



Chapter 115 Don't You Dare, Calista!

There was a striking look in the woman's eyes. The way she smiled provocatively resembled a sly fox.

Lucian thought about what Calista had said before. It was about how she wasn't going to let him have it both ways. He frowned.

In the time they were exchanging quips, the auctioneer had enthusiastically begun to announce the bids once more.

Calista raised her bidding card once more, adding the minimum increment allowed. It was as if she were trying to tease a cat.

Others who were interested in the bracelet could feel the growing tension in the air and stopped competing for it. It wasn't worth offending someone for a bracelet.

The pale-faced Lily gritted her teeth. She could tell what Calista was up to and decided not to bid any further.

In the end, it was Calista who got the bracelet. The auction continued, but she got up and left the venue.

Calista was a conservator restorer and often worked with jewelry worn by ancient dignitaries and nobles. The craftsmanship was exquisite and intricate.

There was no comparing it to modern jewelry lined with diamonds. She turned to Selena, who was in high spirits and chose not to leave early.

Instead, she leaned over and whispered, "I'm going to the washroom,

Mom."

"Go ahead. Have Lucian go with you," Selena said.

Calista declined. It would take her going mad to ask Lucian to accompany her to the washroom. She thought that Lily had already left until they unexpectedly bumped into one another at the sink.

It was true what they said ... enemies often crossed each other's path!

Calista calmly washed her hands, revealing no trace of the persistence she had shown in competing for the bracelet moments ago. Lily clenched her fists and glared at her.

"You did it on purpose, didn't you, Calista Everhart?"

"I did."

Calista didn't bother looking up as she openly admitted it.

"I haven't offended you in any way. I love Lucian, but everything I've done has been a fair competition between us ..."

"Was it you who conspired with them to buy my painting?" Calista interrupted her. "I would keep messing with you just for that alone."

The matter concluded with insufficient evidence and a public apology from her classmates. But, her reputation had suffered for it.

She applied to several art studios and companies after graduation only to have her applications rejected.

Lily let out a cold snort.

"Let me ask you a question, Calista. Who do you think sent those

photos of you and Lucian to the press?"

It was Nikolette. She admitted it. But from Lily's tone, it sounded as if there was more to the story. Calista said nothing and maintained her calm state as she waited for Lily to continue.

"Who would dare expose Lucian's scandals without his consent in Capeton? And, for so many consecutive days ..." she proudly looked askance at Calista to try to discern any changes in her mood.

However, the woman remained as expressionless as a log.

"Back then, I had gone abroad regardless of his attempts at trying to keep me here. I even broke up with him. Now, why do you think he sent those pictures to the press?"

It was to make Lily jealous and force her to return. That was the only explanation Calista could come up with.

"You cling to a man who doesn't even love you. You're pathetic, Calista."

Calista raised a hand to slap her. Lily seemed surprised that Calista would raise a hand at her. She stumbled a few steps back with eyes wide.

She seemed to have forgotten that she was wearing heels. Her stumble caused her to twist her ankle.

"Ah!"

She let out a cry of pain and grimaced. She hunched over and reached for her injured ankle. While it happened, Calista's raised hand was held back by a grip extending from behind her.



Judging by their strength, she guessed that it was a man. And, she had an idea who it was behind her. She turned around to see Lucian.

The man had a frown marring his cold countenance. His eyes were unblinking as he stared her down. Calista offered him a faint smile. Her tone was light.

"You and Lily make the perfect couple. You're both ... disgusting."

Lucian, who was insulted out of nowhere, turned hostile. He gritted his teeth.

"There are limits to how far you can go with your nonsense, Calista. Do you even realize where we are?"

The press were still lurking and waiting for their next big scoop. If anyone caught onto what had transpired, the paparazzi could twist the story for the sake of traffic when coupled with the targeted animosity back at the auction.

Lily had fans. All it would take was a single slip and they would launch a cyber attack against her. Calista shook herself out of his grip without waiting for him to explain.

The words tumbling out of her mouth were hurtful.

"You're both so in tune with one another. You should tie the knot. For the sake of our marriage, let me go."

He kept his gaze fixed on her.

"Don't even think about a divorce. I've never considered a divorce since the moment we received our marriage certificate."



She didn't believe a single word. They had signed an agreement to go their separate ways after three years of marriage before they got a marriage certificate. Why have her sign that agreement if he never meant for a divorce to happen?

Calista fished a car key out of her back and hurled it at him.

"You should hear yourself. Only an idiot would believe you."

She turned to leave and didn't bother sparing the two of them a single glance. Lily was balancing herself on one foot. Her ankle had swelled up. But, she kept silent.

The conduct of an injured woman who didn't fight or argue made her far more attractive than if she cried and caused a scene.

"I'll have the hotel staff escort you."

"Okay..."

Lily nearly ground her teeth in frustration as she watched Lucian chase after Calista's retreating figure. But, she didn't let it show.

It was only after they were well out of sight that she smiled in a self-deprecating manner. All of it had coincidentally been caught on film by a hidden journalist.

Calista didn't return to the auction hall. She sent Selena a text message to notify her that she was leaving before stepping out of the hotel.

A black SUV was parked against the glass doors of the hotel. The engine hummed as the vehicle trembled. The car occupied most of

the space where the doors would open.

Just as she was about to complain about their lack of proper etiquette, the car window rolled down. It was Hector.

"Get in. I'll give you a ride."

"It's fine. I'll just get a cab."

There was now a gulf in their once-close relationship in the time they hadn't seen one another. Calista wasn't one to bother others with her problems.

Hector shot a glance at Lucian who was striding toward them.

He asked, "Would you prefer if he gave you a ride then?"

She glanced behind her and locked eyes with Lucian. Despite there being no words exchanged between them, Lucian could hazard a guess on what was going on.

He shot her a look that dared her to challenge him. Calista had been hesitant at first, but she opened the car door and climbed into the passenger seat of Hector's car.

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