

Chapter 104 Have You Ever Liked Me

The knocking sounded urgent, and the sound was deafening. It was so loud that it probably disturbed not only her neighbors but also others who lived a floor above and below.

Calista rolled out of bed and quickly walked to the door. She pulled the door open exasperatedly.

Outside, Nikolette was completely covered, so even her mother probably wouldn't recognize her.

"What do you want?" Calista asked.

She had been wondering how Nikolette had managed to get in, but now, she understood. Nikolette wore a janitor's uniform, and even Calista could barely recognize her.

She had underestimated her indeed.

"Sis, can you ask Lucian for help? Those people are being unreasonable. They found some random videos and posted them online."

She tried to push past Calista's door and enter, but after several attempts, she gave up.

Calista waited for her to finish speaking before responding slowly, "Why do you think I would help you? I think I'm kind enough to do nothing, given our current relationship. Do you

expect me to rescue you? When you betrayed me, it must have been enjoyable watching me suffer, right?"

Nikolette either didn't grasp the point or was playing dumb.

She thought briefly before gritting her teeth and asking, "Did you release those videos?"

Calista raised an eyebrow but didn't answer.

"Tell me, was it you? It must have been you. No one hates me as much as you do."

Calista chuckled, "You're quite confident in yourself, right? I bet even the people you bullied in those videos want to see you suffer."

"You bitch!"

Nikolette lunged at her, barring her teeth and nails. Calista acted quickly, raising her hand and slamming the door shut.

Nikolette crashed into the door, and her nails scratched the door instead of Calista's face.

"If you make one more sound, I'll have the entire building come out and see the trending celebrity online these past few days," Calista threatened.

Nikolette reluctantly covered her face with her mask and hat. She glanced around to ensure no one was coming and said through gritted teeth, "Calista, you're ruthless!"

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The atmosphere at the Northwood Corporation had been tense these past few days.

Everyone wore a solemn expression and spoke softly. All because their president, Lucian Northwood, was in a bad mood.

Anyone who had entered his office the past few days had come out drenched in cold sweat and trembling.

He wouldn't even yell at them. All he did was look at them coldly. His gaze made people feel utterly worthless. His presence alone can make it hard to breathe.

David held the newly framed painting and stood at the door. After a few deep breaths, he knocked on the door. Beside him was Lily.

She came to give Lucian the contract for the sponsorship. Although he had verbally agreed to sponsor, he had not signed the contract yet.

Lily looked at the painting in his hand, and her face turned cold.

David politely said, "Miss Scott, please wait outside for a moment. I'll inform him you're here."

Lily nodded and replied, "Alright, thank you, Mr. Brown."

David pushed open the door, and Lucian was busy with paperwork, his brows furrowed with a frown. He was

unhappy with what he read.

He placed the painting on his desk and asked, "Mr. Northwood, the painting has been framed. Would you like me to hang it up for you?"

He hadn't expected Lucian to put so much attention on this eerie painting. He even had it reframed by the best in the industry.

"No need," Lucian replied, putting the painting in a drawer.

"Who is waiting outside?"

"Miss Scott is here with the contract," David answered.

Someone else could have handled such a minor issue. But David dared not decide due to Lily's position.

Lucian remained silent for a few seconds and said, "Let her in."

Once Lily entered, she placed the contract on the desk and spoke professionally.

"Mr. Northwood, please review it and let me know if any changes are needed."

Queenie had told her not to cling to him and to maintain some distance.

However, she couldn't be out of sight and needed to show vulnerability at the right moments, all without appearing too cheap or having any ulterior motives.

This was especially true with someone like Lucian, who did not lack women.

Lily contemplated how to display her vulnerability when Lucian suddenly asked, "Calista said that we set her up together to pick on her. What's that all about?"

Lily straightened her back at his words.

"Shouldn't you be asking Calista about that? After all, she was the one that said it. She would know what it means."

She wasn't sure if Calista had talked to Lucian about this matter or how much she had said. Pushing the issue away seemed like the best approach.

Lucian looked at her, his gaze devoid of tenderness and his eyes sharp like a hawk. Lily couldn't avoid his intense scrutiny.

From the moment she entered, her mind was like a tightly wound string, and she immediately ignored Queenie's warnings.

She asked, "So, are you questioning me on her behalf now? Do you think I would do something like that?"

"I'm not questioning you. I'm just asking you, and if you're not going to tell me..."

He trailed off and furrowed his brows. There was a glimmer of hope in Lily's eyes.

But he quickly continued, "It might not be easy to investigate even though it's three years, but I'm sure there are some leads."

The spark in her eyes during his silence disappeared.

"Would you believe me if I said I didn't do it? No. You'll still go on with the investigation. You're only asking me now to make sure I have no excuses in the future."

She smirked self-deprecatingly and added, "You know me well. I'm proud and dignified. So you won't bother with my explanation today if your investigation differs from what I said."

The office fell into complete silence. She waited for Lucian to speak, but he merely opened the document she had brought and glanced at the clauses.

He finally signed his name at the end after ensuring there wasn't an issue.

Unable to resist a sarcastic comment, Lily asked, "What? Are you afraid I'll trick you?"

Lucian replied, "You can deal with the manager from the Investment Department for the remaining matters. I'll have David give you his business card later."

Did this mean he didn't want to see her anymore? His annoyance toward her must have been building up for quite some time for him to cut all ties.

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Lily's voice was faint, almost a murmur, as she asked, "Lucian, have you ever liked me? Back then or now?"

Chapter 105 An Amicable Divorce

Lucian's attention was focused on the documents.

Hearing this, he replied indifferently, "Lily, it's all in the past."

Lily's eyes were red, and her lips were pale from biting them.

She persisted, "I was your girlfriend for two years. I should have the right to know, right? When we were together back then, did you ever like me?"

She had never asked this question before.

Their relationship had started by accident. They often met to discuss preparations for the school dance, and the news of their relationship spread as they spent more time together.

Later, someone teased them, asking if they were together. Lucian didn't respond, probably due to his pride as a top student.

He couldn't bother to explain something so baseless. But to others, his lack of response meant it was true. So, Lily became his girlfriend as a matter of course.

Lucian looked up and met her gaze. Unlike her, he was calm and composed.

"I .."

"There's no need to explain yourself," Lily interrupted him and smiled mockingly, which looked worse than crying.

She took two steps back.

"Why would I ask such a stupid question? A man who hasn't even held my hand for two years, how could he possibly like me? But it's not your fault either. After all, you told me early on to pursue my happiness if I met someone I liked."

Perhaps it was because she did not want to hear another word from Lucian. Lily left after speaking, without even bothering to pick up the documents on the table.

Lucian closed his eyes, pinched the bridge of his nose, and opened them wearily after a few seconds.

He picked up the phone and said, "David, take the documents to Lily."

After David left with the documents, he opened the top drawer of his desk, where he kept a wristwatch.

The metal back cover was engraved with the logo of a luxury brand, but it was not a model released by their company. It was custom-made.

The same as the one he had given Paul at the welcoming party, but this one was a bit older.

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Calista held a pair of tweezers, carefully attaching a thumb-

sized porcelain fragment back to its original piece when her phone rang.

She had put her phone on silent, fearing it would affect her work. But when the screen lit up again, she glanced at it. It was a call from Jacob.

He had called her a few times before, trying to persuade her to return to the studio to work.

Calista put down the tweezers, wiped her hands with a damp cloth, and then answered, "Mr. Xanders."

"Are you free later? Let's have a meal together."

Jacob was around the age of her grandfather. Calista couldn't bear to refuse him, so she agreed.

"Alright, I'll let you know after I make a reservation later."

It would be impolite to meet him empty-handed. Besides, he had taken great care of her during her time in Justa Workshop.

After tidying up a bit, Calista set off to prepare to buy some gifts at the mall. Just as she opened the door, she met with Paul, who was right outside her door.

A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes, followed by a teasing remark, "Did you know I was coming and prepared to greet me at the door?"

Calista knew he was joking and didn't take it seriously.

"Why are you here?"

Paul replied, "I happened to be passing by and thought I'd come up to see if you were settling in well. The security guard at the entrance told me someone tried to bother you last night."

He didn't mention that he had specifically asked the security guard to keep an eye on her apartment.

The security guard had called him when he noticed someone causing a racket. However, he was out of town at the time and couldn't come in time. Calista stepped aside.

"It's been resolved. Would you like to come in?"

Paul glanced at the high heels she was wearing and asked, "You're going out?"

"Yes, I have dinner plans with an older friend tonight, and I was planning to pick up a gift for him at the mall."

"There's a mall nearby that has everything for all ages. I happen to be free this afternoon. Would you like me to take you there?"

Calista didn't know about the mall Paul mentioned. Although she had been living here for some time, she mostly stayed at home and had only been to the restaurants nearby.

"Sure, that would be helpful."

"You're even more polite now after all these years. Back

then, our families used to be so close. You even climbed over the wall into my backyard to pick fruits. I didn't see you feeling embarrassed back then."

Calista chuckled embarrassedly.

"I was young and didn't know any better."

Back then, her mother was still around, and she was pampered by her parents, spoiled, and a bit mischievous.

When she saw that the pear trees in Paul's yard had fruits, but no one picked them, she climbed over and picked two.

Little did she know that Paul was reading a book in the yard and caught her red-handed. She was startled, and one of the pears slipped from her hand and landed on his head.

Thinking back on it now, it was embarrassing! Paul seemed lost in thought, with nostalgia in his eyes.

"Those were the days, huh!"

Calista thought he was reminiscing, and she comforted him with a smile.

"People have to grow up and live life."

Paul looked at her and smiled wryly.

"The way you are now, it feels like I'm seeing my former philosophy teacher from classes."

Calista remained silent, and he changed the subject.

"How are things with Lucian?"

Whenever this topic came up, Calista felt a surge of frustration. She had lost the lawsuit last time, and she would have to wait three months before she could file another appeal.

Moreover, judging by the situation of the previous trial, the outcome wouldn't change even if she filed for divorce for another time. Her mood visibly turned sour.

"No, I doubt it will ever be resolved in this lifetime. Do you happen to know any lawyers better than Timothy?"

Although Paul knew Lucian and Calista were going through a divorce, he hadn't paid particular attention to it.

He only heard a few things occasionally when they gathered with friends. He didn't expect it to escalate to the point of going to court.

He shook his head, "No."

At least not in recent years. He hadn't heard of lawyers in the legal and political circles who could match Timothy's skills.

"It might be hard if you want to take the legal route. It might be better to have a conversation with Lucian. Even in divorce, it's best to part amicably."

Calista was even more frustrated and began to protest, "You

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don't understand. He's not a reasonable person at all. He's the stubborn type. It would be a miracle if he would listen to reason. He's intentionally delaying the divorce. It's his way of making sure everyone would suffer with him."

Paul looked at the Calista with a complex expression and said, "Lucian is not the type to hold grudges."

This kind of events will not be posted on the current date

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