

Chapter 50 Torture

Eleanor couldn't shake off her worries and felt restless. In a snap decision, she changed into black pants and shirt, threw on a mask and went out by taxi.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel stepped out of the shower and couldn't get the video of Lucinda dancing out of his head.

He felt a twinge of annoyance, wishing he knew that it was him who would suffer. If he knew, he wouldn't have helped her.

He lay on his bed, opened and then closed his eyes. His thoughts were consumed by Lucinda.

Her clear and fierce eyes particularly lingered in his mind. A thought came to his mind.

Nathaniel was hesitant for a while but eventually called Lucinda.

He had something he needed to ask her.

Lucinda didn't pick up his first call.

On the second attempt, the call went straight to a message stating that her phone was out of service range.

Nathaniel couldn't help but wonder why Lucinda had such an intense hate for him that she didn't even want to answer his calls.

Frustrated, he tossed his phone aside and dozed off.

Eleanor went in a taxi to the abandoned house located in the suburbs.

Karin was standing at the door, waiting for her.

As Eleanor approached, she was taken aback by the wounds on Karin's face and body.

"What happened to you? How did you get this hurt?"

Karin dropped her head and said, "The woman put up a struggle on our way here, causing a minor car accident. I was careless and may have administered too much injection. She..."

"I'll go in and have a look."

Karin halted her. "Is Miss Hernandez aware that you came here alone tonight?"

Eleanor's face darkened in annoyance.

Melody usually had more authority and often bossed Eleanor around. Even after Melody returned to Stastle, her subordinates still felt entitled to give her orders?

She and Melody were partners, not boss and employee. She didn't see any reason why she had to report everything to her.

Eleanor got more infuriated as she thought about this. She glared at Karin and snapped, "Less talk and more work. Melody isn't in Forden, so you just need to follow my orders. Is that clear?"

Karin lowered her head and replied meekly, "Yes, I understand."

"Now that you've completed your task, you can leave," Eleanor ordered.

"Got it."

Karin nodded, but didn't move.

Outside the abandoned house, the only source of light was a flickering kerosene lamp. It was difficult to see Karin's expression through the blood on her face.

Frustrated with Karin's hesitation, Eleanor snapped, "Do you not understand me?"

"Sorry." Before she took her leave, Karin pulled out a mobile phone from her pocket and gave it to Eleanor. "This is her phone. She had a call earlier, but I put the phone on flight mode to prevent it from interfering with your plan."

"Okay," Eleanor replied snappishly, snatching the phone from Karin's hand.

Karin left and immediately, Eleanor turned on the phone to check who called.

Eleanor's eyes blazed with rage.

Although it was just a number, she knew exactly who it was.

It was Nathaniel, and he had called Lucinda at this late hour.

Eleanor couldn't help but wonder why Nathaniel had never called her despite her being back in the country for so long. Every time they spoke, it was she who had to initiate the conversation.

Why did he treat this bitch so differently?

She was his fiancée, and Lucinda was nothing but a third-party in their relationship.

The more she thought about it, the more furious Eleanor became. The rage and hatred in her eyes were palpable.

Eleanor gripped the phone tightly, her hand shaking with anger as she considered smashing it into pieces.

But then she suddenly stopped.

A brilliant idea popped into her head.

She clicked on Lucinda's phone and composed a message which she sent to Nathaniel.

Satisfied with her handiwork, she hurled the phone to the ground but it wasn't enough to appease her anger. She then crushed it under her high heels until the screen shattered completely.

Looking back at the abandoned house, Eleanor was determined to totally ruin Lucinda.

She reached out to the door and pushed it open. The room was pitch-black, as there was no source of light.

Eleanor found this strange. Why hadn't Karin left a lamp on after placing Lucinda inside?

She took a couple of hesitant steps forward, and the thick dust in the air made her cough.

It was too dark to see a thing.

Feeling unsettled, Eleanor decided to go out to get the kerosene lamp outside.

But before she could make her way out, the door slammed shut.

Eleanor sensed that something was amiss and rushed towards the door. She pounded on it with all her strength. "Who is there? Who is outside?! Karin? Is that you? Open the door!"

Everywhere was still.

The silence only made her more nervous.

In an attempt to calm down, Eleanor took a few deep breaths and turned back to the room. She called out tentatively, "Lucinda? Lucinda, are you here?"

No matter how loud she yelled, she got no answer.

The realization that she might be alone in the room pushed Eleanor to the brink of a breakdown.

Could it have been Lucinda who locked her in?

But how could Karin, who worked for Melody, assist Lucinda in harming her?

Did Melody and Lucinda plot together against her?

"It's impossible. It can't be true," Eleanor muttered to herself, trying to make sense of the situation.

Her thoughts were all jumbled up. She crouched down in fear, covering her head with her hands as her body shacked uncontrollably.

The darkness terrified her and she felt hopeless.

Suddenly, she heard a sound coming from outside.

Her hope was reignited and she quickly stood up and began banging on the door. "Who's out there? Please let me out! Open the door!"

The door slowly creaked open.

A tall man walked inside with a lamb, followed by the second and the third.

Eleanor's heart sank as she recognized them as the men she had hired to hurt Lucinda.

Terror gripped her, and she tried to flee, but the man who took the lead grabbed her firmly, holding her in place.

"You've got it all wrong! I'm not Lucinda! Please, let me go!" she cried out in panic.

But her pleas fell on deaf ears.

Without warning one of the men delivered a hard slap across her face.

The force of the slap was so powerful that she couldn't handle it and ended up falling hard onto the ground. One side of her face swelled up immediately, and she felt two of her teeth come loose.

The pain was excruciating.

Lying there on the ground Eleanor spat out a mouthful of blood and tried to explain herself. "It's not me. It's not! I was the one who hired you guys. How could you do this to me? Ah!!!"

Before she could finish, one of the men grabbed her by the hair from behind almost tearing her scalp with the force. The pain was so intense that she couldn't hold back her tears and screamed in agony like a wounded animal.

"It's really not me. I..."

The man slapped her again, twice this time. He laughed. "I've seen people beg for mercy before, but never someone as pathetic as you. You're in for a long night of torture. Enjoy!"

The door was slammed shut and locked, and Eleanor found herself

encircled by a group of burly men.

Shortly after, the room was filled with the sound of her screams and the sickening sound of blows landing on her body.

Meanwhile, Lucinda rested against a tree in a distance, while Karin stood silently by her side.

Lucinda gazed up at the sky, taking in the sight of countless stars twinkling above her.

It was a beautiful night

But the sound of Eleanor's screams and howls spoiled the pleasant atmosphere.

Growing tired of the noise, Lucinda made up her mind to head back home and let Eleanor face the torture she had planned for her.

"Boss, it's over there!"

Just then, Flynn's voice echoed through the path, followed by the sound of footsteps.

The voices were getting closer, prompting Lucinda to quickly hide behind a large tree.

Peering out from behind her hiding spot, Lucinda observed a man rushing towards the house. It was Nathaniel.

Commented [Ma1]:

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