

Chapter 1926 Data Recovery

In the office, Janet took out the memory card from the camera and put it into the computer. Then, she called Brandon.

Once the call connected, Janet said quickly, "Brandon, can you get into the computer from afar and check the pictures on the camera's memory card? Clyde just deleted some photos. Please, I need help to get them back."

"Sure," Brandon replied shortly. From the other end of the line came the sound of typing on a keyboard and his steady breathing.

"All set." Brandon's voice sounded through the phone as the typing stopped.

Brandon managed to recover the photos from the memory card within a few minutes. Looking at the recovered photos, Janet realized something disturbing. Whenever Clyde came to the studio to help his niece take photos, he secretly took pictures of Janet. However, he would delete them quickly.

But once he got his memory card back, he'd probably recover the data and save Janet's photos again.

The realization that a man who once had a crush on her was secretly taking photos of her, even if they

were just of her back or side profile while she was in the studio, made Brandon very uncomfortable.

"Where is Clyde now?" Brandon's tone was cold.

"He came by the studio today. Lexi sensed something was off, so I locked him in the dressing room," Janet replied.

Through gritted teeth, Brandon instructed, "Get some guards to watch the dressing room. I'm on my way."

"No need..." Janet started to say, but heard the dial tone as Brandon had already ended the call and was on his way.

Back in the office, Janet carefully examined the recovered pictures from the memory card.

Clyde seemed afraid of getting caught, as all the photos showed her from the side or back, and they were composed and lit very artistically and warmly. From an artistic viewpoint, they didn't seem like creepy photos taken by a stalker.

A strange thought crossed her mind. Had she misjudged Clyde?

Could he have just found her attractive and impulsively taken the photos?

Just then, Lexi knocked urgently on the door and said, "Clyde is banging on the dressing room door. He seems agitated. Janet, what do we do?"

Janet got up, put the memory card back into the

camera, and took the camera with her to the dressing room.

"Hey, open the door! Is there anybody here? Open the door!" When Janet reached the dressing room, Clyde was still knocking on the door.

Janet called out, "Mr. Lambert? Are you in there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Larson, it's me. The door won't open from the inside. Can you unlock it from outside?" Clyde asked anxiously.

"Okay, let me try," Janet replied. She went to the door and gave it a firm shake. Then she said, "No, sorry, I can't open it from outside either."

"What? What are we going to do now? I have other things to attend to," Clyde said, growing more anxious, shaking the door continuously.

"Don't worry. It seems the lock is broken. I've called a locksmith. Just wait a moment," Janet reassured him.

Relieved to hear this, Clyde said, "Okay."

Feeling perhaps a bit bored sitting alone, he started chatting casually with Janet.