

Chapter 36 I Hate Her

"You bitch! You fucking bitch!"

Melody was mad as hell. She cursed inwardly, "How dare this bitch flirt with Cyrus right in front of me!"

In order to pursue Cyrus, she had moved from Stastle to Forden. It had taken her a great deal of time and effort to finally get engaged to him.

Nobody in this world loved Cyrus more than she did.

But every single time Cyrus refused to see her, he always asked Malcolm to make up some lame excuse. Like now, he said he was busy, but it turned out he was busy having lunch with this bitch!

The more Melody thought about it, the angrier she became. With a ferocious expression on her face, she raised her hand to slap Lucinda on the face.

Lucinda didn't try to dodge, nor did she flinch.

But the blow never landed.

Before Melody could even touch a strand of Lucinda's hair, somebody caught her by the wrist.

Gripping her wrist firmly, Malcolm said gloomily, "Miss Hernandez, this is Angle International. You can't just beat someone up here. Please behave yourself."

Melody tried to break free from his grip, but she was no match for Malcolm.

In the end, she could only scream in exasperation. "Let go of me! I can beat whoever the fuck I want to! If you stop me again, I'll punish both of you!"

Malcolm's expression darkened, but he still refused to let go of her hand. "Miss Hernandez, Mr. Simmons is inside. Are you really going to make a scene here?"

Make a scene?

As the daughter of the noble Hernandez family in Stastle, she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. How could she destroy her image in front of Cyrus?

Seeing that she gradually came back to her senses and her anger subsided, Malcolm finally let her go.

Lucinda, on the other hand, couldn't help but sneer.

"I heard that you were a fearless and domineering woman," she mused, shaking her head in disappointment. "But now that I've met you in person, I know that that's not true."

"You little—!"

Melody flew into a fit of rage once more, but she somehow managed to resist the urge to tear Lucinda apart. In the end, she could only watch as Lucinda strode into the elevator indifferently, completely disappearing from her sight.

Melody clenched her fists tightly. She still couldn't calm down.

How could Lucinda provoke her so confidently?

She vowed she just had to teach this bitch Lucinda a hard lesson she would never forget!

Thinking of this, she gradually calmed down. A woman's name came to mind.

Therefore, Melody went to the detention house and asked to see that woman.

A moment later, a woman in blue prison garb was shoved into the visiting room. She had disheveled hair, a dirty face, and bloodshot eyes; she was barely recognizable.

Even from the other side of the glass, Melody was shocked. She covered her nose subconsciously and said in disgust, "Susan, what happened to you?"

Susan licked her dry lips and glared at Melody with hatred. "If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have ended up like this."

Two days ago, Susan begged the police to talk to Melody, hoping that Melody could save her. However, Melody not only refused to see her, but she also pinned all the blame on her. As if that wasn't enough, she even bribed someone to expedite her sentencing!

Tomorrow, Susan would be transferred to prison. She didn't know if she'd ever have the chance to see the light of day again for the rest of her life.

She had thought that Lucinda was her enemy, but all along, Melody was the wolf in sheep's clothing.

Melody frowned. Despite the thick wall of glass between them, she subconsciously covered her nose with her fingers.

"I had no choice, okay? If my family found out about what happened, they would've... Well, let's just say I'm not allowed to have a criminal record. I had no choice but to sacrifice you.

But don't worry. I'll help you. You'll live a life of luxury after this, but only on one condition—you must tell me everything you know about Lucinda."

She smiled confidently and leaned back in her chair. "What do you think?"

Unexpectedly, Susan threw her head back and burst into hysterical laughter, pounding her fists on the table as though she had heard the funniest joke on earth.

"What's so funny?" Melody didn't understand.

Melody was hell-bent on killing her future sister-in-law!

Wasn't that funny?

But Susan didn't say this out loud. She hated both Lucinda and Melody and wanted to destroy both of them.

How could she just tell Melody the truth? What if they got along well with each other in the future?

"You really hate her so much, don't you?" she suddenly asked.

The crazy smile at the corners of Susan's lips, her messy hair, and her bloodshot eyes—she looked like a madwoman from horror movies. Even Melody couldn't help but flinch whenever she looked at her.

After calming down somewhat, Melody cleared her throat and said, "I know you want to kill her, too."

"Of course I do, which is why I'm going to tell you everything I know about her." Susan grinned from ear to ear and whispered into the phone, "She's powerful. You might not win if you try to fight her directly. But I do know this—she was married before, but she divorced her ex-husband. Maybe you can start there."

Melody's eyes lit up. "Don't worry, Susan. I'll definitely avenge you."

After saying that, she stood up and left without looking back.

Looking at her graceful figure, Susan's smile became crazier and crazier.

Unfortunately, she wouldn't be able to see how things would pan out. Alas!

As soon as Melody left, she called someone on her phone. "Find out who Lucinda's ex-husband is. I want details, and I want them now!"

Half an hour later, a document was emailed to her.

She tapped on the attachment and read it carefully. Gradually, her furrowed brows relaxed. Her eyes were fixed on a name, and a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. "Eleanor Turner?"

In the CEO's Office of the Roberts Group.

Pressing his fingers against his temples, Nathaniel closed his eyes.

Flynn was standing in front of him, reporting the situation in the Roberts residence.

"The day before yesterday, Miss Roberts made a scene, but the security guards didn't let her go. These days, she has been very quiet and obedient. She tried calling Miss Turner several times, but she didn't answer."

Hearing this, Nathaniel opened his eyes. Flynn's last sentence caught his attention.

"Why didn't Ellie answer her calls?"

Vivien had a good relationship with Eleanor, and it was normal for them to talk on the phone. But ever since Lucinda made a scene at the Roberts residence, Eleanor had never mentioned Vivien's name in front of him.

Nathaniel frowned slightly.

Flynn pursed his lips and mused. "Well, maybe... Maybe she was just too busy to answer the phone."

It was normal for one to miss a call once in a while, but Eleanor had ignored all of Vivien's calls.

What was she trying to avoid?

Nathaniel couldn't shake off the feeling that something was off.


He stood up and said, "I haven't seen Ellie in a while. Let's visit her at the apartment."

"It seems that Miss Turner is not home right now," Flynn said.

She went out?

Nathaniel sat back down in his chair. Maybe he was

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overthinking things.

 +120 Points at most

Looking at the dark circles under Nathaniel's cold eyes, Flynn couldn't help but ask, "Boss, have you been getting enough sleep? You... You don't look so good."

Rubbing his temples, Nathaniel felt a little agitated.

He still lived in the villa. Every time he went back home, no matter how late it was, he'd always be reminded of Lucinda by every single item in that villa.

He remembered how she would be wearing an apron while mopping the floor, smiling at him whenever she saw him.

Or how she'd be sweeping the fallen leaves in the garden with a gentle smile on her face... And that wonderful night of wild sex they shared...

He couldn't sleep well the past few days. And one time, he got up to get himself a glass of water, and the only thing he could think of was that scene in which Cyrus was gently rubbing her calves at the door of the restaurant...

"Boss?"