



## Chapter 49 How Dare She?

Calista was taken aback.

She looked at Paul, then glanced at the room behind him, surprised as she asked, "Why are you here?"

Paul smiled and casually explained, "I drank too much with Cade last night, so I stayed over."

"Oh."

Calista didn't know what else to say as she faced Paul. Perhaps it was guilt, or maybe the three years apart had made them distant. She smiled and turned to go downstairs.

However, Paul called her and handed her a check.

"I don't need the money right now. There's no rush to repay it."

Calista lowered her gaze and happened to see the amount on the check. It was neither too much nor too little—exactly three million, as she had joked about before.

He had signed his name. If she took it, she could go to the bank today and transfer the money to Lucian.

Honestly, she felt a bit tempted. Anyone would be tempted by such a large sum, especially since she needed it urgently.

Paul watched as she stared at the check quietly.

He wasn't sure if she was embarrassed, so he added, "Did I cause you trouble before? I'm sorry. I didn't know Lucian was also in the car."

He wasn't trying to imply anything. He thought she must have her reasons since she didn't want to mention her borrowing money to Lucian.

Calista hesitated for a moment before realizing he was referring to the incident last time.

Her face turned red as the scene crossed her mind. The check before her seemed like hot metal, and she dared not touch it.


She still remembered Lucian's warning at the time. He would break her fingers if she took any money from Paul. 1

She wasn't sure if Lucian would resort to such violent measures, but it was clear that if Lucian found out that she accepted this money, he would certainly not divorce her. Instead, their relationship would become even more complicated. 1

Calista regained her composure and shook her head. She returned the check and said, "I've resolved the problem. Thank you for your kindness."

Since she refused, Paul didn't insist.

"Alright."



They had stayed up quite late the previous night. Selena was still asleep at this hour. Calista sat at the dining table, glancing at the time. Macy served her some eggs and toast.

"Isn't today a weekend? Why are you up so early? Do you want to get more rest? Mr. Northwood specifically instructed me not to disturb you. He said you were tired from last night."

Calista almost choked on her food. What she said was absurd. Lucian was doing this on purpose!

"It's okay, Macy. I have something to do later. I'll eat and leave. Please let my mom know when she wakes up."

Macy patted her back affectionately, helping her catch her breath.

"Alright. Take your time. There's no need to rush."

Calista was tongue-tied, but she smiled and nodded, then quickly finished what was in her bowl, grabbed her bag, and hurriedly left.

After the birthday dinner, she worked tirelessly to earn money daily. Amid it, she made a few phone calls to Harvey, inquiring about the chances of winning the lawsuit.

She had to be prepared for both possibilities. What if Lucian received the money and then went back on their agreement?

She needed a plan in place, just in case. Who knew how long

he would stay mad at Lily?

The thought of it wore her out. Wasn't Lily hailed by the media as the most beautiful dancer of the millennium?

They said no man could resist her in a dress. Yet, she could not even manage her clingy ex-boyfriend even after being back in the country for so long.

Calista was busy on her end, and Lucian was also busy on his. He was about to sign a contract with Nova Industries, and there was a lot of preparatory work to be done.

That night, after finally dealing with the urgent documents, he received a call from Cade.

"Where are you?"

"At the office, working overtime. Is the Carter Group going bankrupt? That's why you seem so free every day?" Lucian replied.

He could hear some loud music through the phone. Cade wasn't one to be outdone.

He retorted, "You wouldn't even be able to spend the money you earn in this lifetime. Are you planning to buy yourself a diamond coffin to be buried in?"

Lucian was speechless.

"I read on the news about a husband, the president of a big company. He worked tirelessly to earn money for his family,

but he died young and left behind a substantial inheritance. Six months later, his wife, with the tens of millions he had worked hard for, married his former assistant ... "

Lucian felt his head throb. He wasn't sure if it was due to staying up too much during this time, but he was overwhelmed with dizziness for a moment.

He pinched his forehead and interrupted, "Shut up."

Just then, David knocked on the door and walked in.

"Mr. Northwood, here are the documents you asked for..."

Before David could finish speaking, he felt his hair stand on end as a chilling sensation crawled up his spine. He raised his head and met with Lucian's icy gaze.

Lucian shifted his gaze away from David. He lit a cigarette and leaned wearily against the back of his chair.

Then, he said impatiently, "I'm going to hang up if you keep beating around the bush."

Cade could sense he was irritation in his voice. He thought shortly and asked, "Are you short on money lately? Your temper is getting quite out of hand."

Lucian wasn't in a great mood, so he didn't want to entertain Cade's pointless questions. Cade raised an eyebrow slightly at his silence.

"Did something happen?"

"No."

"Then why did your wife go to Paul for money? I thought it was for your business. Seems like there's more to it."


Cade happened to overhear Calista and Paul's conversation in the corridor the other day. At first, he had forgotten about this trivial matter.

But now, given Lucian's recent behavior and the fact that he had been working overtime frequently, it suddenly crossed his mind. Lucian's hand paused as he took a drag of his cigarette, his narrow eyes squinting.

"She borrowed money? How much?"

On the other end of the line, Cade sounded exasperated.

"How would I know? I'm not your wife."

Lucian narrowed his eyes. His somber features darkened, and he looked as cold as ice. Calista hadn't taken his words seriously at all. How dare she borrow money from Paul? 

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