

Mission To Remarry Chapter 603-607

Mission To Remarry Chapter 603

When Lysa brought the flowers back to the florist, the latter instantly recognized the boy. Even the card that came with it was left untouched.

“Hi, um...”

Lysa broke into an apologetic smile. “Please send these flowers back to Farwell Group. Make sure you hand it over to Mr. Farwell personally.”

The words caused the florist to widen her eyes in shock.

No wonder the customer from the morning looked so familiar. Not only was he handsome but also seemed rich. Even then, she had not expected him to be the CEO of Farwell Group.

What was even more inconceivable was that the flowers he sent ended up being rejected.

Consequently, the florist couldn't help but suspect there was something wrong with her flowers. Hence, she inquired, “May I know if there's anything unsatisfactory with our flowers?”

Lysa shook her head with a smile. “No, they're fine. We're just returning them for personal reasons.”

Just as she finished, Lysa, with no intention to further explain, put the flowers down and left.

Looking at the rejected flowers, the confused florist began to grow curious about its intended recipient.

Not only is Mr. Farwell showering her with attention, but she also has the audacity to reject his advances, What makes this woman so special?

After ruminating about the matter, the florist ordered her deliveryman to pass on Lysa's message.

On that particular afternoon, Cayden was about to head out for lunch when the receptionist called out to him, "Mr. Lawson, there's a man here to deliver roses, and he insists on sending them to Mr. Farwell personally."

Despite being in her role for a long time, the receptionist couldn't make a decision, as it was the first time she encountered such a scenario.

Slightly surprised by her words, Cayden quickly recalled Lucian asking for the contact of a florist the night before.

But why have the flowers been sent here? And why does he need to receive them personally?

"Please put them aside first. I'll bring them up to Mr. Farwell in a while," Cayden replied upon regaining his senses.

Even though the receptionist acknowledged Cayden's instructions, the deliveryman protested, "But our customer insists that I deliver it to Mr. Farwell personally."

"Don't worry. I'm his assistant," Cayden explained. "I'll definitely hand them over to him."

The deliveryman hesitated briefly before leaving the flowers with the receptionist.

When Cayden came back from lunch in the afternoon, he knocked on Lucian's door with the flowers in hand.

Having heard Lucian's acknowledgment from inside, he entered the office and asked tactfully, "Mr. Farwell, these came in the afternoon with instructions that you receive them in person."

Lucian, engrossed in his work, only looked up when he heard Cayden's words.

At the sight of the bouquet of roses in the latter's arms, Lucian's expression drastically changed.

That woman! Not only has she rejected my flowers, but she also sent them back to me!

"Mr. Farwell?" Cayden froze when he felt the sudden tension in the air.

Upon gathering his wits, Lucian responded coldly, "Leave the flowers, and off you go."

Grunting in acknowledgment, Cayden put the flowers down before leaving the office.

Just as he was closing the door, his curiosity got him thinking.

I wonder who it was that sent the flowers, to the extent of triggering such rage from Mr. Farwell.

At that moment, Roxanne's image flashed across Cayden's mind.

Come to think of it, she's the only one who is capable of eliciting such a reaction from him. Also, Mr. Farwell would send roses to no one else but her. I wonder what are both of them fighting about now. Whatever it is, subordinates like us will have to suffer for getting the short end of the stick.

When it was time to get off work in the evening, Cayden breathed a sigh of relief for having survived until then.

Just as he had expected, Lucian was in a grouchy mood for the rest of the afternoon after receiving the bouquet of flowers.

Having served Lucian for a long time, Cayden knew how to navigate his way around and avoid getting on Lucian's nerves. Nonetheless, it didn't stop Lucian from scowling at him.

Unfortunately, the same couldn't be said of the senior management who went into his office to make their reports. All of them ended up receiving a piece of his mind.

By the time they came out, their faces had lost all color.

Just when Cayden expected to stay back for work, he was surprised when Lucian didn't need him to.

"Please help me pick Essie up," Lucian instructed before he left.

Only when he saw Lucian enter the elevator did Cayden regain his senses and grunted in acknowledgment.

Why isn't he picking her up since he's leaving work early?

After pondering for a moment, Cayden snuck a peek inside Lucian's office and saw that the bouquet of flowers he had brought inside earlier was left untouched.

I guess the reason why Mr. Farwell isn't picking Ms. Estella up has something to do with the flowers.

After leaving the office, Lucian drove straight to Queen Group.

Since Jonathan was the one who came up with the idea, Lucian naturally wanted to clarify the problem he was facing with the former.

At Queen Group, Jonathan had just finished for the day and was preparing to drive home.

Therefore, he was surprised to see a familiar Jeep Cherokee parked outside his company the moment he stepped out.

If I'm not wrong, that's one of Lucian's rides. What is he doing here at this hour?

Curious, Jonathan approached the car and knocked on the window.

As the window gradually wound down, it revealed Lucian's gloomy expression.

Jonathan's heart sank when he saw his friend's face. "Lucian, what are—"

With furrowed brows, Lucian remarked, "Get in. Let's go get a drink."

Jonathan was baffled by the invitation.

In two short days, Lucian invited me out to drink twice, which has never happened before. Unless, of course, he's having problems with Roxanne again.

As the realization dawned upon him, Jonathan joined Lucian in the car without another word.

The moment he settled down, their car sped off, its inertia almost causing him to sprain his back.

“What happened today? Didn’t I already give you an idea? How did you end up quarreling again?” Jonathan asked while putting on his seatbelt.

The mere mention of the matter infuriated Lucian, who replied in a frosty voice, “I followed your instructions, and it was useless.”

Hearing that, Jonathan scrunched his brows. “It shouldn’t be that way...”

Frieda never fails to smile every time she receives roses. Even if Roxanne doesn’t accept him, I’m sure she would at least be warmed by his gesture. Unless... she’s somehow different from other women?

“When you sent her the flowers, did you write your confession on a card and tag it along?” Jonathan inquired while racking his brains.

Lucian’s expression was just as grim. “I did. In fact, I even wrote the card myself.”

Knitting his brows slightly, Jonathan lamented, “The more the reason for it not to fail!”

Based on his understanding, the cards that accompanied generic bouquets were usually written by the florist.

Now that Lucian had written one personally, Roxanne, even if her heart was made of stone, should definitely be moved. Is there something wrong with what Lucian wrote?

Chapter 605

Holding that thought, Jonathan couldn't resist asking, "What did you write?"

However, Lucian had no intention of going into that detail, for Roxanne didn't even mention the card.

In fact, when he asked her about it, she simply ignored his question, causing him to wonder if she had even seen it.

But if she hadn't read it, how would she have known that I was the one who sent her the flowers?

Lucian continued to ruminate on the matter.

Since she chose to call me, she must have read the card but wasn't willing to talk about it. In that case, can there be something wrong with the card's contents?

Meanwhile, Jonathan, after waiting a long while for a response, pestered him, "What did you write? If you don't tell me, how would I know where the problem is?"

Only then did Lucian relent.

Upon hearing what it was, Jonathan couldn't resist massaging his forehead. "What do you mean by 'let's be honest with each other? Aren't you forcing Ms. Jarvis to speculate? Wouldn't it have been better to pen down your feelings directly?"

If you want Roxanne to admit her feelings for you, you have to do it first!

Throwing him a glance, Lucian added, "She gave me a call after receiving the flowers, and I followed your instructions."

At that, the hope Jonathan had for his friend was reignited. "What did you do? Did you confess?"

Thinking back to his call with her, Lucian nodded without elaborating.

Seeing that, Jonathan was intrigued. "What did you say?"

Lucian replied, "I asked her if she was willing to return to my side."

"And?" Jonathan pressed on.

After a momentary silence descended upon the car, Lucian's voice rang out. "She didn't say anything."

Didn't say anything....

Having contemplated upon it for a few seconds, Jonathan reassured him with a smile, "Not saying anything is better than being downright reject—"

Before he could finish, Lucian continued, "I then told her that Essie needed a mother and since she was fond of Essie..."

In that instant, Jonathan was stumped.

He had not expected Lucian to speak so candidly when all he suggested was for the latter to confess his feelings.

Furthermore, he was well aware that Lucian had often used Estella as a pretext to get Roxanne to soften her stance. Little did Jonathan expect Lucian to still involve her in such a delicate circumstance.

Is he pursuing Roxanne, or is Estella the one doing it?

“What the hell did I do wrong?” Lucian questioned solemnly. “Or is your method useless to begin with?”

Lucian’s accusation caused Jonathan to shake his head in resignation. “Lucian, that’s not how you court a girl or even confess to her.”

Looking clueless, Lucian was filled with frustration.

“By bringing Estella up unnecessarily, one could be forgiven to think that you’re using the girl to threaten Dr. Jarvis,” Jonathan explained.

Lucian’s frown deepened. “In that case, what should I do?”

“In order to court a girl, you have to soften your attitude,” Jonathan advised. “Also, remember that you’re the one pursuing her; it has nothing to do with Estella. By saying what you said, Dr. Jarvis might think that you’re giving her the flowers because you want a mother for Estella. Without knowing what your true feelings are, there’s no way she would agree to be with you.”

As he listened earnestly, Lucian felt the exasperation within him gradually build up.

He had never courted anyone before, and he didn’t think courting someone would be such a complicated endeavor.

Even confessing his feelings seemed to be an art.

Chapter 606

“Do you understand what I have said?” Jonathan asked, just in case.

Lucian pinched between his brows.

Despite all he had heard, he was still as confounded as before.

Given what had happened, he couldn't tolerate making another mistake.

Therefore, despite how embarrassing it was, he inquired further, "Tell me in simpler terms what I should say for her to understand me."

Jonathan was speechless.

Didn't I make it clear enough?

"I love you."

Jonathan's face couldn't be any more serious as he stared at his friend.

No sooner had the words left his mouth than a deathly silence ensued.

Given how earnest Jonathan's expression was, even Lucian was stunned for a few seconds.

When Jonathan saw from Lucian's expression that he had gotten his point across, he eased the seriousness on his face and continued his coaching. "Do you now know what to say now?"

Lucian, having regained his senses, nodded.

"I know that you have never courted a woman in your life, so it's understandable that you might have some difficulty with it."

Jonathan continued in a solemn tone, "Nonetheless, pursuing a lady is similar to closing a business deal. There's no need to beat around the bush. Just let the opposing party know what your intentions are so that they can understand you properly. Or else, being shady will never win you any deals."

Just as he spoke, Jonathan patted Lucian on the shoulder. "If you like her, you should then admit it instead of using Essie as an excuse. If you make it into a habit, Dr. Jarvis, based on her character, will grow to be wary of the little girl. When that happens, neither of you will be able to get close to her anymore. And you know what, you would deserve it. But what about Essie? She's the innocent one in all this!"

The instant Lucian heard the last sentence, he wrinkled his brows as the temperature around him dropped.

Feeling a chill down his spine, Jonathan, realizing the gravity of his words, tried to laugh it off. "I'm just quoting an example. I'm sure you know what I mean."

Lucian remained silent.

Truth be told, Jonathan's words had hit the nail on the head.

In fact, Roxanne was already avoiding Estella on his account, while Estella was angry at him for the same reason.

Even then, Lucian didn't learn from his mistakes because Roxanne would keep her distance unless he used Estella as an excuse.

After all, he had absolutely run out of ideas.

As Jonathan sipped his wine subconsciously, he snuck a careful glance at Lucian.

Upon seeing the sullen expression on his friend's face, Jonathan assumed he had said something wrong and began to regret it.

However, Lucian's voice suddenly rang out, carrying a hint of suppressed anger.

"What else can I do when she keeps avoiding me?"

When Jonathan felt that Lucian's anger had passed, he heaved a sigh of relief and continued, "You just have to be patient. After all, you did hurt her six years ago, so it's not a surprise that she's avoiding you. If you really want to change her mind, you should drop that high and mighty attitude of yours in front of her. Instead, lower yourself and try to gain her sympathy."

As Lucian turned his head to give Jonathan a glance, anger seemed to flash across his eyes, as if he was questioning Jonathan's audacity to have him play the victim card.

Reading Lucian's mind, Jonathan explained, "After being a doctor for so many years, Dr. Jarvis is definitely someone sympathetic. Besides, given how intimidating you are, I'm sure you'll be able to melt her heart by playing victiin."

Chapter 607

After Jonathan spent the entire night analyzing the situation for Lucian, the latter finally agreed with a frown.

On the way back home, Lucian continued to playback Jonathan's words in his mind.

It's not like I don't want to lower myself in front of her. It's just that she gets on my nerves so much that I just can't control myself.

Now that he thought about it, Lucian was again filled with remorse.

It looks like I have no choice but to get a grip on my temper. After all, I'm the reason why our relationship became this way.

By the time he returned to the Farwell residence, it was almost ten in the evening.

Usually, Estella would already be asleep at that hour.

However, when he opened the mansion door, he could hear the sound of her room door opening at the same time.

Raising his head, he saw her standing on her heels and staring down at him with her lips pursed.

When he caught her gaze, Lucian's brows furrowed quizzically. Casting his thoughts about Roxanne aside, he changed out of his shoes before walking upstairs to her.

"Why aren't you sleeping yet?"

Estella looked up at her father with sparkling eyes that were brimming with innocence. "When are we going to see Ms. Jarvis again?"

When school was over earlier, it was Lysa who picked the brothers up.

Having heard of Roxanne's injury, Pippa asked Lysa about it out of concern.

When Estella, who had planned to visit Roxanne in two days, overheard their conversation and learned of the latter's injury, she wanted to go to Roxanne's side at once.

Initially, she planned to get Lucian to take her when he picked her up from school but didn't expect to not see him at all.

Thus, she waited up for him so that she could tell him her plan.

Upon hearing her request, Lucian fell deep into thought before a gentle glint flashed

in his eyes. "I'll take you there once I'm done with work."

With her lips pursed, Estella gave him a reluctant look. "But Ms. Jarvis' injury would have healed by then."

Thinking about Roxanne's wound, Lucian felt his heart sink as a grim expression descended upon his face.

Given how enraged she was during the day, I wonder if it had affected her recovery.

"Daddy..." Estella gave his sleeve a wary tug.

Lucian reached out his hand to tousle her hair. "Essie, do you trust me?"

She fell into a brief silence before giving him a slow nod.

Seeing her response, Lucian sighed in relief discreetly.

"Ms. Jarvis needs to rest for a few days. Also, she'll be tired from taking care of the brothers. Therefore, we'll just be interrupting her rest if we visit her now. If you

really want her to recover as soon as possible, then listen to me. Once I'm done with: my work, we'll visit her together."

Despite nodding half-heartedly, Estella's longing for Roxanne caused a pitiful look to appear on her face.

Stroking her puffy cheeks, Lucian leaned down to hold her hand. "If you're really worried, you can also ask the boys about her condition."

Just to reassure her further, Lucian made a remark that he himself didn't believe in. "Now that Ms. Jarvis is no longer avoiding us, I'll take you to see her whenever you want once I have finished my work."

Finally convinced, Estella nodded obediently.

As Lucian watched her fall asleep, his expression gradually darkened.

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