

Revealed 40

chapter 40

Franklin took a look at Sylvia, walked over to open his suitcase, and then held a bottle of stomach medicine gotten from it in his hands.

“No food, but at least I got my medicine.”

Sylvia gave him a cold glance and then slammed her bedroom door.

Another trick?

She wouldn't fall for it this time.

His life was so miserable compared to the past when he had a warm meal prepared for him when he got home from work.

Sylvia took out her laptop and started to investigate as soon as she got back to her room.

The deadline of three days was just around the corner.

She had to make it in time.

Time went by so quickly that two hours had gone before she realized it.

The breeze came through gauzy curtains in the dead of the night.

Sylvia sent all the investigation results to Alby.

Then she heard a loud noise coming from outside her room when she turned off her computer.

Sylvia frowned. She slightly opened her door and saw a big man curling up on the carpet in front of the couch.

Was that the sound when Franklin fell from the couch?

Sylvia walked over in suspicion and found that Franklin was pressing his stomach hard with sweat on his forehead.

She suddenly found it amusing to watch a normally cool man curling up on the carpet.

Admittedly, Sylvia was not a compassionate person. But Franklin did treat her well in their four-year marriage.

So she helped him lying on the couch.

Then she pressed her fingers on his stomach to check on him. And he should be doing okay.

He was just too painful from starving and passed out.

What a loser! Couldn't he cook something for himself?

And he would rather pass out?

How could he be so picky?

Sylvia washed her hands and was about to make spaghetti for him in the kitchen.

It was done ten minutes later.

She then walked over to the couch with a plate in her hand and bent to pat his face, "Wake up. Hey, wake up."

There was no response from him whose eyes were tightly closed.

Sylvia started to pinch his hand. He had to eat.

Or his stomach ache would get worse.

A few minutes later, Franklin slowly opened his eyes and met hers; he hummed in a low voice.

Then some glow came into his eyes because of the smell coming from the plate.

"You cooked this?"

Sylvia kicked the instep of his foot, "Just eat."

Franklin thought it was impossible to get that sweet Sylvia back his whole life.

Looking at this cold and impassive woman, he felt heartbroken.

But he still held himself up and walked towards the dining table at the thought of her cooking skills.

An inexplicable content was all over him when that bite reached his throat.

There was a slight change of expression on his perfectly handsome face.

It had been four years and Franklin had gotten used to everything about her, including her cooking and her body.

He even remembered the smell of the skin care products she had been using.

Franklin had finished the plate. He stood up to wash it and then took another two capsules of medicine.

But he just tossed and turned and couldn't fall asleep on the bed.

The night was getting darker and his desire for her was mounting.

In the dead of the night.

Sylvia had always been a light sleeper.

He opened her bedroom door quietly while Sylvia was lying on her side on the bed.

He crept along so quietly.

However, Sylvia could still tell it was Franklin from his footsteps.

What was he doing here in her room in the middle of the night?

Sylvia recalled that she did lock the door.

It was the president's suite that only Franklin could live, so he could unlock it easily.

He stood by her bed, watching her sleep peacefully. There was only one night light on, which lit her face like a looming mask.

She looked like a sweet baby without the usual aloofness.

Franklin bent over and kept staring at her. Sylvia breathed evenly in sleep and he couldn't help but kiss her lips in a way he dreamed.

It was still tender with a soothing smell that he remembered.

He slowly kissed harder as if it had been ages since he did this.

Sylvia then felt the familiar breaths of his.

So Franklin stared at her for so long just to kiss her?

She was about to push him away. But suddenly a familiar feeling swept all over her.

Again!

It had been four years! Why the virus went crazy every time she was with him?

What was special about him?

She hadn't had heart palpitations for almost a year.

That was why she agreed to divorce him.

Nevertheless, she was too naive to underestimate what the virus could do.

This virus may have spread in her body when she kissed Franklin at the airport.

And the kiss just now had sped up the spread.

Sylvia felt terrible.

Franklin noticed that something was wrong with her. So he stopped kissing and looked at her.

She slowly opened her eyes with a breathtaking and rosy face.

"You wake up?" He said in a hoarse voice.

Sylvia looked back at him sleepily.

Franklin couldn't resist it anymore. He tore her clothes apart, touching her body that he hadn't been touching and kissing her. Making love with his lady and watching her moaning under him satisfied him in a supreme way.

The dazzling sunlight fell through the gauzy curtain down the soft bed.

Sylvia's thick eyelashes moved bit by bit as if they were crying out against the glaring sunlight. She then slowly raised her arm to cover her eyes.

A moment later, she put down her arm and reopened her eyes.

There was a sore and ache all over her body from last night.

Franklin's large hand was around her waist. She angrily grabbed it up and tossed it to his side.

She hated herself for her poor self-control.

Damn you, virus!

Fuck!

She had had the virus under control for a year. What happened last night? It totally got out of control.

She felt ashamed thinking about the scenes she begged him to have sex with her.

Sylvia really wanted to remove this virus inside her. But she hadn't found a remedy all these four years. It had been four years.

The only thing she could do was control it and mitigate it.

She thought the virus had gone after four years.

Sylvia couldn't help but cover her face with her hands as she didn't want to see herself like that.

How could she deal with the relapse after divorce?

It may have been an accident last night. She hadn't got a relapse in a year so it might never occur.

That must be it.

Sylvia comforted her secretly and was about to freshen up.

But when she sat straight up, she saw...

Franklin was awake somehow. He was staring at her, lying on his side and holding up his jaw with his left hand casually.

He took her by surprise.

"Are you awake?" Sylvia hid her embarrassment and said to him, deadpan.

Having sex with her ex-husband!

How dramatic that was!

Franklin squinted out of habit with some indolence, "Sylvia, I'm impressed by your energy, I must say."

Sylvia's face sharpened as this embarrassing atmosphere was more unbearable than the soreness and pain in her body.

Franklin would never force her if she rejected him like she really meant it.

But the virus inside her body made her horny. What could she do with the virus?

Franklin coiled her long hair on her chest around his finger and put his head between her breasts.

He had loved her body before and now he was still addicted to it after four years.

Sylvia glanced at him without any expression on her face.

That passion last night was not actually from her. It was from her who was controlled by the virus.

That was right. So she didn't need to feel embarrassed.

Franklin rolled over, lying on the pillow with his face down. His arms and legs spread across the whole bed with the quilt covering him down the waist.

"I don't remember. And I don't know what are you talking about." Sylvia tried to regain decency.

Franklin looked at Sylvia who was lying on the bed.

She didn't remember that lovemaking?

His body shape, abs, and muscle line were sexy enough to make every woman wet, but Sylvia had no time to check on those.

Scratches from last night were still there on his body, but now she only thought it was embarrassing to watch.

It seemed like his stomach ache was not serious enough as he still had the energy to have sex with her in the middle of the night.