

Mission To Remarry Chapter 91

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After dinner, Alfred returned to his room to rest.

Roxanne followed him to give him one final checkup before heading downstairs to bid her goodbye.

"It's so late now. Let me give you a lift home;" Jonathan piped up.

"No, it's fine," Roxanne replied with a smile. "You still have guests to entertain."

Jonathan knew she was right and decided not to insist further. "In that case, please be careful on your way home. Oh, by the way, I hope you won't take my grandfather's words to heart. At his age, he tends to worry about things like that."

Roxanne merely smiled and turned to leave.

"It's getting late, and I still have work to do. I think I'll be taking my leave now," Lucian suddenly said when he saw Roxanne walking out of the mansion.

Aubree, who had become very wary, decided to follow suit. "Oh, I'm also thinking about leaving. Let's go together, then."

"No. It's not like we're taking the same routes. I'll be going now," Lucian answered indifferently, striding off before Aubree could say anything else.

As she watched him walk away, Aubree stood in a daze, her face frozen with shock.

Jonathan, too, couldn't help but furrow his brows.

Since dinner started, he could already feel something was wrong between Lucian and the two women, but unfortunately, he couldn't put his finger on it.

"Aubree?" Frieda mumbled, baffled at how stunned her friend was.

Thankfully, Aubree was brought back to her senses and quickly forced out a smile.

"Well, I still have work to do, so I shan't disturb you guys any longer."

Even though Jonathan and Frieda could tell that something was amiss with Aubree, they refrained from asking any more questions. After exchanging a few more words, they eventually saw her off.

Once they were back in the mansion, Jonathan immediately turned to his sister. "Hey, how did you know that Dr. Jarvis has kids?"

Frieda pursed her lips. "I saw them when I was out for lunch with Aubree. Oh, I also know that she's Lucian's ex-wife! I can't believe she had the gall to come back!"

Upon hearing that, Jonathan was momentarily shocked before realization dawned on him.

No wonder I had the nagging feeling that there was some awkwardness between Dr. Jarms and Lucian! She's the woman from six years ago!

Even after leaving the mansion and getting into her car, Roxanne still felt pretty unsettled from the conversations at the dining table.

She took a moment to collect her thoughts and only started the car when she had calmed herself down.

All of a sudden, someone rapped on the window.

Roxanne whipped her head around in the direction of the sound, but when she saw who it was, she looked away and pretended not to have heard anything.

Alas, the person outside knocked on the window again, going so far as to bend down to peer into the car.

Even though Roxanne knew no one could see her from the outside, she couldn't help but tense up. After some hesitation, she finally gave in and rolled down the window.

"What is it?"

As it turned out, Lucian had been the one standing beside the car. When he heard Roxanne's voice, he calmly raised his brows. "I didn't drive here today. Mind giving me a lift if it's convenient for you?",

With that, he reached a hand out for the car door.

Unfortunately, before Roxanne could even get her bearings, Lucian had already entered the car and settled into the passenger seat.

He promptly fastened his seatbelt and added, "Let's go."

Roxanne finally came to her senses, but she was anything but pleased. "Where's your chauffeur?"

"It's already so late. Since I can easily get a ride, why should I trouble him to come all the way here!"

Those words rendered Roxanne speechless, and it took a while before she blurted out, "If I remember correctly, Ms. Pearson hasn't left either. I think she'd be happy to give you a lift."

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As soon as the words left Roxanne's mouth, an awkward silence befell the car.

Having realized what she had said, she instantly felt a pang of regret and lowered her gaze, not saying anything more.

Lucian stared at Roxanne's side profile, his gaze dark and indecipherable.

Does she resist me this much? Why must she always push me to Aubree?

After a while, he replied coldly, "She still has something on and doesn't have plans to leave yet."

Roxanne gripped the steering wheel angrily.

How dare he! Aubree's too busy to give him a lift, but that doesn't mean I'm obliged to do so!

Unfortunately, with the way Lucian sat unmoving in his seat, Roxanne knew she'd never be able to chase him out of the car.

As such, she had no choice but to start the engine and drive off from the Queens' mansion.

At the same time, Aubree marched out of the mansion and immediately turned livid when she saw Lucian through the rearview mirror.

Without further ado, she hopped into her car and followed them.

Once they had gotten onto the main road, Roxanne suddenly recalled something.

“Where are you going?”

Lucian had had a long day at work and still had to rush over to join Alfred for dinner.

Now that he finally found a moment of peace, he could feel the waves of exhaustion washing over him.

After hearing Roxanne’s question, he quickly massaged his temples to wake himself up.

“To the office. I remember it’s along the way for you.”

“It’s already so late, though. Are you still going to work overtime?” Roxanne asked gently, her brows knitted as she glanced at him.

Lucian merely hummed his acknowledgment, too tired to say anything else.

For some reason, he always felt so relaxed when he was around Roxanne.

Seeing as how Lucian had no intention to talk, Roxanne, too, continued driving in silence.

However, every time she thought about how he was sitting right beside her, questions would start flooding her mind.

She remembered that before their divorce. Lucian had once said Aubree was the only woman qualified to marry him and that their marriage had to be put on hold solely because of Roxanne.

Naturally, that became a thorn in her side for years.

It was much later when she finally thought things through and decided to grant Lucian his freedom.

I thought that once I left, he’d immediately marry Aubree. But it’s been six years since then, and they still haven’t had their wedding. What on earth happened during that time?

With that in mind, Roxanne instinctively glanced at the man beside her. She was on the verge of shooting the question when she once again suppressed that urge.

Ultimately, this is a private matter between Lucian and Aubree. What right do I have to question them when I’m nothing more than an outsider? Besides, whatever happened between them couldn’t possibly be my fault.

Lucian closed his eyes. Just when he hoped he could finally rest his mind, a wave of random thoughts instantly came over him.

He didn’t know what had gotten over him either. His chauffeur had been waiting for him outside the mansion, but when he saw Roxanne getting into her car, all he wanted was to follow her.

By the time Lucian realized what he had done, he had already come face to face with Roxanne through the car window.

Of course, it went without saying that he had to get into the car.

Could it be because I overheard Roxanne’s conversation with Old Mr. Queen? The sheer thought of her marrying some other guy makes me so frustrated!

All of a sudden, the ringing of Lucian’s phone broke the silence in the car.

He quickly gathered his thoughts and stared at the caller display, his gaze darkening as he did.

“Mr. Farwell, when are you coming back? Ms. Estella has a fever.” Catalina said anxiously.

Lucian’s expression turned cold immediately. “Got it. I’ll be right back.”

As soon as he hung up the phone, he turned to Roxanne. "Can you please send me back to the manor? Essie's not feeling well, so I have to go check on her."

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P anne overheard Catalina's words through the phone and know Estella wasn't feeling well. She

promptly got worried.

After hearing what Lucian had to say, she made a U-turn and sped toward the Farwell residence.

Twenty minutes later, her car rolled to a stop outside the Farwell residence.

Recalling Estella's condition, Roxanne shot the man a dubious look. "Take good care of Essie. If you need my help, just let me know anytime."

Lucian met her gaze mockingly. "If you're that worried about her, why don't you take a look at her? Besides, Essie adores you. If she sees you when she's sick, I believe she'll feel better."

With that said, he opened the door and got out before heading in the direction of the mansion.

It appeared he was leaving it up to her whether she wanted to visit Estella.

The sight of his back caused Roxanne to frown slightly.

Essie's sick. Shouldn't he get her mother to visit her? No matter how busy Aubree is, she won't ignore her sick daughter, right?

As the thought of the little girl sick in bed popped up in her mind, she exited the car and walked into the mansion behind Lucian.

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The moment Lucian stepped into the house, Catalina came forward to greet him with Estella in her arms.

"Mr. Farwell, you're finally back. Ms. Estella's sick, so I wanted her to rest in bed.

However, she insisted on waiting for you. I had no choice but to keep her company downstairs," Catalina reported.

Estella's cheeks were flushed, and there was a cooling patch stuck on her forehead. She looked really weak.

At the sight of her father, she stretched her arms out to ask him to hold her.

Lucian took her into his arms and tested her temperature. His brows snapped together as he asked, "Why did she suddenly have a fever?"

Catalina cast Estella a worried look. "Ms. Estella seemed to be in low spirits after she got home from kindergarten. She ate little at dinner. I thought she was sleepy and brought her upstairs to take a shower before realizing she was running a temperature. I called the family doctor, who prescribed her some medicine. However, Ms. Estella insisted on seeing you before she would head to bed," she explained.

Lucian shot her a curt nod and patted Estella's back. "Do you still feel unwell? he inquired, concern evident in his voice.

Estella flung her arms around Lucian's neck and buried her head into the crook of his neck before giving a weak nod.

Lucian patted her head comfortingly.

"Mr. Farwell, now that you're back, you should bring her upstairs so she can rest," Catalina urged.

However, Lucian hesitated. "Let's wait for a bit."

Catalina gazed at him in bafflement, for she had no idea what he was waiting for. She was starting to panic when light footsteps sounded at the door.

Why does that sound like a woman?

The three of them turned to look at the door.

Lucian's gaze softened at the sight of the newcomer.

Catalina stiffened in disbelief. She couldn't believe her eyes when she realized who the newcomer was.

Roxanne had just stepped into the house when she realized three pairs of eyes had landed on her. She immediately halted in her tracks.

She was filled with mixed emotions when she realized the mansion looked almost the same.

Six years ago, this was her house.

She had lived here for a few years. Lucian might be indifferent to her, but he allowed her to do anything she wanted.

Thus, some of the decorations in the house were bought by her.

She thought Lucian would change everything after her departure, but to her surprise, everything remained the same six years later.

After glancing around the house briefly, Roxanne averted her gaze and scoffed at herself silently.

I can't believe I'm feeling nostalgic after seeing the old decorations.

Never in her wildest dreams did she realize that Lucian didn't touch any decorations as he never paid any attention to them.

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Snapping out of her reverie, Roxanne tamped down her feelings and went to them. Estella was running a fever, but her eyes were sparkling adorably. She had brightened up considerably after spotting Roxanne and was staring at the latter earnestly. Roxanne gave her a concerned look.

In response, Estella reached out to ask Roxanne to hold her.

Seeing that, Roxanne glanced at Lucian instinctively.

She's sick, so why is she asking a stranger to hold her instead of staying with her dad?
What will Lucian think about her action?

To her surprise, Lucian offered Estella to her calmly.

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After a brief hesitation, Roxanne took Estella into her arms.

..The moment Roxanne touched the little girl, she could feel the heat emanating from the small

body. Estella felt like a heater in her arms.

Without a second's hesitation, Roxanne pressed her cheek to Estella's to check the latter's temperature.

The cooling sensation from her cheek caused Estella's eyes to droop as she let out a soft sigh.

"You're running a high fever," Roxanne commented as she hugged Estella closer.

Softly, she asked, "Essie, do you feel uncomfortable?"

Estella nodded silently.

As the little girl's eyes were red from the fever, Roxanne felt her heart ache. Turning to Catalina, she asked, "Has she taken her medicine?"

Catalina regained her composure and nodded hastily. "Yes."

Carefully, she observed Roxanne and asked, "Mrs. Farwell, when did you return?"

Catalina had worked for the Farwell family for some time and used to serve Roxanne briefly when the latter married into the Farwell family. Back then, she had a lot of respect for the younger woman.

Hence, she was quite surprised to learn that Roxanne had left without saying goodbye. I can't believe Mrs. Farwell is back!

Roxanne was taken aback to hear her greeting. Flashing a smile, she replied, "I've been back for some time. Please don't address me that way. I left the Farwell family six years ago."

Realization struck Catalina as she lamented, "You haven't changed, so I thought...

Forget it. I'll

take note of that next time."

Roxanne bobbed her head.

Catalina added, "Are you here to visit Ms. Estella?"

Roxanne explained, "We bumped into each other at my patient's house. I heard that Essie was sick and decided to come to pay her a visit."

Hearing that, Catalina felt a stab in her heart. "That's good. Ms. Estella will surely get better quickly if you keep her company," she muttered under her breath.

Roxanne assumed Catalina was referring to the fact that she was a doctor and could treat Estella's condition by taking care of her. Chuckling, she inclined her head and promised, "Don't worry. I'll help out if Essie needs me."

Catalina was puzzled after hearing her reply.

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Why is Ms. Jarvis acting all formal? Ms. Estella is her daughter. Isn't it natural for her to take care of her sick daughter? Besides, Ms. Estella would feel better if her mother were to stay by her side. Back then, it was Ms. Jarvis who treated my headaches. I know she's a great doctor, so she is definitely capable of treating Ms. Estella's fever.

A wave of regret hit Catalina when she recalled the times Roxanne was still around. Ms. Jarvis is pretty and smart. However, she never put on airs before us. She treated us as though we were part of her family.

She couldn't help but compare Roxanne to Aubree. Ms. Pearson, however, often shows up here without informing anyone. When Mr. Farwell isn't around, she acts as though she's the lady of the house and orders us around arrogantly. She never shows us any respect. I don't know what Mr. Farwell sees in her...

Lucian fell into a daze temporarily when he heard how Catalina addressed Roxanne. However, when Roxanne corrected Catalina, his feelings became complicated.

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The sight of Roxanne standing together with the other two reminded Catalina of the past. She wanted them to spend more time together and left after exchanging a few pleasantries.

Soon, only the three of them were left in the living room.

Lucian's eyes darkened as he stared at them.

Sensing his gaze, Roxanne turned slightly and went to the couch to place Estella down. However, Estella grabbed her shoulders tightly and refused to let her go.

Seeing this, Roxanne sat on the couch with her and said gently, "Essie, be a good girl. You're sick and need to go to bed early. Do you want me to lull you to sleep?"

Estella buried her nose into the crook of Roxanne's neck and shook her head.

Roxanne's brows knitted. "Don't you want to sleep?"

The little girl nodded and turned at her shoulder to point at the notebook on the table.

Roxanne reached out and grabbed the notebook for her. She watched as Estella scribbled something on the notebook.

You'll leave if I fall asleep. I don't want you to leave.

After scribbling that down, Estella pursed her lips unhappily.

Roxanne read what she wrote as surprise flashed across her eyes.

Is Estella that attached to me?

Lucian had also read Estella's words. He glanced at Roxanne and said sternly, "Ms. Jarvis has to go home. Be good and go to bed."

Estella pouted and whipped her head around to seek Roxanne's confirmation.

Roxanne nodded.

The boys were waiting for her at home. Lysa was taking care of them, but she would still worry about them.

Besides, she didn't know how she should spend a night in the house she used to live in.

At her silent affirmation, Estella looked down sadly. She kept fiddling with the corner of Roxanne's top and nearly crumpled it.

Roxanne couldn't bear to see her upset.

A while later, Estella released her grip on the corner of Roxanne's top. Roxanne thought she was about to go to bed, but the little girl picked up the notebook again.

I want Daddy to bring the boys over. Please don't leave, Ms, Jarvis.

After writing that, Estella turned around and wrapped her hands around Roxanne's neck pitifully. She refused to let go.

Feeling the abnormal heat from the young girl's body, Roxanne couldn't bring herself to say no.

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Finally, she sighed inwardly and caved in. "All right. I won't leave. You can sleep now." Estella raised her head suspiciously.

Roxanne gave her head a comforting pat. "I'll keep you company, so shut your eyes and sleep."

Estella snuggled into her arms and promptly fell asleep. Her head rested on Roxanne's shoulder, and she gripped Roxanne's top tightly as though she was afraid the latter would leave secretly.

Roxanne felt her heart melt as she stared at the girl in her arms.

Lucian's gaze dimmed when he saw their exchange. He joined them on the adjoining couch and told the butler to prepare two cups of coffee for them. Pulling his phone out, he proceeded to work from home.

He hadn't been lying when he claimed he had to work overtime earlier. Recently, he had been extremely busy.

Silence ensued in the living room.

Hearing Estella's steady breathing, Roxanne told the butler to bring her a blanket to cover Estella's body.

The little girl flipped over in her arms as though the heat bothered her.

Carefully, Roxanne wiped the sweat off Estella's brows, her eyes filled with gentleness.

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She was busy taking care of Estella when her phone rang in her bag. Afraid Estella would rouse, she immediately covered Estella's ears and was about to get up to take her phone. To her surprise, Lucian got to his feet and came over to her with her phone.

"Thank you," Roxanne thanked him softly.

Glancing at the screen, she immediately berated herself for forgetting about her sons.

"Mommy!" the boys yelled the minute the call connected. "When are you coming home?"

Roxanne lowered her voice. "I'm busy tonight, so I might come home late. Have you had dinner?"

The boys replied, "Yes, we did. What about you? Don't forget to take care of yourself even if you're busy!"

Touched, Roxanne chuckled. "I know. I've eaten earlier. Don't wait up for me. Good night!"

"Got it, Mommy. Try to come home as early as possible. Don't tire yourself out!" the boys responded in unison.

Her lips curved into a grin. Roxanne chatted with them briefly before hanging up. Beside her, Lucian heard the boys' voices faintly and placed his work aside. He looked at her and was about to ask whether she had to head home to take care of them, but the sight of her tender

expression made him change his mind.

"Who normally takes care of the boys when you're busy? Do they stay at home? Or do you hire someone to take care of them?" he asked.

Roxanne told him, "My friend helps out. Now, Lysa will take care of them."

Lucian asked, "Was it the same when you were working overseas?"

Despite not knowing why he posed that question, Roxanne answered instinctively, "I'd hire someone to take care of them or bring them to my workplace. My colleagues loved them."

Right after those words left her mouth, the living room went silent again.

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Roxanne lowered her gaze to check on the little girl's condition.

"They're older now and easier to take care of. It must have been hard when they were younger," Lucian said suddenly. His gaze fell on her as he pretended to ask nonchalantly, "How old are the boys? They are of similar height to Essie, so they should be around the same age."

The sudden question made Roxanne's heart lurch to her throat.

Every time the boys spent time with Lucian, she worried that he'd discover the truth.

Thus, she kept reminding the boys to keep their ages a secret.

She didn't expect to be asked the question in person.

Averting her gaze, she fell silent for some time before replying, "They are around four years old. It's normal for boys to grow faster than girls."

That was the answer she came to a consensus with Archie and Benny previously. It was a lie, for Lucian might recall the night from six years ago if he were to know the boys' real age. She didn't want that to happen.

After giving her answer, she waited anxiously for him to respond.

Sometime later, she heard the man grunt in acknowledgment.

As he didn't pursue the matter, Roxanne heaved a sigh of relief deep down.

Lucian returned his attention to the email on his phone, but he couldn't focus on work.

The boys are around four years old, so they are one year younger than Essie. That would mean that she ended up with another man right after giving birth to Essie. She then gave birth to the boys shortly after. "

As that thought occurred to him, Lucian scowled in displeasure.

They were both engrossed in their thoughts when Estella moved.

Roxanne lowered her head.

Estella's brows furrowed together as she started sobbing pitifully. Her entire face was scrunched up.

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Hearing her sobs, Lucian glanced in their direction.

Roxanne patted Estella's back comfortingly, but the latter's sobs merely grew louder.

Tossing the blanket aside, she sat up and threw herself into Roxanne's arms.

Her hands held Roxanne's top tightly as she cried sadly. Gradually, she opened her eyes and stared at Roxanne's face intently.

Her sobs died down after she confirmed Roxanne was still around.

By then, her cheeks were crimson from her fever and sobs. Roxanne felt her heart aching, for the little girl reminded her of her boys.

"Hush, Essie. I'm right here. Don't cry," Roxanne cajoled her while wiping the tears off her cheeks tenderly.

Estella sniffled as tears continued to trickle down. However, she wasn't about to release her grasp on Roxanne's top.

The sweat from her palms drenched Roxanne's top and crumpled it up. Nevertheless, Roxanne didn't utter a word and comforted her patiently.

Soon, Estella fell asleep. Even in her sleep, she couldn't stop sniffing.

Roxanne wrapped her up in the blanket gingerly, leaving only her hands outside since she was still holding Roxanne's top in her sleep.

An unfathomable glint flashed across Lucian's eyes as he watched their intimate exchange. In the end, he chose not to say a word.

Catalina was still worried, so she came over to check on them. She was pleased to see Estella sound asleep in Roxanne's arms. "Indeed, Ms. Estella can sleep soundly when she's with you. Previously, she was a difficult child whenever she got sick. No one could calm her down, not even Mr. Farwell."

Roxanne widened her eyes in disbelief.

What about Aubree? She's Essie's mother. Can't she calm Essie down? By the way, why didn't she show up at all now that Essie's sick? Where is she? Doesn't she care about her daughter?

She was about to pose that question when Lucian's voice rang out.

"She'll probably wake up again tonight. Why don't you bring her to the guest room? You'll get to rest there, too."

Catalina chimed in, "Yes, it's late. You came here with Mr. Farwell after work, so you must be exhausted. You should head upstairs and get some rest along with Ms. Estella.

Roxanne swallowed her question and shot the second floor a hesitating look. The past events emerged in her mind as bitterness engulfed her heart. She shook her head to

reject the offer. “No nccd. I’ll just rest here briefly. Essie only fell asleep a while ago, so I don’t want to wake her.”

Lucian and Catalina gave up on trying to convince her to change her mind.

Catalina then chatted with her briefly before leaving them alone.

The living room turned quiet.

Roxanne’s guard was still up after Lucian mentioned Archie and Benny’s age, so she gazed at the sleeping little girl and avoided looking at him.

Lucian didn’t utter a word for a long while, so she gradually relaxed.

Her schedule had been packed today. In the afternoon, she had spent a lot of effort treating Alfred, so her energy was quite low by now.

Estella’s warm body and steady breathing made Roxanne grow drowsy.

Despite trying her best to stay awake, she soon fell into a deep sleep.

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The living room was enveloped in silence for some time.

Lucian lifted his head to see Roxanne sleeping with Estella in her arms.

As she was holding Estella, her posture was awkward, so she couldn’t really sleep peacefully. Every time she woke up to shift slightly, she would tighten her arms.

That very sight pulled at Lucian’s heartstrings.

Catalina showed up again to check on Estella. She had just arrived at the couch when her employer gestured for her to lower her voice.

Tiptoeing over, Catalina glanced at the sleeping mother and daughter on the couch. A smile nudged her lips.

Indeed, the bond between mother and daughter can never be broken. They haven’t met for years, but Ms. Estella is still instinctively attached to her mother, and Ms. Jarvis adores her daughter.

She frowned at the sight of the little blanket barely covering their bodies and tiptoed away. Soon, she came back with a bigger blanket and offered it to Lucian.

Lucian’s brows snapped together. He hesitated briefly before accepting the blanket from Catalina. Bending his body, he draped the blanket over them carefully and tucked Roxanne in.

After that, he was about to get up when his gaze landed on Roxanne’s sleeping face.

Lucian froze, and he couldn’t keep his gaze off her.

This was the first time he had ever seen her up close.

It was obvious that she wasn’t sleeping well. Her lashes would flutter occasionally as though she would wake up any minute.

Lucian wondered when she would wake up.

Suddenly, she frowned in her sleep as her head slipped off the couch.

Before she could fall off the couch, Lucian reached out instinctively to protect her head. She fell into his embrace instead. Suddenly, he registered the sensation of her soft cheek brushing against his palm. Lucian's gaze turned dark. Afraid of waking her up, he didn't move an inch. Roxanne was in his embrace, and Estella was in Roxanne's embrace. Seeing that, a thought occurred to Catalina. Ms. Jarvis left six years ago, but it might not be impossible for her to come back. She beamed at them and suggested, "Mr. Farwell, you should bring them upstairs to get some rest. If Ms. Jarvis sleeps here tonight, her body will ache tomorrow. She still has to go to work, right?" A deep line appeared in the middle of Lucian's brows as he pondered over her suggestion. Shortly after, he gave a curt nod. Catalina took Estella in her arms. Fortunately, Estella was sound asleep and didn't wake up despite being moved. Holding Estella in her arms, Catalina grinned and said, "You'll have to bring Ms. Jarvis upstairs." Then, she stood aside and waited for Lucian to take action. Lucian paused upon hearing those words. It took him a long while before he made up his mind and picked Roxanne up carefully. In his arms, Roxanne's head lolled aside weakly before he rested her head on his shoulder. Even after he got to his feet, she didn't rouse. Lucian stared at her and frowned unhappily. She's as light as a feather. Has she not been taking care of herself over the years? Catalina flashed a gratified smile at the sight of Lucian carrying Roxanne. No matter what, Mr. Farwell and Ms. Jarvis are the perfect couple!

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Roxanne was indeed knackered. Usually, she was a light sleeper. However, she slept so soundly that night and didn't even realize that she was being brought upstairs to the guest room.

Lucian came to a stop beside the bed and placed her down. He made sure her head was resting on the pillow before he got to his feet.

Behind them, Catalina's grin widened when she saw how Lucian took care of Roxanne. She put Estella beside Roxanne and tucked them in before stepping back.

As Lucian was still gazing at Roxanne, she offered, "Mr. Farwell, why don't you get some rest? I'll keep them company. You have to head to the office tomorrow, right?"

Lucian shook his head. "No need for that. I'm not tired. Essie's sick, so I'll take care of her myself. You can get off work now."

Catalina was amused. He's worried about Ms. Estella? But his eyes are fixed on Ms.

Jarvis! Hmm, it should be a good idea to leave them alone. They can spend some time together and hopefully grow closer as a family.

With that thought in mind, Catalina left the room quietly.

The only light source in the room came from a dim night lamp.

Under the light, Lucian observed Roxanne's features without a word.

She still had the same gorgeous face from six years ago, but when her eyes were open, she would be a completely different person.

In fact, he found himself attracted to her now when he wasn't interested in her in the past,

I wonder how she spent the last six years.

A while later, Roxanne's brows furrowed all of a sudden.

Lucian frowned as well. Is she having a nightmare? What could it be? She seems uneasy even when she's asleep.

In a dream, Roxanne was back to the day when Lucian shot her a disgusted look.

He didn't even utter a word, but Roxanne could already tell what he was going to say.

She staggered backward and covered her ears so she wouldn't hear what he had to say.

Even so, the man's cruel words resonated in her brain, "I'll never like you!"

That sentence reverberated around and refused to die down.

Feeling suffocated, Roxanne struggled for some time before jolting awake.

Her surroundings were dark, so it felt like she was still in a dream.

Roxanne's heart sank to her stomach.

"What's wrong? Did you have a nightmare?" Lucian's deep voice rang beside her.

His voice overlapped with the voice she heard in her dream.

Roxanne's heart lurched as she lifted her head to look at him.

The man stood in the shadows, so his expression wasn't visible. When she didn't reply to him, he frowned and took another step forward.

Roxanne thought she was still in her dreams and panicked when he moved.

Instinctively, she held the corner of the bed and retreated hastily.

Lucian halted in his tracks and softened his voice. "What did you dream of?"

After he stepped out of the shadows, Roxanne saw the concern on his face.

It took a few seconds for Roxanne to realize that she was no longer dreaming. She

regained her composure and replied calmly, "Nothing. It was just a nightmare."

She turned and saw Estella sleeping soundly beside her. Reaching out, she felt the little girl's forehead.

Estella's fever had subsided by now, so she should be doing fine by morning.

Roxanne retracted her hand and got out of bed. After tidying herself, she said softly,

"Essie will recover by morning, but make sure she doesn't catch a cold. I should head back now"

When she spun on her heels to leave, a large hand grabbed her wrist at once.

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Roxanne stopped and turned at her shoulder in confusion.

Lucian's brows were knitted deeply. "It's four in the morning. You only slept for a while, so I won't let you drive back home alone. Besides, what will I tell Essie? You promised you wouldn't leave. If she wakes up and doesn't see you around, she'll definitely kick up a fuss and might even run to your house. She's still weak. What if she gets sick again?" When she heard that, Roxanne frowned. She didn't want to stay here after her earlier nightmare.

Nevertheless, she did promise Estella that she would stay the night.

Sensing her dilemma, Lucian scowled and declared, "Don't worry. Essie only needs you now. In the future, I won't let her disturb your life if it's nothing important."

With that said, he released his grip on her.

Roxanne found his words strange, for it felt as though he was mocking her for no reason. An uneasy feeling rose in her heart.

Estella rolled over as though she had sensed Roxanne's departure. The little girl patted the empty bed and whined softly.

Hearing that, they both turned to look at her.

Roxanne couldn't bring herself to break her promise to Estella. She hesitated before saying, "I'll keep Essie company. Mr. Farwell, I don't think it's suitable for you to remain here when I sleep, though."

Clearly, she wanted him to leave.

Silence ensued as Lucian's fury heightened. In the end, he replied icily, "All right. Please take good care of Essie, then."

He then stormed out of the room.

As the door clicked shut, Roxanne sighed in relief and went back to lie down beside Estella.

Estella inched nearer to her as though she was seeking warmth.

Roxanne felt her heart going soft, and she reached out to pull the little girl into her arms. Estella's lips curled as she sighed comfortably in her mother's embrace.

The sight made Roxanne's heart melt. The anxiety caused by her earlier nightmare faded into thin air, and she fell asleep gradually.

The next morning, Estella woke up in Roxanne's arms.

Her eyes lit up in delight when she realized she had spent the night in Roxanne's embrace.

"I'm so happy! Ms. Jarvis didn't leave and even spent the night with me! How I wish she could do the same every day."

Roxanne was half awake when she sensed Estella's laser-like gaze. Her mind cleared, and she woke up. That was when she met Estella's sparkling eyes. Flashing a grin, she asked, "Good morning. Are you still unwell?"

Estella shook her head profusely.

Roxanne's lips curved. "Good. Time to get up now."

She sat up from bed.

Catalina knocked on the door and came in with fresh clothes. After that, Roxanne

helped her to change Estella's clothes.

When they were done, Catalina wanted to bring Estella to the bathroom so the latter could wash up. However, Estella refused to let Catalina take her hand.

"Ms. Jarvis, why don't you bring Ms. Estella to the bathroom?" Catalina understood the little girl's intention and handed her to Roxanne.

Roxanne was used to taking care of her sons and agreed readily. She then brought Estella into the bathroom.

After washing up, she braided Estella's hair.

Halfway through the braid, Estella brightened up and stared at the mirror earnestly. She didn't move an inch from her spot in the chair.

Lucian stood outside the bathroom, dressed in his suit. The buttons on his shirt were undone, so it was obvious that he had just woken up and washed up. He watched silently as Roxanne braided Estella's hair.