

## ABANDONED 1381

### Chapter 1381

“I'm sorry. | really didn't see you there.”

Not wanting to escalate the situation, Roxanne apologized and adjusted her chair a little. The drunkards' eyes lit up with lust when they saw her pretty face and amazing figure. Roxanne frowned in discomfort when she noticed them ogling her body.

That was when she heard Lucian standing up next to her.

She had wanted to stop him as she thought he was going to start a fight with the drunkards, but he simply stepped in front of her and shielded her with his large frame.

“Given how packed this place is, it's common for people to bump into each other. Of course, since you all think we're at fault here, I'll take responsibility and make it up to you guys. Which table are you seated at? I'll have the stall owner put your expenses on my bill,” Lucian said while glaring at the drunkards.

Roxanne breathed a sigh of relief when she heard that.

Oh, thank goodness... | thought Lucian was actually going to fight them! He may be skilled and all, but they have us outnumbered, so we'd be at a huge disadvantage.

She assumed the drunkards would leave them alone after hearing what Lucian said, but they were far from being satisfied with that.

One of the drunkards snorted disdainfully and said, “Hmph! We don't need you to pay for us!” He then shifted his lecherous gaze toward Roxanne. “That girl you're with, however, looks mighty fine! We'll let this slide if she drinks with us tonight!”

Roxanne tensed up and began to panic when she saw him reaching out to grab her.

Right as she was on the verge of freaking out, Lucian pulled her into his embrace and moved her away from that drunkard's hand.

Being held in his arms filled Roxanne's heart with a sense of security, but she still felt somewhat worried about their situation. “Let's get out of here.”

Those guys are really drunk. There's no telling what they'll do next!

“Oh, my... Look at those thighs! They're so smooth and fair!” the drunkard exclaimed while staring at Roxanne's exposed thighs. Roxanne instinctively pulled away from him and nuzzled against Lucian to avoid the drunkard's gaze.

Having noticed what was going on, the drunkard's companions made their way over and tried to pull him away.

Fortunately, they were not as strong and failed to grab hold of him.

Eventually, the drunkards' friends had no choice but to keep apologizing. Although Roxanne was no longer in danger, she still felt incredibly nervous and anxious.

Good thing Lucian buttoned up this shirt earlier... Those guys would surely have made even more perverted remarks if they saw my exposed chest!

Lucian's eyes dimmed when he noticed how terrified Roxanne was. He pulled out his phone and made a call.

Although the drunkards were a bunch of perverted lowlifes, they didn't actually dare do anything when they felt Lucian's intimidating aura.

Noticing that Lucian was making a call, the drunkards' friends quickly dragged them back to their table.

"Let's head back now that they've left us alone. There's no telling if they'll come after us again later on," Roxanne said with a worried frown while moving out of his embrace.

Chapter 1382 Lucian, however, pulled Roxanne to sit back down. "There's still a lot. Eat slowly."

Upon saying that, he deshelled another crawfish for her.

At the sight of how calm and natural the man was, Roxanne was filled with puzzlement.

But gradually, she calmed down too.

Somehow, she always felt that Lucian would never let anything happen to her whenever he was around.

Like how she had fallen into the water at the beach the other time, Lucian would always hold onto her steadily. In the twinkling of an eye, the two got back on rhythm.

Roxanne mindlessly accepted the fact that Lucian was deshelling the crawfish for her. The more she ate, the more she thought it was delicious.

They had just finished the dish when those drunkards gathered near them again. This time, they each had a glass of beer in their hands.

"Hey, gorgeous. Come on, let's be friends and have a drink together!" One of the drunkards tried to lean closer to Roxanne. He was getting so near Roxanne that his glass almost hit her face.

Roxanne scrunched her brows slightly. Just as she was about to get up and move further away, a hand reached over, firmly seized that drunkard's wrist, and twisted his hand that was holding the glass in another direction.

An icy glint flashed across Lucian's eyes as he lifted the corners of his lips into an unfathomable smile. "You love to drink? Come, Pil drink with you."

With that said, he raised his glass and brought it toward his mouth.

That drunkard was stunned by Lucian's action initially, but after he snapped back from his trance, he shook Lucian's hand away in displeasure.

Unexpectedly, as if Lucian's hand was like a clamp, that drunkard could not move an inch despite a fierce struggle. Instead, he found his wrist hurting from the tight grip.

"Are you f\*cking crazy? Who wants to drink with you? Stay away from me if you aren't courting death!" the man yelled. Soon, the other drunkards had their attention on Lucian, and they began clamoring about starting a fight.

Despite so, Lucian did not seem to notice their existence. He slowly finished his glass of beer while pinning that drunkard's arm on the table without letting go.

Witnessing the scene before her, Roxanne felt her heart nearly thumping out of her chest. What is Lucian playing at? "Who are they? Are they filming a movie?"

"Are they the so-called bodyguards? They're all wearing the same uniform! But who will need bodyguards at a small place like this?"

Suddenly, gossip and discussions were buzzing wildly among the crowd. Roxanne vaguely sensed that those bodyguards the crowd was talking about had something to do with Lucian.

Whipping her head around, she saw three MPVs stopped by the roadside. Over ten burly men clad in suits got out of the vehicles and strode in her direction.

"Damn it! He really called for backup!"

It took those drunkards a while to realize something was not right, and at once, they turned and tried to flee the scene. Nonetheless, the moment they lifted their foot, those bodyguards charged toward them and swiftly held them in place.

"Mr. Farwell."

The bodyguard in the lead respectfully went up to greet Lucian.

The latter nodded expressionlessly before handing the drunkard, whom he had been grabbing onto, over to the leader of the bodyguard.

The other drunkards, who had been shouting arrogantly a moment ago, were so astonished by what was happening that they almost sobered up and took turns begging for mercy.

"Sir, we were wrong! We will never do it again!"

"Sir, please have mercy on us. We drank too much earlier and didn't know what we were doing..." Lucian lifted his gaze to Roxanne and signaled that she could decide how to deal with those drunkards. Meeting his gaze, Roxanne frowned dubiously.

Those people indeed scare me out. But then again, I don't want to make trouble.

After a brief hesitation, Roxanne said, "Send them somewhere to sober up. It's time we head back now." To that, Lucian nodded and took her along.

Before leaving, he turned around and shot the leader of the bodyguards a knowing look.

The leader instantly understood Lucian's signal.

It was, of course, a must to sober up, but just not in a way as simple as what those drunkards had expected.

Chapter 1383 Arriving before the room door, Roxanne glanced at the shirt on herself.

“I’ll wash this shirt and return it to you.”

Since they were at the food stall for quite some time and even got into a conflict with those drunkards, it was no wonder their clothes were reeking of barbecue and alcohol.

Roxanne was undeniably a little thrown off by the smell. “You probably got a shock earlier, didn’t you?” Lucian asked, sidestepping the topic Roxanne brought up.

It took Roxanne a good few seconds to process the man’s question. In response, she pursed her lips and smiled. “Yeah, a little. That was a big group. We should’ve just walked away. There’s no point getting entangled with them.”

Lucian’s brows drew together. “I don’t like the way they look at you.”

In other words, he was telling her he chose not to leave because those drunkards were blatantly taking liberties with her through their words.

Roxanne was taken aback, but she slowly put on a smile on her face. “Thank you.”

| was the one who suggested eating at the food stall by the roadside. But | can’t believe it had caused so much trouble for Lucian.

Roxanne expressing her gratitude was probably the last thing Lucian wanted to hear. Nevertheless, at the sight of the earnest look in her eyes, he could not bring himself to say anything more except give her a nod in acknowledgment. “Get some rest. You still have to get up early tomorrow.”

With that, he turned and headed toward the room next door. Only after watching the man enter his room did Roxanne return to hers.

She wondered if she was just her imagination, but for some reason, she felt that the expression on Lucian’s face a moment ago seemed a little gloomy.

Yet, she could not figure out the reason. As it had been a long day, Roxanne fell asleep as soon as she jumped into bed.

When the alarm rang the following morning, Roxanne, not wanting to waste much time, immediately got out of bed and freshened herself up before heading downstairs to wait for Jack and the other doctors.

At seven, everyone arrived.

When they saw Roxanne, several doctors who knew her went up to extend a greeting.

To that, Roxanne responded with a smile.

“Did you sleep well last night?”

The last to approach her was Jack, who spoke to her in a familiar and endearing tone.

At the thought of how she had rejected him yesterday but gone out for supper with Lucian, Roxanne could not help feeling guilty.

When she heard Jack's question, she vaguely answered, "Not too bad. The hotel you picked has a pretty good environment, Mr. Damaris."

Once she finished speaking, she coincidentally caught sight of a well-suited Lucian walking out from the elevator and heading toward the hotel entrance from the corner of her eye.

Seemingly sensing her gaze, Lucian turned and looked in her direction. As their eyes met, he somewhat flashed a smile at her. Before Roxanne could make any expression, the man retracted his gaze and strode out of the hotel entrance.

"What's the matter?"

Jack noticed that she was distracted and traced her line of sight questioningly. By this time, the hotel entrance was already empty.

Recalling the scene he saw last night, Jack could more or less figure out who she saw. At once, a look of displeasure crossed his face.

Nonetheless, when he turned back to look at Roxanne, he became serious again as he uttered, "It's late. Let's set out." Those words pulled Roxanne back to reality, and she quickly put on a solemn look.

With that, the group got on the bus Jack booked in an orderly manner.

On the bus, Roxanne and Jack sat at the front.

Along the way, Roxanne asked everything about the medical consultation yesterday, to which Jack answered all of her questions in detail.

However, when Jack tried to ask her about the details of her trip, Roxanne was ambiguous with her answer.

The matter between Lucian and her had already caused a commotion online. That was why she did not want to become the subject of discussion at work too.

However, the more she tried to cover up, the more Jack could not help but overthink.

How exactly have things between the two of them progressed...

Chapter 1384 An hour later, the bus slowly drove into the nursing home.

Roxanne, who was on the bus, glanced outside, only to see elderly people crowding in the yard with little caregivers around. The barren environment of the nursing home did not help make the nursing home look like a lively place at all.

"The elderly people are more careful. You don't see the kids these enthusiastic when we went to the children's home." Jack's wistful voice rang out beside Roxanne's ears. "Maybe too many people died a few days ago, so the elderly people are frightened. Don't be too direct with your words during your consultations later."

Roxanne hummed in agreement.

Jack had told her earlier about how one of the doctors had been too careless with his words during their medical consultation the day before and nearly made one of the elderly people faint in shock.

After hearing Jack's words, Roxanne felt afraid. She told herself that she had to be extra careful during her consultation later. When Roxanne came, the elderly people who had come for a consultation split into two sides.

One party was worried about their health, so they were fighting against each other to line up at the more experienced middle-aged doctor's side.

The other party was elderly people who were too lonely and wanted to have a chat. When they saw the sweet and meek young woman—Roxanne—they all gathered around her.

Roxanne patiently chatted with them as she convinced them to undergo a consultation. In no time, Roxanne became the busiest person among the doctors.

Most elderly people suffered from several health issues. Not only did Roxanne need to chat with them, but she also had to perform acupuncture on them.

Not long after, she was drenched in sweat.

On the other hand, Jack did not have many elderly people who lined up on his side.

When he saw Roxanne's state, he walked over in concern. "Rest if you're tired. I'll watch over them for you." As he spoke, he took a piece of tissue and handed it to Roxanne.

Roxanne took it and wiped away the beads of sweat on her forehead. "No, it's fine. I couldn't come over yesterday, so I should work harder today." With that, she turned to smile at the elderly people. "Moreover, these kind people are nice to me. They don't want me to get tired either."

Every time Roxanne was done performing acupuncture on four to five people, the elderly people would urge her to take a rest.

It was Roxanne's guilt from the day before that prevented her from taking a break. Jack decided to help her from the side while explaining the situation to the elderly people for her. For a moment, the atmosphere was very harmonious.

"My, you both have such a good relationship, and you're even here to give us old folks free consultation. You're kind!" The elderly people could not help but comment on their tacit cooperation. "Young man, you must not mistreat this girl. She's such a great girl you won't be able to find someone like her anywhere else!"

Hearing that, Roxanne halted her acupuncture session and chuckled before explaining, "You've misunderstood the situation. We're not—"

Before she could finish her sentence, the elderly people smacked their thighs and interrupted her, "Misunderstand the situation? We're no fools. We can see what's going on. Don't hide it anymore. Come on, tell us when you're planning to get married!"

The elderly people were taking the topic further and further from the truth, and a resigned look crept onto Roxanne's face. "We're really just friends. Please don't misunderstand us."

The elderly people looked at them from head to toe before nodding. “We understand. You young folks don’t like us old folks asking too many questions. We won’t say a word about this anymore. Just be nice to each other, okay?”

Chapter 1385 It was apparent that they did not buy her explanation at all.

Roxanne cast a glance at Jack, hoping that he would help her out.

However, Jack only smiled before turning away and changing the topic. “No matter what kind of relationship we have, it won’t affect our ability to treat you. Next, please.”

He did not deny the elderly people's assumption of their relationship, and so the elderly people became even more confident about their guesses as they looked at Roxanne and Jack lovingly.

Upon realizing that she could not change their minds, Roxanne decided to drop the topic. Nevertheless, she later made sure not to do anything to let others misunderstand the nature of her relationship with Jack. Roxanne ended up consulting dozens of elderly people, but their health issues were all common and not too severe.

As she was fully prepared to find their conditions had worsened, she was glad to see that they seemed better than she had thought they would be.

Thank God they’re not doing as terribly as I presumed.

Still, there were elderly people who were in worse conditions.

When she was consulting an elderly man with rheumatic heart disease, Roxanne visibly slowed down. He’s so old, and he has no children. If he gets a heart attack...

She could not imagine how hard it would be for the elderly man.

Noticing her strange behavior, Jack walked over and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Roxanne gave the elderly man a pacifying smile before whispering to Jack, “He has rheumatic heart disease. I’m afraid acupuncture won’t be able to treat him. Why don’t we send him to the hospital instead?”

He would have someone to take care of him in the hospital, at the very least. Jack furrowed his brows a little before turning to smile gently at the elderly man. “Please let me give you a checkup as well.” The elderly man liked them both, so he was cooperative with them.

Jack narrowed his eyes and started giving the elderly man a checkup. Once he was certain it was indeed rheumatic heart disease, his expression turned somber.

“How is it?” Roxanne asked.

Jack had already taken out his acupuncture kit. He said to her, “I’ll be performing acupuncture for him. Pay attention to this. This is what I’m planning to teach you for the medical consultation this time—the needling technique that has been passed down in the Damaris family for years, Root Thirteen.”

While he spoke, Jack inserted the sterilized thin needle into the elderly man’s acupuncture point.

The look on Roxanne's face turned into one of respect. Like a student studying under her professor, she quietly stood at the side as she stared at Jack's movement and the acupuncture points he used.

Roxanne had once heard about the acupuncture technique, Root Thirteen, from her professor before.

Even someone like Harvey admired the acupuncture technique. Every once in a while, he would sing praises of it to Roxanne, and that made Roxanne keen to find out what it was like.

However, when she told him she wanted to learn the technique, Harvey revealed to her that it was a unique technique owned by the Damaris family.

Back then, Roxanne had still been overseas. She only knew that the Damaris family was an elusive family, and when she saw the secretive way her professor acted at the mention of the technique, she started wondering if it was something he had made up to trick her.

She had never thought that the heir to the Damaris family would one day be the one to demonstrate the technique to her.

As Roxanne had nothing but admiration for Root Thirteen all these years, she could not help but place her entire focus on Jack's performance.

Jack noticed it naturally, and an indiscernible smile grew on his lips.

| knew it. She's as obsessed with medical skills as | thought she was. | might not be able as good in anything else as Lucian, and | might not have known her for as long as he did, but I'm the only one who can help her improve her medical skills!

Chapter 1386 As if he wanted her to observe the technique better, Jack was exceptionally slow whenever he inserted the needle. Roxanne had more time to mull over the details.

Sure enough, the way Jack inserted the needles was different from the other acupuncture techniques she had learned so far. Even though she had read some of the ancient medicine books, she had never come across the method he was using.

She guessed that was what made the Damaris family's technique unique.

Roxanne was gripped by confusion every time she saw Jack insert the needle into the acupuncture points, but once she saw the next acupuncture point he chose, she soon figured out what made them complementary.

“The following insertions are the main point, so watch carefully.”

Jack suddenly turned to her and slowed his actions down as he showed her the position of his needling. Roxanne kept a close eye on his hand.

When she saw him lower the needle into the position, she snapped her brows together in shock and confusion.

The last six insertions were not at any acupuncture point, and she was baffled by that. In fact, she wondered if those needles were going to do anything at all.

Roxanne then lowered her gaze to study the elderly man's condition.



Once Jack was done inserting the needles, the elderly man's brows furrowed as redness crawled onto his face and sweat beaded on his forehead.

Worried, Roxanne asked, "Sir, how do you feel? Are you feeling unwell?" Having said that, Roxanne turned back to Jack.

She was only saying that out of concern for the elderly man's odd state, but she was afraid that Jack would think she had no trust in the Damaris family's technique.

Luckily, Jack seemed unbothered by her question. Instead, he was standing at the side with a small, confident smile on his lips. Even when he saw the elderly man's reaction, his smile did not fade. Roxanne returned her gaze back to the elderly man.

The elderly man seemed to be assessing himself as well. After a while, he answered, "It feels... comfortable. I've always felt coldness in my chest all these years, but after the acupuncture session, my chest feels warm. | don't feel a tinge of iciness at all anymore.

The elderly man closed his eyes to let himself dive into the physical sensation a little longer. He was looking more and more excited overtime.

Jack finally parted his lips to explain, "He has rheumatism, and it's not unusual for him to shed a little sweat during the treatment. In fact, that means the acupuncture session is doing its job."

Roxanne nodded in understanding.

After a while, Jack checked the time and took the needles out.

"Sir, you need regular acupuncture sessions for your case. The Damarises will come over to perform it for you every once in a while, so please rest well and not get too agitated for the time being."

The elderly man choked out, "I know. | know. Your acupuncture skills are fantastic..." After keeping the last needle, Jack turned around to see the elderly man bending his knees, about to kneel before him. "Sir, please don't! This is just our job!" Jack cried out as he hastily held the elderly man's arms.

As tears gushed out of the elderly man's eyes, he muttered, "You have no idea how long this problem has been plaguing me. If not for you two, | really think I'd die from this problem one day..."

Elderly people like them were lonely individuals. It was one thing for them to die from their illnesses, but another if they had to suffer from a slow-acting disease.

Without anyone to take care of them, every one of their attacks would equate to a tormenting period of living hell.

The elderly man was delighted to hear from someone that his disease was curable.

Chapter 1387 It took Jack and Roxanne a while before they could pacify the elderly man and calm him down. After that, they continued treating the rest of the elderly people.

Initially, the elderly people liked Roxanne for her looks and her sweet demeanor, and they were also curious about her relationship with Jack.

However, after witnessing how the two of them treated the elderly man, the others saw the duo in a new light. During their consultations, they would eagerly list out all of their health issues.

Many even talked about the minor issues they faced every day, desperately hoping that Roxanne and Jack could make them as healthy as a horse.

The two of them ended up getting heavier and heavier workloads.

Once the sessions were over, Roxanne was exhausted.

“How do you feel?”

Jack was tired too. He took a bottle of water and walked over to sit beside Roxanne.

Wiping the sweat off her forehead, she then took the bottle he passed to her and took a sip out of it before turning back to the smiling elderly individuals. There was a look of relief visible in her eyes.

“I'm tired, but | don't mind it as long as these people get to be healthy.” That was the aim of her trip, after all.

Right as those words were out of her mouth, she recalled the technique Jack had performed earlier, and a contemplating look manifested on her face.

Seemingly reading her mind, Jack smiled and asked, “Anything you want to ask about the Damaris family's Root Thirteen?” Asolemn expression appeared on Roxanne's face when they broached the topic of their profession.

“Where did you insert the last six needles? | can understand the starting parts because the acupuncture points were complementary, but the last six needles were not inserted into acupuncture points, were they?”

Awake of admiration washed over Jack when he heard her question. Then, it was a sense of determination to get her for himself.

The woman in front of me is so quick to comprehend new medical knowledge. | mustn't let go of her so easily. Despite those thoughts in his mind, Jack did not reveal anything on his face.

Instead, he explained patiently, “You're right in that the last six needles were not inserted into acupuncture points. Where they should be placed should depend on the condition of the patient. It's complicated to explain it now, but these are available in written form. Once we go back, I'll send you the book.”

Even though he was vague with his answer, Roxanne could figure out that the book he was talking about had to be the Damaris family's medical book, which had been passed down for generations. She knew that the book would certainly contain more information than just Root Thirteen.

Upon realizing that, Roxanne gasped and rejected him, “No, it's fine. Please, just explain it to me in simpler terms when you're free. That book must be very important to the Damaris family, so it's best if you don't just lend it to someone like me.”

Jack seemed unperturbed. “It's what my grandfather wants as well. Medical knowledge should not belong to only one family. It is our honor to share the Damaris family's medical knowledge with an excellent doctor like you.”

Roxanne's determination wavered.

She was already interested in the Damaris family's medical knowledge, but she always felt that it was something that solely belonged to the Damaris family.

She would be delighted and honored to have the Damaris family share their knowledge with her. However, she was also afraid. She wondered if she could bear the burden of Hector's admiration.

"My grandfather said that the Damaris family's medical knowledge would soon be known to the rest of the world. The more people who can grasp the knowledge, the more patients can be cured. It's my grandfather's wish to see a sight like this," came Jack's voice by her side.

Roxanne had to dwell on it for a long while before nodding in gratitude. "I understand. I'll study the book as much as I can."

Chapter 1388 Just then, a pot-bellied middle-aged man walked up to the duo. "Who's this with you, Mr. Damaris?"

Upon hearing that, Jack stood up to greet the man and make the introductions. "This is Dr. Roxanne Jarvis. Roxanne, meet Terence Canfield, the new person in charge of this nursing home."

Roxanne smiled and greeted Terence cordially.

"So this is the renowned Dr. Jarvis?" Terence exclaimed while sizing the woman up. "People have raved about your beauty and talent, but I never thought you'd be this drop-dead gorgeous! To top it all off, you have a heart of gold too! The old folks have nothing but praise and admiration for you!"

"I'm nowhere as kind as you, Mr. Canfield," Roxanne said smilingly. "If you hadn't taken over the nursing home, who knows what'd happen to these old folks?"

In response, Terence chuckled politely. "Oh, it's nothing to write home about. By the way, it's getting late. Do you guys have any plans for the evening? If you don't, why not stay and have dinner together? It'd be a good opportunity for me to thank you on behalf of our residents.

Roxanne frowned and was about to turn Terence down when Jack's voice rang out.

"Sounds good! Besides, I wanted to ask you about the old folks' follow-up treatments," he remarked before turning to Roxanne for her opinion. "I'm not sure if Ms. Jarvis has any plans for the night, though. If she does, I'd need to trouble you to make arrangements for transportation to send her back, Mr. Canfield."

Naturally, Roxanne didn't want to trouble Terence, and since she was also concerned about the follow-up care, she decided to go along with the men.

"Let's have dinner together, then. I'd love to learn more about the old folks' follow-up treatments too." With that, Terence led them to a restaurant near the nursing home.

Since he had already made a reservation, one of the servers promptly ushered them into a private room and served their food.

“Here's a toast to you, Mr. Damaris and Dr. Jarvis!” Terence said as he raised his glass and regarded his guests with awe. “Well, I'm sure you've seen the current state of the nursing home. We're happy to provide financial support, yet there still aren't any medical organizations willing to help us out. They think our elderly residents have a high mortality rate, so they don't want to ruin their reputation by collaborating with us. You two are the only ones who immediately agreed to provide medical consultation!”

After exchanging glances, Roxanne and Jack stood up.

“We're only doing our jobs as doctors,” the latter replied pleasantly. “You, on the other hand, ought to be applauded for your incredible generosity. It's clear to see that the nursing home is in shambles, yet you were still kind enough to take it over. You have our utmost respect!”

Roxanne nodded and chimed in, “Indeed. If it weren't for your support, we might not even have gotten this opportunity to provide medical consultation.”

Given that the three of them were equally enthusiastic about the nursing home, it wasn't long before they settled into a lively and comfortable conversation. Even though their discussion was about the nursing home's future, Terence, who was used to business entertaining, couldn't stop offering drinks to Jack and Roxanne.

Not wanting to reject the man's polite gesture, the duo went with the flow, so much so that Roxanne started feeling a buzz from all the alcohol.

Halfway through the dinner, several family members of the old folks suddenly showed up with bags of thank-you gifts, which prompted even more rounds of speeches and toasts.

Many of those people had no choice but to send their elderly parents to the nursing home because they couldn't afford the hefty medical expenses.

Therefore, they were all filled with immense gratitude after knowing that Roxanne and Jack had treated the old folks without charging a single cent.

How, then, could Roxanne not accept their heartfelt toasts?

Eventually, she lost count of how many glasses of wine she had drunk, though she was acutely aware that her head felt heavy and her motor responses were becoming sluggish.

Chapter 1389 Just then, Jack's muffled voice rang out beside Roxanne. “Ms. Jarvis, are you okay?” Roxanne forcefully blinked her eyes to clear her head, but all her efforts proved futile.

Despite having heard Jack's question, she couldn't muster the energy to reply, so she could only acknowledge him by holding eye contact.

Jack had also drunk quite a lot, and after noticing how intoxicated Roxanne was, he knew it was time to bid farewell to Terence and the family members.

“It's getting late. We should be heading back to get some rest. We'll still have to return to the nursing home tomorrow to continue the treatments.”

Upon hearing that, the crowd knew better than to take up any more of the duo's time. As such, everyone expressed their gratitude once more before seeing Roxanne and Jack out of the restaurant.

With Roxanne in such a drunken stupor, Jack had to keep her steady by holding her arm.

There were even a few instances when he tried to pull the doctor into his arms so they could walk together a little easier. However, despite being inebriated, Roxanne still subconsciously avoided his touch and stumbled down the road. Naturally, Jack wasn't happy about that.

/ realize Roxanne's been intentionally avoiding all physical contact with me since this morning's medical consultation... Is it because of Lucian? Argh! How exactly has their relationship progressed?

“Mmph...” Roxanne groaned as she almost bumped her head against the wall.

Jack composed himself and strode toward her, determined to grab her waist and lead her away.

Alas, before he could do so, a flurry of footsteps rang out, and a large hand swiftly pulled Roxanne into a tight embrace.

“Let her go!” Jack shouted, his brows knitted into a frown.

The next second, his gaze darkened when he realized who the man was.

As Lucian steadied Roxanne with one hand wrapped around her, he fixed Jack with a cold-eyed stare.

“| believe | should be saying that instead, Mr. Damaris,” Lucian uttered. “What were you going to do to my woman?”

Dealing with the branch office had been pretty fuss-free, so Lucian returned to the hotel as soon as he settled all work matters. However, he began to worry when Roxanne hadn't returned for dinner and wasn't answering his calls either.

In desperation, he drove straight to the nursing home, only to be told that the person in charge had taken Jack and Roxanne out for dinner.

After rushing down to the restaurant, he was shocked to see an intoxicated Roxanne and Jack, who was about to make a move on her.

The more Lucian thought about it, the more his face darkened.

Jack hadn't expected Lucian to show up, so it was no surprise that the latter's questioning left a bad taste in his mouth.

“What brings you here, Mr. Farwell?” he asked warily, though he had other questions in mind.

He wanted to know why Lucian was in Jadeborough with Roxanne and the relationship between the duo.

More importantly, how did Lucian find out about the dinner at the restaurant? Was it Roxanne who informed him? Then again, Jack's intentions would be too obvious if he bombarded Lucian with those questions.

Therefore, he decided to keep it short and sweet.

“Is it me, or do you not seem to want me here, Mr. Damaris?” Lucian retorted coldly as he raised his brows. “Have you not given up on my woman? What would you have done to her if | hadn't appeared?”

Try as he might, Jack couldn't take his eyes off the couple.

The woman who had purposely avoided his touch earlier was now happily snuggled against Lucian's chest without a care in the world.

Of course, that annoyed Jack so much that he couldn't even hide the frustration in his tone.

“You seem to have a lot of hostility toward me, Mr. Farwell. It was also like this previously. There wasn't any evidence, yet you still suspected me of plotting against Ms. Jarvis.”

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Lucian did not even try to deny Jack's words, and he looked as hostile as ever.

It seemed that Roxanne felt uncomfortable because of his tight hold, so she whined and struggled a bit. Sensing her movements, Lucian loosened his grip and patted her on the shoulder to calm her down. When Jack saw the intimate interaction between the couple, his displeasure grew.

“Ms. Jarvis and | just drank a little wine with the patients' families. We cured the elders, so their family members enthusiastically insisted on thanking us. | was planning to drive Ms. Jarvis home since she's drunk.”

It sounded like Jack was simply explaining, but anyone smart enough could decipher the meaning hidden behind his words.

Jack was basically declaring that Roxanne and he were from the same world. They cured the elders together and accepted the families' gratitude together, and all these had nothing to do with Lucian.

Naturally, Lucian knew what Jack was trying to imply. The former's face turned stern as he said, “Thanks for your reminder, Mr. Damaris. I'll tell Roxanne to drink less next time in gatherings like this.” Just like that, he retorted Jack's provocation.

Afterward, Lucian added, “It's getting late. I'll take Roxanne back to the hotel so she can rest. There are a lot of things in my car, and | don't want to let you feel uncomfortable in a cramped space.

Please just wait for your driver to pick you up, Mr. Damaris.” With that, Lucian turned around and left with Roxanne. Jack boiled with rage as he watched the couple's leaving figures.

“Mr. Farwell, are you backtracking now? How come | remember that you always treated your ex-wife coldly six years ago? You seemed to dislike her a lot,” he couldn't help but mock.

Pausing in his tracks, Lucian admitted his fault frankly. “| had indeed lost my mind six years ago and made Roxanne suffer. But now, | know my own feelings very well. Roxanne can only be mine. Mr. Damaris, | suggest you stop making useless efforts.”

Jack sneered, “If | remember correctly, it hasn't been long since you canceled your engagement with your previous fiancée. And now, you're declaring your dominance over Ms. Jarvis. How ridiculous!”

The implication of his sarcastic words was clear—Jack was set on snatching Roxanne from Lucian.

Lucian turned around and shot a glance at Jack. “So what? Roxanne is the mother of my daughter. Just that fact alone proves that our relationship is impenetrable by outsiders.”

Right after Lucian said that, he felt something heavy against his body.

Lowering his head, he saw that Roxanne had fallen asleep in his arms. She was resting against his chest, looking like she was about to collapse anytime.

Lucian's eyes softened as he looked at Roxanne's sleeping face. He then bent down and carried her.

In her sleep, Roxanne could smell a scent that made her feel safe. She leaned into Lucian and put her hand over his chest, grabbing his shirt.

Even when his designer shirt was wrinkled by Roxanne's action, Lucian only smiled dotingly and walked downstairs.

Under the influence of alcohol, Jack was even more incensed to see the two leave together. His eyes turned red with rage, and his hands balled into tight fists.

So what if they have a child?

After spending the day with Roxanne and discovering her impressive comprehension of medical knowledge, Jack was determined to win Roxanne over.

She was the only one qualified to do research in medicine with him and build their own empire in the medical field.

| still have a chance as long as Lucian and Roxanne don't remarry. I'm going to make Roxanne mine!