

Mission To Remarry

Chapter 685

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Chapter 685 All By Myself

On the other end, Lucian and Aubree left the Pearson residence together. As Aubree sat in the passenger seat, she did not stop

putting on an elaborate show of sobbing and wiping her tears away in hopes of getting Lucian's attention.

While Lucian did notice the weeping woman next to him, he had no intention of saying anything. After all, he already knew the

reason why Aubree fought with Samuel. If he were to say anything more, he was worried about making Aubree cry harder.

It wasn't long before Aubree noticed that all her weeping and sobbing had no effect on Lucian, who did not even have any kind

words to offer to her. She gradually calmed down and stopped sobbing, turning away to look out the window in disappointment.

Upon noticing the scenery outside, Aubree's expression changed abruptly. Her voice still thick from crying, she turned around

and asked, "Lucian, it's already so late. Aren't we going back home?"

Lucian merely sat there impassively as he replied, "I've booked you a room for two nights."

He was implying that he had no intention of bringing her back to the Farwell residence at all.

Having heard this, Aubree suddenly felt as though a bucket of cold water had been dumped over her.

Determined to stand up for herself, she queried, "Will I be staying there alone?"

Lucian merely raised a brow and grunted in response.

According to Gina, Aubree only needed to stay away for a brief period of time. Him arranging a hotel stay for her was effectively

a nod to the Pearson family's kindness to him in days past.

At his affirmation, Aubree's expression froze. She was unable to say anything for a while.

When she left the Pearson residence earlier, she and her parents had thought that things were going according to plan.

Alas, she had made an error. While Lucian had agreed to take her away, he never promised to bring her to the Farwell

residence. She did not expect him to have booked a hotel room for her, though.

What on earth is this? Am I somehow unable to book a hotel room for myself if I wanted?

The very thought made anger burn deep in Aubrey's heart, but she could not let it show. All she could do was suppress her temper to the best of her ability and seethe in silence. Very soon, Lucian's car pulled into the driveway of a five-star hotel.

Lucian opened the door first and stepped out. To his surprise, however, Aubree remained seated in the car. He could not tell what she was thinking.

"We've arrived," came Lucian's deep voice.

This shook Aubree out of her reverie. After forcing a grateful smile at him, she turned around and exited the vehicle.

The moment Aubree's back was to him, her expression became gloomy.

One after the other, they entered the hotel.

Lucian had booked her a three-day stay in the presidential suite. After confirming their arrival, he gave her the keycard and spun around to leave.

Unexpectedly, Aubree started to sniffle again.

Arching a brow, Lucian impatiently turned around to look at the woman behind him before asking, "Is there anything else?"

Aubree looked up at him timidly and hesitated to speak. A while later, she mumbled, “I don’t really like sleeping in hotels. It’s also really late, and I’m scared of being alone.” With pleading eyes, she continued, “Can you escort me upstairs?”

Hearing this, Lucian gave her the once over warily but could not discern anything out of the ordinary. He also reckoned that since she had just fought with Samuel, it was not unusual for her to be in low spirits. As such, he said, “Let’s go.” Seeing that he agreed, Aubree flashed him a smile with some difficulty. Timidly, she put her head down again and tailed after him from behind.

Out of his sight, a sly look flashed past Aubree’s eyes. The two then walked in single file toward the elevator. Throughout the ride up, Aubree did not utter a single syllable.

Lucian had been busy the whole day. Given how tired he was, he was frowning and starting to let his mind go blank.

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