

Chapter 53 See Right Through Him

There was only one word on each banner. When put all together, it read, "Your tricks are futile."

The second row of banners read, "You're just shooting yourself in the foot."

Lucinda's message was clear—Eleanor deserved what happened to her!

Eleanor was so angry that her eyes turned bloodshot with hatred and her whole body began to tremble.

Mario's expression also turned gloomy.

Only Presley found it amusing. She couldn't help but burst into giggles.

The other two people in the ward immediately looked at her as though she was crazy. Eleanor in particular was glaring at her murderously.

Presley instantly stopped laughing. Clearing her throat, she immediately shifted the blame to Lucinda.

"That woman is out of her mind. She clearly doesn't take our family seriously.

Honey, if you don't teach her a lesson sooner or later, she might do a lot worse!"

As soon as she finished speaking there was a knock on the door.

A man in uniform gently pushed the door open and asked, "Is this the ward of a 'Miss Turner'?"

The people in the ward exchanged confused glances. Finally, Presley asked, "Why do you ask?"

"A Miss Lucinda Ross has sent some flowers for Miss Turner."

After saying that, the man waved his hand at the people behind him.

Under the suspicious gazes of the Turner family, a group of people in the same uniform walked in with ostentatious funeral wreaths.

Soon, the whole VIP ward was filled with flower wreaths.

A total of thirty-two colorful wreaths were placed around Eleanor's bed.

"You... You're—"

Presley wanted to say something more, but Mario shot her a warning glance, so she had to shut her mouth.

When the staff were done placing the flowers in the ward, they bowed to the Turner family politely. "Thank you for supporting our business. You're welcome to buy more flowers in our store next time."

Was this a fucking joke? Funeral wreaths? Next time?

This was a deliberate insult!

Eleanor nearly went crazy from anger.

"Get the fuck out of my ward! You assholes!"

She wished she could tear these wreaths apart and scratch those people's faces on the spot, but she was still too weak to move. She could only glare at them murderously.

That fucking bitch Lucinda! This crossed the fucking line!

Lucinda hung up those banners to mock Eleanor for what she had done, and then sent the funerary flowers to signify her "death".

That bitch had gone too far!

"Fucking bitch! Lucinda! Throw these fucking wreaths out—all of them!"

Eleanor was so angry. Just then, a framed photo in the biggest wreath caught her eye.

It was the photo Lucinda took of Eleanor in her pink underwear from that time her dress ripped.

Bullshit!

The endless humiliation Eleanor had suffered at that banquet felt as real now as it did that night.

"Fuck! I'm going to fucking kill her! I'm going to—"

Eleanor was so angry that she suddenly passed out mid-sentence.

When Lucinda left the hospital, she chose to left through the back exit instead of the front gate. However, as soon as she reached the corridor, her wrist was grabbed from behind.

She turned around, only to meet Nathaniel's icy gaze.

Her two bodyguards rushed forward, about to spring into action.

But Lucinda stopped them calmly. "No need. Just leave us alone."

The two bodyguards exchanged glances and then left. As soon as they were gone, she shook off his hand and rubbed her reddened wrist. "What do you want? Information?"

With a gloomy expression, Nathaniel replied with a series of questions.

"What's the relationship between you and those two men? Are they your bodyguards? Who hired them for you? Was it Cyrus or Dwayne? What's your relationship with them?"

Lucinda was completely taken aback. She thought he was going to ask about what happened to Eleanor, but unexpectedly, he was more concerned about her private affairs.

The next second, she cracked a mischievous smile. "They're with me."

What was that supposed to mean?

Were Cyrus and Dwayne both her lovers?

She had more than one man at a time?!

His face turned livid. "Do you know what you're doing? Since when did you become such a slut?"

Slut?

Lucinda's grin widened. "Mr. Roberts, have you forgotten that we're divorced? How many times do I have to tell you that my personal life is none of your business? Are you jealous or something?"

"No,"

he denied quickly.

She was right. He had no right to meddle in her business.

Unable to retort, Nathaniel had to change the topic. "That text you sent me last night. What did it mean?"

"What text?"

Nathaniel studied her expression carefully, trying to gauge if she was lying.

"Ellie was nearly beaten to death. Were you the one behind that?"

Lucinda chuckled wryly.

Locking eyes with him, she answered cryptically, "You can believe whatever you want to believe."

She then turned around and started to walk away, arrogant and unrestrained. "You'd better care more about your fiancée. You said so yourself that she was nearly beaten to death."

When Nathaniel was about to follow her, the two bodyguards stopped him.

"Sir?"

Just then, Flynn showed up, and he looked grim.

Nathaniel had no choice but to let Lucinda go. He turned around and went to the empty smoking room on the fifth floor, followed by Flynn.

"It's very strange, Boss. We just started investigating but whoever did this destroyed all the evidence. We haven't found anything yet..."

Flynn paused. His eyes wavered as if he didn't know whether he should continue.

Nathaniel lit a cigarette and clamped it in his mouth, glancing at him expectantly.

Flynn had no choice but to bite the bullet. "Both Cyrus Simmons and Dwayne Gordon are capable of destroying the evidence without alerting us... And these two men are very close to Lucinda..."

His implication was clear—that Lucinda was still his main suspect.

Nathaniel narrowed his eyes and mulled over what Flynn said.

When he asked Lucinda about the text, she seemed to have no clue what he was talking about.

But when he asked whether she did it or not, she seemed to know something about it.

"I don't think it's that simple," Nathaniel said after stubbing out his cigarette.

"But..." Flynn started to say.

After the while, he plucked up the courage to blurt out, "Maybe it is that simple and you're just too lenient with Lucinda."

Nathaniel narrowed his eyes at Flynn icily.

The latter obediently lowered his head and kept silent.

"If it was Lucinda who got injured, would you have suspected Ellie?" he asked.

"Of course not. Miss Turner's a kind and innocent girl, and she would never do such a thing. But I've seen how Lucinda deals with people. She's capable of such cruelty," Flynn answered without hesitation.

Frowning, Nathaniel looked at him carefully and started to ask, "You and Ellie..."

"I respect Miss Turner because she's your fiancée, sir. I just want to protect her." Without waiting for Nathaniel to finish his words, Flynn

hurriedly explained himself.

As he spoke, he lowered his head to show his respect for his boss.

Nathaniel stared at Flynn unblinkingly. He seemed to be able to see right through him.

His gaze made Flynn feel uneasy.

"Find out who Ellie has been in contact with these past few days. As for the matter I asked you to investigate last time, I want to see results in three days."

Flynn clenched his fists tightly.

Eleanor was obviously the victim, yet Nathaniel suspected her. His boss was one cold-hearted man.

Although Flynn was very unhappy, he pretended to agree. "Okay."

As soon as he left, Nathaniel dialed another number.

"Jaxen, there are a few things that I need you to investigate."