

## Mission To Remarry Chapter 226

Chapter 226 That Will Not Happen

Everyone at the dining table looked at Roxanne with more admiration. They even had the urge to take her in as their disciple.

However, recalling that she had rejected even Gerald's offer, they felt embarrassed to speak up.

Gerald quickly changed the topic, but the conversation still stayed within the medical field.

Because of Roxanne's performance earlier in the afternoon, whenever Gerald raised new questions in the conversation, everyone would immediately turn their gazes to her.

Roxanne felt as though she had joined another conference, with everyone placing the main focus on her.

Fortunately for her, such an atmosphere did not last long. Gerald soon realized the atmosphere had turned a little too solemn for the occasion, so he quickly navigated the conversation to something more relaxing.

Being the juniors among everyone else, Roxanne and Larry became their main targets to tease.

Whenever a senior offered her drinks, Roxanne couldn't find an excuse to reject them. She would accept every drink her seniors gave her.

After having several drinks in a row and noticing how her seniors still intended to give her more, Roxanne quickly made an excuse to go to the washroom when she was only finding an opportunity to leave the private room to get some fresh air.

The restaurant was named Ocean Restaurant, and its decoration mainly was in dark blue with a touch of white, which gave the restaurant a mysterious yet calming atmosphere.

After wandering around the door to the private room, Roxanne finally felt sober. She knew she couldn't make her seniors wait for too long, so she decided to head back inside the private room.

"Dr. Jarvis?"

Right after she turned around, she ran into a middle-aged man. His white shirt seemed a little too tight because of his beer belly, and the buttons on his shirt seemed as though they could pop at any moment. Also, the man's cheeks were flushed, indicating that he was drunk.

Seeing that Roxanne had turned around to look at him, the middle-aged man took a couple of steps forward. He looked as if he was about to stick his face closer at Roxanne to confirm if he recognized her correctly.

Roxanne frowned and stepped back, putting some distance between them before greeting, "Dr. Chambers, it's been a while."

The middle-aged man was a doctor working in the hospital that was a partner of Roxanne's research institute. Roxanne had only met him several times before this, and aside from his last name Chambers, Roxanne knew nothing else about him.

Seeing that he didn't mistake another person for her, he got bolder and looked at Roxanne in a perverted manner. "I remember thinking you're beautiful when we met at the research institute. Dr. Jarvis, now that I've seen you out of your research lab coat, I realize that not only you're beautiful, but you also have a great body."

As he spoke, he slowly approached Roxanne. "Look at your face. It's glowing. Let me touch it..."

Noticing that he had stretched out his greasy hand toward her, Roxanne felt disgusted and slapped his hand away. "Dr. Chambers, you should know your boundaries!"

He was startled for a couple of seconds before realizing she had slapped his hand away. He frowned and glared at her. "How dare you hit me?"

Roxanne refused to dwell on this any longer with him, so she tried to make her way past him.

However, he strode forward and blocked her path. "Are you trying to walk away from me after hitting me? As if I'll let that happen!"

After saying that, he shifted his gaze lower to her slender waist, and the anger in his eyes dissipated a little. "Spend the night with me, and I'll forget what happened today. What do you say?"

"If you dare come any closer to me, I'll call security!" Roxanne warned, having been forced to a corner.

He was unbothered as he tried to snake his arm around her waist. Greed and lust were written all over his face. "Sure. Call them if you don't mind. We can always let them watch us have fun!"

His body was about to cover hers, and Roxanne knew she was at a disadvantage if she tried to resist him with physical strength. As she racked her brains to come up with an escape plan, the stench of alcohol slowly filled her nostrils.

Just when Roxanne was slowly getting into despair, she heard a grunt. In the next second, he was sent flying away from her.

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"D\*mn it! Who the f\*ck is ruining my fun?"

The doctor covered his waist in pain and scrambled to his feet. Before he could take a good look at the person standing before him, he was kicked again in the abdomen.

That person kicked him so hard that he instantly broke into a cold sweat. He bent over and couldn't say a word for a long moment.

Roxanne stared at the man who exuded a cold and indifferent aura before her, and she was startled. But then, her heart was finally at ease at his presence.

"Control your hand, or I will ask someone else to chop it off for you if you don't appreciate it enough."

The person who had come to Roxanne's rescue was none other than Lucian. He was in his expensive customized suit, his hair combed to the back, revealing his sharp features. His thin lips were pursed, and his eyes were filled with a ruthless glint.

Dr. Chambers finally came to his senses. When he looked up again and noticed Lucian's expression, he understood Lucian was not making an empty threat, and his face immediately turned pale with fright.

"This is a misunderstanding! I know Ms. Jarvis!" he quickly explained. "I was wondering if Ms. Jarvis wanted to have a drink with me! That's all!"

After saying that, he looked at Roxanne pleadingly.

Roxanne remembered his perverted face from earlier, and her expression turned cold. "I know him, but Dr. Chambers' actions earlier suggested that he wasn't only intending to buy me a drink!"

Seeing how Lucian's expression had turned gloomier after Roxanne said that, the doctor shuddered in fear.

Meanwhile, noticing Lucian had not returned to the private room for a long time, Cayden came out looking for him.

That was when he saw the scene and quickly ran over to them. "Mr. Farwell."

Lucian withdrew his gaze from the doctor and ordered coldly, "Take this guy away. Also, run a background check on him and teach him a lesson."

Glancing at the doctor next to him, Cayden lowered his head and nodded in response.

The doctor's legs gave way, and he was practically dragged away by Cayden.

Roxanne and Lucian were left alone in the corridor.

Staring at Lucian, who was still looking indifferent before her, Roxanne frowned slightly and got wary as she asked, "Why are you here?"

She felt it was too much of a coincidence for him to be in the same place as her.

Lucian did not answer her question but instead eyed her from head to toe.

She was dressed in a formal suit with a collared shirt inside, making her look elegant yet, at the same time, mischievous. Her flared trousers highlighted her long legs, and her long hair stuck behind her ears gave more exposure to her fair neck. Under the light, she seemed to be glowing.

Perhaps it was because she had had several drinks before. A layer of mist had formed in her eyes. Her staring at him calmly with a slight wariness in her gaze made her look like a terrified deer.

Lucian's gaze darkened a little when he took in her expression.

There was no telling if it was the influence of alcohol, but her attempt to keep a distance from him made her look a little enticing to him. After waiting a long while and still not getting a response from him, Roxanne pursed her lips and withdrew her gaze. "Mr. Farwell, thank you for helping me. If there's nothing else, I will excuse myself now. My seniors are still waiting for me."

She was about to walk past him after saying that.

Just when she brushed past his shoulders, she heard Lucian saying, "Ms. Jarvis, I hope you don't misunderstand anything. I didn't have a choice but to come here to settle something at work, and I didn't expect to run into you here." Lucian gave her a sideways glance, and his tone sounded ambiguous as he continued, "I think it was the same last time I helped you out, but you didn't say or do anything in return. Instead, you treated me the same as those perverts, trying to put as much distance between us as possible."

They stood very near each other, and it was unknown whose stench of alcohol was lingering between them. Roxanne recalled the first time she had seen him at the hotel after she returned to the country, and she frowned at the memory.

Although she refused to acknowledge it, she knew Lucian was telling the truth.

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"I didn't ask for your help."

After a long moment, Roxanne finally broke the silence, but her tone still sounded as distant as ever.

Lucian frowned slightly at that, and displeasure filled the look in his eyes. "Is that so? If I didn't help you just now, how did you plan to get yourself out of that situation?"

Roxanne lowered her gaze. "I am a doctor. I'll come up with a way eventually."

Having studied acupuncture for so many years, Roxanne knew which acupuncture points could make someone instantly lose the energy to attack but not lethal enough to kill them.

If the doctor dared to get any closer to her, Roxanne would not hesitate to let him learn the brutal way about the gap between their medical knowledge.

However, before she could make a move, Lucian had already appeared before them.

Hearing that, Lucian immediately understood the implication behind her words.

Back when Roxanne was performing acupuncture on Alfred, Lucian had watched her from one side, so he was aware of just how knowledgeable she was with human acupuncture points.

It was certainly enough to show that Roxanne had the ability to defend herself.

Thinking of this, Lucian could not help but feel more relieved.

However, Lucian was still upset to see her indifferent expression toward him. "In that case, can I assume you're seeing me as a busybody meddling in your affairs, Ms. Jarvis?" Roxanne fell silent and continued staring at him.

Despite her silence, her expression was

enough to tell him the answer to his

question. It was the first time Lucian was seen as

nosy for helping someone out of

kindness. "Regardless, I still helped you."

Roxanne did not want to waste more time on this conversation. She frowned and said sarcastically, "Thank you, Mr. Farwell, for helping me. I should really get going. Since you're here for business, I'm sure someone is waiting for you too. Shouldn't you return now?"

With that, she nodded at him and was about to head back to her private room with her colleagues when he grabbed her wrist.

Perhaps it was the alcohol because Roxanne felt that all of her emotions were magnified at that moment.

She was suddenly triggered by his action.

"What on earth are you doing? I've thanked you. What else do you want from me?" she snapped.

Six years ago, when she was still madly in love with him, he had hurt her so much.

Yet, now that she was determined to stay away from him and return to being strangers, he refused to leave her alone.

Roxanne could not read through his mind, and she was no longer interested in guessing his intentions. She wanted nothing but to stay away from him as far as possible.

However, Lucian refused to let that happen.

At the same time, Lucian had no idea what he was doing. When he regained his senses again, he noticed he had already grabbed her slender wrist.

Taking in her furious expression, he knitted his brows. "Is that how you treat a person who has helped you? Why are you in such a hurry to return to your private room? Is there someone you care about a lot waiting for you?"

Roxanne found his accusation unreasonable. "What does that have to do

with you? Let go of me!"

Despite her protest, Lucian exerted more strength into his grip instead.

Roxanne was in pain, and her expression

changed a little.

Sure enough, Lucian captured every change in her expression, but he did not soften his grasp around her wrist, and he took a step forward.

Roxanne narrowed her eyes and tensed up at his sudden advancement.

Lucian chuckled meaningfully. He exuded a suppressive aura as he stared at Roxanne. "Ms. Jarvis, even if you think of me as a busybody and refuse to thank me for helping you, I still risked losing out on a business opportunity by keeping my client waiting for me for such a long time inside the private room. So, Ms. Jarvis, is there any way you can think of to compensate me for my losses?"

Roxanne frowned and met his gaze.

She refused to believe there would be someone bold enough to refuse to seal a business deal with the Farwell family.

This was only Lucian's excuse, and she was aware of that.

However, since he had already voiced out about this, she refused to owe him anything.

Roxanne lowered her gaze, recomposed herself, and suppressed her anger from earlier. When she looked up at him again, she gave him an indifferent look. "I don't know what I can offer to compensate you. I remember seeing a café that looks great when I walked around the area this afternoon. Mr. Farwell, what do you say if I buy you a cup of coffee?"

"I'm okay with that."

Then he slowly let go of her wrist.

When he loosened his grip around her wrist, his fingers mindlessly grazed the soft skin on her wrist. Lucian's eyes darkened a little at the accidental touch, and when he let go of her, he subconsciously clenched his fist.

The café Roxanne mentioned was located in the same building as the hotel, and it was the same café she saw by chance when they returned to the hotel after getting lost earlier in the afternoon,



She did not invite Lucian to the café because it was unique from other eateries in the area, but because the café was the only location she could think of at that moment.

They walked into the café together. Soon, a waitress came up to them. "Do you have a reservation?"

Roxanne shook her head and glanced around.

It was dinnertime and the peak time for couples to date around in cafés. Thus, the place was almost packed when they arrived.

Fortunately, the café occupied a large area but did not set up too many tables inside, giving the customers enough space and privacy from other tables and not to the extent of feeling uncomfortable.

Right then, Roxanne spotted some customers leaving a table near the window, so she walked in that direction.

The waitress quickly followed behind. Her eyes lit up as she watched them walk ahead of her.

The café was considered high-end in Bellridge, and the customers were mainly the rich and celebrities.

The waitress had seen many customers while working in this café. However, it was her first time seeing a couple like Roxanne and Lucian with striking looks and a unique presence.

After following them to the table near the window, the waitress had someone clear the table first before giving them a menu. Then, she recommended enthusiastically, "We have the latest couple set menu that is quite the crowd's favorite. Would you like to have that?"

Hearing that, Roxanne and Lucian were startled.

Lucian looked at Roxanne, who was sitting across from him, expectantly.

He noticed that Roxanne had stopped

flipping the menu for a brief moment. She looked at the waitress before smiling faintly. "No, thanks. We're not a couple."

After saying that, she lowered her head again and browsed the menu.

In the end, she only ordered what she wanted and handed the menu to Lucian.

"Mr. Farwell, order whatever you want. There's no need to be polite with me. I can still afford to buy you a cup of coffee.

Lucian was still upset that she denied they were a couple to the waitress, so he did not respond to what she told him. Instead, he said to the waitress, "I'll have the same."

The waitress nodded in response and walked away with the menu.

She stood in the corner while sneaking glances at them sitting by the window. Although she denied being a couple with him, I must say their looks and vibes match each other so well! They're like the perfect match!

Later, when she sent drinks to their table, the waitress looked calm on the surface, but she was losing her mind on the inside. They look even better up close!

Roxanne's makeup was light enough to enhance her delicate features. She looked so beautiful that the waitress thought she was a celebrity at first. Lucian, on the other hand, had sharp features and a tall

build, and he exuded the aura of an authoritative CEO. The waitress could not help but picture them as a perfect match made in heaven.

Of course, Roxanne was unaware of what the waitress was thinking about her and Lucian.

She felt slightly unwell as the alcohol had finally started kicking in. Her reactions to alcohol always came slower than others.

However, since she had asked Lucian out for a cup of coffee, she felt it was inappropriate for her to leave with the

excuse of her feeling unwell. That would only give Lucian another reason to mock her.

With this in mind, Roxanne suppressed the discomfort inside her and took a sip of her coffee, trying to cancel out the feeling of being drunk.

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Lucian took a sip of the coffee as he remained expressionless, masking the displeasure he was feeling.

He wanted Roxanne to thank him or compensate him, not to sit in front of him without a word.

Although I used the business going under as an excuse, does she really think a cup of coffee is enough to compensate me?

Roxanne put down her cup and looked out the window. She had no intention of speaking at all.

First, she believed there was nothing else they had to say to each other. Second, she didn't want to get too involved with him. The only reason she had treated him to the coffee was to call it even.

She was starting to feel uncomfortable from the alcohol earlier. From time to time, she would lower her head to sip on the coffee while secretly checking how

much Lucian had drunk. All she wanted was for him to finish the coffee so she could leave.

However, Lucian's coffee stayed almost untouched even after some time.

Left with no choice, Roxanne looked at him and asked, "Mr. Farwell, why aren't you drinking?"

A dark glint flashed across Lucian's eyes as he pursed his lips enigmatically and said, "I don't like my coffee this way. It tastes bland."

Roxanne frowned at his words. "How do you like your coffee, then?" she questioned as she rubbed her throbbing temples.

After she spoke, her head started spinning again. She closed her eyes and forced them open once again, trying to maintain eye contact with Lucian as though nothing was wrong.

Lucian was just about to say something

when he saw her expression. "Are you feeling unwell?"

Roxanne bit her lip. "I drank a bit too much, but I'm all right. Just tell me how you want me to compensate you, Mr.

Farwell. After all, you handle huge transactions, and I'm afraid you won't be satisfied with this compensation."

Lucian's face darkened a bit when he took in her pale face and mocking words, but he said nothing in the end. Instead, he asked the waitress for the bill.

Roxanne was going to argue that she was supposed to pay, but Lucian had swiped his card before she could do so..

The waitress was the same person from earlier. From the way she looked at Roxanne, it seemed as though she was questioning why they denied being a couple when they were actually dating.

When Roxanne met eyes with the waitress, she felt even more troubled.

"Where are you staying? I'll drop you off there." Lucian walked to her side with a grim face, but his actions remained gentle.

Without giving Roxanne the chance to reject him, he helped her to her feet.

Right after Roxanne stood up, dizziness overcame her, causing her to miss the best opportunity to push him away.

When she came back to her senses, Lucian had already brought her to the exit of the café. Almost everyone in the café was looking at them, and they could clearly see how he had his arms wrapped around her to support her.

Roxanne felt extremely weak from her dizzy spell. With so many people watching them, she didn't want to make a scene. Thus, she went along with Lucian and allowed him to bring her into his car.

Cayden was already waiting in the driver's seat. When they got in, he asked, "Mr. Farwell, where to?"

Lucian turned his head and looked at Roxanne.

Still rubbing her temples, she said in a low voice, "There's no need to trouble yourselves. There are still many seniors waiting for me upstairs. I have to return."

With that, she opened the car door to get out,

Lucian grabbed her wrist swiftly and held her back. "Either I send you back, or you rest at my hotel. Choose one. My hotel is just nearby."

Roxanne knitted her brows and leaned back in the seat. Then, she told Cayden the name of the hotel she was staying at.

Cayden nodded and started the engine.

"Drive slowly," reminded Lucian.

Cayden hurriedly nodded in acknowledgment. Throughout the journey, he made sure to drive carefully.

Meanwhile, the two people in the back seat stayed silent.