

Chapter 120 Soon-To-Be Ex-husband

Hector had gone to the hospital to get his wounds treated after leaving last night. But, seeing the earnest look Calista was giving him, he shook his head.

"No."

"Take off your mask. Let me see your injuries."

He glanced around the bustling entrance of the apartment building.

"Here? Should we move elsewhere?"

The two bodyguards behind her were Lucian's men. Having them bear witness to his injuries was the same as his rival seeing the extent of his injuries.

"It's not like I'm asking you to take off your clothes. Why are you fussing about taking this elsewhere? Should I book you a hotel room too?"

"Well, you could ..."

Calista couldn't be bothered with his nonsense. She immediately ripped his mask off. Hector reacted the moment she moved but lowered it.

He was a rough man. He worried that he might accidentally hurt her hand if he failed to control his strength.

With the mask off, the injuries on his face could finally be seen. They looked even more alarming than they had seemed the night before. She bit her lip and fell silent. Then, she made a decision.

"I'm taking you to the hospital."



The injuries that could be seen already looked serious. What if he were suffering from internal bleeding? If anything went wrong because they dragged it out too long, it would be far too late to do anything.

Hector wasn't particularly keen on the idea.

"I thought we were going to get food? I can still move around just fine ..."

He wanted to say that he was fine. However, he immediately shut up when she shot him a disapproving look.

"We can go grab a bite first. I already made a reservation at a restaurant."

They could sit in an elegant restaurant and reminisce about their past while basking in their futures. Why would he want to go to a crowded and noisy emergency room where seats were scarce at best?

Calista responded with frustration.

"Is food more important than your life?"

She snatched the car keys out of Hector's hands.

"Get in the passenger seat."

She had also noticed that he was limping slightly.

"Are you sure you should be driving? What if you crash into a curb?"

He followed her like a meek wife. There was not a word of protest out of him.

Calista got into the driver's seat. When Hector was opening the passenger door, he noticed the two bodyguards following along.



They seemed intent on opening the back doors. He adopted a cold expression and pressed her hand against the door.

His intent was clear. The man was telling them to get lost and that they were not welcome!

"We are here to ensure Ms. Northwood's safety, Mr. Calloway. Please understand."

"You're not here on my orders. Why should I accommodate you? Go ask whoever gave you orders for their understanding. This is my car. You're not allowed in. If you get in, I'll call the cops for attempted trespassing on private property."

The bodyguards fell silent. They could force their way into the car. But doing so would anger Calista. They both shared a glance and ultimately decided to follow the car from behind.

The bodyguard who wasn't at the wheel gave Lucian a call.

"Mrs. Northwood is taking Mr. Calloway to the hospital, sir."

They had yet to arrive but they heard the conversation between the pair.

There was silence on the other end of the line for some time. The bodyguard couldn't urge Lucian for a response either.

The conversation between Hector and Calista clued them in that his injuries were caused by Lucian. The situation also seemed to have led to their contractor's injuries.

Calista, as Mrs. Northwood, was driving Hector to the hospital. She hadn't spared her husband any goodwill. Not only did she not care, they had even gotten into a fight that morning.



The door wasn't exactly soundproof. They were standing outside and heard her hurtful words. This was a real fixer-upper. Surely, they weren't going to be silenced for this?

Just as the bodyguard was fearing for his life, Lucian's voice came through the receiver.

"I see."

...

Hector's injuries weren't of much concern. They were superficial wounds that would heal with time. However, some bleeding injuries required a change of dressing.

Once they were out of the hospital, Calista handed him his medication.

"Remember to change the dressing every three days. Come to the hospital if you don't want to do it yourself. You could also get a doctor from a clinic to help you. Don't get them wet or you'll risk an infection."

He had the bag casually hooked around a finger. He exuded a strong sense of confidence and masculinity.

His skin had taken on a bronze shade from years of training and exposure to the sun. His physique made him look strong and well-proportioned.

It was this masculine and upright man who asked her in a teasing manner, "What if I need to shower?"

"I can't not shower. What if it takes a few months to heal? Am I supposed to wallow in my stench?"



Calista responded with a faint smile, "You live alone. No one will notice anyway."

Those were just wounds that didn't require any stitches. It wasn't as if anything was broken. Why would superficial injuries take months to heal? She finished and turned to leave.

Hector's face fell but quickly caught up to her.

"Aren't you being too heartless? I'm injured. And, it's already 7:00 PM."

A muscular man nearly six and a half feet tall was whining at her like a child. Calista felt her hair rise on end. 1

"Speak like a normal person."

"I'm starving."

She was also hungry. She hadn't had much for lunch. So, she took out her phone to open a food delivery app.

"What do you want to eat?"

He leaned in.

"Let me see what's available."

She used to tutor Hector back in high school. He often leaned in to listen to her explanations. She didn't think it was out of the ordinary for him to shift closer to look at her phone.

But before he could get close, a hand suddenly reached out from behind them to snatch her phone. Then, a hand firmly grasped her by her shoulder.



Calista was pulled into a familiar embrace. She jumped at the familiar scent. She looked up. Sure enough, she was greeted by Lucian's tense and angry expression.

"You should leave now that you're done with your doctor's visit, Mr. Calloway."

He then led her away from where they stood to put some distance between her and Hector.

There were also injuries on Lucian's face, but they were limited to the corner of his lips and his left cheekbone.

Although they were severe, with Hector's injuries in the forefront, these minor wounds were barely noticeable.

Hector raised a brow. The small gesture caused pain to shoot through him and had him grimacing.

But, he knew Lucian wasn't doing much better either. Hector had specifically targeted the areas that could be covered by his clothes. Unless Lucian got undressed, there would be no visible injuries.

He had full confidence in his fists. He must be sore from the excruciating pain!

"You're a persistent man, Mr. Northwood."

Hector waved his hand. The resounding crack from his joints clicking could be heard loud and clear.

"You're a soon-to-be ex-husband. Why are you so stubborn and following us everywhere?"

