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The three children exchanged glances before putting the Lego pieces down in an unspoken agreement and running into the kitchen.

“What happened, Mommy?” Archie and Benny asked in concern.

Their voices roused Roxanne out of her trance. She felt even more uneasy at the sight of her sons before her. Barely able to suppress her fears, she shook her head and mustered a smile. “It’s nothing,” she said. “The bowl must have slipped out of my hand. Don’t come in. There are broken pieces everywhere.”

With that, she squatted down as if nothing had happened to pick up the pieces, still distracted as she did so.

Lucian’s eyes darkened from behind the three children as he studied the woman on her knees.

I could be imagining it, but this woman does seem to have a lot on her mind.

Roxanne lowered her head. The man’s intense gaze upon her disconcerted her further. In a momentary lapse of vigilance, her fingers closed around a particularly sharp corner of a shard.

A tingling pain erupting from her fingertips snapped her back to her senses, and she gave an involuntary gasp of pain.

“Mommy!”

“Ms. Jarvis!”

The children cried out anxiously as blood dripped from Roxanne’s finger.

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Archie and Benny were about to dash into the kitchen when a tall figure suddenly stopped in front of them.

A moment later, they watched Lucian squat beside their mother to hold her wrist in his large hand with a cold expression on his face.

Archie and Benny froze in their tracks.

“What were you thinking?” he asked with irritation.

Roxanne stared blankly at the vast hand on hers. She was at a loss for words.

Lucian wrapped his arms around her waist and lifted her to her feet in an instant.

Roxanne was already standing by the sink when she regained her senses.

Looking ill-tempered, Lucian turned on the faucet and dragged her wrist under the stream of water.

“Wait outside,” Lucian ordered, turning his attention to the three children by the door.

“Do not come in.”

Though the children were worried about Roxanne, they nodded when they saw that she was in good hands.

Upon being satisfied that the wound on the woman’s hand was clean enough, Lucian took out a clean handkerchief from his pocket and wrapped it around her injured finger

to stem the bleeding

"Thank you." By that point, Roxanne had regained sufficient control of her faculties. She tried to jerk her hand out of his while avoiding his gaze. "I can finish up on my own."

The man frowned and tightened his grip.

Roxanne felt annoyed at his refusal to let go.

He has a child with another woman. Essie is watching us right now.

Distinctly aware of Estella's eyes on them, Roxanne tried her best to distance herself from Lucian.

He has no cause to care for me to this extent. He only has hatred toward me, anyway.

Grimacing at the reminder, Roxanne gazed at him with plain refusal for his help.

Lucian pretended not to have noticed her resistance. "I'm going to dress your wound," he announced solemnly.

Without another word, he led her out by her hand.

Roxanne gritted her teeth in consternation. "Please don't trouble yourself. It's late enough as it is; you should take Essie home. I can manage on my own."

Lucian froze in his tracks at her words.

Roxanne noticed a vague dissatisfaction emanating out of him that disappeared without a trace by the next second.

"How will you dress your wound when your right hand is the injured one?" Lucian suppressed his annoyance and dragged her out without paying her protests any heed.

The three children followed them eagerly.

Roxanne did not struggle anymore under their concerned gazes. Instead, she resigned herself to her fate.

This man is too domineering.

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When they arrived in the living room, Roxanne was forced to sit on the couch.

The children flocked around her as they stared with concern at her finger wrapped in a handkerchief while Lucian rummaged unsuccessfully through the living room to locate the medical kit.

In the end, Archie was the one to jump off the couch to produce the medical kit from the TV cabinet.

Lucian patted the boy's head in gratitude and stood next to Roxanne with the kit now in his hand.

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The children hurriedly stepped aside.

Lucian sat down beside Roxanne. Though his face did not betray a hint of his thoughts and his presence caused a perceptible shudder in her, his movements seemed gentler than usual.

Roxanne watched him work for several seconds before being compelled to look away.

She willed herself to keep her gaze on the floor. Looking any longer would create unnecessary misunderstandings. The man obviously hates me. Why is he so caring all of a sudden? After having iodine applied to her cut, Lucian produced another Band-Aid and wrapped it around her wound.

Roxanne sighed in secret relief when he finally let go of her hand. She leaped up as soon as she could place some distance between them. "Thank you, and sorry again for troubling you."

The man frowned slightly at her words but did not respond.

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Roxanne glanced at the mess on the kitchen floor and made to get up.

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"What are you doing?" The sullen voice sounded again.

Roxanne froze. "The floor needs cleaning up," she said. "The children might step on the shards."

Lucian's scowl deepened.

Despite this woman's stellar credentials, she can't even take care of herself!

Roxanne grew anxious at the man's gloomy expression, not knowing what she had done wrong this time.

Could it be because of the trouble she had caused him earlier?

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After careful consideration, Roxanne was about to apologize when he spoke again.

"You can't get your bandage wet. Let me find you a housekeeper."

Without giving her a chance to respond, Lucian gave his assistant a call.

After his dinner, Cayden was about to wash up and tuck in when he suddenly received a call from his employer. He picked up the phone nervously.

"Find me housekeeper and deliver them to No. 32 of Durwest Garden within half an hour*"

Cayden was stunned. Before he managed to formulate his question, the other had already hung up.

After gazing at his darkened screen in confusion for several seconds, Cayden contacted a housekeeping company and personally escorted the housekeeper to the address as instructed by Lucian.

"They're on their way," Lucian informed Roxanne in a low voice after hanging up.

Roxanne's protests ceased as he had already found a housekeeper. She seated herself some distance away from him.

The three children sat between the two adults and exchanged glances in silence.

The atmosphere in the living room was stiff.

Nearly twenty minutes later, the doorbell was a relief as it broke the uncomfortable silence in the living room.

- Roxanne was about to get up to answer the door, but Lucian arrived first.

"Mr. Farwell." Cayden stood on the other end with a middle-aged woman with short hair.

Lucian stood sideways as he beckoned them in.

The housekeeper cleaned the kitchen with surprising efficiency while striking up an

animated conversation with the three children as she worked.

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She amused the children so much they could not stop laughing.

After seeing how fond the children were of the housekeeper, Roxanne was struck with an idea. She decided to take the initiative to ask, "Excuse me. I'd like to ask if you would consider working here full time. Your main duties will be caring for the children with some housekeeping now and then. I'll leave the salary to you."

The woman readily agreed, "I would love to; I happen to like children. You can call me Lysa."

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Roxanne breathed a sigh of relief at how little effort it took.

Having expected to go to further lengths than that for a suitable nanny, she was surprised to find such a promising candidate so easily.

"Come over tomorrow morning," Roxanne proposed after a brief discussion regarding Lysa's salary range. "I will draw up the contract by then. You can sign it if everything is in order."

Lysa nodded in response. After bidding the others farewell, she departed with her tools and left the few of them in the living room once again.

Though Roxanne's mood improved after the chat with Lysa, her stiff formality returned when she turned to Lucian. "I'm sorry for the trouble of bandaging my wound and finding me a housekeeper. I owe you one."

A strange glint flitted across Lucian's deep eyes. He quickly suppressed the arising feeling and responded with a similar detachment, "Don't mention it. Essie and I were the ones to trouble you in the first place. Consider these trivial matters a token of my gratitude."

Estella nodded in vigorous agreement with her father's words. She even ran over to grab Roxanne's wrist and stared at her bandaged finger for a long time.

Roxanne smiled as she stroked the little girl's head. "It's all right. Don't worry. It doesn't hurt at all."

Estella blinked as she touched Roxanne's fingers delicately. Upon ascertaining that there was indeed no problem, she looked up and gave the latter a sweet smile.

Roxanne's heart softened at the child's tenderness.

"It's getting late. We have intruded upon your kind hospitality long enough." Lucian cleared his throat as he lowered his gaze to Estella. "Say goodbye to Ms. Jarvis and the boys, Essie."

Looking as if she did not want to, Estella waved to the boys obediently at the prospect of seeing them the following day.

The two boys reciprocated her smile and waved. "Wait for us at the kindergarten

tomorrow!”

Essie nodded vigorously.

Lucian took the little girl's hand and, with a final goodbye to the three, turned to leave. It was only when she watched his car disappear out of the driveway that Roxanne relaxed completely.

The two boys seemed reluctant to part with their guests as they stared into the distance for a long time without taking their eyes off the spot Lucian's car had disappeared.

Roxanne thought they missed Estella. “Come on, boys. Let's go inside,” she said softly. “You'll see Essie tomorrow.”

The two boys looked away slowly and followed her back to the mansion.

After shutting the door, Roxanne bent down to look solemnly into the eyes of her two sons. “I have something to tell you boys.”

Archie and Benny were puzzled at the sight of her seriousness.

“If Essie's father ever asks how old you are, you are to tell him that you're one year younger than her. Do you understand?”

The boys understood at once, yet they pretended not to. “Why?” they demanded.

Roxanne hesitated, at a loss for an explanation, before sighing helplessly. “There is no reason. Just do as I say, please?”

The boys exchanged another glance before nodding slowly.

Archie did not betray a hint of emotion. His brother, however, looked confused.

It's clear why Mommy wants us to tell Daddy that we are one year younger than Essie.

It's to make it impossible for him to find out that we are his. What happened between Mommy and Daddy? He was kind to her, wasn't he? Why doesn't Mommy want him to know that we are his children?

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It was nearly ten when Lucian arrived home with Estella.

The butler was already waiting at the door.

“Ms. Pearson is waiting for you inside, Mr. Farwell.”

Lucian's brows furrowed at the news. With a nod at the butler, he strode in with Estella.

“You're home!”

Aubree, seated on the couch, leaped to her feet when she saw them crossing the threshold. She bent down and tried to touch Estella's head, which the latter did her best to avoid.

Aubree's eyes flashed with displeasure, which she quickly hid by straightening up with a smile.

“What's the matter?” Lucian studied her intently. His tone remained indifferent.

Aubree gave him a casual smile. “I want to thank you again for lending us someone today. You helped us out of a jam there, and Dad had me come over to offer our

gratitude personally.”

She was going to add something else after a brief pause, but Lucian cut her off, “Is the matter resolved?”

Aubree was momentarily dumbfounded by his bluntness. She nodded with a smile that now seemed rather forced. “Well, the little trouble we had kept us busy until the afternoon. I hope it didn’t interfere with your business.”

Lucian nodded. “There are plenty of employees in Farwell Group, and the absence of one wouldn’t make a difference. There’s no need to thank me.”

Without waiting for her response, he strode past her with Estella.

Aubree’s features contorted with fury, but they softened again when she regained her senses a few moments later.

“Nevertheless, you have helped me resolve something huge. I didn’t know what to get you, so I brought a little present for Estella instead. Don’t worry. I didn’t spend a fortune. Think of it as a token of my appreciation.”

As she spoke, she took out a limited edition doll from the bag on the couch. Its delicate packaging caused Lucian to recognize it as one in a set that Estella had in her room. Aware that his daughter loved those dolls, he stopped to see if she wanted to accept the gift.

Unexpectedly, Essie did not even look up. Instead, she tightened her grip on her father’s hand and edged closer to him.

Lucian understood at once. He met Aubree’s eyes to decline her gift. “Thank you for the doll, but she already has this one. Besides, she’s thrown a tantrum at me earlier.

Forgive us for not being in the mood to entertain.”

Aubree’s expression was a little stiff. She put away her things with a smile that looked more like a grimace before looking at Estella with concern. “What is she angry about this time?”

Having hit multiple dead ends in trying to interact with the girl before, Aubree did not try very hard this time for fear that Lucian would see through her falsities. Instead, she directed her question toward him.

“Oh, something small,” Lucian said curtly before looking away, plainly not intending to divulge specific details.

Maybe he thinks it’s not my place to be privy to such matters.

Aubree’s hand holding the gift bag clenched into a fist. Her nails sank deep into her flesh as she forced a smile. “Is that so? Did you return this late because you took her for a fun night out?”

Lucian frowned. “It’s getting late. You should leave if there isn’t anything else I can do for you. Essie needs her sleep.”

Aubree opened her mouth again, but no excuse came to her lips. She could only watch Lucian lead Estella past her as they made their way upstairs.

Aubree appeared unmistakably grim as she exited the mansion.

Her bodyguard, also her driver, noticed her expression and decided to tread lightly. “Do you wish to return home, Ms. Pearson?”

Aubree glared at him. “I want you to find out where Lucian was tonight with that little b*tch of his!”

The bodyguard shuddered before obliging her hastily.

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The following morning, Aubree was having breakfast when her bodyguard called.

“Ms. Pearson, I’ve checked it out. Last night, Mr. Farwell took Ms. Estella to a woman surnamed Jarvis. They stayed at her place for almost three hours before leaving—”

Alas, before the bodyguard could finish his sentence, the beeping of a disconnected call rang out from the other end.

There was no doubt in Aubree’s mind that the woman in question was Roxanne Jarvis. The more she pictured Lucian and Roxanne spending time together, the more her face twisted with anger.

What could they have done in that three hours? I can’t believe they had Estella with them too!

A fresh swell of rage rose in Aubree as she stood up and flung her phone away, her eyes full of crazed fury.

Samuel, who was eating his breakfast opposite her, looked up with a frown when he heard the commotion.

To his surprise, he saw his daughter standing menacingly by the table while her phone lay on the floor, smashed to smithereens.

“What’s going on?” Samuel asked sternly after setting his cutlery down.

Aubree met her father’s gaze and gritted her teeth. “Roxanne Jarvis is back, and Lucian has been keeping his distance from me recently! I think he has plans to reconcile with her!” she grumbled, sounding somewhat pitiful toward the end.

Samuel’s gaze darkened instantly. “Do Elias and Sonya know about this?”

As far as he knew, Roxanne had run off without saying goodbye back then, leaving only a divorce agreement behind.

For that reason, Elias and Sonya strongly resented her.

Now that Roxanne had shamelessly returned to their son, one could only imagine how they’d react if they found out about it.

Upon hearing her father’s words, Aubree’s brow twitched as a thought flashed through her mind.

“Find an opportunity to inform the Farwells about that woman’s return,” Samuel suggested, which helped to affirm Aubree’s idea. “I’m sure they’re very unhappy with her.”

With that, Aubree nodded and slowly went back to her seat.

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Seeing that his daughter had calmed down, Samuel knitted his brows and advised earnestly, . “That woman has only just come back, so we can’t be sure what intentions Lucian has toward her. Don’t get yourself all worked up over nothing. Besides, Elias and Sonya know how loyal you’ve

been to their son and how much you've done for him. Even if that woman comes into the picture, they'd still be on your side. You have nothing to fear."

After hearing Samuel's reassuring words, Aubree felt a lot more at ease and visibly regained her composure. "Got it. I'll remember to keep my cool."

Meanwhile, Roxanne had finished her breakfast and sent Archie and Benny to the kindergarten.

When the teacher, Pippa Ward, saw the three of them, a concerned look crept across her face. "How are Archie and Benny? Are they feeling better?"

Roxanne smiled and nodded. "Yes, they've recovered. Thanks for your concern."

The two boys looked up at Pippa and greeted her politely, "Good morning, Ms. Ward!"

Naturally, Pippa's eyes filled with adoration at how well-behaved and sensible the kids were.

Amid their conversation, the sound of a car door opening and closing suddenly rang out. Everyone instantly turned to look, only to see a Bentley parked conspicuously on the street.

Lucian had stepped out of the car and scooped Estella from the backseat into his arms.

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Even though he wanted to carry her to the entrance, Estella struggled to get down as soon as she saw Roxanne and her sons.

Thankfully, Lucian wasn't insistent and put his daughter down on the ground as she wanted. However, just as he was about to reach for Estella's hand, he realized she had already scampered away.

For a moment, Lucian was stunned as he subconsciously turned to look behind him.

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To his surprise, he saw Roxanne and the rest smiling fondly at Estella, with the former even walking toward the little girl.

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It was a rare sight as Estella ran toward the school's entrance while waving wordlessly at Roxanne and the boys.

Seeing that the little girl was too caught up in the excitement to care about road safety, Roxanne quickly rushed over to hold her hand. When she saw Lucian walking calmly toward them, she couldn't help but feel a sense of helplessness.

Estella grinned from ear to ear as she held Roxanne's hand. Once they stopped walking, she even hugged the latter's leg affectionately.

Archie and Benny weren't jealous either and greeted Estella with big, friendly smiles.

When Lucian finally came to stand beside them, Benny boldly tugged at his suit sleeve.

Puzzled, the man lowered his head to look at the boy.

"Good morning, Mr. Farwell!" Benny exclaimed, flashing an innocent grin.

Lucian raised his eyebrows slightly, but his surprise soon turned to gentleness. "Oh, good morning to you too."

Having gotten his father's reply, Benny smiled even brighter.

Archie, however, merely pursed his lips and gave Lucian a nod.

Of course, Lucian returned the greeting in the same manner.

Upon seeing how close the two families seemed, Pippa mused, "Wow, Ms. Jarvis, I suppose you must be on excellent terms with Estella. That's pretty rare, you know? I've taught her for so long, yet she's never been this clingy with me."

Roxanne glanced at the little girl holding her leg and simply answered with a chuckle.

Estella refused to leave Roxanne's side, but that didn't matter since it was still early, and not many children had arrived at the kindergarten.

Thus, Roxanne and the kids decided to remain standing at the door to chat with Pippa.

Fortunately, Lucian had called the kindergarten head the night before to scrap the twins' expulsion, so Pippa never once mentioned how close Archie and Benny had been to getting kicked out of school.

Naturally, Roxanne continued to be kept in the dark.

After the three kids held hands and walked into school together, Roxanne turned around to prepare to leave. Alas, she felt her heart skip a beat when she accidentally met Lucian's gaze.

She had been chatting with Pippa for so long that she almost forgot that Lucian was standing quietly behind her.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be off to work, Mr. Farwell," Roxanne uttered, striding off before Lucian could even say anything.

As he watched her retreating figure, Lucian's gaze darkened.

The sight of Roxanne and the three kids chatting with Pippa earlier had left him in a daze. To him, it felt as though they were a family.

Only after Roxanne had sped off in her car did Lucian finally gather his thoughts and walk to his Bentley

After leaving the kindergarten, Roxanne made a beeline for the research institute.

Thanks to the Queen family's supply of herbs, the once-stagnant research gradually got back on track and continued to progress smoothly.

Roxanne kept herself busy the entire morning, and by the time Jonathan called, it was already noon.

"Dr. Jarvis, what time will you be dropping by this afternoon? I'll wait for you at home."

Hearing that, Roxanne suddenly recalled her appointment with Alfred for his treatment.

Oh my gosh. I've been so busy this morning that if it weren't for Jonathan's reminder, I'd have forgotten something as important as this.

Snapping herself out of it, Roxanne glanced at the work she had left and gave Jonathan a time.

Despite that, she made it a point to arrive earlier before her appointment that afternoon.

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The Queens' butler was already acquainted with Roxanne and knew her treatment was working wonders for Alfred's health. As such, his attitude toward her underwent a one-eighty, and he now treated her with the utmost respect.

Roxanne had only just stepped into the house when her brows furrowed at the person

sitting on the couch.

“We meet again, Ms. Jarvis,” Aubree piped up.

Even though she was wearing a smile, there was no hiding the cold glint in her eyes.

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Roxanne quickly composed herself and shifted her gaze from Aubree to Jonathan. Sharp-eyed as usual, it didn't take long for Jonathan to notice the awkwardness between the two women. He casually approached Roxanne, making sure to block Aubree's line of sight as he did.

“Dr. Jarvis, my grandfather is already waiting for you upstairs. Shall we go up now?”

Roxanne nodded.

With that, Jonathan turned to Aubree to excuse himself and began walking toward the stairs with Roxanne in tow.

As soon as the two of them got to the stairway, Aubree spoke up again. “Ms. Jarvis, I heard that your course of treatment has helped Old Mr. Queen a lot. I think I shall use this chance to visit him and see you work your magic.”

Right after saying that, Aubree followed behind them.

Roxanne knitted her brows, clearly displeased. However, since Jonathan didn't object to it, she had no choice but to pretend that Aubree didn't exist.

Under Roxanne's treatment, Alfred had recovered a fair bit, so much so that he was well enough to move back into his bedroom.

When they got to his room, they found Alfred propped up in bed and looking like he was in good spirits.

“Grandpa, Dr. Jarvis is here,” Jonathan announced as he led Roxanne to the bed.

After hearing that, Alfred peered at Roxanne with a grateful smile. “Dr. Jarvis, thank you so much for treating me. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't still be alive today.”

Alfred had seen Roxanne during the previous treatments, but he had been so weak that he could barely talk. Now that he had recuperated for a couple of days, he finally found the energy to thank the latter personally.

“Don't mention it, Old Mr. Queen,” Roxanne replied with a polite smile. “After all, I'm a doctor, and you're my patient. I feel just as happy and accomplished to see you on the road to recovery.”

Without further ado, she sat by the bed and began sterilizing her tools.

Seeing how focused she was, Alfred's appreciation for her instantly grew beyond words. Of course, Aubree was upset at Alfred's reaction and quickly walked up to him to block his view of Roxanne. “Hello, Old Mr. Queen.”

Alfred finally noticed Aubree's presence and nodded at her. “Oh, Aubree, you're here too.”

“When I heard that you've woken up, I really wanted to visit you sooner,” Aubree said as

she sat beside Alfred. "But I've been so busy at work that I couldn't find the time to drop by. Thankfully, I managed to free up my schedule today, so I rushed here immediately."

The next second, Aubree glanced at Roxanne and added, "Lucian was supposed to come too, but he's swamped with work and told me to send you his regards. We're all just relieved to know that you've gotten better."

Alfred beamed with gratitude. "You and Lucian are good kids. You're both busy with work, yet you still put in so much effort to find me a doctor."

"There's no need to stand on ceremony with us, Old Mr. Queen," Aubree lightly chided. "You're like a grandfather to Lucian and me. It's only right that we do everything we can for you."

Even as she was talking, Aubree's gaze lingered on Roxanne, her eyes full of pride and conceit.

It was evident from the conversation that Alfred had already regarded Aubree and Lucian as a family. Rationally speaking, Roxanne knew their relationship had nothing to do with her. However, for some inexplicable reason, she just couldn't shrug off the strange feeling inside her.

After sterilizing all her tools, Roxanne tamped down her emotions and walked toward Alfred and Aubree. "Please step aside, Ms. Pearson. I'm going to start the treatment now."

Aubree was still happily chatting away with Alfred when Roxanne's voice had the latter turning his attention back to her.

Left with no other choice, Aubree slowly put her smile away and stepped back with her teeth gritted.

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By the time the treatment was over, Frieda had also returned home. Upon finding out from the butler that Roxanne was treating Alfred, she made a beeline for the latter's bedroom.

"Grandpa, how are you feeling?" Frieda asked concernedly the moment she stepped into the room.

Alfred nodded slightly. "Much better."

Having lived for so long, he had gained an understanding of how traditional medicine worked and had also consulted countless famous doctors.

Roxanne, however, had come as a delightful surprise to him.

After each course of her treatment, Alfred would always feel a significant improvement in his health, which was something that not even the best doctors in the world could achieve.

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Frieda looked her grandfather over and finally nodded with a smile. "That's good to hear."

Then, she turned to Aubree and added, "Have you come to visit Grandpa too, Aubree? Since it's getting late, why don't you stay for dinner?"

Naturally, Aubree had no objections to that and grinned broadly. "In that case, don't mind if I stay and bother you, Old Mr. Queen."

Alfred merely chuckled and nodded.

Now that Frieda was home, Roxanne hastened her packing, not wanting to stay and interact with the women any further.

Just then, Alfred smiled and turned to her. "Dr. Jarvis, why don't you stay for dinner too? I could use this opportunity to thank you properly."

Roxanne froze momentarily and was racking her brain for an excuse when Alfred continued, "Invite Lucian over too. It'd be great to gather everyone for a hearty meal. We can treat it as a celebration of my recovery, can't we? Besides, it's been a while since I had any fun."

Needless to say, Jonathan acceded to his grandfather's request and immediately left the room to call Lucian.

That, however, made Roxanne's heart skip a beat. After packing her tools back into the medical box, she hurriedly stood up and bid farewell to Alfred. "Since it's a family dinner, I don't think it'd be appropriate for me to join. If you really must thank me, we can always find another day for it, Old Mr. Queen."

Although Roxanne had met Lucian plenty of times since she returned from overseas and was also acutely aware of his relationship with Aubree, she truly loathed the thought of seeing them together.

In fact, the mental image of them sitting next to each other was enough to make her feel ill at ease.

Therefore, it was no surprise that she was in a hurry to leave.

It was apparent that Roxanne was reluctant to stay, and it didn't take long for Frieda to figure out why. "But you're my grandfather's lifesaver, Dr. Jarvis. Let's dispense with the formalities, shall we?" Frieda said as her lips curled into a sardonic smile. "Moreover, this is Grandpa's way of showing his appreciation. Join us for dinner if you have nothing on later."

Realizing that Frieda was up to no good, Roxanne's brows creased slightly.

Jonathan had just gotten off the phone when he overheard Frieda's words. Thinking that his sister was merely trying to be a good host, he chimed in, "Lucian will be coming over in a bit. You've met him before. I'm sure he'd like some updates on Grandpa's recovery, so it'd be good if you could stay to help answer his questions."

Since she couldn't bring herself to say no to that, Roxanne could only nod in agreement.

Frieda walked up to hold Aubree's arm while giving Roxanne a mocking gaze. Well, well, well. I can't believe the doctor really has the guts to stay.

As it turned out, Frieda only asked Roxanne to stay because Alfred had invited Lucian, and she wanted nothing more than to mess with the doctor.

Given Roxanne's relationship with Lucian, I wonder how she'd react when she sees him with other women. Oh, I can't wait to find out!

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Before the group headed downstairs, Alfred asked Roxanne if he could get out of bed in his condition. As soon as he got the green light, he let Jonathan and the butler hold him and slowly made his way down the stairs.

Roxanne kept her head hung low as she sat at the dining table, trying her best to make herself less visible.

Unfortunately, Frieda seemed to want to make things difficult by intentionally firing questions at Aubree and her every so often.

On account of Alfred, Roxanne answered them all.

A while later, the butler's voice rang out from the door.

"Mr. Farwell."

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Then, everyone heard Lucian give a brief response in his deep voice before seeing his tall and lean figure appear in front of them.

"Hello, Old Mr. Queen," Lucian greeted, his gaze slowly sweeping around the room.

When his eyes fell on Roxanne, he couldn't help but pause a moment.

Roxanne dug her nails into her palms as she held his gaze and nodded at him calmly.

Without further ado, Lucian raised his brows and responded with a small smile.

"Take a seat, Lucian. Aubree's been waiting for you for almost half a day," Frieda said warmly, beckoning for him to sit beside Aubree.

Earlier, she had used the excuse of her grandfather wanting to thank Roxanne to get the latter to sit in front of Alfred while she and Jonathan plopped themselves down beside the doctor.

As such, the only seat left was the one next to Aubree.

However, knowing that Lucian had a closer relationship with Alfred than she did, Aubree immediately stood up and gave her seat to him.

That way, Lucian was now beside Alfred and also directly opposite Roxanne.

Upon seeing him sit facing her, Roxanne felt herself tensing up as she slowly lowered her gaze.

When dinner started, she quietly tucked into her meal and only spoke when Alfred talked to her.

As for Aubree, she was more concerned about Lucian's attitude toward Roxanne than anything else. Even when she was getting food for Alfred, she'd check Lucian's line of sight and frequently talk to him so he wouldn't focus too much on Roxanne.

Of course, Roxanne was unaware of Aubree's motives. All she knew was that their conversation really made them seem like a family, and she couldn't shake off the uncomfortable feeling stirring inside her.

Frieda glanced at Roxanne and was surprised to see her still so calm and composed.

Hence, she turned to Aubree and said with a lilt to her voice, "Aubree, you and Lucian look so much in love! Have you picked a date for your wedding yet? I'm still waiting to be your bridesmaid!"

As soon as those words were out, Roxanne froze in her tracks. Huh? What did she mean by that? Are Lucian and Aubree not married yet? Aubree, too, felt her smile freezing in place. After all, she hadn't expected Frieda to bring up the wedding right there and then. Just as she began thinking about how best to change the topic, she felt Alfred's concerned gaze on them. "That's right. The two of you have been together for so many years. Even Estella has grown up too. Isn't it time to settle down?" "Yes, you guys should've gotten married a long time ago. I don't even know why you've dragged it on until now," Jonathan teased. For a moment, everyone had their eyes on Lucian as they waited for his response. However, instead of replying immediately, he merely shot a quick look at the woman opposite him. Even though it was a brief moment, it hadn't gone unnoticed by those at the dining table. Roxanne clenched her fists and managed to suppress her doubts before lifting her gaze to meet Lucian's. Their eyes met for a fleeting second, and Lucian noticed the indifference on Roxanne's face. He furrowed his brows, a trace of displeasure in his heart.

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Chapter 90

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Aubree hadn't taken her eyes off Lucian, so when she saw him glancing at Roxanne for the marriage question, she began to burn with envy. "There's no need to rush the wedding," Lucian replied, still staring at Roxanne. Ha! Let's see if she can still be so calm after this! Although Roxanne was taken aback momentarily by Lucian's reply, it didn't take long for her to regain her composure. So what if they aren't married yet? It's only a matter of time before they do. Why should I be surprised? With that, Roxanne lowered her gaze and casually resumed eating. It was as though the earlier interaction had absolutely nothing to do with her. Aubree, on the other hand, found Lucian's reply rather surprising. How weird. When I last spoke to Lucian about the wedding, he already hinted at wanting to call it off. Why would he change his mind now? Alfred frowned, clearly unhappy with Lucian's reply. However, before he could say anything more, Aubree hastily said, "Lucian's right. In any case, I won't be running off anytime. There's no need to rush, Old Mr. Queen. We're doing just fine, aren't we? Besides, it hasn't been easy for Lucian to find time to visit you, so let's not talk about us. We should be talking about happier things!" If we drag this topic on any longer, I'm afraid Lucian might turn the tables and reveal his

intention to end our engagement. How can I risk letting him say that in front of Roxanne? I'd be so humiliated if he did!

Once again, the eagle-eyed Jonathan noticed Aubree's reluctance to talk about the wedding and chimed in, "That's Lucian for you. He loves his job more than anything else. Leave them be, Grandpa. I'm sure Lucian has his plans."

"I don't deny that work is important, but it isn't right to keep putting off the wedding, is it?" Alfred grumbled. "It's been so many years, yet Estella still doesn't have a mother to look after her. I don't know what you guys are thinking, but I know my heart aches for her!"

Flustered, Aubree gave a brief and vague response.

As soon as she thought about Estella, Roxanne, too, felt a little heartbroken.

Ah, no wonder the kid's always clinging to me. It's because she doesn't have a mother, Just as she became lost in her thoughts, she suddenly heard Alfred calling her.

"What about you, Dr. Jarvis? Are you married?"

Roxanne snapped out of her daze and replied after a moment of stunned silence, "No. Not yet."

Alfred looked her up and down and curled his lips into a satisfied smile. "What do you think about Jonathan? Would you like to consider him?"

After several treatments, Alfred had long developed an admiration for Roxanne. It would, without a doubt, be even better if she could join their family as his granddaughter-in-law.

Caught off guard by the question, Roxanne stared back at Alfred, open-mouthed and speechless.

Frieda shot a disgusted glance at Roxanne and scoffed, "Stop trying to play matchmaker, Grandpa. No matter how capable Dr. Jarvis is, it still won't change the fact that she already has children. As far as I know, they aren't very young either. Given my brother's caliber, how can you tell him to marry a divorcee with kids? You may approve of it, but I won't! Not ever!"

"Is that so? Well, I never knew that," Alfred muttered, genuinely surprised.

"Yes, I've been divorced once. I don't think I'd be good enough for Mr. Queen."

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Hearing that, Alfred drew his brows together disapprovingly. "So what if you're a divorcee? Given your talents, I'm sure you have no lack of suitors. What's this nonsense about not being good enough? If the two of you do fall in love, I'll be the first to give my stamp of approval!"

Touched by Alfred's enthusiasm, Roxanne chuckled. "Thank you for thinking so highly of me, Old Mr. Queen. Unfortunately, I don't think Mr. Queen and I are suited for each other. Don't worry. I'll continue to keep an eye out for a suitable man."

"Yes. It must be tough being a single mother. Get married once you've found a suitable partner," Alfred said with a nod.

Roxanne, too, bobbed her head in agreement.

As Lucian watched Alfred and Roxanne enjoying their chat, his gaze gradually darkened.