

Billionaire Ex-wife: I Can't Live Without You - Chapter 26

Chapter 26 Leaving Her Alone

The more Eleanor spoke, the more intense her agitated state became. The hatred behind her eyes was visibly brewing, and yet she couldn't find the courage to open the door to confirm what she thought.

"Come inside and have a look for yourself."

Lucinda shrugged her shoulders and then fully opened the door herself. She gestured to the area where Nathaniel had been standing and declared, "He's right there!"

Eleanor could feel the anxiety rapidly racing in her heart.

Her eyes landed on the place where Lucinda was pointing, only to find that there was no one standing there.

"Are you trying to fool me?"

Eleanor looked back at Lucinda with a glare, the anger behind her eyes still apparent.

Lucinda appeared to be just as stunned.

Just then, Nathaniel really had been standing there. How did he manage to disappear all of a sudden?

Eleanor examined the look on Lucinda's face and suspected that there was something fishy going on. In anger, she shoved Lucinda out of the way and walked inside, inspecting every single cubicle in the bathroom to search the one Nathaniel might have been hiding in.

Lucinda stood right behind Eleanor, the curiosity of Nathaniel's whereabouts also intriguing her.

After Eleanor had properly checked the cubicles one by one, the two ladies in unison looked inside the final cubicle—whose door had been ajar.

Taking in a deep breath, Eleanor pushed the door of the cubicle open.

Still, there had been no one inside.

Lucinda immediately had a grasp of the situation when her eyes landed on the open window at the right side of the cubicle.

She didn't expect that, one day, the president of the Roberts Group would ever be inclined to run away and escape through a window. She couldn't hold back the laughter that escaped from her body. ☹

Eleanor stood there confused as she saw Lucinda's twinkling expression and so she asked once more, "If you were the only person in the bathroom, whose phone was ringing just now? Don't tell me it was you!"

Lucinda didn't answer and instead waved her hand in the air.

She was leading Eleanor on to figure out what had happened on her own.

Eleanor scowled at Lucinda. She gnashed her teeth and began to spout threatening remarks, "You know you have nothing to do with Nate anymore. Stay away from him. If it comes to my attention that you're still trying to seduce him, best believe I won't let you go!"

Lucinda burst out in laughter and retorted, "I'll never get back with my ex-husband. But if you bother me again about it, I don't mind taking away everything you've ever wanted, including him."

"You!"

Eleanor was taken aback by the coldness behind Lucinda's stare and couldn't manage to come up with any more words to refute her with.

Before Lucinda walked out, she looked back at Eleanor and said in her coldest tone, "By the way, tell

your man to leave me alone and to never provoke me again. Both of you make me sick."

"You! Bitch!"

Eleanor's anger was aching to burst out of her, but she couldn't do anything towards Lucinda. It was a grievance she held in her heart that the hoodies weren't successful in insulting Lucinda the night before.

She stomped her feet in anger and then washed her hands before making her way out of the bathroom.

"Ellie."

It was at the moment that she heard a familiar voice coming from behind her.

Eleanor turned around and relief washed over her as she saw Nathaniel calmly walking out of the men's room.

Maybe her unnerved behavior had been at such an all-time high that she didn't realize that the ringtone might have actually come from the men's room?

"Nate, did you hear what I just said then in the corridor?"

"Yes," Nathaniel nodded.

Eleanor felt the embarrassed blush creeping up on her face. She didn't want Nathaniel to have a bad impression of her.

"I'm so sorry, Nate. It's all my fault. I thought you were in the ladies' room with Lucinda just then, so I ended up losing the grasp on my emotions. I won't ever doubt you again, and I promise I won't yell at anyone like that ever again."

Nathaniel said nothing, instead he just stared at Eleanor quietly.

The memory of Eleanor coming to him late last night came to Nathaniel's mind all of a sudden when he had noticed the dark circles underneath Eleanor's eyes. He didn't want to see her, but she stood there at the door of the villa for almost the whole night, talking about how she had saved him all those years ago.

Despite his feeling of annoyance, he agreed to an engagement with her just as he promised he would many years before.

But... ☹

Nathaniel couldn't pinpoint when exactly it began, but Eleanor had become stranger and more

unfamiliar to him. The doubt in his mind would creep up sometimes that the cool and beautiful woman he knew all those years ago was even her at all. ☹

"You know, Ellie, you've changed a lot ever since you went abroad."

He said those words with an expressionless face. Then, he walked past Eleanor and made his way back to his seat. ☹

Eleanor, however, remained at the spot she stood and was rendered motionless in shock.

He... Why did Nathaniel look at her with an expression like that?

Could it be that... he found it out?

Dwayne was about to go looking for Lucinda the same moment she returned to their table. He breathed out a sigh of relief when he saw that she finally came back, safe and sound.

"What took you so long, Lucinda?"

"Is something wrong? Did anything bad happen?" Lucinda noticed the look of worry across Dwayne's face and asked him.

"It's your brother. He was looking for you. He mentioned that he dredged out what you asked for him to investigate yesterday, and he asked that you meet him as soon as possible."

"Alright, I will go back now."

"Hey! Don't you want to have dinner with me first before you go?"

He cried out with somberness in his voice, but Lucinda had already gone.

After having dinner, Nathaniel sent Eleanor back to the hotel.

Eleanor didn't want to stay alone in a hotel room, so she held Nathaniel's hand and began to act almost like she was a spoiled child. "We're engaged now, Nate. Is there any reason why I can't move in with you?"

Nathaniel frowned, unaware that he was making that face.

He had already told her last time that he wouldn't allow her to move into that villa. Why did she have to mention it again?

He had been irritated yet again, but he managed to respond to her with words of comfort. "Give me a few days, Ellie. I'll arrange a proper place for you to stay as soon as possible."

Eleanor was keen and was able to sense the reluctance in Nathaniel's demeanor.

The disgruntled feeling in her grew larger.

How was it that Lucinda could live in that villa as Mrs. Roberts for three years, but Eleanor was not even allowed to step inside? ☹

But Eleanor didn't dare to ask that out loud. She knew that Nathaniel wasn't fond of girls who get all jealous and ill-tempered.

"It's okay with me if I don't move into the villa. I've just been feeling lonely here. Can you stay with me tonight? Just this one night."

Eleanor's voice was so sweet and her expression looked so woeful that it should have been hard for any man to even consider refusing her.

But Nathaniel didn't spare a glance towards her direction. Not a soul could determine what was going on in his mind.

"I still have work to attend to. Good night, Ellie."

Then, he withdrew his hand from hers and made his way out.

The moment the door closed behind Nathaniel, Eleanor sunk into the carpet as she felt the tears well up in her eyes.

Why did everything change after she came back from overseas?

The love and care that Nathaniel had for her seemed to really have gone.

Did... Did he really find out about the truth?

Eleanor began to panic at the thought of this.

When she was still deep in her thoughts, the door opened once more and the image of men's black leather shoes came into Eleanor's sight.

"Nate! I knew you—"

But before Eleanor could even finish her words of excitement, she tilted her head up and realized that the person that walked inside the room was Flynn, not Nathaniel.

The look of depression came back to her again.

Flynn felt sorry for Eleanor when he had just one glance at her somber expression, but he was there to confirm only one thing. "Miss Turner, I'm so sorry to

disturb you right now. I just have something to ask you and it's quite urgent."

"If it's urgent, of course I'll answer seriously. What is it?"

Flynn felt his heart ache once more for Eleanor when his eyes met her forced smile. Then, in a low and serious tone, he asked, "Last night, after Lucinda got off her work, she was attacked by a mob of gangsters. Did you know about this?"

"What?! Oh god, is she okay?" Eleanor's expression was of genuine shock. ☹

"She's fine. It was fortunate that Mr. Roberts happened to be there last night, too. He was able to deal with those delinquents, but he assigned me with the task to investigate and find out whoever was behind the attack." As Flynn spoke, he also tried to discern Eleanor's expression.

Eleanor appeared relieved, if anything. "Well, it's good to know that she's all right."

Then, it registered in Eleanor's mind the reason why Flynn would go to her and ask her questions. All of a sudden, she expressed disbelief towards him. "Wait a minute. You thought I was the one who hired the gangsters to attack Lucinda? That's why you came to

me, isn't it?"