

## Billionaire Ex-wife: I Can't Live Without You - Chapter 17

Could it be Cyrus?

Frowning, Nathaniel barked in a cold, harsh voice, "Keep looking for her. And have someone investigate Cyrus Simmons as well. Inform me as soon as you find her."

"Yes, sir."

Flynn nodded, but there was a trace of reluctance in his eye.

Seeing that Flynn hadn't moved, Nathaniel glared at him impatiently. "Why are you just standing there? Anything else you want to tell me?"

Flynn hesitated for a while. In the end, he bit the bullet even if he knew that what he had to say would irritate his boss.

"I'm just getting more and more confused. You've divorced your wife, but you still care so much about her. You're even willing to neglect Miss Turner for her sake. What on earth are you thinking?"

Nathaniel became livid. He picked up the glass ashtray from the table and threw it at Flynn's feet,

smashing it to pieces.

"Fuck off!" he roared.

Flynn didn't need to be told twice.

Nathaniel had to smoke two more cigarettes to calm down. His surroundings were soon shrouded in smoke.

Feeling somewhat hungry, he then stood up and headed for the fridge.

It was stocked with all sorts of food, all of which were his favorites.

All of a sudden, he fell into a daze.

It suddenly occurred to him that over the past three years, whenever he came back home, Lucinda was always there to greet him with a smile.

She would take his coat and say, "You're back! You must be tired. Are you hungry? There's food on the table." ❶

But Nathaniel had never taken her seriously. He'd simply glance at the food she had prepared, sneer, and then retire to his room.

Despite being ignored day in and day out, Lucinda

never stopped doing this.

Thinking of this, he couldn't help but laugh wryly.

At that moment, he found himself wanting to taste her home-cooked food.

The words she had said to him before leaving the party once again replayed in his mind. ❷

"We were married for three years, and I'd never done anything to undermine our marriage..." ❸

If that was the case, then what was going on between her and Cyrus?

Realizing that he couldn't stop thinking about Lucinda, Nathaniel felt restless. He angrily slammed the fridge door shut, went upstairs, took a shower, and then went to bed.

The following morning,

The lobby of Angle International was crowded with people.

The employees were lined up neatly, glancing at each other from time to time, waiting for their president.

Half an hour later, Cyrus showed up with Lucinda.

Today, she specifically chose to wear a white blazer over a white dress, with her hair tied in a high ponytail. She looked professional, capable, and a little cold.

As soon as Lucinda stepped foot inside the lobby, there was a commotion among the employees.

After all, good-looking people tended to cause quite the stir.

Cyrus made his way to the front and announced solemnly, "This is Lucinda Ross, the new chief artist manager. I hope you will all cooperate with her well." ❹

The crowd burst into applause.

Lucinda nodded at the audience with a smile.

After distributing the work amongst the employees, Cyrus dismissed the crowd except the agent team. ❺

"Susan, Lucinda's just starting, so she's not familiar with the way we do things here. Please orient her."

Susan Scott was the supervisor of the team. She had wavy blonde hair and wore heavy makeup—also a beauty with a good figure.

She nodded and smiled at Cyrus warmly. "Mr.

Simmons, don't worry. I'll do what I can to help her."

But as soon as Cyrus left, the smile on her face disappeared. "Please follow me," she said to Lucinda curtly.

When their eyes met, Lucinda keenly captured an imperceptible trace of disgust in Susan's eyes.

It seemed that Susan didn't like her.

"Miss Scott, please call me Miss Ross from now on," Lucinda said coldly.

Susan looked angry at first, but then she immediately put on a meek expression.

She showed Lucinda around the office the whole morning. Then she gave Lucinda a pile of documents to give her an idea of how the company worked.

Lucinda's desk soon disappeared under a sea of files.

Glancing at the pile of documents on her desk, Lucinda frowned. "Isn't our department merely in charge of agents and artists? Why do I have to study all this?"

Susan sneered.

"These documents are just the tip of the iceberg. Once

you're done studying these, I'll give you more."

She paused and looked Lucinda up and down with hostility. "Miss Ross, you don't seem to know how to do our job."

Lucinda nodded honestly. "After all, this is my first day." ❶

Susan's brows shot up in surprise.

When their former chief artist manager was transferred out, the position became vacant and Susan was the most likely candidate to be promoted. But unexpectedly, this pretty girl showed up out of nowhere and stole the position. Because of this, Susan was secretly laughed at by the other employees.

How could she bear such humiliation?

When she met Lucinda's innocent eyes, jealousy surged in her heart and she was blinded with rage.

"You're nothing but a pretty face without any relevant work experience. How did you get this position? By sleeping with the boss perhaps?" ❷