

## Chapter 52 Scatter His Ashes

Calista chuckled lightly.

"What's there to be afraid of? I'm just joining their table."

She couldn't help if Lucian was determined to make himself a victim.

During their argument, the people at Paul's table noticed them. They were all part of the same circle.

Paul looked up at them, and with just one glance, he could tell that Lucian and Calista were discussing business matters. So, he didn't go over to disturb them.

Lucian stared at Calista blankly and raised his hand, saying, "Hold my hand."

Calista lowered, her voice displeased, "This is just a simple meal. We're not attending a dinner party. There's no need to hold hands."

It seemed too deliberate and fake to be constantly holding hands.

Lucian glanced at her calmly.

"You're under my paygrade. I, your employer, would determine what you should and

shouldn't do. You don't have the right to refuse.  
" ❏

Well, in this day and age, the one with the money holds the power. Everyone had encountered a demanding boss at work. ❏

Calista took his hand, and the waiter led them to the private room that had been pre-booked. After taking their seats, Eva Packard intentionally tried to get closer to Calista. ❏

She stared at Calista's face and praised, "Mrs. Northwood, you have great skin. It's so fair and delicate. Even from such a close distance, I can't see any pores." ❏

While she was trying to flatter Calista, her words weren't false. Calista's skin really had a rosy hue and smooth texture—something that all women dreamt of. ❏

Calista's attempt at being just an ornament on the sidelines failed. ❏

She put away her phone and forced a smile, saying, "You're too kind. It's not that remarkable." ❏

She was a part of the Northwood family, and they were bound to hold themselves with pride. However, Eva grew even more fond of her, seeing she was easy-going and not arrogant. ❏

"If you don't mind me asking, what is your skincare routine?" ❌

Calista didn't do much besides applying skincare products in the morning and evening. ❌

She went to a beauty salon occasionally, but she thought genetics played a part in her excellent skin. After all, her mother had perfect skin too. ❌

But Eva would probably think she was an arrogant narcissist if she said that. So, she went on and explained Yara's skincare routine. ❌

As the two were engrossed in their conversation, there was a soft thud on her table as Lucian placed an empty cup before her. ❌

Calista turned to look at the culprit. She looked around and immediately understood what he implied. ❌

She whispered to him, "If you want water, ask a waiter to bring it." ❌

The waiter was standing just outside the booth, a knock on the table would be enough to call them over. ❌

Lucian retorted softly, "Then why did I bet a hundred thousand to have you here? It's better to pay three thousand to hire a waiter, they would provide better service than you do." ❌



She leaned in close to Lucian, gritting her teeth, "My role is to sit still and be pretty in this deal. I've been sitting here, putting on a show for you."  
✘

It wasn't that she didn't want to pour him water, but she needed to make her stand. She didn't want Lucian to take advantage of the hundred thousand dollars.✘

Lucian remained silent, his dark eyes scrutinizing her.✘

"Sit still and be pretty? You're underestimating your role." ✘

Did that mean she was more than just a showpiece for him? Although Lucian had a sharp tongue, he was generous with his praise today.✘

Calista thought it wouldn't hurt to pour him a glass of water.✘

But before she could put her thought into action, Lucian continued in a calm tone, "You would have to have a pretty face, a good curvy figure, be skilled in various arts, serve drinks, be readily available, dine and sleep with me, wash my feet and give me massages, and heed my every order. Have you even fulfilled one of these requirements?" ✘

Calista's hand on the water jug froze. She didn't bother thinking about which requirements she met because, at the moment, she only wanted to throttle him! ❏

"You're making such a fuss over pouring a glass of water. You should get more training. Just do your job right if you want the money. Even a six-year-old knows this. Do you need someone to teach you?" ❏

Anger surged through her blood. She had to calm herself down as there were other business partners present, and a public argument would be embarrassing. ❏

If a video of them arguing made it online, it would end her reputation. ❏

"Lucian, if you ever go bankrupt, you better find a remote forest to bury yourself. Otherwise, your ashes will be scattered sooner or later." ❏

"My ashes are none of your concern, Mrs. Northwood. Now, pour me a glass of water." ❏

Calista reluctantly poured the water, seething with anger. Her grip tightened on the jug of water. ❏

Marcus observed their interaction from his table, especially Calista's impatience with

Lucian. He narrowed his eyes, lost in thought. ❏

During the second half of the meal, Calista didn't pay any more attention to Lucian. But he was persistent. ❏

"Pass me that dish." ❏

She took a deep breath and repeated "three million" to herself quietly. The hundred thousand dollars wasn't enough to keep her calm anymore. ❏

She picked a few dishes Lucian didn't like and put them in his bowl. He stared at her, and she responded with a fake and exaggerated smile. ❏

Eva watched them with envy and sighed, "Calista, you and Mr. Northwood have such a great relationship." ❏

Calista secretly wondered if Eva was alright. Stockholm Syndrome wasn't something to be taken lightly. It might even drive someone crazy. ❏

Meanwhile, Lucian and Marcus were engrossed in conversation, discussing business, policies, and future development. ❏

Calista didn't pay much attention, but she had to admit that despite Marcus's unimpressive appearance and weird demeanor, he was quite



knowledgeable. ❌

After sitting around and feeling bored, Calista stood up and headed to the restroom. When she exited the restroom, she saw Marcus standing by the door. ❌

It seemed his beer belly had grown even larger after finishing their meal. He was stumbling probably because he was drunk. Calista felt like he would fall over at any moment. ❌

Meanwhile, Marcus's eyes were almost glued to Calista, "Mrs. Northwood, what a coincidence to see you here." ❌

Calista forced a smile, "Mr. Packard, you must be busy. I'll take my leave." ❌

As she walked away, Marcus blocked her path, and as they brushed past each other, he grabbed her hand. ❌

"Mrs. Northwood, you smell so lovely..." ❌