

Chapter 39 The Welcome Home Banquet

After lunch, Lucinda went back to her office and focused on working.

What happened to Jennifer Turner was just her guess. She didn't have any substantial evidence to back up her theory, nor did she really care about it anyway.

But if Eleanor tried to provoke her later, then Lucinda would do what she had to do.

In the afternoon, Dwayne called her.

He asked in a childishly sweet voice, "Lucinda, are you free tonight?"

Lucinda was busy typing on her keyboard. "No," she said bluntly.

Dwayne pursed his lips and said unhappily, "I have to attend the Turner family's banquet this evening. I've been working for a whole week. Can you give me the night off?"

"Fine."

He wasn't expecting her to agree so quickly, so he was a bit stunned. After a while, he came to his senses and said tentatively, "I'd be honored if you could be my plus one..."

Lucinda pursed her lips and mulled over it for a moment.

After a while, she said, "Okay."

Without giving Dwayne the chance to respond, she ended the call.

On the other end of the line, Dwayne frowned unhappily. "She's colder than the ice!"

Lucinda wasn't planning to go at first, but since Dwayne had brought it up, she decided to attend.

Half an hour later, Vivian knocked on her door and came in with a delicate gift box.

"Miss Ross, this just came for you."

"I see. You can go now."

After Vivian left, Lucinda stood up and opened the gift box.

A delicate evening dress lay nestled inside, and it was just her style. It turned out that Dwayne had bought her the dress for tonight's banquet.

She shook her head with a wry smile. After admiring the dress for a little longer, she put it back in the box and went back to work.

When it was time to get off work, the employees began to pack up their things. Lucinda even urged those who often worked overtime to go home early tonight. She didn't take the elevator until almost everyone in the company had left.

At the gate of Angle Intl was a brand new silver Maybach. Sitting in it was Dwayne, who had been waiting for Lucinda for a long time.

When she finally came out, he glanced at her subconsciously.

Then he found himself unable to take his eyes off her.

Wearing the snow-white dress he bought for her, she looked stunning. She was even more beautiful than most popular celebrities.

Unfortunately, Lucinda didn't want to be a superstar. If she did, she'd have skyrocketed to fame in no time.

Dwayne was amazed. He got out of the car and trotted over with a smile. "My lady, I'm honored you decided to attend the banquet with me."

Lucinda chuckled and bonked him lightly on the head. "Don't be naughty."

Dwayne rubbed his head aggrievedly and pouted. "I'm not lying!"

Lucinda ignored him and started walking towards the car. Dwayne quickly opened the door for her and continued to compliment her. "I have to say, you have excellent taste. This dress makes you look like an angel!"

Lucinda stopped in her tracks.

She narrowed her eyes at him suspiciously. "Didn't you pick this out for me?"

Dwayne averted his gaze, looking a little embarrassed. "I wanted to pick a dress for you myself, but I was so busy all afternoon..."

Lucinda's expression darkened.

She remembered that when Vivian placed the gift box on her desk, there was no indication as to who had sent the dress. She didn't think much of it since she thought that it was Dwayne who sent it.

But it seemed that that wasn't the case.

Dwayne thought she was angry with him, so he asked worriedly, "Lucinda, what's wrong?"

Lucinda decided not to explain herself. "Let's go. I don't want to be late."

In the dressing room on the second floor of the Turner family's villa.

Eleanor was still putting on makeup. She had been preparing for the banquet since noon. After all, she was tonight's protagonist.

"If you didn't invite me, I'd still be under house arrest. Those bodyguards are watching me so closely that I feel so

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suffocated!" Vivien complained.

Eleanor comforted her with a smile. "Well, you're out of the house now. I think Nate will go easy on you now."

"I'm not sure about that. My brother is a cold-hearted ass." She pouted and kept on complaining. "And you won't answer my calls. What have you been so busy with? I even wondered if you'd betrayed me."

Eleanor's face froze for a second, but she quickly recovered. She held Vivien's hand and patted it comfortingly. "I'd never do such a thing! You're my best friend, Vivien."

Seeing the sincere expression on Eleanor's face, Vivien believed her. "Relax. I was just joking. Congratulations, by the way. Now that you're a proper daughter of the Turner family, you're almost my brother's equal!"

A hint of coldness flashed in Eleanor's eyes, but she quickly softened her expression when Vivien looked at her.

Sure enough, Vivien didn't notice the change in Eleanor's attitude and continued to chat with her lightheartedly.

"You're the daughter of the Turner family and the future heir to the Turner Group. Now Lucinda doesn't stand a chance against you!"


This was music to Eleanor's ears, and she smiled proudly.

She opened her mouth to say something but was interrupted by a commotion at the door.

It sounded like someone had dropped something.

The two exchanged glances and stood up to open the door.

It turned out to be the maid who was bringing Eleanor's dress here had accidentally bumped into the cleaning cart of another servant. She ended up dropping the dress box on the ground, as well as a few cleaning implements from the cart. Both were kneeling on the floor, picking things up.

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Vivien wrinkled her nose in disgust and cried, "Oh, my God! What have you done? It's so dirty now!"

The cleaner looked up in fear.

"I'm sorry, my lady. I'll clean it up quickly."

Eleanor frowned in disgust, but since Vivien was present, she couldn't curse the two servants directly. She just smiled and said, "Don't worry. It's no big deal. There are a lot of guests today, so hurry up and clean it."

Then she turned to the maid who had brought the dress and said, "Bring the dress inside the room now. Don't waste time."

"Yes, ma'am."

The maid quickly picked up the intact dress box from the ground and followed Eleanor into the dressing room.

When the box was opened, they saw a luxurious and beautiful white dress nestled inside.

Vivien was amazed. "Wow, it's beautiful. Is it designer work? You're going to outshine everyone tonight, Eleanor. Your parents love you so much. I'm so jealous!"

Being praised like this, Eleanor felt happy, but she put on a modest smile. "But you're already the little princess of the Roberts family, Vivien!"

The two of them flattered each other and giggled. Vivien took a few photos of them two and posted on Facebook with the caption, "At my best friend's welcome home banquet. Isn't she gorgeous?"

It didn't take long before a lot of Vivien's followers commented on her post, praising the two of them.

Vivien, who hadn't gone out and socialized in a long time, felt very proud.

With a smile on her face, Eleanor tried to send her away. "Vivien,

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please check how many guests are outside for me. Isn't the
banquet about to start?"

"Okay."

As soon as Vivien left, Eleanor's smile disappeared and she
quickly dialed a number.

"How's everything going? Is the plan going smoothly?"

On the other end of the line was a confident-sounding Melody.
"Everything's fine. My people are watching her. Just wait."

With her reassuring words, Eleanor sighed in relief.

Thinking of the plan later, she was so excited.

Tonight, she would finally exceed that bitch Lucinda and
become the most popular and envied rich girl in Forden!