

## Chapter 7 A Fantastic Idea

The receptionist looked Lucinda up and down to make sure she was definitely not a high-class client. Perhaps she was just there to seduce the president.

"Are you a guest here? As soon as you arrived, you demanded an audience with our president. Do you think it's that easy to meet a man who is worth hundreds of millions of dollars?"

After being ridiculed, Lucinda was enraged.

When it came to wealth, she far outranked the president here. Either way, the condescending receptionist had no right to put her down like that.

Lucinda collected herself and made the conscious decision not to waste any more time there with the snobbish receptionist. In a serious tone, she instructed, "Call your superiors and tell them I'm here. If they don't want to meet me, I'll leave at once."

The receptionist wanted to mock Lucinda again, but she backed off upon meeting the woman's piercing gaze.

"Fine. Don't say I didn't warn you."

The receptionist huffed, grabbed the phone, and brought it to her ear. Then, she gave Lucinda an even more condescending glance.

She could not wait to see the security guards kick her out.

However, a few seconds later, the smug smile on her face froze and she stared at Lucinda in shock.

Lucinda knew from the look of horror on her face that the information she had just received over the phone was not the one she had been expecting.

With a sneer, Lucinda inquired, "Which floor should I go to?"

"The... twenty-seventh floor... It's the top floor..."

Without looking back, Lucinda carried her suitcase straight into the elevator.

The receptionist stared at her back, dumbfounded.

Who was this woman?

Why was Malcolm Hopkins, the president's assistant, treating Lucinda with such deference?

Could she possibly be... the president's lover?

The receptionist then wasted no time informing her coworkers of her assumption.

Lucinda made it to the top floor without a hitch.

When she opened the door to the office, the man sitting on the sofa immediately got to his feet and walked toward her.

The man looked respectable in his navy blue suit. A broad grin spread across his face at the sight of her.

"Long time no see, Lucinda. Congratulations on your divorce," the man said in a low, magnetic tone.

"Cyrus?"

Lucinda's eyes started to brim with tears. She was overcome with shock. She could not believe that Cyrus Simmons, her third-oldest brother, was the current president of Angle Intl.

Abandoning her luggage, she hastened to embrace him.

"Cyrus, I miss you so much!"

She burrowed her face into his chest.

It had been six years since they last saw each other, but nothing

had changed between them. Lucinda still had the tendency to act like a spoiled child around Cyrus, just like when they were both young.

Cyrus rubbed her head affectionately and smiled. Like always, he still felt like giving the world to his younger sister.

"Getting a divorce from that man is a smart decision. You're the pride of the Simmons family, our princess. You shouldn't have let the Roberts family pick on you."

Lucinda was quick to change the subject after noticing his icy expression.

"I signed an agreement with Dad. He gave me one year to boost the company's earnings by five percent. Cyrus, you have to help me!"

Lucinda pleaded while gesturing wildly in the air to emphasize her point.

Cyrus sat down with her on the sofa and said, "Indeed, it's a challenging task for you, but I'm also under strict orders from Dad not to help you. You'll have to figure out a way to get this done on your own."

Lucinda pouted.

Cyrus was no ordinary man. He was the driving force behind the entertainment industry, and his empire now extended throughout the globe. There was widespread fear of him among his peers in the said industry.


He only needed to make a phone call to easily increase Angle Intl's annual profit by ten percent.

Their father knew Lucinda would come to Cyrus for assistance.

That was why he cut off her easy way out after assigning her the task.

Cyrus smiled at her mournful expression and gently pinched her supple cheek. "Do yourself a favour, young lady, and steel

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 +120 Points at most

yourself for some hard labour. Anyway, now that you're here, it's time for me, the acting president, to leave."

"No, don't go yet," Lucinda protested.

"Is there anything else you need from me?" Cyrus asked with a raised brow.

A thoughtful Lucinda stroked her chin.

After a while, she gave him a knowing wink and remarked, "I've just come up with a fantastic idea. Will you listen to me?"

Cyrus chuckled at how adorable she looked.

After discussing the issue for an hour, the two of them reached an agreement.

Five minutes later, an urgent message was delivered to each member of the company's personnel.

The message stated that the position of chief artist manager of the company would shortly be filled by someone.