

## Chapter 54 She Won't Compromise Him Anymore

Lucian grabbed Calista's hand and pushed the door open, stepping into the room casually. Calista furrowed her brows.

"This is my room. What are you doing?"

Lucian's lips curved into a smirk.

"I'm going to shower and sleep."

He spoke with a hint of amusement, but she could tell he was trying to mess with her.

Lucian was doing this on purpose. He wanted to annoy her and make her helpless in dealing with him.

Calista had booked a room with a king-sized bed. Besides that, the only other resting place was the couch by the window.

Lucian wouldn't demean himself to sleep on the couch. So, she would either have to endure the discomfort of sharing a bed with him or sleep pitifully on the couch while watching him sprawl comfortably on the large bed she had paid for.

Calista pursed her lips together and complained, "Go back to your room."

Although this resort didn't have a presidential suite, it did offer VIP rooms with private baths.

"We're a married couple. Everyone would think we have a strained relationship if we slept in separate rooms. Mr. Packard and his wife are very close, and they prefer business partners with amicable marital ties. Besides, don't forget you will be paid."

Calista was speechless. He was accusing her of being a prude after selling herself for money. Moreover, she might throw up if he truly thought Marcus and his wife were deeply affectionate.

She couldn't fathom if he were blind or trying to disgust her by tarnishing the sanctity of marriage.

Calista smiled mockingly and said, "The potential partners are interested in your company and personal abilities, not our relationship."

Lucian snorted and ignored her, heading straight for the bathroom. The color on Calista's face drained as she glanced at the shut bathroom door. Lucian must have forgotten the bathrobe.

Just as she was about to dismiss the thought, the bathroom door cracked open slightly, and Lucian reached out.

"Give me the bathrobe."

His arm was sleek and had well-defined muscles. Droplets of water clung to his body as he had just showered.

Despite this, Calista reminded herself not to be swayed by

his attractiveness. She had the upper hand now.

"You should get it yourself. Just come and get it."

She wasn't about to indulge his spoilt manners. She was no longer his "live-in nanny." A light laugh echoed from the bathroom.

"If you want to see me naked, just say so. It's not like you haven't seen it before."

Calista was dumbfounded. Nobody wanted to see him naked. Ultimately, she had no choice but to retrieve the bathrobe, close her eyes, push open the bathroom door, and toss it in.

Then, she walked toward the large bed without looking back and lay down. She might have lost the bathroom, but she was certain she could win the bed.

A few minutes later, Lucian emerged from the bathroom in a white bathrobe. He casually tied the bathrobe around his waist, and the open neckline revealed the smooth curves on his chest.

Water droplets dripped from his hair, disappearing into the white collar of the bathrobe.

He looked at Calista, who was lying on the bed, engrossed in her phone, and furrowed his brows.

"Get up."

Lucian was a clean freak. He wouldn't get into bed without showering and changing clothes. Calista was well aware of his habits.

She placed her phone on the bedside table and said, "I'm tired. I'm going to take a nap. You do whatever you want."

As she finished speaking, she pulled the blanket over her head and tucked herself comfortably into bed.

Then, she closed her eyes and said playfully, "This thousand-dollar room is indeed comfy."

Lucian's expression turned cold, his lips tightened, and after a while, he said, "You're not showering before sleeping?"

"Nope," Calista answered nonchalantly. "This weather doesn't make me sweat, and daily showering dries out the skin. I usually only shower every three days."

She lied with a straight face and deliberately rubbed her head all over the white pillow.

"I almost forgot, today's the third day I've gone without showering. I'll shower when I come back tonight. After all, I'm just taking a nap now, and I have plans in the afternoon. I don't feel like doing anything."

Lucian looked at her, his gaze sharp as a knife, as if he was about to pin this sloppy woman in place! Calista generously pulled back the covers and patted the spot beside her.

"You have a business meeting in the afternoon. How about you take a nap too?"

Lucian turned away coldly and walked over to the couch by the window.

He didn't have the habit of napping. He was merely considerate of Marcus, thinking he might be tired from traveling. Otherwise, he would be discussing the details of the contract now.

Calista looked at the man working on his laptop and rolled her eyes. She sincerely hoped she wouldn't lose control and give him a tight slap.


But considering how shameless Lucian was, he would surely have his lackey, Timothy, that despicable scoundrel, pin some blame on her and have her spend a couple of days in prison.

She tried to compose herself. Once this business deal was secured, she could cut ties with Lucian!

Two hours later, Mr. Packard had enough rest, and Lucian led Calista to join them.

This vacation resort was the largest in Capeton. It had a golf course, a hot spring, indoor and outdoor pools, fishing, a beautiful garden, and many other recreational activities.

It occupied a vast area, offering a complete range of facilities. One could spend a few days here without feeling

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bored.

Mr. Packard wasn't a fan of physical activities. He would quickly get out of breath after a few steps, so they headed to a glass conservatory by the lake for afternoon tea.

The afternoon sunlight shone through the glass, casting a warm glow on everyone.

Calista continued to put on an act as a spectator.

She wouldn't bring up herself unless prompted. Before long, Mrs. Packard spoke up under her husband's stern gaze.

"Calista, what perfume are you using? It smells nice."

Upon hearing this, Calista took out a perfume bottle from her bag.

"It's not a well-known brand. I bought it from a small shop on the streets of Furancia before. I can give you this bottle first if you'd like. I'll buy a new one for you if I can visit again."

She had a hunch that there was another reason Eva brought up this topic. She had this perfume on this morning, but no one asked her about it.



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