

## Chapter 69 Stop Clinging Onto Me

Calista gave him a look of disbelief.

"We're getting a divorce soon. Why would I call for someone who's going to be my ex-husband soon to back me up? Do I look that crazy?"

What was most important was that a ruthless businessman like Lucian would never act as a shield for free. He would take a pound of flesh in return even if he did.

She didn't want to add to the already massive debt of three million dollars.

Lucian pulled out of the parking lot as she was speaking. He had a cigarette in his mouth. He narrowed his eyes and gave her a mocking smile.

"So, you don't want me there to back you up but, you're fine with Paul being there instead."

She took a deep breath. She already knew that was what he was caught up on.

"Our marriage had always been business from the start, Lucian. The so-called deal is that we put up an act when we're together. But in private, we don't interfere with each other's lives. When the contract expires, we part ways."

"So?"

"So," A bold smile spread across her stunning features before vanishing quickly, "who I get to back me up is none of your business. I didn't stop you when you went out of your way to be a lapdog."

That seemed to strike a nerve. There was a fierce look in his eyes as he stared at her. It seemed the term "lapdog" was far too crude and unworthy of his standing.

"Are you saying you want to be Paul's lapdog? Is that why you refuse to introduce Nikolette to him?"

When it came to Nikolette, Calista repeated herself, "She's not up to his standards."

"Is it just because she's not up to his standards? Or are you unable to let go?"

The car suddenly screeched to a halt. Lucian turned to look at her with a mocking smile. He sneered at the memory of what happened in the past.

"If it weren't for that watch, you wouldn't have mistaken me for Paul. Perhaps you would've never been in my bed at all."

This time, she met his gaze unflinchingly and answered, "That's true."

Back then, she and Lucian barely knew one another. They only shared brief interactions because of their connection to Paul.

With how detached they were, she would have never approached him no matter how desperate she was, let alone sleep with him.

Besides, someone of Lucian's social standing wasn't easy to take down.

That night, Calista had learned that Paul was out drinking at a bar. She wanted to ask him if he considered the marriage agreement.

They had only discussed it that morning. But she couldn't wait any longer. The vicious debt collectors could take her away at any time and sell her abroad for money.


So, she had the bartender do her a favor. The bartender was to offer Paul alcohol and bring him to a room that she had prepared in advance.

But, it was her first time doing something of the sort. She had to drink to build up her courage. That was how she ended up drunk before the man ever arrived in the room.


Then, someone carried her. In her haze, she recognized the watch on the person's wrist belonging to Paul. It was a custom-made watch, making it one of a kind. That was what triggered the events that followed.

"I already said no. But why did you ..."


She later realized that the man was Lucian. She immediately admitted that she had gotten the wrong person. If he hadn't

forced himself on her, none of this would've happened. She would've never become his wife! 

She glared hatefully at him. He was such a despicable man!

Lucian, however, asked in a joking tone, "Why did I what? Have sex with you? You don't know men at all, Calista. Why would I reject what is offered?" 


"How dare you ..."

"I had no interest in you back then. But, you calling another man's name while lying beneath me managed to stir up my desire to conquer." 

As he spoke, he suddenly leaned in and crashed his lips onto hers.

It was fierce. His hand was clasped firmly onto the back of the woman's head. His grip restrained her from breaking free. It was as if he wanted to swallow her whole.

Calista had not expected him to suddenly kiss her. It left her frozen for a few seconds before she began to struggle.

Having just smoked a cigarette, his breath smelled of tobacco. It made her want to cough but she couldn't make a sound. 

Her struggles seemed to only fuel him further. In her panic, she looked into his eyes and saw desire in his eyes. The narrow car interior felt as if it were on fire. The heat left her body weak. She hardened her heart and bit down!

"Ah!"

Lucian stopped and immediately released her. He wiped at the wound on his lip with the back of his hand. The movement was as devilish as it was sexy.

The place he rubbed against was tinged faintly red. Sure enough, blood had been drawn. Calista, meanwhile, was rubbing at her lips with tissues.

She showed obvious disgust at having been kissed without warning. Neither of them shared a romantic moment since the day they were married. To her, the behavior was laughable!

"What exactly do you want, Lucian? You've been clinging onto me like superglue."

"Superglue? Clinging onto you?"

"Look at you. You're dragging out the divorce and refusing to see it through. You're always pestering me even while I'm at work. What are you if you're not some kind of glue?"

"Which one are you? Crazy or delusional? To think you have such ridiculous thoughts." the man snorted at her disdainfully. He licked his lips. "You're the wife I bought for three million dollars. Surely, I'm allowed to indulge myself."

The three million dollars were just superficial numbers. The debt that the Everharts owed far exceeded that amount.

"We had a deal. So, show me an advantage that others don't have the luxury of experiencing. Otherwise, it'll feel like the money I spent has gone to waste."

Calista knew that he wouldn't hold back with his words. It would be odd to expect something decent to come out of such a filthy mouth!

Sure enough, Lucian began to speak, "For example, how you can please me."

Her breaths grew erratic with how angry she had become.


She looked down ... She could see that the man didn't show any reaction. It wasn't that he couldn't perform. It was that she could not pique his interest at all. His words were nothing more than a means to humiliate her.

She was more inclined to believe it was the latter. After all, she had seen for herself if he could do it or not back at Stansend Manor. The incident left her with a sore lower back.

Of course, she couldn't rule out the possibility that he had been under the influence of some substance back then.

She raised a brow and said, "I might as well try to please a dog instead of you. At least the dog shows its appreciation."

His eyes turned cold in an instant. His gaze radiated a chill that was intent on crushing her.

 +20 BONUS

"Since you like dogs so much, why don't I get you one? Show me how you can please the dog and get it to show you his appreciation then, huh?"



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