

Chapter 56 Pass Out From Excessive Blood Loss

Marcus lowered his voice, probably to make his voice sound deeper and seductive. However, Calista was so scared that her body trembled and she instinctively threw her phone at him.

There was a loud bang, and Marcus let out a painful, muffled groan. He raised his hand to cover his face, and blood gushed between his fingers, dripping onto the ground.

"Mr. Packard, are you okay?" Calista tried to find tissues in her bag, only to realize she hadn't brought one. "I'm sorry. I used to get stalked by bad people while I was a child, so I'm quite sensitive, and I tend to lose control when someone gets too close to me."

Mr. Packard's head was buzzing with pain at this point, and he couldn't quite make out what Calista was saying.

Thankfully, he did not have a concussion and was still aware of who she was. Otherwise, he would have slapped her long ago.

His nose continued to bleed, and he began to suspect it might have been broken. Calista hit him hard!

"Just bear with it for now, Mr. Packard. I'll go find a towel."

Five minutes later, the intense pain in his nose finally began to subside. He was about to leave the elevator when Calista

came running back.

The next second, he felt his vision go black as she placed a towel on his face. Then, she covered his nose tightly. The pain in his nose that had eased returned. It was even worse than before.

The pain was so intense that he broke out in a sweat. Unable to speak, he could only try to pry Calista's hand away.

"Mr. Packard, don't move. You have to press down hard to stop the bleeding. See, the bleeding has stopped, right?"

She pressed the towel down on him so hard he couldn't speak. Besides, the towel had absorbed all the blood, so what's the point of putting more pressure on his nose?

Calista firmly held his nose using the towel, saying, "My mother used to stop my nosebleeds like this when I was a kid. Otherwise, I would have fainted from excessive blood loss."

Marcus rolled his eyes. The towel she brought was so thick he found it hard to breathe now, feeling dizzy and disoriented.

He was afraid that he would be suffocated to death by this woman before he lost too much blood! The fear of suffocation was too much for him, and he pulled Calista's hand away by force.

The towel fell to the ground. Marcus's entire face was smeared in blood. His already unattractive features became

even more contorted by his red and swollen nose.

He glared fiercely at the innocent-looking woman before him, "Mrs. Northwood, I don't know what I did to offend you, to make you mock me like this."

Since he played dumb, Calista decided to play along.

She blinked innocently and asked, "What are you talking about? Why would I be mocking you? Aren't our families potential business partners?"

"Don't play dumb with me. Do you think I'll believe it's all an accident just because you say so?"

Calista spoke gently, but her tone was cold.

"Mr. Packard, I think there's a misunderstanding. I never intended to play dumb. Did you think you could fool me with your tiny brain?"

It wasn't necessary to keep up the act since everything was out in the open.

"You better think about how you will explain this to Lucian."

A flicker of panic flashed in Marcus's eyes, and he gritted his teeth in anger as he retorted, "You think too highly of yourself. When someone approaches you, you think they're interested in you. Women flock to me every day. Do you think I would take an interest in you?"

He slammed the open button on the elevator.

"I think you're not only delusional, you have psychological issues. You should see a therapist soon to avoid being so paranoid all the time!"

He was only confident because of his observation today. The Northwood's relationship wasn't as good as it seemed.

Those intimate gestures were just for show. Maybe Lucian didn't care much about this woman at all.

"Mr. Packard," Calista called after him.

Mr. Packard turned around to see her smiling broadly.

Despite the buzzing in his head, he couldn't help but feel his heart skip a beat. Damn, she was so beautiful. If he didn't sleep with her, he'd probably regret it for the rest of his life!

Calista's voice turned soft and alluring.

"Be smarter next time and find a place without any surveillance cameras."

She wanted to tear his perverted brains out.

However, Marcus didn't understand what Calista meant. He couldn't figure out what she meant by that. Did she mean if they found a place without surveillance, they could get cozy?

As soon as this thought arose, Marcus felt his body heat up. He wanted to ask for clarification but thought against it. She was clearly implying that!

He watched as she sauntered into the elevator, and his malicious intent surged again. At this moment, a cleaning lady rushed out of a nearby utility room, holding a walkie-talkie.

"Where's the towel I used to wipe the floors? Can you help me find it?"

Marcus's body stiffened as he glanced at the half-wet, foul-smelling towel on the ground.

The resort had natural hot springs, with both public pools and private ones. Calista had bought supplies from the clothing store and reserved a private pool.


The private pool was in a separate indoor area, complete with a shower and changing room. Calista undressed and stepped in.

The warm water enveloped her weary body, instantly relieving the soreness in her legs. She applied a face mask and leaned against the pool wall.

The temperature was just right, and the sound of flowing water mixed with relaxing background music. Her thoughts gradually drifted into a drowsy haze.

Just as she was about to fall asleep, she suddenly felt a change in the water. Calista's eyes snapped open, only to realize that someone had entered her private pool!

She was startled and reflexively tried to step back,

 +20 BONUS

forgetting she was already against the edge. Her heel landed on the wet and slippery pool wall, causing her to slide downward.

She tumbled into the hot spring with a series of gurgling sounds, swallowing a few mouthfuls of water. Lucian watched her, dumbfounded.

The private hot spring was quite small in size. He reached out and effortlessly lifted her out of the water.



SURPRISE GIFT: 50 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

[GET IT](#)

Chapter 57 He Wanted To Tease Her

He held Calista awkwardly around her waist. Her hair was still soaking wet. After some time, she managed to stop choking and glared at Lucian.

"What are you doing here?"

Her eyes were red from the hot spring water, and water droplets clung to her curled eyelashes, making her look alluring and tempting. Lucian pursed his lips. He only thought of teasing her.

Her eyes stung from the water, and her voice was still choked up. She wanted to relax in the hot spring but almost drowned.

She was very annoyed as she snapped, "How did you get in?"


She remembered locking the door. Lucian didn't speak; he just looked at her scornfully, mocking her foolishness, but he managed to tone down his attitude. Calista grew even impatient at his silence.

"You're such a pervert! Barging into a woman's private hot spring."

She didn't want to stay in the pool any longer and turned around to walk out. But just as she took a few steps, Lucian grabbed her wrist and pulled her back.

"Pervert?"

Lucian leaned in; his lips were inches away, and his calloused hand brushed her skin.

His voice was hoarse as he whispered, "We're a married couple. Why would I be considered a pervert for soaking in the pool with my wife?" 

Calista's face turned red, and her body stiffened against his embrace. They were so close and dressed thinly.

They were bound to brush against each other, making them both aware of the change in atmosphere.

Lucian felt her waist tighten. He looked down and saw Calista's cheeks were tinted red. She looked delicate and alluring amidst the mist, stirring his desires.

His deep eyes became darker, fixed on her rosy lips. He closed his eyes and swallowed hard. After a while, he managed to control the surge of impulse.

Calista didn't want to provoke him further in this situation. He had to be either a great gentleman or physically inept to maintain self-control under these circumstances. Lucian was neither.

She returned to her senses and asked, "Why are you here?"

"To bathe."

He was a damn liar! Calista cursed silently inside and

exposed his lame lie.

"There's a private hot spring in your room."

Lucian smirked playfully.

"I like public pools. They're more lively."

"Then go to the next room. It's crowded with people. It's as lively as lively gets."

Seizing the opportunity, Calista pushed Lucian away, walked a few steps to the pool's edge, grabbed a towel from the nearby rack, and wrapped herself tightly before exiting the pool.

She went to the changing room, and Lucian's gaze stayed on her until she disappeared behind the doors. Only then did he withdraw his gaze and sucked in a deep breath.

Calista exited the changing room after a change of clothes. She ignored Lucian and left without a word. Back on her floor, she saw David waiting in front of her room from a distance.

"Miss Calista, Mr. Northwood informed me to bring down your luggage."

"Thank you."

Calista took the suitcase and ignored David as he continued to mumble on. She brushed past him, opened the door, and entered.

The next morning, she was awoken by a persistent knocking on her door early in the morning. She wanted to ignore it, but the person outside was relentless.

Annoyed, she got out of bed in a fit and opened the door. Lucian was outside the door, dressed meticulously in a crisp and elegant black shirt and perfectly ironed suit pants.

Calista propped the door open, showing no intention of letting him in. Her hair was a mess, and she looked grumpy from being woken up.

"What's the matter?"

"Let's have breakfast together."

She blinked, wondering if she was still half asleep and imagining things.

"I will order room service."

She was about to close the door when Lucian simply pushed open the door and walked inside. He strode in impatiently, clearly infuriated.

"Mr. Packard and the others are waiting. You have ten minutes to get ready."

Calista instantly realized that he needed her to put on a show. He wasn't inviting her out for a meal.

Though she didn't feel like going as she was worn out, the thought of the hundred thousand dollars motivated her to

grab some clothes and head to the bathroom.

Ten minutes was a short time. She applied a layer of sunscreen and didn't bother with makeup. When they arrived at the restaurant, both Marcus and Eva were already there.

After a night, the bruise on Marcus's nose had become more prominent. The purplish swelling became the center of attention. Lucian was taken aback.

"Mr. Packard, what happened to your nose?"

Marcus touched his nose awkwardly and retracted his hand at the pang of pain.

"I slipped in the bathroom last night, accidentally hitting the bathtub's edge."

He couldn't hide the sharp undertone in his voice as he spoke. He wouldn't have laid a hand on Calista if he wasn't intoxicated when he ran into her in the elevator last night.

But due to the incident, he couldn't shake off a certain unease. He had his assistant investigate, and it was confirmed that Calista and Lucian did have separate rooms and weren't on the same floor.

It wasn't the usual arrangement for a married couple.

There was no news about Lucian being married, and even the rumors had only emerged recently. But those talking about it couldn't provide substantial evidence, so it wasn't certain whether they were married or not.

This conclusion gave Marcus a bit more confidence. His gaze on Calista was even bolder than before. Lucian glanced at him carefully as if he was sizing him up.

"Mr. Packard, you should be more careful. That bruise on your face looks quite serious. Have you seen a doctor?"

Marcus chuckled embarrassedly. A rush of air hit his injury, making him wince in pain.

"I have. It's not a big deal. It'll heal with some rest."

Calista watched the scene unfold and leisurely enjoyed her breakfast. Afterward, they decided to go play golf.

The golf course wasn't far away, and since they had just finished breakfast, they didn't want to join any strenuous exercise immediately. They opted to walk there to work off their breakfast.

Calista didn't want to entertain them. She was determined to lay low. She truly despised that sleazy man and found even speaking to him nauseating!

She deliberately slowed down, falling behind not long after, maintaining an appropriate distance while trying to blend in. She focused on the trees lining the path, lost in thought, not noticing someone approach her.