

# You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone

## Chapter 18 Beg Me

The manager turned around upon hearing the accusation. He politely asked Calista, "Is what Mr. Mitchell said true?"

The manager didn't want to resort to checking the surveillance footage. The guests of Luminary Lounge were typically wealthy and valued their privacy. They preferred not to be closely examined.

"No, it's not. That man harassed me. He even kicked my friend. If you don't believe me, you can ask your employees here," Calista replied firmly.

The two waiters who stood nearby nodded in agreement. The manager understood the situation.

However, the manager was quick to judge. He had never met Calista before. He quietly assessed her attire, which appeared modest without any expensive jewelry.

On the other hand, he was familiar with Alexander, despite his recent downturn. The manager handled the situation swiftly. He hoped to diffuse the tension.

"Madam, it seems your friend wasn't seriously injured. How about we let this matter go? Of course, the gentleman will be responsible for any medical expenses," the manager suggested. He tried to appease them.

Calista was well aware how complex people could be. She

knew the ways of the world. One glance at the manager told her everything she needed to know about his character.

"What if I insist on pursuing this? Will Luminary Lounge protect him?" she retorted.

"Of course not," the manager said. "Any dispute between guests will be handled by the parties involved. Luminary Lounge doesn't intervene in such matters."

He added, "However, we strictly prohibit violence within the premises. So we kindly request that you resolve this issue outside."

After all, they were running an entertainment establishment, not a social service center. What happened outside didn't concern them. As long as it didn't happen within Luminary Lounge.

"I want a copy of the surveillance footage," Calista demanded.

The manager maintained a poker face and replied, "I'm sorry, ma'am. But our guests are valued and deserve special treatment. So there are no cameras in places other than the lobby and the elevators to ensure their privacy."

Calista knew that was a lie. Entertainment venues like Luminary Lounge often had incidents. It seemed impossible that there were no surveillance cameras in the corridors.

Cade stood nearby. He observed the unfolding scene carefully.

He focused on Calista. She still had her back turned toward them. "Looks like your wife doesn't want your help," he said while raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

Calista had noticed Lucian earlier. But she purposely avoided looking at him ever since.

She knew that the manager was trying to dismiss her, but she didn't ask for help from her husband. Calista knew that one word from Lucian could give them access to the surveillance footage. It could even deal with Alexander.

"Hmph, she's got some nerves," Cade said.

Lucian was already annoyed. Cade's comment only deepened his frown. "There's no harm in keeping silent once in a while."

Cade narrowed his eyes as he looked at Lucian's neck. "What's with the marks on your neck? Who have you been sleeping with?"

It was as if Cade had found something important. After all, many women had tried to get into Lucian's bed over the years. But not a single one had succeeded.

He even began to suspect that Lucian's sexual dysfunction resulted from that night three years ago!

Lucian couldn't be bothered to entertain him. He responded calmly, "Just a mosquito bite."

His attention remained fixed on Calista. He wondered when she would remember her identity as his wife. When would she realize the power she held with that title?

Meanwhile, Alexander provocatively raised his chin toward Calista. He knew they were alone without anyone backing them. He believed he could easily overpower them.

"Ms. Everhart, I suggest you know your place and don't mess with me ..."

His words were cut short when he noticed Lucian approaching them. After all, Calista was an employee of Northwood Corporation. She answered to Lucian. Provoking her in front of him was inviting trouble.

Alexander had heard the rumors about a person who made unwanted advances toward Lucian's date during a business negotiation. They ended up having their arm broken by Lucian on the spot.

Fear trembled through Alexander's body. "Mr. Northwood ..." he stammered.

Lucian glanced at him casually before redirecting his eyes back to Calista. But Calista continued to ignore him.

She took out her phone to call the police. But then, she was interrupted by the manager. "Madam, if you want to report something, please do it outside. Don't involve Luminary Lounge."

"This incident happened here. So, the police should come here to handle it." Calista refused to back down. She didn't even look at Lucian.

Lucian pursed his lips. He was being ignored.

Alexander observed his expression. He cautiously asked, "Mr. Northwood, this young lady looks exactly like an employee of your company. I just met her and asked if she worked in Northwood Corporation."

He was unsure of how much Lucian knew what happened and how he would react. Thus, he tried to see his reaction.

Lucian chuckled, "Is that so? Let me see for myself."

He then walked up to Calista. His gaze was bearing down on her.

Calista wanted to ignore him again, but his aggressive presence made her look into his eyes.

Lucian didn't say a word. But his eyes conveyed, "Beg me."

Calista pursed her lips. She refused to give him, thinking, "No way!"

"Oh." Lucian's words sounded ominous. His voice carried a hint of malice. "Mr. Mitchell, your eyesight must be failing you. You're mistaken." 1

Alexander's tension instantly relaxed. He hurriedly smiled and said a few flattering words.

Calista tried to get her phone back from the manager. It was so she could ask for help from someone else as she couldn't call the police herself.

She tapped on the contact list and went directly to the section with names starting with the letter 'P.'

Lucian's eyes narrowed as he noticed her actions. He grabbed her hand. Then, he pulled her into his embrace before she could find the contact she was looking for.

Calista didn't expect him to act so suddenly. The unexpected gesture startled her. It caused her to lose her grip on the phone and drop it to the floor.

Lucian firmly prevented her from reaching her phone. He forcefully led her toward the elevator. His expression was as gloomy as thunderclouds, ready to burst.

"Lucian, what are you doing? My phone. Wait, my friend!" 1

Calista couldn't shake off her worries for Yara, who was drunk. Upon turning to look, she found Yara sitting on the floor. She was fast asleep.

"She's drunk. I need to take her home. Let go of me ..."

Lucian cut her off. "Cade, you take care of it!" His tone was suddenly indifferent.

Alexander stood there in absolute silence. All he could do was watch as the two disappeared into the distance.

He was left with his thoughts. "Was she not an employee of Northwood Corporation?"

"Mr. Wilson," Cade addressed the manager from behind in a chilling tone. It sent shivers down his spine, "Do you understand what Mr. Northwood meant by his words?"

The sudden turn of events caught the manager off guard. Cade's unexpected request left him stunned. "Rest assured. I guarantee you will never see Mr. Mitchell at Luminary Lounge again."

On the other hand, Calista was forcefully stuffed into the car by Lucian.

They were at the basement parking lot. <sup>1</sup>

She was drunk. The intense struggle only made her stomach churn. She felt like throwing up.

Before Calista could react, Lucian firmly grabbed her chin. His handsome face was now cold and menacing. "Who were you trying to ask for help from, huh?"

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