

Chapter 23 Underestimated Lucian's Malice

The conversation outside stopped suddenly, to Calista's confusion.

She exited the cubicle and found Lucian smoking in front of the sinks. She stopped, stunned. "Why are you here?"

He looked at her and smiled coldly. "Disappointed to see me? Who were you expecting?"

Calista rolled her eyes. "This is the women's washroom. Who could I expect? What's wrong with you?"

She went over to the sink to wash her hands. She had calmed down a little, but her face was still pale.

Suddenly, Lucian grabbed her under the chin and forced her to look at him. "It's just a watch. Was that enough to fluster you?"

Clearly, he had done this on purpose.

Calista glared at him. "You did this on purpose?"

Lucian smirked. "It's just a watch. If you hadn't designed it with special intentions, then it's nothing but an accessory. Why are you asking me if I did this on purpose? The real question is, haven't you forgotten him?" Slowly, he added, "

Mrs. Northwood?"

Calista frowned. The form of address gave her a headache. It was like a shackle around her neck, suffocating her.

She tried to push Lucian away, but he was too strong.

"Calista, are you regretting that you got into bed with me that night?"

That night ...

"I wouldn't have slept with you if it weren't for that watch," she retorted.

He knew this better than anyone else!

Lucian scoffed. He pulled her into his arms, enveloping her in his embrace. "That's right. You weren't happy when you saw my face. If it were Paul, then your first time would probably be a pleasant memory instead of a nightmare, would it?"

"Lucian, why do you make me feel revolted toward you?"

The word "revolt" echoed in his mind. Then, Lucian let out a sarcastic laugh.

"Now that he's back, your suffering has ended. Is that why you're so eager to divorce me and throw yourself at him? Do you think he would want a divorcee?"

Calista thought she wouldn't be affected by him, but she had underestimated his malice. 1

At that moment, her heart felt like it was being squeezed painfully. She felt suffocated.

She blinked back her tears.

"Whatever. I'll be waiting for you at the City Hall tomorrow. You have to ... "

Before she could finish, she was cut off by Lucian's kiss.

Calista couldn't breathe under his forceful kiss. She could taste the menthol of his favorite cigarette. Her brain wasn't working.

When she came back to her senses and tried to struggle against him, she found that he had lifted her onto the sink.

Her legs were separated and forced around his waist, creating an image of lust.

Footsteps sounded outside. Someone pushed open the door in a hurry, which made Lucian angry. He looked cold and scary. He'd unbuttoned the first two buttons on his shirt at some point, revealing the taut muscles beneath.

Glaring at the two women at the door, he said, "Get lost!"

The women hadn't expected to run into such a scene. Forgetting all about the toilet, they

apologized hastily, closed the door, and ran away.

Before they exited, they tried to catch a glimpse of Calista, but she was blocked by Lucian. All they could see was her black dress.

Now that they were interrupted, Lucian stopped his actions.

He looked down at her, taking in her reddened eyes.

He let go of her. "Why are you so hung up on a man who refused to help you when you were struggling? Why are you demeaning yourself?"

It was clear to see the contempt in his eyes.

Calista raised her head. "I've demeaned myself by suffering through our marriage!"

For a moment, the washroom was silent.

After a while, Lucian smiled. "Suffering through our marriage? That's sad. Unfortunately, I'm quite satisfied with our marriage, so I won't agree to the divorce."

Calista stared at him. If she was pale before, then she was as white as a ghost now.

"Lucian Northwood, would you allow your beloved woman to remain as the other woman just to spite me?"

Lucian did not answer her. It was as if this did

not matter to him. He smoothed out his clothes and exited the bathroom.

When Calista emerged from the washroom, he was gone.

After that, she stayed in a corner, trying her best to remain inconspicuous.

No one spoke to her at the party. They all avoided her like she had some kind of infectious disease. Calista scoffed. It was just as well. She had no intention of dealing with these people. 1

However, gossip spread.

When Calista fixed herself a plate of desserts and went to sit down, she heard people talking about her behind the partition. "Of course an upstart like her would do such a thing. Her clothes were practically on the floor when I opened the door!"

"No wonder she managed to snag Lucian after Paul rejected her. Men like sexy and provocative women!"

"I doubt so. Mr. Northwood is probably just playing around with her. Everyone knows that Mr. Northwood has a type, and that's Lily Scott. Calista's just at the right place at the right time and managed to worm herself to where she was while Lily wasn't around!"

Hearing this, Calista couldn't help but laugh. She leaned over and said, "I think you'll have to

ask Mr. Northwood what he thinks. Maybe he's just a bastard who likes sexy women."

When the gossipers looked up and saw that it was Calista speaking, their expressions changed.

One of them frowned in disdain. "Why are you interrupting our conversation? How rude!"

"Oh, I didn't know talking about people behind their backs was considered polite. Sorry. I'm not part of your circle, so I don't know your rules. Should I ask Lucian later?"

Lucian's name immediately cowed the women. They left, still cursing.

Every social circle had its own pecking order. Clearly, they weren't on the same level as Lucian.

Calista watched as they left in scorn. Clearly, fire had to be fought with fire.

Appetite lost, she got up and went to the balcony.

She must have done something wrong to the universe because nothing seemed to go her way tonight. She just wanted some peace, but on the balcony, she met Paul, who was slightly drunk.

She'd rather go back and listen to the gossip than him.

Calista turned to go back to the hall, but Paul stopped her. "Calista ..."