

Chapter 60 Treat You Better than Mr. Northwood

Calista's face fell when she saw who it was.

"Mr. Packard."

His face was flushed and he was stumbling. It was clear that he was drunk.

He smiled sleazily and greeted, "Miss Calista."

Calista's gaze fell on the room card he was holding.

"You better explain how you ended up with a key card that can open my room."

In reality, there was no need for an explanation. He probably bribed some greedy staff into giving him the key card.

Her question was merely an attempt to confirm the purpose of his arrival. Marcus's gaze fixed on her.

"Didn't you ask to meet at a place without any surveillance cameras? I'm here to take up your invitation."

He walked in and shut the door behind him. Marcus slowly approached Calista, licking his lips.

"There is no place safer and more comfortable than a room. I'm starting to think it's true that Mr. Northwood spent three million to keep you."

Even though she wasn't wearing makeup and dressed in a

modest and old-fashioned nightgown, Calista was still stunning. Her beauty was enough to captivate anyone's gaze.

"Though I might not be able to offer you three million, I assure you, I will treat you better than Mr. Northwood. My heart would belong to you, and I'd never set eyes on another woman."

He had three million dollars on hand, but he couldn't bring himself to spend such a huge sum on a woman.

Calista wanted to split his brain open and see if it was full of shit. She stumbled backward, and her back bumped into the table.

"You can't give me money. You don't look younger or more handsome than Lucian. Why do you think I would choose you over him?"

Marcus thought he had a chance when he heard her question.

"I can give you the title of Mrs. Packard. As long as you're with me, I'll divorce that old hag once I return to Zandor."

Calista fell silent. In that short time, Marcus had inched closer to her, reaching his plump hands toward her.

She asked coldly, "Aren't you afraid Mr. Northwood would be angry? Your hard-earned contract might be jeopardized. It's clear that Lucian holds the power in this partnership."

Though she hadn't paid much attention to their discussions

over the past few days, she could tell that Lucian held control over this collaboration.

"Mr. Northwood don't have the time for you. He's probably in his room with some other woman. As for the partnership, I'm not worried about it. The contract has already been signed. It's a billion-dollar project. The penalty for breach of contract is several million. Even his actual wife would not be able to affect this partnership, not to mention you."

Marcus pulled up a photo on his phone to prove his point and handed it to her. In the photo, Lucian was surrounded by a few scantily clad women.

One held a glass of wine and was leaning towards him. The low neckline couldn't contain her ample assets, and the logo on the wall indicated the name of the club downstairs.

"Mr. Northwood is young, handsome, rich, and powerful, but he can't give you a title, nor can he stay with you for long. But I can provide all these things ... "

There was a loud bang, and the room was filled with Marcus's screeches.

Immediately after, he clutched his head, and thick, fresh blood dripped from his fingers onto the dark carpet at his feet.

"Do you know why I told you to find a place without surveillance? You idiot," Calista said, holding the desk lamp she had smashed on his head.

Marcus endured several hits before he finally fought back. He raised his hand and grabbed the base of the lamp.

"You fucking bitch."

She was out of her mind. Men were naturally physically stronger than women, and even a puny man like Marcus was still quite strong.

At first, Calista's attacks took him by surprise. When he came to his senses, he grabbed the lamp that she swung at him.

His fierce gaze landed on Calista, filled with enough hatred to devour her alive. He pulled her toward him, and she stumbled forward despite her letting go of the lamp immediately.

That was enough for Marcus to get hold of her.

"You damn woman, how dare you hit me!"

Marcus gripped her wrist tightly, and he smacked her across the face with a loud slap. Fuelled by anger, he put in all he had behind this slap.

It was far worse than the hits Calista had delivered. The strong taste of blood permeated her mouth, her vision blurred, and a sharp ringing sound in her ears made her feel nauseous.

Before the second slap could land, Calista kicked Marcus in

the groins. The pain turned his face pale, and he no longer cared about grabbing Calista.

Calista turned and ran instinctively, charging towards the elevator. Her phone was still in the room, so she had to go to the front desk on the first floor to ask for help calling the police.

Behind her, she could hear Marcus's footsteps and enraged shouts. She glanced back to see his face covered in blood as he glared at her fiercely.

He was slowly gaining on her, so Calista quickened her pace. When she turned around again, there was someone before her.

But before she could react or dodge, she crashed into the person.

Her vision went dark on the impact, and she was overwhelmed with dizziness. She couldn't even clearly see who she had run into. All she felt was nausea.

Calista felt the person grabbing her shoulder and using their arm strength to support her collapsing body. A voice was ringing in her ears, but the continuous buzzing was too loud for her to hear it.

She couldn't make out what the person was saying, nor could she recognize if it was a man or a woman. But based on the strength, it was a man.

After a while, she finally managed to regain her senses. The

man's voice managed to pierce through the buzzing, and she could hear him.

"Calista!"

He sounded familiar, but she was still in a daze from being hit. She couldn't respond to the voice for a moment, and she could barely make out his face.

After a few seconds, she realized who it was and exclaimed, "Paul!"

Paul frowned and looked at the jarring fingerprints on her face and then glanced at the man running toward them.

"What happened?"


Before Calista could speak, Marcus had caught up. He was about to grab Calista's hair without hesitation, but Paul suddenly grabbed his hand. In an instant, Marcus felt like he was crushing his hand.

He warned fiercely, "Let go. This is my girlfriend. You better mind your business, or I'll make sure you regret it!"

"Did you cause the injuries on her face?"

Paul didn't recognize Marcus. Subconsciously, he thought this was just some tourist at the resort. After all, no wealthy person would stay in such an ordinary room.

"I'd like to see who would regret it later," Paul smirked coldly and increased the pressure in his grip.

 +20 BONUS

Although he was a gentle person, he also had a temper. He carried himself with great power due to his distinguished status and immense wealth.

Just then, the elevator door behind them opened. Marcus, who was facing the elevator, saw the man stepping out, and his face turned pale instantly.

"Mr. Northwood," Marcus stammered.



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