

Chapter 25 A New Boyfriend Every Week

"He's got no interest in you. Even if he does, he won't marry you either. No one in Capeton would dare marry a woman I divorced," Lucian said.

Calista was livid. She turned and glared at him. "If you think this excuse would ruin your reputation, you can come up with something else! Something like your wife is disgusted every time she sees you and cannot get turned on, so your married life is unfulfilled!"

"Calista Everhart ..." Lucian looked murderous as he gritted out her name.

Worried that he might lose control of his temper and do something rash, Calista softened. "Whatever it is, we have to get divorced eventually. No other married couples are like us."

The thought of the past three years of marriage made her upset. All of her smiles were returned with coldness. All of her home-cooked meals ended up in the trash without a second glance. All these grievances overwhelmed her.

Lucian looked at Calista. Her eyes were red, but she had a look of stubborn determination on her.

He swallowed. All of a sudden, he felt irritable.

He closed his eyes and lay down. "Go to sleep."

In his arms, Calista's face was pressed into his chest. She was surrounded by his scent. This was the first time that he had held her as they slept. In the past, they kept a respectable distance between them at night.

At first, Lucian's body was cold as he had just stepped out of the shower. However, it didn't take long for him to warm up again. In fact, Calista felt like she was hugging a hot water bottle.

It wasn't very comfortable for her. She wriggled, trying to turn so that she had her back to him.

Lucian frowned and raised his voice hoarsely. "Stop moving. Sleep."

Calista was sweating. She did not hear the abnormality in his tone. "Get off me. I'm not comfortable."

She raised her leg to kick him away, but she felt her knee brush against something. She froze.

"You ..."

Lucian's voice was impassive. "Mrs. Northwood, I'm not interested in you, but I do not have erectile dysfunction. If you keep moving, I'll take that as an invitation. You're boring, but it's better than nothing."

If Lucian ever got murdered and dumped in a field, it would be because of his stupid mouth.

Calista stared at the hickey on his neck. It was fading fast. It would probably be gone by tomorrow.

"Maybe you should find the woman that gave you that hickey and leave me alone."

Almost as soon as she finished speaking, Lucian kissed her neck. It wasn't a normal kiss. He sucked at her skin as well.

Pained, Calista pushed him away. "What's wrong with you, Lucian?"

He let go of her. "You've never had a boyfriend before me, have you?"

Calista did not know what he was trying to say. She gritted her teeth and said, "If I knew I would end up marrying you, I'd have a new boyfriend every week!"

She touched the place where he had kissed her. He'd probably left a mark, that lunatic. It was summer, so her clothes were too low-cut to cover it up.

Lucian scoffed. "So you have no experience. Let me show you what a real hickey looks like so you don't go around thinking every red mark on someone's neck is a hickey. Get your mind out of the gutter."

Calista was stunned. What did he mean?

The mark on his neck wasn't a hickey?

Either way, he still shouldn't do that to her.
They were going to get divorced soon!

Calista turned away from Lucian and ignored him. She closed her eyes and forced herself to go to sleep.

Lucian looked at her sleeping figure from behind. He had to admit that she felt good in his arms, so soft and vulnerable that he could feel the heat of lust rising inside him. He took a deep breath and suppressed it.

Lucian and Calista went to the hospital the next day to get Selena's medical report.

The doctor frowned as he looked at the report.

Calista had a bad feeling. "Is there something wrong, doctor?"

"The tests show that the patient has developed heart conditions due to prolonged high blood pressure. Her fever is caused by a weakened immune system due to prior health conditions."

Calista got the point. Selena had heart conditions. "Is there a cure?"

"There's no cure for heart conditions caused by high blood pressure. All we can do is alleviate the symptoms. Mrs. Northwood will need to

watch her diet and exercise regularly. Most importantly, she cannot get too emotional."

In other words, this was a chronic disease that required a lot of attention.

Calista sighed when they exited the hospital. She glanced at her watch. If only it were Monday. Then they would be able to go to the City Hall.

"When are we going to get divorced?" she asked impatiently.

"Why? Can't wait?"

Of course, she couldn't wait. It should have happened a long time ago.

Calista gritted her teeth and braced her temper. She suspected that Lucian was dragging the divorce out on purpose.

"I think Lily is the one who can't wait. You should keep her on a leash to make sure she stays by your side. After all, she just came back from abroad. Who's to say she won't leave you again?"

Lucian gave her a cold look. "Only dogs are leashed."

"That makes two of you, then," Calista thought to herself. She did not dare to say it out loud, fearing Lucian would hit her.

Soon, Jonathan drove the car around. Lucian

told Calista to get in, but she refused.

"I'm taking a cab home," she said, frowning. "I'm giving you until Monday. I hope we can do this amicably. After all, we've been husband and wife for three years. There's no need to take this to court and make it public."

"Are you threatening me?" Lucian narrowed his eyes, his expression cold. "If I refuse to settle the divorce, are you going to get a lawyer and sue me?"

Calista did not answer him, but her silence was acquisition enough.

Lucian scoffed. "You still have a lot of things left at home," he said, frowning irritably. "Playing hard-to-get could only get you so far. It's getting annoying."

Calista rolled her eyes, unable to resist it anymore. How could he still think that she was playing hard-to-get at this point?

"Lucian, have you been looking at yourself in the mirror too much lately?" she asked. How narcissistic could a person become? "I don't want any of that anymore. You can throw them out or burn them. I don't care."

Lucian scoffed. "We're getting divorced. What makes you think I'll deal with your trash for you? Clean up your mess. Then, we'll talk about the divorce."

"Just ask Sally to throw them out."

Sally was one of the staff at Everglade Manor. She was great at cleaning out unwanted items.

Lucian was unamused. "Calista, you've never paid for anything around the house since we married. All the staff are under my payroll. How could you ask them to deal with your things?"

"Then I'll hire someone to clean it out."

"I don't like strangers in my house." 1

Calista's eye twitched. "What do you want, Lucian?" 1

Lucian did not speak. He just looked at her with a disdainful expression.

Calista sighed heavily and said nastily, "If you're so particular, you should live underground. Ghosts float, so not even footsteps will soil your house." 3

Lucian's expression fell. "Do you have a death wish?"