

## Billionaire Ex-wife: I Can't Live Without You - Chapter 16

Nathaniel looked at Vivien in disappointment mixed with rage.

"You're impossible," he muttered in exasperation.

He then shook off her hand and barked, "From now on, you're grounded. Without my permission, you're not allowed to go anywhere. Just reflect on your actions in your room!"

Then he grabbed Eleanor's hand and stormed off.

Unreconciled, Vivien tried to chase after them, but Flynn stopped her. She could only cry and beg for mercy.

In the end, she was dragged back to the Roberts family's residence.

She was so angry that she began to smash things in her room. It didn't take long before the whole room was a complete mess.

Amanda was awakened by the ruckus, and she rushed over to check on her daughter.

"What on earth is going on? I thought you went to the party! What happened?"

"Mom! They're all being impossible!"

Vivien burst into tears and threw herself into Amanda's arms, recounting what had happened at the party. "Mom, you have to help me! Nathaniel is so unfair! Not only did he let that bitch go, but he also grounded me! This is bullshit!"

Amanda patted her daughter on the back to calm her down.

"How can I help?"

Vivien's eyes took on a dangerous light. "I want her dead!"

Meanwhile, since Lucinda hadn't found her own place to stay yet, she moved into the Cyrus' villa temporarily.

The servant, Mary Jones, was excited to see her back. After preparing the bedroom, she enthusiastically started to unpack Lucinda's luggage for her.

Lucinda was about to help her, but Cyrus pulled her to sit next to him on the sofa.

"You're going to start work tomorrow. What's your plan?"

"The plan hasn't changed. You're still the president, so deal with the company as you normally would, and I'll learn from you."

"Well, since you don't want others to know that we're related, I won't be driving you to the office from tomorrow. I know your style, so I got you a Maserati —"

"What? No! A Maserati is too high-profile."

Lucinda shook her head firmly. "I just need a simple car that can take me to and from work every day. A cheap one's good enough for me. But if you insist on buying me a car, I want a Volkswagen Santana."

"What? That car isn't good enough for you!" Cyrus frowned unhappily.

Lucinda pouted like a spoiled child. "No, it's perfect. Cyrus, I don't plan on revealing my true identity for the time being. A Santana it is!"

Whoever her enemy was in the Simmons family was hell-bent on hurting her. Since she lost her memory and was stranded in Forden, that enemy hadn't made any moves. Perhaps they didn't know that she had been with the Roberts family all these years.

It was too dangerous to expose her identity before she figured out who her enemy was.

Cyrus wasn't an idiot. He could roughly guess what she was worried about.

"I hired the best security agency. You won't have to worry about your safety while staying here. No one will disturb you."

Then a thought occurred to him. "By the way, Graham's working abroad. And Hilliard has taken in a patient with a rare disease. They're too busy to come here to meet you personally. But when they heard that you were divorced, they were both so happy that they each got you a little gift. I think it'll arrive in a few days."

Lucinda stuck out her lower lip aggrievedly. "What kind of brothers would celebrate their sister's divorce? Are you happy about it, too?"

Even though she pretended to be offended, she was very curious about what sort of gift her brothers had gotten her. As the worldwide famous pilot, Graham Simmons also owned enterprises all over the world, and he had many connections in underworld and with the police. Hilliard Simmons, her other brother, was one of the best surgeons.

Their gifts to her were likely priceless and valuable.

Seeing her finally crack a happy smile, Cyrus chuckled and rubbed her nose dotingly before going upstairs to take a shower.

At midnight.

After dropping Eleanor off at the hotel, Nathaniel went back to the villa.

Inside, the living room was dark and empty.

Without the woman who used to wait for him to come back every night, he somehow felt a bit down.

What were these mixed feelings in his heart?

He turned on the lights, sat on the sofa, lit a cigarette, and listened to Flynn's report quietly.

"I'm sorry, sir. I haven't found out where she is. After she left the hotel, she seemed to have vanished into thin air. Even her phone has been encrypted to protect her privacy. We tried everything, but we still can't track her."

Nathaniel took a long drag from his cigarette, looking sullen.

Vanished into thin air?

His men were all professionals, yet they couldn't

pinpoint Lucinda's current location.

Was someone secretly helping her?