

Chapter 59 The Interview

"Well done." Although Nathaniel was praising Flynn, his eyes were devoid of warmth.

He leafed through the document while Flynn explained.

"You asked me to investigate what happened thirteen years ago. I found out that Miss Turner was indeed present when you got into that car accident. In other words, it is undeniable that she's the one who saved your life."

As he spoke, Flynn observed his boss' expression carefully.

After reading the investigation material carefully, Nathaniel pursed his lips slightly. No one—not even Flynn—could tell what he was thinking

"There's one more thing..."

Flynn added hesitantly.

"Yes?" Nathaniel gestured for him to continue.

"You also asked me to investigate who beat Miss Turner. There's been some progress..."

As Flynn spoke, he directed Nathaniel's attention to a few photos at the very end of the document.

He looked at them carefully, his frown deepening

In the photos was a green Santana. Nathaniel would never forget this car and its owner.

Anger surged in his heart and he continued to look at the other photos restlessly.

The photos were all more or less the same, except for the last one.

In the last photo captured several figures. One seemed to be Lucinda.

"According to Lucinda's schedule that day, she did appear at the scene where Miss Turner was beaten. And this guy..."

Flynn pointed at the other figure in the photo and said, "She seems to be making a deal with him."

The person standing behind her seems to be Cyrus' assistant, Malcolm. It's very likely that it was she who asked him to do it. Anyway, these photos prove that Lucinda was definitely involved."

Nathaniel stared at the photos expressionlessly.

"Miss Turner is such a kind woman. How could Lucinda treat her like this? I had no idea she was so evil!"

Clenching his fists, Flynn's expression darkened. "You have to do something about this. Teach Lucinda a lesson and avenge Miss Turner!"

Seeing the fiery determination in Flynn's eyes, Nathaniel nodded.

"Okay, let's talk about it when we get back," he said indifferently.

The following morning

The hospital was bustling with reporters again.

Eleanor was lying feebly in her hospital bed, looking pale and pitiful. She was well prepared for this interview and knew that she needed to gain the public's sympathy.

"I know that if I accepted an interview at a time like this, people would think that I'm just craving the limelight."

She sniffled, pretended to be strong, and continued, "But it's important that I clarify something once and for all. The CEO of the Roberts Group and I grew up together. We liked each other since childhood, and then we were forced to separate later because of something."

"I don't know what happened while I was away, but I can tell you that I am not his mistress! I didn't do anything to destroy their marriage, I swear!"

Tears welled up in her eyes, but Eleanor gritted her teeth to prevent them from falling.

The cameramen kept snapping photos of her. The harsh flashes almost distracted her from maintaining her pitiful look.

But she didn't dare to relax her act, not even a little.

Eleanor had to make the public believe that she was the victim.

"Miss Turner, may we ask some questions?" A reporter asked, handing the microphone to her.

Eleanor nodded and tried to act like a gracious host. "Of course. I'll tell you everything I know."

"You just said that you and Mr. Roberts loved each other. Then why didn't you marry him in the first place? What happened between you two? Where were you when he married Lucinda? Why didn't you try to stop them?"

And how did you get hurt? Is Lucinda trying to take revenge because you stole her husband? Please tell us in detail.

And—

"Enough!" Eleanor cut them off harshly.

These reporters were so ruthless! Obviously, they didn't care about her injuries at all and were only after the juicy gossip.

It made her so angry!

But she quickly realized the error in her ways. She coughed and said feebly, "I'm sorry. I'm afraid I'm not feeling well. That'll be all for today's interview."

After saying that, she closed her eyes, refusing to be bothered by these pesky reporters.

"She has already told you so much today. She needs to rest. If you have any questions, just ask me."

Presley ushered the reporters out and stood in the corridor. Closing the door behind her, she said sharply, "The questions you asked just now are an invasion of my family's privacy. We refuse to answer them. I hope you

understand." While she spoke, her cold gaze swept across the crowd of reporters.

"Then what about Miss Turner's injuries?"

"We've found evidence that proves that Lucinda had something to do with it."

Presley then took the microphone and said firmly, "If we can prove that she tried to hurt the heir of the Turner family, we'll make her pay!"

"Could you show us the evidence you're talking about?" The reporters persisted.

Presley frowned and shook her head. "We've handed it over to the police. I believe they'll uncover the truth in due time."

Sensing that she didn't want to talk anymore, the reporters then ended the interview.

Lucinda was driving her new car at full speed on the way to work. She couldn't help but sneer after listening to the whole news broadcast.

These hypocritical women made her sick to her stomach.

However, she wasn't going to back down from a fight.

As soon as Lucinda passed the intersection, she caught a glimpse of a familiar figure. It was Vivian, standing by the sidewalk, looking around anxiously.

"Need a ride?"

She pulled the car to a stop, rolled down the window, and looked at Vivian questioningly.

"No, I was waiting for you," Vivian said worriedly. "The news caused a huge sensation, and the netizens are talking about you. There's a crowd in front of the gate of the company. They're planning to block you from entering until you give them an explanation."

Miss Ross, the people are on a warpath. You'd better not go to the office for the time being. Go home and lay low first. Come back when things are clear."

"No, it's not my style to run away."

To Vivian's dismay, Lucinda rolled up the window and started the engine again.

"Wait, where are you going?" Vivian desperately tapped on the window, trying to stop her.

"I'm going to give them the explanation they want."

As soon as Lucinda finished speaking she slammed her foot on the gas and bolted.

Her car stirred up a cloud of dust as it zoomed past. Vivian choked on the smoke and coughed violently.

By the time she had gathered her bearings, Lucinda was long gone.

"I did what I could. She has to face them alone now. Oh, gosh, what should I do?" Vivian wrung her hands in despair, feeling at a complete loss.