

## Chapter 47 Do You Have Regrets?

Lily frowned.

"Calista, about this matter ... "

At this moment, her phone rang, undoubtedly saving her from the situation. She took a couple of steps away and answered the call. Soon, she briskly returned.

"Calista, I'm sorry. I was wrong about today's matter. The problem with the painting occurred while it was in my hands."

Calista was perplexed about why Lily suddenly changed her stance after taking a call.

Lily turned on the speakerphone on her phone and said, "Repeat what you just told me."

Queenie's voice came through the phone, "Lily, I'm sorry. I spilled some water on the painting and wiped it off quickly. I was about to tell you about it but got busy and forgot. Is that painting important?"

Hearing this, Calista raised an eyebrow.

"That's quite a coincidence. Miss Scott and I were discussing this matter, and your call came in."

Her words implied something else, and anyone could pick up on it.

"Miss Everhart, this is my mistake. If you want to blame anyone, blame me. It has nothing to do with Lily."

"Alright then, let's leave it at that."

Since Queenie was willing to take responsibility, there was no need for Calista to press on the matter.

Lily had enough humiliation for today, and if Calista refused to let this matter go, it might make Lily appear pitiful and garner sympathy.

Lily hadn't quite grasped the situation. Calista held Selena's hand and left to attend to the guests, leaving Lily behind. The commotion finally came to an end.

Lucian watched as Selena and Calista laughed and chatted away. He was about to approach them when he noticed Paul's gaze fixed on Calista.

He hesitated before asking, "What? Do you have regrets?"

Paul snapped out of his thoughts, looking puzzled.

"Regrets about what?"

"Regret that you didn't agree to marry her when she approached you back then."

Paul chuckled softly at the hint of jealousy in Lucian's words. It was rare to hear Lucian speak to him in such a tone.

Paul seemed intrigued and joked, "You have a point there. If I had considered it back then, she might be Mrs. Baker now, don't you think?"

Lucian looked at him. Paul seemed indifferent, yet there seemed to be something slightly different about him.

His gaze turned to the wristwatch partially hidden by Paul's sleeve.

For some reason, Lucian suddenly laughed, "Well then, I should thank this watch."

Paul glanced at the watch on his wrist.

"What's special about this watch?"

He took it off and examined it closely. Apart from being expensive, there was nothing particularly remarkable about it.

Coincidentally, Calista, who happened to be passing by, overheard their conversation. She widened her eyes when she heard the watch

being mentioned.

She quickly released Selena and briskly walked toward Lucian. In her haste, she stumbled on her heels and fell into Lucian's embrace. <sup>1</sup>

Lucian was taken aback, so he instinctively wrapped his arms around her waist to support her.

"Today is Mom's birthday dinner. How could you let us drink and entertain the guests?"

As Calista spoke, he could smell alcohol in her breath. He lowered his head, his gaze falling on her rosy lips. Her eyes were bright and exceptionally alluring under the light.

Before he could respond, Calista held onto his arm and pulled him away without another word. Anyone would think she was merely teasing Lucian and him indulging her as her husband.

But the reality was quite different.

Calista's tight grip almost bruised Lucian's arm. Even with his thick clothing, he could feel her strong force.

"I won't let you off the hook if you bring up the topic of the watch again," She hissed, turning her face slightly so others couldn't see her and

clenched her teeth in anger.

Lucian narrowed his eyes, remaining silent.

Seeing his lack of response, Calista thought her threat was taking effect and grew more confident as she added, "Did you hear me?"

"Mrs. Northwood, your makeup has come off on me," Lucian said hoarsely.

Calista paused, quickly stepping back from Lucian's embrace. Her skin was fair and delicate, so her makeup artist only applied a thin layer of foundation.

However, Lucian was wearing a black suit today, and even the slightest trace of white would be visible.

Calista fell silent for a few seconds and advised sincerely, "It's better if you lay low if you ever want to remarry in the future. After all, you will be embarrassed if things turn ugly since I'm not from a prestigious family."

"I have money. Nobody would say a word against me. Besides, you should worry about yourself concerning remarrying. Being penniless and old wouldn't work well for you."

Calista was left utterly speechless. She was so angry that it surged through her blood.

Lucian didn't add fuel to the fire. He looked sidelong at Paul, who was still chatting with someone nearby.

"You don't want me to bring up that matter again, don't you?"

"Yes," Calista uttered with annoyance.

"Well, then, give me a kiss."

Calista looked up in surprise, her eyes wide open. She saw Lucian gazing at her, his handsome face even more defined under the illuminated light. Lucian was somewhat uncomfortable under her gaze.

He pursed his lips and added, "Don't overthink it. Mom is watching us. Just putting on a show."

Calista turned her head, and she was indeed met with Selena's smile. He was indeed a natural at acting, always mindful of the camera.

After a few seconds of silence, Calista tiptoed. Lucian's hands loosely encircled her waist, and the soft fabric brushed across his palm, sending tingles from his palm to his heart.

As she approached him, a sweet fragrance filled the air around him.

Rather than kissing his lips, Calista brushed her

face against his and whispered, "In your fucking dreams."

Lucian never expected Calista to utter such a crude and vulgar phrase. He had always regarded her as composed and reasonable.

His expression darkened, and he was about to say something when Calista took several steps back.

She seemed irritated as she said, "I'm going to help Mom with the guests."

Did she think she could tease him and leave? Lucian would never let her have her way. He pulled her back into his embrace, lowering his head to kiss her lips without hesitation.

However, since they were in public, he kept things mild and merely brushed his lips against hers. "In my fucking dreams, hmm?"

There was nothing to dream about. He could simply do whatever he wanted. Calista froze. She felt like he was cursing her out!

"Lucian ..." Lily approached, filled with shock and disbelief. It was as if she had witnessed something utterly unbelievable.

After all, Lucian was always reserved and courteous. It was rare even for him to hold

hands in public as he always kept his distance.

Looking back now, in the two years she had been with him, they only went as far as holding hands and nothing more.

Calista was initially irritated that Lucian had taken advantage of her. But her mood turned for the better upon seeing Lily. She even reached out to wrap her arms around Lucian's neck and kissed him again.

Her kiss wasn't a mere peck; her agile tongue traced his tightly sealed lips, attempting to pry them apart.