

The Abandoned Wife

The Abandoned Wife Chapter 16-Lucian furrowed his brows, and a look of annoyance flashed through his eyes.

Am I seeing things again? I wouldn't bother about it if it's just once or twice, but this has been going on for two days straight. I've been seeing her figure in different places. But the silhouette only flashes past my eyes without leaving any traces behind.

He could not help but snort coldly before retracting his gaze.

I must be going mad. That's why I'm thinking of her again.

Meanwhile, Cayden had been waiting by the side for some time. Seeing Lucian not moving his feet, he asked carefully, "Mr. Farwell, our client has been waiting for a long time. Aren't we going in?" Lucian shut his eyes for a while and recollected himself before replying calmly, "Let's go."

With that, he strode into the building with his long legs.

Cayden followed closely behind him.

When Roxanne and Colby arrived in the private room, all the employees of the research institute were already there.

Colby let her sit in the main seat, while he took the one beside her. After getting themselves settled, he introduced her to the crowd, "I'm sure many of you have met Dr. Jarvis today, but I'd still like to introduce her to all of you."

Everyone turned to look at Roxanne, who nodded as a form of greeting.

"This is Roxanne Jarvis. You may address her as Dr. Jarvis. Perhaps you might not be familiar with this name, but I'm sure everyone is familiar with the name she used abroad. She's Professor Lambert's greatest student, Janet."

Everyone in the room was stunned to hear the name. It took them a while to come back to their senses, and their eyes were instantly filled with respect.

Janet was a name everyone in the medical industry was aware of. In fact, it would be safe to say that her name was well known abroad.

After all, she possessed great medical skills from a young age. Rumor had it that she inherited eighty percent of Harvey's skills. She was basically a role model for the younger generation.

All that while, the employees thought Janet was a serious-looking, bespectacled academician with short hair.

To their surprise, she was a beautiful woman.

After returning to their senses, some of her admirers quickly stood up.

“Are you really Janet? I really admire you. I’ve read every thesis you wrote when you were abroad. You’re really my idol!”

“It’s our honor to be colleagues with you, Janet!”

The crowd started giving compliments, all of them looking extremely sincere.

After exchanging glances with everyone, Roxanne smiled. “Thank you for the compliments, everyone. Here’s to a fruitful collaboration.” With that, she raised her glass.

The others, too, raised theirs and downed their drinks in one go.

Roxanne acted extremely friendly without any arrogance, causing all the employees to admire her even more.

It was a pleasant and cheerful meal.

Many of them toasted Roxanne, and she accepted them all.

She had a high alcohol tolerance, but there were too many people who approached her for a toast. Before she knew it, she was already feeling tipsy.

Seeing the dinner was about to end, Roxanne excused herself to the toilet to wash her face and freshen up.

As she walked out of the restroom and was on the way back to the private room, her phone vibrated.

Roxanne glanced at her phone to find a message from her children, asking her when was she going home.

Seeing the text put a heartwarming smile on her face. When she was about to stop in her tracks to reply to their text, someone bumped into her shoulder harshly, and her phone almost flew out of her hands. Roxanne gripped her phone tightly and apologized to the other person. “I’m sorry-“

Before she could even finish, the man questioned angrily, “Are you blind? D*mn it. What a mood killer for such a night!”

As he spoke, a stench of alcohol entered her nostrils.

Roxanne knitted her brows and backed away discreetly, putting some distance between them.

When the drunkard saw her face clearly, he stopped scolding her and gaped at her beautiful face.

The Abandoned Wife Chapter 17-Roxanne put up her guard when she realized the man was a drunkard.

Hoping to avoid unnecessary trouble, she apologized again, "I'm really sorry. Are you okay?"

When she finished speaking, the man in front of her suddenly smiled maliciously. Even his voice sounded excited. "Hello, pretty babe... I'm fine. You'll find out after having a few drinks with me. I'll forgive you for today's matters once you make me happy."

Roxanne frowned. She knew the person in front of her had lost all sense of rationality due to his drunkenness. Hence, she ignored him and lowered her head, wanting to walk past him.

Just as she arrived beside the drunkard, his voice rang out again. "Don't leave, pretty babe. I'm really rich. If you agree to be with me, I promise you'll live comfortably for the rest of your life." He then let out a perverted laugh, scanning Roxanne from head to toe.

This beauty has such a pretty and delicate face. And her body has all the right curves. She's so fair that even her skin glows under the light. I bet she must be satisfying to touch!

The more he looked at her, the more excited he got. He reached out, wanting to touch her face.

Seeing his hand nearing her, Roxanne put on a cold expression, took one step backward, and kicked him in the stomach.

Since it was her first day at the research institute, she was dressed formally. Thanks to her heels, the kick was even more powerful.

The person was so drunk that he was already swaying on his feet and was rather woozy. Before he could even react, he had already been given a hard kick in his stomach. His face paled, and he clutched his stomach, staggering backward and landing heavily on the ground.

"You little b*tch! How dare you disrespect me? You should be feeling honored that I'm attracted to you. How dare you kick me?" he yelled.

After squirming on the ground for a long time, he gritted his teeth and lifted his head. His eyes were bloodshot.

Roxanne cast him a disgusted glance before making her way past him.

Suddenly, he roared into a corner, "Someone, get here! That woman attacked me! Get her into the private room now! I'd like to see how she can continue putting up that attitude with me tonight."

Right after he finished speaking, two burly bodyguards dashed out from the corner. When they saw the drunkard in such a pathetic state, they hesitated for a moment. "Boss..."

"Don't bother about me! Just get her!" the drunkard roared.

The bodyguards immediately walked toward Roxanne.

When she heard the sound of footsteps approaching her from behind, her heart skipped a beat, and she reached into her bag to grab a bag of powder.

If they get near me, I'll let them have a taste of this medicine.

As she turned around with the bag in her hand, the bodyguard that was about to touch her suddenly screamed and flew past her.

In the next second, the other bodyguard disappeared from her sight in the same manner.

Roxanne was dumbfounded. It was only then that she realized there was another silhouette behind her.

She turned around and spotted a slender figure standing a few steps away from her.

Her heart sank, and she felt as if her mind was about to explode. She spun around instantly, wanting to flee from the scene.

Lucian, who wore a grim expression, was dressed in a tailored suit. His sleeves were rolled up to his forearms, and a few buttons around his collar were unbuttoned. He stood in the corridor while looking at the woman in front of him with a burning gaze.

In fact, he was in the middle of a social event. He found the air rather stuffy and decided to come out to get some fresh air.

Never did he expect to meet Roxanne out there.

It's really her!

The longer he stared at her, the darker his gaze became. He wanted to say something before seeing the woman attempting to flee.

Frowning, he dashed forward and grabbed her wrist.

Meanwhile, Roxanne was so nervous that she could hear her heart pounding. She had no idea when he managed to catch up to her, and his grip caught her off guard. She froze on the spot, and all kinds of thoughts raced through her mind.

“Roxanne!” The man’s furious voice rang out beside her ears. “Stop hiding from me!”

Roxanne finally came to her senses and struggled subconsciously.

Sensing her movements, Lucian exerted more force into his grip.

“Let me go!”

Roxanne gave up struggling and turned around stubbornly, meeting his gaze.

“Let go?”

Lucian’s words sounded as if they were forced out of his gritted teeth. He stared at her intently with his dark eyes.

It had been six years since they last met. Roxanne’s face had traces of maturity, yet she looked as beautiful as ever.

However, she was no longer the obedient and gentle person he remembered. Unlike in the past, when she was submissive to him, she was currently more imposing and fiercer.

There was even a distant look in her eyes.

Anger brewed in Lucian’s heart when he realized all that. He stared coldly into Roxanne’s eyes and enunciated each syllable clearly as he spoke. “Do you think I’ll let you escape again?”

Roxanne’s heart trembled. She wanted to say something, but Lucian would not give her the chance to do so. His voice had a dangerous tone when he instructed Cayden, who stood behind him, “Get rid of all these scums!”

Without giving Roxanne time to react, he grabbed her by the arm and marched into the private room beside them.

Roxanne had a sense of uneasiness, but she could not break free, no matter what she did. Just like that, she was dragged into the room, stumbling along the way.

The Abandoned Wife Chapter 18-The private room was empty.

Once Lucian entered the room, he shut the door right away.

At that moment, the room fell into pin-drop silence. Only the sound of their breathing could be heard.

Roxanne scanned the area. For some reason, she felt a sense of danger, and she started struggling fiercely. "What are you trying to do? Let me go!"

In the next second, Lucian pinned her against the wall effortlessly.

Both their bodies were pressed so tightly together that Lucian's warm breath landed on her ears.

Roxanne suddenly stopped struggling and leaned against the wall, straightening her body stiffly. Without realizing it, she even slowed down her breathing. They were so close that her chest would touch the person before her if she breathed slightly harder.

The room fell into dead silence.

Roxanne gritted her teeth as her mind raced.

No matter how much time had passed, the oppressive feeling he gave her was still as strong as before.

However, their relationship had changed long ago.

Roxanne clenched her fists and forced herself to calm down.

We're already divorced. Lucian and I have absolutely nothing to do with each other now. We're people of different worlds.

At that thought, Roxanne took a deep breath and said calmly, "Lucian, let me go. We can talk this out if you've got something to say."

Lucian was slightly stunned to hear her calm tone. After some time, he took a step back, but he did not release her.

Roxanne secretly sighed with relief, and her expression became calmer.

"Do you have nothing to say to me?"

Lucian narrowed his eyes upon seeing the change in her expression.

Perhaps it was because Roxanne had thought things through that her heart did not tremble at his words. With a distant tone, she said, "Mr. Farwell, we've been divorced for six years already. I think there's nothing I have to say to you."

When she ended her sentence, Lucian pinched her chin hard.

She was forced to meet his gaze.

"What did you just call me?"

Lucian's eyes burned with rage as if they could shoot fire at any time.

Roxanne endured the pain and avoided his gaze, not uttering a single word.

Lucian was even more infuriated at her act of silence.

Mr. Farwell? That form of address sounds really distant! Well, it makes sense though. It's been six years, after all. Hasn't this woman always been heartless? She's so heartless that she could even leave her daughter behind and act like a stranger. I bet no one's more heartless than her.

"Roxanne, why are you acting like a stranger in front of me?"

Lucian gripped her chin harder.

Roxanne winced, frowning as she met his eyes with a look of resistance.

Lucian smirked. "Weren't you the one who shouted how much you liked and loved me back then? And now, you're acting like we're strangers? Have you forgotten what you did to me in the past? You might've forgotten, but I haven't!"

Roxanne froze for a few seconds. She never expected him to bring up the matter of six years ago.

It was impossible for her to forget what happened that night.

That night, she had approached him like a sacrificial animal, all for a tiny moment of intimacy with him.

As she thought of her emotions from that night, Roxanne's heart turned cold, and she balled her fists that were hanging by her side. Unwilling to back down, she responded, "I remember it. What's wrong? Do you feel like you'd been taken advantage of? Do you want to get back your dignity? Tell me. How should I compensate you, Mr. Farwell?"

Lucian trembled with rage, causing the atmosphere in the private room to be filled with terrifying tension.

The pain in her chin was getting more intense. Still, Roxanne endured it and continued calmly, "To be honest, you weren't conscious that night, and I didn't feel anything. Now that I think about it, it was just so- so. But it's true that I drugged you. So, I won't object if you want to be compensated." Very well. Now that so many years have passed, this woman knows how to use her words to anger me.

Lucian's eyes narrowed dangerously.

Indeed, he was unconscious that night, and he barely remembered any details.

However, any man would be angered when they heard Roxanne's words.

After several seconds of silence, Lucian lifted her chin slightly and said coldly, "So-so? Since I've caused such a misunderstanding, I don't mind being at your service again."

Panic flashed through Roxanne's eyes as she watched the man lean toward her. She wanted to escape, but she had nowhere to run.

The Abandoned Wife Chapter 19-Passionate Kiss The man's hot lips pressed against hers, and the two breathed on each other's skin.

At that very second, Roxanne's mind went blank.

She never thought that Lucian would take it all the way there.

The man was even tightening his grip on her chin, seemingly trying to force her to open her mouth.

Right then, Roxanne came back to her senses and began thrashing. "Let go of me, Lucian Farwell! Have you lost your mind? We're in a restaurant! Anyone might come in anytime!"

Lucian moved a little further from her because of her struggles. When his mind registered her words, he frowned. "So what? Weren't you the one who said you were going to compensate me? I'm just taking what you owe me once, but you're already afraid?"

Roxanne's eyes twitched. A wave of disgust washed over her when she thought about what she went through the other night.

Perhaps it was because he had been drugged that night, Lucian was barely aware of what he was doing. Still, he had been taking action instinctively, and he had been rough.

Hence, she remembered nothing but the pain from that incident.

Now that the man's scent and the faint smell of alcohol were wafting across her nose again, and after hearing what he said, Roxanne began shaking.

When Lucian saw no response from her, his eyes darkened, and he leaned over to kiss her again.

It was a kiss rougher than the previous.

Roxanne could not move at all under his grasp, and the panic in her heart was growing more and more intense.

It had been six years, but her body still could not resist that man.

If he notices my reaction, to him, I would still be the same person I was six years ago.

With that thought in mind, Roxanne sobered up instantly.

When she sensed the man trying to enter her, she quickly bit down hard on his lip.

The metallic tang of blood soon flooded their mouth.

The man froze. In the next second, he moved with even more vigor.

Roxanne could barely take in any breaths from his continuous kisses, and she was slowly losing strength in her body. The only reason she didn't slump down was that the man was still pressing down on her hand.

A beat later, Lucian stopped and with his lips still on hers-asked, "I thought you said you feel nothing toward me. Why have you gone so weak? Roxanne, your body is far more honest than your mouth is!" The man's voice was hoarse.

Roxanne panted. Just as she was about to refute him, she suddenly felt a large hand wandering toward her chest.

Once she sensed his action, Roxanne somehow mustered up the force to shove him away and slap him.

"Lucian, weren't you the one who said you were going to marry Aubree? I've let you go, so what are you doing now? Are you taking revenge on me? If you are, then you've done it! I was foolish to have targeted you with such an extreme trick, but just as you wanted, I stopped clinging to you. I won't appear in your life anymore! So, this is the end of us."

With that said, Roxanne shot him a glare and rushed out of the room, never once looking back.

Meanwhile, after Cayden cleaned up the mess, he went to the private room they were at to guard the door for Lucian. All of a sudden, he saw Lucian's ex-wife rushing out of the room. He froze for a few seconds before coming back to his senses and running into the room to check on Lucian.

Right as he entered the room, he was greeted by a dim scene. His employer was standing in a nearby corner with his head tilted to the side. His cheek was a little red, and there was blood on his lips. At the same time, it seemed like he was fuming.

"Mr. Farwell, are you... okay?"

Cayden's heart skipped a beat as he tentatively walked over to ask a word of concern.

Lucian's expression was dark. He reached up to touch his cheek before brushing his thumb across the corner of his lip. It came back wet. That woman bit down rather hard. She's as ruthless as usual.

As he looked at the blood on the tip of his thumb, Lucian gritted out, "I'm fine."

At that, he turned to leave the room.

Go on. Keep running, Roxanne. You're already back at Horington. I'd like to see where else you can run to!

When he stepped out of the private room, he spotted the drunkard and his subordinate still crying out in misery on the ground.

After a cold glance at the people on the floor, Lucian turned around to order Cayden, "Break whichever hands they used to touch her." Sensing the tense atmosphere, Cayden hung his head and replied without hesitation, "Yes, sir!"

Lucian said nothing else before he left.

The Abandoned Wife Chapter 20-Her Relationship With That Man Roxanne had nowhere to go after fleeing the room, so she hid in the stairwell.

As she leaned against the wall and panted, she reached up to touch her aching lips. It felt as if the man's warmth was still lingering on them.

A moment later, Roxanne lowered her eyes self-deprecatingly.

It had been many years, and she thought she had no feelings for Lucian anymore. Yet, after just one meeting with him, the man was wreaking havoc in her mind again.

After a while of recomposing herself later, Roxanne returned to the room.

The workers inside were still partying away, and they only became a little quieter when she entered.

Noticing that her mood seemed to have changed since she left the room, Colby furrowed his brows. "Why did you leave for so long? Did something happen? It's... like something's off with you." Roxanne gave him a nonchalant smile and shook her head. "It's nothing. I gave my son a call."

With that, she took a seat, not letting Colby ask her anything else.

Roxanne had left for quite a while. Not long after she returned, most were almost done with their partying.

Roxanne was not in the right mood, so she decided to end the party.

They all went downstairs together, and everyone bid goodbye to Roxanne and Colby.

Soon, only the two of them were left.

Colby softly suggested, "I'll send you back if you don't mind. You've drunk quite a lot tonight, and I'm worried about you."

Roxanne inclined her head, not disagreeing with his offer. "Thank you."

She had yet to buy a car after returning to the country.

It seems like I have to hurry up and get a car soon.

"It's my pleasure."

Colby opened the car door for her.

After thanking him again, Roxanne went into the car.

In the meantime, by the entrance of the restaurant, Cayden was fearfully looking at his employer's back.

H-How can things be so coincidental? I can't believe we're watching Roxanne entering another man's car.

As Cayden watched the car slowly drive off, he cautiously raised his head to observe his employer's expression. Lucian had a grimace on his face as he fixed his gaze on that car.

A beat later, he looked away and gritted out, "Check who that man is and what kind of relationship he has with her." Cayden hastily said yes to him.

By the time Lucian returned to the Farwell residence, it was already nine. After sweeping his gaze across the living room, he realized Estella was nowhere to be found. A slight frown crept onto his face at that. "Where's Essie?"

Catalina, who took care of Estella, was on her way down the stairs. "Mr. Farwell, Ms. Estella is done with her shower and is now in her room. Would you like to go upstairs to see her?"

Lucian gave her a slight nod and began walking toward the stairs.

"Mr. Farwell, there's something else I'd like to tell you about..."

Catalina hesitantly continued, "When Ms. Estella came home tonight, she had a bruise on her wrist. I asked her about it, but she refused to tell me anything. I'm not sure if she has been bullied at kindergarten. I think this is something important you should look into.

Lucian narrowed his eyes. "I understand. I'll go upstairs and take a look at her."

With that said, he quickened his footsteps to Estella's room before knocking on the door.

Soon, Estella opened it for him. She did not have much reaction after realizing that Lucian had come home. After opening the door, she turned and walked back to where she came from. Lucian followed her. Then, he saw the girl going back to her table and returning to her drawing.

He did not disturb her, for he noticed how focused she was. A while of waiting by the side later-when he saw her put down her pencil-he uttered, "Catalina said that you're hurt. Let me take a look at you."