilled.

Otto now looked at Sylvia with pleasure.

"Sylvia, let's go in. But remember to dress up next time we meet Mr. Wilson."

In a box, the Andrews walked in.

There was a man who looked feminine sitting in the host's seat.

Clark wore a sweater and a pair of casual pants today. Although he didn't wear a suit, he looked intimidating.

When he saw them in, he remained expressionless.

He had his legs crossed and glanced at Sylvia.

"Dr. Sylvia."

Sylvia nodded at him, "Mr. Wilson."

Otto sat down on the chair next to Clark and sat with a fawning smile, "Mr. Wilson, I brought Sylvia here. What you have promised me..."

"I will keep my words." Clark's tone of voice were filled with impatience.

Sylvia glanced at the disgusting fawning look on Otto's face and then looked at Clark. "Mr. Wilson, you did all these just to meet with me?"

"Dr. Sylvia, my grandfather's getting worse and worse every day. I hope we can put the grudge between us aside and I could have the honor to have you cure him," Clark said with a smile. Sylvia could sense his scheming mind.

"Mr. Wilson, do you remember the words you said to me before?" Sylvia lowered her eyes.

"I didn't know who you were back then. I hope you could forgive me for my stupid mistake," Clark said in an indifferent tone, "I have invested two million in Andrews Construction. I have promised Mr. Andrews that he would win the bid at tomorrow's bidding."

Sylvia grabbed her glass and shook the red wine in it, "But what does it have to do with me?"

Clark had known she was a tough nut to crack.

But he didn't know she would be this tough.

He had investigated her and the results were surprising.

He found that she was the legendary surgeon of the Lilypad General Hospital.

He was surprised. Could trash like Otto have such a daughter?

Moreover, she seemed completely different from her family whether in terms of aura or disposition.

It was as if she wasn't an Andrews at all.

"Dr. Sylvia, what will you say if I bought the Lilypad General Hospital and gave it to you as a gift?"

"Mr. Wilson, what do you want?" Sylvia had always thought that Franklin was a psycho. It seemed that he was far saner than Clark.

"Well, it's not within your concerns. Just tell me what I have to do to get you to cure my grandfather." Clark needed to act like a filial man in front of everyone.

Therefore, he needed Sylvia's help.

The story that he had been searching for a doctor to cure his grandfather had moved a lot of people.

"Sylvia!" Otto looked at Sylvia with a frown, "You are just a doctor and you have had Mr. Wilson being so respectful to you. Stop putting on airs and agree!"

He needed Clark's money for his company and two million could only help fill a tiny part of the hole. It was far not enough, although it could help for now.

Was she going to sit there and watch his company go bankrupt?

His company was small but the problem was huge.

Looking at him in such an embarrassing situation, Sylvia couldn't help smiling. "Dad, you told me you would leave your company to Tammy. What does it have to do with me then?"

Otto frowned, looked at Tammy, and then back at Sylvia with guilt. "What were you saying? You are both my daughters, and I'm still in my prime years, I haven't decided who to leave the company to."

Skyla added, "Were you cursing your father, Sylvia? He's still young."

Sylvia glanced at Skyla, stood up, and said, "I need to go to the ladies' room."

Right after she left the room, Clark followed her out.

The Andrews sat there and watched them leaving one after another.

Otto was thrilled and glanced at Skyla, who took out a pill after receiving his hint.

Tammy was confused, "What's that?"

"Done asking any question and just watch," as Skyla said, she crushed the pill and put the powder into Sylvia's glass.

In the ladies' room.

Sylvia walked out after washing her hands.

Then, she saw Clark standing by the wall.

He was smoking a cigarette.

Sylvia stared at him indifferently, "Mr. Wilson, I didn't know you liked to visit the ladies' room."

“Dr. Sylvia, I’m not really an easy-going man. You’d better cure my grandfather if you don’t want to see your family business go down.” Clark looked at her with threat in his tone of voice.

Sylvia arched her eyebrows. “Make it happen sooner if you could.”

Then, she left.

After entering the box...

## **chapter 199**

Sylvia felt a bit thirsty, grabbed the glass, and was about to drink it.

The Andrews stared at her hand holding the glass nervously.

Seeing her holding the glass, Otto was both nervous and guilty with his heart racing.

When Sylvia was about to drink the wine, she saw the waiter serving the food.

She glanced at her wine again.

She was a doctor who was sensitive to drugs.

Although the wine seemed fine, she had a bad feeling somehow.

Moreover, she just found that the Andrews had been staring at her the second she picked up the glass.

She pretended to drink it and put down the glass.

The Andrews were obviously relieved after they saw her drink the wine.

Sylvia squinted, grabbed a tissue, and pretended to be wiping her mouth.

Then, she started to drink the soup in front of her.

“Where is Mr. Wilson?” Otto stood up, “I’ll go get him.”

“I’m going with you,” Skyla stood up and said.

“Mom! I don’t want to be alone with Sylvia!”

The door of the box was closed after the three of them left.

Sylvia arched her eyebrows. After the three of them left, she immediately exchanged her glass with Tammy’s.

Most of the time, she wouldn’t hurt anyone as long as others didn’t cross her bottom line.

If anyone was trying to hurt her, she would fight back.

The Andrews ran into Clark the moment they walked out.

The four of them walked back.

Ten minutes later, Otto glanced at Sylvia from time to time.

He was confused.

It had been ten minutes. Why didn't the drug take effect on her?

Did it need to take longer?

Tammy was also wondering the same question. Otto told her that the drug could turn any woman into a sex addict and he said he would make Sylvia throw herself at Clark's arms tonight.

Tammy grabbed the glass of wine in front of her and drank it.

"Tammy, why don't you propose a toast to Mr. Wilson?" Otto said. He was not stupid. Although he had dreamed of Tammy marrying into the rich family, Otto knew Clark, a ruthless man, was not a good choice. He would play with women like toys and he would never marry someone like Tammy who came from an ordinary family.

Therefore, he chose Sylvia to be the stake.

If the drug worked, Sylvia would be all Clark's.

By then, he wouldn't have to care about what would happen to her as long as he got what he wanted.

Tammy stood up and was about to speak when she suddenly felt hot all over. Her face flushed.

She felt thirsty and dizzy.

What was going on?

Otto found something off with her and asked, "Tammy?"

Sylvia didn't feel sorry for Tammy at all.

At that moment, Tammy couldn't help herself anymore but approach Clark.

Otto felt embarrassed by her.

"Mr. Wilson, I think Tammy's drunk."

Clark shook Tammy's hand away and the latter fell to the ground.

She felt pain in her buttocks but kept crawling to him. "Mr. Wilson, I fell in love with you at the very first sight..."

Clark had been with a lot of women and seen a lot of schemes of them trying to get into his bed.

But it was the first time he had seen a woman use such a stupid trick.

He squinted his eyes and glanced at Otto with mockery, "I didn't know you would use such a despicable trick to lure me into investing in your company, Mr. Andrews."

"No, Mr. Wilson. I can explain!" Otto hurriedly said, sweating all over.

But he was out of words when he looked into Clark's eyes.

Otto didn't understand. He put the drug in Sylvia's glass, why was Tammy drugged?



He couldn't figure it out.

Clark kicked Tammy, who clung to him again, and sneered. He called his assistant, "Since Miss Andrews is this horny, we should play something more exciting. Send me the box."

His assistant immediately answered, "Yes, sir!"

Otto was confused and asked nervously, "Mr. Wilson, what are you going to do?"

"You will soon know," Clark smiled coldly at him and said.

Five minutes later, his assistant arrived with a box in his arms.

He threw it in front of Tammy.

Sylvia looked at the box.

It was so miserable that one could not bear seeing it.

Tammy was crawling towards Clark while tearing up her clothes.

"Sweetie, what should we do now?" Skyla cried and begged Otto to take action. "What's wrong with Tammy?"

Otto had to beg Clark for mercy. "Mr. Wilson, please. Help Tammy!"

There was cruelty in Clark's eyes. "She ruined my mood and you're asking me to help her?"

He clapped his hands and two bodyguards rushed in.

They grabbed Tammy up from the ground.

Clark said indifferently, "This woman tried to seduce me, she should've looked at herself in the mirror first."

He had seen all kinds of beautiful women. Tammy was average and had had plastic surgery before; he didn't even want to look at her.

The bodyguards were dragging Tammy out of the room.

"Mr. Wilson, I apologize to you on behalf of Tammy. Someone must have drugged her!" Otto begged Clark.

Clark sneered and motioned for the bodyguards to let Tammy go.

However...

The bodyguards started to beat Otto up. Otto's screams came.

Clark's men were all ruthless. They seemed to have broken Otto's ribs.

He kept crying in pain.

"Mr. Wilson... Mr. Wilson, help her, please!"

Skyla shouted anxiously. Watching his daughter being tortured, she couldn't sit by and do nothing.

Regardless of the pain, Otto kept begging Clark. "Mr. Wilson, please! My daughter's life might be ruined if you didn't let her go!"

The drug was really potent.

If there was no one helping her release the desire, she might never be interested in sex again in her life.

"What does her life have to do with me?" Clark kicked Otto with impatience. He was really annoyed.

Otto had no strength to get up again.

"Mr. Wilson, no!"

Otto's face turned pale and he might pass out at any time.

"Otto Andrews, I was kind enough to help you out and this is how you repay me?" Clark said, expressionless.

He never let go of those who had tried to plot against him.

An ugly woman wanted to get into his bed? She was doomed!

Clark was outraged.

"No!" Otto was devastated. "Mr. Wilson, this is just a misunderstanding! Someone drugged Tammy!"

He pointed at Sylvia and shouted, "It was you! It was you who drugged her! Was it?"

Sylvia looked at Otto, who was at the end of his rope and felt disgusted.

If she hadn't found there something wrong with the wine, if she hadn't been careful enough, she would be the woman on the ground now.

The Andrews were trying to drug her, and now Otto was accusing her. How shameless!

Sylvia sneered. "Dad, do you have any evidence?"

She smiled. "Mr. Wilson, I think you should frisk them. Maybe you will find the drug on them."

"What... What do you mean?" Otto was flustered. "It must be you!"

Clark stared at Otto with a sullen face and he called the bodyguards. "Frisk them."

Otto was dumbfounded.

He had heard a lot of stories about Clark, all of which were horrible.

"Mr. Wilson, no! My husband didn't do anything! Please! Let us go!" Skyla cried.

"Well. I have just invested in your company and you plotted against me. Pick one, going bankrupt or losing your daughter," Clark said ruthlessly.

"Tammy, it's all my fault! I'm sorry..." Otto shouted and covered his face with both hands.

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Obviously, Otto had given up on Tammy.

“Tammy, forgive us. If we go bankrupt, how are we going to survive? I know you will understand us!” Instead of begging Clark, Skyla shouted at Tammy.

Mockery was written all over Clark’s face.

This was human nature. It could never stand any test.

Their faces were disgusting for him to look at.

At this moment, Tammy had lost all consciousness because of the drug.

All she knew was that she needed to have sex for her desire.

Although her mind was not clear, she knew what the things in the box were for.

The atmosphere in the box was so creepy. Clark’s bodyguards started to film everything with their phones.

Otto and Skyla broke down, staring at the scene.

In the corner, Tammy was masturbating with the sex toys in the box and moaning. Their hearts ached.

What was more shocking was that Clark, the ruthless man, was sitting there and watching the fun. This was such a creepy thing, but he looked as if he was enjoying a show.

Clark Wilson was indeed a cruel man.

“You bitch, it must be you who did this to Tammy!” There was disgust and hatred in Skyla’s eyes.

“Show me the evidence, will you? Mr. Wilson, have you found anything?” Sylvia asked indifferently.

It was not until then that Clark thought of frisking Otto. He raised his hand and the bodyguards walked up to Otto and Skyla.

A while later, someone found a bag of drugs in Otto’s pocket. There was still a pill left.

Otto couldn’t say anything to defend himself now. “Mr. Wilson, I can explain!”

Staring at the indifferent look on Clark’s face, Sylvia didn’t say anything.

“I didn’t do anything, Mr. Wilson!” Otto couldn’t help shouting.

The bodyguards started to beat him up again.

Lying on the ground, he seemed to be dying.

Clark looked at him expressionlessly. Then, with a smile, he ordered his bodyguards. “Send Dr. Sylvia a copy of the videos. I don’t think I should appreciate them alone.”

Sylvia was really shocked by how cruel he could be.

The rumors about him were right.

Sylvia smiled. "Mr. Wilson, thank you for your gift. We can talk about curing your grandfather some other day."

Clark had thought that he could get to Sylvia by using Otto. But after today, he knew how terrible the relationship between Sylvia and the Andrews was.

Therefore, he didn't mind doing Sylvia a favor, as long as she could agree to help.

Thinking of what Sylvia had done before, he squinted his eyes. If Sylvia kept going against him, he would do the exact same thing to her as he had done to the Andrews.

On the second day, early in the morning, Sylvia came to the hospital.

The old Evans, the old Evans, had been staying in the hospital for a period of time and had almost recovered. Today, he would be discharged from the hospital.

He said to the Evans, "Thanks to Dr. Sylvia, I have recovered. We should thank her formally."

Tiffany rolled her eyes, "Grandpa, we paid for her to cure you. It was her job."

"Be careful with your words, Tiffany." The old Evans looked at Tiffany with a frown. "Did I teach you to talk like this?"

"I was telling the truth..." Tiffany murmured.

At this moment, Sylvia walked into the ward. She was wearing a doctor's coat, looking different with a blue surgical mask. One could only see her beautiful eyes.

After checking the old Evans up, she said. "You have recovered well, Mr. Evans. You are ready to leave the hospital. There will be a nurse helping you with the procedures."

Tiffany glanced at Sylvia with disdain.

She still couldn't bring herself to believe the fact that Sylvia was the famous Master Keturah.

She had thought of asking to be Master Keturah's student, but she gave up now.

She hated Sylvia.

But no matter what, she wanted to be the successor of the Evans family.

She often visited the old Evans in the hospital lately, just so the old Evans could like her more.

Now seeing Sylvia checking for the old Evans in her doctor's coat, Tiffany looked at her from time to time with jealousy.

Sylvia sensitively noticed her unfriendly gaze, but she didn't even bother to look at Tiffany, who was a loser.

After walking out of the ward, Sylvia walked towards the old Wilson's ward.

Early in the morning, Clark had sent the old Wilson to the hospital and checked him in.

There were doctors and nurses following behind Sylvia as well as some interns.

They walked into the old Wilson's ward together.

The old Wilson was lying in bed weakly. Hearing the noises, he slowly opened his eyes.

He was stunned when he saw so many medical staff. He was shocked when he saw that the doctor in the lead was a young woman.

He frowned and sadly thought that to torture him, Clark had found him such a young doctor.

After asking the old Wilson some questions, Sylvia said to the medical staff behind her. "Do a thorough checkup for Mr. Wilson. And be careful, his previous medical records are just for reference."

"Yes, Dr. Sylvia."

"Hand me the report the second it comes out," Sylvia said in a plain tone.

"Yes, Dr. Sylvia."

The old Wilson was stunned. He had never seen such a young attending doctor.

And all the medical staff seem to respect her very much.

Before he could figure it out, he had been sent for the examinations by the nurses.

Sylvia took off her mask and took a deep breath. She walked towards her office.

Accidentally, she ran into the Evans who had finished the discharging procedures.

Tiffany looked at Sylvia's face and was jealous. How could she win Franklin's favor and have such a beautiful face?

Damn it!

"Mr. Wilson, after you get home, keep your mood and diet light." Sylvia glanced at the old Evans and his family members.

It was the first time the old Evans had ever seen her without a mask.

He stared at her in shock.

It was as if he was seeing someone else and he couldn't help murmuring, "Monica..."

Hearing his words, everyone was in shock.

Neve was the first to respond. She patted the old Evans on his arm. "Mylo, you must be mistaken. She is not Monica."

Tiffany frowned. She had always known that she had an aunt named Monica. She heard that Monica had been driven out of the Evans family by the old Evans years ago.

All these years, Monica had never contacted the Evans.

The old Evans came to his senses and said, "I'm sorry. I was mistaken. But you look really like someone I know."

"Is that so?" Sylvia smiled. Her smile was so beautiful that others could not take their eyes off her.

It had been a long time since she last heard the name, "Monica".

She felt melancholy deep inside.

"Your last name is Andrews?" It seemed that the old Evans had thought of something and asked, "So, your father's last name is Andrews?"