

Revealed 45

chapter 45

At this moment, another piece of news to everybody's satisfaction became a new trending topic.

"Hit and Run and Be in Arrears with Migrant workers' Wage: Buddy was Finally Caught"

"His act was heinous. He returned his car to crush the victim after he hit the latter because he was afraid of being accused. Otherwise, the victim would have merely got injured."

"It is murder! So horrible."

"After that, he fled with the money for real estate and paid no salary to migrant workers."

"He has escaped for more than half a year. Poor workers."

"Yep. There was a video on TV news. This bastard was caught in a big villa, a crowd of servants standing around."

"I know the dope. The senior officials of the police asked Zero to track Buddy down."

"Zero? The legend genius of tracking on the Internet who helped countries' politicians capture many super fugitives with his consummate hacking skills?"

"OMG! I hear that Zero's commission is sky-high."

"Ah, I lost a hundred dollars two years ago. I wonder if Zero can find it out for me."

"LOL! It must vanish."

"He is a man of righteousness. My idol."

"Shame. I don't know how to hack."

Because Sylvia was on the trending topic, Franklin then downloaded Twitter and browsed the hashtags casually.

Zero?

It was said that he hadn't been on task for four years.

Why did he come back suddenly?

Seemingly, many able people had come back recently...Amber, Zero, etc...

It occurred to Franklin that Sylvia fought with others in the boxing ring before. It was a strange kind of feeling that he felt bad for her while being a bit proud of her.

He had no idea why he felt so anxious and found no way to get rid of it. After divorcing, he lost control of himself more and more frequently.

"Do you think Sylvia is a good fighter before?"

Jasper, driving the car, was in a trance suddenly. He couldn't imagine what it was like because Miss Andrews was so gentle. He said, "No way. Impossible. It is more convincing that others beat her."

Look...The woman disguised herself so well.

He was not the only person deceived by her gentleness.

Franklin felt better now.

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Evans family's Villa

Tiffany watched the divorce of Mrs. Maskelyne be debated heatedly, shared widely, and retweeted crazily.

When she was complacent, she found the trending topic disappeared after she refreshed the website.

Disappeared...

Disappeared...

What happened?

Tiffany hurried to send a message to the mailbox. However, there was still no reply after 10 minutes.

She felt anxious.

An hour later, there came a belated reply, "Someone canceled the hashtag with a high price."

"Damn it. 200,000! Troll it!" Tiffany replied.

"Sorry. We can't handle it. It's a big deal."

Tiffany stared at the screen, grinding her teeth.

Considering that she didn't have much money, she made a decision and said, "500,000!"

"Sorry, we can't."

Tiffany was so angry that she nearly snapped her laptop shut.

Damn. In these years, the Evans family was not as prosperous as before, and thus her pocket money was less than other female aristocrats as well.

Moreover, Tiffany was not the favorite one.

There were three girls in the Evans family in this generation.

The ancestors of the Evans family were Court musicians. They were all masters in the music world.

However, in Tiffany's generation, the old Evans, a piano virtuoso who was terminally ill, might pass away any time.

For the sake of the family, Emmanuel Evans chose to do business, but Evans Group could not really involve itself in the business circle and cooperated with others by using the connectivity of the old Evans. It was nothing compared with SouthStar Airlines, Maskelyne Group or NorthWind Airlines.

Tiffany and the other two girls followed the old Evans and majored in music.

Although the old Evans taught them in person and they did win not a few prizes, for the Evans family, they failed to be successors.

To the untrained ears, what they played was good. But actually, they were only at an intermediate level for connoisseurs, hardly giving a performance on the world stage.

Especially in these two years, a young piano virtuoso, called Master Keturah, suddenly showed up in the music world.

It was said that Master Keturah was in his early twenties, but he just presented his piano prowess in the top piano competition and won the first prize, which was a blockbuster in the global piano circle.

Because of this, the old Evans was so incensed that he got grievously ill.

A twenty-year-old became a master and shocked the world as he just came up, while the children of his piano family, the three girls grown by his three sons, were average.

It was normal for him to feel angry because of the flaws of heirs, wasn't it?

If he knew that Tiffany wanted to take Master Keturah as her teacher, he might die on the bed immediately.

Of course, he hadn't known it now.

Glancing at the clock, Tiffany knew it was time to go downstairs to visit the old Evans.

She set a daily alarm for him.

It was always her biggest goal to be the successor of the Evans family. Hence, pleasing the old Evans was necessary.

In particular, if she married Franklin and became a student of Master Keturah, she would definitely stand up with her head high in the Evans family.

No sooner had she gotten out of the room did she meet her mother. As Neve Smith held Tiffany and asked, "How is it going with you and Mr. Maskelyne?"

"Mom, don't worry. I can handle it." Tiffany hid her anxiety and pretended to be lovable.