

## Chapter 59 It Seems Like Mrs. Northwood Is Experienced

Rather than supporting her, he more or less dragged her along the way. Calista was already drinking, and her head turned dizzy.

The contract had already been signed, and she had played her part. They were likely going to go their separate ways now.

She thought herself to be quite patient. She wouldn't have been able to endure Lucian's behavior if she were ill-tempered.

But still, she wasn't a saint. She couldn't tolerate his unreasonable behavior unconditionally.

"Our deal is over. Answering questions like this counts as overtime. Right now, I'm not in the mood for it, so keep your questions to yourself."

She waved her hand away and walked toward the stairs. Although the room was on the sixth floor, whereas the restaurant was on the second, she would rather climb four stories than be alone with him.

Lucian watched as she left with a smirk tugging on his lips. As she was about to leave his reach, he reached out again and pulled her back.

At this moment, the elevator doors opened, and Lucian

pulled Calista into his embrace. Their eyes met with the people inside the elevator.

Paul looked at the two of them, sensing that something was off. A hint of surprise flickered in his usually gentle eyes.

He had been friends with Lucian for a long time, and this was the second time he saw him wear that expression. Lucian wore a dark expression, and his resentment was written all over his face.

Paul's arm ached at the thought of the last time Lucian acted that way. His arm still hadn't fully recovered from when Lucian dislocated it.

But Paul quickly regained his composure and nodded to them.

"Lucian, Calista."

Calista smiled at him, stepped inside the elevator, and put their fight on pause. She didn't want Paul to see the cracks in her marriage.

Besides, he was the one who had advised her not to marry Lucian in the first place. Now, her ignorance had come back to bite her.

After pressing the button for the sixth floor, she retreated into a corner, maintaining a considerable distance from Lucian.

The business deal was successful, and her debt had been

paid off. It would only take her half a day to get her divorce certificate from a courthouse. Then, she would be rid of him.

Lucian's dark eyes fixed on her boldly. His face was filled with displeasure.

"You mentioned this club is well-known for its service. It seems you're quite familiar with it. Do you know it from personal experience?"

There were only three people in the elevator, and it was quiet. So Lucian's voice came out of the blue for Calista.

This was an awkward conversation to hold before others. Calista was so embarrassed she couldn't look Paul in the face.

The club's services were well-known, and it was easy to get the wrong idea about it. Moreover, this club truly had a reputation for shady activities.

She had heard complaints from Yara many times. Lucian spoke slowly and clearly, trying to get on her nerves with each word.

"What type of men do you ask for?"

Calista had initially intended to play dumb, but upon hearing this, she couldn't hold back and retorted, "Definitely not men like you."

Paul coughed lightly beside them, unsure if he felt awkward or amused. Calista glanced at him instinctively.

It was merely a subconscious reaction unrelated to emotions. But Lucian, whose head was filled with corrupted thoughts, clearly thought otherwise.

Calista could see the mockery and malicious taunt in his cold gaze. She could imagine what he wanted to say.

"Is Paul your type? Do you want me to ask the manager to find someone like him for you?"

Just thinking about it was driving her crazy! Calista pondered how to shut his mouth when the elevator stopped on the sixth floor.

She walked out without hesitation. She almost ran as she vanished from their sight. Thankfully, Lucian didn't follow.

She opened her door, inserted the room card into the power outlet, and placed her bag on the table. Then, she went to the bathroom to freshen up.

An hour had already passed by the time she was done. She had a warm bath and completed her skincare routine.

Sitting on the bed, she applied body lotion while on a video call with Yara. She was very relaxed and joyful.

"The contract has been signed."

"Does that mean you don't have to pay back the three million dollars?"

"Yeah. I won't have to stay up all night working like crazy

anymore. Otherwise, I was afraid I'd have to bury myself before I could pay off my debt."

Calista was free of any burden as she breathed a sigh of relief.

"When are you coming back?" Yara sounded even happier than her. "I'll book a restaurant right now and invite some people to celebrate that you've finally broken free from Lucian!"

Calista chuckled.

"Isn't that too much?"

"I think it's not even enough. If I weren't broke, I would have booked you a hotel with a buffet. Then, I'd invite all the eligible men around me and let you take your pick."


"The eligible men around you? Kevin, Bobby, and Jeff?"

Both of them couldn't hold it in and burst into laughter. Just as they were joking around, there was some rustling outside the door, followed by a click. Someone was coming in.

Calista's expression turned grim. Her brows furrowed in annoyance.

"I have to hang up. Lucian probably went to ask the staff for a key card."

While putting on her shoes, she grumbled, "How can a grown man be so petty? He's still trying to argue with me at this

 +20 BONUS

late hour."

Lucian couldn't pester her because Paul was there earlier. After all, he didn't want to tarnish his reputation. Now, he was back at it again. It was just a casual remark. Why was he so persistent about it?

Calista, dressed in pajamas, walked towards the door. However, before she could reach the door, someone pushed it open. However, it wasn't Lucian.



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