

# Mission To Remarry Chapter 1

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“Lucian, I’ve been married to you for three years, but you’ve never once touched me. I’ll give my blessing to you and your first crush by giving up on our marriage. Tomorrow, you’re free to go after her. But for now, just make it up to me for my feelings for you all these years, please?”

With that said, Roxanne Jarvis leaned down and pressed her lips to the man before her as though she was a moth drawn to fire. Her action was both frenzied and desperate. She knew this was a despicable move, but she had loved him for too long.

All the while, she had suffered greatly, and now, all she wanted was a little consolation.

“Roxanne, how dare you!”

Lucian Farwell clenched his jaw as his fury sprang to life. His handsome face was as black as thunder.

He wanted to push her away, but the mounting desire in his body was too overpowering. It threatened to burn away all his capacity for reason.

How dare she scheme against me?

“I’m afraid of nothing...”

A lone drop of tear slipped out of the corner of Roxanne’s eye. Her kisses grew rapid as her inexperienced hands fumbled around his body hastily.

All she wanted was to own him entirely for once.

A wave of fury crashed through Lucian.

Alas, things weren’t under his control.

Soon, his instincts took over. As his body burned up, he lost his rationale completely.

The next day, Roxanne woke up at dawn.

Tamping down on her discomfort, she got out of bed and put on her clothes. After that, she pulled out the divorce agreement she had prepared from the drawer and placed it on the bedside table. Before leaving, she gazed at the man in the bed.

“Lucian, I’ll set you free. From today onward, we shall go on separate ways. We will have nothing to do with each other anymore,” Roxanne murmured.

She averted her gaze and turned to leave.

Her heart was full of bitterness and anguish as she stepped out of the Farwell residence.

Roxanne had loved Lucian for seven years.

She had a crush on him from her teenage years until her university days, so her biggest wish was to be his wife.

Alas, Lucian despised her the moment she married into his family.

Back then, his grandfather was critically ill and needed a joyous occasion to hopefully ward off the bad luck. As luck would have it, she was selected to be Lucian’s wife.

Her greedy father and stepmother immediately agreed to the marriage.

She could still remember how delighted she was as she waited for the night of her

wedding.

Yet, when Lucian showed up, he bore a disgusted expression. "Roxanne, I'll have you know that the person I want to marry is Aubree Pearson. I never wanted to marry you! Only Aubree has the right to be my wife. You're not good enough for me," he declared. Roxanne knew that Lucian wasn't obliged to love her.

However, she still held on to the hope that the man would warm up to her one day. In the past three years of their marriage, she did her best to be a good and caring wife. Every night, she'd prepare dinner so he could come home to freshly cooked meals. No matter how late it was, she would only go to bed in peace after his return. If he got drunk at social events, she would take care of him meticulously instead of leaving him in someone else's hands.

Whenever he got ill or hurt, she would be more worried than anyone else.

Every winter, she would switch on the heater and fill the bathtub with hot water for him. In the morning, she'd wake up earlier than usual to warm his clothes up so he wouldn't feel the cold.

Nevertheless, he never loved her, and he never would.

The day before yesterday was Roxanne's birthday, but Lucian went to the hospital to keep Aubree company.

It was then that Roxanne finally understood that her one-sided feelings would never be reciprocated.

She would never make Lucian fall for her, for his heart belonged to another woman.

Thus, Roxanne decided to give up.

Lucian only roused by ten in the morning.

The first thing he wanted to do after getting up was to choke Roxanne to her death.

Lucian was the CEO of Farwell Group, known for his acuteness. No one in the corporate world was his match. Thus, he had never fallen for someone else's trap.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect to fall for that woman's trap!

Simmering with anger, he glanced around the room but didn't see Roxanne anywhere.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted the document on the bedside table.

"What is that?"

Lucian's brows furrowed as he picked up the document with the words "Divorce Agreement" printed in bold text on the front page.

His gaze narrowed dangerously.

First, she resorted to that despicable trick to force me to have sex with her, and now she wants a divorce. Ha! How many tricks does she have up her sleeves?

Lucian refused to believe that Roxanne wanted to divorce him for real.

Getting to his feet, he put on his clothes and strode downstairs furiously. "Did you see Roxanne?" he asked the butler, Lance.

Taken aback, Lance replied swiftly, "Mr. Farwell, Mrs. Farwell left home with her luggage before dawn."

Hearing that, Lucian halted in his tracks in surprise.

Six years later, at VR Medical Research Institute, Yartran.

Roxanne had just stepped out of her laboratory when her assistant, Linda, told her, "Dr. Jarvis, Professor Lambert needs to talk to you. He wants to see you in his office."

After staying up the entire night, Roxanne was feeling drowsy. However, upon hearing Linda's words, she snapped out of her daze as her mind cleared.

“Did he say anything? Don’t tell me my little rascals destroyed the research results again?”

“Apparently,” came Linda’s answer.

She shot Roxanne a sympathetic look.

Roxanne was an efficient and capable woman. At a young age, she became the mentee of Harvey Lambert, the best professor in the medical world. With her outstanding capabilities, she was never reprimanded for her work.

Nevertheless, that didn’t stop her from being the scapegoat for her naughty sons.

Linda comforted her, “You spent three days in the laboratory, so Archie and Benny were worried about you. They spent their days bumbling around in Professor Lambert’s office. I think he got a few new white strands of hair from the trouble they caused.”

Hearing that, Roxanne felt an incoming headache. She couldn’t help but find the situation funny, too.

Six years ago, she left the Farwell residence and headed overseas without hesitation.

Initially, she wanted to further her studies but soon discovered she was pregnant.

Back then, she was caught in a dilemma on whether she should abort her children.

When she arrived at the hospital, she changed her mind, for she couldn’t bear to part with her children.

In the end, she kept her children.

Roxanne was pregnant with triplets—two boys and a girl.

During her delivery, her baby girl was born without any signs of life due to a lack of oxygen, and only the boys survived. She nicknamed her sons Archie and Benny.

The thought of her genius sons gave Roxanne utter bliss.

However, she slumped her shoulders when she recalled she was about to get reprimanded, thanks to their actions.