

Chapter 51 You're Evil

The woman's hysterical scream gradually faded away, drowned out by the sound of the men's arrogant laughter.

"Lucinda!"

With bloodshot eyes, Nathaniel kicked the door open without hesitation, intending to kill every single man inside.

The men were just about to rape the woman, but Nathaniel interrupted them.

Immediately, chaos ensued.

The gangsters fought Nathaniel and Flynn fiercely. Both suffered injuries but the thugs were overpowered by Nathaniel's ruthlessness.

In less than ten minutes, the thugs all lay on the ground, writhing and groaning in pain.

The room was dark. Nathaniel could only hear the sound of a woman coughing feebly.

"Lucinda? Where are you?"

Following the sound, Nathaniel found the dying woman in the corner of the room and carried her out.

During the fight, Flynn suffered multiple blows. He limped out of the rundown house and followed closely behind Nathaniel.

Nathaniel carefully placed the woman down in the open space outside the house to check her injuries.

She had been beaten so badly that she was unrecognizable.

Her face was swollen and covered in purple bruises and scarlet blood. Her clothes were torn and dirty. Fortunately, Nathaniel had come in time. Otherwise, the consequences would've been unimaginable.

Hatred filled his cold eyes, and his heart hurt so much that it was hard to breathe.

"Lucinda? Lucinda! Stay awake! Don't fall asleep!"

The woman was swimming in and out of consciousness. Luckily, she was still breathing so Nathaniel knew that she was going to survive.

Looking at the miserable woman lying on the ground, Flynn felt bad. "Boss, what should we do with the people inside?"

All of a sudden, a vicious look flashed in Nathaniel's eyes. "Kill them," he said in a dangerously low voice.

Flynn wasted no time. He immediately called someone to deal with the problem.

Nathaniel took off his jacket and carefully wrapped it around the half-naked girl. There was a complicated look in his eye as he moved.

Unbeknownst to him, Lucinda was watching this scene from behind a big tree in the distance.

She stared at the pained expression on Nathaniel's face and wondered if she was imagining things.

If she really was the one lying on the ground unconscious, would Nathaniel have reacted the same way?

How come he still had feelings for her after everything that happened? Was that even possible?

Complicated emotions surged in her heart as she watched Nathaniel care for the woman. It felt very strange.

But the next second, her expression hardened.

She had been married to this man for three years, and not once did he show an ounce of affection towards her.

If he knew the woman on the ground was actually his beloved Eleanor, he would be more sad.

Refusing to waste any more time on this man, she turned around and left quietly.

Just then, the woman on the ground woke up in a daze. Squinting, she gradually recognized the man in front of her.

"Nate! I... I thought I'd never see you again..." she sobbed pitifully.

Her lips were busted and swollen, and her words were a little hard to make out.

But Nathaniel had clearly heard her say, "Nate."

Lucinda never called him that.

Stunned, he looked at the woman on the ground in a daze. It was Flynn who recognized her first and shouted, "Boss, this isn't Lucinda—this is Miss Turner!"

As soon as Flynn recognized her, he felt restless. "Miss Turner, what're you doing here? Who did this to you?"

Eleanor cried even more sadly. Her bloody hand clutched at Nathaniel's sleeve as she whispered "It was... It was Lucinda. She asked me to come here. Nate, everything hurts. Help me, please..."

Mid-sentence, her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she went limp. She had passed out from exhaustion.

The moment Nathaniel realized that the bloodied woman in his arms was Eleanor and not Lucinda, he suddenly felt a little relieved. He didn't even realize it himself.

Flynn, on the other hand, felt the opposite way. "Those fucking bastards! How dare they hurt Miss Turner? Damn it!"

Gnashing his teeth in anger, he turned to look at Nathaniel and said, "Boss, you rushed all the way here because you received a text from Lucinda. You thought she was in danger, but it turned out that Miss Turner was the one in trouble. Lucinda has to be behind this!"

Nathaniel pursed his lips, deep in thought. "Take Ellie to the hospital first. We'll look into it later."

"Yes, sir."

Then Flynn gingerly took Eleanor from Nathaniel's arms and carried her towards their car, which was parked on the side of the road.

After he left, Nathaniel slowly stood up. He could still hear the thugs groaning in pain inside the house.

He thought about the text Lucinda had sent him earlier. It read, "I'm meeting ten men for some fun tonight. Would you like to join us?"

When he first read her text, he was furious. He tried calling her, but her phone was turned off. So he ordered Flynn to track down her location and rushed over immediately.

Unexpectedly, it was Eleanor who was beaten black and blue, not Lucinda.

Lucinda...

Was she really behind this?

A trace of anxiety suddenly flashed in Nathaniel's eyes.

Meanwhile, Lucinda had rendezvoused with Karin and Malcolm. Together, they headed back to the city.

Before they parted ways, she got the black box that she asked Malcolm to bring along with money withdrawn from her card and handed it to Karin.

"Here's five million dollars. You'd better go into hiding. As soon as Melody finds out what happened, she'll turn the whole country upside down looking for you."

Karin took the money, eyeing Lucinda warily. "You said you'd rescue my mother and bring her to me. If you're lying to me, I'll—"

Lucinda interrupted her with a calm smile. "I'm not. Just trust me."

Karin fell silent. There was something about the light in Lucinda's eyes that felt reassuring.

"Okay, I believe you," she said in the end.

After Karin left, Malcolm walked up to Lucinda and whispered, "Why didn't you kill her instead?"

"She didn't mean to hurt me. She had no choice but to obey Melody. After all, Melody's holding her mother hostage. I just helped her, so she's not going to try to hurt me again."

Malcolm didn't say anything more, so she added, "Don't worry. I'm not a saint. I won't let the people who really hurt me get away with it. But killing them right away would be too merciful. The best revenge is to torture them to death."

Seeing the mischievous smile on her face, Malcolm couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"Mr. Simmons is right. You're evil."

Lucinda raised her head and glared at him. "What did you just say? Have

you forgotten that I'm your boss? Do you want your job or not?"

Malcom snapped his mouth shut. "I—I didn't mean that! I'm sorry!"


Women were such complicated creatures!

Lucinda stopped teasing him. Rubbing her tense shoulder, she said tiredly, "Let's go home. I need to get some sleep. This isn't over yet. Tomorrow will be another hard battle."

As she spoke, something caught her eye. There was a large shop at the end of the street that had closed.

It was one of the Turner Group's stores.



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