

Leaving The Country After Divorce Chapter 551

Chapter 551

Roxanne was stunned as she instinctively recalled the sudden kiss on the stage at the mention of Sleeping Beauty.

“Ms. Jarvis?” Jerking out of her reverie, Roxanne forced a smile at Estella before telling her the tale of Sleeping Beauty.

The child paid close attention and fell asleep shortly after Roxanne finished.

Covering the child with the quilt, Roxanne lay down beside her.

Although she felt physically tired after running around an entire day, her mind was still in restless turmoil when she closed her eyes.

She couldn't help blaming herself despite having found Benny.

Aside from that, Estella's mention of Sleeping Beauty kept reminding her of the kiss during the play, and she couldn't seem to shake it off her mind.

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Despite lying in bed for an indeterminate amount of time, Roxanne could not fall asleep.

Looking at the time and seeing that it was almost midnight, Roxanne promptly got out of bed and went downstairs.

If I'm right, there are a few red wine bottles at the bar. Maybe I'll sleep better after having some red wine.

Emerging from her room, she frowned slightly when she saw that it was brightly lit downstairs.

Lucian is alone downstairs. Could he be awake as well?

Roxanne slowed down.

She did not want to go down and face the man alone at that hour.

As she was debating with herself whether or not to return to her room, Lucian's voice sounded. "Can't sleep, Ms. Jarvis?"

Roxanne paused in her steps. After a long hesitation, she decided to go down.

"How did you know it was me?"

Lucian was seated on the couch, dealing with some work. He glanced up upon hearing her words. "I heard the door open, and the kids should be asleep now. You are the only one left."

Roxanne nodded in comprehension. "Are you not done with work?" she asked with polite concern.

"Yeah. What about you? Why can't you sleep?"

Roxanne frowned, wondering how she should broach the subject.

Aside from losing Benny, the other reason was more difficult for her to discuss.

Lucian's voice sounded again before she could speak. "Are you still not over the incident of losing Benny?"

The man's eyes remained fixated in her direction.

Roxanne hesitated for a moment before nodding in silent admittance.

Lucian's eyes grew slightly dim.

He had expected it. The woman did not look good when the child had gone missing. He reckoned she would not recover from it that easily.

He had also anticipated that the woman might not be able to fall asleep that night.

The living room plunged into silence.

Roxanne felt awkward. She cleared her throat to speak, but the man's voice sounded again.

"It wasn't your fault that Benny went missing. It was my fault for not keeping a closer eye on all of you, as I was by your side," Lucian said in a low voice. "You don't have to blame yourself. Rest assured that something like this will never happen again."

His speech surprised Roxanne.

He sounded as though they would be living together in the future and that he would help to care for the two boys.

Such a thought had only flashed across her mind once.

Roxanne quickly regained her composure and said, "I appreciate your gesture, Mr. Farwell, but there is no need to take all the responsibility upon yourself. I will take better care of my children."

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Chapter 552 Lucian's face fell slightly.

"I'll leave you to your work, Mr. Farwell. I'm just here for a drink. Don't feel the need to entertain me."

Roxanne inclined her head at him before turning to head to the bar.

The bar was filled with expensive wine, as they were in a presidential suite worthy of the name. Some bottles were even vintage.

Roxanne did not know much about wine other than red wine was a sleeping aid. After perusing the selection, she opened a bottle at random.

When Lucian heard the sound of a bottle opening, he turned around to glance at Roxanne's back. Although he could not see which bottle she had opened, he reminded her, "Red wine will cause a massive hangover. Don't drink too much."

Roxanne grunted nonchalantly in response.

The sound of Roxanne pouring herself wine was the only thing audible in the ensuing silence of the suite.

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Lucian's attention was so focused on her that the contents of his email did not register to him.

Roxanne quickly finished a glass of wine, but she did not feel any drowsiness during a pause for a few seconds to reflect upon her sobriety.

Exasperated, she poured herself another glass. Before she knew it, she had had five drinks.

Roxanne was beginning to feel drowsy when she came back to her senses.

Dimly aware that she could not drink anymore, Roxanne got up to return to her room after tidying up the bar. However, she found her legs giving way when she stood up.

She gave a low moan as she staggered to her feet.

Just when she thought she was going to fall, a large hand wrapped around her waist. Lucian's scent wafted into her nose the next second.

"I told you to go easy on the red wine." Lucian sounded upset.

The woman would have made a fool of herself if he hadn't been paying attention.

Roxanne could not bring herself to answer although she had heard him. Upon noticing how warm his embrace was, she snuggled against him.

Lucian's eyes flashed when he noticed her movements. His grip around her waist grew tighter.

"How are you feeling? Can you walk?"

Roxanne nodded and attempted to take a step forward, but she could not muster up the energy. Her legs felt like jelly, and she almost fell out of Lucian's arms merely from lifting a foot.

Frowning at the state of her intoxication, Lucian swept her into his arms.

Roxanne felt herself being swept off her feet before she could process what was going on.

"I can manage..."

Lucian gazed down at her. "Let me send you back. Quiet. Don't wake Essie up."

Essie...

Only then did Roxanne remember the little girl, her roommate for the night. She obediently fell silent at Lucian's words.

With the woman in his arms, Lucian took two steps forward before sensing she had turned and was leaning her head on his shoulder.

He looked down and saw that she was already unconscious. Her cheeks were still flushed because of the alcohol.

Lucian's heart softened, and he slowed down.

"Benny..." Roxanne muttered in her sleep as they were ascending the stairs. She sounded distraught.

Lucian felt something pricking his heart. He knew that she must be dreaming about losing the boy.

Although he knew that the ordeal had scarred Roxanne, the true extent of it was a revelation to him.

Lucian's arm tensed when the muttering became incessant. "Benny is back," he assured her softly. "He's fine now."

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Lucian carried Roxanne all the way to the room. Once he entered, his eyes darkened when he saw that Estella had rolled over to the edge of the big bed and was still sleeping soundly

That was not how she was at home. She would sleep in the same position through the night, almost without moving an inch.

Is she moving so much because she's in a new environment? Or is it because she feels more at home around Roxanne?

Holding that thought, Lucian gently put Roxanne down before walking over to the other side to carry Estella to the middle of the bed.

"Daddy..." Estella muttered, half awake, thinking she was dreaming.

Lucian caressed her cheek as he watched her go back to sleep.

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When she was quiet again, Lucian glanced over at Roxanne and went to pour her a glass of water.

Feeling someone pulling her up, Roxanne opened her eyes in a daze, only to see Lucian staring at her with a frown.

“Drink some water. It’ll help with the hangover.” His voice rang out lowly beside her ear.

At that moment, Roxanne felt everything was so surreal.

Am I dreaming? What hangover? Did I drink?

“Lucian?” she called out hesitantly.

“Yes?”

It’s really him. Roxanne narrowed her eyes, and a pitiful look slowly crept over her face.

Lucian frowned at the change in her expression.

To his surprise, Roxanne suddenly leaned into his embrace and even rubbed her face against his chest endearingly.

Lucian froze where he was with his gaze locked on the woman in his arms. He did not dare to move a muscle.

He had never once expected her to behave so intimately toward him ever since they met one another again.

Although he was fully aware that he should keep a distance because she was only acting like that because she was drunk, he still wanted to keep her close.

In fact, if it were not for the fear of disturbing her sleep, he would have hugged her tighter.

This is ridiculous. Lucian could not believe he just caught himself wanting more.

Over the years, he had never treated anyone that way, not until he met Roxanne.

“Lucian...” the woman mumbled sadly in her sleep beside his ear.

His arms tensed up when her voice called him back to reality. He wanted to tell her that he was right beside her.

Feeling his embrace, Roxanne looked up at him in a stupor and murmured, “Why are you so cruel? Am I still not good enough for you? I love you so much, but you’ve never liked me the slightest bit.”

Her words pierced his heart like a knife over and over again.

It pained him beyond words when he thought of what she had said, but that was not the end of her questioning.

“Why? What else should I do to make you love me? Tell me. I’ll change. Why are you so quiet?” Roxanne reached for his face frantically when she did not get a response. “Come on! What should I do to make you love me?”

A frown surfaced on Lucian’s remorse–stricken face as he grabbed her hands. “You’re drunk, Roxanne.”

When she heard him calling her name, a satisfied smile broke out on her face.

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