

Chapter 50 Lucian Lost His Temper

That night, Calista received a call from Lucian. She had already finished washing up and was ready to sleep.

She had stayed up several nights in a row, and tonight, after finally managing to get an early rest, she was disrupted by this phone call. She was upset.

"What do you want so late at night?"

"Open the door," Lucian uttered words before hanging up.

Calista was about to ask if he was out of his mind, but she got cut off. She wasn't going to comply anyway.

Calista tossed her phone aside, wondering if Lucian could figure out that her patience had run thin. Just as she closed her eyes, she heard banging on her front door.

There was a click, and her neighbor opened the door. Next door lived an elderly lady. Calista had seen her a few times before, and she didn't seem very approachable.

As expected, as soon as the old lady opened the door, she began to yell, "What are you doing in the middle of the night? Are you trying to wake everyone up? You're a grown man. Don't you have any sense of public decency?"

These apartments didn't have proper soundproofing, and the old lady had a sharp voice. Calista could hear everything

from her bedroom. 1

She couldn't hear what Lucian said. Perhaps this was the first time he had experienced this, so he was dumbfounded.

The old lady continued, "No more knocking, or I'll report you to the police for noise disturbance!"

Lucian's voice was calm yet convincing, "My wife lives here. She has severe depression, mania, and even schizophrenia. When she's having an episode, she might commit suicide or even murder. She got angry at me today, and I've been calling her for half an hour without any response ..."

He trailed off, but the old lady could imagine the gruesome scene.

She slapped her thigh, "Oh my, turns out she's a lunatic. You better break the door down to get her out, or I can call the property management to deal with this. What if she dies in there ..."

She hadn't finished her sentence when Calista opened the door, her face as dark as coal.

"Come in."

That bastard! How could she continue living there, being labeled as suicidal and a murderer in the future?

A smile tugged at the corner of Lucian's lips as he calmly entered the room. He showed no guilt about bad-mouthing others behind their back.

Calista furrowed her brows, impatiently asking, "What's the matter?"

The entrance was dimly lit, illuminated by the light from the living room. Lucian's gaze fell on her slender fingers.

"Don't you have anything to tell me?"

"Do I need to tell you anything?" Calista yawned.

Her eyes were filled with fatigue. It was evident she was quite tired.

"Just get straight to the point. I don't want to play your guessing games."

Lucian's gaze turned cold. He tried to keep his anger at bay and reminded her, "The morning after the birthday dinner."

As he spoke, his hand grabbed her hand, ignoring her protests. Her fingers were long and slender, with a thin callus on her thumb and index finger.

Calista couldn't break free from his hold, and she frowned in displeasure. She tried to recall the morning after the birthday dinner.

She instantly realized it was about the check Paul had given her. Had Lucian found out? At the same time, there was a sharp pain in her hand from his tight grip.

Calista's heart tightened, and she instinctively denied, "I didn't take his money."

She wasn't afraid that Lucian would break her fingers; she was more worried that the matter with the divorce would take another turn.

Lucian's words were laced with sarcasm, "Why should I believe you? Why would he give you money for no reason?"

"It's up to you to believe it or not. Also, even if I did ask him, it was a loan. I'll pay it back."

There's a fundamental difference between owing and borrowing. The thoughts that crossed Lucian's mind must have been even more degrading.

If she didn't correct him, he would probably insinuate that she should rather sell herself with his next words. Lucian's intense gaze fell on her.

Calista didn't know what was on his mind, but she could feel the tension in the atmosphere. She took a step back, freeing her hand.

"I would've rubbed Paul's money in your face long ago if I took his money and forced you to process the divorce papers with me in the morning."

This was the most convincing explanation. That was indeed her priority if she hadn't been short on money.

Lucian felt his temple throb, irritated by Calista's words. He took a deep breath, fearing he might lose his temper on her.

"Don't meet Paul again in the future."

Calista raised an eyebrow. Was that an order? That was out of control. She wasn't the one who initiated her meetings with Paul.

They just happened to run into each other at the same places. But if it weren't for Lucian, these encounters would have been much rarer.

"He's in your circle of friends. I'll be able to cut ties with him if you divorce me. I won't even run into him."

Capeton was so large it was not easy to run into someone frequently.

"Huh? Are you setting me up?"

Lucian chuckled lowly and pinned Calista against the wall.

"I'm telling the truth," Calista wasn't used to this proximity. She furrowed her brows and turned away. "I'm going to sleep. Leave if there's nothing else."

His tall build towered over her, putting them in a compromising position. She felt Lucian might just lean in for a kiss in a second.

Although this idea was presumptuous, he had attempted such outrageous acts before! Lucian noticed the disdain on her face, and his gaze faltered.

He shifted the topic with displeasure and said, "The person

in charge from the collaboration I mentioned last time has come to Capeton. Come with me on the trip, and we can forget about the three million."

Calista smiled coldly.

"Do you think I would believe that nonsense?"

She had overheard his conversation with Cade previously. Lucian could seal the deal with just a word if he wanted to.

As she spoke, she wrinkled her brows and attempted to push him away. Her contempt for their closeness was evident.

Lucian's face turned as dark as a storm. The anger stirred up by Paul's three million dollars began to surge. His hand gripped her waist, and his gaze was intense.


"There's no formal contract yet. Changes could happen at any time."


Calista rolled her eyes. What did these changes have to do with her?

She wouldn't even get her half of his assets after the divorce. On top of that, she had to pay him an extra three million dollars. She wouldn't mind if he went bankrupt.

Lucian narrowed his eyes. He couldn't believe she would roll her eyes at him.

"I'm not in the mood right now. How dare you ask other men

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for money behind my back? You have a minute to consider my offer to make it up to me." 

Calista felt like she had just heard the most laughable joke. Why did she have to make it up to him?

"Lucian, do you need me to take you to a neurologist to get your brain checked?"



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