

Leaving The Country After Divorce Chapter 604-608

Chapter 604

When it was time to get off work in the evening, Cayden breathed a sigh of relief for having survived until then.

Just as he had expected, Lucian was in a grouchy mood for the rest of the afternoon after receiving the bouquet of flowers.

Having served Lucian for a long time, Cayden knew how to navigate his way around and avoid getting on Lucian's nerves. Nonetheless, it didn't stop Lucian from scowling at him.

Unfortunately, the same couldn't be said of the senior management who went into his office to make their reports. All of them ended up receiving a piece of his mind.

By the time they came out, their faces had lost all color.

Just when Cayden expected to stay back for work, he was surprised when Lucian didn't need him to.

"Please help me pick Essie up," Lucian instructed before he left.

Only when he saw Lucian enter the elevator did Cayden regain his senses and grunted in acknowledgment.

Why isn't he picking her up since he's leaving work early?

After pondering for a moment, Cayden snuck a peek inside Lucian's office and saw that the bouquet of flowers he had brought inside earlier was left untouched.

I guess the reason why Mr. Farwell isn't picking Ms. Estella up has something to do with the flowers.

After leaving the office, Lucian drove straight to Queen Group.

Since Jonathan was the one who came up with the idea, Lucian naturally wanted to clarify the problem he was facing with the former.

At Queen Group, Jonathan had just finished for the day and was preparing to drive home.

Therefore, he was surprised to see a familiar Jeep Cherokee parked outside his company the moment he stepped out.

If I'm not wrong, that's one of Lucian's rides. What is he doing here at this hour?

Curious, Jonathan approached the car and knocked on the window.

As the window gradually wound down, it revealed Lucian's gloomy expression.

Jonathan's heart sank when he saw his friend's face. "Lucian, what are—"

With furrowed brows, Lucian remarked, "Get in. Let's go get a drink."

Jonathan was baffled by the invitation.

In two short days, Lucian invited me out to drink twice, which has never happened before. Unless, of course, he's having problems with Roxanne again.

As the realization dawned upon him, Jonathan joined Lucian in the car without another word.

The moment he settled down, their car sped off, its inertia almost causing him to sprain his back.

"What happened today? Didn't I already give you an idea? How did you end up quarreling again?" Jonathan asked while putting on his seatbelt.

The mere mention of the matter infuriated Lucian, who replied in a frosty voice, "I followed your instructions, and it was useless."

Hearing that, Jonathan scrunched his brows. "It shouldn't be that way..."

Frieda never fails to smile every time she receives roses. Even if Roxanne doesn't accept him, I'm sure she would at least be warmed by his gesture. Unless... she's somehow different from other women?

"When you sent her the flowers, did you write your confession on a card and tag it along?" Jonathan inquired while racking his brains.

Lucian's expression was just as grim. "I did. In fact, I even wrote the card myself."

Knitting his brows slightly, Jonathan lamented, "The more the reason for it not to fail!"

Based on his understanding, the cards that accompanied generic bouquets were usually written by the florist.

Now that Lucian had written one personally, Roxanne, even if her heart was made of stone, should definitely be moved. Is there something wrong with what Lucian wrote?

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Holding that thought, Jonathan couldn't resist asking, "What did you write?"

However, Lucian had no intention of going into that detail, for Roxanne didn't even mention the card.

In fact, when he asked her about it, she simply ignored his question, causing him to wonder if she had even seen it.

But if she hadn't read it, how would she have known that I was the one who sent her the flowers?

Lucian continued to ruminate on the matter.

Since she chose to call me, she must have read the card but wasn't willing to talk about it. In that case, can there be something wrong with the card's contents?

Meanwhile, Jonathan, after waiting a long while for a response, pestered him, "What did you write? If you don't tell me, how would I know where the problem is?"

Only then did Lucian relent.

Upon hearing what it was, Jonathan couldn't resist massaging his forehead. "What do you mean by 'let's be honest with each other? Aren't you forcing Ms. Jarvis to speculate? Wouldn't it have been better to pen down your feelings directly?"

If you want Roxanne to admit her feelings for you, you have to do it first!

Throwing him a glance, Lucian added, "She gave me a call after receiving the flowers, and I followed your instructions."

At that, the hope Jonathan had for his friend was reignited. "What did you do? Did you confess?"

Thinking back to his call with her, Lucian nodded without elaborating.

Seeing that, Jonathan was intrigued. "What did you say?"

Lucian replied, "I asked her if she was willing to return to my side."

"And?" Jonathan pressed on.

After a momentary silence descended upon the car, Lucian's voice rang out. "She didn't say anything."

Didn't say anything....

Having contemplated upon it for a few seconds, Jonathan reassured him with a smile, "Not saying anything is better than being downright reject—"

Before he could finish, Lucian continued, "I then told her that Essie needed a mother and since she was fond of Essie..."

In that instant, Jonathan was stumped.

He had not expected Lucian to speak so candidly when all he suggested was for the latter to confess his feelings.

Furthermore, he was well aware that Lucian had often used Estella as a pretext to get Roxanne to soften her stance. Little did Jonathan expect Lucian to still involve her in such a delicate circumstance.

Is he pursuing Roxanne, or is Estella the one doing it?

“What the hell did I do wrong?” Lucian questioned solemnly. “Or is your method useless to begin with?”

Lucian’s accusation caused Jonathan to shake his head in resignation. “Lucian, that’s not how you court a girl or even confess to her.”

Looking clueless, Lucian was filled with frustration.

“By bringing Estella up unnecessarily, one could be forgiven to think that you’re using the girl to threaten Dr. Jarvis,” Jonathan explained.

Lucian’s frown deepened. “In that case, what should I do?”

“In order to court a girl, you have to soften your attitude,” Jonathan advised. “Also, remember that you’re the one pursuing her; it has nothing to do with Estella. By saying what you said, Dr. Jarvis might think that you’re giving her the flowers because you want a mother for Estella. Without knowing what your true feelings are, there’s no way she would agree to be with you.”

As he listened earnestly, Lucian felt the exasperation within him gradually build up.

He had never courted anyone before, and he didn’t think courting someone would be such a complicated endeavor.

Even confessing his feelings seemed to be an art.

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“Do you understand what I have said?” Jonathan asked, just in case.

Lucian pinched between his brows.

Despite all he had heard, he was still as confounded as before.

Given what had happened, he couldn’t tolerate making another mistake.

Therefore, despite how embarrassing it was, he inquired further, “Tell me in simpler terms what I should say for her to understand me.”

Jonathan was speechless.

Didn’t I make it clear enough?

“I love you.”

Jonathan’s face couldn’t be any more serious as he stared at his friend.

No sooner had the words left his mouth than a deathly silence ensued.

Given how earnest Jonathan's expression was, even Lucian was stunned for a few seconds.

When Jonathan saw from Lucian's expression that he had gotten his point across, he eased the seriousness on his face and continued his coaching. "Do you now know what to say now?"

Lucian, having regained his senses, nodded.

"I know that you have never courted a woman in your life, so it's understandable that you might have some difficulty with it."

Jonathan continued in a solemn tone, "Nonetheless, pursuing a lady is similar to closing a business deal. There's no need to beat around the bush. Just let the opposing party know what your intentions are so that they can understand you properly. Or else, being shady will never win you any deals."

Just as he spoke, Jonathan patted Lucian on the shoulder. "If you like her, you should then admit it instead of using Essie as an excuse. If you make it into a habit, Dr. Jarvis, based on her character, will grow to be wary of the little girl. When that happens, neither of you will be able to get close to her anymore. And you know what, you would deserve it. But what about Essie? She's the innocent one in all this!"

The instant Lucian heard the last sentence, he wrinkled his brows as the temperature around him dropped.

Feeling a chill down his spine, Jonathan, realizing the gravity of his words, tried to laugh it off. "I'm just quoting an example. I'm sure you know what I mean."

Lucian remained silent.

Truth be told, Jonathan's words had hit the nail on the head.

In fact, Roxanne was already avoiding Estella on his account, while Estella was angry at him for the same reason.

Even then, Lucian didn't learn from his mistakes because Roxanne would keep her distance unless he used Estella as an excuse.

After all, he had absolutely run out of ideas.

As Jonathan sipped his wine subconsciously, he snuck a careful glance at Lucian.

Upon seeing the sullen expression on his friend's face, Jonathan assumed he had said something wrong and began to regret it.

However, Lucian's voice suddenly rang out, carrying a hint of suppressed anger.

"What else can I do when she keeps avoiding me?"

When Jonathan felt that Lucian's anger had passed, he heaved a sigh of relief and continued, "You just have to be patient. After all, you did hurt her six years ago, so it's not a surprise that she's avoiding you. If you really want to change her mind, you should drop that high and mighty attitude of yours in front of her. Instead, lower yourself and try to gain her sympathy."

As Lucian turned his head to give Jonathan a glance, anger seemed to flash across his eyes, as if he was questioning Jonathan's audacity to have him play the victim card.

Reading Lucian's mind, Jonathan explained, "After being a doctor for so many years, Dr. Jarvis is definitely someone sympathetic. Besides, given how intimidating you are, I'm sure you'll be able to melt her heart by playing victiin."

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After Jonathan spent the entire night analyzing the situation for Lucian, the latter finally agreed with a frown.

On the way back home, Lucian continued to playback Jonathan's words in his mind.

It's not like I don't want to lower myself in front of her. It's just that she gets on my nerves so much that I just can't control myself.

Now that he thought about it, Lucian was again filled with remorse.

It looks like I have no choice but to get a grip on my temper. After all, I'm the reason why our relationship became this way.

By the time he returned to the Farwell residence, it was almost ten in the evening.

Usually, Estella would already be asleep at that hour.

However, when he opened the mansion door, he could hear the sound of her room door opening at the same time.

Raising his head, he saw her standing on her heels and staring down at him with her lips pursed.

When he caught her gaze, Lucian's brows furrowed quizzically. Casting his thoughts about Roxanne aside, he changed out of his shoes before walking upstairs to her.

"Why aren't you sleeping yet?"

Estella looked up at her father with sparkling eyes that were brimming with innocence. "When are we going to see Ms. Jarvis again?"

When school was over earlier, it was Lysa who picked the brothers up.

Having heard of Roxanne's injury, Pippa asked Lysa about it out of concern.

When Estella, who had planned to visit Roxanne in two days, overheard their conversation and learned of the latter's injury, she wanted to go to Roxanne's side at once.

Initially, she planned to get Lucian to take her when he picked her up from school but didn't expect to not see him at all.

Thus, she waited up for him so that she could tell him her plan.

Upon hearing her request, Lucian fell deep into thought before a gentle glint flashed in his eyes. "I'll take you there once I'm done with work."

With her lips pursed, Estella gave him a reluctant look. "But Ms. Jarvis' injury would have healed by then."

Thinking about Roxanne's wound, Lucian felt his heart sink as a grim expression descended upon his face.

Given how enraged she was during the day, I wonder if it had affected her recovery.

"Daddy..." Estella gave his sleeve a wary tug.

Lucian reached out his hand to tousle her hair. "Essie, do you trust me?"

She fell into a brief silence before giving him a slow nod.

Seeing her response, Lucian sighed in relief discreetly.

"Ms. Jarvis needs to rest for a few days. Also, she'll be tired from taking care of the brothers. Therefore, we'll just be interrupting her rest if we visit her now. If you

really want her to recover as soon as possible, then listen to me. Once I'm done with: my work, we'll visit her together."

Despite nodding half-heartedly, Estella's longing for Roxanne caused a pitiful look to appear on her face.

Stroking her puffy cheeks, Lucian leaned down to hold her hand. "If you're really worried, you can also ask the boys about her condition."

Just to reassure her further, Lucian made a remark that he himself didn't believe in. "Now that Ms. Jarvis is no longer avoiding us, I'll take you to see her whenever you want once I have finished my work."

Finally convinced, Estella nodded obediently.

As Lucian watched her fall asleep, his expression gradually darkened.

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Standing by her bedroom, Lucian wore a solemn expression on his face.

Regardless of how his relationship with Roxanne was now, he had already made a promise to Estella. As a result, time was of the essence for him to win Roxanne back.

The next morning, Lucian sent Estella to kindergarten early and ran into Lysa by coincidence.

“Essie!” the boys greeted her from afar.

Replying to them with a hum, the beaming Estella shook off her father’s hand and walked over to join them.

Lucian didn’t stop her. Instead, he simply reminded, “Slow down.”

Estella nodded in compliance.

Meanwhile, when the brothers noticed Lucian’s presence after hearing his voice, they raised their heads and gave him a hesitant look.

Locking gazes with them, Lucian broke into an indiscernible frown as his eyes reflected his complex emotions.

All this while, the boys resented him just as much as their mother did.

Therefore, he wondered if they had noticed Roxanne being infuriated by him the day before.

After all, given how difficult it was to get the boys to change their attitude toward him, Lucian didn’t want to risk having it go back to the way it was.

Just as he was lost in his thoughts, the brothers’ squeaky voices rang out.

“Good morning, Mr. Farwell.”

As Lucian looked in the direction of the voices, he saw Archie and Benny bowing politely at him. By the time they straightened themselves, their eyes had strayed somewhere else.

At that moment, Lucian was puzzled by their attitude toward him.

When the children were avoiding him previously, it was as though he didn’t exist.

However, today, the boys greeted him of their own volition.

Logically speaking, their attitude toward him had improved, but their reaction upon greeting him caused Lucian to doubt his own supposition.

Taking their mother's feelings into account, the boys restrained their desire to see their father and chatted with Estella instead.

On the other end, a strange look was painted all over Lysa's face.

The moment she saw Lucian, she was reminded of the roses from the day before and didn't know how to react.

Fortunately, the boys greeted him first, giving her enough time to gather her wits. "Mr. Farwell..." she finally uttered.

Even then, the tone Lysa greeted Lucian with still sounded awkward.

Knitting his brows, he gave her a puzzled look.

He wondered if it was just his imagination but felt as if Lysa still had something to say.

Lysa, who felt her heart skip a beat when she made eye contact, smiled at him as if, nothing had happened. "What a coincidence to see you drop Essie off at school today."

Nodding slightly, Lucian could see from her eyes that she seemed to be scrutinizing him.

With her mind filled with images of the roses and her speculation about his relationship with Roxanne, Lysa couldn't hide her uneasiness from his gaze, regardless of how hard she tried.

When her strange expression didn't escape Lucian's notice, he asked with a raised brow, "Do you have something to say?"

Wiping the sweat off her hand on her pants, Lysa forced a smile. "No, not at all."

Even though she had met Lucian plenty of times, this was the first time she felt the intimidating pressure from his gaze. Filled with guilt, Lysa was worried that the incident about the roses would slip her tongue.

After giving it some thought, she figured Lucian probably wouldn't want an outsider like her to know about this.

Even though Lysa tried her best to maintain her front, Lucian could still guess what was going through her mind, but he didn't comment. Instead, he simply said, "Please take good care of Ms. Jarvis."

Lysa acknowledged at once.