

Chapter 68 Men All Around Her

Calista, assuming that Lucian was acting up again, rolled her eyes and walked away.

It was a man's inherent possessiveness at play. They couldn't tolerate anyone coveting what belonged to them. What was theirs was also not permitted to take a fancy to anybody else.

She understood that much. Even if Lucian appeared jealous, she wasn't fazed. But, before she had even taken a few steps, he grabbed her by the arm.

The man's grip was powerful. It felt as if he intended to crush her wrist! She clicked her tongue. Her brows were furrowed in pain. Even her voice sounded strained.

"Let go."

It was only then that he regained his senses. He loosened his grip slightly but didn't let go. The look on his face was icy.

"Come," he tersely said.

"I'm at work ..."

However, Lucian didn't give her the right to refuse. He dragged her along.

"You married my sister, Mr. Northwood. You didn't give her any money?"

Nikolette's accusatory words could be heard from behind them. Anyone who was not in the know would assume that this was a display of sisterly affection.

It looked as if Nikolette was helping her fight against a scumbag. Calista stopped in his tracks and tilted his head slightly.

In truth, Nikolette was afraid of him. But, she was going out of her way to make Calista uncomfortable. Ultimately, she decided to bite the bullet and go for it.

"My sister couldn't even fork out 100 thousand dollars for a painting. She's relying on other men to pay for it in her place. Are you mistreating her, Mr. Northwood?"

Lucian cast a cold glance at Nikolette. It was as if she were a cockroach in the gutter that refused to leave them alone.

Then, his gaze landed on the painting Calista held.

"Paul paid for it?" he casually asked.

It wasn't a mind-boggling revelation. It was an easy guess based on their conversation.

"I bought it myself."

Calista didn't want to involve Paul in the matter and patiently explained, "Paul only helped by being the middleman. If you don't believe me ..."

Lucian thought she would have him go ask around himself.

But, her expression turned cold. She forcefully extricated herself from his grip.

"Well, there's nothing I can do about it."

She turned away and left for the exhibition area. That was when her phone began to ring. She took it out and failed to notice the man following close behind her.

Or perhaps she knew but didn't care to acknowledge him.

She wore a pair of soft-soled ballet flats today. Lucian was over a head taller than her. He could see the caller's name flashing on the screen by simply lowering his head.

"First, it was Paul. Now, it's Bryan. You have quite an interesting personal life, don't you, Mrs. Northwood?"

There was irony in his tone. Anger was boiling within him. He was a man. He knew best what a man's intentions were. In any case, the way Bryan looked at Calista was far from innocent.

Calista and Bryan got along well. But, that was only during work hours. They had no interactions in private. She was certain he was calling for something work-related.

She intended to answer the call after shaking Lucian off. But, the man was determined to stick to her as if he were her shadow. She had enough.

"I'm working. Stop following me."

Lucian smiled coldly.

"What's wrong? Am I interrupting your date with him?"

She held back her anger. She couldn't be bothered with his delusions and answered the call.

"Bryan? What is ..."

Before she could finish, her phone was taken away by a hand reaching overhead. She turned around to see Lucian hanging up the call with a gloomy expression. He also switched off her phone.

He grabbed her hand and dragged her out.

She frowned and attempted to push him away. But, her efforts were to no avail. The man dragged her out of the sales area.

She gritted her teeth and spoke determinedly, "I'm at work. I can't leave."

"What? Are you telling me some rich kid organized this organization and can't even hire cleaners for it? Do they need outside help that badly?"

He, of course, knew she wasn't a cleaner. He was mocking her because he was upset. As they passed the stairway, Paul happened to be coming downstairs. He noticed the visibly tense atmosphere between the pair and raised a brow.

"Weren't you waiting on the second floor?"

"You were gone for a while. So, we came downstairs to take a look."

As the men conversed between themselves, Lucian handed Calista a blank check. She was taken aback.

Was this a breakup fee? Was he saying she could fill it with any amount she wanted? Lucian saw through her with a single glance and scoffed.

"You owe me millions. Do you think you have the right to ask me for a breakup fee? Who do you think you are? Pay the money back to Paul."

She cursed him internally but remained calm on the outside. She didn't take the offered check.

"I'll pay him back myself."

His gaze bore right into her. The look in his eyes was glacial

"Oh, so you're rich now, huh? I suppose you don't mind paying off the three million dollars then. I'll call up Timothy tomorrow ..."

The mere mention of the name sent a chill down her spine. She snatched the blank check out of Lucian's hand and filled it in.

She was tempted to add a few more zeros to the sum just to see how he would react! But, it was just a simple thought.

The debt would ultimately make its way back to her if she did it.

She handed the check to Paul.

"Thank you for your help, Paul."

Her voice was gentle. She offered him a faint smile.

It was a complete shift from the way she acted around Lucian. She was like a hedgehog out to stab him. The contrast was extreme! 1


Lucian's gaze was icy as he stood calmly by the wayside. Paul didn't decline. He was unable to get a word in after accepting the check when the man led her away. He was rendered speechless.

It was cold outside the venue. It had been drizzling that morning. And now the rain had intensified. Lucian's car was parked a short distance away. Despite that, Calista's clothes were thoroughly drenched.

She couldn't help but shiver from the cold once she got into the car. She took a few tissues to wipe the water from her face.

"If you have something to say, please hurry it up. I still have to get back to work. Give me my phone."

She didn't know if Bryan had contacted her for something urgent. The man narrowed his eyes as he stared at her.

 +20 BONUS


Due to the rain, the woman's face had turned pale from the cold. Even her lips were tinged blue. The impatience in her eyes was as clear as day.

He was in a daze. He thought about the smile she had directed toward Paul. He hadn't seen her smile that way in a long time.

The woman who used to be eager to see him now lacked the patience to have a proper conversation with him. She was either sarcastic toward him or eager to keep her distance from him.

He pressed his lips into a thin line and started up the car. He turned up the air conditioning to the highest possible setting. But, because the engine's temperature had yet to rise, the air that came out of the vents was cold.

Calista was about to blow up with anger as she shivered from the cold. But, he reduced the setting again and turned the air outlet in a different direction.

After a while, he spoke softly, "Why didn't you ask me for money if you don't have any?" 

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