

Chapter 8 The New Chief Artist Manager

The staff was in a frenzy.

Immediately Nettie Craig, the receptionist, said a woman who was suspected to be Mr. Simmons' side piece had paid a visit, the company swiftly brought in a new chief artist manager.

Everyone was speculating whether the new chief artist manager was the same woman in question.

Little did they know that Lucinda was not only the new chief artist manager but also their new boss!

Lucinda decided to lay low.

She was a novice in the entertainment industry and she barely knew anything about the business. So for now, she needed Cyrus to remain the president of the company to the public in order to keep the company going.

Additionally, she was still unfamiliar with the company's staff. By working among them, she could quickly learn more about the team and identify any weak links that needed to be replaced.

As everyone was busy speculating, Nettie, stationed at the front desk on the ground floor, was completely smitten with Malcolm. She gazed at him, obsessed.

He looked so damn handsome! Was he smiling at her?

Nettie tried to conceal her excitement. She ran her fingers through her hair, and flashed Malcolm what she thought was a charming smile.

"Malcolm, how can I help you?"

Nettie's heart skipped a beat when Malcolm approached her. She gazed at him with a loving expression, wondering if he was about to ask her out.

But the next moment, Malcolm's face turned icy, and his tone was harsh. "You're fired. Pack your things and leave."

"What?"

Nettie was shocked.

She couldn't believe she had lost her job. Who could she have possibly offended?

As she tried to make sense of what was happening, a realization hit her. She froze as tears welled up in her eyes.

Was it the woman who had visited earlier who had caused this?

Her face turned gloomy as she quickly dialed a number, trying to figure out what to do next.

Meanwhile, Cyrus made Lucinda do her makeup and choose an evening dress for the grand banquet they would attend later in the evening, which would entertain almost all high classed professionals and the bigwigs in the society.

Later in the evening, the Eastmo Hotel in Forden, a luxurious seven-star hotel, was buzzing with activity as the banquet was about to commence.

At the entrance, elegantly dressed wealthy ladies and gentlemen exchanged pleasantries.

Suddenly, a Lamborghini sports car pulled up at the door, drawing everyone's attention.

Nathaniel stepped out of the car with his partner, Eleanor. He looked every inch the distinguished gentleman, while she exuded elegance and grace.

As they both made their way inside, the crowd couldn't help but

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gush about them.

"Wow, Mr. Roberts is so good-looking. Who is his date? What a classy lady!"

"Don't you think they are a perfect match? I'm so jealous of her."

"Is that his wife who's never been seen in public with him in three years? They're so adorable!"

As Eleanor sensed the envious stares of the socialites, she couldn't help but raise her chin proudly.

She was actually the illegitimate daughter of the Turner family and those noble young ladies had always seen her as a disgrace since childhood.

How tables had turned!

She knew Nate would soon marry her, making her the one they would have to impress at these upper-class banquets.

One day she would become the most dignified lady in Forden.

"Look! It's Mr. Simmons from Angle Int!!"

Lost in her thoughts, Eleanor suddenly heard a commotion in the crowd.

Turning her attention towards the source of the noise, she saw a limited edition Rolls-Royce.

Cyrus stepped out of the car first. He was a tall man with an impressive physique and a commanding presence. His mere presence was enough to cause a stir among the debutantes, who were all vying for his attention.

He bowed back with a charming smile and stretched out his hand to help the other person in the car step out.

It was strange for him to bring a date to an event since he had never done that before.

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The people stared in curiosity, wondering who the mysterious lady was.

First, a pair of slender legs stepped out of the car, adorned with expensive black diamond high heels. The lady wore a stunning black tailor-made fish-tail dress which hugged her slender figure, accentuating her curves and leaving people finding it hard to take their gaze off her.

When she raised her head, the crowd was stunned by how gorgeous she looked.

She was like a black swan, noble, fierce and enchanting.

Eleanor watched in shock and envy.

She realized who the lady was.

"Lucinda?!"