

## Chapter 20 Begging Mrs. Northwood

The bedroom fell into a dead silence for a few seconds. A faint aroma of alcohol lingered in the air.

Only then did Lucian belatedly realize what Calista had said moments ago. She said, "Lucian, I feel like vomiting."

"Calista!" He gritted his teeth, calling out her name in anger. But eventually, he got up with an unpleasant expression. Then, he headed to the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Calista closed her eyes again. She was unconscious and unaware of her surroundings. She slept deeply until the following day.

The glaring daylight woke her up. Her eyes wandered around the unfamiliar ceiling. She tried to understand what was happening. Then, she realized she wasn't at her place.

Calista had a splitting headache from the hangover. She lifted her head and looked around. It seemed like she was in a hotel room.

Instinctively, she glanced at her clothes. The clothes she had worn yesterday had been replaced with an oversized men's shirt of luxurious fabric.

After three years of being Lucian's wife, she was familiar with his scent. She was sure the shirt belonged to him, even though she was the only one in the room.

Calista finished freshening up. However, she couldn't find her clothes when she looked around the bedroom. She decided to go outside and take a look.

She had been too drunk to remember what happened last night. But based on Lucian's lack of interest in her and the physical sensations she felt, Lucian had done nothing more than change her clothes.

Of course, she didn't believe he did it out of kindness. It was most likely he found her dirty. So, he wanted her to change.

Calista opened the door to leave the bedroom. Then, she heard a familiar voice from the living room.

It was Cade. "Paul is hosting a banquet at Riverside Manor tonight. Wanna join?"

Calista quickly pulled back her foot. She didn't expect anyone to be around. She was wearing only Lucian's shirt. There was nothing else underneath. It hardly covered her thighs.

As Calista closed the bedroom door, Lucian's gaze was drawn to her and her shirt. He narrowed his eyes, trying to absorb everything

he saw.

Cade noticed the change in his expression. He instinctively followed his gaze.

Lucian stepped forward. He abruptly blocked Cade's view. "Got it. You can leave now."

Cade nodded in understanding and looked away. He hummed to show he acknowledged his words. Then, he turned to leave the suite.

Inside the bedroom, Calista wrapped her nearly half-naked body in the blanket.

Lucian entered the room about thirty seconds later. When he saw her lying on the bed, fully dressed, he sneered, "Oh, suddenly modest, are we?"

Calista knew his intentions and the implication from their shared history. She didn't want to back down. So, she shot back, "People can be blind sometimes."

In the early days of their marriage, Lucian seemed to lack any interest in her. They shared a bed. But there was always space between them as they slept.

Later, the media caught him in Francia, but they didn't reveal the purpose of his visit. Calista knew he was seeing Lily. During that time, Lily had the opportunity to perform with a dance troupe while touring Francia.

Calista was deeply affected by the news. She stripped in front of Lucian the day he returned home. She was desperate to seduce him and salvage their marriage.

It had been more than two years. But she could still recall the contempt and disgust on Lucian's face.

He said, "Calista, I have no interest in women who throw themselves at me. I can arrange a few for you if you need a man."

She decided to leave those memories behind. They made her feel ashamed and embarrassed. If she could go back to that day, she would've kicked him off the bed after she smelled the fragrance on his clothes.

"Where are my clothes?" Calista asked, trying to change the subject.

With his towering height, Lucian gazed down at her. There was a moment of silence before he calmly said, "Go to Riverside Manor with me tonight."

Riverside Manor was Paul's home.

Calista frowned and replied, "I'm not going."

Paul's return was a complete surprise to her. And to her dismay, she wasn't invited to the banquet. Of course, Calista declined the invitation. She wanted to avoid encountering an

old acquaintance.

Besides, she didn't want to rekindle any past involvement with Lucian, especially since he was close to Paul.

"It's your duty as my wife to accompany me to this important banquet," Lucian reminded her.

Calista refused, "We would've been divorced by now if it weren't for Mom's incident yesterday."

They were on the brink of finalizing their divorce. No need to pretend and disgust themselves and others with false affection.

Lucian made his way to his wardrobe. He spoke in a carefree and uninterested tone. "We haven't finalized our divorce proceedings yet. So, you're still Mrs. Northwood. Take pride in the privileges of bearing that title. Fulfill the duties that come with it."

Privileges of being Mrs. Northwood?

Calista couldn't help but smile, her lips curving slightly. "I must say. My three years of working as an errand girl for Northwood Corporation has been the greatest benefit Mrs. Northwood has brought me." The sarcasm in her words was evident.

The intercom on the wall buzzed. Lucian went to answer the door.

"Mr. Northwood, this is the outfit you ordered

for Mrs. Northwood."

Calista recognized that voice. It was the manager of Luminary Lounge.

He continued, "Mr. Mitchell said he wanted to apologize to Mrs. Northwood in person. He has been waiting since last night. I didn't dare to decide without your instruction."

"Let him come up."

Then, he returned to the room. He tossed the bag of clothes to Calista. "If you're not Mrs. Northwood, do you think Alexander would come and apologize to you?" he said, answering her previous taunt.

Alexander soon arrived. Calista had just changed her clothes. She was about to leave when he knelt before her.

"Mrs. Northwood, I've been blind and foolish! I'm a complete idiot. I deserve to be punished! Please, I beg you to speak kindly of me to Mr. Northwood. Please ask him to forgive my foolishness. Spare me from being blacklisted by Luminary Lounge!"

Not being able to enter Luminary Lounge was one thing. But with an order from Lucian, no company would risk offending Northwood Corporation. No one would ever collaborate with Alexander in the future.

It was like signing his death warrant!

Alexander slapped himself in the face as he spoke. The cut on his mouth quickly split open. Blood dripped down his chin.

Driven by his growing frustration, Alexander had gathered his courage and approached Cade last night. He wanted to ask about Calista's identity. He didn't expect the answer to send shivers down his spine.

She was none other than Lucian's wife, Mrs. Northwood!

So, where else could he dare to go? After security kicked him out of Luminary Lounge, he stood outside waiting all night. He begged to see Lucian and Calista.

Calista could hardly recognize the man before her. His face was swollen, and his eyes were bloodshot. Was this the same man who had harassed her the night before?

His once immaculate suit was now a mess of dirt and blood. It looked as if it had been salvaged from a garbage heap. His forehead was bruised up. It was swollen and discolored, with traces of blood seeping through.

Calista turned to look at Lucian. He sat casually on the couch with his legs crossed. "Did you get someone to beat him up?"

Lucian didn't say a word. The manager beside him answered, "Mrs. Northwood, Mr. Mitchell

did this to himself. It has nothing to do with Mr. Northwood."

Neither Lucian nor Cade had mentioned how to deal with Alexander. But people of their status didn't need to give specific orders. They also didn't have to get personally involved.

Their casual remarks could quickly condemn someone.

Alexander was no fool. He didn't need others to punish him.

He was harsh on himself. He had hit himself until he was unrecognizable. He did it all to show his sincerity.

Calista hesitated as she heard his desperate plea. He had created the mess. And she didn't want to get involved.

She casually replied, "I won't be Mrs. Northwood anymore. So, there's no point in begging me."