

Chapter 72 A Vicious Slap

Calista's neck was turning red from his fingers and she stirred in her sleep from the pain. She groggily cracked her eyes open to see who was in front of her.

When she realized who it was, she frowned and grumbled unhappily, "Lucian ... don't touch me,"

The effect of her words was instantaneous. The only sound left in the room was the sound of their breaths. Lucian had still been able to keep his anger in check but right now, he had reached his limit.

Fury was radiating off him in waves as he yanked her towards him again and pinned her to the bed.

"You won't let me touch but you would let Paul touch you? I don't know if I should compliment you for being smart for knowing how to make a man submit to you or if I should call you stupid. Out of all the men in this city, why did you have to choose my friend? Or do you think that I would choose a woman like you over my friend?"

Calista didn't answer. She was completely pinned down by him, and she looked as if she had fallen asleep again.

Lucian's gaze fell on her crimson cheeks. He swallowed before impatiently pulling apart the top three buttons of his shirt. Suddenly, there was the sound of pounding on her

front door.

A man's deep voice called out, "Calista, are you in there?"

It was Paul! Lucian's expression darkened. If she weren't unconscious right now, he wanted to make her cry!

A few minutes later, Lucian went to open the door as Paul seemed to be quite frantic outside of the house. Paul was just about to knock again when Lucian opened the door.

Paul paused in confusion when he saw who had opened the door for him.

"Lucian?"

He took one look at Lucian's shirt with its top buttons forcefully ripped open and thought that he had once again disturbed the both of them.

"Since you're here, I'm guessing Calista is alright as well. We won't bother the both of you anymore."

Paul had not come alone. Behind him stood a doctor. Lucian stepped aside and motioned for the both of them to enter.

"Come in. She's sick and has a high fever. It would be good if the doctor could give her some medicine."

Paul didn't refuse. That was the reason why he had come by with a doctor in the first place after all.

He had already had a feeling that Calista wasn't feeling well

when they were talking over the phone just now.

To prevent any awkwardness, Paul didn't follow the doctor into Calista's room and sat in the living room with Lucian as they both waited for the doctor.

Lucian passed him a cigarette and they both walked to the window.

"Did she call you to tell you that she was sick?" Lucian asked.

Paul shook his head.

"No. I had something I needed her help with but she didn't sound well over the phone."

Lucian stared at him for a few seconds before lazily smiling. The smoke from his cigarette billowed up into his face, making his expression hard to read.

"Why are you so worried about her? Is it because you regret not helping her in the past?" he asked.

"I can't say I regret it but I feel at least sorry for her. The money that she asked to borrow from me that time was not a small amount ... but I also didn't expect her to be in such dire need of that money ..."

Paul also hadn't expected her to look for Lucian for the money before he had even managed to agree to her request.

"So, are you courting her now as a way to make up for what

you didn't do in the past?" Lucian asked.

Paul furrowed his eyebrows. He couldn't tell if Lucian was just teasing him or if he was being serious.

Regardless, he flashed a mild smile before he replied, "I didn't take you for an overthinker."

In the room, Calista was slowly starting to wake up. She silently lay in bed as she waited for the doctor to give her a shot.

The bedroom door was still open and she could hear the conversation of the two men outside. She had no interest at all in their discussion. That was all in the past.

The fever had made her head spin and her body ache, which drained her energy. As such, she fell asleep again not long after. The pricking of the needle into her skin barely even made her flinch.

Just as Calista was about to fall asleep, she heard Paul's voice.

"The recording from that time ... were you the one who sent it?"

Just that one question was enough to make Calista jolt back awake. Calista forced herself to stay awake and listen to the conversation.

Her heart ached when she thought back to how badly she was affected after the recording was exposed. At that time,

her mental state had suffered a big hit from the criticism online.

It was almost enough for her to take her own life. She had also been medicated because of that incident for a long time before she could finally regulate her emotions again.

However, she had always thought that Paul was the one who had leaked that recording which was why she never thought to investigate the matter further but now ...

From the window, Lucian's voice was casual as he replied, "Who told you that?"

"No one told me. I investigated the matter but didn't find any substantial leads. I just happened to think about it again today which is why I'm asking you. After all ... you were there that day as well," Paul replied.

That day Calista went to look for him, he had been discussing some matters with Lucian. At that time, Paul had thought that Calista was looking for him because she needed his help.

As such, he had asked Lucian to sit in the waiting area behind the partition.

The seconds ticked by but Lucian didn't reply. However, to Calista, his silence was a confession. She bit her lip angrily.

Leaking a recording to the press ... she hadn't expected Lucian to stoop so low. He was worse than an animal!

Just then, the medication the doctor had injected into her body started to take effect and she was lulled back to sleep. Calista shut her eyes and thought that if she wasn't so weak right now, she would beat up that sorry excuse of a man!

What a piece of trash!

Calista's sickness subsided while she slept and when she woke up again, it was already the next day. The sky was already bright when she woke up and she raised a hand to touch her forehead.

She no longer had a fever and her head was no longer pounding. However, her body was still feeling quite weak. She stared at the ceiling as she thought back to her memories from last night.

Specifically, she thought back to the conversation that Lucian and Paul had outside of her bedroom. There was the sound of footsteps from her living room which eventually stopped right outside of her bedroom door.

Calista could feel someone's piercing gaze on her and she turned to see who it was. Her eyes met with Lucian's dark ones which were currently staring at her expressionlessly.

He looked exhausted and there was also some stubble on his chin. He was still wearing the clothes from last night and his shirt and slacks were both crumpled.

Calista was stunned. She hadn't expected Lucian to still be here. Lucian frowned and his voice was raspy.

"Get up if you're awake. Stop acting like you're dying. No one is going to take pity on you." 1

His words were harsh but there was no ill intent behind them. He sounded more like a petulant child than anything else. Calista simply stared at him and didn't move.

She had to admit that Lucian had a face that made women's hearts race. His looks were refined and he also had an elegant air with which he carried himself. It was just too bad that his personality was terrible.

Seeing her lie motionless on the bed made his expression darken and he walked towards her.

"What? Do you think that you're a princess? Are you expecting me to serve you? I took care of you the entire night last night, shouldn't I get a 'Thank You' at the very least?"

He bent towards her as if he were about to carry her but before he could even touch her, her palm had viciously struck his face.