

### Chapter 33 Evidence of Cheating

"Seems like you haven't been taught a proper lesson. How dare you provoke me," Lucian said.

Did he call that a lesson?

Calista rose from the couch angrily. "Sure, I have the right to provoke you. Some people couldn't even please me in bed!"

Calista understood Lucian wouldn't do anything to her after she married him for three years. Otherwise, she wouldn't have endured being a widow for so long!

She had tried different tactics to save their marriage, but he always responded disdainfully.

He must have been driven by alcohol earlier, which was why the intimacy. And now he was all cold and distant again. He had most likely sobered up.

"Leave fast if you're going!" Calista demanded. She then turned and headed for the guest room on the second floor.

She had become sober after a series of events. She forced herself to shower.

She heard a car leaving after she was done. She knew where Lucian was going. When he pinned her down earlier, she felt his phone vibrate in his pocket more than once.

Calista drew the curtains and stared at the rain flowing

down the window. Her mind was enveloped in a haze. It must be true love. Even the heavy rainfall couldn't stop him from seeing his beloved.

The dance troupe chose the hotel where Lily stayed. When Lucian arrived, Queenie was waiting for him in the lobby. "Mr. Northwood ..."

Lucian nodded and walked into the elevator. "What's going on?"

Queenie looked troubled. She shook her head and said, "She's recovering. I've been busy with follow-up business and am unsure about the situation. Lily will explain to you."

When they reached Room 1709, Lucian knocked. After a short while, the door opened.

Lily cautiously examined the person at her door.

When she saw Lucian, she pursed her lips and hugged him. Her hair was messy, and she was wearing a hotel bathrobe. Her face was pale, and her eyes were red from recent tears. There were no perfumes on her, just the faint scent of shower gel.

Lucian frowned. He gripped her shoulders and tried to push her away. "Lily, don't do this."

Lily hadn't expected him to push her away like that. She looked up surprisingly. Tears were still glistening in her eyes. "You never pushed me away like that before."

"I'm already married."

Lucian didn't elaborate further, but Lily understood him.

"But you and her are in a contractual marriage. Not to mention you're in the process of getting divorced."

Lily was on the verge of an emotional breakdown. She couldn't hide her tears after days of worrying and fear because Lucian had avoided her.

Lucian didn't want to explain much. Instead, he redirected the conversation. "What exactly happened?"

Lily smirked when she saw he wouldn't enter the room. "You want me to explain everything here?"

Lucian furrowed his eyebrows. He eventually stepped into the room.

Queenie, who stood outside, stepped back to give them privacy to talk. After all, given Lily's beauty and their history, things could escalate quickly.

It was only natural for things to heat up if they spent time together in a room. Once everything fell into place, Lily didn't have to worry anymore!

But as Queenie was about to leave, Lucian spoke calmly and determinedly, "You don't have to go. As her manager, you should deal with this situation."

Lily finally had a chance to be alone in a room with Lucian,

yet he wasn't interested.

"Lucian, Queenie has been busy handling my business affairs recently. She rushed over as soon as she heard about my situation. Maybe it's better to let her ..."

"Let her rest." Lucian cut off Lily mid-sentence. His expression and tone were indifferent. "She works for you. If her capabilities only extend this far, I'll consider assigning you a different manager." 1

"You ..." Lily's voice trailed off. She broke into silent tears, then forced a smile. "If that's the case, why did you bother coming? You can leave now. I'll handle my affairs by myself. It's all my fault if I end up in trouble ..."

Queenie nudged Lily's arm. "What nonsense are you saying? Mr. Northwood came all this way. How could he not care about you? Aren't you worried about being caught by reporters? That would cause gossip and make things difficult for Mr. Northwood. Why can't you have a proper conversation? Why are you being so stubborn?"

Queenie shot Lily a pointed look. Things were different now. If Lily continued to behave stubbornly, she might end up pushing Lucian away. Nothing good would come out of that.

Lily's lips turned pale. She followed Queenie's advice and refrained from speaking further.

After a few seconds of silence, Queenie also entered the room. She turned to shut the door.

Lucian's keen sense of observation immediately detected a subtle change in the atmosphere when her hand made contact with the door handle.

Lucian's expression turned cold. "Leave the door open," he commanded.

Queenie quickly withdrew her hand. "Alright ..."

Lily, however, let out a sarcastic sound. She chuckled as if she were mocking.

Lucian surveyed the room. All of the curtains were closed tightly, preventing any trace of light from entering the room. "What exactly happened?"

Lily was crying when she called Lucian. Her voice was quivering. He had only caught a few scattered phrases such as tracking, footsteps, and surveillance.

Lily didn't answer Lucian's question. She didn't even flinch when Queenie glared at her.

In the past, Lucian might have comforted her, but not anymore. His expression only conveyed impatience.

Queenie stepped in as the tension between the two heightened. "Lily was stalked. She'd hear knocks and footsteps at night. There was an obsessed fan who professed his feelings to her.

"He seemed mentally unstable. Lily rejected him multiple

times. Yet, he hung around her performances and even backstage, causing her distress. She's lived in fear since."

Lucian replied, "I'll have someone look into it."

Suddenly, Lucian detected movement outside. A man was standing close to the door. Lucian stepped forward and flung the partially open door wide. A man stood before him, ready to take photographs.

The man was stunned. He tried to run. Before he could do so, Lucian stopped him. The man let out a piercing scream and dropped his camera.

Lucian pinned the man onto the ground with a knee pressed against his back. He locked the man's arm behind his back to prevent further movement. "Are you the one who had been stalking Lily?"

The man's face turned pale out of pain. He was covered in sweat. "I was just taking pictures. I didn't intend to harm Ms. Scott ..."

"Are you a paparazzi?"

Lily had become a public figure as a dancer, so being followed by paparazzi wasn't uncommon.

"It's not that simple," Queenie added as she checked on the photos taken in the camera. "These are all pictures of you and Lily together, Mr. Northwood. If he were a paparazzi, he wouldn't focus solely on you two."

Lucian raised the man's arm on his back, causing another anguished scream. A stack of business cards fell from his pocket amid struggles. The title on the cards read "Cheating Detectives."

Lucian raised an eyebrow and picked up the card with his free hand. He scrutinized it before asking, "Who sent you?"

He slowly lifted the man's arm behind his back. Lucian remained calm. He showed no signs of urgency.

Lucian tormented the man. He gasped for breath and groaned in agony. "It was Mrs. Northwood. She asked me to gather evidence of you cheating. She hoped to secure a larger share of the assets in the divorce proceedings."