

Chapter 113 Good Luck With Your Impotence

Calista, who had wanted to play matchmaker, blinked in confusion. She stared wide-eyed at how calm Selena was with her blatant lies. How was she supposed to react? When on earth had she thrown up?

And compared to Lily, who could barely catch her breath, she was well enough to knock out a cow! She didn't look ill at all.

But, Calista's series of thoughts barely affected the media's focus. They had their cameras aimed at her. Among the paparazzi were well-informed individuals who had heard about the goings on.

Only, they hadn't seen the two of them together or received any sort of official announcement. Thus, they remained uncertain of the news' authenticity.

Now that Selena Jenkin, the mother-in-law, had confirmed it herself, there was no longer any doubt.

"Mrs. Northwood, are you aware that Ms. Scott is here at the auction with your husband's invitation?"

"Do you think Ms. Scott is aware of your marriage to Mr. Northwood?"

A majority of the journalists crowded around Calista when they realized they couldn't get much information out of Lucian.

The wife tearing down the mistress had been a hot topic since time immemorial. Even more so when said mistress was a public figure. Tomorrow's headlines were practically writing itself.

With the crowd gathering around, it got congested. Calista had two

microphones nearly hitting her in the face in the chaos.

Lucian frowned and walked over, passing over Lily. The pale-faced woman suddenly got in his way.

"Those photographs that depict you and Calista leaving the hotel. I know it was you who leaked them to the media outlets."

The incident had caused quite a stir. She had even seen the news about it abroad. But that might also be because of how she kept a constant eye on Lucian.

She had found it odd at the time how certain media outlets were actively going out of their way to cover the scandal.

She couldn't believe what she was seeing at the time. She was stubborn in refusing to accept the fact that Lucian had gone to a hotel with another woman right after she left.

But, as things began to escalate, she realized she could no longer lie to herself. Lucian narrowed his eyes as a cold glint passed through them. His voice, however, remained unchanged.

"Are you trying to threaten me, Lily?"

Lily ... The way he said it made it sound like an unchanging term of endearment. It made her want to laugh.

She knew best despite how intimately he called her name, it wasn't because he had any affection for her. It was simply because he was too lazy to change the way he called her name.

To him, it didn't matter if she was Lills, Lilsy, or plain old Lily. It made no difference. It was just a nickname. Since it made no difference,



why bother putting the effort into changing that?

"I'm a public figure, Lucian. My next show is in Capeton half a month from now."

She could not afford to have negative press pinned on her. Frankly speaking, Lily had made progress after taking classes. She knew when to beat a retreat to allow herself a way forward.

If she remained as haughty and aloof as she had been before, she would've never compromised at all. She would prefer mutual destruction rather than compromise.

Selena watched them converse with one another through the gaps between the crowd. It looked as if they were making eyes at one another.

The sight had her nearly collapsing from anger. She had been trying to urge Lucian to make up with his wife, but he kept openly defending his mistress.

Lucian could feel the growing resentment in the air and looked away from Lily. He passed her without another word.

Calista grabbed onto the microphone that was closest to her. She couldn't afford not to. If she didn't hold onto it, it might end up in her mouth. Just a single person shoving her from behind would do it. She smiled as she responded to the questions.

"I'm sorry. Regarding the relationship between Mr. Northwood and Ms. Scott, they're present on the scene. It would be better if you asked them."

Lucian walked through the circle of reporters and made a beeline for

Calista. The crowd automatically parted to make way for him. The woman's voice resounded loud and clear through the microphone.

"As for Mr. Northwood and I ... We are in the process of a divorce. We will notify the media as soon as the divorce is finalized."

"Excuse me."

It was Lucian making his way through the crowd. He took her hand and pulled her into his arms.

"My wife has been a little emotionally unstable lately. She likes making jokes."

A female reporter made a joking quip, "That's probably because she's pregnant. Pregnant women's moods tend to fluctuate. Good luck, Mr. Northwood."

Lucian's mood improved at that.

"Thank you for your kind words."

The journalists attending these events were not newcomers. They had staked out Lucian multiple times over, but this was his first time acting so polite and accommodating.

This only solidified their certainty that Mr. and Mrs. Northwood were deeply in love.

Calista glanced at him and whispered, "People who lie go to hell and suffer with impotence." 1

He looked down and whispered back, "Are you trying to imply that I should get you pregnant?"

There were still people who weren't convinced and were eager to unearth more gossip.

"So Mr. Northwood, how do you define your relationship with Ms. Scott? It seemed she had your invitation letter."

The focus shifted back to the two individuals at that.

Lucian spoke calmly, "Ms. Scott and I are long-time friends. The invitation is nothing more than a simple favor. There's nothing to it. It led to some misunderstandings for Ms. Scott. I apologize."

Calista couldn't be bothered to expose him. Anyone with half a brain cell wouldn't believe that. Was it that difficult for Lucian to ask for another invitation from the organizers?

As someone with years of experience in the business world, anyone with common sense would know what giving someone an invitation with their name on it meant.

Selena, after ridding herself of the media clamoring for her attention, claimed that she wanted to chat with her friends more. She wanted Lucian and Calista to spend more time together and had them enter the venue first.

Calista tilted her head and smirked.

"Trying to play both sides, aren't you?"

Lucian was trying to salvage Lily's reputation while avoiding the divorce. He frowned. His voice was deep with warning.

"Calista Everhart. Enough with your baseless accusations."

The woman smiled at being referred to by her full name. She didn't bother looking away.

"I'm not going to let you have it both ways."

With that, she shook him off and strode into the auction hall. Calista and Selena were here together, which meant Lucian's seat was where theirs was.

They were in the first row with the best view in the house. Calista had just taken her seat when Lucian arrived.

"You're currently representing the Northwood family. The media are here. Don't mess around."

He was uncertain what she was planning to do. But he knew her well enough to know to anticipate a potentially embarrassing scene.

"If you get up right now and declare that we're divorced, nothing I do will damage the Northwood family's reputation."

He smiled coldly.

"You can forget about ever getting a divorce."

She rolled her eyes and retrieved earplugs from her purse. She was just about to plug her ears when a shadow cast over her.

"Calista."

A familiar voice reached her ears. Calista looked up. When she noticed who it was, the condescending smile she wore transformed into a genuine grin.



"Hector?"



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