Chapter 4 A Celebration for Escaping Misery

Calista was using Lucian's credit card. She thought it would be a waste to use her money to stay at a hotel.

She called Yara to ask for her address. Then, she drove there.

Jonathan followed her the entire way, but she ignored him.

An ornament scratched her hand as she took her luggage out of the car. It was bleeding, but fortunately, it wasn't serious.

Yara lived on the 17th floor. She was expecting Calista, so she left the door slightly open.

She was momentarily stunned when Calista brought her luggage into the house. Calista hadn't mentioned it over the phone.

Yara thought Calista looked like she ran away from home.

She skipped putting on her face mask as she helped Calista with the luggage. "You should've told me about your luggage. I could've waited for you downstairs ..."

Then, she said, "You have a scratch. What happened?"

Yara was worried and wanted to get a medical kit. But Calista stopped her.

"It's fine. It'll heal in no time."

"You spent so much money taking care of your hands. Can't you be more careful? Look at those pianists. If they could chop off their hands and keep them in a safe, I bet they would've done it long ago."

Yara's exaggeration made her laugh, adding some color to her gloomy day. "It's not that serious, though."

Yara paused. Since the topic had come this far, she brought up that matter again. "Remember what I told you before? Have you made up your mind?"

Calista remained silent because she hadn't decided yet.

"Jacob has reached out to me several times. He's the top historic preservationist in the country! Only the top dogs can work in that field.

"Think about it. You must be really important for him to come in person. If it weren't for you wanting to keep your identity a secret, I would've given him your number long ago."

Calista was a skilled historic preservationist. She learned the craft from her mother at a young age, making her exceptionally skilled. She also took relevant courses in college for it.

At first, she planned to work in a museum after graduation. But something unexpected happened. Then, she had no choice but to marry Lucian.

All these years, she was able to accept jobs as a freelance conservator through Yara.

Now, things were different. She was going to divorce Lucian and start a new life.

Calista thought about it for a moment and nodded. "I accept the offer."

"For real?" Yara was surprised by the answer. After all, Calista had always refused before.

"It's worth a shot. I can go and start anytime."

"Anytime?" Yara was surprised again. "What about your job at Northwood Corporation? Did you quit?"

"Yeah. I did," Calista casually replied, as if it didn't involve her.

Yara clicked her tongue. The trending news she read this morning was enough to fuel her imagination.

"You should've quit earlier. Lucian Northwood is a total jerk! He wouldn't eat the meals you prepared anyway, so why bother asking you to order them?

"A snob like him should end up in the gutter with Lily. You should take the chance to divorce him too. There are only three months left anyway. It's better to end things earlier."

Tired, Calista leaned into the couch. It had been a rough day for her. "I brought it up, but he's against it. He told me to wait until it's time."

Yara rolled her eyes. "Snobbish to the core, isn't he? Lily rejected his proposal and went abroad to pursue her career. I bet he won't let you go and get back with her that easily.

"How low can he be? He's trying to show that he's a great catch, so she won't leave him again."

Calista hadn't thought that far. It only hit her when Yara pointed it out.

"Lucian Northwood, you jerk! How dare you take advantage of me!" Calista thought.

"Do as I say. Save the courtesy. Share your marriage certificate online before you divorce him. Let justice deal with that couple. Let people call Lily a homewrecker!"

"No. Just let them be. If we make a big deal out of it, it might be hard for me to look for a boyfriend." Calista shook her head. She didn't think it was a good idea.

Yara's eyes twinkled as she thought, "A boyfriend?"

It looked like Calista was really leaving Lucian for good. This was great news! They should celebrate!

She grabbed a pack of beer from the fridge and gave Calista a can. "Here. Let's celebrate. My best friend is finally out of misery!"

Just as Calista was about to grab it, the doorbell rang.

"I wonder who it is," Yara muttered as she went on to open the door.

It was Jonathan. Unlike a few hours ago, he was now desperate to complete his task.

He craned his neck to look at Calista in the living room. "Madam Calista, Mr. Northwood is waiting for you downstairs. Please come with me."

Calista frowned. She didn't look back and sounded impatient. "Let him wait, then."

She had beers to drink and a bed to sleep in at Yara's place. Meanwhile, Lucian was waiting in the car.

No matter how spacious the car was, he wouldn't be able to lie down and rest properly.

She had nothing to be afraid of.

As soon as she finished, she took a sip of beer.

Jonathan wouldn't dare to deliver that message, not unless he had a death wish. Feeling at a loss, he added, "Madam Selena called Mr. Northwood. It looks like she's not feeling well—"

Calista's phone rang while he was speaking. It was Lucian's mother—Selena Jenkin.

She could ignore Lucian if she wanted, but she couldn't ignore Selena's phone call.

Over the years, Selena treated her better than he did.

Whenever Selena came across anything nice or expensive, she always made sure to get one for Calista. Plus, she always took Calista's side whenever Calista and Lucian fought.

"Mom."

"Calista, I called Lucian. He said you're not with him. Is that brat spending the night out again?"

Selena was probably the only person who dared to address Lucian that way. She always checked that he was home every time she called.

"No. I'm at my friend's place. It's her birthday, so she's treating me to dinner." Calista didn't mention the divorce, worried that it would upset Selena.

Selena had had heavy bleeding after Lucian's birth, leaving her with lasting issues. She wasn't in the best of health in recent years either.

Meanwhile, Yara rolled her eyes. It was suddenly her birthday that day. Calista had lied so smoothly.

Selena suggested, "You guys should come back to Stansend Manor after that. Lucian's father is out for work, and I'm not feeling well.

"Have you called the doctor?" Calista asked. She was concerned about her health.

"No. It's nothing serious, anyway. I bought a bracelet from an auction. You should see it. I wonder if it's to your liking."

"Okay." Calista finally agreed after a moment of silence.

Had Selena contacted her to give her a gift, she would've turned it down. After all, she was going to divorce Lucian. However, Selena said that she wasn't feeling well.

Yara knew it was impossible to change Calista's mind. So, she personally sent her off. "Trust me, she's calling you back on purpose."

The familiar car was parked near the entrance of the apartment building. Lucian leaned against it while smoking.

Hearing the noise, he looked at them with dark, broody eyes.