Chapter 2 Wanting to Live Separately

"Calista Everhart, what do you mean by this? A divorce agreement?"

Calista woke up as soon as she heard Lucian's voice. "Literally, a divorce."

He smiled coldly. "Before you go to work, come to my office and take this trash away. I want you to be at Everglade Manor at 8 pm. Bring your luggage too."

She sneered. "Lucian Northwood, are you—"

Before she questioned his sanity, she suddenly understood why he was contacting her.

"You don't have to worry about Lily being called a homewrecker. The only people who know about our marriage are our parents and close friends.

"To the outsiders, you're still the good guy willing to fully support your girlfriend's career and suffer the loneliness. Now that your sacrifice has born fruit, everyone is happy for you."

Pictures of Lucian sending Lily to the hospital had been taken and released last night. And now, Calista was bringing up a divorce. Lily would take the blame as the homewrecker if words got out.

When Calista finished, she realized that Lucian had long ended the call.

"That son of a" she cursed in her head.

The hotel she was currently staying at was near Northwood Corporation. So, she wasn't in a rush at all. She slowly enjoyed her breakfast before taking the subway.

When she first got married to Lucian, she agreed to her mother-in-law's request to be Lucian's personal assistant.

To be more precise, it was more like being a nanny.

Her job was to handle his meals and trivial personal matters. That was all it took for her to get paid at the end of every month.

No one at work knew that she was the boss' wife.

It seemed like a pathetic situation from her point of view.

Everyone knew about Lily, the homewrecker. However, Calista, the supposed wife, was on a spy mission. She had to avoid attention.

Whenever Lucian and Calista took the same car to work, she had to get off the car two blocks from their destination.

She arrived at work and began writing her resignation letter. They were going to divorce anyway. What was the point of being his nanny?

Someone walked past her desk and asked, "Ms. Everhart, are you resigning? Are you getting married to your loaded boyfriend?"

Calista paused. Previously, someone caught her getting out of Lucian's car. The surprised witness had questioned her if it was his car.

At that time, she wished to keep the relationship a secret. So, she lied to her colleague. She said that it was her boyfriend's car.

The next day, everyone in the company knew she had a rich boyfriend. They even knew that he drove the same car as Lucian.

No one linked the clues with Lucian because he never ate the meals she prepared. They deemed her foolish for preparing meals all the time despite knowing his attitude.

"No. We broke up." Calista denied it.

"How could you bring yourself to give up the chance of becoming rich? If I were you, I would've cried buckets!" one of her colleagues exclaimed. When in fact, the colleague was secretly gloating over Calista's misfortune.

Calista thought of Lucian before saying with a soft yet sharp tone, "The only asset he has is a sharp tongue. Why should I keep him?"

"What about that asset?" asked a curious colleague.

A sudden cough interrupted the conversation. When they turned to see who it was, they were scared out of their wits.

"Mr. Northwood"

The person who coughed was Lucian's executive assistant, David Brown.

He glanced at Lucian standing next to him. "Please refrain from gossiping, especially on this kind of topic."

Lucian's gaze swept across them before landing on Calista. His eyes were dark. "Come to my office, Ms. Everhart."

He continued, "Everyone involved in the conversation will receive a pay cut. Report yourselves to the Finance Department."

They all dispersed almost instantly except Calista. She kept typing on her keyboard expressionlessly.

The interior design in Lucian's office was simple. When she entered the room, he was flipping through a document casually.

She knew what that document was. It was the divorce agreement. It had been sent to him by

her request this morning.

She stood confidently before the desk. "Mr. Northwood."

He raised his gaze. But his expression remained unreadable. His tone was cold. "The only asset I have is a sharp tongue. How did you come to this conclusion, Ms. Everhart?"

Calista pursed her lips in an attempt to play dumb. She must've been out of her mind to keep talking about that topic.

The silence lasted a few moments before he let the question slide. Lucian threw the divorce agreement on the table.

"Mind explaining the reason for the divorce written here?"

She went silent for a few seconds before answering politely, "It is what it means literally."

She wrote it very clearly. Anyone would be able to understand it.

"Lack of intimacy throughout the marriage. The other party is unable to fulfill the wife's basic needs. I suspect that the other party may be dealing with sexual dysfunction."

Every word he said got her on edge. She thought he might lose control and strangle her at any moment.

But it was an objective statement. Lucian didn't touch her at all for the past three years.

When he read the terms for asset distribution, a glint of coldness flashed across his eyes. "It looks like you've learned something from your position as my assistant.

"You're aware of every detail of my properties, huh? But, Calista Everhart, do you think that you'll be able to receive a single cent from me?"

She was mentally prepared to leave the game empty-handed. Thus, she was unbothered by it.

Her aloof attitude seemed to provoke him. He held her chin. "How are you going to feed yourself after the divorce? With that monthly pay of yours? Forget about rent, will it even be enough to buy you the necklace you're wearing?"

It was a downright mockery.

She turned her head sideways, trying to break free from his grasp. But it didn't go as she wanted. Instead, he tightened his grip on her chin.

Calista endured the pain. "That's none of your business."

He scoffed coldly as though he was going to tear her apart. "Did you find yourself another target?"

He took her silence as a confirmation and suddenly smiled disdainfully.

He released her. "I think there's something I have to straighten out with you. You don't have the right to ask for divorce. There are three months left according to the agreement."

Still, it made no difference to Calista. He never treated her as his wife. So what was the point of following the agreement?

He was acting this way because she was the one who brought up the divorce. It was a humiliation for Lucian and Lily.

"That stupid ego of his!" she thought.

It seemed impossible to get him to agree to the divorce today.

So, she decided to make herself clear. "It doesn't matter how much time we have left. I'm not going to move back."

He looked at her. "Are you saying that you wanna live separately?"