

Chapter 81 Driven Mad by Lucian

Was she being driven mad by Lucian? She had started sleepwalking.

After finishing her morning routine, Calista visited the doctor to confirm that Lucian was fine. Then, she proceeded to complete the discharge procedures.

"Are you going back alone, or should I call Mr. Whitman to pick you up?"

Lucian leaned against the bedhead.

He sneered, "The doctor said I can leave?"

Lucian was watched overnight due to a minor injury on his forehead. Calista wanted nothing more than to get rid of this troublesome guy quickly, so she restrained her usual sharp tongue and repeated the doctor's advice.

"Yes. Refrain from wetting the wound until it heals, and avoid alcohol and spicy foods."

It was now winter, and not washing his hair for a few days wouldn't result in any significant odor. However, it would certainly pose a challenge for someone as fastidious about cleanliness as Lucian.

Lucian lazily remarked, "But I still feel dizzy."

Calista frowned and stared at him cautiously. She felt that

Lucian was up to something.

"What do you want then?"

"You move back to Everglade Manor."

"Impossible," Calista replied without hesitation.

"There are no servants at home, and there's no one to pour me a glass of water. You wouldn't want me to return to Stansend Manor with this injury and have Macy care for me, would you?" Lucian retorted.

Calista responded indifferently, "I won't be your water server, and don't even dream about any other assistance. As for going back to Stansend Manor ..."

She flashed Lucian a sly grin, feigning a somewhat insincere smile.

"You're welcome to. It's your mother's home, after all. Why should I hold any responsibility if you're not worried about troubling her? Besides, you didn't build the Empire State Building just for me."

Last night, she had wanted to go out for a late-night snack but hadn't. Calista was so hungry that she felt like she hadn't eaten in days and didn't have the energy to keep arguing with him.

"If you want to stay here indefinitely, that's fine. I can hire a nurse for you. I am a responsible person," she muttered.

It was a private hospital with plenty of beds and relatively few patients. Lucian could stay here indefinitely without worrying about money. Lucian's expression turned grim.

"Calista, where are you going? I'm hungry!"

"Did I kidnap the chef or blow up the hospital cafeteria? If you're hungry, go downstairs and eat. Look at how spoiled you've become."

Calista had always catered to Lucian for the past three years. She would order food or cook for him. She used to pamper him as if he was a king.

But did he still expect her to treat him like royalty now that they were getting a divorce?

Calista took a taxi straight home. Feeling groggy after a sleepless night, she stopped at a supermarket to grab a pack of instant noodles for a quick meal and some much-needed rest.

However, she didn't expect to see Lucian standing at her door when she got home. Wasn't he supposed to be going home or to work at Northwood Corporation?

"Why are you here?"

"Well, you're here, so why wouldn't I be? I'm injured now and need someone to take care of me. You're my wife, and caring for me is your duty."

Did he expect Calista to be his caretaker?

Calista chuckled in exasperation, "You remember you have a wife only when you're injured? Did you ever consider that you had a wife when you were pouring money and resources into Lily ..."

Lucian frowned.

"I never gave her any money."


"Oh."

Calista had long stopped caring whether he had given Lily money or not.

Given Lily's independent nature, she would have opted for something other than the more challenging path of going abroad to establish her career if she had accepted financial support from Lucian.

Instead, she would have chosen a position that matched her status and openly stood by Lucian's side with Selena's approval.

But all of that was irrelevant to Calista now. She just wanted to finish eating quickly and get some rest.

Lucian reached out and caught the door as she was about to close it. He pushed it open and walked straight in. His eyes swept around the apartment. 

While Paul didn't live here, the decor was according to his

preference. Even the ornaments on the table bore some resemblance to his taste.

The aromatherapy accessory that Calista had used to hit him on the head last night was still on the floor. Although the dried blood had turned dark red, it was still clearly visible on the floor.

Lucian kicked the aromatherapy accessory to the side of the trash can.

"When do you plan to move out of here?" he asked.

Calista was changing her shoes and didn't see what Lucian was doing.

"I've paid the rent. Why should I move?"

Calista didn't bother to argue with Lucian. She couldn't prevent him from barging in if he was determined to do so, and it would save her some energy if she stopped resisting.

"Do you think Paul cares about your rent?"

Calista ignored him. She sat on the couch and began making instant noodles, lost in thought as she waited for the water to boil.

Lucian sternly said, "I'm a patient. Yet you plan to feed me instant noodles?"

"No," Calista replied without looking at him.

Lucian's expression slightly softened at the reply.

Calista continued, "These are for me. If you want to eat, make your own."

Lucian was at a loss for words. He remembered how Calista would frequently prepare lavish meals for him at Everglade Manor, even though she knew he wouldn't eat them.

However, she couldn't offer him a second serving of instant noodles now. The contrast in her treatment of him was stark.

Lucian gritted his teeth and asked sarcastically, "Is this how you treat Paul, too?"

"He doesn't have your audacity to beg for food," Calista replied as she opened the packaging lid and began eating her instant noodles.

Lucian wasn't particularly fond of such food, but he was feeling hungry at the moment, too.

Calista continued to ignore him. After finishing her noodles, Calista returned to her room to catch up on some sleep, leaving Lucian to his own devices.

She slept for quite a while, and it wasn't until the afternoon that Paul's call interrupted her.

"Calista, as we discussed, I need your help with something related to my grandfather's collection. Do you have time tonight?"

"Yes," she replied.

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They agreed on a meeting place. Calista got up and freshened up. She noticed Lucian was no longer in the living room, but she didn't mind it. It would have been strange if he had been sitting there for hours.

Clutching her toolbox, Calista stepped out the door and instinctively reached for her keys, but they were gone. A curse escaped her lips. Lucian had taken the keys!