

Chapter 58 Presley's Move

Vivian's voice was filled with panic. "Read the news!"

"I'm driving I can't check my phone and drive at the same time," Lucinda said, sighing helplessly. "If it's not something urgent, I'll hang up now. We'll talk when I get to the office."

"No, wait! Don't hang up!"

Vivian sounded very emotional. "The news... It's about you, and it's not good. You have to..."

Vivian was still chattering, but Lucinda was distracted by the news on the huge TV billboard by the road.

On the screen, Presley Turner was being interviewed right outside Eleanor's ward. She was in tears, accusing Lucinda of harassing Eleanor.

Lucinda's curiosity was piqued. Glancing at the time, she figured she could pull over for a minute to see what was going on.

She might as well see what tricks the Turner family was up to this time around.

"Mr. Roberts's ex-wife personally put up these banners in my daughter's ward and even sent her funeral wreaths! It was so shockingly rude!"

Presley pretended to wipe her invisible tears and continued, "My poor daughter—as if being beaten up by hooligans wasn't enough! Lucinda's hell-bent on humiliating her. Before Eleanor could recover, she fainted again from stress..."

My daughter did nothing wrong. She merely had a disagreement with Lucinda at the banquet. I had no idea that woman was so petty! She's trying to take revenge over something so small! I have to expose her terrible behavior! The public has to see her true colors..."

Lucinda snorted impatiently. She wasn't in the mood to hear the rest of

what Presley had to say, so she started her car again and drove back to Angle International.

Vivian, who had been chattering nonstop over the phone was met with complete silence. Sensing that her boss wasn't paying attention to the call, she felt helpless and could only hang up the phone.

Soon, Lucinda arrived at the company. She parked her car and then trotted into the building.

Some employees were gathered in the hall, whispering to each other. Someone saw her coming in and quickly alerted her companions. Before Lucinda could get close, they all dispersed like mice.

But Lucinda didn't care about the office gossip and simply headed straight to her office.

Vivian had been anxiously waiting for her inside. As soon as Lucinda came in, she practically jumped out of her chair.

"Miss Ross, you're finally back! Have you seen the news yet? It's getting worse by the minute!"

As she spoke, she handed an iPad to Lucinda.

Presley's accusations triggered a heat discussion about Lucinda on the Internet.

Many netizens were eager to discuss this matter.

Initially, most of the netizens were sensible and didn't believe everything Presley claimed. For a time, there were different opinions about this matter, and some people even defended Lucinda.

But after a while, Lucinda's supporters were drowned in curses.

Needless to say, Eleanor was well-prepared this time.

It seemed that she had learned a lot from her previous experience. Now, she hired many Internet trolls to brainwash other people into thinking that she was the victim and that Lucinda was the bad guy.

Without saying anything, Lucinda put down the iPad and continued to focus on preparing the show.

"Are you really not going to do anything about it?" Vivian asked anxiously.

"Never mind that. Just focus on our work,"

Lucinda answered without raising her head.

Such trifles didn't deserve her attention.

Besides, she was curious to see what Eleanor was capable of.

Seeing the cold look on Lucinda's face, Vivian sighed and quietly left her office.

In Lucinda's eyes, it was better to focus on her work than to waste her time on this.

In the hospital.

After the interview, as soon as the cameras stopped rolling, Presley stopped crying and smiled smugly.

She had always despised Mario's illegitimate daughter. When Eleanor was officially accepted into the Turner family, Presley had been secretly wishing that Eleanor was dead.

Now that Eleanor had nearly been beaten to death, Presley felt extremely happy.

But her precious Jennifer was still in a coma, so Eleanor was the sole heir for the time being.

In order to protect the Turner family's property from being snatched by other relatives, Presley had to pretend to dote on Eleanor in front of others.

But this only served to make Presley hate Eleanor even more.

Seeing Eleanor's sickly complexion, she couldn't help but smile even wider.

Satisfied, she turned around to leave, only to find Nathaniel standing by the door.

"Oh! Mr. Roberts, don't just stand there. Please come in."

Presley forced a warm smile.

She didn't know how long he had been standing there. Could he have seen the smug smile on her face just now?

"My poor, poor daughter. Not only was she beaten to a pulp, but she was also humiliated by that bitch. I'm just glad that you're here for her..."

While she spoke, Presley managed to squeeze out a few tears. Seeing that Nathaniel looked as calm as usual, she figured she was in the clear and quickly wiped away her tears.

"Well, I'll leave you two alone," she said, scurrying past him.

"Okay."

After Presley left, Nathaniel walked into the ward.

Eleanor's eyes lit up as soon as she saw him. She was so happy that she tried to sit up immediately.

In doing so, she accidentally bumped the needle in her hand, which made her gasp in pain. It took her a great deal of effort not to show a ferocious expression in front of Nathaniel. After all, she needed to maintain her perfect image.

"Be careful," Nathaniel said with a frown.

He walked up to her and sat down on a chair next to the bed.

"Nate, it's so good to see you. I really wouldn't know what to do without you." As she spoke, she leaned closer to him, putting on the most pitiful expression she could muster.

Subconsciously, Nathaniel subtly moved away from her. "How do you feel?"

"Much better now that you're here."

Eleanor pretended to be timid and leaned closer towards him again, even reaching for his hand.

"That's good. Anyway, I have to go now. Get some rest." He shook off her hand, stood up, and was about to leave.

"Wait! Can't you stay with me for a bit longer, Nate?"

With tears in her eyes, she immediately grabbed his arm to stop him from leaving.

"Thirteen years ago, I saved your life. I never thought of asking for anything in return..."

Holding his hand tightly, she brought up the past, her voice thick with emotion.

Nathaniel's expression darkened as he recalled his dark past.

Thirteen years ago, he had gotten into a car accident—except it was no accident after all. Someone in his family had planned it in an attempt to kill him. Pinned underneath the overturned car, he was seriously injured at that time and almost died.

Fortunately, a young girl appeared and saved him. Unfortunately, he was swimming in and out of consciousness at that time and couldn't make out what she looked like. He only remembered her clear and starry eyes...

Thinking of those eyes, his expression softened.

Then Eleanor took out a pen from underneath the pillow and held it tightly.

It was a rare pen, handcrafted by artisans. It was difficult for one to get their hands on such a luxury.

On the pen was an engraving of his name.

The pen was in pristine condition. One could tell at a glance that its owner cherished it very much and had taken good care of it.

However, there was one spot that had faded paint, which was likely caused by its owners frequent touch.

"You gave me this pen, remember? I brought it with me when I went abroad. Over the past three years, I've kept it with me everywhere I go."

Eleanor gently stroked the faded spot on the pen and sighed.

"Whenever I thought of you, I'd take it out and look at it, wishing you were

next to me..."

Nathaniel had always felt guilty about sending her abroad because of Logan's decision, so when she brought it up, his expression softened even more.

"Get some rest, okay? I promise I'll get to the bottom of this."

"Okay, Nate!"

Eleanor looked at him gratefully. "I trust you."

The corridor was nearly empty at this time.

Flynn had been waiting outside the ward quietly.

As soon as Nathaniel walked out, he respectfully handed his boss a document.

"Sir, these are the results of my investigation."