

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

## Chapter 42 Forget About Ever Getting Divorced

"Go away!" Calista warned weakly. "If you keep pestering me, I'll post our marriage certificate online. I'll let the world know that Lily is a homewrecker!"

Lucian coldly laughed at her weak threat. "Aren't you the one asking for a divorce?"

"I'll say that I'm asking for one because you cheated on me with her."

Lucian's expression remained unchanged. He replied, "In that case, you can forget about ever getting divorced from me."

Her threat had backfired. Lucian was now threatening her instead. Calista hated how Lucian always found a way to counter everything she said. Ever since they got together, she hadn't lived comfortably at all!

Lucian caressed her finger. After a while of studying, he declared, "It's not broken." 1

"I bet you wish that it was," Calista grumbled.

"Of course not. However, if you really take the three million dollars from Paul, not only would I wish for your finger to break, I would break it myself."

"You madman!" Calista exclaimed.

She pushed him away again. But this time, Lucian didn't stop her from exiting the car and leaving.

After that night, Calista and Lucian didn't contact each other again.

Yet, she couldn't escape news about him, constantly hearing about him in the media. As such, she knew that he had gone to Zolville for half a month.

In early October, with Lily's painting finally restored, Calista phoned her. "Ms. Scott, your painting has been restored. When are you free to meet?"

"I'm currently in Zolville. I'm not sure when I'll be back. I'll let you know when I get back." Lily's tone was gentle yet haughty.

However, her arrogance didn't stem from prejudice against Calista. It was born of her wealthy background and accustomed entitlement.

"Alright," Calista replied.

After she hung up, her mind started whirring. Lucian was in Zolville. Lily was also in Zolville. That couldn't be a coincidence.

Having an affair in a foreign city seemed unnecessary to Calista. Why did Lucian have to do all of this? If he divorced her, he could have a proper wedding with Lily.

She glanced at the calendar. After Selena's birthday, only a month would be left in their three-year contract. By then, Lucian probably wouldn't delay their divorce any longer.

Just that mere thought alone was enough to raise her spirits. The fatigue from days of working overtime dissipated.

She had been so exhausted that she wanted to sleep right after her shower. Yet, sleep eluded her now.

She opened Facebook on her phone and scrolled through the posts. She came across a picture of a dog and saved it on her phone before posting it on her feed alongside a cartoon picture of a pile of poop, with the caption, "A match made in heaven."

Hardly had she posted it when a comment appeared.

It was Yara. "Callie, don't be scared! You should've named names!"

Calista giggled. Not long later, Yara video-called her.

"Is that bastard Lucian with Lily again?" Yara asked.

"I'm not sure, but Lily is in Zolville, and so is he. I'm guessing that they're together."

"Unbelievable! What's so great about Lily anyway? How did she manage to make him pine over her for so many years?"

"Why do I feel like you're managing to insult me in there too?"

"Don't be ridiculous! You're a person, unlike those dogs."

The two of them chatted for a bit longer before finally hanging up. It was getting late, and they had to go to work tomorrow. That night, Calista had a good night's sleep and didn't dream at all.

The next morning, she habitually checked her Facebook messages. She saw more responses to her post, most notably one from Lucian himself.

His message was curt. "Do you have a death wish?"

Calista was rendered speechless. She hadn't expected a president like Lucian would also frequently check his social media and even reply to posts! It was completely at odds with his usual demeanor.

She had posted that picture as a jab at Lucian and Lily. It was incredibly indirect. She mused about how he managed to connect it to himself.

Perhaps deep down, he knew he had wronged her, prompting him to think any sharp post from her was directed at him.

He seemed to have more free time than her, casually responding to her posts. Meanwhile, she was swamped with work. 1

With the impending divorce, stirring up more issues seemed pointless. So, she brushed off his reply.

October 17 was Selena's birthday. Lily contacted Calista on the thirteenth and asked her to meet near the hotel.

Lily was dressed in a full-length chiffon dress with an exposed back. Her makeup was immaculately applied—a pair of oversized sunglasses perched on her nose, which took up half of her face.

"Calista, I hope you don't mind me asking to meet in such a far place. I just returned from Zolville and was too tired to go around.

There was also a large suitcase next to her. Lily had likely contacted Calista right after she got off the plane.

Calista remained expressionless. She kept a professional attitude, saying, "You're the customer, so you can pick where we meet. After all, you're paying for my mileage as well."

Lily's expression froze. Just thinking about how much more she was paying than the market price to restore the painting annoyed her to no end.

If it weren't for the fact that she needed the painting urgently and that no one else was willing to take the job, she would never have asked Claude for help.

In fact, she wondered if Calista had said something to Claude about her for the price to be so high.

However, what was important was that the painting had been restored. There was no reason to dwell on such

matters anymore.

Calista pushed the box containing the painting to Lily. "Take a look. If there's no issue, we can settle the payment."

Lily yawned in exhaustion. "There's no need. I trust you."

She took out her phone and transferred Calista the money.

Calista reminded her, "The painting is yours now. Whether or not you inspected it, we consider you are satisfied with it now that you have paid."

"With that being said, if there are any issues in the future, we are not liable. Remember, the painting is very fragile. It must be kept in a dry area and cannot be exposed to water."


"I've included a list of storage guidelines. You should read it when you get home."

The painting Lily had entrusted for restoration was severely damaged. While working on it, Calista felt a pang of sorrow for the original artwork. Despite restoration, it could never match the beauty of the original.

Upon hearing this, Lily reached out to the box to open it. But before she could do so, her phone rang.

She checked the caller ID and immediately picked up the phone. At the same time, she turned to Calista to say, "I understand, thank you."

Lily picked up the items on the table and pulled her suitcase



behind her.

Calista could hear Lily talk to the person on the other end. " I'm going back to the hotel room now. I was in a hurry when I was packing. I'd probably packed your things home with me."

Her voice had changed from its usual haughty tone to a coquettish one. Anyone could tell the person she was talking to had a close relationship with her. The first person that came to Calista's mind was Lucian.