

Chapter 6 Making It Up

Nathaniel scrunched up his face, completely baffled. Did Lucinda really just say she was the one dumping him because he wasn't good enough for her?

He was about to catch up to her and talk to her when a hand grabbed him from behind, gripping his pants tightly.

"Nate... I was wrong."

Eleanor looked miserable as she collapsed onto the floor, weakly sobbing and admitting her mistake. "I was just scared... Scared that in the three years I'm away, you'll fall in love with her. I'm afraid that you'll leave me."

Nathaniel frowned as he looked down at Eleanor's slightly swollen cheek. He felt helpless as he helped her up and spoke in a softer tone.

"I promised to marry you, remember? Ending my marriage with her was only a matter of time. You're just being worried for nothing."

Eleanor clutched his sleeve and pouted. "It's my fault, but I didn't mean to hurt anyone. I just went about it the wrong way. Nate... Please find it in your heart to forgive me!"

He didn't scold her, which was a relief to Eleanor. She leaned into him, revealing her snow-white shoulders, hoping to win him back over.

But Nathaniel pushed her away with a scowl on his face.

"Nate!"

Eleanor's eyes were full of tears and she looked at him with irritation. Why did he refuse to touch her?

She couldn't come to terms with it.

He could sleep with Lucinda last night, but he wouldn't even touch her? It didn't make any sense.

"Stop!"

Nathaniel grabbed her hand and glared at her coldly.

"Ellie, I never thought you'd stoop so low and use such nasty words against her. You used to be so sweet and innocent."

Eleanor was taken aback, realizing she had really pushed him too far this time.

Nathaniel had his own set of values and limits, and when she crossed them, he would distance himself even further.

"Well, I still am! I'm sorry. I know I was wrong, but I wasn't thinking straight. I won't do it again. Nate, please give me a chance to make it right. Remember how I saved you years ago?"

Nathaniel remembered her strong and determined look when she had saved him. She was so weak and small, but she stood up to protect him.

Maybe she really didn't mean to hurt Lucinda. Maybe, like she said, she was just worried.

Nathaniel's tone softened. "Let's just forget it. But don't do something like this again."

Eleanor felt a wave of relief wash over her, but before she could speak, Nathaniel held out his hand.

"Give me the key."

She froze. She was about to defend herself when Nathaniel interrupted her. "I know Flynn gave you the key to the villa without my consent. Give it to me now."

Flynn Evans had been Nathaniel's assistant for many years.

With no other option, Eleanor reluctantly gave him the key.

"Don't ever return to this villa. I'll find you a new place soon. I'm sure you are tired, so return to the hotel and get some rest for now."

Nathaniel didn't wait for her to respond. He immediately told the driver to take her back.

After Eleanor left, Flynn who had been waiting in the garden quietly entered the living room, expecting to be scolded by his boss.

Nathaniel glared at Flynn with cold eyes. "Do you think you can make decisions for me now? If this repeats itself, you know the consequences."

"Yes, sir."

Nathaniel tugged at his tie in frustration and lit a cigarette before taking a long drag, replaying the way Lucinda had looked at him before she left.

Her eyes were as cold as ice.

He couldn't help but wonder if it was because of the wrongs that were done to her this time that she was so dead-set on divorcing him.

She acted tough and didn't accept any money from him. Did she really believe she could live on her own without his financial support?

He didn't want to dwell on it, but the thought of her struggling made him really uneasy. "Find out where Lucinda is and let me know immediately. And give her this villa as part of the alimony."

"Yes, sir."

Meanwhile, Lucinda searched Angle Int'l's address online and went there in a taxi.

Now that she had made another deal with her father and agreed to take over the company, she needed to immerse herself in the business to ensure a smooth transition.

Lucinda walked confidently into the company building and strode up to the receptionist's desk. "I need to speak with your boss. Let him know."

The receptionist's eyes widened in surprise as she took in Lucinda's appearance.

While she was undeniably beautiful, her clothes were worn and shabby. And she was requesting to see the president so arrogantly like she owned the place!

"Um, do you have an appointment with him?" the receptionist asked hesitantly.

Lucinda shook her head. "No."

The receptionist almost burst out laughing. "Do you even know where you are? You can't just waltz in here and demand to see the president without a prior appointment. Who do you think you are?"

Her unwelcoming words made Lucinda's face tighten in annoyance. "Is this how you usually treat your guests?"