

## Chapter 101 Bastard, It Hurts

Calista had never seen such a shameless man before!

She pushed him away and exclaimed, "I'm worried I might contract some disease from you!"

She relaxed slightly as Lucian maintained a safe distance from her and retorted to his statement from earlier, "What do you mean another? I've never pursued any men."

Lucian raised an eyebrow and mocked, "Never? Am I not one of them? I've spent millions on you, and you're demanding a divorce before the bed is warm. Is there anyone who could be in a worse position than me?"

Calista was speechless. Lucian was even more malicious than poison.

"You'd better give up the idea of looking for another sorry ass to bear the brunt. I don't know about him, but I'll make you regret it if I catch you fooling around with another guy."

He closed the car door and instructed, "Send her home, Johnathan."

Calista wanted to explain further, but she held back her words. She could forget it, and there was no point in reasoning with an animal!

After leaving the courthouse, she didn't go home but had

Johnathan take her to Yara's antique shop.

Yara saw her looking dejected and guessed the lawsuit might not have gone well, so she didn't ask about the details.

"You came at the right time. Let's go get a drink."

Yara had pulled her out of the store before Calista could enter. They were old friends, so she quickly understood Yara's intentions.

She helplessly sighed, "I'm fine."

"I'm just craving it, you know. My dad has gone crazy recently, saying he wants to quit smoking and drinking. He's quit smoking, but he won't let me drink. He watches me like a hawk every day. He went on a business trip today, so I must take advantage of this opportunity."

Johnathan dropped Calista off and left, but he saw Yara walking out of the rear-view mirror.

Worried that Calista might need the car, he stopped momentarily and found out they had entered a bar not far away.

After some thought, he called Lucian and said, "Mr. Northwood, Madam Calista, and Miss Quinn just went to a bar."

Lucian asked for the address and ordered, "Wait for them at the entrance."

The bar did not have many patrons during the day. There weren't many drunkards either, so it was relatively safe. He knew she was emotional, so having a drink to vent her frustrations might be good.

Yara led Calista inside a private booth she had reserved and immediately ordered drinks for the rest of the day.

"Let's start with three beers."

Although it couldn't compare with the lively atmosphere at night, it was still somewhat decent. Calista had bought some snacks when passing by a convenience store and ordered takeout.

Yara raised her glass.

"We're going to get so drunk tonight! I've already sent the address to my driver. He'll pick us up when it's time, so drink as much as you want."

Her last encounter with that lunatic at the Luminary Lounge had traumatized her. Although he had received the punishment he deserved later on, the pain from those blows still hurt.

She would make the necessary arrangements before getting drunk this time.

Calista saw Yara gulp a whole glass in one go. Yara drank so quickly that she choked and coughed repeatedly.

Calista said out of concern, "You should drink less. I'm the one who should be drowning my sorrows in alcohol, not you."

"I'm just trying to help you loosen up. Let's start with this one. I curse that jerk Lucian never to have an erection for the rest of his life. This is the worst thing that can happen to any man!"

Yara held her glass to Calista's lips, and she had no choice but to drink, saying, "I feel like you're cursing me instead. If he can't perform in bed, Lily will dump him immediately, and I will be the one who suffers as his legal wife."

"Then let's wish them a loving and happy life together."

It was hard to stop once she started drinking. It wasn't even evening yet, but they were already completely wasted.

Feeling uncomfortable and having already thrown up twice, Yara waved her hand and said, "I can't go on. I'll call the driver to come pick us up."

"Come on, you said we're not going home until we're drunk!"

Calista raised her bottle and clinked it against Yara's, but she accidentally slammed the bottle into Yara's face because of her blurred vision.

Yara covered her cheek in pain and exclaimed, "Calista, you better put that bottle down now. I'll fight you if you dare to take another sip!"

There was a light click as the door to the private booth opened, and a tall man walked in.

The bright lights from the corridor illuminated his silhouette, making his facial features completely indistinguishable. After the door closed, the room became pitch black.

Yara squinted her eyes and carefully examined his face, saying, "Barry, you're right on time. I'll have my mom give you a raise when we return. Take Calista first. Drinking alcohol won't kill you, but her alcohol tolerance might."

Even though they had been best friends for many years and had drunk together before, Calista had never been this drunk.

Lucian walked straight towards Calista, reached out, and took the empty bottle from her hand, placing it on the table. He then roughly lifted her.

Yara watched with a furrowed brow, and her mind started to clear.

She exclaimed, "Barry, be gentle. Wait, did you grow taller?"

Calista resisted and pushed against the hand holding her wrist, saying, "Don't touch me. I still want to drink. I'm not drunk yet, Yara ... "

She turned to look at Yara, "Let's keep drinking. I'll tell you, that jerk Lucian is just a coward!"

Lucian furrowed his brows in anger as he carried Calista.

Soon, he was covered with red marks from where she had scratched him. He clenched his teeth and bent down to lift her properly.

Calista hung on his shoulder, putting pressure on her stomach. Thankfully, she had just vomited and hadn't had a chance to drink more, or else she might have vomited right there.

"Mm, don't ... don't carry me. I feel like throwing up."

Already feeling dizzy, Calista felt even more disoriented now.

Lucian carried Calista out and instructed Johnathan, waiting outside the door, "Take her back."

Johnathan glanced inside at Yara, who was still clamoring for Barry to come and pick her up, and replied, "Alright."

Calista was jostled to the car, where she was set down before passing out.

She pushed the person before her away and bent over to vomit. However, her stomach was empty, so nothing came up. Lucian stood nearby, his brow furrowing tightly.

"Are you going to drink again?"

Calista used both hands to hold her hair on either side of her face to avoid getting her puke on it. She turned her head slightly and squinted at him.

"Who are you? Why do you sound so familiar?"

She was so drunk that even standing was a struggle. Her vision was a blur, and the colorful lights in the bar confused her even more.

Jonathan was standing beside with a bottle of water in hand.

"Mr. Northwood, let her have some water."

Just as Lucian was about to take the water, Calista suddenly reached out and grabbed his cheek, swaying as she leaned closer.

"Not only does your voice sound familiar, you look a bit like that scumbag Lucian."


She grabbed him so tightly as she swayed left and right to get a better look. Lucian's face went red from the pressure. He hissed lightly and pried her hands away from his face.

"Do I? Calista, are you drunk or pretending?"

Calista felt like her hand was about to be twisted off. She clenched her teeth and used her free hand to grab the water from Johnathan and hurled it at Lucian.

"You jerk, you hurt me!"

Lucian had seen her drunk before, but never to this extent. She used to be all talk, but now she was resorting to hurting him.

 +20 BONUS

He pressed her against the car and pinned her down with a leg. Then, he held up her chin and poured water to rinse her mouth.

"Come on, tell me. Why do you think I'm a coward?"