

Revealed 16

chapter 16

Looking at Franklin's angry face, all the executives kept their mouths shut, fearing that their words would enrage Franklin.

They looked forward to this meal but it turned out to be a torment.

When it was nearly finished, all the executives heaved a sigh of relief.

When Franklin stepped into the elevator, a few executives went to the bathroom.

One of them was young and curious. He asked a waiter passing by, "Why does everybody here respect Miss Andrews so much?"

At the mention of Sylvia, the waiter smiled like a fan of hers.

"Well, we are used to it."

"But why?" The executive didn't understand.

The boss of Royal Galaxy Restaurant was mysterious. Some said it was a middle-aged man, and some said it was an aristocrat.

Was Miss Andrews his mistress?

"Because she is the source of our happiness!" After saying that, the waiter left, humming happily.

He was honestly happy at the mention of Sylvia.

The executive was even more confused. "Who's Miss Andrews? If she is the mistress of the boss of Royal Galaxy Restaurant, the employees shouldn't feel happy at the mention of her, right?"

"You didn't get any information," said another executive. "Miss Andrews is so beautiful. If I were single, I would want to pursue her too."

"Oh, shut up! You won't want our boss to hear that."

Sylvia got into Logan's car after leaving the restaurant.

"Where are we going?" asked Logan, his hands on the steering wheel.

"Home," said Sylvia, her eyelashes moving like butterflies when she blinked.

Logan pursed his lips. "Aren't you supposed to work?"

She had told him she got a job.

"I work at home," said Sylvia, lifting her eyebrows.

Five minutes ago, she received a message.

Half an hour later, Sylvia entered her room. Although Logan was curious about what Sylvia's job was, he couldn't get any information from her when Sylvia didn't want to reveal it to him.

He turned the car and drove directly to the company.

Sylvia took a shower, changed her clothes, and sat down on the soft carpet with her laptop in her arms.

She connected her phone to her laptop.

Naturally, she did not contact the other party with her phone number but used some technology.

She opened the voice-changing software before calling.

Her processed voice sounded like a teenager's. "What case?"

"Zero, the other party offers 500,000, are you in?" A middle-aged man's voice came. It was Sylvia's boss, Alby Byrne. Sylvia had been working with this team for four years.

"Sure, I am in, why not?" Sylvia laughed softly. "Who is the person asking for help? Send me the information and requests."

"Okay, Zero," Alby paused. "The other party withheld his information."

"Withhold? It seems that they don't want us to find out who they are." Sylvia squinted slightly, but that was not a problem for her.

She didn't take this issue seriously. "Give me the details of the case."

"This is a tricky case. Your internet tracking is required. Zero, if you make it, you will be helping thousands of people."

"I'm not that great." Sylvia said lightly, "Tell them it'll be done in three days."

She hung up the phone.

Two minutes later, she received the details of the case.

It was a very simple case. She was required to track down a man who escaped from a car accident, but this man was not an ordinary perpetrator. He was a building developer. When he escaped, he absconded with the money.

The real estate he developed was unfinished, and his employees left because they couldn't get their salaries. And the workers were displaced. They had worked hard and got nothing.

Sylvia took a deep breath. She now had the basic information about the man.

She needed to find out where he was with some technology.

Alby was right. If she succeeded, she would be helping thousands of people.

Sylvia sighed. Since she took over this case, she will definitely be responsible for it.

She would help the unpaid workers get back what they deserved.

Late in the night, the dark alley was so silent that only the sound of stray dogs digging trash cans could be heard.

A man stuck out his shrunken head from the trash can.

He was stink. It was the tenth day of his escape to Eastern Evodroupoli.

For the past ten days, he had been contacting the people he knew here, asking them to help him find housing.

After hiding for ten days, he found that no one was looking for him. He finally let out a long sigh.

He decided to go to a small hotel, take a bath and sleep comfortably.

Since fleeing the country, he first went to Sevia, then to Tondende, and now he was in Eastern Evodroupoli.

It had been almost half a year. He believed that no one should be looking for him.

He had been having a hard time hiding all around over the days.

Thinking of this, the man patted the garbage on his body and found a small hotel according to the map on his phone.

After taking a shower, he called the contact person, "Have you found a house for me? It must be a villa with a swimming pool, a garage, and a garden."

"Money is not a problem."

"There should be at least three floors."

"Okay, I'll wait for your news."

The man hadn't slept so comfortably for several days after he killed someone. He said he would compensate with money but the family of the victim insisted to send him to jail.

What was even more annoying was that the family looked very poor, but the eldest son graduated from a police school. So, he had to flee the country. Fortunately, the construction project of the real estate that he undertook hadn't been finished yet so he had a lot of money at hand, which could make his life easy.

Thinking of this, the man closed his eyes and quickly fell asleep.

At this time, he didn't know that there was a woman in the country who was tracking him with superb hacking skills.

Sylvia worked all night.

The next morning, she rubbed her dry eyes.

Throwing herself onto the big soft bed, Sylvia closed her eyes.

Yet not long after she fell asleep, her phone rang.

Sylvia suppressed her annoyance. "Hello."

"I heard you're James' sister-in-law?" A casual voice came through the phone.

Sylvia sat up from the bed, feeling very grumpy and unhappy being disturbed from her sleep.

