

Leaving The Country After Divorce

Leaving The Country After Divorce Chapter 987



Chapter 987 Look After You

Sonya was a woman of her word. That afternoon, Aubree appeared at the Farwell residence door. Catalina gazed at Aubree on

the video intercom screen. Recalling Lucian's instructions, she let her in.

Aubree had a thermal container in her hand, and she headed for the stairs as soon as she walked in. "Ms. Pearson," Catalina

called out, wanting to tell her that Lucian was working and not to go up and disturb him.

To her surprise, Aubree acted as though she was invisible and went straight upstairs. As the older woman watched Aubree waltz

off, her thoughts inadvertently turned to Roxanne.

It's just as I thought. In comparison, Ms. Jarvis is still a much nicer person. She sighed, then quickly hurried after Aubree.

Aubree walked up to the door to Lucian's bedroom. She raised her hand to knock on the door, then entered the room without waiting for a response.

“Lucian—” She broke off abruptly when she saw him sitting on the bed and working. “Why are you up? Mrs. Farwell told me you were resting.”

Lucian was in the middle of going through his emails. When he heard what she said, he looked up impatiently and glanced at her.

“Even if I was resting, does it mean you can barge in like this?”

His retort left her speechless. After a while, she finally explained guiltily, “I was just worried about you after hearing Mrs. Farwell say that you’re feeling under the weather.”

After saying that, she composed herself and approached him with a concerned expression. Then she opened the thermal container.

“I made this broth earlier this afternoon after learning that you were ill. Hurry up and try it.”

As she spoke, she made to serve him some broth.

However, he did not even spare her a glance as he replied, “No, thanks. I’ve already had lunch.”

She paused. “It’s just a little broth. It won’t be very filling. My mother makes it for me whenever I fall sick.”

A hint of displeasure flashed across his eyes as he stared at the broth she placed in front of him.

Catalina had been a few steps behind Aubree. As soon as she walked into the room and took in the scene, she cleared her

throat helplessly. "Ms. Pearson, Mr. Farwell is running a fever. It's best if he doesn't have anything too oily."

I'm just telling the truth. Apart from that, it's also because I can see Mr. Farwell doesn't want to pay her any attention. If things go

on as it is, I'm afraid the atmosphere will become very strained.

Upon hearing that, Aubree froze.

Lucian gazed up at her impassively, then reached out and brushed her hands away. "I appreciate the thought, but there's no

need to do anything unnecessary."

Aubree looked upset. "It's my fault for not taking that into consideration. How about I help to make dinner? I'll make you some risotto."

"Catalina will take care of it. You don't need to trouble yourself," he replied flatly.

At those words, Aubree pretended to frown helplessly.

"But... Mrs. Farwell asked me to come here to look after you."

Lucian's expression darkened when he heard her bring up his mother.

Sensing a shift in the atmosphere around him, she quickly stopped talking.

"I'm tired. I'm going to take a nap."

Lucian set aside his phone and swept his gaze over the two ladies in the room.

"Ms. Pearson, why don't I take you downstairs to get some rest?" Catalina hurriedly piped up.

Needless to say, Aubree was unwilling to leave just like that.

However, Lucian was already lying on the bed with his back toward them, evidently having no intention of conversing with them any further.

Seeing that, Aubree had no choice but to follow Catalina out of the room.

Once outside the room, Catalina stepped aside respectfully to allow Aubree to walk ahead.

As Aubree brushed past her, Catalina clearly sensed her shoot her a displeased look.

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