

Leaving The Country After Divorce

Leaving The Country After Divorce Chapter 953

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Chapter 953 Should Not Have Asked

Archie, Benny, and Estella stared at Lucian's retreating back before exchanging a look. All three of them felt exceedingly reluctant to see him leave.

We plotted and schemed to have them agree to stay the night here so that an opportunity for them to spend time together could be created. But if Daddy were to leave for real now, our efforts would've been in vain! Besides, he's tall, and the car is cramped, so it'd be an utter torment for him to sleep in the car!

Their brains whirred at warp speed as they tried to come up with an idea that would have Lucian change his mind.

At the same time, Roxanne's eyes flickered as she watched the man's figure fade into the distance.

“Let’s just squeeze a little and make do with the space.”

Ultimately, she couldn’t help saying that when he had almost disappeared from her line of sight.

The instant her words rang out, Lucian halted in his tracks and glanced back over his shoulder.

Roxanne dipped her eyes. “You can’t stretch your limbs out in the car, so you’ll definitely end up horribly sore after spending a night there. There’s room in the tent anyway, and it’s far more comfortable than the car. If you don’t mind, Mr. Farwell, we can just make do for a night.”

Although she didn’t want to face him, she knew he would undoubtedly suffer if he were to sleep in the car, considering his height.

On top of that, she was at fault for the situation then. He merely came over to help, and it made no sense for her to deprive him of having a good night’s sleep.

Never had it crossed the children’s mind that she would take the initiative and ask him to stay. They were stunned for a few

seconds before they hastily seconded Roxanne.

“I want to sleep with you, Daddy!” Estella whined, stretching her arms out at Lucian.

Likewise, Archie and Benny urged in juvenile voices, “Sleep with us, Mr. Farwell! We’re a bit scared.”

Lucian’s gaze swept over the few of them, only to stop on Roxanne’s face in the end.

In all honesty, he hadn’t expected her to propose that he stay either.

When Roxanne sensed his gaze, her eyelashes quivered. She raised her eyes and flashed him an airy smile to convey her sincerity.

Seeing that she hadn’t made that offer out of courtesy, Lucian frowned slightly. He spun around and walked into the tent,

plopping down on the other side of the children.

At his return, a glimmer of craftiness glinted in the children’s eyes.

Soon, Roxanne’s gentle voice drifted into their ears. “It’s late, so hurry up and sleep.”

Upon hearing that, the children closed their eyes in contentment.

A while later, Estella opened her eyes and cast her gaze in Roxanne's direction pitifully.

"I can't sleep. Will you tell me a story, Ms. Jarvis?"

At that moment, Roxanne was lying on her side next to the children, waiting for them to doze off before she did so herself.

Thus, she agreed to Estella's request without any hesitation and started narrating a fairytale softly.

In that instant, it was utterly silent in the tent, with only her melodic voice drifting into the air.

A small night light was turned on in the tent, but the lighting was dim.

Sitting on the other side of the tent, Lucian enigmatically fixated his eyes on the children in front of him and the woman telling them a story under the subdued lighting.

The children were adorable and well-behaved, whereas Roxanne's voice was gentle and warm.

Anyone who witnessed such a scene would unequivocally find it incredibly heart-warming, Lucian included.

As the story drew to an end, his gaze visibly turned tender.

An indeterminate time passed before the three children slowly fell asleep.

Listening to the sound of their even breathing, Roxanne carefully lay down.

Alas, sleep didn't come even after a long while had passed.

Despite the children acting as a barrier between her and Lucian, she still couldn't ignore the man's presence.

In fact, regret crept into her. Ugh! I shouldn't have asked him to stay when he wanted to leave earlier!

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