

Chapter 11 Refusal

Lucinda savored the delicious chocolate mousse prepared by the French patissier as she listened to the soothing music.

Suddenly, a large hand appeared before her eyes.

"Miss, would you do me the honor of dancing with me?"

Lucinda raised her head and her eyes met with Nathaniel's. His presence immediately ruined her appetite.

As she looked up at him, Nathaniel was struck by her beauty.

It was the first time he had taken a good look at her face, and he found that every feature was perfect. Her smooth and blemish-free skin only added to her stunning appearance.

He couldn't help but think about how beautiful his ex-wife was.

Particularly her eyes. They were clear, starry, and firm.

He was so entranced by Lucinda's eyes that he couldn't look away.

They gave him a sense of familiarity.

Caught in a daze, Nathaniel was snapped back to reality by Lucinda's cold, disdainful sneer. "Sorry, Mr. Roberts. You're just not good enough to dance with me."

The people who passed by were taken aback by Lucinda's words.

This woman was so full of herself!

How dare she say that Mr. Nathaniel Roberts wasn't good enough! Nathaniel's face turned dark.

His good mood was wrecked.

Despite this, he maintained his composure and put on a fake smile. "Come on, it's just a dance. Are you scared?"

Lucinda's face turned even darker. Was he really trying to coerce her into consenting?

How shameless could he be? Didn't he understand what she had said earlier?

As their eyes met once again, the anger they both felt was palpable.

The tension in the air continued to grow so Cyrus stood up with a smile.

"Lucinda is my date, so why do you want to take her away from me?"

He shoved Nathaniel's hand away in a fit of sulky anger and glanced sideways. "You better invite your lady friend instead. You don't want her getting jealous."

But Nathaniel didn't budge.

Lucinda was getting irritated. She muttered something to her brother and then left the scene for the hotel garden.

Initially, Nathaniel wanted to follow her, but Cyrus stopped him and urged him to mingle with the other guests. He was stuck.

Although Eleanor and Vivien couldn't hear their conversation, they could see the way Nathaniel looked at Lucinda. And it seemed he even wanted to dance with her!

Vivien gritted her teeth. "That bitch! They're divorced, yet she's still clinging to my brother!"

Eleanor was so heartbroken that she began to cry.

"Lucinda... She probably loves Nate a lot. If he has also fallen in love with her during the three years they were married, I... I'm

willing to step aside so they can be together."

She sobbed while she was talking.

When Vivien heard that Eleanor was willing to give her brother up, she panicked.

"Don't allow her to have her way! How can you give up now! You're the only one I consider my sister-in-law! I loathe that bitch Lucinda with every fiber of my being! In as much as I'm alive, she will never have the chance to get back with my brother again!"

Instead of getting relief from Vivien's words, Eleanor appeared more unhappy and helpless.

"Vivien, but I... What more can I do?"

Vivien stared at Eleanor with a pitiful expression. She looked in the direction Lucinda went and then turned to Eleanor with a determined glint in her eye.

"Don't worry, Eleanor. I'll take care of this. I'll ruin that bitch, and she will no longer be a problem for you."

Eleanor looked at Vivien, intrigued. "What do you have in mind?"

Vivien leaned in and whispered her plan, a mischievous grin spreading across her face.

Eleanor's innocent expression belied her excitement. "Well... I'm not sure... Do you think it'll work?"


"You'll see!" Vivien replied confidently.

With that, she got up and sauntered off towards the garden with a wicked smile on her face.

Eleanor couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction.

What a fool! Vivien was way too easy to manipulate, which was actually a good thing for Eleanor.

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 +120 Points at most

Eleanor only hoped that Vivien could pull off her plan successfully this time and make good on her promise.

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