

# Leaving The Country After Divorce

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In the end, Jonathan could only sigh under his breath as he watched Lucian open another bottle. Forget it. The reason behind how disheartened Lucian is right now must be related to what I said earlier. In that case, I guess I'll just sacrifice my liver and drink with him.

Jonathan gave up and started drinking alongside Lucian.

Perhaps he was affected by Lucian's mood, for Jonathan found himself feeling gloomy as well. In the blink of an eye, the two of them finished all the wine on the table.

Lucian took out his phone while drawing his brows together tightly from the pain of his headache.

He had not driven to the club, so he needed someone to send him back.

Perhaps he had drunk too much. He had nearly tapped on Roxanne's name out of instinct when he unlocked his phone.

Lucian's frown deepened, and he hovered his finger above the name for a long while.

Right when he was about to tap on it, Jonathan's slurring voice rang out in his ear.

"Lucian, I... I can't drink anymore!"

Jonathan was dead drunk by then. He was lifting an empty wineglass and mumbling away in Lucian's direction in a daze.

Unlike him, Lucian still had a shred of rationality left. When he heard his voice, he snapped back to his senses and looked at the name beneath his finger.

After a long moment of hesitation, he scrolled it away.

Since I've decided to cut ties with her, I shouldn't disturb her.

After what seemed like eons, Lucian's gaze landed on Aubree's name.

Then, in the end, he tapped on her name.

At that moment, Aubree was having dinner with Frieda.

Ever since Aubree left the Farwell residence, she had been swallowing her anger. All she could do was invite Frieda out so that she could vent.

While the two were chatting, Aubree's phone suddenly rang.

Aubree was right at the peak of her angry rant, so she impatiently lowered her head to glance at her phone.

When she saw the caller ID, she halted her speech immediately.

“What’s the matter? Who is it?” Frieda asked.

Aubree had already picked up the call by then.

“Lucian, it’s late. Is something the matter?”

She thought that Lucian had returned to the manor and was calling her after finding out that she had been there in the afternoon.

To her surprise, Lucian sounded drunk as he said, “Are you free at the moment? I drank a little. If it’s convenient for you, come and pick me up.”

Aubree’s eyes lit up, and the irritation that had been plaguing her since the afternoon dissipated. “Where are you? I’ll be right there!”

The man then told her the name of the club and the room number.

“I’m on my way!”

Her eager voice made Lucian press his lips together.

“You don’t need to rush.”

When Frieda saw Aubree ending the call, she asked, “Who was it? Was it Lucian?”

She could not think of anyone else other than Lucian who could make Aubree’s mood change so quickly.

Aubree was all smiles as she answered, “Let’s wrap up for today. Lucian’s drunk, and he has asked me to pick him up.”

Frieda beamed in understanding. “People usually call their girlfriends to pick them up after getting drunk. It looks like Lucian has a change of heart. Congratulations, Aubree.”

The smile on Aubree’s face widened as she grabbed her bag and stood up.

All of a sudden, Frieda thought of something. “Right, Lucian should be with my brother. I’ll come with you and pick my brother up as well.”

Aubree agreed to it readily, wanting to get rid of the other man.

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