

## Chapter 82 Get Dressed and Get Lost

Calista and Paul had chosen an upscale restaurant for lunch. As Calista exited the taxi, she spotted the man she was meeting waiting for her. Paul casually took the toolbox from her hand.

"How have these past few days been treating you?"

"It's been going well," Calista replied.

Paul led her inside the restaurant.

He hesitated before warning, "My grandfather was quite sociable, so don't be surprised."

Calista was puzzled. However, it all became clear when they reached the private dining room. She had assumed it would just be Paul's grandfather. To her surprise, the room was full of people. Paul cleared his throat.

"These are all friends of my grandfather. They had a golf game scheduled for this afternoon and shared a keen interest in art appraisal, so they decided to join us. If it's an issue for you ..."

Calista shook her head.

"No worries. But I should mention that I'm not an expert in appraising artifacts, so my findings might not be entirely accurate."

In reality, the probability of Calista making inaccurate assessments was relatively low. While Calista didn't hold a formal degree in the field, her grandfather and mother were experts, and they passed on their knowledge to her.

Harold gestured for Calista to come over when he saw her.

"Callie! Come sit with me."

Their families had a close bond in the past. That was how Harold had affectionately addressed her since she was young.

However, their families had grown apart over time, and the Everhart family couldn't quite measure up regarding social status.

Calista walked over and greeted, "Mr. Baker."

Harold smiled and nodded.

"You've grown even more beautiful. Paul mentioned that you're working at Justa now. And I heard you're quite the talented conservator?"

Calista didn't want to reveal her identity as Claude. 1

She smiled faintly and replied, "He's giving me too much credit. I'm just an assistant."

"Why be so modest with me? Getting into Justa is quite an achievement, especially at your age. Work hard, and maybe one day you'll take over from Jacob," Harold said.

One of Harold's friends teased, "Harold, it looks like good things are on the horizon for Paul?"

Paul had personally gone to pick up Calista and claimed she was here to appraise antiques. However, no one truly believed that such a young woman could have expertise in antique appraisal.

Given the Baker family's connections, Harold would undoubtedly consult a seasoned expert for such matters. So, everyone naturally assumed that Paul had found an excuse to introduce his girlfriend to his grandfather.

When Harold heard the remarks, his expression turned serious.

"Let's not spread such rumors. Calista is already married."

Harold knew about Calista's marriage to Lucian, even though they hadn't had a wedding ceremony. The Baker family was close with the Everhart family and often visited each other on special occasions.

Everyone fell silent upon seeing Harold's response. It was clear he wasn't joking. Harold had brought a translucent porcelain cup, which was supposedly from the Ancoria Dynasty.

Calista had seen a similar piece at the museum. Although this one wasn't in as pristine condition, it was remarkably well-preserved.

She opened her toolbox and carefully examined the cup in her hands. She took some time to process the examination. By the time the food arrived, she was still studying the base of the cup.

Paul said, "Calista, why don't we eat first? There's no rush for the appraisal."

Calista gently placed the cup into a gift box.

"Sure."

The rest of the group expected little from Calista's evaluation due to her youth. They had been waiting out of courtesy.

With the spotlight now elsewhere, they began conversing amongst themselves as they enjoyed their meal.

Just then, Paul spoke quietly, "Have you come to any conclusions?"

Calista inquired, "How much did your grandfather pay for this cup?"

Paul gestured with his hand and motioned a staggering figure. Calista remained silent.

Paul noticed her silence and asked, "Is it a forgery?"

"Not quite. It's a composite piece. It appears to be from the later period of the Astralis Dynasty based on the materials used. It's still an antique, although not in its original form.

However, it certainly doesn't justify the price it was purchased for."

Surprisingly, Harold's reaction to the news was different from what Calista had expected. He remained calm. Calista couldn't help but think money could buy extravagance after all.

Interestingly, Harold's friends regarded Calista with newfound respect. Their expressions were undergoing noticeable changes when they looked at Calista.

After the dinner, Calista denied Paul's offer and took a taxi back home.

Paul turned to Harold and asked, "Grandfather, may I send you home?"

Harold finally lost his calm now that no one else was at the restaurant's entrance. He glared at Paul with a fierce and intimidating expression.

"Who asked you to bring someone here for an appraisal? You disobedient grandson! You couldn't stand to see me happy, so you had to find someone to rain on my parade. Get lost! I wouldn't be surprised if I drop dead from anger before I get home!"

Harold clutched his chest and breathed heavily after the outburst. Paul was left speechless.

Calista returned home half an hour later. She was eager for a bath. Suddenly, she heard a disturbance coming from the

bedroom as she began unfastening the buttons of her blouse. Had she been robbed?

She grabbed an item from the living room as defense and quietly tiptoed toward the bedroom. With a distinct "click," the bedroom door opened before she reached it.

It was Lucian. He stood behind the door and coldly looked at the object clenched in Calista's hand.

"What's this? Do you want a repeat of last night?"

Calista was stunned. She finally yelled at him through gritted teeth when she had come to her senses.

"Lucian, you ..."

Lucian had just showered. His hair was still damp, and droplets trickled down his handsome face. He didn't put anything above his waist.

Only a modest-sized towel loosely draped around his hips, barely concealing half his thighs. And that towel belonged to Calista!

Calista typically used a towel to wipe her face after showering because she tended to be rough around the edges.

Seeing Lucian wearing the towel around his waist embarrassed her and caused her to blush due to her vivid imagination. Calista felt like she was on the brink of a breakdown.

"Lucian, who permitted you to touch my things? Take it off and give it to me!"

Lucian looked at her with his hand resting on the towel.

He smirked and retorted, "Do you want me to take it off?"

Calista hesitated for a moment and then quickly changed her mind.

"No! Just put on some clothes and leave my house. And take that towel with you!"

Lucian's smile disappeared.

He stared coldly at her and said, "Your house?"

"Don't insult me with your evil thoughts," she retorted, "Even though I'm aware you don't have much decency in your head."  
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Calista rolled her eyes. She returned to the couch in the living room and took a seat.

"Hurry up! You have five minutes."

She turned on the TV and started peeling an orange slowly. Five minutes later, Lucian emerged from the room. He had changed into casual attire. His hair was half-dried and messy.

Calista felt an ominous sensation creeping over her.

She put her guard up and asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

+20 BONUS

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Lucian's clothes fit him perfectly. It was apparent he had brought them with him. After all, Calista didn't have men's clothing at her place. Was he implying that he intended to stay here?