

Chapter 60 Mr. Roberts To The Rescue

A crowd had formed in front of the gate of Angle Intl.

Besides reporters, many curious onlookers had also gathered.

Lucinda locked the car and strode towards the gate confidently.

She was alone, but she exuded a powerful aura.

The reporters had been waiting for her for a long time. Now that she had finally shown up, they swarmed towards her like angry bees.

One by one, microphones were held in front of her, and countless shutters went off. It was even more chaotic than in Eleanor's ward just now.

"Miss Ross, have you watched this morning's news broadcast? What do you have to say about Miss Turner's accusations against you?"

"She claimed that she's not Mr. Robert's mistress. Is that true? Why did you divorce him? I heard that you didn't get a single penny from Mr. Roberts when you divorced. Did you cheat on him? Was that why you ended up with nothing?"

"Miss Turner was nearly beaten to death recently. Did you have something to do with that?"

The reporters bombarded her with intense questions, seizing the opportunity to get their hands on some juicy news.

Unafraid of them, Lucinda walked towards the gate briskly.

Her big sunglasses covered most of her face, but they couldn't hide the ferocity she exuded.

"Miss Ross, can you answer our questions? Countless people are waiting

for your response!" one of the reporters shouted.

The crowd burst into an uproar again, and many onlookers began to talk loudly with each other, speculating the inside story behind this series of events.

Lucinda frowned and grabbed a random microphone saying firmly, "Since you all want answers, then shut up and listen."

The reporters were stunned. The next second, they immediately began shoot her another series of questions.

"What's your relationship with Mr. Roberts?" A reporter elbowed his way to the front, fearing that his question would be ignored

"I've already made myself clear online, but since you missed it, I'll say it again today. Simply put, we're divorced and now we have nothing to do with each other." Grimacing, Lucinda pushed the microphone away from her face.

Even with sunglasses, her disgusted gaze was terrifying, and the others subconsciously took a few steps back.

"It's said that Miss Turner was the reason why you divorced Mr. Roberts. It's also said that you gave up your right to alimony after the divorce. Is that true?"

"No comment."

Lucinda shrugged indifferently. "Anything else? If you don't have any proper questions, I'll go to work now. Don't waste my time."

"Wait!" Several reporters squeezed forward again. "Some say that you got your current job because you're sleeping with Mr. Simmons. Is that true?"

"I got the job because I'm qualified."

Her firm voice boomed across the crowd, but it couldn't restrain the uproar that ensued.

"Then why did you hire people to assault Miss Turner? Is it because she humiliated you at the banquet?"

"Haven't you watched her live stream?" Lucinda asked sharply. "Let the evidence speak for itself. I have work to do. I'm sorry, but I won't be entertaining any more questions."

Seeing that she was about to leave, the reporters became anxious and tried to stop her.

"You can't just leave! You haven't even given us proper answers! Is it because you're guilty?"

The onlookers also shouted at her loudly, tightly blocking the company's door. Some even wanted to take advantage of the chaos to attack her.

Before Lucinda could say anything, a familiar masculine voice boomed from behind her.

"I thought you're supposed to be professional reporters. Without ethics or a moral code, you might as well resign from your jobs."

Wearing a disgusted frown, Nathaniel walked over unhurriedly, his cold gaze sweeping across the crowd.

"Mr. Roberts! He's here to defend his ex-wife!"

Someone in the crowd recognized Nathaniel and shouted excitedly.

His sudden appearance caused another bout of chaos as everyone clamored to figure out why he was here.

"I'm also investigating the matter of Miss Turner's assault."

He took the microphone from Lucinda and said concisely, "I'll have the results in five days."

The reporters who had been pestering Lucinda with questions just now were silenced by Nathaniel's icy gaze, but the onlookers refused to quiet down.

"Why are you just standing there?"

Nathaniel turned to look at Flynn sharply.

Flynn immediately got the hint and sprang into action. He waved his hand, and then several bodyguards in black suits and sunglasses immediately

stepped forward to drive those people away.

Most of the onlookers were just curious and wanted to watch the fun. They didn't want to stir up trouble, so as soon as the men in black started shooing them away, they scattered like mice.

"Thanks."

Lucinda nodded at Nathaniel indifferently and then walked towards the office entrance.

"We need to talk, Lucinda." Nathaniel stopped her by grabbing her wrist.

She wanted to refuse him, but before she could say anything she saw the seriousness in his eyes.

"Okay, but make it quick."

He then chose a nearby restaurant and booked a private room.

"Order whatever you want."

He handed the menu to her expressionlessly.

"Not hungry. I had breakfast this morning." Suddenly, a thought occurred to her. "I thought you didn't like eating a lot in the morning. What's the matter? Have you changed now that you're with Miss Turner?"

Cut the crap. Don't waste my time. Time is money. Wasting my time no different from stealing money from me."

Hearing this, Nathaniel's expression darkened.

"Do you also treat Cyrus or Dwayne like this?"

Even he himself didn't realize how jealous he sounded.

"Mr. Roberts, please know your place."

Lucinda cast a cold glance at him. "You're my ex-husband. We have nothing to do with each other. Why should I tell you what I'm like with other men? Mind your own goddamned business! And take a look in the mirror before you start accusing me."

She sneered at him in disgust. "Your fiancée is still in the hospital, yet instead of staying by her side, you're here with me."

"You've changed a lot."

Nathaniel stared at her intently, as though he wanted to pick her brain.

Exasperated, Lucinda grabbed her bag and stood up from her seat. "If you just want to talk about this, then I'm leaving."

"Wait!"

Nathaniel reacted fast. He bolted towards the door and blocked her way.

Lucinda frowned unhappily. "What are you doing?"

"Don't worry. I'm not going to do anything to you." He sighed helplessly. "I wanted to talk because there's something I have to ask you."