

Never Say 404

"We're an upscale establishment," Cornelius replied, fidgeting nervously.

"It's all consensual. We can't fully control what happens.

Sometimes, under-the-table deals are made. The bar merely employs them as waitresses."

"Do you recognize the woman she's talking about?" Hannah pressed.

"Yes, Valery has a longstanding relationship with our bar. She even owns shares," Cornelius admitted.

"Can you show me a picture of her?"

"Of course, of course!"

He eagerly took out his phone and displayed the picture for Hannah.

The photo was a sly capture in dim light, and Cornelius zoomed in with two fingers, stating, "I got this secretly. It's pretty clear," he explained.

The moment Hannah saw the image on the screen, she was taken aback.

Valery Moore?! How could it be her?

After double-checking the photo on his phone, Hannah handed it back to Cornelius.

"Are you certain this individual is an investor in your business?"

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"Yes, Valery frequently brings in affluent guests. She's well-known to us."

This information caused Hannah to rethink her initial impulse to contact the police.

Alerting the authorities now would only give Valery an easy way to dodge legal repercussions.

"Is your establishment currently hiring?"

Cornelius nodded.

"We're always in need of waitresses. The turnover rate is high."

Hannah gave a slight nod.

"Can you introduce me?"

"What?"

Cornelius appeared taken aback, needing a moment to regain his composure.

Eva hastily seized Hannah's arm.