

Chapter 78 Her Stolen Kiss

Upon Lucian's arrival at the Luminary Lounge, he noticed that the others had already arrived. Cade glanced at Lucian's impeccably tailored suit and the tie he was wearing.

"You didn't come straight from the office, did you?"

"Yeah."

"Ah, your wife is about to leave, and you're making all that money. Who are you saving it for, stacking it up to bury yourself with?" Cade teased.

"What's it to you?" Lucian retorted.

Cade thought, "Was Lucian trying to pick a fight or something?"

Lucian took a seat beside Cade, with Paul on the other side. He then picked up the glass of wine the waiter had poured for him and raised it toward Paul.

As he did, the amber liquid shimmered in the dim lighting.

"Have Calista move out of your apartment," Lucian ordered.

Paul wasn't surprised that Lucian knew about this. He had no intention of keeping it a secret.

"Lucian, aren't you taking this too far? She's a woman you know. It's unsafe for her to move luggage around late at

night."

Lucian hid in the shadows, emotionless.

"Paul, this is between my wife and me. You have no right to interfere," he replied.

His tone was mild, but the underlying warning was unmistakable. Paul frowned. His familiar, friendly smile vanished from his face.

"Exactly. Therefore, you shouldn't apply the same strategies on her as you do in the corporate world."

Lucian's expression turned bitterly angry.

"Who are you to tell me how to treat her?"

The atmosphere between the two grew visibly tense. It looked like a showdown was about to happen.

Paul looked at Lucian and calmly replied, "The Baker and Everhart families have a long history of friendship. I've known Calista for a long time, and I consider her like a little sister."

Lucian coldly retorted, "Are you sure you only consider her a sister?"

The tension between the two escalated. A fight might break out any second. Suddenly, Cade stood up and patted Paul on the shoulder.

"Come with me to grab a smoke."

It was a somewhat half-hearted excuse, given that there were unopened packs of cigarettes on the table, and they could have quickly asked a waiter to bring them more. However, Cade's interruption did ease the tension in the room.

Paul followed Cade and headed to the terrace next to the restroom. Cade handed him a cigarette.

"Why did you suddenly get involved in Lucian and his wife's business?"

Even though Cade didn't know everything that happened, he could piece together a rough idea from their conversation earlier.

Paul replied in a soft tone, "I didn't. I just let Calista stay in the apartment for a while."

Cade looked at him while raising an eyebrow.

"If he wants to mess with Calista, let him. He won't make Calista homeless. So stay out of it."

Paul squinted his eyes as he smoked. The exhale created a smoky veil, masking his emotions and softening his expressions. He remained silent.

"You know Lucian is sensitive about your relationship with Calista. You might end up losing a friend if you interfere too much in their marriage," Cade added.

"Lucian has been in a bad mood lately. Don't take it personally."

On the other hand, Calista had just finished dealing with a broken vase and was feeling a bit hungry. She planned to head downstairs for a late-night snack.

The apartment didn't allow cooking, which was a bit inconvenient.

Calista grabbed her phone and walked while typing a message to Paul. She recalled that he had asked for her help in inspecting an item Harold had received.

Since he hadn't brought it up again for a while, she wasn't sure if he had forgotten about it. She was planning to ask him about it. Just as Calista opened the door, a man blocked her way.

Calista, still looking down at her phone, sensed someone approaching and immediately stepped back. She reached for the alarm button on the wall.

The intruder followed her inside and slammed the door shut. Before she could look up, her phone was snatched away from her hand. Suddenly, a familiar voice sounded from above her.

"Who were you planning to message for help?"

Calista sighed in relief.

She rolled her eyes at the intruder and said, "Lucian, are you out of your mind?"

She had thought he was a robber and had nearly grabbed a knife! Calista was starving. All she wanted was to get away from Lucian and grab something to eat.

She made a move to snatch her phone, but Lucian clutched her hand firmly and leaned in closer. His breath carried a strong scent of alcohol, and his eyes appeared bleary from the effects of drinking.

"Why do you rely so much on Paul? He's the first person you think of for help in a dangerous situation like just now?"

"You ..."

Calista had just begun to protest when Lucian's intense kiss crashed upon her, leaving her gasping for breath.

He was no gentleman, to begin with, and now, nothing was left in his eyes but a genuine hunger for conquest and possession.

Lucian's grip was firm as he pressed Calista against the wall. She couldn't break free despite her best efforts. She was forced to endure his violent kiss.

Calista was about to bite him, but before she could sink her teeth in, Lucian, with remarkable foresight, released her.

He looked at her and sneered, "Do you think I found this

place by chance?"

Calista widened her eyes. She guessed Lucian wanted to tell her Paul had told him about this place, which was why he had found her.

Without hesitation, she replied, "It couldn't have been Paul who told you."

Calista trusted Paul. The mention of Paul's name had struck a nerve in Lucian. His expression turned unexpectedly cold. The room fell into an eerie silence.

After a while, Luciane smirked. He spoke casually as if they were having a friendly chat. But Calista felt the weight of his presence crushing her shoulders. It was an overwhelming sensation.

Lucian coldly remarked, "You still place unwavering trust in him, don't you?"

Lucian's lips descended once more, and the sound of his breath against her face grew heavier.

"It seems," he murmured, "that you still haven't realized your true position."

"Click."

Immediately after, Calista heard the sound of a belt being unbuckled.

Chapter 79 A Hole in Lucian's Head

Calista tried to push Lucian and retorted, "Don't touch me."

But Lucian's strength was overpowering. No matter how hard Calista struggled, she couldn't break free from his firm grip around her waist.

Finally, Lucian's lips left hers briefly, and he didn't rush to initiate another kiss. Instead, he maintained their position and looked at her with half-lowered eyes.

Calista's fair complexion now bore an expression of disdain. She might have slapped him without a second thought if her hands weren't restrained behind her.

Lucian let out a chuckle. His voice was laced with desire and a raspy undertone. His fingers pinched Calista's face, forcing her to turn back toward him.

He pressed his lips firmly against her face, then trailing down to her jawline and neck. After his passionate embrace, her skin bore a delicate, rosy flush.

Calista had dressed lightly for her plan to grab a quick bite downstairs. She wore only a base layer and a long cardigan. Her dressings left her utterly vulnerable to Lucian's advances.

She screamed and cursed, but her resistance and struggles were useless. Lucian paid no attention to her actions either.

Lucian gripped Calista with one hand while the other held her face firmly.

He teased, "So, you're already transforming into a virtuous maiden at his mere return?"

Lucian's lips remained close to Calista's face while speaking.

Calista's mind went blank. She was overwhelmed by Lucian's forceful acts.

Her hands fumbled on the shoe cabinet, and suddenly, her fingertips touched something. She grabbed it and swung it at him without a second thought.

A loud "thud" echoed through the room. Lucian stopped kissing her. Calista stared in astonishment at the fresh blood trickling down Lucian's forehead.

She released her grip, and the object she had grabbed fell to the floor. It was an aromatherapy accessory placed on the shoe cabinet.

Lucian remained motionless. The bloodstream flew down his forehead. His face showed no sign of pain, even though blood was staining it.

He looked at Calista from his towering height. The dim light outside the window cast an eerie glow on his blood-smeared face. Calista panicked.

"I'm sorry. I'll call an ambulance for you."

Although Lucian appeared to be symptom-free and mentally sound, a head injury should not be taken lightly.

It would be advisable to have him thoroughly examined at the hospital for peace of mind, and his forehead wound should receive proper care.

Although Calista wanted a divorce, she never wished for Lucian's death. Despite his lack of affection for her, he had not mistreated her in other ways. 1

He generously gave her an unlimited credit card for expenses, imposed no obligations on her, and never demanded she perform household tasks. Were it not for the emotional turmoil, this situation would be the envy of many.

Nonetheless, as soon as other expectations came into play, each moment became unbearable. Men like Lucian had a talent for evoking emotions in any woman.

Calista's current income would enable a life of total comfort if she didn't owe Lucian three million dollars.

Calista considered fetching the first aid kit but realized she had just moved in yesterday and hadn't had the chance to prepare these things yet. Lucian closed his eyes. His visions were blurred and appeared unsteady.

He sarcastically asked, "Are you worried about my well-being?"

He chuckled lightly and continued, "No one will bother you

anymore if I die. Even though the Baker family might not allow Paul to marry a widow, he might be willing to face the world with you if he genuinely loves you, even if it means starting from scratch."

Calista grabbed a handful of tissues and roughly pressed them against Lucian's wound.

"You can't stop being sarcastic even with a hole in your head, can you?"

She rolled her eyes.

"I'm afraid of ending up in prison for your death. I don't want to spend my prime years in a cell. I'd rather find a handsome young man to date. Who wants a twilight romance?"

Calista bent down to pick up her bag. Lucian stopped her just as she was about to call for an ambulance.

"Mr. Whitman is downstairs."

His condition wasn't critical, and there was no need for emergency assistance. The bleeding from his forehead had stopped with the tissues, so there was no point in wasting medical resources.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was smoking downstairs. He was startled when he saw Calista helping Lucian out, who had blood on half his face. He quickly discarded his cigarette and rushed over.

"Madam Calista, how did Mr. Northwood get injured so

severely?"

Calista thought for a moment. It was a challenging question to answer.

She didn't fear Jonathan, but it could lead to wild speculation if this information reached Selena. A typical wife wouldn't smash their husband's head!

Lucian looked at her calmly, showing no intention of helping her explain the situation.

Calista lied without a hint of embarrassment, "He fell. Please take him back if he gets drunk again next time, Mr. Whitman. Don't let him wander around. His injuries might have been worse if I hadn't acted quickly today."

Lucian remained silent. He watched as Calista quickly transformed the situation to turn her into a heroic savior instead of an assailant. Jonathan appeared conflicted.

"Madam Calista, maybe you should consider moving back. I'm just a servant. I can't interfere in Mr. Northwood's affairs."
"

They went to a private hospital nearby. It was only a short drive away.

After the doctor finished dressing Lucian's wound, he assured, "There shouldn't be any major issues. If you're still concerned, we can do a CT scan. Alternatively, we can monitor your condition for dizziness, nausea, or excessive drowsiness before deciding on a CT scan."

Lucian glanced at Calista, who seemed unresponsive.

"Doctor, I live alone."

"That won't do. Someone needs to keep an eye on you. Some concussion symptoms may not be evident initially, so you should spend the night in the hospital or have a CT scan done now."

Calista said, "Doctor, please order a CT scan."

However, Lucian remained firm.

"No CT scan."

Calista grew impatient.

She exclaimed, "Then just stay in the hospital!"

Lucian's tone remained casual as he replied, "No hospital stay."

Calista grew increasingly frustrated. Additionally, her stomach was growling out of hunger.

Calista asked, "You're being indecisive! What do you want to do? Are you going back to your mother's place?"

Lucian replied casually, "You're the one who hit me. You tell me, what should I do?"