

## Chapter 41 Lucian Was Kissing Her

Calista's head snapped up. Her reaction was subtle but noticeable to Lucian who still had his arm around her waist. Paul's voice had made her tense up.

Paul was standing some distance from the car. He was staring at her through the half-opened car window.

He was dressed in a casual shirt and slacks. Even in the shadows, his good looks were evident.

Calista's mind went blank for a second. She instinctively called out, "Paul ... "

The arm on her waist tightened again. She nearly yelped in pain. However, Paul was there. So, she had no choice but to grit her teeth and endure the pain.

She wasn't sure if Paul had seen Lucian in the car with her. After all, the lighting in the car park was dim. It was unlikely he had seen Lucian from his distance and angle.

Paul smiled and walked toward her. "I had a feeling I recognized someone here, but I didn't expect it to be you!"

Her body tensed further as Paul neared, the hand on Lucian's chest clenching into a fist.

"Don't come any closer," she called weakly.

Because ... Lucian was kissing her!

Meanwhile, Lucian was kissing her wrist, peppering it with love bites.

Paul looked at her in confusion but still stopped in his tracks like a gentleman.

However, now that he was closer, he could see that her eyes were red-rimmed.

He frowned. He recalled their previous meeting at the restaurant. She had jokingly asked if she could borrow three million dollars. Was she still worried about this matter?

Paul pressed his lips together in contemplation before gently asking, "Are you still worried about the debt you mentioned last time?"

Though three million dollars is a lot of money, if you really need the money, I can ..."

Calista knew what he was implying. Her heart bloomed with warmth at his kindness.

But just as warmth began to envelop her heart, it was abruptly chilled by a frigid voice. "Paul, when did you start handing out money so freely?"

"

Lucian's mocking tone made Paul pause in confusion. With uncertainty, he piped, "Lucian?"

"

Lucian grabbed Calista's waist and sat up from his previous position. Calista tried desperately to stop him from revealing himself. But how could she possibly win against him in strength?

Besides, there was nothing she could do now to improve the situation.

Lucian's shirt was completely unbuttoned save for the last two buttons. He sat leisurely with his chest exposed.

His finger traced Calista's waist and ventured upward. Right before he reached the most sensitive part, his finger slid back down again.

He turned his attention back to Paul, standing outside the car. He quipped, "Or do you think I can't afford to give her three million dollars?"

Paul paused for a second before smiling. "Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt the both of you."

Clearly, he had misunderstood the current situation.

Calista's face was aflame with embarrassment, making it hard for her to meet Paul's gaze. Why

did he have to arrive at such an inopportune moment?

Lucian was clearly making it so that Paul would misunderstand what was actually happening between them!

However, she still needed to explain herself to Paul. She didn't want Paul to think they were having car sex the next time they met!

"Paul, it's not what you think. Lucian and I ..."

Lucian quirked a brow and interrupted her explanation. He casually remarked, "Mrs. Northwood, button up your shirt first." 1

Hearing this made Calista look down at her shirt. She saw that her buttons had come undone. Her black lace bra got exposed.

Calista cursed under her breath and frantically buttoned up her shirt. By the time she looked up again, Paul had already left. Now, there was no way to explain herself! 1

"Lucian, you bastard!"

Lucian's voice was cold as he asked, "How am I a bastard? Because I caused a misunderstanding between you and your ex? Or because I didn't let you go cry in his arms?"

Calista gritted her teeth and ignored him. She

reached out to open the car door. Once again, she was yanked back inside before she could do so.

Lucian's expression was icy as he asked, "Why do you need to borrow three million dollars from him?"

She furrowed her brows and tried to free her wrist from his grasp. Her tone dripped with disdain as she spat, "Don't you already know why?"

Lucian smiled. Yet, there wasn't a single shred of genuity in his smile.

"You agreed to be Mrs. Northwood for three million dollars back then. What are you planning to give him for his three million dollars?"

He looked at her body again, his gaze moving up and down.

"Besides your body, I don't think you have anything to offer him, right? Though I must warn you, Paul isn't interested in women who used to belong to someone else."

Calista frowned at that. "Not everyone is as despicable as you are."

"Despicable? Don't forget that it was you who

insisted on becoming my wife," Lucian growled.

Due to his strong grasp, Calista felt as if her wrist were about to snap in half.

"If you hadn't forced me that day ... do you think I'd willingly be your wife? Whoever wants to be your wife can fucking take my place! I won't object at all! In fact, I'll even pay to get your marriage certified!"

This was the first time Calista swore at Lucian. Though the Everhart family wasn't as rich and powerful as the Northwood family, they were still a relatively respected family. If her father heard her using such profanities, he would definitely punish her.

Unsurprisingly, Lucian was furious at her outburst. She could see the veins on his forehead throbbing in anger.

"The Everhart family used to be a reputable family. Yet, they raise their daughters like this?" he gritted out.

Calista knew she couldn't win against him in an argument. Every second in this car with him was pure torture. She struggled to break free from him again as she grumbled, "You're so annoying! Can you just—"

Before she could finish, a sudden shriek of pain

escaped her lips. Tears welled in her eyes.

As she was fighting against Lucian, she accidentally hit her finger against the car seat. A sharp crack could be heard upon the collision.

The pain was unbearable. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead as she curled into a fetal position in pain.

Lucian frowned. He reached out to touch her injured hand, but Calista shrank away. Nonetheless, Lucian still grabbed her wrist and accidentally touched her injured finger by doing so. 2

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