

## Chapter 48 Can't Wait To See Her Suffer

Mario's slap landed hard on Eleanor's cheek, sending her crashing to the floor before she could even react.

"You are such a jinx. Do you want to destroy our family and bring us down with you? I can't believe that I gave birth to a foolish daughter like you!"

Mario stared at her, gritting his teeth in anger.

Eleanor winced in pain as she wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth and attempted to stand up, but failed twice and eventually settled for just sitting on the floor.

"Dad, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

Mario's face turned even redder with rage. "Don't lie to me! Do you think that I won't hear about it? It was you who bought that fake dress and sent it to Lucinda. You were the one who started that rumor on the Internet. Why do you detest her so much? Why are you spreading these lies about her?"

Eleanor remained silent, not knowing how to respond.

Mario got infuriated when she didn't respond.

"Spreading lies about her is not even what hurt me the most. How foolish are you to allow yourself to get caught and now the Turner family's reputation is all ruined!"

Presley, who had been watching the scene unfold, attempted to calm Mario down. "Honey, don't get so angry. It's not worth damaging your health over. Besides, Eleanor's mother is just a mistress. She probably never learned how to behave properly like Jennifer did."

Mario's hatred for Eleanor only intensified upon hearing this.

"I shouldn't have allowed you to live to bring a plague to our family."

Listening to her father and stepmother abuse her, Eleanor couldn't help but feel bitter.

Here she was, being condemned to death by her own father.

She tried to push herself up from the ground. Her left cheek was swollen from the force of Mario's slap. But despite the pain, she refused to feel defeated. With a fierce glint in her eyes, she met her father's gaze and said, "It's such a pity that you have to count on me to help the Turner Group, even though you detest me so much. Doesn't the thought of that get you infuriated?"

"You!"

Mario was so enraged that he raised his hand again, as if he wanted to slap her once more.

But instead of flinching Eleanor leaned forward and taunted him. "Go ahead and hit me! You might as well beat me to death! Then the great Turner family would be ejected from the circle of wealthy families! Don't forget, you were the one who ruined the Turner family. How does that feel? Amazing, right?"

Mario was rendered speechless by Eleanor's words. His face flushed with anger. He couldn't bring himself to go through with the slap he had intended, and simply stood there, seething with rage.

Eleanor smirked and glanced at Presley who was still casually munching on fruit.

"So the bitch you talked about will take over the Turner Group. And where is your beloved daughter? I doubt she will wake up for the rest of her life. You hate me and my mother so much, yet you still have to pretend to be a good mother to me. That must be exhausting, right?"

Presley was incensed by Eleanor's words and pounded the table. "You! You nasty bitch! How dare you curse Jennifer! The Turner Group is yours to temporarily manage. When Jennifer wakes up, you would have to let it go! Don't get too ahead of yourself!"

Eleanor wasn't convinced. "Then pray to God more and hope that he has

pity on your daughter. But instead of standing here arguing with me, you should be dealing with my mess! If I'm in trouble, the Turner Group will be too."

With that, she stormed upstairs in anger and slammed the door shut loudly intentionally.

Presley was livid. "You, you! At last, you've revealed your true disgusting character, haven't you? And you even dare threaten me!"

Not willing to let it go, she turned to Mario and fussed, "Honey! You heard how she spoke to me. What did I do to deserve that?"

Meanwhile, upstairs, Eleanor had locked the door to shut out the noise from downstairs.

She walked over to the dressing table and knocked over all the pricey cosmetics on it.

She was even more infuriated by the sound the items made as they crashed onto the floor.

Then she grabbed her phone and dialed a number.

The phone was answered immediately. She said in a very angry tone, "You said this was going to ruin her. I didn't only fail to do that, but instead she's become an overnight sensation on the Internet!"

Melody, who was busy with her skincare routine, brushed off her concerns.

"Relax, it's not that big of a deal. Just give it some time and people will forget. I'll help you out, so don't worry. Why are you so scared?"

Although Eleanor felt relieved, she couldn't shake off her frustration. "What about Lucinda? Are we just going to let her get away with this? She's only going to become more arrogant!"

Melody spoke with assurance. "Don't worry. Since we can't do anything out in the open, we'll have to be sneaky about it."

Eleanor listened carefully to Melody's proposal and eventually consented.

She looked at herself in the mirror with a malicious grin and said, "Excellent. I can't wait to see that bitch suffer."

Meanwhile, in the office of the CEO of the Roberts Group, Nathaniel's eyes were fixated on a video of Lucinda dancing.

Nathaniel gazed intently at his phone, a faint smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"Boss."

A sudden knock on the door interrupted his thoughts and Flynn walked in.

Nathaniel quickly put his phone away, grabbed his coffee, and took a sip.

"What's up?"

Flynn hesitated for a moment before speaking up. "I found out that the dress was indeed bought by the Turners and they paid Miss Z 30 million dollars. But I don't understand how Lucinda got her hands on the authentic one."

He paused for a moment and then added, "There's probably been a misunderstanding."

Nathaniel said nothing in response.

Flynn peeked at him curiously and saw his deep eyes. But he couldn't tell what Nathaniel was thinking.

Flynn continued to explain, "Regardless, I don't think this matter has anything to do with Miss Turner. She's too innocent to be involved in this mess. I think someone is deliberately messing with her, and that's why she's been having such a tough time."

"Innocent?"

Nathaniel furrowed his brow.

Flynn defended his statement, "Yes, Miss Turner is innocent and kind. You've known her for years. Haven't you thought the same?"

Nathaniel shot him a glare, causing Flynn to quickly lower his head.

The room fell into an awkward silence.

Nathaniel rose from his seat and walked over to the French window, staring out at the rain.

He lit up a cigarette and took a drag. The hazy smoke gave him a mysterious aura.

"Boss?"

Flynn called out.

Nathaniel stubbed out his cigarette and sat back down on the sofa.

"There's an issue from years back that requires your thorough investigation. Keep it confidential and don't let anyone find out."

"Yes, sir." Flynn noticed the serious expression on his boss' face and became careful.

Dealing with the public opinion on the Internet was no easy feat for the Turner Group, but they managed to do so with great effort and speed. Despite the initial buzz, interest in the topic quickly waned and soon few people paid it any attention.

After all, she wasn't a celebrity. And news about the rich and powerful was often seen as little more than a joke by Internet users, easily forgotten.

Lucinda had been having a great time lately.

With Eleanor more well behaved than ever and Melody back in Stastle, the two usual troublemakers were out of the way, allowing Lucinda to quickly finalize her talent show plan.

Now, the next step was to find an appropriate base.

Immediately work was over, Lucinda hopped in her car and drove over to the training base to check it out.

After quickly arranging for some necessary improvements, she made her way to the parking lot and prepared to head home.

"Help me, help..."

As she rounded an isolated corner with no surveillance cameras in sight, Lucinda heard a strange voice cry out.

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