

# You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone

## Chapter 29 Who Else Do You Want to Kiss?

After verifying that the painting was authentic, Calista carefully placed it in a box. Next, she gave Lily a contract to sign her name.

"Back then, that best art student could sell a painting for 30 thousand. Yet, she's working as someone's assistant, running errands right now. I wonder what it feels like." Lily wasn't over with the mockery.

This matter was supposed to be a blot on Calista's life forever.

However, Lily didn't notice any hint of anger on Calista's face other than indifference.

The latter didn't utter a word as she hugged the box and left.

She made sure her back was straight until she hopped into a cab. Only then could she relax like a deflated balloon.

The painting was seriously damaged, so it was considered a huge project. Due to the tight timeline, she didn't have time to waste.

She headed straight home as soon as she grabbed the painting.

Her house was a two-bedroom apartment. One of the rooms was used as her workshop. 1

She spread a masking paper across the work table before brushing it with water to even the surface.

Following that, she placed the ruined painting on it and sprayed warm water at 122°F.

Painting restoration required patience. When she finished the first step, it was already dark outside.

Her vibrating phone disrupted her focus. She glanced at it.

It was a call from Lucian.

She shifted her gaze onto the painting, recalling Lily's provocative words and Lucian's card.

She then answered the phone with knitted brows. Her tone was impatient. "Need something?"

He frowned. "Why are you so grumpy?"

"Cut to the chase, or I will hang up immediately."

He hurriedly blurted, "Come downstairs."

"What?" She was stunned by his instruction. It took her a while to register it before she drew the curtains.

Calista could see a familiar Bentley downstairs. Lucian was really there.

"I have something to settle. We can talk over the phone." She was afraid of losing control and whacking him with her heels.

Not only did he draw a clear line with his wife by making use of the law, but he also let his mistress show off with his credit card.

Lucian was definitely crossing the line.

"I'm taking you out for dinner." He paused momentarily and chuckled. "Or do you want me to go up there in person?"

"No thanks. I'm not hungry." It was a downright refusal.

"Mom booked a reservation. If you don't want to go, tell it to her yourself."

As soon as he finished, the ire in Calista appeased a little.

Previously, Selena poured a lot of effort into making sure they spent time having dates like an ordinary couple.

Sometimes, she booked a reservation at a romantic restaurant so that they could spend time alone.

Unfortunately, Lucian gave Calista the cold shoulder. Forget about dates. He'd never even held her hand in public.

He didn't even show up in the restaurant. Yet, he was acting like an obedient son now.

Calista hesitated for a few seconds before heading downstairs.

She was actually starving because she hadn't eaten anything since noon. The refrigerator had nothing but a few bottles of



probiotic drinks.

Thus, she simply agreed to the invitation to fill her stomach.

Selena chose a romantic restaurant with a wonderful ambiance under the dim lights.

The candles' flames danced along with the soothing music, creating an intimate setting.

Besides, the appropriate space between the tables made it an ideal place for a date.

Along their way from the door to their seat, Calista had noticed a few couples kissing.

She looked at Lucian instinctively. It didn't mean anything other than to stave her awkwardness off.

He was expressionless as always, but his words almost prompted her to slap him. "Why? Jealous? Do you want it too?"

Suppressing the urge to murder him, she lowered her voice and said, "There might be a reporter here."

It was easy for reporters to dig up scandalous dirt on hot shots. Lucian didn't even come once before this because he was afraid that someone would expose their relationship.

Noticing that he was unbothered, she mentally noted to herself that she was overreacting.

Calista sighed. "I am jealous. But I don't want it because it's

you."

"If you don't want to kiss me, who else do you want to kiss?"

Lucian turned around with a tense jaw.

He stared right into her eyes. Despite the dim lights, she could clearly notice the fury blazing in his eyes.

He accidentally blurted it aloud, so some people heard him.

The spectators looked at them while stifling a smile.

She didn't want to have such an embarrassing conversation in the middle of the hall, so she quickly found a table.

She began ordering as soon as she seated herself.

Considering that she was in a rush to return home, she reminded the waiter, "Please make it quick."

He frowned at her hasty demeanor. "Are you on the brink of death due to starvation?"

His remark rendered her speechless. She was only in a hurry because she didn't want to be there with him.

While they were waiting for the food, she brought up the divorce agreement. "I will return you the money."

His eyes darkened. He repeated what he had said over the phone. "On what grounds can I believe in your word?"

Calista almost lost it. He was dragging things on purpose when she had already promised to repay him.

"Lily is back. Aren't you in a rush?"

Lucian didn't spare her a glance when he answered, "I am. So please return the money as soon as possible."

"I won't run away from my debt after the divorce. Plus, it's not like you lack money." Calista attempted to convince him.

In other words, she meant that money was not worth mentioning when it came to his happiness.

He finally gazed at her anxious face, smiling. "Mrs. Northwood, you're taking advantage of the fact that I don't lack money to make things go your way. How shameless of you. Rather than wasting time on this, why don't you rack your brain to come up with an idea to gather enough money?"

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She clenched her teeth. "Don't you call me that."

Despite marrying for such a long time, he had never called her name affectionately. Now that they would divorce, he kept calling her Mrs. Northwood.

What an irony!

He mocked, "You don't want to be Mrs. Northwood because you want to be Mrs. Baker?"