

Even After Death Novel

Chapter 31 She Scratches Him

Calista was slow to react because she'd had alcohol. It was not until Paul called Lucian's name that she recognized the mocking voice.

She didn't know why Lucian would come back so suddenly.

But there was one thing she knew—she didn't want Paul to know what Lucian was going to say next.

Calista rose from her seat in reflex and came up to Lucian.

Due to her hasty steps and grogginess, she accidentally fell into his arms.

He didn't move, allowing her to bump into him. He wore a cold expression on his face.

Calista's legs were wobbly, so she had to grab his arms to balance herself. She was a little regretful about drinking so much.

She looked at him and said, "D-Don't say it." Grievance and cuteness unintentionally colored her tone.

His jaw was tense. "Why? Are you afraid he will find out how you tried to drug him? You didn't want to ruin your innocent and perfect image in front of him, right?"

Calista's brows furrowed, expressing displeasure. Yet, he took the expression as an admission to his questions.

Strong feelings began surging in him.

However, the drunk woman didn't notice his anger as she grumbled impatiently, "I thought you were gone. Why are you back?"

He let out an undecipherable smile. "Are you blaming me for interrupting you?"

She frowned at his implicit words. "Think whatever you want."

After steadying herself, she removed his hands and turned to face Paul. "I should get going now. Don't take it to heart. I'll buy you a meal next time."

It was a word of courtesy, but someone who cared for her would keep that in mind.

Paul nodded. "Be careful on your way back."

"Bye." Calista wanted to walk away. She ignored Lucian and walked past him. She frowned, realizing that the alcohol had caused a sway in every step she took.

This was the second time he witnessed her drinking. Her red cheeks and rosy lips appeared unusually alluring.

The first time was ...

He watched her leave while pursing his lips. A dark glint stirred in his eyes.



Calista was hailing a cab by the road.

On top of the rush hour, the area was a high-end recreation place.

There were barely cabs on the road, let alone available cabs.

She sat on a rock without caring for her image and called for a cab.

She narrowed her eyes, drawing closer to the phone screen to get a clearer look at it. Someone abruptly yanked her arm, pulling her from the rock.

She knew who it was without taking a look at the person. His presence exuded a frigid air of danger and tension.

She frowned in pain. "Let me go—"

Before she could finish her words, he forcefully pushed her into the car.

Jonathan, the driver, was surprised by the sudden commotion. He looked back only to see Lucian forcing Calista into the back seat.

She attempted to free herself from his grasp. The desperate wish to break free from his force gave her a lot of strength. The alcohol had stripped her of mildness. She was more tactless than she usually was.

A sober Calista wouldn't have the nerve to scratch him!

She left a scratch on Lucian's neck. The wound was stinging and striking red. He wondered if she would have grabbed his hair like a madwoman if his hair was any longer than it was now.

"Calista Everhart ..." He restrained her hands on the seat, kneeling next to her to keep her under control.

Such an intimate yet aggressive posture could make a spectator have a nosebleed. But the only witness, Jonathan, felt his skin crawling.

He was worried that Lucian would abandon Calista at the highway in a fit of fury.

She bit her lip while staring at the handsome man. Something came into her mind, and her anger was appeased.

She need not cause a ruckus because they were going to divorce anyway. Besides, he couldn't do anything to her.

Now that she was behaving, he let go of her. "Back to Everglade Manor."

He hissed when he touched the spot she scratched. Looking at the red on his fingertips, he poked his cheek.

Meanwhile, Calista shrunk herself to the other side of the car. Weakly, she said, "Mr. Whitman, let me off at a place where it's easy to hail a cab."

She wanted to return to her rental house. She didn't want to trouble Jonathan to drive her there.

He stayed silent and glanced at Lucian, who didn't say a word. His expression was icy.

Nevertheless, Jonathan could easily read Lucian's face after working for him for so many years.

He didn't respond to Calista. Instead, he accelerated along the way to Everglade Manor.

Calista's brows knitted. She wasn't familiar with the routes around the area, so she turned on her navigation. 1

Turning his head, he could easily see the content on her phone screen. He scanned her figure for a moment before mocking, "Are you worried that I might do something to you when you're this skinny?"

She smiled. "Nope. Because you have a peculiar taste."

Although she wasn't busty, she had a voluptuous body. Lily had a graceful demeanor as a dancer, but she wasn't as curvy as Calista.

Yet, Lucian didn't complain about Lily's flat chest. Instead, he commented about Calista's skinny figure.

The only reasonable explanation for this phenomenon was that he perceived them with rose-colored glasses.

Finding it pointless to argue further, she told Jonathan, "Mr.

Whitman, please take me to Seventh Apartment."

He gave her an apologetic look and continued driving forward.

Her navigation resounded. "You have deviated from the route. Re-routing ..."

Calista frowned, but she remained patient.

As the navigation system reminded more and that there was no alternative route ahead, she finally spoke up, "Mr. Whitman, pull the car over."

Lucian shot her a cold gaze. "Returning to Paul?"

She was frustrated at his reaction. She found his logic absurd. It didn't mean she was taking someone else's just because she refused his car.

Noticing her silence, he stared at her displeased face and smiled. "Do you think it is a coincidence that you bumped into him at the restaurant? He was having a blind date. Now ..."

He raised his wristwatch to his eye level. "You should be able to see him at a love hotel."

She scoffed at the annoying man. Next, she raised her chin to counter, "Please help me find out which love hotel it is. With Paul's stamina and figure ..."

She leaned closer to his ear and said something out of her

character. "He should be able to take two at once."



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