

Leaving The Country After Divorce Chapter 609-613

Chapter 609

After watching the children enter the kindergarten, Lucian drove to the florist from before.

“Mr. Farwell...”

The florist couldn't help but greet him upon learning his identity from the previous day's events.

Lucian nodded with a frown, guessing that the florist knew who he was when the flowers were returned.

In response to his acknowledgment, the florist grew visibly nervous. “Is there anything else you need? What do you think of the flowers yesterday?”

No sooner had the words rolled off her tongue than she remembered that the flowers were returned.

Quickly realizing her faux pas, the anxious florist zipped her lips and wondered if Lucian had come to hold them accountable.

At the mention of the flowers, Lucian threw the florist a grim look.

Lowering her head fearfully, she didn't dare utter another word.

“From today onward, send the freshest flowers you have to that address every day. As to what kind of flowers, you have the liberty to decide,” Lucian barked out his instructions.

Since he had already been recognized, there was no need for him to hide his influence.

Having heard his words, the florist felt a sense of relief that quickly turned into delight.

Even though the flowers were returned, Mr. Farwell didn't blame us for it. Instead, he has ordered more flowers from us! Does this mean that he's happy with the flowers from our shop?

Holding that thought, the elated florist quickly nodded. “All right! We will make sure to send her the best flowers every day!”

After nodding in acknowledgment, Lucian scanned the QR code to pay.

“Um, Mr. Farwell...” When a sudden thought dawned upon the florist, she raised her gaze to look at Lucian with a fearful expression. “What should we do if the flowers are returned again?”

She had barely finished when a sudden chill filled the air.

Lucian's expression subsequently darkened, as he had almost forgotten about the possibility of Roxanne turning the flowers down again.

If she continues to be stubborn...

"Just do as she says," Lucian responded after giving it some thought.

Upon acknowledging the instructions, the florist lamented to herself.

I wonder who this lady is to have Mr. Farwell shower so much attention on her. It's one thing for him to send flowers daily but another to not mind having them rejected.

"In that case," the florist tactfully said, "do you want to add a card inside? If you do, do you want to write them yourself, or do you want us to do it for you?"

If Lucian writes them personally, wouldn't I be able to see this divine-looking man every day?

Lucian's brows knitted slightly. "No, I don't."

Roxanne didn't notice the card the last time. Besides, I have no idea what to write, and after what happened yesterday, I'm sure she'll know the flowers are from me.

With her hopes dashed, the florist nodded in disappointment. "All right."

Checking the time, Lucian didn't stay a second longer and quickly left.

Back at the company, Cayden was already waiting for Lucian outside the latter's office.

Upon seeing Lucian stepping out of the elevator, he welcomed his boss and reported the day's itinerary.

Both of them talked as they strode into Lucian's office.

The moment they stepped in, the flaming red roses left on the couch yesterday came into Cayden's view. From then on, Cayden's attention began to drift.

"What are you thinking about?" Lucian questioned with a frown after noticing the distracted look on Cayden's face.

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Given a fright, Cayden was briefly stunned before he made a random excuse. "I was thinking if we should do something about the flowers because they'll quickly dry out if we leave them be."

Giving the flowers a frustrated look, Lucian replied a few seconds later, "Do as you will."

Breathing a sigh of relief, Cayden concurred, "In that case, I'll put them in a vase later."

Lucian gave him a tacit nod before motioning him to continue with the reports.

This time, Cayden got a grip on himself and managed to concentrate.

Once he was done reporting, Cayden gave Lucian a wary look and asked, "Shall I go get a vase now, Mr. Farwell?"

However, Lucian didn't reply as he was already engrossed in work.

Having worked for Lucian for many years, Cayden was naturally aware that silence meant the former giving his implicit approval.

As a result, Cayden went off to fill a vase with water before silently treading back into the office and putting the roses in it.

While doing so, he caught a glimpse of the card that was placed among the flowers.

The sight of it filled Cayden with a sense of sorrow.

The way he saw it, Lucian was serious about Roxanne, as he had never seen the former do something like that before.

Unfortunately, the first flowers that Lucian had sent in his life ended up being rejected, causing Cayden to wonder what was going through Roxanne's mind.

Before he could recover from the shock of it all, the company received another bouquet of flowers that Lucian had to personally receive.

Coincidentally, Cayden had returned from lunch just like the day before.

At that moment, everyone in the lobby gawked at him, while the receptionist gave him a helpless look.

Evidently, they were waiting for him to deal with the sensitive matter.

Upon recalling the scowl on Lucian's face when he brought the flowers in the day before, Cayden felt a sudden chill down his spine.

Turning his thoughts to the one who returned the flowers, Cayden was just overwhelmed with frustration.

Regardless of whether he accepted the flowers or not, Lucian would definitely end up being angry.

"Mr. Lawson..." the receptionist pleaded.

Left without a choice, Cayden walked up to her in resignation. "Give them to me."

A short while later, Cayden strode into the elevator with a sense of dread.

The moment Cayden walked away, the entire lobby burst into an uproar.

"Are the flowers meant for Mr. Farwell? Who was it that sent the flowers? I can't believe Mr. Lawson actually accepted them!"

“Is there even a need to ask? The only one who qualifies for such treatment is Ms. Pearson. After all, she’s Mr. Farwell’s fiancée!”

“Given how aloof Ms. Pearson always looks, I didn’t expect her to be someone passionate enough to send Mr. Farwell flowers every day.”

Oblivious to the fact that the flowers were returned and under the impression someone had sent them to Lucian, everyone began to gossip about the sender,

In the meantime, Cayden was standing in Lucian’s office with the flowers in his hands, feeling on edge. “Mr. Farwell, this is…”

The instant the words rolled off his tongue, Cayden could feel the sudden tension in the air.

Evidently, Lucian had guessed what he was going to say next.

The change in mood caused Cayden to wonder if he should even continue.

Much to his relief, Lucian’s voice rang out in the end. “Just deal with it as you see fit.”

With that, Cayden grunted in immediate acknowledgment before heading off to find another vase.

As Lucian stared at the new bouquet in his office, his gaze darkened.

Even though he was aware that Roxanne might reject the flowers, he didn’t expect it to be done so quickly.

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Lysa came back after returning the flowers. She hesitated about saying something to Roxanne, who was studying some information on her laptop on the couch.

Roxanne turned around when she heard some noises near the doorway. Seeing Lysa, she asked, “Have you returned the flowers?”

The housekeeper nodded slightly and replied, “I’ve asked someone from the florist’s to send it back.”

Satisfied, Roxanne wordlessly returned her attention to her work.

Though Colby had been in charge of all matters pertaining to the research institute, he still needed Roxanne to discuss a potential collaboration with the Damaris family.

Roxanne treated the matter seriously as well. In fact, during her recovery at home, she had spent most of her attention on the research institute project.

Thankfully, Jack knew about her injury and did not hasten her progress. Instead, he allowed her to work at a comfortable pace.

His consideration filled Roxanne with some measure of guilt. She was determined to develop an in-depth understanding of the project so she could pick things up more quickly once she returned to work.

As she studied the project information in rapt attention, Lysa's voice suddenly rang out. "Ms. Jarvis, don't you think you're being a little... cold-hearted?"

Sending back flowers was undoubtedly a show of humiliation toward any gift-giver, let alone someone as revered as Lucian.

Additionally, Lucian's final reminder that morning moved Lysa, who was becoming more convinced that Lucian's feelings toward Roxanne were sincere.

- Her housekeeper's question brought a frown to Roxanne's face. Tearing her gaze

from the laptop screen, she responded coolly, "Nothing will ever happen between us, so returning his flowers is the only natural thing to do."

Upon noticing Lysa's intent to refute her, Roxanne mustered a smile and added, "Don't worry yourself over this. I'll never accept anything from him, and that's final."

After that, Roxanne turned to face her laptop screen, her fingers flying across the keyboard in a flurry. It was an undeniable sign that she no longer wished to discuss the topic of Lucian's affection.

Watching Roxanne bury her attention in work, Lysa swallowed the advice on the tip of her tongue. She turned and entered the kitchen in resignation, sighing to herself.

After Lysa's departure, Roxanne's typing speed slowed.

She found she could no longer focus wholeheartedly on her work after the housekeeper's words.

Ever since she saw Lucian upon returning to the country for the first time, Roxanne had sensed that his attitude toward her was completely different from six years ago.

As for why his attitude had taken such a huge turn, Roxanne dared not allow herself to imagine why.

Alas, Lucian's actions over the past two days forced her to examine his motives in deeper detail.

After all, despite Lucian's bold proclamations about how much he loved Aubree six years ago, Roxanne had never seen him give Aubree even a single flower.

Sending flowers had always been inconsistent with Lucian's character, yet he had gone out of character and given her flowers instead of Aubree.

Moreover, after returning his flowers the day before, Roxanne was surprised to receive another bouquet the next day.

Perhaps what surprised her more was her reaction when she saw the second bouquet of flowers.

There were no cards or further evidence in the bouquet pointing to Lucian as the sender, yet one look was all it took for Roxanne to think of him.

Acting on instinct, she had Lysa send the flowers back to Lucian.

Roxanne hoped Lucian would finally understand her wishes and stay away.

At that moment, she only wished to launch a successful collaboration with the Damaris family and achieve some strides in the field of traditional medicine.

In her eyes, Lucian's actions were merely a recipe for trouble.

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Over the next few days, when Lysa fetched Archie and Benny home from school, they would always run into the same employee from the flower shop.

Despite Roxanne's repeated instructions to send the flowers back, Lysa stubbornly carried each bouquet into the house to show Roxanne.

Lysa believed the flowers represented Lucian's feelings, and even if Roxanne had no plans to accept them, she needed to see proof of his sincerity with her own eyes.

Several failed deliveries later, the employee from the flower shop simply waited longer outside Roxanne's house to receive the returned flowers, saving Lysa a trip to the florist's.

When the weekend rolled along, Roxanne thought Lucian would finally stop sending her flowers, so she was surprised to hear someone ringing her doorbell early in the morning

Lysa had taken the weekend off, leaving just Roxanne and her two boys at home. Thus, no one went to open the door at first.

Roxanne opened her eyes groggily, conflicting emotions churning in her chest as she listened to the persistent ringing of the doorbell.

The flower shop's employee always showed up at this time to deliver Lucian's flowers.

Roxanne thought about leaving the door unanswered, believing it would clearly convey her feelings about the flowers to the employee.

However, she suddenly heard the pitter-patter of footsteps in the living room.

The doorbell stopped ringing abruptly, followed by the muffled sounds of her children's voices.

•“Hello. How can I help you?”

Archie and Benny had been awake for a while, but they obediently stayed in their room so they would not disturb their mother's slumber.

When the doorbell rang, they worried it would wake Roxanne up, so they hurried downstairs to answer the door. They did not even check who their visitor was before opening the door.

The boys were at a loss for words when they spotted a massive bouquet of roses filling the doorway.

Archie and Benny might be young, but even they knew what a gift of roses meant.

Someone gave Mommy roses!

The boys exchanged curious glances. Are we getting a new daddy soon?

As the same thought crossed their mind, the boys simultaneously turned to the door.

They were about to ask who had sent the flowers when Roxanne's voice rang out behind them. "Please send the flowers back."

The boys jumped in surprise at their mother's voice.

Mommy's sending the flowers back without even looking at them?

Roxanne dared not look at her sons' expressions as she walked to the mansion's door and smiled politely at the flower shop's employee. "Thank you, and sorry for the trouble."

The employee stared at Roxanne in awe.

He was finally seeing the mysterious recipient of his week-long flower delivery.

The woman before him wore a simple but elegant nightgown. Her long hair was artfully disheveled, while her features were so striking that even without makeup, it

was impossible to tear one's eyes away from her face.

One look and the employee immediately understood why Lucian sent his unwilling recipient flowers with such dogged determination.

Just then, Benny asked innocently, "Sir, may I know who sent these flowers?"

The employee snapped out of his trance and looked at the two boys before him. He was about to reply to Benny's question when Roxanne interjected, "If there's nothing else, I'm bringing the children in. Sorry."

With that, Roxanne closed the door on the employee.

She did not want her children to learn of Lucian's flower deliveries.

"Mommy?" Archie and Benny stared at their mother in confusion after she abruptly closed the door.

Roxanne acted as though nothing was amiss as she ruffled the boys' hair and said, "I don't know who gave me the flowers either, but I don't plan on keeping them."

The boys exchanged a suspicious glance.

They knew their mother too well, and she did not react as though this was her first anonymous flower delivery.

In fact, she even seemed scared to see the flowers.

What is Mommy so scared about?

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Roxanne sensed Archie and Benny's suspicion. Concealing her unease, she calmly led the children to the couch.

After Roxanne rested at home for a week, her leg injury had made a decent recovery, and she could already walk unassisted.

Nonetheless, Lysa and the children fussed over her condition and insisted she rest for a couple more days at home.

As the three of them settled on the couch, the children's attention remained on the rejected flowers, and they asked, "Mommy, why didn't you accept the flowers?"

Roxanne did not expect her children's question and struggled to come up with a reply.

Noticing her strange behavior, Archie asked, "The delivery man didn't answer our question. What if he sent the flowers to the wrong house?"

The words had barely left his mouth when Archie hopped off the couch, shooting his mother a final glance before declaring, "I'll go check with the delivery man. What if he really sent the flowers to the wrong house?"

With that said, he actually began walking toward the door.

Frowning, Roxanne ordered, "Come back here, Archie."

Her son pretended not to hear her as he walked resolutely to the door.

Roxanne's reaction confirmed their suspicions that this was not the first time she had received the flowers.

If we're going to have a new daddy, we need to know who he is!

- Her sons' obstinance caused Roxanne's heart to sink, and she desperately tried to think of a diversion.

A moment later, Roxanne winced in pain and bent down to cradle her injured leg. “Benny, help Mommy see if my wound reopened.”

Her words startled the boys.

Benny clambered off the couch, carefully inspecting his mother’s wound, while Archie stopped his march toward the door and hurried back to the couch.

The boys scrutinized Roxanne’s injury for a long time, and she took advantage of the

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