



### Chapter 116 He Wants to Be Her Man

The SUV let out a resounding roar as the door closed. They weren't going particularly fast because Calista had yet to fasten her seatbelt. But, the noise was enough to attract the attention of half the hotel.

By the time Lucian reached the entrance, all he could see was the red glow of the tail lights flashing in the darkness.

His gaze remained fixed in that direction. The look in his eyes was darker than the starless night sky. His lips were pressed into a thin line in displeasure.

An injured Lily came outside with the assistance of a staff member.

"I'll go get a car, Ms. Scott. Please wait a moment."

"Alright."

She stood by Lucian. Due to the ache in her ankle, she had to lean against the doorframe to keep her balance.

She had to change out of her high heels into disposable hotel slippers, making her swollen ankle look even worse.

He turned his attention to her and parted his lips. Lily knew he had something to say when she sensed his gaze on her. She interrupted him.

"You should go after her. Don't worry about me."

She stared straight ahead, her attitude aloof and proud.

"Why did she suddenly attack you?"

His voice was as cold as ever. He didn't seem particularly agitated. The



way he spoke to her was no different from the way he conversed with people who didn't matter.

She finally turned to him with her eyes still rimmed red. She gave him a self-deprecating smile as she met his calm gaze.

"You're not even going to ask me about my injury, are you? All you want to know is what I did that pushed her to resort to raising her hand at me."

Lucian said nothing.

Lilly kept her silence for a short moment before saying, "Go ask her."

She had regained her calm. But, he could still pick out the resentment in her voice.

Her voice was choked as she said, "Whatever she says goes."

The staff returned with the car. Before they could help her into the vehicle, she limped over herself.

Back in the SUV, Calista turned to Hector.

Tsk, he was still the attention seeker she knew from back in high school. Every cell in his body was itching for a fight. Yet, it was a familiar feeling ...

She fastened her seatbelt and slouched in the passenger seat in relaxation.

Hector's mood had gone from joy from their reunion to sadness. He was plunged into sorrow when he learned the woman he loved was married and the groom wasn't him.



He sounded stern as he spoke. It wasn't intentional; rather, it was the result of training in the military. His words sounded as if he was training someone.

"Why didn't you wait for me?"

Calista felt as if she were being accused of something.

"When did you ask me to wait for you?"

If she'd had known, she would've rejected him outright! Then, she had her full focus on the mother-and-daughter duo scheming against her.

It left her no room to think about romance. Was she supposed to think the guy who buddied up to her was secretly aspiring to be her man?

"The night before I left to join the military. I told you to wait for me to return so I can keep treating you to meals. You promised."

What kind of deep-seated resentment was this?

She turned her head and asked, "Have you never had a girlfriend, Hector?"

"

She hadn't wanted to attack him that way, but she couldn't help it. Hector didn't catch the underlying meaning behind her words.

"I asked you to wait for me. Why would I have a girlfriend?"

Besides, apart from the mosquitoes, everyone in the army was male. The man, with one hand on the steering wheel, played with his lighter. He was so annoyed that he needed a smoke.

"When are you divorcing that man?"



His question was casual and phrased as if it was a certainty.

The not-fully attentive Calista answered, "I don't know. I can't file for a divorce until three months from now."

She only realized her mistake after the words left her. The person next to her was no longer the simple school bully she used to know. He smirked. It was clear it drastically improved his mood.

"Let's grab a bite tomorrow. I'm going to camp downstairs if you say no."

She had been too careless to give him her address! But, on the other hand, grabbing a bite to catch up wasn't out of the ordinary. His feelings for her on the other hand ....

They hadn't seen each other in years. She was married. Even if she were self-absorbed, she didn't see him having feelings for her. His fit was nothing more than displeasure born out of hearing about her marriage.

The car rolled to a stop in front of the apartment. She got out of the car only for him to follow suit.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm escorting you."

Hector was a tall man. He quickly circled the car and stood by her side.

"It's dark out here. Who knows if someone is hiding in the bushes or behind the trees."

"You don't need to do that. The apartment security is decent enough. You can't park your car here. You should leave."



She waved him off. Out of fear of him following her, she hurried to the entrance. That was when she heard a car behind her, prompting her to turn around.

A black Bentley was parked next to Hector's car. She couldn't make out the license plate. But, judging by the model, it didn't take a genius to figure out it belonged to Lucian.

The car door opened and out came Lucian. He was still dressed in the same pressed suit he had worn at the auction. He didn't even have his coat on.

His expression was stern and cold as he stared right through her. He closed the distance between them with large strides. But before he could get close to her, Hector stopped him.

"She's going to bed. You should leave."

Lucian glanced at Hector's arm blocking his path then turned his attention to Hector's military-toughened face.

He smiled mockingly, "I'm her husband. I live with her. By the way, thank you for dropping my wife off."

His tone was calm and polite, but given the circumstances and his expression, there was an unmistakable edge of scorn.

Hector also responded mockingly. But unlike Lucian, he was more direct and vulgar with his words.

"You two don't even live together. Who are you trying to fool? Scram or I'll call the police on you for trespassing on private property."

He could hazard a guess that they lived apart. The apartments here were



expensive. But, the units had no kitchen. Open fires were not allowed.

It was generally occupied by single individuals or unmarried couples. Someone of Lucian's status would have multiple servants employed.

They also had many servants with drivers available at every hour of the day. It wasn't likely for him to stay here.

"We don't live together?"

Lucian turned to look at Calista who was already through the door. He didn't say anything. But, it was clear what he wanted to ask. Did she tell him? Calista ignored him and walked away. <sup>1</sup>

Lucian tried to bypass Hector to chase after her. Hector, however, grabbed his arm and stopped him once more. Lucian frowned in warning.

"Let go, or I'll make you."



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