

Chapter 48 Pressing Against His Back

He was the one who asked for a kiss. She wouldn't have kissed him if it weren't to mess with Lily.

Calista rolled her eyes and retorted, "Bastard. You're such a phony."

Even Lily heard this insulting remark. She thought Lucian would be angry. She felt that everything Calista did was to push his buttons. However, Lucian remained calm.

He merely reprimanded sternly, "You are part of the Northwood family. Don't act so crudely."

Calista ignored his words.

Due to her poor health, Selena went upstairs to rest after mingling around with the guests. However, despite her departure, the party didn't disperse.

The people who came today were all here for the Northwood family, for Lucian held the power now.

Calista didn't want to parade around with his hand in hers, so she sat on a couch in the lounge area with her wine glass. There were others on the couch as well.

They all stood up to greet her when they saw her. "Mrs. Northwood, you look stunning tonight!"

Calista nodded slightly, well aware that their compliments

were because of her identity.

"Are you a conservator, Mrs. Northwood? I have a few items at home that have suffered damage over time. Would you be willing to take a look?" The person speaking probably didn't have any precious heirlooms.

It was just an attempt to get associated with Calista and indirectly get close to Lucian. After all, everyone witnessed how intimate she was with him just now.

Calista wouldn't decline any money-making opportunities, "I'm no expert, so there's no guarantee I can fix them."

She might be skilled, but she wasn't a miracle worker. Some things were beyond repair.

The lady nodded eagerly. They wanted to establish a connection as Calista seemed friendly and unlike the usual arrogant, wealthy elites.

Selena's birthday dinner was held at home, so those who received invitations were naturally from prestigious backgrounds.

"Mrs. Northwood, you shouldn't let that woman off so easily. She intended to blame someone else. Things wouldn't play out that way on such a coincidence. You should have stood up against her and revealed that hypocritical woman's true nature."

Someone else chimed in, "She made up a story when she was on the phone. Some people nowadays really have no

shame!"

Calista leaned against the corner of the couch. She was feeling a bit intoxicated and didn't want to talk.

However, the people around her were annoyingly talkative. She hummed in response to shake them off. Sure enough, after a while, they stopped talking.

Calista thought she could finally have a peaceful moment to rest, but then she saw the two of them abruptly stand up and greet, "Mr. Northwood."

Lucian's presence was hard to ignore, especially when he had a stoic expression.

The two women promptly slipped away as his gaze landed on Calista. They sensed the tense atmosphere.

Calista's displeased expression turned into annoyance the moment she saw Lucian. Her dislike for him was written all over her face. 1

"Why are you here again?"

She saw him more today than she had the entire year before.

Lucian answered lowly, "If I hadn't been here, how would I know that my mother's sensible and good daughter-in-law was so good at gossiping behind people's backs?"

Calista caught the bitterness in his words.

"What did you ... "

Her voice trailed off as her gaze swept around the living room. Lily's absence explained everything.

"What? Did your darling suffer some injustice and wants to take her own life? So you rushed here to seek justice on her behalf?"

Lucian's face turned livid, and he pursed his lips in anger.

"Calista, when did you become so malicious?"

"Malicious or not, what does it matter? After all, we're getting a divorce. Instead of correcting your ex-wife's behavior here, you'd better take care of your beloved. It would shock the elderly if she can't handle it and ends up covered in blood from a failed suicide attempt."

Calista wanted to get rid of him quickly. She would have left and returned to her apartment if she wasn't concerned for Selena's feelings. There was no need for her to endure this.

Looking at Calista's spiteful demeanor, he thought of what the women had said a few minutes ago and emphasized, "The incident with the painting has nothing to do with Lily."

Calista raised an eyebrow.

"How do you know that?"

Lucian never liked explaining himself, but after a few seconds of silence, he patiently said, "Queenie said on the phone that it was her fault."

Calista scoffed, "Maybe Lily is feeling guilty, and Queenie is just a scapegoat."

Anything was possible. After all, that phone call was too much of a coincidence.

"She isn't." 1

The decisiveness in his tone showed that his trust in Lily was beyond others.

Calista couldn't describe the bitterness that ate at her at that moment.

Anyone would feel uncomfortable witnessing the ones they like having such deep affection and trust for someone else.

She closed her eyes, not wanting to listen to another word, and leaned her head against the couch.

"Fine, I'm tired."

It was obvious that she wanted him to leave her alone.

Lucian stared at her for a while. Anger surged inside him as he realized she had closed her eyes and fallen asleep on the couch.

However, Calista wasn't doing anything provocative. She simply didn't want to engage with him.

He calmed his anger and muttered, "Sleep upstairs. Unless you don't mind embarrassing yourself."

Calista had been waiting for this very sentence. She got up without hesitation and headed upstairs quickly.

Back in her room, she took a quick shower and went to bed. She had no idea when the birthday dinner had ended.

All she knew was that in the middle of the night, she felt hot as if her back was pressed against something scorching.

The heat made her uncomfortable, and she wanted to struggle, but her limbs were subdued, rendering her immobile.

Fortunately, this ended quickly, and she assumed it was a nightmare.

The next day, Calista was awakened by her alarm clock. She was alone in the room, and the sheets beside her were neatly arranged, showing no signs of anyone sleeping there.

Lucian hadn't slept here last night.

This thought left her dazed for a moment. He had portrayed the role of a perfect husband at the dinner, but he didn't return home for bed. He was such a two-faced man!

She changed her clothes and left the room just as the door next to hers opened, and Paul walked out.