

Chapter 61 Giving up Billions for Her Sake

David followed behind Lucian. The two men approached. It was hard to discern their emotions judging by their expressions alone.

He stopped before Calista and reached out to pinch her chin. His shadowy gaze landed on her swollen face that bore a handprint. Her lips were split and stained with blood.

Lucian turned toward Marcus who was too nervous and hesitant to meet his gaze.

He smiled and spoke in a low voice, "Laying a hand on what's mine, Mr. Packard? How do you plan to settle the matter?"

Was he saying that there was something to discuss?

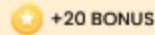
Marcus tried to calm down and answered with a smile, "I'll give up another 20 percent of the profits ..."

Marcus studied Lucian's face and found him to be unfazed. He gritted his teeth and said, "30 percent. I'll give up 30 percent of the profits."

He was reluctant. 30 percent of the profits meant 300 million dollars; it was a staggering loss!

Lucian instructed David, "Get me the contract."

Calista's heart sank when she heard his words. She hadn't



held out hope for the man ever since the accident. But it left her feeling cold to hear him using this as an opportunity to discuss profits.

She saw the way Marcus smiled. It was filled with disdain, arrogance, and an utter lack of remorse. Was she supposed to turn the other way as it happened?

"Mr. Packard mentioned how he provided for your sweetheart, Lucian. Given Lily's aloof and cool nature, he had probably forced her into it."

When did Lily Scott become Lucian's sweetheart? Before Marcus could make sense of it, Lucian kicked him over!

Lucian was strong. His kick sent the portly man flying. He had presumably kicked him in the stomach. Marcus felt his stomach turning and vomited.

Among the contents of the bile were what he had eaten that evening mixed in with blood. Lucian casually walked over, his polished shoes barely making a sound on the soft carpet.

Marcus couldn't stop shivering. He was kneeling on the ground and begging for mercy!

"It was a misunderstanding, Mr. Northwood ... Nothing is going on between Ms. Scott and me. I only saw her from a distance at the party. I don't know about your relationship with her. I wouldn't have dared to joke about her otherwise ..."

Lucian walked up to him and dug his heel into the fingers

that were pressed into the carpet. Marcus could feel his bones breaking.

Cold sweat poured down his forehead as he panted, "We just signed a contract, Lucian. We'll be working together for a long period. It's pointless to create conflict over a mistake. Besides, I've never touched Ms. Scott."

That was when David returned with the contract.

"The contract, Mr. Northwood."

Lucian stared down at the man kneeling on the floor and sneered.

"Working together?"

He swiftly tore the thick stack of papers into two halves. Marcus couldn't believe his eyes. Lucian had torn up a contract worth billions!

He could feel his world collapsing around him. Their company had worked for several months on that collaboration! He trembled with anger.

"This is a breach of contract! You're liable to pay liquidated damages!"

"The penalty fee? I can afford it. But would you ask for it?" Lucian smiled coldly. "Our collaboration ends here. From now on, the Northwood Corporation will not entertain any collaborations with companies that have dealings with you. We will not have any dealings with any company under your

name."

This wasn't just about losing money; it was about crushing him! With Lucian's words, who would risk offending the Northwood Corporation and working together with his company?

"I was the one at fault, Mr. Northwood. Please forgive me. We can negotiate the contract again. You can have as high a percentage of the profits as you want. Consider it my apology to Ms. Scott ..."

He begged while forcefully slapping himself.

"I misspoke. I apologize. Just treat me as though I don't exist. Please spare me. I'll have the entire company support Ms. Scott from now on whenever she performs!"

Lucian's expression turned cold. He got up and made space before speaking to David.

"Make him swallow that."

"Go ahead, Mr. Packard," David said.

Seeing Marcus remain motionless, David continued, "Mr. Northwood has given the order. Eat the contract. You have a choice of doing it yourself, or we cut your stomach open and stuff it in. It doesn't matter; it's your choice."

"I'll do it! I'll do it! Mercy, Mr. Brown. I was careless with my words. I didn't do anything to Ms. Scott!"

He picked up the torn contract and stuffed it into his mouth in large chunks. He was so hasty with it that his saliva mixed in with his blood flowed from his lips. Calista silently watched it happen. She didn't know how to feel about it.

She hadn't anticipated Lily's name alone would hold so much power. Lucian hadn't even bothered to ask if it was a lie. He had given up on the money that was within his grasp for her sake.

It made her reflect on how she had been treated like eye candy these past two days for the sake of this contract. She even had to endure the disgust of accompanying Marcus.

She had to compromise for the sake of the three million dollars she owed. She had to suffer Lucian threatening and abusing her.

Meanwhile, Lily didn't even need to show up. A mere statement of uncertain truth was enough for him to willingly sacrifice billions in profits.

In comparison, her position as Mrs. Northwood had her choking from how wrong she had been! She couldn't be bothered to look into it any further.

She turned to Paul and said, "Could you please escort me home, Paul? Or lend me your car?"

The resort was located in the suburbs. There was no way for her to hail a cab. She didn't want to bother Yara to come pick her up at such a late hour and worry her. Paul looked

away from the commotion.

"Let's go."

Seeing them leave, Lucian stepped forward and grabbed onto her wrists. He fixed his gaze on her swollen face. His voice was tense.

"Come with me. You need to go to the hospital for your face."
"

Calista shook her head and said calmly, "There's no need for that, Mr. Northwood."

She wrenched her hand out of his hold. But how could Lucian simply let her leave with Paul?

He spoke with great emphasis on his words.

"I said, you're coming with me. There's no need for you to trouble an outsider with these things. Paul is here with a friend. Are you asking him to leave his friend behind to escort you? Besides, he isn't obligated to do as you ask."

Paul frowned.

"It's a two-hour drive to Capeton. I can drive back after dropping her off. It's no big deal."

Lucian stared at Paul with a furrow between his brows. It was as if he were holding himself back. But it also looked like he might burst into rage the next moment ...