

Chapter 83 Living Separately for Two Years

Lucian gave her a look that read, "That's such an obvious question."

"Not a chance!"

Calista was never going to let him stay here.

"One thousand dollars a night."

He tried to negotiate.

"No. Who knows what you're gonna do to me."

"Why are you so confident that I'm going to do something to you?"

She naturally recalled the unpleasant experience, which made the corner of her lips twitch.

"Anyways, you cannot stay here."

She had an idea to make the divorce happen—living separately from him for two years. Lucian's expression was icy as he became impatient.

"Mom knows that we're living separately."

"It's still a no."

"Ten thousand dollars per day."

He offered so much that Calista finally gave in. Her attitude turned better as she accepted the offer.

"The payment shall be made at the end of the day. No checks accepted. You can wire the money to me."

While he was at a loss for words, she showed him her bank account number. He had a glimpse of it before shifting his gaze away.

"I'm too lazy to memorize it. Send me the number through a message."

Despite the smidgen of suspicion, she unblocked his contact number and sent him her bank account number.

A few minutes later, she received a notification from the bank. She received a transaction worth ten thousand dollars.

When he noticed that Calista was going to block his contact number again, he warned, "If I find out that you blocked my contact number, I won't pay you."

She withdrew her finger and stood up.

"Night."

When he finally registered what she meant by that, her bedroom door was closed with a loud thud and locked. She thought that he would make a ruckus after going through so much to stay with her.

But the night passed by peacefully. Nothing happened.

The next day, Lucian was out for a business trip. She didn't care how many days his business trip would take. All she cared about was receiving the money every day.

Soon, news of Calista verifying Harold's antiques spread within the industry. Today, she went to Luminary Lounge. She told the waiter a room number, and the latter led her the way to the fifth floor.

She received a phone call from a stranger yesterday. When she was verifying Harold's antiques that night, his father was present. He was impressed by her skills, so he would like her to check out his possession.

Calista turned the offer down at first because verification was not her job. However, the other party offered a price that she couldn't turn away from.

The private lounge was filled to the brim. The lights were bright in the room. The men and women were behaving properly, free from dirty and cheap movements. Calista's gaze swept across the room. There were a few familiar faces.

A middle-aged man, who was sitting in the middle, rose from his seat as soon as he saw her.

He greeted respectfully, "Ms. Everhart."

The others couldn't believe the reverence in his attitude.

"Mr. Yarrow?"

She wanted to confirm if it was her client. Andrew Yarrow nodded and relinquished his seat to her.

"My father told me about how you helped Mr. Baker out."

"I would like you to check something of mine too. I contacted you only last night because I didn't want to come across as rude."

Only a rich man who had an eye for people was able to mingle around with Harold. The main reason Andrew treated Calista respectfully was because he had heard that she was Lucian's wife.

It was an attempt to get close to her. He wanted to get involved with the Northwood family. She was unbothered by Andrew's intention.

"Could you let me take a look at it?"

He carefully brought out an aesthetic box that contained a pair of diamond earrings.

He explained, "A debtor pledged it, claiming that it's his family's heirloom. He said that it originates from the early Pollos Dynasty."

Calista examined it. The diamond was crystal clear. Although it was an expensive accessory, it had nothing to do with antiques, let alone the early Pollos Dynasty.

It was not even a century old. She placed it back into the

box.

"Mr. Yarrow, it is a fine diamond. If you keep it well, it can be an antique one day."

The necklace's true origin didn't matter to Andrew. He simply used it as an excuse to invite her. Still, he expressed disappointment.

"It is my loss then."

After she was paid, she wanted to leave. But he stopped her.

"Ms. Everhart, since you're already here, why not stay longer?"

"My daughter has learned art since she was young. She's interested in your career."

Then, he winked at a young lady next to him. Before this, he had been trying to get close to Calista, but she put on an aloof attitude.

It was not like he could pique her interest by randomly offering money. Thus, he decided to have his daughter do it.

The approachable lady smiled, revealing her sweet dimples.

"Ms. Everhart, join us longer. Let's select a few songs."

"I'm taking arts at Garford University. I'm currently in my third year. Am I able to join your industry after graduation?"

"You can give it a shot. Apply for a job from the museums,"

Calista answered.

The industry was indeed lack of professional manpower. Since someone was interested in it, she gladly gave a hint.

"Are there any special requirements? Like the capability of verifying the authenticity of an antique?" the lady asked.

Before Calista could answer that question, the lady pulled her to the stage.

"Calista, is there a song that you wanna sing? I can select it for you."

"No—"

The door was opened when she was going to reject it. She watched the incoming duo and arched an eyebrow because she knew them. It was Lily and Queenie.

They were trying to get close to the host, Andrew. Queenie grinned, shedding the arrogance she always showed to Calista.

"Mr. Yarrow, it is you. I happened to see you a moment ago."

She continued, "Lily is the best dancer in the country. If you invest in our team, we will make sure not to let you down."

"The best dancer?"

Andrew's gaze wavered. He heard about the bad relationship between Calista and Lily, so he decided to use Lily to please Calista.

"We will know after she dances."

Queenie said, "Lily has a performance on the 9th. You can have a VIP seat—"

"Since she's here, there's no need to wait until the 9th. She can dance here. If she performs well, I can consider the investment," he interrupted.

Before Queenie could say anything, Lily refused firmly.

"No. I don't dance in this kind of place."

She thought, "Dancing in a lounge? What does he take me for? A clown who pleases the men?"

Andrew's expression turned grim.

"What's wrong with this place? People dance on the streets too. If you can't do it here, is it because you're not professional enough to handle it?"

Calista looked at Andrew approvingly for his remarks. Her gaze reassured him that he was on the right track. He thought that he was close to achieving his objective.

Thus, he expressed impatience toward Lily.

"It's either you dance or scam.

"It's not like I don't have other options to splurge my money. Why should I invest in someone who's gonna be a pain in the ass?"

How could the self-conceited Lily put up with such humiliation? When she was about to leave, Queenie held her hand.

"Lily ..."

She pulled Lily to a corner, whispering, "Pretend that it's Bering Dance Theater.

"If we fail to attract any investment, the team that we newly established will have to disperse."

Queenie sighed. They wouldn't have ended up in this kind of situation if Lily had not insisted on returning to the country or had won Lucian's heart.


This time, it was considered her worst experience in terms of performance. Forget about the unsuitable venue, the audience didn't know anything about dancing.

It was fine up until she made a turn and noticed Calista, who was sitting in a corner. Calista was watching the performance indifferently. It was as if she was watching a performer desperate for tips.

Lily's face turned stiff.

She stopped dancing instantly and barked at Calista, "Calista, how could you just watch me getting humiliated? We're at least considered acquaintances."


Calista replied indifferently, "If you put it that way, I kinda

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feel sorry for Mr. Yarrow. If he's simply buying a pair of cheap shoes, he has a lot of options to pick from."

"But this is an investment worth up to millions. If you take his simple request as a humiliation, I advise you to stop attracting investments and retire."

"Plus, how could you gaslight me? You getting humiliated has nothing to do with me. I'm not your mother. Why should I care if you're bullied?"

Noticing the change in Andrew's expression, Andrew chipped in, "Ms. Everhart, if you're throwing mud at Lily because of Mr. Northwood, I advise you to stop." 

"If she had chosen to ask favor from him, she wouldn't have needed to attract investments herself."

Not only was Queenie driving a wedge between Calista and Lucian, but she was also hinting at Andrew that Lily was Lucian's woman. Thus, Andrew should grasp the situation and please the right person.

At this moment, Lucian entered the private lounge casually. His gaze swept across the guests before landing upon Calista.