

## Revealed 31

### chapter 31

The girls just ignored Darcie and started talking, "And when she saved the day, wow, she looked very confident."

"Yes, there was no panic on her face from the beginning."

"To be honest, my heart skipped a beat for her."

Darcie glared at those girls with a terrible look, "Whose side are you on?"

"Tina, did you forget the Armani lipstick I gave you?"

"Ella, have you forgotten the YSL air cushion I gave you?"

She screamed and looked so mean.

She was so jealous of Sylvia that she almost went crazy.

"But you said that these brands didn't deserve you when you threw them at us like trash. I didn't feel the joy of receiving a gift."

"Neither did I. Darcie, we are colleagues, and although we are not from families as wealthy as yours, we are not your maids and henchmen and we do not need to agree with you on everything."

Tina and Ella retorted.

Darcie was in a peeve over everyone.

She was so angry that she almost fainted. Then she left alone with her heels banging as if the floor under her feet was Sylvia's face.

When Sylvia left the airport, someone was already waiting for her and greeted her respectfully.

"Boss."

"Let's go back."

Sylvia's face was calm as she gave the order.

"Yes."

The car ran smoothly on the road and they arrived at a luxurious manor half an hour later.

The manor was extremely beautiful and many romantic lavenders were planted. When a breeze blew, the air was filled with the faint fragrance of flowers.

Two rows of men dressed in black were waiting at the entrance of the manor, and when they saw the car come to the main building steadily, they immediately bent down and saluted, calling out in unison, "Boss!"

The door of the car was pushed open. Beautiful fine white fingers were placed on the door and white high-heeled shoes came into view as a pair of straight and slender legs stepped out of the car door. A woman in a creamy purple dress appeared.

Her face was exquisite and her round eyes were calm. It was like the quiet water and nothing could set off a ripple.

“Everybody, get in.”

Sylvia said as she went up the stairs towards the living room.

The manor was luxuriously decorated.

Sylvia sat on the white leather sofa and dozens of men stood straight in front of her.

“How is it going?”

“Boss, the mafia is trying to take control of our turf, and the night before last they deliberately set fire to our cargo boxes.” The man in the lead was in his thirties, named Jaden Read, who had been running the Iqethi business.

Sylvia sneered, her brimming eyes filled with mockery, “Since they have the guts to burn my things, then they need to bear the consequences. A turf war, huh? Very well.”

“Boss, they are too arrogant, the other gangs have been holding back until they decided to come to us, and finally to the Interpol’s Hals Jenkins, who has jurisdiction over this place. Hals and Mideay decided to throw a boxing fight,” Jaden said with some concern. Mideay Butler was the second person in charge of the mafia’s turf.

“A fight? What is that?” Sylvia took a slow sip of the tea brought up by the maids and narrowed her eyes slightly.

Jaden and the others were so anxious, “Boss, please, you must take this seriously! We can’t watch our turf being robbed!”

“I am very serious.” Sylvia blinked her watery eyes.

Jaden was going crazy. Sylvia came here as if she was on vacation. How could he trust her?

“The new boxing champion was Mideay’s man, who has had this title for two years and is unbeatable. He is tall and strong, and his muscles are... Boss, no one can beat him. We have no chance to win this time.”

“Yes, although we have a lot of good fighters, but compared to him, we are still not that good.” And the others chime in with him.

“Boss, why did you come alone this time. Where are Mark and Vaid?”

“Boss, please, do something.”

All these people used to work for Fletcher Stevens, the former boss and when Fletcher gave the reins of power to Sylvia, many of them were against it.

The Dark Night might have always been an underground organization, but they never did illegal business. Those people in the mafia were different.

The former boss initially accepted Sylvia as his goddaughter. Before his death, many of them thought Jaden or several other seniors would succeed in his position.

While the result was unexpected, it was Sylvia.

At that time, Sylvia was only 19 years old. How could she convince the public that she was a good boss?

But after she took over, she took care of everything so well that doubts about her faded away. After all, who hate money? As long as they could make money, nothing was unaccepted.

But now, a new problem appeared and that was this turf war.

Those who had been unsatisfied with Sylvia before were immediately ignited with anger.

Their doubts, distrust, and resentment erupted almost instantly.

The Dark had branches all over the world and the branch of Iqethi was run by Jaden.

When they saw Sylvia come here alone with her perfunctory attitude, they became furious.

Some people have no faith in her. "If you don't care, fine."

"That's right, we are only a small branch anyway, unlike the headquarters in the country."

"We can't even make money if they take away our turf."

Sylvia glanced at the angry crowd, put down the cup gently, and said, "Send me the information about that boxer. And I'm tired from the overnight flight. I need to rest now."

Then she got up and walked towards her room.

"Look at her!"

"What the hell was Fletcher thinking at that time?"

"She's so weak. What can she do?"

"She can't do anything but dress up and look pretty."

Jaden was also very worried, "Forget it. Let's find a way ourselves."

He had expected Mark and Vaild to come, and that would have been of some help, but now it seemed impossible.