

Mission To Remarry Chapter 19

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Chapter 19 Passionate Kiss

The man's hot lips pressed against hers, and the two breathed on each other's skin. At that very second, Roxanne's mind went blank.

She never thought that Lucian would take it all the way there.

The man was even tightening his grip on her chin, seemingly trying to force her to open her mouth.

Right then, Roxanne came back to her senses and began thrashing. "Let go of me, Lucian Farwell! Have you lost your mind? We're in a restaurant! Anyone might come in anytime!"

Lucian moved a little further from her because of her struggles. When his mind registered her words, he frowned. "So what? Weren't you the one who said you were going to compensate me? I'm just taking what you owe me once, but you're already afraid?"

Roxanne's eyes twitched. A wave of disgust washed over her when she thought about what she went through the other night.

Perhaps it was because he had been drugged that night, Lucian was barely aware of what he was doing. Still, he had been taking action instinctively, and he had been rough.

Hence, she remembered nothing but the pain from that incident.

Now that the man's scent and the faint smell of alcohol were wafting across her nose again, and after hearing what he said, Roxanne began shaking.

When Lucian saw no response from her, his eyes darkened, and he leaned over to kiss her again.

It was a kiss rougher than the previous.

Roxanne could not move at all under his grasp, and the panic in her heart was growing more and more intense.

It had been six years, but her body still could not resist that man.

If he notices my reaction, to him, I would still be the same person I was six years ago.

With that thought in mind, Roxanne sobered up instantly.

When she sensed the man trying to enter her, she quickly bit down hard on his lip.

The metallic tang of blood soon flooded their mouth.

The man froze. In the next second, he moved with even more vigor.

Roxanne could barely take in any breaths from his continuous kisses, and she was slowly losing strength in her body. The only reason she didn't slump down was that the man was still pressing down on her hand.

A beat later, Lucian stopped and—with his lips still on hers—asked, "I thought you said you feel nothing toward me. Why have you gone so weak? Roxanne, your body is far more honest than your mouth is!"

The man's voice was hoarse.

Roxanne panted. Just as she was about to refute him, she suddenly felt a large hand wandering toward her chest.

Once she sensed his action, Roxanne somehow mustered up the force to shove him away and slap him.

“Lucian, weren’t you the one who said you were going to marry Aubree? I’ve let you go, so what are you doing now? Are you taking revenge on me? If you are, then you’ve done it! I was foolish to have targeted you with such an extreme trick, but just as you wanted, I stopped clinging to you. I won’t appear in your life anymore! So, this is the end of us.”

With that said, Roxanne shot him a glare and rushed out of the room, never once looking back.

Meanwhile, after Cayden cleaned up the mess, he went to the private room they were at to guard the door for Lucian. All of a sudden, he saw Lucian’s ex-wife rushing out of the room. He froze for a few seconds before coming back to his senses and running into the room to check on Lucian.

Right as he entered the room, he was greeted by a dim scene. His employer was standing in a nearby corner with his head tilted to the side. His cheek was a little red, and there was blood on his lips. At the same time, it seemed like he was fuming.

“Mr. Farwell, are you... okay?”

Cayden’s heart skipped a beat as he tentatively walked over to ask a word of concern. Lucian’s expression was dark. He reached up to touch his cheek before brushing his thumb across the corner of his lip. It came back wet.

That woman bit down rather hard. She’s as ruthless as usual.

As he looked at the blood on the tip of his thumb, Lucian gritted out, “I’m fine.”

At that, he turned to leave the room.

Go on. Keep running, Roxanne. You’re already back at Horington. I’d like to see where else you can run to!

When he stepped out of the private room, he spotted the drunkard and his subordinate still crying out in misery on the ground.

After a cold glance at the people on the floor, Lucian turned around to order Cayden, “Break whichever hands they used to touch her.”

Sensing the tense atmosphere, Cayden hung his head and replied without hesitation, “Yes, sir!”

Lucian said nothing else before he left.