

Chapter 92 Her Stomach Hurt

Lucian watched Calista intently and asked, "Why don't you tell me what's on my mind?"

She rolled her eyes, thinking, "God knows what you're up to."

They locked eyes for a few seconds before Calista took her leave.

As she passed by Lucian, he whispered, "You don't have to go through all this trouble just to make that woman apologize to you."

Calista turned to look at him. He looked at her gloatingly as if he was expecting her to beg him, and he would step in.

She glared at him and sneered, "In your dreams."

Lucian glared at her. He felt so furious he wanted to tear her apart.

"Did your manners go down the drain?"

Lucian wore a dark outfit today, making him look even more intimidating. Everyone had crouched against the wall in fear. Only Calista dared to face him head-on.

"Only because you're acting like trash," She retorted.

With that, she ignored him and walked straight toward the hall.

Amanda looked at Lucian, who was still standing there. She was confused by his intentions and wondered if he was trying to defend Calista.

She couldn't understand why since she was the one that got hit!

Although she said she would make Calista kneel and beg for mercy, Lucian had kicked down the door before she could make a move.

Amanda approached him cautiously and asked politely, "Mr. Northwood, do you know Calista?"

Anyone could tell they had a complex relationship from their interaction earlier.

She thought Lucian would ignore her, but he glanced at her and said casually, "She's my wife."

Amanda was utterly taken aback. She could not believe that Calista was Lucian's wife. She would've revealed her identity long ago if she were truly Mrs. Northwood.

If that were the case, Calista would even be able to cancel Sharon's engagement with the Beckett family easily, not to mention making her give a public apology.

However, since Calista did not mention a word, Lucian must be lying. Amanda was sure that must be the case.

But the fact that Lucian was willing to lie for Calista proved

that she must mean something to him. Even if they weren't married, he cared for her.

Amanda's legs gave way as she slumped to the ground, her face pale. She didn't know how long it had been until someone helped her up from the ground.

"Amanda, are you okay?"

"Not! I'm going to be ruined by Sharon!" She shrieked.

Her voice was filled with regret. When she looked up, she realized the restroom entrance was empty.

She had yet to return to her senses and asked in a daze, "Where's Mr. Northwood?"

"He left."

Otherwise, they wouldn't dare come and help her!

After exiting the restroom, Calista headed to the main hall. She didn't blend into the crowd.

Instead, she chose to sit on the sofa in the lounge area. She propped up her chin and watched Sharon, who looked untroubled not far away.

Theodore was bringing Sharon around to thank the guests for coming. Her face was brimming with pride, having married into a wealthy family.

Initially, Sharon managed to maintain a smiling façade. However, she soon became uncomfortable under Calista's

gaze.

She exchanged a few words with Theodore and walked towards the lounge area.

"What exactly are you trying to do?"

She still wore a smile, but anger burned behind her eyes.

"You know exactly what I want. I'll give you another five minutes. If you don't do as I say, I'll have to share something interesting with everyone here."

Calista frowned impatiently. Sharon glared at her in anger.

"Don't you dare!"

"Try me. I planned to let bygones be bygones between us, but you insisted on bringing up all those dreadful memories. Now that my mood is ruined I can't let you enjoy your engagement, could I?"

Calista's expression turned cold. Sharon glanced toward the restroom, waiting for Amanda to emerge.

Didn't she ask her to destroy the video? She couldn't even handle such a simple task. She was utterly useless!

"I'll pay you. I'll buy the video from you. Name your price."

She gritted her teeth in frustration. She couldn't apologize. Not only would that be a blow to her pride, but it would also be a humiliation for the Beckett family.

If that happened, the engagement would be ruined. She had put so much effort into reaching this point; she couldn't let it all fall apart!

Regret gnawed at her. If she had known earlier that Calista was a lunatic, she would have endured a little longer.

"You have four more minutes."

As tension built up, the host had already begun speaking joyfully, offering blessings.

"Now, let us welcome our soon-to-be newlyweds as they enter for the opening dance."

Theodore walked toward Sharon and extended his hand.

"Shall we?"

Sharon struggled to suppress her emotions and forced a smile.

"Sure."

She intended to take a gamble, betting that Calista was merely bluffing. She dated her ex-boyfriend in university.

Back then, although she and Calista were at odds, they had gone their separate ways after graduating and hadn't been in touch since.

Who would keep an incriminating video of an old adversary for three years?

Calista approached with a smile.

"Mr. Beckett, I'd like to show you something."

Her voice was calm, and she had a smile. She looked enchanting with her stunning looks and mesmerizing smile.

Theodore hesitated for a moment. He was caught off guard, so he didn't immediately refuse.

The music for the dance had already started, and the spotlight, along with everyone's gaze, shifted to them. Naturally, they also noticed the strange undertone among the three individuals.

Was she trying to stop the engagement? Between Sharon and Calista, it was clear that Calista held the upper hand. Nervously, Sharon held onto Theodore's hand.

"Theodore, don't listen to her..."

Theodore spoke at the same time, "What is it?"

Calista took out her phone, inching closer so he could get a better view. The odd tension in the air weighed on Amanda, and she had to keep her voice down.

"Alright."

She would have snatched away the phone from Calista if she hadn't been afraid of raising suspicion in Theodore.

Before Calista could move, a hand pulled her away from

Theodore. This sudden turn of events stunned everyone.

They turned their heads to see Lucian standing behind Calista.

His presence was undeniably chilling; combined with his status and position, no one dared to ignore him.

No one knew what he was about to do, and nobody dared to speak up in such a tense moment. Calista felt uncomfortable being scrutinized by so many people.

Frowning, she tried to retrieve her hand from Lucian's grasp discreetly, but before she could, he pried her fingers apart and intertwined his hands with hers forcefully.

Chapter 93 Tell Him You Don't Love Him

Sharon took the microphone from the host's hand. Her face flushed red, and her body shook with embarrassment. She clenched her teeth, and her grip tightened on the microphone.

A public apology was like trampling onto the Beckett family's reputation. Theodore looked at her with a blank face.

She could already expect his reaction after the guests left. But it would make matters worse if she didn't apologize. She shut her eyes and began.

"My name is Sharon, and I would like to apologize to my friend, Calista."

Calista watched with little interest. Taking advantage of the moment when Lucian relaxed his guard, she pulled her hand back and said nothing.

Then, she turned and walked toward the parking lot. She had driven here tonight.

There were footsteps not too far behind her. She knew it was Lucian, but she didn't pay him any attention.

After the incident, anyone who could read the room had been finding an excuse to leave. The Beckett family's home only had one parking lot, so it wasn't surprising that they

were walking in the same direction.

Yet Lucian followed her to her car. Calista raised an eyebrow mockingly.

"Is your car also parked here?"

"I've been drinking and can't drive."

Lucian glanced at the Volkswagen in front of her disdainfully. Though he didn't say anything, it was apparent he looked down on the car.

Evidently, he thought she lived a poor life after leaving him.

Calista shrugged and said, "That's a pity. Well, Everglade Manor isn't far. You can walk back."

After that, she ignored him and opened the car to get in. Just as she started the car, Lucian opened the passenger door and got in.

Shutting his eyes, he instructed, "Go to the Everglade Manor."

He spoke so casually, utterly devoid of embarrassment. Calista widened her eyes.

She thought that a wealthy man like Lucian would at least have a shred of shame. But clearly, he didn't.

She furrowed her brows impatiently, saying, "You can get someone from the Beckett family to drive you."

Lucian looked up and with bloodshot eyes. She had caught a faint whiff of alcohol from him when they brushed past each other in the restroom just now.

Now, it smelled even stronger in the car, and his voice was hoarse and deep.

"I don't ride in cars driven by strangers."

She had forgotten he was some wealthy tycoon that others might easily target. Selina had even said that he had been followed when he was a child.

But even so, she didn't want to give him a ride. Everglade Manor and her apartment were in opposite directions. At most, she can drop him off at the entrance of the Beckett family's home.

"You can have Mr. Whitman fetch you home."

"Mr. Whitman's son is sick, and he has been at the hospital taking care of him these past few days."

The guests at the engagement party had already left, and cars were gradually driving away.

Calista stepped on the brake, impatiently saying, "You could also have Lily come pick you up."

"But you are my wife. You have to drive me."

Calista replied, "In that case, I'll gladly pass this duty on to her. I'm sure both of you will be delighted."

While it seemed she was talking about driving him. It was apparent that she meant giving up her role as his wife, too.

"Are you so eager for a divorce?"

"Yes."

"You just can't wait to push me to Lily, can you?"

There was a long pause between each question. The silence was so suffocating she found it hard to breathe.

He gripped his phone so tightly that his knuckles turned white. Calista had a feeling that he was imagining that his phone was her neck.

"I'm sacrificing myself for you two. You should be grateful for my generosity. Otherwise, Lily will forever be a hidden mistress."

The word "sacrifice" pleased Lucian. His expression softened slightly, but his words remained firm.

"I don't need your blessing."

"Of course not. You're Mr. Northwood. You command the tides and the winds. Being a married man wouldn't stop you from spoiling Lily."

Every word was laced in sarcasm, though it wasn't clear whether it was aimed at Lucian or herself. His face grew darker, and his tone turned cold.

"Don't change the topic. She has nothing to do with this."

She wondered if his anger was because she offended his beloved. Calista wasn't upset.

Instead, she smiled and said, "Sure, then I'll call Andrew right now and get him to withdraw his support for Lily. Then, I'll believe she has nothing to do with this."

Lucian's piercing gaze locked onto her. He pursed his lips, and the atmosphere tensed up. Although he didn't say anything, his silence spoke volumes.

Though she had anticipated this, she still felt sour being dumped in this relationship.

It had nothing to do with love. It was the bitterness of realizing three years of effort had been wasted.

Nothing could describe her frustration toward him. Even a stray dog would be grateful to someone who had fed it for three years.

"Lucian, do you have any idea how much I despise you and Lily? You pretend to be so high and mighty, yet you engage in all these shameful and disgusting deeds behind people's backs. You're such a hypocrite!"

Calista spoke calmly. She even smiled, but every word hit the nail on the head. She firmly believed the painting incident got out of hand because of Lily's involvement.

Calista would have felt fine if that was the truth. But even she did not know who bought the painting back then.

Lucian didn't interrupt her. He seemed calm on the surface, but there was a chilling look in his eyes.

"I can make Andrew withdraw his investment, but on one condition."

Calista felt that Lucian wouldn't let this slide easily after her humiliating words.

"You call Paul and tell him that you don't love him anymore."

Calista felt utterly puzzled! This bastard was out of his mind! She and Paul were just casual acquaintances now, and they barely talked to each other.

They were not romantically involved at all. He would think she was crazy or delusional if she suddenly called him up and said that.

Lucian wanted to cause a misunderstanding between them.

She wouldn't do this, considering the times Paul had helped her unconditionally. She would be too ungrateful if she did. Thus, Calista waved her hand with disinterest.

"If you don't want to withdraw your investment, don't. I'm not forcing you to do so. You don't have to resort to this method to provoke me."