

Chapter 1027 A Gold-plated Pendant

Desiring not to draw unnecessary attention from her other coworkers, Janet discreetly signaled to Tasha to lower her voice.

Fortunately, it was still lunch break, so many of their colleagues had left the office and the ones who remained were occupied with their own tasks, oblivious to Janet and Tasha's conversation.

With a sigh, Janet confided in her friends about the recent events and asked them to keep it between them.

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Janet gave a small, wry smile. Instead of being discouraged, her eyes shone with determination. "I've been numbed to the fact there're always people who try to harm me. I can't really stop them, nor will I run away from it though. In fact, I'll make them pay for their actions." 1

Tasha, inspired by Janet's fierce demeanor, felt inclined to stand and give her a round of applause. "You have to understand, these people enjoy bullying the weak. If you stay quiet and take it, they'll only become more arrogant and continue to hurt you."

"Wait, I think we should try to be level-headed for now," Elizabeth said evenly. "Shouldn't we try to identify the person who tampered with the car

Chapter 1027 A Gold-plated Pendant +90 Points at most first?"

Janet let out a barely audible nasal sound, something between a hum and a sigh.

"I'll show you the man in the video first. You can check him out for me." With that, she took out the flash drive containing the copied footage from the car's dashcam and inserted it into the computer.

"His face was covered so tightly that I wouldn't be able to recognize him even if I saw him on the street," Tasha remarked, clearly distressed.

Elizabeth, standing next to Tasha, perked up and suddenly exclaimed, "Freeze it!"

Janet paused the video, curious. "Have you seen anything?"

Elizabeth had a sudden realization. She pointed at the man on the screen, who was wearing a backpack with a gold-plated pendant in the shape of a poker card. "I know this pendant. It's a gift from a casino, and it's only given to their regular customers!"

Tasha looked at Elizabeth in surprise. "Elizabeth, do you gamble? You should really try to kick that habit as soon as possible."

"I don't gamble," Elizabeth replied, rolling her eyes.

"Don't jump to conclusions. Jorge used to have a pendant like this. I remember it specifically because it was said to be made of pure gold and Jorge was a regular at the casino, so he had one which he always carried. He always wore it with him."

Janet's face lit up with a broad smile. "Your words just gave me a lead. There indeed is a casino near the location of the party I attended the other night. They require registration information for entry and exit, so that should help narrow down our search."

"You've been a huge help. I'll leave a copy of this video on your computer. If you think of any other clues, don't hesitate to contact me."

After gathering her things, Janet rushed off to the hospital to inform Brandon of the new development.

She had a hunch that this would be the key evidence to find out who was behind all this.

In Barnes, night fell quickly in the winter. The sky was dark even before five o'clock in the afternoon. Vivian showed up on time to the agreed-upon location, the unfinished structure in the suburbs.

The locals were familiar with this rundown structure. When one-third of the structure was constructed, many small collapse incidents occurred due to the builders' shortcuts, therefore this construction was abandoned. The building's foundation was also weak, so it could have collapsed at any time. The destitute beggars also dared not enter. 6



Vivian tucked her hat's brim in, wrapped herself firmly in her mink coat, and gingerly made her way up the steps which had no railings.


"There will be rain." A sound was heard coming from somewhere inside the structure. When Vivienne turned around, she saw Roger standing behind her with a cigarette in his mouth. His backpack had seen better days, but a golden pendant dangling from the zipper gave it some sparkle.

Vivian kept going till she was almost to the roof.

"Here you go. If you want to, count it by hand." Vivienne tossed the paper bag to the floor.

Roger smiled at Vivian and didn't pick up the paper bag. He threw up the stub of his cigarette and balanced precariously on his toes to

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extinguish it. "Exactly who are you, and what do
you want? You have such gall opposing the Larson
Group!" 

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