You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone

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Chapter 1 The Divorce Is Official

"Oh, Paul, take me."

"Calista Everhart, look at me. Who am I?"

The lights were switched on. Calista's eyes widened the moment she recognized the man's face.

"Lucian Northwood? What are you doing here!"

Lucian held her chin with a cold expression. "If you dare to send yourself to my bed, you should know I'm not easy to deal with."

"It's not what you think. I was wrong"

She tried to free herself, but it was too late. Agonizing pain consumed her the entire night.

After the deed, Lucian tossed a credit card at her. But she slapped him across the face.

He licked the corner of his lips and sneered. "Isn't this what you came for?"

His words destroyed her, but there was no turning back now.

"Lucian Northwood, I don't want money. I want you to marry me!"

Three years later.

Calista was watching the entertainment news at Everglade Manor. The report covered a dancer named Lily Scott, who accidentally fell off the stage. The scene was a mess.

A man in a suit walked through the crowd with a cold expression. He carried the injured Lily and left the scene.

Although it showed only his side profile, Calista could recognize him. They had been married for three years, after all. She would recognize him no matter what.

Last night, in bed, that very same man told her that he would be back home early today.

She turned to look at the cold food on the table. She had spent the whole afternoon cooking.

She got up and threw the food into the trash can. Her emotionless act made the two blisters on the back of her hand appear ironic.

Following that, Calista headed upstairs to pack her luggage. On the day she and Lucian

registered their marriage, she had also hired a lawyer to draft a divorce agreement.

She remembered it like it was yesterday.

According to the agreement, their marriage should only last for three years. Then, they would divorce. It was the exact same time Lily spent studying abroad.

There were three months left before the agreement officially ended. But, with Lily back in the country early, Calista figured the agreement was in effect.

She carried the luggage downstairs. Then, she called Lucian before leaving the house.

His impatient voice resounded over the phone. "What?"

His indifferent tone made her grip tighten around the luggage handle. Clearly, he had forgotten the promise he made last night.

Well, how could she actually believe his words when the promise was made in bed?

"Have you eaten?"

There was few seconds of silence. He didn't want to answer such a boring question.

"If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up. I'm busy." As soon as he offered this brief answer, he ended the call.

After that, Calista drove away the most expensive car in the garage.

It didn't stand out in the lines of luxury cars. But on the road, it was different. Its cool features alone could give onlookers an adrenaline rush.

Calista drove to a seven-star hotel in the city.

She handed over a black card to the receptionist. "A presidential suite for three months."

The receptionist accepted it with a smile. "Of course, miss. The total is 15 million dollars. Since it is a presidential suite, we demand a 30 percent penalty if you check out earlier than expected."

"I'll pay with the card," Calista said expressionlessly. She might not be able to spend Lucian's money starting tomorrow.

The divorce agreement stated that the assets would be split equally.

However, Lucian could always decide to go against the agreement. That would make things difficult for her, and she might not receive a single cent.

After all, Northwood Corporation had the best lawyers in the industry. There was nothing they couldn't do.

As an afterthought, she might as well spend the money while she was still "Mrs. Northwood."

If she didn't do that, the money would then belong to the homewrecker.

After swiping the card, the receptionist handed a key card to Calista. "Please keep it safe, miss."

At that moment, people stared at her in awe of her wealth.

As Lucian stood outside the operating room, he saw the credit card usage.

He frowned. It wasn't because of the amount, but where it was paid to.

A seven-star hotel.

Just as he was about to call Calista, a doctor pushed Lily out of the operating room.

She was still in her dance outfit. When she fell off the stage, the decorations left cuts all over her arms. The stitches made the injuries seem even more horrifying.

Her complexion was as pale as a sheet.

"Mild concussion and soft-tissue injuries. She injured her spine slightly. However, it isn't that serious."

Nevertheless, Lily was deathly pale. After all, she had fallen off from such a high place.

Nervously, she asked, "Will it affect my career in any way?"

"We have to keep observing things for now. We can't eliminate that possibility." The doctor's answer was vague.

Her eyes reddened almost instantly. She fought back her tears and gazed at Lucian. "Thank you, Lucian. You can go home now. I can handle it alone—"

Before she could finish, the doctor interrupted, "That won't do. Someone has to look after you. A mild concussion isn't something to be taken lightly."

She wanted to say something, but Lucian beat her to it. "I'll stay for the night. You should get some rest."

They had known each other for a long time, so she knew his personality well. "Thank you. But ... should I contact Calista to explain the situation?"

The incident was so huge that it was reported on the news, so Calista might be aware of it.

Lucian went silent for a few seconds. Then, he frowned impatiently. "No need for that."

He stayed until the next morning. By the time he returned home, the housekeeper, Mia, was cleaning up the place.

Upon noticing his arrival, Mia greeted, "You're back, sir. Would you like some breakfast?"

"Yes."

He hadn't slept all night, so he had a headache. He rubbed his forehead and asked casually, "Where's Calista?"

"She must've gone to work. I haven't seen her since I arrived."

Lucian never liked the idea of having outsiders stay in his house, so Mia didn't live there.

He checked his wristwatch for the time. Usually, Calista would still be having breakfast at this time.

"Does that mean she paid the hotel for herself? She spent the night out," he concluded in his head.

His face darkened.

Mia didn't notice and served him breakfast. Then, she held up a package. "Mr. Northwood, you have a package."

His residence's address was kept personal. Packages and mail were usually sent to Northwood Corporation.

The secretary would always check their contents before handing them over to him.

Lucian didn't give much thought to the package. He happened to be free, so he accepted it to check what it was.

Once he realized that it was a divorce agreement, his face fell. He went through the document quickly. Then, he reached the terms for asset distribution.

He scoffed. "She already has the details listed, huh?"

According to the conditions, all the houses, vehicles, cash, and stocks he owned were to be divided equally.

"She has some nerve," he commented.

Mia didn't dare to say a word as she saw the word "divorce" clearly. She desperately wished for herself to vanish on the spot.

Lucian held the agreement and dialed a number.

Calista's sleepy voice resounded from the other end of the line. "What?"

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