

Chapter 117 Fighting in Her Honor

Hector had looked into Lucian during the auction. There was not a peep about Calista's marriage to him. All he saw was rumors about him with another woman. To him, Lucian was not a good person!

Moreover, the two of them were already getting a divorce. What he was doing was tantamount to stalking. With that thought in mind, Hector squared up.

His stance was casual as he poked his tongue in his cheek. He looked doubtful.

"Can't you tell she doesn't want anything to do with you? You're oh so rich and noble. You're well-educated, aren't you? Take a hint, eh?"

Lucian rolled his eyes with a brooding intensity.

"Who do you think you are to interfere in our affairs?"

His deep voice enunciated every word. From how he presented himself, he looked like a gentleman in a suit and tie who could be taken out with one hand.

But deep down, he gave off a feeling of violent aggression. Both were hot-blooded men who didn't tolerate blatant provocation.

Neither of them seeing eye to eye only added fuel to the fire. Neither knew who would throw the first punch, but ... they started fighting!

They fought with no restraint. Every punch guaranteed a beatdown. Just the sounds alone were enough to send someone running for the hills!

Hector slammed his fist into the left side of Lucian's face. At the same



time, however, a kick was delivered right into his middle.

He staggered back several steps before he regained his balance. Despite the protection his muscles offered, it felt as if he had been severely injured.

"Tch ..." he gasped in pain.

He raised a brow in surprise. It was rare for someone to injure him in a one-on-one fight after his years spent in the military. He didn't expect how well the man could put up a fight.

He clicked his tongue. Now, he was no longer as casual as he had been before. He hunched over and beckoned Lucian.

"Come at me."

Lucian wiped the blood from his lip with the back of his hand. He took off his coat, undid his tie, and tossed his cufflinks to the floor.

He also undid three of the buttons on his dress shirt, ensuring that his clothes weren't going to restrict his movement. The bodyguards nearby were flabbergasted!

If they chose not to intervene, what were they going to say to the residents about the two men brawling at their gates? But, how were they supposed to intervene when they had no means of stopping them?

They had no idea who Hector was. But, they were more than aware of who Lucian was. Anyone who dared to cross Lucian was likely to be of the same social standing.

They tried to talk them down earlier. It was all to no avail. They couldn't afford to confront them either. They wouldn't win against the men in a



fight ...

With no other option, the security guards had no choice but to turn their attention to the instigator of the brawl.

It was only then they realized that the woman was already walking away. They hurried after her.

"Please stay, Ms. Everhart. Could you at least try to stop them? If this continues, the apartment's entryway isn't going to be able to hold up!"

The barrier gates were about to be broken!

Calista knew about Lucian and Hector getting into a fight. She had turned around to take a look. The two men baring their fangs at each other's throats was brutal. But, they were reasonable men and knew when to stop.

She didn't bother to look back at the security guard's request.

"They can keep fighting if they want. They'll leave once they're done. Don't worry about it."

The security guard turned around and stared blankly at the two men, the broken barrier gate, and the blood stains on the ground. Then, he turned his gaze back to Calista who continued on her way.

What a vicious woman! In a situation such as this one, wouldn't the usual approach be to step in and force them to stop?

The security guard gritted his teeth and chased after her. They had no choice. Just because Calista could keep her cool didn't mean they could be expected to do the same.



"Please try to stop them, Ms. Everhart. What if one of them accidentally kills the other ..."

With her path blocked, she had no choice but to turn to the men who were exchanging blows at the entryway.

She addressed the security guards who didn't know what to do, "Do you think I can stop them the way they are right now?"

They may have started fighting because of her. But now ... their excitement from having met their match meant that neither was going to back down until a winner was crowned.

"They know what they're doing. No one is going to die. Just call the cops if you're worried."

"You should remain here until the authorities arrive, Ms. Everhart," the security guard said.

They had already called the police. Having Calista stay was a stopgap should things spiral any further. They couldn't be certain if the men would end up getting themselves killed. What if they didn't stop?

With nowhere to go, she had no choice but to stay and watch the drama unfold. It was tiring to stand around.

"Can you fetch me a chair?"

The security guards were flabbergasted. It was odd. Why would a gentleman like Mr. Baker be so fond of a woman as ruthless as Calista? He had even asked for them to look after her ...

He turned to look at her expressionless face and wondered if she was so formidable that no one would mess with her.



Lucian and Hector had ceased fighting before the police arrived. Given their martial arts skills, it was impossible to determine who had won. Both were injured but still standing.

Hector looked up as he picked his clothes off the floor. He waved at Calista.

"I'll pick you up tomorrow. Let's grab a bite."

"Sounds good," she answered.

Lucian looked at her and scoffed. He left without saying anything. He didn't even bother to pick up the discarded coat and cufflinks.

She quickly came to an understanding. Lucian was the one who lost. He was likely so severely injured that he couldn't speak. How would he have the strength to pick his belongings off the floor?

Hector, the "winner", grimaced the moment he turned around. Holy shit, it hurt like a bitch! Was Lucian part of the mafia? 2

How was he that ruthless with his blows? Didn't his job usually only entail approving documents and holding meetings? How was he that good at fighting?

The SUV had a tall frame. The moment he lifted his leg to get into the car, he felt the excruciating pain wash over him.

"Fuck, it hurts!"

Once both men took their leave, Calista turned to the security guard who was stationed in the area.

"Calculate the repair and cleaning cost for the damaged property. Send



me the bill."

She was going to deliver it to the scumbag named Lucian! If he hadn't followed her, this fight wouldn't have happened.

She was currently living in a property owned by Paul. An incident like that was a major hassle.

That night, Lucian received a call from David the moment he returned to Everglade Manor. He sat on the couch and leaned back against the backrest.

He nonchalantly put a cigarette to his lips. The faint blue flicker of the lighter lit up, illuminating his injured jaw.

"What is it?"

"The press release is out, Mr. Northwood. Would you like to see it?"

It was usually David who made the decisions for such matters. But, this time he wasn't sure ...

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU



GET IT



Comments



Support