

You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone

Chapter 12 Divorce at City Hall

Lucian turned to look at Calista. "Because you're an idiot. Something's wrong up there, and you're blind."

"I—" Calista was so pissed that she started smiling. "Why should I waste time talking to a pig?"

She turned to open the car door, but Lucian grabbed her arm to stop her. A shadow crept across his handsome face.

Outside, Bryan got no response from inside the car and began to worry. The knocks on the window became more frequent and urgent. "Callie, are you alright?"

"Callie?" Lucian repeated. Something dangerous flashed in his eyes. "How sweet. We haven't gotten divorced, yet you're already eager to cheat on me. It seems like your taste in men has gotten worse," he said through gritted teeth.

Calista didn't bother explaining the misunderstanding that started because of that nickname. It wasn't that important anymore.

"You're right. I've always had bad taste in men. That's why I married you. Bryan and I are just co-friends. Stop thinking badly about others when you're one of the worst," Calista snapped. She wouldn't stand by when someone innocent was accused.

She didn't tell Lucian that they were just colleagues because

she didn't want to argue with him. Besides, this isn't what they should be talking about.

"When are you free?" she asked. "Let's settle our divorce at City Hall tomorrow."

Lucian's temple throbbed at her word. But Calista couldn't care less.

She continued. "If it's about the contract ... I can compensate you since it hasn't ended."

She wasn't sure what part of her words made him angry, but Lucian's eyes were on fire. He said, "Does your new boyfriend know you're married? How will he react if he sees us doing it in the car?"

Damn it! Calista doubted if he even heard her. When she looked at him again, she noticed a certain look in his eyes.

It sent a chill up her spine. What he did next was proof that he wasn't joking.

His hands wrapped around her slim waist, pressing her tightly against him. He then lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers. Even the console between them failed to stop him.

He reached under her seat to press the recliner button, while his other hand held her waist tightly. Her seat fell flat, and she found herself trapped under him.

This was her first time seeing him so out of control. She

squirmed, trying to break free.

"Let go of me!" she yelled.

As she struggled, the car jerked. The knocking on the window ceased abruptly.

To face such a scene ... It was easy for one's thoughts to wander in a certain direction.

Calista froze and glared at Lucian. Her eyes were puffy, and her lips were slightly swollen.

Seeing her look so pitiful made Lucian calm down a bit. He reached one hand up to massage his temples.

"I won't touch you if you can make him leave," he told her and returned to his seat.

Calista quickly straightened her messy clothes and smoothed her hair with her hands. Then, she opened the car door and got out before slamming it shut. The loud noise left Lucian speechless.

When Bryan saw the car door open, he stepped back, allowing Calista to climb out of the car. "Callie, did that person do something to you?" he asked, concerned.

Right before the car door closed, he caught a glimpse of the man inside. His piercing eyes were like two dark and bottomless pits. The suit the guy wore had once appeared in magazines too, and it cost at least five figures. His car was also ...

To conclude, this person definitely wasn't working as a cab driver.

Calista knew what he was thinking. So, she shook her head to assure him. "I'm fine, thank you. You should finish your food. I'm leaving."

Without waiting for a reply, she hailed a cab. She then told the driver her new address and got in. It sped off in just a moment.

When Calista arrived home, she went into the bathroom to take a shower. After that, she called the lawyer she hired to help with her divorce agreement.

"Mr. Locke, can I win this case?"

"Considering the assets you want to claim ... it's going to be hard." Mr. Locke had a deep impression of Calista's case. After all, the property involved was immensely valuable. There was also the matter of her husband's identity.

"What if I don't want any of that?" She never wanted to get any portion of Lucian's property, anyways. She only mentioned it to annoy him.

"Then it depends if Mr. Northwood agrees to the divorce. You can file for a lawsuit, but if he doesn't consent, it'll take a long time to settle this. The judge will usually follow the usual process if domestic abuse isn't involved. If you can't divorce the first time, you'll have to wait three months for an appeal." 1

Perhaps he didn't want to let her go because she asked for the divorce. In a way, it was humiliating to him. Besides, the timing was too much of a coincidence, and others would think Lily was a homewrecker.

However, she and Lucian never announced their marriage. If this went to court, everyone would know that they were married. They would even be sure that Lily was his mistress.

Lucian would divorce her for Lily.

Calista pursed her lips. Then, she said, "Mr. Locke, please prepare a draft of the letter and send it to him."

She hung up and sighed.

It didn't take long for Mr. Locke to finish his job. The next day, Lucian received the lawyer's letter.

David would check all the documents and parcels addressed to Lucian. He felt there was something ominous about this particular letter when he first set his eyes on it.

His hunch was right.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly turned gloomy. David glanced at Lucian. His face was as dark as the midnight sky.

In a cautious tone, he said, "Mr. Northwood, perhaps Ms. Everhart was just fooling around."

Lucian looked up at David. "Find out what she's been doing."

What kind of job did she get? What kind of person did she get involved with? What and who gave her the courage to send him this letter?

It wasn't hard for David to find out where she was. By afternoon, he managed to obtain accurate information on her. "Ms. Everhart is working at Justa Workshop."

"Justa?"

"It's a workshop dedicated to the restoration of ancient artifacts. It's famous for taking up severely broken antiques that are hard to fix. Those who manage to become part of their team are the best in the nation."

Lucian frowned. He never knew that Calista had tried her hand at something like this before. He only remembered she took art courses back in college. "She knows how to fix antiques now?"

"No. Ms. Everhart's working as a ... cleaner." To make sure he didn't get it wrong, David went to the workshop to see for himself. He saw her sweeping the floor. And he even asked someone there to confirm that she was just a cleaner.

"A cleaner?" Lucian laughed and threw the lawyer's letter away.

"It seems like she's gotten tired of a sheltered life. And now, she's so bored she wants to try something different. I shouldn't have been so kind to her. If I had kept her busy, she wouldn't have had the time for this."

David was at a loss for words. Honestly, he felt sorry for Calista. Nobody knew she was Lucian's wife. Even after she cleaned and ordered food for Lucian, the food would end up in the trash most of the time.

If it was someone else, they would've hit Lucian's head with the takeout box long ago!

"Leave." Lucian gestured for David to leave. Then, he dialed Calista's number.

Calista was busy with rather complicated restoration work. Her phone vibrating almost made her mess up. She was already in a foul mood, and seeing Lucian's name on the screen pissed her off even more. 1

She knew why he was calling her. By now, he should have received the letter. She answered the call. 1

However, before she said anything, Lucian started mocking her over the phone.

"Calista, do you even know how much an apartment costs in Capeton these days?"

"What?"

"Can you even afford rent with your meager salary?"