

Chapter 24 Who Do You Want To Marry?

Calista hesitated, then stopped.

Paul was clearly drunk. His clothes were rumpled. His voice was hoarse when he said, "I'm sorry ... about last time."

Calista knew what he was talking about. It was about the recording of her proposing to him.

Back then, she was going around begging for money to pay off her debt. When the recording was leaked, it was the last straw for her.

At that time, everyone thought she should sleep with more men for money. They believed she was already comfortable with it, and money would just come. So, they considered her debt of a few hundred million dollars to be simple for her.

Even after three years, the memory was still stark.

"We did talk about marriage back then, but that was just a consensual transaction on both sides," Calista said calmly. That did not mean that she had let it go.

She continued, "You could have just rejected me and cursed me for it. I wouldn't have minded. But why did you put it on the Internet? No matter how much you hated me, you shouldn't

have done it!"

In the end, she still got emotional.

Once she was finished, Paul laughed. "You thought I was the one who leaked the recording?"

Calista did not answer, but her silence was answer enough.

There were only two people in the recording. Paul had chosen the place of their meeting, which was a private café.

From the clarity of the recording, it was obvious that it had been recorded close to them.

It could only be him.

Paul's smile faded. After a moment of silence, he said seriously, "It wasn't me."

He offered no further explanation.

It was hard to say whether Calista believed him or not.

She glanced at her watch. She did not want to say anything. All she wanted to do was leave, but the party was still going strong. It wasn't going to end anytime soon.

Lucian had driven her here. The manor was situated in a remote place, so she wouldn't be able to get a taxi if she left now either.

The balcony was pretty spacious. Calista went

to a corner. She kept her distance from Paul and occupied herself on her phone.

The silence lasted for a while until Paul broke it. "How have you been?"

Calista paused. She knew he was asking about her marriage to Lucian. She smiled and answered simply, "Not well. I should have listened to you."

He knew his friend well.

When Calista and Lucian's engagement broke out, Paul had told her that they weren't suitable for each other. He told her that Lucian was in love with someone else and that her marriage wouldn't last.

At the time, Calista was already at her wits' end. She did not care whether they were suitable or not. To her, Lucian was her savior. Looking back, she had acted rashly.

A scoff sounded suddenly. "Listened to him?"

Calista jumped and looked back. Lucian sauntered in, his expression dark. "Listened to him and went to the loansharks? Got sold as a prostitute abroad?"

Paul frowned when he saw him. For the first time ever, he felt the animosity from his friend.

"That's harsh, Lucian. Don't twist her words."

Lucian glanced at him. "You're the party's host.

"Don't you have better things to do?"

Paul rubbed his nose awkwardly. He couldn't really say much in this situation, so he left with his wine.

Calista wanted to follow him out as well. Lucian looked like he was on the verge of losing his temper. She didn't want to be subjected to his scorn.

However, when she passed by Lucian, he grabbed her arm. "Calista Everhart, don't forget who was the one who saved you when you were drowned. Don't forget who paid your debts off for you. Paul's probably off in some woman's bed at that time!"

Calista did not want to talk about the past any longer. She fell silent. In his anger, Lucian dragged her out by the wrist and left Riverside Manor.

When the car got onto the main road, Calista said, "You can stop here. I'll get a cab home."

Lucian did not look at her. He continued driving. "You're going back to the Stansend Manor tonight. Mom has been asking for you."

"Is her report out?" Hearing this, Calista decided not to get out of the car. She was worried about Selena as well.

Lucian did not want to talk much. "We'll only get the results of some tests tomorrow."

It was late when they got home. Selena was waiting for them. She had heard that they were coming home. When she saw Calista, she took her hand in concern. "Are you hungry? Macy made some stew. I'll go get some for you."

"Mom." Calista stopped her. "I can get it myself."
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Afraid that Selena would sense something wrong, she also brought out a bowl for Lucian.

Selena rolled her eyes. "Don't waste good stew on him!"

She still remembered the hickey on his neck that was probably made by another woman.

Lucian laughed. "That's not fair, Mom."

"It's fair enough that I haven't beaten you to death!"

Once Calista finished eating, Selena went back upstairs to sleep, as she couldn't stay up too late. Before she left, she told Calista, "You shouldn't loosen the reins on him. Men sometimes need some strong handling."

She wasn't worried about other women, but Lily was something else. She'd seen what she was capable of.

Selena's description of her son amused Calista. At the same time, she felt warmed by it.

Her mother had passed away when she was young, while her father was just scum.

After she had married Lucian, Selena had given her the familial love that she never had.

She would have liked to stay by Selena if she could. But once they were divorced, they would no longer be family.

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Back in their room, Calista took a shower. After that, she grabbed some extra blankets from the closet while Lucian was in the bathroom and threw them on the sofa.

When Lucian came out, he raised an eyebrow at the blankets on the sofa before getting into bed.

On the bed, Calista frowned at him. "You're sleeping on the sofa."

If they were getting divorced, then there was no need to share a bed.

Lucian looked at her and laughed in disdain. "If I sleep on the sofa, then you can divorce me on the grounds that you're not satisfied."

"It wouldn't be because I'm not satisfied. It would be because you have erectile dysfunction," Calista corrected him earnestly. "You're the one who can't satisfy me. I will remarry someday, so watch what you're saying. I don't want my future husband to get the wrong idea."

"Remarry?" Lucian scoffed. "Who are you going to marry? Paul?"