

ABANDONED 1801

Chapter 1801 Lost For Words

Meanwhile, in the living room of the Queen residence, Jonathan scowled when he saw his sister return in a drunken state, reeking of alcohol. He berated, "What on earth are you doing, Frieda? I've given you the authority to manage all the companies supplying medicinal herbs as you asked. Yet, I'm hearing people telling me you never even stepped foot into the company. You're just constantly drunk. Ugh. It looks like | was wrong about you!"

His tone was laced with disappointment, frustration, and anger.

Raising a brow, Frieda flashed a smile in a daze. "What do you mean? This is how | manage the company. Who do you think I'm having drinks with? Shut up if you don't know anything."

She never intended to follow her brother's style of doing things, in which he constantly looked serious and abided by his principles.

"Do you think these medicinal herbs suppliers are easy to talk to? You have no idea how much that b*stard Jack paid them. That's why they have the audacity to exaggerate the medicine's effects and raise the price. I'm only drinking to help save the cost and help the company earn."

At first, Frieda was delighted to take over the medicinal herbs suppliers, thinking she had gotten a good prospect that could make money. In reality, it was a huge mess.

After making an inspection, she realized each company's person in charge did not obey her. In fact, they were only pretending to do so. Some were even planning to start a new business elsewhere.

If she did not ask Shawn for advice, who told her to deal with the people in charge using the ways of the industry, she would not have found a breakthrough.

Thankfully, each drinking session bore fruits. She was close to unifying the companies. "Must you accompany them to have meals and drinks? Don't forget who you are. You represent the Queen family!" After giving it some thought, Jonathan still believed that it was not the best solution.

"Yes, yes. | represent the Queen family. Tsk. | have nothing to say to you. Forget it. Let's just mind our own business." Frieda shot him a glare before staggering back to her room.

After shutting the door behind her, she fished out her phone and gave Shawn a call. "I'm home. My head hurts a lot, and | miss you," Frieda blurted, using her drunkenness as an excuse.

Shawn chuckled on the other end of the call. "I miss you, too. You're doing a great job these days. You managed to settle things without using a lot of money. As expected of the woman | fancy."

His praises put a smile on Frieda's face. It made her forget the uncomfortable feeling of being drunk. "Get some rest. Our plan will gradually be realized," said Shawn.

Frieda was confident that Shawn was more capable than Jonathan and even on par with Lucian. The thought of being together with Shawn in the future filled her heart with a sweet sensation.

“You should get some rest, too. I'd like to see you if you're free tomorrow. Can we do that?”

“Sure. See you tomorrow, then. Good night!”

With that, Shawn hung up the call without hesitation.

His straightforwardness was what Frieda liked about him. Smiling blissfully, she lay on her bed and dozed off.

Meanwhile, in the mansion on the mountain, Shawn put down his phone and shifted his gaze to the blond man with blue eyes standing in front of him.

“Mr. Paolo, I've offered you all the conditions | can offer. It's definitely better than what Lucian offers. Truth be told, your response these days has aroused his suspicion. That's why this is the best time for us to collaborate. Please consider it carefully.”

Paolo was an important client of Farwell Group from Epea. At the same time, he was someone who had caused Lucian a lot of trouble recently.

Smiling, he answered in broken Chanaean, “Yes, the conditions you offered are great. | have no problem with it, but let's see what arrangements you've made for tonight.”

Shawn immediately came to a realization. Paolo was known for being a lustful person. “Okay. It's already arranged and is on the way to the hotel. | hope you enjoy yourself tonight, Mr. Paolo.”

With that, Shawn stood up and instructed the driver to send Paolo back to the hotel.

Chapter 1802 A More Intimate Position

At around half past nine that night, Elias had finished drinking his coffee and was about to head to the Farwell residence's study to practice some calligraphy when a car suddenly pulled up at the courtyard. Sonya rose to her feet. It was the person she had been waiting for.

Elias cast the first floor a glance, only to find the visitor to be Clinton Jennings, the person in charge of the testing facility. Upon entering the house, Clinton greeted politely, “Hello, Mrs. Farwell.” “Please have a seat, Mr. Jennings.” Sonya was extremely friendly. She even served him a cup of coffee.

Her gestures made him fearful, and he quickly offered, “If there's anything you need, Mrs. Farwell, please let me know. I'll do my best to fulfill your requests.”

As the person in charge of the testing facility, Clinton knew full well that purchasing their company was nothing to Farwell Group. A small testing facility was nothing in comparison to the powerful Farwell Group.

In fact, he only met Lucian once, which was the day when the agreement of purchase was signed.

Hence, Clinton was at a loss when he heard that Lucian's mother wanted to see him.

He initially thought of bringing a gift. However, he figured Sonya might not like the gift he bought in a hurry. Hence, he decided to show up empty-handed rather than become a laughingstock.

“Calm down. It's nothing serious,” Sonya reassured with a smile when she saw how rigid he was. Bobbing his head, Clinton took a sip of coffee and said, “What do you need, Mrs. Farwell?”

“Did you receive the materials for the test that night?” asked Sonya.

“Yes.”

Immediately, Sonya's gaze hardened and grew solemn. “Those are the hairs of Lucian's boys. It's for the paternity test. Do you understand what I'm talking about?”

Clinton instantly understood what she meant.

“Yes, Mrs. Farwell. I'll contact you once the results are out,” Clinton promised.

With that, he finished the cup of coffee and praised the fragrance.

Only after drinking a second cup of coffee did he leave with a bright smile.

Sonya, too, felt more at ease.

No matter what the results were going to be, she had enough time to prepare herself.

Of course, it would be best if Lucian and the boys were not related.

Lucian will be thankful to me for exposing Roxanne. | bet she'll have an interesting ending.

Even if the children were Lucian's, there was no need to panic. After all, the result was not final as long as she had Clinton.

Meanwhile, an uneasy feeling bubbled in Elias' heart as he watched Sonya from the study.

After a brief hesitation, he picked up his phone and sent a text. Lucian's temperature was no longer showing any oddities. He even devoured the oatmeal Roxanne prepared for him.

“I've been sleeping the whole day. And now, | don't feel sleepy anymore. I'm a little worried, though. Will | pass it on to you?” Lucian asked Roxanne.

“| don't think so. This virus is contagious, but | have stronger immunity after getting poisoned a while ago. There's a high possibility that | won't get infected.”

The moment she finished saying that, Lucian pulled her closer and hugged her tightly. “What if we're in a more intimate position? Like—” Before he could finish, Roxanne blushed and freed herself from him.

“Stop messing around. Your immunity's low now. Please behave.” Roxanne could not believe Lucian could be so greedy all the time.

However, Lucian was so thick-skinned that he was not the slightest bit embarrassed. He only grinned maliciously, “I can't help it. | misbehave when it's you I'm with.”

With that, he hugged her again.

Chapter 1803 The Results Are Out

Usually, paternity results took about three days to be out.

However, Clinton ordered his employees to work overtime so the results would be out early the next morning. The results read: In line with the laws of genetics. The probability of paternity is ninety-nine point nine percent. Clinton went into deep thought when he read the results.

What kind of results does Mrs. Farwell want? | have a feeling she wants a different result. If not, she wouldn't have met up with me in private. She would've been fine with the normal results.

Pondering momentarily, he quickly gave Sonya a call.

She had just woken up. Seeing it was a call from Clinton, she grew nervous.

“Good morning, Mrs. Farwell. This is Clinton. The paternity results are out.”

“Quick. Tell me the results. Are those boys Lucian's?” asked Sonya impatiently.

Clinton paused for a moment and reread the description of the test.

Finally, he concluded, “This result shows a positive relationship. The two boys are Mr. Farwell's kids.” Sonya froze for a moment, unwilling to believe what she heard.

Recovering from the shock, Sonya questioned anxiously, “How's that possible? Could you guys have made a mistake? Is there a chance that the result's wrong?”

“Mrs. Farwell, the instruments used are the latest. Even our staff's standards are the best in Chanaea. There's no way this is a mistake,” answered Clinton. His words shattered Sonya's last hope.

Hearing that, Sonya hung up hastily, ignoring Clinton, who was waiting on the phone for further instructions. What went wrong? Are the boys really descendants of the Farwell family?

Sonya was in shock. She kept recalling the insults and provocations she made toward the boys.

Suddenly, she began to tremble.

“W-What do | do?” she mumbled, feeling utterly conflicted.

Immediately after that, Roxanne came to Sonya's mind. She must hate me. No. | can't accept this. Even if they're my grandchildren, now's not the time to acknowledge them. Lucian will never forgive me.

After giving it some thought, Sonya called Clinton again.

“Listen here. Keep the original result and create another copy for me. Do you understand what I'm saying? I'll reward you with ten million. No one else must know about this,” Sonya ordered. She believed Clinton would not disobey her.

Sonya's offer shook Clinton's will. He nodded his head and promised, “Of course. I'll do as you say.”

During the afternoon, Lucian woke up from his nap in the living room and saw Roxanne exiting the kitchen with the dishes she had just prepared.

“| figured you'd wake up this house, so | took some time to cook for you. You've got to eat it even if you don't have an appetite,” said Roxanne with coercion.

Lucian nodded with a smile. “It's your cooking. How could | not have the appetite to eat it? I'll definitely finish it.”

Putting down the plates, Roxanne slid her hand up his forehead to make sure his temperature was fine.

She then examined his complexion. “Open your mouth. Let me see your tongue.”

Lucian did as told. He opened his mouth to let her examine his tongue.

“You recovered quite quickly. You aren't feeling exhausted anymore, are you?”

Roxanne studied him with a concerned gaze. Lucian nodded again to confirm that he had completely recovered. With that, he began digging in.

When he was halfway through his meal, Sonya called.

“Lucian, | received a call from the testing facility. | was informed they'd come to the main residence to show me the report. Why don't you come over and see it for yourself, too? Oh. Roxanne's with you, right? Bring her along, too.”

Sonya pretended to sound calm for fear that Lucian might notice something unusual.

Chapter 1804 Interesting Expression

Once Lucian finished his food, he brought Roxanne to the Farwell main residence.

Roxanne visited the house six years ago. Back then, she visited Ethan as the latter's granddaughter-in-law.

Upon entering the courtyard, they spotted Elias watering the lush greenery.

Seeing Lucian had brought Roxanne home this time, Elias greeted her with a broad smile.

“Hello, Mr. Farwell,” greeted Roxanne with a friendly tone. After all, the way Elias treated the boys made her feel at ease.

“Dad, I'm here to wait for the paternity test results.” Lucian reached out to help Elias water the plants, but the latter waved his hand dismissively.

Elias curled his lips into a meaningful smile as he glanced at Lucian. “Your mom has been waiting for the results for a long time. It looks like the results are in line with her wishes.”

Clearly, he was implying something. Even Roxanne noticed it. Of course, Lucian understood Elias' warning, and he gave the latter an affirmative gaze. “I'll take care of it.”

With that, they entered the living room. Sitting upright, Sonya greeted Lucian with a smile but did not bother to spare Roxanne a glance.

“Take a seat. The person in charge of the testing facility will be here soon,” informed Sonya while stealing glances at Roxanne to check the latter's reaction.

Roxanne was calm. Clearly, she had no expectations for the results. After all, only the mother would know whose child she gave birth to. It was only natural for her to have such absolute confidence.

Nonetheless, Sonya was eager to find out what kind of interesting expression Roxanne would have when she found out the boys were not Lucian's children.

Sonya made Lucian his favorite coffee and served him a cup. However, she did not give one to Roxanne.

Sonya simply said, “Ms. Jarvis, you're sitting quite far away. Please serve yourself a cup.”

Roxanne nodded, answering, “It's okay. I don't have the habit of drinking coffee.”

Immediately, Lucian shot Sonya a look before pouring a cup for Roxanne.

Sonya could not help but pull a face.

The silence filled the air with a tense atmosphere.

Thankfully, Clinton arrived not long after. With the report in his hand, he entered the house in a respectful manner. “Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Farwell. Is this... the legendary Dr. Jarvis?”

All of a sudden, Clinton became excited. His original ambition was to become a doctor who saved lives. Sadly, his dream did not come true. Instead, he got into the bioassay industry.

Although Clinton had read much news about Lucian and Roxanne on the internet, he still longed to see her in person.

Sensing something was off with Clinton, Sonya prompted coldly, “Are the results out? Let Lucian have a look first.”

Clinton instantly snapped back to reality and handed Lucian the report with both hands.

The report had many pages. The pages in front contained the data analysis of all kinds of genes. Regardless, Lucian ignored all of them and skipped to the last page which read: Unmatched genes. Mutation factors excluded.

The results clearly showed Lucian and the boys were not related.

Lucian was momentarily stunned. Suddenly, his gaze darkened as he turned to look at Clinton. “Are you sure you didn't grab the wrong report? Are you sure the samples used were right?”

Clinton was so frightened that he felt his heart lurch, and his expression changed when he sensed the domineering aura Lucian was exuding.

He quickly drooped his head and stole a glance at Sonya.

Unfortunately for Clinton, Lucian noticed every detail he made.

At the same time, Sonya had her eyes fixed on Roxanne. She could not wait to see what kind of reaction the latter would have. However, the shock, disbelief, and anger Sonya was expecting were not reflected on Roxanne's face.

It seemed as though Roxanne was not surprised by the results. In fact, she simply gazed at Lucian calmly.

Chapter 1805 Not This Report

“Mr. Farwell, | kept an eye on the entire testing process. We didn't use the wrong samples. Besides, | came here as soon as the results were out.”

Clinton almost broke down under Lucian's aura.

However, the temptation brought by the ten million allowed him to steel himself and respond without telling the truth.

“They're not related, aren't they?” asked Sonya indifferently.

Her gaze was still fixed on Roxanne.

Roxanne might not be responding, but that doesn't mean | have nothing to say. I've got to seize the moment to kick up a fuss. Clinton turned to Sonya and nodded firmly.

“Lucian, the results are out. It's not that | don't want to acknowledge the kids. In fact, I'd love to be their grandma if possible. Don't you agree?” she asked.

Sonya noticed her son was angry. Hence, she thought it was the perfect opportunity for her to add fuel to the fire. She wanted to make Lucian lash out on Roxanne. However, Lucian glanced at Sonya with a frown. “Mom, do you think this is the real result?”

“How can it be fake? If a paternity test result can't be trusted, then anyone can claim to have given birth to the Farwell family's grandchildren.” Sonya raised her voice as she said that, her words clearly hinting at something.

Immediately, Lucian lost his respect for his mother.

“Roxanne, you really know how to lie, huh? Which b*stard do these boys belong to? How dare you make them impersonate the Farwell family's descendants? | know how much Lucian loves you, but don't you feel bad for lying to him?” Sonya continued. That was the result Sonya had been expecting in the first place. She wanted to use the opportunity to humiliate Roxanne and make Lucian hate the latter.

Roxanne was stunned. She was utterly disappointed in her mother-in-law. At that, she glanced at Lucian. As expected, his eyes were filled with disappointment that was hard to describe.

“Mrs. Farwell, are you that desperate to kick me out of the Farwell family? Will you still do that if Archie and Benny are actually your grandsons?”

Roxanne's reaction was far from what Sonya expected.

Instead of panicking, Roxanne seemed to have a firm resolve.

“What are you saying? What do you mean, kicking you out? You lied to the entire Farwell family. Moreover, the results are out. The two boys are not my grandsons. That makes your hypothesis invalid.”

Suddenly, Sonya felt a rush of anxiety. That was because Lucian's and Roxanne's reactions were strange.

Nonetheless, there was no way out of that situation. Sonya could only continue questioning Roxanne, “Tell me. Did you drug Lucian? Is that why he listens to you?”

Roxanne was dumbfounded. Never did she expect Sonya to have such a great imagination. Suddenly, Lucian rose to his feet and yelled, “Enough!” His voice terrified both Sonya and Clinton. In fact, the latter's legs began trembling.

“Clinton, one more lie from you, and I'll send you to jail. This is an occupational crime!” Lucian turned sideways and glared daggers at Clinton without a change in his expression.

Clinton was paralyzed with fear. Even his tongue got twisted. “Mr. Farwell... I-| was wrong! T-This is not the real report.”

When Sonya heard Clinton admitting the truth, her expression froze, her eyes widened, and her lips twitched in frustration.

Chapter 1806 Exile

A deathly silence fell on the room. Lucian's gaze steadily avoided Sonya, not wanting to see her reaction.

| have given her a second chance. Didn't she know how long it would take to get the results of a paternity test? Didn't she know | would figure out what Clinton was up to?

Even Roxanne understood him and didn't dig her heels in, leaving the paternity test entirely to Sonya.

On top of that, Elias sent a text: Your mother is being obstinate! But | still hope you will give her a chance so she may make it up to you.

The text was sent yesterday, and he didn't mention the paternity test, but Lucian knew Sonya would never accept the results. In addition, Elias had interceded for Sonya.

Clinton was shaking like a leaf and reached into his pocket, pulling out a report that had been folded up and handing it to Lucian with his head hung low.

“Mr. Farwell, it's all my fault for being too obsessed with benefits. Have mercy, Mr. Farwell. | don't want to go to prison!” Clinton pleaded. He had already learned his lesson.

Regret consumed him, and he realized he shouldn't have meddled in the affairs of the wealthy.

He wanted to crawl into a hole and die at this moment, but he didn't expose Sonya for fear of offending more people the more he revealed.

Lucian picked up the paternity test report and tossed it at Sonya without opening it, his gaze finally settling on her. Sonya was flabbergasted. She wasn't expecting Clinton to have his guard up to this extent. Being a villain seemed to necessitate a certain level of competence.

She knew at that moment that she could never go back after Lucian exposed her and was afraid this would lead to a falling out with him.

She was overwhelmed and couldn't meet his eyes.

“Mom, | don't get why you still refuse to accept Roxanne, Archie, and Benny. Fine, I'll grant your wish. You can travel around Epea with Dad starting today. Better yet, take in the scenic views, and don't return for three to five years!”

Lucian shot Roxanne an apologetic look, which she returned with a smile, not wanting to blame him. The color drained from Sonya's face at the verdict, and she looked like she had been struck by lightning. “Son, | really have no idea what's going on with Clinton and why he would switch out the original report with a falsified one. It's

not that | don't want to acknowledge Archie and Benny. I'd be overjoyed if they were my biological grandchildren.” She tried to justify in a pleading tone, but Lucian's face was a mask of stone, and irritation flared in his eyes.

Sonya's gaze shot to Roxanne in desperation, only to be met with a glacial expression on Roxanne's face.

She couldn't muster sympathy for a grandmother who refused to accept her grandkids and would always attack them. Such traveling plans spanning three to five years were almost similar to exile.

Any resemblance of domestic bliss would be irrelevant to her.

Lucian's decision must have taken Elias' pleading for leniency on Sonya's behalf into account, or else he wouldn't have established a time limit.

Besides, he had many properties in Epea, and it wouldn't be such a bad idea to leave them in the hands of Sonya.

Chapter 1807 Gravity Of Your Mistake

Roxanne didn't say a word at all.

Lucian glanced at Clinton. “Pack your things and piss off!”

There was an icy glint in his eyes.

Clinton didn't dare argue. Narrowly avoiding prison had been mercy enough, so he promptly fled with his tail between his legs. Sonya skimmed the original report before raising her gaze to Roxanne.

“Roxanne—” Her tone changed.

“It's all my fault, and I apologize to your sons for being petty. Roxanne, tell Lucian I'll promise to change and be better. I'm SOITY...”

With Sonya's character, she would never meet anyone halfway unless it was a last resort, but the thought of being banished to Epea for three to five years struck fear in her.

Roxanne wore an implacable expression, her eyes cold. “I'm sorry, Mrs. Farwell. It's not up to me.” She decided she had had enough and walked out of the foyer with long strides. Elias stayed in the garden to water the plants, worry drawing his brows together.

“Please forgive me, Lucian. I was at fault, but I was only trying to do what was best for the Farwell family. My head wasn't in the right place. I will make it up to the kids. I don't want to go to a foreign country in Epea. How can you do that to me...”

Sonya was still trying to redeem herself and apologize, but Lucian was determined to leave. He led Roxanne away, leaving a lone figure in the foyer, and wailing tore through the air a moment later.

“I did it for the Farwell family! Do you not respect me, Roxanne? You're not remarried yet, so I'm still your mother-in-law. What do you want from me, Roxanne?” The heart-wrenching cries were thick with resentment.

No matter what, Sonya was Elias' wife for many years, and his face contorted with sadness when he heard her weeping.

He had reminded her many times, but she was stubborn and deserved such fate, yet alas, he walked into the foyer.

Sonya sobbed while whining about how Roxanne didn't step in for her. Lucian would definitely reverse his decision if she said something.

Elias saw how unrepentant his wife was and snarled, “You are solely to be blamed here. You have been blinded since the incident with Aubree and caused so much pain and misery for our children. Never once did you care about how Lucian felt. You want to be in control and make your own decisions. What was so wrong with Roxanne that you couldn't accept her? She has never hurt you or Lucian. I'd say you should repent!”

Her tear-stained face jerked up, incredulity widening her eyes. “You're telling me off and pointing out my mistakes. I know I made a mistake, but it's not unsalvageable.” She hiccupped. A sharp stab of disappointment pierced Elias.

“It seems like you didn't grasp the gravity of your mistake. You're hurting the kids and denying their existence! Roxanne didn't say a word today, but can you imagine what she's going through? You have never liked her since the beginning. Serves you right!” He spat and turned to leave.

Chapter 1808 Buys Clothes For Archie And Benny

When Lucian took Roxanne and headed directly to the kindergarten to pick the kids up, the kids were delighted to see that their father had recovered from the cold.

“Daddy, I have some pocket money. Let me treat you to dinner, okay? You just got sick, so you should eat something delicious.” Estella blinked, almost as if she had made up her mind.

“Where did you get your pocket money from? Didn't Grandpa help you save up all your monetary gifts from the holidays?” Lucian asked curiously.

Roxanne, too, found it amusing. She felt that she had missed many moments of Estella growing up. Lifting the little girl into her arms, she asked, “Essie, did you save up a lot of monetary gifts?”

Estella bobbed her head smugly. “Yes, a lot of monetary gifts. There are many zeros. Grandpa kept them for me. But the pocket money I have now is the money that other kids gave me after I helped them make some cards.”

“Is there such a thing?” Lucian averted his gaze toward Archie and Benny for verification. The two boys nodded.

Archie replied, “The cards Essie made are really nice. That's why many other kids bought their own materials and asked her to help them make too. The remuneration for each card is twenty dollars. I was the one who decided on the amount. Essie made quite many cards and earned a few hundred from it.”

These kids are beginning to earn money at such a young age! Lucian and Roxanne exchanged looks, their eyes filled with love and affection.

“Mommy, Daddy, Essie is still making the card she intends to give to the two of you. She hasn't finished yet, but I'm sure it'll be beautiful. You two have to look forward to it.” Benny sure was a big blabbermouth who could not keep secrets to himself.

At that, Estella puffed her cheeks and protested, “Benny, didn't you promise me that you won't ruin the surprise?” Benny stuck out his tongue cheekily and made a face.

Lucian's and Roxanne's curiosity grew at once. They were anticipating what the card would look like exactly.

“All right. Essie shall treat us today! Essie sure is the best!”

Following Lucian's words, the family headed to an authentic farm-to-table restaurant. That place served food that was affordable and also tasted delicious. The money Estella earned was enough for them to eat a sumptuous meal.

It was already nine at night when the family finished dinner and returned to the mansion. As they entered the courtyard contentedly, they saw Sonya's car, which was long parked inside.

Before long, Sonya stepped out of the car with multiple bags in her hands. “Lucian, Roxanne, you guys are finally back,” she uttered.

Lucian knitted his brows. It was evident he was not very welcoming of his mother.

Roxanne, on the contrary, seemed to have noticed that Sonya's eyes were rather puffy. Did she cry?

Despite so, she could not bring herself to empathize with Sonya. After glancing at the latter, she grabbed Estella's hand and prepared to head into the living room.

At the sight of Sonya, Estella called out, "Grandma, what are you holding in your hand?"

Contrastingly, Archie's and Benny's gazes were full of fear. Instinctively, they hid behind Lucian.

Lucian's expression grew frostier when he witnessed the boys' reactions. The man carried the boys up, and unbothered about what Sonya wanted to do, he strode past her and headed straight into the living room.

Bewilderment struck Sonya. Her lips twitched slightly, but she could not bring words out of her mouth.

A myriad of emotions flooded her heart, which was made apparent by the conflicted expression on her face. She froze a long while before she forced a smile and turned to follow into the living room.

The smile on her face was awfully bitter and gloomy.

"Lucian, Roxanne, these are some gifts | got for Archie and Benny. Winter is coming soon. Since the boys are growing up so quickly, it's time they have some new clothes. Of course, there are also some figurines. | don't know much about these things, so I'm unsure if they'll like them?"

Sonya's tone was soft and gentle. It was drastically different from her usual image. There was even a tinge of misery in her voice.

Chapter 1809 Make Up For What | Did

Seemingly not hearing those words, Lucian drank his tea and fixed his attention on his phone to deal with his work matters.

On the other hand, upon learning that those gifts were for them, Archie and Benny looked at each other, then shifted their gazes toward Roxanne in unison.

They could not wrap their heads around the current situation. Grandma was very cold toward us previously. She even says that we aren't Daddy's children. But now she's gifting us clothes and toys?

Estella's curiosity was piqued as well. She strode over and asked, "Grandma, you only bought gifts for Archie and Benny? You didn't get anything for me?"

Immense awkwardness filled Sonya as she only managed to garner a response from Estella. She smiled at the little girl and hastily explained, "I'll get something for you another day; is that all right? | went to a boys' clothing store today."

Nodding, Estella popped another question. "Grandma, so are you willing to acknowledge Archie and Benny now? Did you realize that they are looking more and more like Daddy?"

In reality, a child's words were the most innocent but, at the same time, the most truthful.

Sonya had always been reluctant to accept the truth. Now that Estella had reminded her, she could not help but look closely at Archie and Benny.

Indeed, they're becoming more like Lucian, especially their eyes. They're almost like a replica of the younger Lucian.

Sonya curled her lips into a smile and beckoned to the two boys. "Archie, Benny, come over and try on these clothes. See if they fit well."

Hearing that, the two boys shook their heads in unison. "There's no need. Mommy will buy them for us. Thank you!" There was no greeting in that straightforward rejection. Tears began to cloud Sonya's eyes.

Nonetheless, she maintained her smile. "Yeah, your mommy takes good care of you two. I'm the one who isn't qualified to be your grandmother. I'm at fault."

Roxanne could not help but feel her heart soften when she heard what Sonya said.

She turned to the two boys and nodded in approval. "Go on. Go and try the new clothes Grandma bought for you two. Remember to thank Grandma!"

The two boys were initially a little stumped but eventually agreed to it cheerily. Slightly taken aback by the situation as well, Lucian threw a glance at Roxanne.

Roxanne, however, upon giving the boys the green light, carried Estella in her arms and headed upstairs to help the little girl wash up.

Sonya froze in shock for a good few seconds. A complicated look flashed across her eyes as she stared at Roxanne's retreating back.

In truth, Roxanne's stand was simple—it was undeniable the kids were the Farwell family's grandchildren, and they would forever share a familial bond with Sonya. No matter what, she did not see a need to deliberately suppress that connection.

Hence, as long as Sonya was willing to get close to the kids, it did not matter to Roxanne, even if the former were to deny her as her daughter-in-law.

Snapping back to her senses, Sonya quickly took the clothes out of the bags and helped Archie and Benny put them on. As she did that, she kept asking the boys if they liked the clothing she bought for them.

"Yes! We like it! Thank you, Grandma!"

"Of course we do! Grandma, these clothes probably cost a lot, don't they? Thank you, Grandma!"

When Sonya heard how the boys addressed her, her body trembled slightly. Recalling everything she had done, she felt a sense of regret intensify within her.

Faced with the boys' gazes pure and innocent-looking gazes, Sonya was overwhelmed by guilt and pain. At once, her eyes turned red with tears.

Yet, Lucian did not comment anything. Instead, he merely turned to Archie and Benny and uttered, "I'm heading to the study. Remember to shower and head to bed on time later!"

The two boys bobbed their heads in agreement before diverting their attention back to the toys Sonya bought for them.

“Oh my gosh. Benny, quickly take a look! It's Evangelion-01's toy figurine! Where did you get this, Grandma? | tried looking for it for a long time but couldn't find it!”

“Archie, there's this too! Grandma also got us Gundam! It's a collectible! It's very tough to lay one's hand on! Thank you so much, Grandma!”

There were many boxes of toy figurines. Every time the two boys picked up a box, they would exclaimed in excitement. Listening to the boys' ecstatic cheers, Sonya felt a sense of relief wash over her.

| made too many mistakes, and because of that, I'll need time to make up for what | did.

Chapter 1810 Do You Have The Patience

“Lucian, Roxanne, I'll be heading back first. I'll come back to accompany the kids another day.”

As Lucian was in the study and Roxanne was in the bathroom, Sonya went to the second floor and called out to them. There was, however, no reply even after a few seconds.

A bitter smile spread across Sonya's face. Yeah, | deserved it.

Surprisingly, Roxanne, who had just finished helping Estella wash her hair, rushed to the courtyard while drying her hands.

“Mrs. Farwell, it's late; drive slower. You can take Archie and Benny out to play when you come over next time.” Roxanne's eyes reflected her sincerity, and it was clear those were not words she said out of formalities.

Sonya was momentarily stunned before she nodded and replied with a smile, “Sure. I'll come over again.” After sending Sonya off, Roxanne returned to the second floor and took out the bath towels and pajamas for Archie and Benny.

Just then, Lucian walked out from the study and reached out to wipe the sweat away from Roxanne's forehead. “Darling, you've worked hard!”

“I only help Essie get cleaned up. That's nothing much. Essie won't let me help her when she grows a little older. | don't have many chances left!”

“No. I'm talking about Mom. Thank you for being able to treat her so politely.” Lucian's deep gaze resembled the mesmerizing night sky, drawing Roxanne's attention toward him.

“Frankly speaking, | still can't forgive her. It's just that | ought to set a good example for the kids since she treats them well. But there might still be opportunities. Perhaps she'll be an amazing grandmother in the future!”

Roxanne had finally said her innermost thoughts aloud. Lucian wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into his embrace to hug her tightly.

“Daddy, Mommy, you two are secretly hugging again. | want one too! | want a hug too!” Estella's baby voice suddenly rang out, and she squeezed to fit herself between the two adults.

Meanwhile, Sonya had just arrived back at the Farwell residence.

Coincidentally, Elias had also just returned after playing chess with his friends. Upon learning from the butler that Sonya went to visit the kids, he felt somewhat relieved.

To him, he believed that Sonya was not a mean person by nature. Instead, she was merely bad-tempered, narrow-minded, and stubborn.

He deemed that he had to be blamed for his wife's shortcomings. It was because he never openly confronted Sonya's flaws that gave rise to her not mending her ways and eventually spiraling out of control.

“Did you see the kids? Have you apologized to them?” Lifting his gaze, Elias noticed that Sonya seemed to have calmed down. Sonya nodded in response. “I saw them. Archie and Benny love the toys | bought for them, and that's all thanks to Cayden.” Sonya briefly shared with Elias about the situation earlier.

Then, she fell silent and remained seated, waiting for Elias to add fuel to the fire or mock her.

Surprisingly, instead of doing that, Elias looked at her with a gentle gaze and a faint smile. “I'll go and look for Lucian tomorrow

and ask him not to chase you to Epea. But at the same time, you have to correct your mistakes from now on. You have done too many hurtful things to Roxanne. I'm afraid it won't be easy for her to forgive you. Do you have the patience?

Sonya remained in a daze and did not respond for a long while.

Moments later, she abruptly broke the silence. “I realized | have a bad temper all these years, but you've always been tolerant. Thank you so much, Elias.” Her gaze was filled with warmth and tenderness as she spoke.

Without saying a word, Elias reached out his hand and grabbed hers tightly. Right then, a car arrived at the courtyard outside. Shortly after the engine was turned off, they heard Elektra's voice.

“Mr. Farwell, Mrs. Farwell, I'm here. My parents just returned from their hometown. They brought back some specialties and said they wanted to give them to you two.” Elektra opened the car trunk, picked up many bags, and headed into the house.

A doubtful look crossed Elias' face as he stood up and walked over to welcome her in. It looks like something's up, huh? Otherwise, she wouldn't have to make up an excuse to come over here this late at night.

Worried that Elektra would notice her puffy eyes, Sonya hastily responded with a smile, “It's not safe to drive at this hour. You could've come over tomorrow. What a coincidence. | was planning to use a facial mask.”

With that said, she turned around and went into her room. When she came out again, the facial mask was already on her face to conceal everything.