

## Chapter 70 A Fever That Won't Go Away

Calista smiled despite her anger.

"Sounds good. You should pick a Malinois. Those look strong."

She paused before adding suggestively, "But nowadays, you often find people who look good on the outside but are ultimately useless. Humans are that way. What of animals?"

Lucian's nerves were on the verge of snapping. He pinched his brows and spoke with displeasure, "Get down."

She held out her hand.

"Return my phone."

The man's gaze lowered onto her fair palm.

"Are you more concerned for your phone or for the man who calls you?"

"Will it kill you to not be an asshole for once, Lucian? You dragged me out of the cultural center. I couldn't even get my coat. I don't even have money on me. Do you expect me to walk back from here?"

The cultural center was a distance away from the main city and was even farther from where she lived. His expression lightened up after her explanation. He handed her the phone he kept in his coat pocket.

"If you ..."

If she bent to his will, she wouldn't have to get out of the car. But before he could finish, Calista got out of the car without another word. The car shook when the door was slammed shut.

She was drenched by droplets of water rolling off the leaves the moment she got out of the car. The fall's rain brought along a biting chill. Her drenched clothing stuck onto her and made her shiver.

Lucian neither drove away nor got out of the car. His gaze remained fixed on the petite figure drenched from the rain like a drowned rat. He pressed his lips together. He was annoyed. <sup>2</sup>

It wasn't easy to hail a cab while it was raining, especially in such cold weather. Calista was also dressed thinly as well. He was waiting for her to ask him for help! The thought slightly eased the irritation welling up in him.

As she flagged down a cab, she made a call to Bryan. The call connected fairly quickly.

She learned that he called because he got worried after discovering that she was nowhere to be found. It wasn't for work matters at all.

"I'm fine. I happened to run into someone I know. Could you keep an eye on things at the exhibition? I'm not feeling too well. So, I'll head home and get some rest.

"Don't worry about the exhibition. There's a security team here." Bryan didn't suspect anything. "The weather has been changing a lot recently. A lot of people are falling ill. You should go to the hospital and get a shot if you don't feel well. You'll recover faster."

"Alright. Thank you."

A cab arrived once she hung up the phone. There were already passengers inside. But being able to hitch a ride in this weather was fortunate. Calista didn't mind that it was already occupied and got in.

She didn't give the Bentley that was still parked in the same spot another glance. It didn't take a genius to know that the man inside was displeased.

She immediately went to the bathroom the moment she got back to her apartment.

The air conditioner in the car was switched on. But she was already soaked to the bone. The temperature was far too low for it to make a difference.

When she unlocked the door, her hands had grown numb from the cold. It wasn't until the lukewarm shower came down on her that she felt alive again.

When she spoke on the phone with Bryan earlier, her being unwell was just an excuse. But before long, she realized that she was running a fever!

She was burning up, yet felt so cold that she was shivering. She felt weak. Her head was pounding. Calista seldom got sick.

Ever since she moved here, she'd been busy day in and day out. There was no medicine at her place, not even fever patches and cold medicine.

Since her mother passed away, Zachary had become no different from an absent father. She only had herself to rely on whenever she fell ill. From experience, sleeping it off would help reduce it.

She heard her phone ring while she was still in a daze. She reached for her phone by the bedside table without opening her eyes.

"Hello?"

The person on the other end of the line was Paul. He could tell there was something wrong with her voice alone.

There was a split second of silence before he started, "Calista?"

"Hm ...?" Calista was still conscious. She made an effort to sound energetic when she realized she was speaking to Paul. "Can I help you?"

"There is something I need. My grandfather received a little something. I wanted to ask if you knew someone who can help with authenticating it."

Her fever had muddled her thoughts.

It took her a while to respond, "I'll help check tomorrow.  
Have someone bring it to the cultural center.

The charity exhibition lasted three days. She was going to be there during that time.

"Alright."

They didn't usually engage in small talk. Silence fell over them once the business talks were over. Calista's ragged breaths became more pronounced with the silence between them.

Paul didn't hear her say a word. But she hadn't hung up either.

This was something that had never happened before. He couldn't help but ask out of worry, "Are you sick?"

"I caught a cold," she answered with a muffled voice.

It seemed as if she was going to fall asleep within the next second.

"Did you take your medicine? Where is Lucian?"

Paul never heard back from her. He recalled the conversation he had with Cade a while ago about Calista's divorce. She had moved out of the Everglade Manor. He frowned.

"Where are you right now?"

She reflexively gave him her address. It was an action driven by her fever-induced condition.

She couldn't remember when Paul had hung up. She also completely forgot how she told him her address. She soon fell into a deep sleep.

It was 10 pm. The night was alive.

Cade stared blankly at the man lounging on the couch and drinking in silence.

"Did Calista dump you again? Why are you not back home sleeping? What's the point of drinking by yourself?"

Lucian held a glass in hand with the amber liquid swaying gently within. He gave Cade a halfhearted sidelong glance.

"Is there something wrong with your head or are you blind? Her? Dumping me? You think that's possible?"

However, Cade's lips curled into a mocking smile. There was no warmth in it.

"Look at yourself. You look like an abandoned dog. It looks to me like you're trying to get yourself drunk on purpose and using your drunkenness as an excuse to sleep with her."

Lucian was annoyed and frowned impatiently.

"Are you self-projecting? It's no wonder you don't have

women flocking your way. It seems all that perversion has twisted you."

Cade looked confused.

"Leave me alone."

"Hah!" Cade scoffed and got up. "Calling you a dog would be an insult to dogs. I see why Calista dumped you. You don't know how to woo a woman. You don't even fucking understand how to communicate like a human being."

Cade had been following a routine for the past two years. If there were no special circumstances, he would be in bed by ten.

It was Lucian who dragged him out drinking with him. And now he felt like a fool. He wasn't here to endure Lucian's insults.


The door of the private room opened. Someone had passed by. The person had most likely just arrived as their clothing was soaked from the rain.

The man cursed under his breath while shaking off the raindrops. His footsteps were quick.

"Fuck, it's cold. I'm going to run a fever with this rain!"

Cade didn't pay attention to that person. As he was about to leave, he heard hurried footsteps from behind.

Before he could turn around, Lucian, who had insisted on

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wanting to be left alone, quickly passed him and left. Cade frowned. Where on earth was he going this time?



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