

Chapter 55 Lucian Spoils Me

Eva accepted it eagerly and said, "Thank you. It's perfect!"

She retrieved a gift box from her bag. Inside was a diamond bracelet, not overly expensive or unique.

"I bought this while shopping. It's not something expensive. It's a token of my appreciation. Thank you for the perfume you gave."

Calista couldn't accept this. She could not take a brand-new diamond bracelet in exchange for a bottle of second-hand perfume worth a few hundred dollars. This was too much.

"Eva, I can't accept this. That bottle of perfume is only three hundred dollars. I'll be taking advantage of you."

"Calista, I'm apologizing on behalf of my husband. What happened this morning was a mistake. He tends to lose his common sense after a few drinks, which led to him offending you."

Calista raised an eyebrow, but Eva had already placed the gift box in her hand. Calista did not insist further since it was an apology.

Her only regret was that they didn't just hand her a check directly!

She casually commented as she took the gift, "You and Mr.


Packard have a great relationship."

Eva smiled bitterly. Perhaps it was because they had just exchanged gifts, so she began to speak freely.

"Our marriage was arranged by our families. We barely knew each other beforehand. My family had selected several candidates, and I thought he looked honest and reliable. He seemed like someone who would take care of his family."

Calista could already anticipate the rest of the story. It was the cliché story from any drama. As expected, Eva confirmed her speculation.

"Little did I know he was only putting on an act. The first two years of our marriage were fine, but his true nature was revealed after having children. He openly cheated on me and stayed away from home for days."

Calista wasn't familiar with Eva and felt no sympathy hearing such private matters. She just felt awkward. 

"Fortunately, he's generous to me. Whatever he gives to his outside women, he gives the same to me. Over the years, I've accepted it, and we each lead our own lives."

As she spoke, her gaze landed on Lucian, and she sighed, "I envy your great relationship with Mr. Northwood."

Calista fell momentarily silent. She felt she wasn't genuinely envious but instead trying to get her to open up about her relationship.

She managed a small smile and dutifully played her role.

"Lucian tends to spoil me."

Even saying it made her feel like retching. Then, Calista turned around and gave a piece of broccoli to Lucian. It was a vegetable he disliked.

Lucian was discussing the details with Mr. Packard when he noticed what she did. He glanced at the broccoli in his bowl, then at Calista, who was smiling at him with a loving gaze.

He kept a straight face, picked up the broccoli, and ate it. Calista scoffed softly to herself. He was such a deceitful man! She wondered how long he could put up an act.

There was a glimmer in Eva's eyes as she watched them, and she glanced at her husband.

Halfway through the meal, Mr. Packard excused himself to the restroom, and Eva followed suit.

As soon as they left, Eva got straight to the point.

"Don't think I don't know what you're up to. I advise you not to keep your dirty thoughts in control. Mr. Northwood and his wife have a good relationship. Don't end up causing trouble and ruining the deal."

Marcus grew impatient, "Even if things go awry, it's my business. It's none of your concern."

He was wealthy and not lacking in women. Beautiful women

willingly approached him.

While Calista was beautiful, he wasn't the type to make a foolish move jeopardizing his relationship with Lucian just for a woman.

However, there was an itch in his heart, a lingering dissatisfaction.

He closed his eyes and imagined the soft touch he felt at lunch. It was so tender just the thought of it sent shivers down his spine.

He glanced at his wife. Her skin was dull and rough. She had ordinary looks and a dull character. She was like stagnant water, devoid of any waves.

Marcus's tone turned upset.

"I asked you to test their relationship, not order me around."

He glanced and spat in disgust, "Looking at your old hag face is a stroke of bad luck."

And so, throughout the afternoon, Calista dutifully displayed affection with Lucian, portraying the ideal couple.

Later, she accompanied Eva to enjoy the flowers, strolling through the lush fields for over two hours in high heels. They finally endured until dinner was over and returned to their respective rooms.

Calista deliberately found an excuse to stay behind so she

didn't have to take the same elevator as Marcus and the others. She finally had a chance to catch her breath.

Leaning against the elevator wall, she sent a message to Lucian, "Have someone bring my luggage down for me."

Lucian hadn't even replied to her message as she returned to her room. She would have left her luggage at the front desk if she knew he was unreliable.

She had booked a standard double room without a hot tub. After changing into the hotel's slippers, Calista was ready to take a relaxing bath. She had walked too much in her heels today, her feet felt sore.

She noticed a clothing store downstairs when she arrived. While the selection might not be comprehensive, it could still meet her basic needs.

She thought she could finally enjoy a relaxing bath undisturbed as she left her room. But unexpectedly, she ran into Marcus in the elevator. Calista cursed silently and put on a polite smile.

"Mr. Packard. What a coincidence!" She greeted.

Marcus glanced at the empty corridor behind her, then shifted his gaze back to her. After a quick scan, his eyes lingered on her hotel slippers.

"Aren't you staying in the same room as Mr. Northwood?"

"I have a friend staying on this floor. I came down to see her,

" Calista lied with a straight face.

Marcus's gaze at her deeply. Lucian's room was next to his, but he hadn't seen Calista returning with him. Yet, she was wearing slippers now.

He feared her relationship with Lucian might be just like his own. They each led their own lives. Maybe Calista had booked a separate room on this floor.

It seemed that she wasn't as favored by Lucian as it appeared on the surface.

"Mrs. Northwood. Are you heading downstairs to the hot spring?"

Marcus stepped forward, his stomach almost brushing against Calista's lower back.