

Chapter 38 The Turner Family

Lucinda and Nathaniel fought in the living room for a while.

Lucinda couldn't land any blows. The longer the fight went on, the more strength she exerted, but she couldn't compete with Nathaniel. In addition, she was wearing high-heels, so she was forced to back up until she hit the wall.

With a smug smile, Nathaniel grabbed her left wrist and was about to press it against the wall.

It was the same old trick he used on her several times before.

Fortunately, Lucinda had learned her lesson, knowing that he wanted to pin her hands and kiss her. When he was focused on grabbing her left hand, her right hand unlatched the top of the ring, and the silver needle popped out.

Without warning, she pressed the needle against Nathaniel's neck, immediately drawing blood.

Good thing she wore the ring her brother gave her. Although the needle was tiny, it was still a weapon to be reckoned with.

With the needle pressed against the man's neck, neither of them moved a muscle, as though they were frozen in time.

They were standing so close to each other that they could feel one another's breath.

Nathaniel swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down slightly. A trace of scarlet blood dripped down from his neck, dyeing the collar of his expensive shirt a deep red.

He frowned. "So cruel," he whispered.

Lucinda sneered. "Why should I be merciful to a ruthless man like you?"

Suddenly, the man cracked a smile and brought his face closer to hers.

It seemed that he didn't believe that she would dare to kill him.

"Come any closer and I'll slit your throat. Try it if you don't believe me."

Her voice wasn't loud, and Nathaniel could clearly see the stone-cold look in her eyes.

Cross this woman, and she would kill.

He chuckled, let go of her hand, and took two steps back.

Finally free, Lucinda rubbed her wrist and walked past him to get the transfer agreement on the coffee table.

She leafed through it quickly. The terms were fair.

(She picked up the pen next to her and signed the two copies without hesitation.

Taking one of the copies, she turned around and headed for the door.

Nathaniel quietly watched her walk away as he raised his hand to touch the blood on his neck.

Lucinda walked out of the villa without looking back.

When Flynn saw her approaching, he subconsciously shrank his neck. As soon as she walked past him, he ran inside the villa to see how Nathaniel was doing.

Lucinda completely ignored him and called Vivian.

"Help me find some people to renovate the Bay Villa. Throw away all the furniture and refurnish the place. I also want new flowers planted in the garden."

"Got it."

Vivian nodded obediently. "When do you plan to move in? I'll try to make the necessary arrangements in time."

Lucinda smiled. "Who said I want to move in?"

"What? You're not going to move in? Then—"

Before Vivian could finish her sentence, Lucinda ended the call.

She walked to her car, which was parked at the gate.

As soon as she opened the door, she heard the sound of a car slowly pulling to a stop behind her.

Eleanor stepped out of the car. There seemed to be a woman in the back seat, but due to the distance, Lucinda couldn't see who it was.

Anyway, Lucinda didn't want to waste her breathe on Eleanor, so she looked away and was about to get in her own car.

Eleanor rushed over and blocked the door, surprise and rage written all over her face.

"What are you doing here? Are you still trying to pester Nate? When will you get it? You two are divorced!"

Lucinda smiled in amusement. "Your Nate is the one who asked me to come here."

Eleanor's eyes went as wide as saucers.

"Why the hell would Nate do that? Do you really think he'd so much as look at you if you stopped pestering him?"

Although she didn't want to believe it, she still had doubts in her heart.

Lucinda calmly took out the transfer agreement from her bag and shook it in front of Eleanor. "Look carefully. Your beloved Nate has gave this house to me."

Then she pushed Eleanor out of the way.

Eleanor staggered a few steps backward. It took her a while to catch her balance. She was in a state of shock.

Nate gave the villa to Lucinda?!

He didn't even let her get close to this property. How could he give it to this woman without scruples?

Why?!

Eleanor was going crazy from anger, but she managed to think things through.

Glaring at Lucinda, she spat, "Is this some sort of alimony? He probably only did this so that you'd stop pestering him!"

Lucinda rolled her eyes impatiently, but she wasn't angry. "Whatever the case may be, this is my private property now. You're trespassing. Get out, or I'll have someone kick you out."

"You little—!"

Eleanor was so angry that her eye twitched. When Lucinda got in her car, Eleanor calmed down and became complacent again.

"I couldn't defeat you before because Cyrus was on your side. But from tomorrow on, you won't win!"


Taking a glance at her from the sideview mirror, Lucinda shrugged indifferently. She didn't take Eleanor's words seriously at all. She started the car and sped off, spewing exhaust on Eleanor's face.

Caught off-guard, Eleanor choked on the smoke and coughed violently. She stared at the Santana in the distance and stomped her foot angrily.

"We'll see how long you can keep this up, Lucinda!" she hissed under her breath.

On the way back to Cyrus' villa, Lucinda passed by the big screen in a busy street. It was broadcasting the news about how the daughter of the Turner family, Jennifer Turner, got into a

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drunk driving accident. She was currently in the hospital in a coma, and doctors were unsure whether she'd ever wake up.

Her parents wept in front of the cameras.

But Lucinda didn't pay much attention to the news.

Three days later, Lucinda headed to the canteen for lunch.

That day, the employees seemed to be particularly gossipy, and they kept whispering nonstop.

Although Lucinda found it a bit weird, she didn't really like gossiping, so she didn't know anything about what was going on.

"Miss Ross, have you heard the big news?"

Carrying a tray of food, Vivian came over with two other girls and sat next to Lucinda.

"What news?" Lucinda asked curiously.

Seeing that she didn't know, Vivian grew excited. "Did you hear that the daughter of the Turner family got into a car accident? Today, the Turner family announced that their younger daughter who had been ill and living abroad, will come back home soon."


Without raising her head, Lucinda continued to eat and seemed disinterested. "It's not surprising."

"Do you know who their younger daughter is? She's the fiancée of the CEO of the Roberts Group!"

Lucinda suddenly stopped chewing, and her eyes widened.

Seeing that she finally reacted, Vivian was very excited. "Everyone's laughing at the Turner family. After all, their eldest daughter has just got into a terrible accident, but they're already throwing a huge welcome party for their younger daughter."

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The other two employees at their table also joined in on the discussion, not only because they were dissatisfied with the Turner family's behavior, but also because they guessed that Eleanor's identity wasn't as simple as it seemed.

Everyone voiced their opinions on the matter.

Lucinda listened quietly, but she didn't say anything.

It suddenly occurred to her that a few days ago, before leaving the Bay Villa, Eleanor had warned her that things wouldn't go her way anymore.

It seemed that Jennifer's so-called "accident" wasn't just an accident.

Now that Eleanor was finally recognized by her family, what would she do next?