

Chapter 66 Her Again!

It was Saturday the next day. There was no work to do. Calista slept in till it was 11:30 am before calling and making a lunch appointment with Yara.

She felt stifled after Lucian had angered her last evening. It seemed that staying away from that douchebag was the only way for her to survive!

The women decided on having Palaiseau cuisine at a restaurant owned by one of Yara's clients. She wanted to show her support.

Yara looked at the formally dressed doormen who were standing upright. She clutched her purse as she stood in front of the magnificent restaurant.

She muttered, "There goes all my money. The food here is ridiculously pricey. If I weren't here to support the business, I would stay away from this place."

Calista giggled.

"Where would they get the money to buy antiques if it weren't expensive?"

"You're right." Yara took Calista's arm. "Let's go. Let me show you how your best friend spends money like water."

The restaurant was decorated with 360-degree panoramic


glass. You could see what was inside from the outside.

The two women stopped in their steps just as they reached the entrance. It was only because Calista noticed a certain someone sitting at a booth by the window. She frowned.

Yara's brows were also furrowed. Her tone was filled with obvious disdain.

"When did she get back?"

Calista shook her head to signal that she didn't know either.

The person in that seat was none other than her half-sister, Nikolette Everhart. When Calista's mother passed away, her despicable father swiftly got remarried. Her stepmother had brought along a daughter two years younger than her. 

Yara's lips pressed into a thin line in disgust.

"Let's go. Pray that that certain someone doesn't come inviting ridicule on herself."

She picked a seat as far away from Nikolette as possible. But it was clear the girl didn't know how to read the room.

When they were done with their food, she walked over and exclaimed in surprise, "Calista! It is you!"

Calista didn't bother speaking with her. They never shared a sisterly bond. All pretenses were off three years ago.

Their falling out had led to a full-blown feud. Meeting Nikolette only brought feelings of disgust. Yara had a violent

temper and couldn't stand a snobby schemer like Nikolette. 1

She immediately retorted, "No need to come here and act all familiar. Read the room a little. Can't you see you're not welcome?"

"Acting familiar?" Nikolette stared down at Calista with a disdainful gaze from her elevated position. "Why would I do that when all the money wouldn't even cover the cost of my coat?"

Calista stopped wearing high-end luxury brands ever since she had a falling out with Lucian. Firstly, she did not have to do so. Secondly, it got in the way of her work.

But, Nikolette had always had a strong love for luxury brands. She dressed extravagantly even when she had to go to the grocery store. Back in the Everhart family's glory days, her collection of bags was enough to fill up two walls.

Later, they fell into bankruptcy and had creditors coming after them. The selfish Nikolette refused to sell off her possessions to pay off a part of the debt.

When things became unbearable, Calista's despicable father brought his wife and daughter abroad. They left Calista behind to face the vicious creditors on her own!

Calista felt an indescribable emotion when she saw Nikolette's glamorous attire. It wasn't jealousy. It was a reflection.

She was also an Everhart. But, she had to surrender herself

to marriage to pay off her debts. Meanwhile, Nikolette was able to live as a carefree princess under her father's protection.

Calista's attention was on the employee badge that hung from Nikolette's neck. Vice president of Ronkan Enterprises –Nikolette Everhart.

Not only had she returned to the country, but she had also secured a high-ranking position in the company.

Yara rested her cheeks on her hands and stared at Nikolette with a tilted head. Her eyes were filled with contempt. It was as if she were staring at a pile of foul-smelling garbage.

"Of course, you wouldn't have to kiss up to Calista. After all, you have a shameless and rotten father who foolishly brought down a company. He then uses his daughter's name to borrow money from loan sharks. How awful. It's a surprise he isn't dead yet!"

This was a high-class Palaiseau restaurant. Conversations here were usually spoken in hushed breaths. Yara, who hadn't bothered to lower her voice, shocked a large group of people around them.

Many people started to look their way and whispered to one another. Nikolette was so embarrassed that she wanted to crawl into a hole to hide herself.

"Where are your manners, Yara? To think you would cause a scene at a place like this like a common whore."

"You have manners? You're standing here showing off like a dog in heat. Was I supposed to indulge you? You have two fathers."

Nikolette looked ready to explode with anger! But with so many onlookers, letting the matter slide was far too embarrassing.

Just as she was at a loss for what to do, a server approached and politely addressed Yara, "We are a high-class restaurant, Miss. We prohibit loud noise."

"Sure, you're a high-class restaurant. Does that mean you allow dogs to disturb guests who are trying to enjoy their meal in peace? We were fine where we were until she came here and started barking. Why don't you send this dog on her way instead of asking me to lower my voice? Is this the way you treat your customers here?"

The server didn't think he would be caught up in the middle of their spat. He turned around and gave Nikolette a troubled expression. Her face was contorted in an unsightly manner.

"Miss, could you ..."

Nikolette held back her anger. Everyone was nothing more than an eyesore to her.

"Who are you calling 'Miss'? Shut up!"

She turned to shoot Calista a death glare before leaving.

Yara snorted coldly.

"You can't give in to people like her. Make sure you deal with her every time she comes at you. Do it enough times and she'll be nothing more than a rat with a tail between her legs!"

Then, she huffed.

"What a crazy bitch. How is she that arrogant after taking everything that belongs to you to live a cushy life? She must've inherited that trait from your father. Despicable!"

Calista laughed.

"It feels like you're insulting me too."

She and Nikolette had been fighting each other since they were children. Neither of them was at the short end of the stick. Their suffering was all because of that biased scum of a father.

Yara snapped back to her senses and laughed awkwardly, "That was a slip of the tongue!"

The charity exhibition was on Friday. The recently unearthed Estrian terracotta was on display. Rumors were that the organizer was a fanatic of Estrian terracotta.

The exhibition was set up at Capeton's largest cultural center. It was divided into two sections—a sales area and an exhibition area. Justa Workshop, as a temporary custodian of the display pieces, had to be present at the

event.

The studio originally only had a dozen people. Everyone except for a few old teachers went to the exhibition. Calista was also there.

She strolled casually along the hall. She had already seen everything that had to be seen in the exhibition area and made a beeline for the sales area.

The sales section had a variety of items. There were paintings, luxury goods, and jewelry.

Everything she could dream of was there. But they were all valuable items consigned here by various people. After an item was sold, ten percent of the final price would be donated to charity.

But as she casually browsed through the items, she stopped. Her gaze was fixed on a painting. It was a modern painting. The background was a large splash of color that seemed chaotic at first glance. But the colors were artfully combined.

On closer inspection, she could make out a silhouette of a girl with her back turned. She wore a red hat and a black velvet dress. In her hand was a rabbit lamp. In that instant, moisture welled up in her eyes.