

Chapter 37 The Bay Villa

Noticing the change in Nathaniel's expression, Flynn called him worriedly.

Nathaniel came back to his senses and ordered in a low voice, "Contact Lucinda for the transfer of the villa. Tell the lawyer that it needs to be done by the end of today."

"Okay, I'll talk to him right away."

In the Angle International building.

Because Susan was out of the picture, Lucinda needed a new assistant. She had to focus on planning the talent show, so she decided to choose an assistant from their pool of agents.

At this moment, in her small office, seven female employees stood in two rows in front of her.

The girls in the first row were pretty. They pretended to be shy and nervous, but there was still a glint of greed in their eyes.

Lucinda cast a sidelong glance at them. She didn't like them because she could see right through them.

She scanned the faces of each employee until her gaze landed on the girl standing at the end of the second row.

"You, come to the front."

The girl didn't expect to be called. Both surprised and happy, she timidly took two steps forward. "Good day, Miss Ross. My name is Vivian. Vivian Sanders."

Lucinda rifled through the documents on her desk and found the girl's resume.

It turned out that she was a newcomer here who had come from

a small town, and her background was clean with nothing special.

That was exactly what Lucinda wanted in an assistant.

"Okay. You're going to be my assistant from now on."

Vivian's eyes lit up enthusiastically.

The other employees were clearly unhappy with Lucinda's decision. "Miss Ross, she has only been here a month. She's still on probation period. Isn't it against the rules to promote her?"

Lucinda cast a sidelong glance at the person who spoke up.

"What I say goes."

Everyone was speechless. Then they filed out of Lucinda's office sulkily.

Vivian, on the other hand, was very excited. She kept bowing to Lucinda to express her gratitude to her. "Thank you for this wonderful opportunity, Miss Ross. I promise I'll do my best to fulfill every task you give me!"

"Actions speak louder than words, Vivian." She gave Vivian an affirmative look and handed her a pile of documents. "Get familiar with these materials as soon as possible."

"Got it."


With the documents in tow, Vivian practically skipped out of the office in high spirits.

As soon as she left, Lucinda turned to look at the scenery outside the French windows, rubbing her sore shoulders.

Angle International wasn't that famous in the entertainment industry. It was only thanks to the Simmons family's prominence that the company was able to survive thus far.

If she wanted to increase their margins by five percent this

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 +120 Points at most

year, she had to make some big moves.

It was risky, but Lucinda liked the challenge.

She was deep in thought when Vivian knocked on the door and came in again.

"Miss Ross, a lawyer just called. He said he needed you to sign a property transfer agreement."

"What property?" Lucinda cocked her head to the side in confusion.

"A riverside villa or something—at least, that's what the lawyer said."

The villa where she and Nathaniel spent their wedding night?

They had divorced a long time ago. Why did Nathaniel suddenly think of transferring the villa to her?

Was it some sort of compensation or was it out of guilt?

Ridiculous!

"Okay, I'll go there after work."

Lucinda sighed, but she didn't refuse. Although money was the last thing she lacked, she wasn't going to refuse it.

Besides, the house might be useful in the future.

In a cafe.

Wearing large sunglasses, Eleanor walked to the table with two roses.

She saw the pretty woman already sitting at the table. Taking off her sunglasses, she smiled and asked, "Miss Hernandez, what can I do for you?"

Melody looked her up and down unscrupulously.

"Eleanor Turner, the illegitimate daughter of the Turner family? You don't look that bad, but you don't look like a real noble lady either."

Did Melody want to assert her dominance by pointing out the gap in their status?

Eleanor frowned unhappily, but she managed to control her temper. She chuckled and waved her hand, saying, "Miss Hernandez, if you just want to insult me, then I'm leaving."

She was about to take her bag and leave when Melody suddenly grabbed her hand. "Wait. Let's get down to business. You hate your fiance's ex-wife, right?"

Realizing that this had something to do with Lucinda, Eleanor paused for a moment. "What do you want?"

"I don't like that bitch either. I can help you get rid of her."

Eleanor pursed her lips hesitantly.

The Hernandez family was powerful after all. Eleanor was indeed a little tempted, but Melody was too arrogant. Eleanor didn't like the way she spoke to her.

If she couldn't get any substantial help from Melody, she'd only end up being used by the spoiled brat.

After thinking it over, Eleanor sighed apologetically. "Sorry, Miss Hernandez. It's like you said—I'm just the illegitimate daughter of the Turner family and have no power. Lucinda almost ruined me several times before. I'm afraid I can't defeat her, nor can I help you."

Once again, Eleanor stood up and was about to leave.

"You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. If you help me deal with Lucinda, I'll help you become the only heir of the Turner family."

Hearing this, Eleanor was intrigued.

"Deal."

Later that afternoon, after getting off work, Lucinda drove to the Bay Villa unhurriedly.

After parking her car, she looked numbly at the unchanged scenery around the villa. She felt a dull pain in her heart, which shocked her. After all this time, why did she still feel this way?

The security guard knew she would come, so he didn't stop her from entering.

She went straight to the door and opened it.

There was no sign of any lawyer in the hall, but there was a lone figure sitting on the sofa. It was Nathaniel, wearing a black suit, sipping from a cup of black coffee.

Lucinda wasn't surprised to see him here.

Unfazed, she strode forward in her high heels.

It wasn't until she got closer that she noticed the dark circles under the man's eyes.

She couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Although he was still handsome, it was the first time she had seen him so haggard.

"Poor you, Mr. Roberts. You look exhausted," she said provokingly.

Nathaniel looked up at her coldly and said, "Miss Ross, you're getting ruder and ruder each time we meet."

"True." She crossed her arms over her chest and her eyes suddenly turned icy cold. "After all, why should I be polite with you? You don't deserve my good graces."

Her attitude seemed to piss Nathaniel off because he suddenly stood up and rushed at her.

Lucinda had prepared herself for this. On high alert, she threw a punch at him as soon as he got close, but he nimbly dodged it.

Then, he reached out to grab her shoulder. Lucinda took a step back, glaring at him fiercely. She raised her leg and kicked at the man's crotch.

Nathaniel reacted quickly. He took a step back and accurately grabbed her slender ankle before she could kick him.

Hearing the commotion in the living room, Flynn, who was standing guard in the garden, quietly poked his head inside and saw the two people fighting.

What on earth was going on?

Didn't Lucinda come here to sign the transfer papers? If she didn't like the property, she could just refuse. Why did they have to fight?

When Flynn saw the ferocity in Lucinda's eyes, he was stunned. Every time she tried to hit Nathaniel, she would aim for a fatal part.

Nathaniel didn't try to attack her. He just defended himself against her attacks.

Things weren't looking so good.

What a cruel woman!

Flynn was worried. If any of Lucinda's blows landed, his boss could get knocked out the next second. However, he couldn't just barge in without his boss' permission.

Resisting the urge to go in and stop the fight, Flynn covered his ears and hid in the corner.