

Chapter 32 On the Couch

Lucian pursed his lips. The veins on his forehead pulsated visibly. He called out to her sternly. "Calista!"

Calista froze. Her heart trembled when she saw Lucian's terrifying gaze. "Are you serious? Why the anger? I'm only joking."

He clenched his teeth and said, "You're asking for trouble."

No one spoke for the rest of the journey. The atmosphere in the car became heavy and tense.

Jonathan was so intimidated. He slowed down the vehicle and navigated the road more cautiously.

Calista leaned against the car window again. She stared blankly at the scenery at night.

The car finally stopped at Everglade Manor.

Calista looked at the familiar villa in an off-white color before her. She lethargically pushed open the car door. She had lived alongside Lucian within these walls for three years after marriage.

It was also the very prison that had held her

captive for three long years. She had hoped to be a loving couple with him in the past.

But her heart was cold now. She only wanted a divorce.

It was tough to catch a taxi in upscale neighborhoods like this. Calista was a bit tipsy and couldn't drive. Also, Jonathan wouldn't listen if she asked him to take her home. It seemed she had to stay the night. Luckily, Lucian was visiting Lily, so she could consider it a night in a hotel.

Calista walked into the house in a daze. Footsteps approached from behind. She entered the living room and bent down to change her shoes.

Lucian stood behind her. He observed how her dress clung tightly to her body while bending. He was drawn to her sensuality.

Calista had fair skin. She was wearing an eye-catching bodycon dress. Her slender and elegant legs were on full display.

Lucian felt a surge of heat in his chest. Her provocative comment in the car earlier ignited a fire within him.

Throughout the years, numerous women had approached him. Some of whom were more

seductive and beautiful than Calista. He had never been interested in the women who undressed before him. 1

Lucian felt a burning sensation. It stemmed more from anger than desire.

Calista wasn't the woman he favored. But Lucian couldn't bear the idea of her yearning for other men. And to make matters worse, she had just compared the skills of other men in bed.

His jealousy ignited like wildfire. Lucian suppressed his rising anger. He wanted to take Calista upstairs, but he resisted the impulses.

Calista was unaware of the danger she was in. She changed her shoes and walked into the living room with half-closed eyes.

She planned to spend the night on the couch instead of the bedroom upstairs. She had bought the couch when she moved here. It was spacious and comfortable.

Calista was familiar with the house. She retrieved a thin blanket from a shelf and covered herself on the couch.

Suddenly, Lucian approached and stood tall above her on the couch. "Get up."

Calista turned to her side. She buried her face in

a cushion. She was too lazy to deal with him further.

Lucian's expression grew even more gloomy. He took off his wristwatch and unbuttoned his shirt. His attention remained fixed on Calista's body. "Or do you prefer to have sex on the couch?"

Calista was surprised by his abrupt question. Her temples pulsed. She turned her head and glared at him.

How could someone be so shameless and ask such a question so casually?

Her gaze lowered, landing on his well-defined chest muscles and then his toned abs.

Lucian's muscular build wasn't overly pronounced. Instead, his body had defined muscles like an agile leopard.

Just then, Calista snapped back to reality. She noticed that Lucian had already taken off his clothes!

She raised her voice, "Isn't Lily in a critical condition? Why aren't you visiting her but getting undressed instead?"

Lucian furrowed his brows. He did not answer her questions. Instead, he leaned down and

chuckled.

He reached out and held Calista's chin. He tilted her face toward him. "Threesome? It seems you know quite a bit. Have you watched or experienced it?"

Suppressed anger reflected in Lucian's eyes. Every word he spoke was filled with mockery.

Lucian roughly kissed Calista before she could finish talking. His action was a clear display of possession. The touch of his lips sent a tingling sensation through her skin with a hint of discomfort. The kiss wasn't affectionate.

Calista's thoughts moved sluggishly under the influence of alcohol. It was too late when she fully understood what was happening. The sound of fabric tearing filled the air as Lucian ripped her dress apart.

Calista's eyes widened. She struggled and shouted, "Lucian, don't touch me! Get away ..."

She couldn't stop him.

Lucian lowered his eyes. He tried to hide the turmoil brewing in his eyes. He remained cold and distant.

Calista was soon immobilized. She was unable to free herself from his grasp. The more she

struggled, the more he tried to control her. She gritted her teeth, trying to calm down.

As Lucian leaned in for another kiss, she turned to avoid his lips. She then said in an indifferent tone, "Twenty thousand dollars for a one-night stand. It will be deducted from the three million dollars."

Lucian stopped. His lips were just inches from hers.

The flames within Lucian's heart extinguished instantly. "Twenty thousand dollars? Women who priced this range possess elegance and skill. Calista, show me that your request is worth it." His tone was filled with disdain.

Calista wiped her lips fiercely with the back of her hand. It was uncertain whether her skin was scraped or from Lucian's biting. But each time she wiped, her lips left traces of blood on her hand.

"Given your terrible techniques and disrespect toward women, along with medical costs and emotional distress," Calista said, her frustration evident. She held out her bloodied hand to him. "Even including rabies vaccine expenses, twenty thousand dollars is quite a bargain for you!"

Chapter 32: On the Couch

Lucian's face darkened. His intense gaze bore into her, almost as if he could consume her entirely.

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