

ABANDONED 1841

Chapter 1841 Do Not Underestimate Lucian

Perhaps it was the effect of the soup that Sonya had made, but Roxanne slept well, and her pain was greatly reduced. Soon, Lucian called, and it was only then that she learned that Sonya had been in a car accident.

Not long after, he returned to the mansion.

He asked Roxanne with concern, “When did you stop using the car? Has it been sent for repairs?”

It was only then that Roxanne remembered that Sonya had used her car today!

What a coincidence that Mrs. Farwell got into an accident.

She trusted Lucian's judgment and thought carefully. “I haven't been to the body shop recently! Yesterday was the last time I drove it. However, I did feel that the brakes were not working properly at the time!”

“Where do you usually park your car? Have you lent it to anyone recently?” Lucian asked carefully. Someone was already targeting her, and he could not overlook any clues.

Roxanne's recent schedule was really fixed, so she was either at home or at the research institute every day. Only occasionally would she go to the hospital or company. She thought about it and told him her itinerary for the past three days, and she had not lent her car to anyone either.

Lucian frowned. “Someone definitely tampered with the brakes on your car. Listen, let Linda and Madilyn arrange for someone to check the surveillance footage of your parking spot for the past seven days.”

“Is Mrs. Farwell okay now? I'll go to the hospital to see her!” Roxanne nodded but still asked about Sonya's condition.

“Don't worry; my mom is okay. She's in the hospital now, and my dad is taking care of her. Fortunately, it was my mom who was driving the car, and she was going slow enough. If it had been you going at seventy kilometers per hour instead of forty like her, the damage and injury would have been completely different!”

Lucian knew that if Roxanne had been driving today, she would have been seriously injured in this morning's accident. Seeing his serious expression, Roxanne also felt scared. She immediately called Linda and Madilyn to assist in checking the surveillance footage.

Not long after, the traffic police called Roxanne to confirm that the car was hers and had been temporarily taken to the traffic police's parking lot.

The inspection results showed that the brake system had a serious malfunction, and there was reason to suspect it to be sabotage.

“Ms. Jarvis, this accident has caused injuries to your family member. In the future, the police may conduct a series of investigations and evidence collection. Please cooperate with us!”

Roxanne agreed to do so.

Lucian didn't waste any time and called Cayden to go to the traffic police department to check all the surveillance footage of Roxanne's routes for the past few days.

After ten minutes, Roxanne changed her clothes and went to the hospital with Lucian.

In this car accident, Sonya had replaced her as the victim!

It was really coincidental that she had her period that day and didn't go to the research institute. Coincidentally, Sonya's car was broken, and Sonya used her car instead.

Was it really just coincidence?

At that moment, two figures sat in the back seat of a black Mercedes-Benz business car parked downstairs at the hospital. Christina wore a hat with a low brim that covered most of her face.

Beside her was Elektra, who was wearing oversized sunglasses that made it hard to recognize her.

“Elektra, do you believe me now? This car accident was just a little trick! Of course, you'll be the real deal. Only you can make things more complicated!” Christina's mouth curved into a smug smile.

But Elektra was suspicious and retorted, “Christina, you said you wouldn't cause direct harm anymore. Don't underestimate Lucian. You might slip up and expose yourself, and then he will catch you again!”

The scheme was originally meant for Roxanne but unexpectedly affected Sonya. However, regardless of whether Roxanne or Sonya was injured, they were both important to Lucian.

He would definitely get to the bottom of this.

Chapter 1842 Feel My Pain

However, Christina smiled confidently, her eyes brimming with mockery.

“How would Roxanne ever guess that | sent someone to tamper with her car brakes when she stopped her car at the roadside to help the elderly folk to cross the road?”

It was also a junction where there were no surveillance cameras around. Christina was certain that her plan was flawless.

Elektra was rather taken aback. She had not expected Christina to make a comeback with a revenge plan that not only kept her impulsivity in check but was also well thought out in every other aspect.

“So, what chance would | be getting after this, then?” Deep down, Elektra still felt that at this point, it would be impossible to break up Lucian and Roxanne.

Based on what she heard, even Sonya had begun to attend to Roxanne's needs.

Moreover, Lucian had also proposed to Roxanne and would be taking wedding photos with her. Their next step would naturally be to remarry.

Christina shrugged, but her expression remained confident. "You'll get your opportunity. Just think about it. Why was Sonya driving Roxanne's car? Sonya's mind hasn't yet arrived at the bad thoughts, but you could help her in that regard!"

Although Sonya ended up being the target of the car accident instead, the incident did not cause too much damage. Christina was rather disappointed about that.

Back then, it was with Sonya's support that Christina destroyed everything. She would not have been able to do it without Sonya. Yet, Sonya was now turning back, voluntarily serving Roxanne instead. That b*tch! Elektra froze for a moment before she finally caught on to what Christina meant.

"How are you feeling, Mrs. Farwell?" asked Roxanne with concern after she entered the ward, carrying a fruit basket and a bouquet of carnations.

"If you guys had come slightly later, we might've already left the hospital!" responded Elias with a relaxed smile.

Lucian, on the other hand, could not manage a smile. Although the car accident did not cause too much harm, the danger that underlay it was too great.

"I'm fine, Roxanne. Aren't you feeling unwell yourself? You didn't have to come and visit me personally," stated Sonya, who was genuinely in a mellow mood.

It had been a long time since she had received so much care and attention from her family. If her injuries were not so minor, she even hoped to remain hospitalized for another few days.

"Are you really well enough to be discharged?" Roxanne was still a little worried. After all, Sonya had hit her head, which could have caused complications of any level of severity.

Due to her professional habits as a physician, Roxanne immediately picked up the medical records at the side of the bed and studied the test results carefully, especially the CT scan result.

"I'm really fine, Roxanne. The doctor has reviewed my test results several times, and I don't have any signs of bleeding in my brain. It's fortunate that the airbag in your car worked in time."

After checking the test results thoroughly, Roxanne finally confirmed that Sonya was indeed fit enough to go home.

With Elias' help, Sonya got out of the hospital bed, packed her things briefly, and left the hospital with the bouquet in her hands. As Lucian had to rush to the traffic police department, he asked Roxanne to send Elias and Sonya back.

Roxanne had no problem with it, but Sonya shook her head, saying, "You're obviously still feeling ill yourself. It's fine! Elias can drive me back."

In the end, as Sonya was persistent, Roxanne had no choice but to agree to the suggestion. After seeing Elias and Sonya off, Roxanne called Madilyn and asked the latter to pick her up.

Madilyn easily agreed to give her a lift. After all, she had heard that Sonya was involved in a car accident and was curious to find out what happened as well.

Not long after, Madilyn arrived at the hospital and drove Roxanne away.

In a Mercedes-Benz, the moment Christina saw Roxanne's face, she immediately felt her blood boil with rage. She trembled violently as her face flushed red with anger.

“The game has only begun, Roxanne. This time, I'm going to make sure you feel my pain!”

Chapter 1843 Practically Geniuses

At night, when Lucian returned to the mansion, Roxanne shot him a meaningful look to stop him from mentioning Sonya's accident in front of the children.

“Daddy, Mommy, I've signed up for a computing competition, and it's an international competition too!” said Benny eagerly.

Lucian immediately rubbed the child's head and praised, “That's great, but remember to have mercy on the other children, okay?”

Benny's hacking skills had currently reached a level of expertise that shocked even Lucian.

Archie, who also wanted his father's affection, hurriedly announced his news next, “Daddy, | joined a variety show called Mega Brain and came in first in the qualifying round. The production team invited me to the final round. May | go?”

Roxanne could not help but feel rather astonished as well. These children! What have they been up to when we weren't noticing?

Lucian picked Archie up in his arms at once and planted a huge kiss on the child's face as he complimented, “Your memory is even better than a computer's. You should go ahead and join the finals if you want. | promise to be there with you.”

Estella began to feel desperate. After some thought, she quickly chimed in as well, “Daddy, Mommy, | sent a famous designer from Epea a copy of my design. He offered to accept me as his apprentice, but I'm still young and don't want to go abroad yet.”

Both Lucian and Roxanne were struck dumb by this news.

“Which famous designer is that? Is he a legitimate designer?” asked Lucian in a serious tone. He could not help but be worried that Estella might have fallen for a scam.

Right then, Archie and Benny both helped to explain.

“| was the one who helped Essie find the designer. He's really a renowned designer ranked third worldwide. It's Bernard Brown, the designer behind many famous brands!”

“Yes, since Essie isn't very proficient in sending emails in Ustranasion yet, | helped her with the translation. The replies that came from his end are still in my inbox, and they're really from Mr. Brown's work email.”

Roxanne and Lucian exchanged looks. Are our genes really so powerful? Our children are practically geniuses!

Bernard was a legendary figure in the fashion world. Upon hearing his name, Roxanne and Lucian were suddenly at a loss about what to do next.

Despite that, they did not forget to shower Estella with the mandatory praises and kisses.

In the end, it was Estella who suggested, “I will apprentice with Mr. Brown after I've grown up a little. For now, | will focus on improving my Ustranasion first and catch up with Archie and Benny. They're so smart and have already learned several languages.”

The family chattered harmoniously for a while before Archie and Benny asked about Sonya. It turned out they had found out about Sonya's accident from the news and had known about it the whole time. To reassure them, Lucian took out his phone and gave his mother a video call.

Sonya and the three children chatted happily for almost an hour.

Seeing that their grandmother was fine, the three children finally felt relieved. At the Farwell main residence, Sonya hung up the video call and burst into tears abruptly.

Seeing that, Elias, who was just walking over with a sliced apple, immediately asked, “Weren't you having a good conversation with the children? Why are you suddenly crying?”

“I'm just too happy! I've never been happier in my life. Look at how much my grandchildren care about me. I'm finally experiencing the true joys of being a grandmother.”

Sonya was, in fact, shedding tears of joy. She realized that despite not receiving the complete forgiveness of her daughter-in-law, she was experiencing real joy right now. Why have | never thought of looking at things this way? | must have been out of my mind to have treated Roxanne so badly!

“It's wonderful, isn't it? Life certainly changes once our attitude does.” Elias smiled as he passed her the apple.

Chapter 1844 That Man From The North

It was late at night. The children were already asleep.

Roxanne, however, was having an episode of stomachache. She was hurting so much that she could not even straighten her back.

As Lucian gave the woman a massage, he nagged at her at the same time, hoping she would cut herself some slack at work. “This side effect must stem from my poor confinement period years ago. Now, it's back to haunt me,” whined Roxanne. Lucian was racked with guilt at those words. The tumult of his emotions got the better of him as he started to blame himself. With the warmth and moderate pressure coming from the man's palm, Roxanne could already feel her pain slowly subsiding. “It's not that serious, actually. It only hurts on the first day. | bet I'll be fine tomorrow morning!” she comforted Lucian.

The duo eventually brought up the car accident.

“According to the investigation carried out by the traffic police at each junction, including the surveillance footage provided by Linda and Madilyn, there wasn't any opening for anyone to even get close to your car. Is it because the brakes have really worn out?”

After Lucian summarized all available leads at that point, he gazed at Roxanne expectantly. Maybe she'll recall some tiny details that | may have overlooked.

“Then again, the car's still brand new. It's absurd for the brakes to fail so soon. The deduction made by the traffic police couldn't be wrong.” Lucian was quick to perish the thought he just had a minute ago.

It was then that something popped into Roxanne's head.

“| think | might have stopped the car somewhere yesterday night to help an old lady cross the road. But | only spent about six or seven minutes doing that, | guess?” No matter how she racked her brain, nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

That was the only lull she could think of so far. Immediately, Lucian's eyes lit up. “Really? Which junction did you stop at? Can you remember?”

Without deliberation, Roxanne detailed the location of the said junction. Lucian, in turn, rang Cayden up and asked the latter to have the traffic police begin another round of investigation at once.

Half an hour later, all of Lucian's hope went down the drain. The last thing he expected to hear was that the surveillance cameras at that very junction had been faulty the night before.

For a moment there, he could not help but feel all the more heavy-hearted.

It seemed that it was those six to seven minutes that had granted an opportunity for the perpetrator to tamper with the brakes. That person was even well aware that the surveillance cameras were out of order.

What a meticulous strategy! “Could it be Shawn?” Lucian's visage gradually turned as cold as the winter. It's about time | meet that man from the north!

In the meantime, Sonya was recuperating from the accident at the Farwell residence. She had just taken the medicine prescribed by the doctor from the hospital and was about to turn in early that night when a car drove into the courtyard.

It was Elektra. She rushed into the house, seemingly worried about Sonya.

“Mrs. Farwell! | was just back home, and my parents told me that you were in a car crash. How are you feeling? Is everything all right?” Her anxious gaze was shining with sincerity.

She approached Sonya and scrutinized the old lady from head to toe.

“I'm fine, really. It's so late already, Elektra. Why did you come all the way here? You could've just called me.” Sonya beamed.

“I'm glad that you're okay! | was freaked out. What exactly happened?” Elektra simply had to ask the obvious. Putting up a front must be her forte.

After recounting the whole incident to Elektra, Sonya unwittingly added, “Luckily, it was me who had gotten into that accident. Had it been Roxanne instead, she would've been severely injured, considering how fast she would usually drive.”

The second Elektra heard that remark, her mien changed subtly. Even her eyes became frosty. Nevertheless, she managed to conceal her grim expression in no time. She must've decided to turn over a new leaf, huh? Thank goodness | wasn't swayed by her!

Elektra secretly gnashed her teeth. On the surface, however, she had to muster a smile so bright. “It was such a coincidence, wasn't it, Mrs. Farwell? You even managed to save Ms. Jarvis the trouble. Lady Luck must smile on her!”

Eh? Why must she talk like that? Something's off with this girl.

Even so, Sonya chose to dismiss her doubt as she continued wearing an amicable countenance. “Thank you for your concern, Elektra. It's getting late. | want to rest early. You should also go home and tell your mom and dad that I'm fine.”

Chapter 1845 An Issue With The Payment

Meanwhile, a recently developed office building officially launched in Horington as an enterprise brand that day. Out of the hundred-odd stories of the building, twenty of them belonged to Crawford Heights Group. Coralie was clad in business attire as she sat in the chief financial officer's office, busy auditing the export sales for that month.

As soon as she concluded the statistical report, a broad grin was etched on her face. She hastily picked up the phone and dialed her brother's number.

“Congrats, Shawn! Our sales have skyrocketed again this month! Compared to last month, it has increased by more than one hundred and thirty percent. We'll be realizing your plan in no time.”

The business world is no different from a battlefield. Coralie was awed by Shawn's capability.

“We're still far from achieving our goal. To think that we could generate that many sales by poaching just three of Farwell Group's clients, | wouldn't dare to imagine how good Lucian is at running their business,” responded Shawn.

Instead of being consumed by conceit at that transient success, Shawn began to see Lucian's terrifying control. In fact, his newly founded company was barely even one-tenth of Farwell Group in size.

Unlike Farwell Group, which had their headquarters already taking up two blocks of building, not to mention having their very own massive industrial area, all Shawn owned were twenty measly stories within an office building.

“Commend them if you must, Shawn, but there's no need to belittle yourself. We're not based in this southern city, so we ought to take it one step at a time. Anyway, this is only the beginning. | believe in you!” Coralie did not forget to sing her brother's praises.

After hanging up the phone, she completed her work and shut down the laptop. The corner of her lips curled upward slightly without her knowing it.

As comical as it might sound, the man who had been involved in the car accident turned out to be Jonathan, Frieda's elder brother.

It was as though the fate of both ladies and their brothers were inextricably intertwined. Then came a knock on the door. “Come in!” answered Coralie.

Frieda entered the office with an upright demeanor. She was appointed the deputy chief financial officer of Crawford Heights Group, or rather, Coralie's assistant.

Regardless, she could not have asked for a better job than that.

To be managing the finance of a trading company that big, she had found more pleasure than overseeing those fourteen medicinal herbs suppliers prior to that.

“Ms. Crawford, I've finished compiling the statistics on our goods importation. Please have a look.” Frieda raised her gaze to sneak a peek while submitting the report. For some reason, she feared Coralie.

On the flip side, Coralie was all smiles. “You don't have to be rigid when there are only two of us, Frieda. Just call me by my first name! Oh, by the way, let's have dinner together after work.”

Frieda bobbed her head. Deep down, she was worried that Coralie might hold a grudge against her because of the tight slap she had given Coralie the other night.

Lowering her head a little, Frieda stepped out of Coralie's office and went back to her own office. Frieda's office was nowhere close to being as majestic as Coralie's. Still, it was spacious enough for her. The company had even

assigned a secretary to help her.

Frieda knew very well the reason Coralie would play up to her all of a sudden. What she did not know was how Coralie had gotten acquainted with Jonathan in the first place. That woman has to have a thing for Jonathan! How ridiculous! If they really end up tying the knot, what would that make our relationship?

Frieda's mind was abuzz with chaos as she tried to figure it out.

Out of the blue, her secretary barged into the office in a panic.

“I have something to report, Ms. Queen.”

Noticing the anxiety brimming in the secretary's eyes, Frieda prompted on the spot, “What's wrong?”

“There seems to be an issue with the payment from some of our clients. The three new clients had yet to remit us their outstanding balance, and they're way past the grace period allotted to them. If they still don't pay up, our suppliers will be the first to come after us!”

Frieda froze at that revelation. Aren't those three clients the ones personally secured by Shawn not long ago? Among them was Paolo, the man who had openly turned his back on Lucian.

Given the situation at hand, idling about was not an option for Frieda. Once again, she made a beeline for Coralie's office.

Chapter 1846 Provocation

Coralie panicked as well after learning about the situation.

Indeed, import and export trade was very prone to pitfalls. Regardless of how profitable the business might be, the most crucial aspect was whether the payments could be recovered.

She hastily relayed the news to Shawn.

“I'll ask Danny to look into it immediately.” Shawn became serious as well.

He had handed the entire list of Farwell Group's clients in Epea to his assistant, Danny Yaeger, to handle. After Danny received the instruction, the first person he contacted was Paolo.

A few minutes later, Danny reverted to Shawn.

“What? The number was terminated?” Shawn was livid.

“I'll try contacting the other two clients. Perhaps this is just a temporary issue. Mr. Paolo often gets into unnecessary trouble and frequently changes his phone number.” Danny tried to explain that it might just be a coincidence. However, he was actually distressed as well.

He braced himself, hung up the call, and continued to dial the numbers of the other two major clients.

The increase in sales performance that month was mainly due to the three clients they snatched from Farwell Group. If the deals with all three of them encountered problems, it would be disastrous.

Soon, he received feedback after making the two phone calls— both numbers were also terminated. Danny became terrified. He hurriedly searched the contact details of the three clients' companies. According to the information provided on the internet, he dialed the numbers with trembling hands.

The result was the same—the calls couldn't be connected at all.

Danny didn't know how to report that to Shawn. He felt so disconcerted that his head was about to explode. Shawn was initially enjoying a glass of red wine at his villa, planning to go for a swim later.

However, he was no longer in the mood for that. Danny hasn't gotten back to me after so long, which means something must have gone wrong.

He swiftly changed his clothes, got into his Bentley, and headed to the company.

When he arrived at the CEO's office, Danny was already standing by the entrance, the latter's face gloomy as if he had been constipated for years.

“Did everything go wrong?” Shawn pushed the door open and walked in.

Before receiving Danny's reply, he had already thought of the most probable reason behind the occurrence of that predicament. Perhaps all of this is a trap set by Lucian to trick me. Damn it!

Shawn's eyes darkened while Danny shivered and lowered his head, not daring to look up. At that moment, someone knocked on the door. “Mr. Crawford, a guest sent over a flower basket and insisted you view it.”

After all, that was their first day of moving into the building. Many guests had been sending flower baskets to them since morning.

Most of the gifts were either placed downstairs or at the entrance of the company.

Danny frowned. Who is this impertinent businessman who ridiculously requested Mr. Crawford to look at a flower basket in person?

He immediately snapped at the secretary, “Don't bother Mr. Crawford with such trivial matters! Just find a place to put it.”

A troubled look spread across the secretary's face. “Ms. Crawford told me to send it over, and the sender of this flower basket is Lucian from Farwell Group.”

Shawn grimaced and instantaneously strode out of the office, startling the secretary. “As expected, he's the culprit.” Shawn riveted his eyes on Lucian's name. “Haha, what a provocation!” The secretary was utterly frightened by Shawn's facial expression which was now contorted with barely suppressible rage.

Danny hurriedly stepped out of the office to take a look too. Colors drained from his face as he glared at the secretary. Isn't this just a deliberate attempt to get on Mr. Crawford's nerves? So, those three clients actually pretended to betray Lucian and scammed a large sum from us that amounted to several hundred million.

Ultimately, Shawn restrained himself from smashing the flower basket as doing so would be beneath him. However, that would leave him with no outlet to vent the anger within his chest. Without saying a word, he turned around and returned to his office, slamming the door shut behind him.

Not long after, loud sounds of the office getting thrashed, and objects being shattered reverberated incessantly in the air.

Chapter 1847 Jibe

That night, Shawn received a phone call from his family and endured a torrent of scolding for half an hour.

Coralie also wore a grim expression as she knew Shawn's failure to manage the company well would mean she had to return to the north and face those decrepit old folks again.

The northern climate was too dry and had deleterious effects on her skin. Nevertheless, her mood remained upbeat because she had successfully invited Jonathan for a meetup.

Coralie had asked him out by using the excuse of wanting to reimburse him for the car damage, but he had rejected her flatly. Then, after a bit of coaxing, he finally agreed to let her treat him to a meal as an expression of her apology.

Through constant inquiries with Frieda, Coralie finally understood Jonathan's personality better. He was a relatively rigid person. Regardless, she found his cool character to be attractive.

When Shawn exited his room, Frieda hurriedly served him a glass of coffee, not daring to say much as she worried that any attempt to comfort him might only upset him further.

“Shawn, it's just a few hundred million. There's no need for them to be so mad. | don't know what those old folks at home are thinking, fussing over this insignificant amount of money. Competing with Farwell Group is bound to involve losses. Didn't you also cause Lucian to lose money recently? This just proves that he's a worthy opponent.”

Coralie's consolation struck a chord and immediately calmed Shawn down. Even his tense expression somewhat relaxed.

“You're right! Still, we can confirm Lucian is targeting us now. In that case, there's no need for us to be furtive anymore. We shall face him head-on. But I'm curious why those Epean clients are so hard to sway. Are they really that loyal to Lucian, or does he possess some dirt on them?”

This time, Shawn suffered a loss without fully grasping the reason behind his defeat. Coralie contemplated for a few moments but couldn't provide him with an answer either.

Frieda hesitated to speak. Noticing that, Shawn flashed a faint smile and said, “If you have something to share, go ahead. You probably know more than we do.”

Only then did Frieda begin to explain in a soft tone, “I heard from my brother that Lucian personally nurtured these Epean clients from scratch, so they likely reported to him right after we contacted them. | even suspect Mr. Paolo's visit was specifically to locate us.”

Coralie narrowed her eyes and chimed in, “So, Mr. Paolo deliberately pretended to be a lecher to lower our guard. At the same time, Lucian arranged for the other two people to cooperate with Mr. Paolo to swindle our goods. A group of three clients was just right—not too many to raise suspicion, yet not too few to make us feel unmotivated.”

After listening to her analysis, Shawn mulled over his erroneous judgment. In the end, he gritted his teeth and said, "Ultimately, we underestimated Lucian."

"Indeed. Lucian's working style is very complicated, sometimes sincere, sometimes domineering, and sometimes cunning, making him hard to predict," Frieda said objectively after she noticed Shawn had regained his rationality.

Coralie curled the corner of her lips into a sneer. "Shawn, he really is your biggest rival in this lifetime. You must try harder to avoid suffering overly humiliating defeats."

Shawn shot a cold glance at his sister, warning her, "That goes without saying. I'll bear my own responsibilities. As for you, I suggest you practice more caution when interacting with Jonathan to avoid revealing anything to him. Frieda mentioned her brother has little interest in women, so you shouldn't be too confident either."

The siblings jibed at one another in a lighthearted manner.

Frieda figured she would need more time to adapt to that kind of atmosphere. To the best of her recollection, her arguments with her own brother would always escalate quickly.

Chapter 1848 The Perfect Match Lucian and Jonathan talked business over coffee in the mansion. There had been no further progress in the investigation of the cause of the accident.

Upon discovering that his sister was employed in Shawn's company, Jonathan wanted to call her back for questioning, but Lucian stopped him.

"It was Shawn who asked Old Mr. Lomax to help us. Though it was Roxanne who had synthesized the antidote, Old Mr. Lomax's help was crucial. I believe Shawn wouldn't stoop to employ such tactics. We can eliminate his involvement with confidence."

Jonathan nodded. The logic was sound.

The Crawford family from up north was prestigious, controlling many estates and societal elites. Coming from such a family, Shawn would be discreet if he were to be unscrupulous.

"Have you been taking your medicine regularly?" Lucian suddenly asked.

Jonathan nodded. "I have been taking Roxanne's traditional medicine as prescribed. Dr. Xander told me to go back for a follow-up at the end of the month."

"That's good. Madilyn is very concerned about your condition," Lucian reminded him subtly, hoping Jonathan would be able to pick up the hint.

To his surprise, Jonathan looked a little embarrassed. "Yes, Dr. Xander has a gentle personality and genuinely cares for people." Lucian narrowed his eyes. There seems to be something going on here. Did something happen after our last visit to the orphanage for donations?

However, he did not feel comfortable asking about it. As Jonathan had always maintained a serious demeanor around him, he could only behave the same.

Noticing something unusual in Lucian's gaze, Jonathan asked, "What's wrong, Lucian?" "N-Nothing! Keep an eye on Shawn from now on. He lost this time, so he definitely won't take it lying down." Jonathan nodded, secretly admiring Lucian in his heart.

Shawn could not have been more secretive, yet Lucian not only guessed his intentions but also responded quickly enough to outmaneuver him.

The pair chatted a little longer until Jonathan announced that he had an appointment and needed to leave. Lucian's expression grew grim. He gave a call to Cayden and made some arrangements.

He completely upgraded the security system of the research institute and added more bodyguards at the research institute, the hospital, and the office.

In addition, her vehicle would be inspected every day before she got in. Jonathan arrived at the agreed-upon restaurant at noon. Coralie leaped to her feet with joy and waved both arms enthusiastically to greet him when she saw him.

Her infectious charm was evident to many patrons in the restaurant.

Jonathan recognized her as the woman who had crashed into him the other night.

"Hello, Miss. There's no need to spend so much. My car isn't badly damaged, anyway." Jonathan walked over to the table, but he showed no signs of wanting to sit.

Coralie beamed, her eyes crinkling. "Think of it as having a meal with me, Mr. Queen. That wouldn't take up too much of your time, would it?"

"All right, then." Jonathan nodded and sat down.

Having learned about Jonathan's preferences from Frieda, Coralie already knew his favorite food in advance. Everything she ordered was something he enjoyed, and that surprised him.

"Do you like this dish too, Ms. Crawford? What a coincidence. Me too! This place is famous for its beef tenderloins. Are you a local?"

As they ate, Coralie felt she was finally bridging the gap between herself and Jonathan. Throughout it all, she never revealed her identity and of course, she would not tell him she had learned about him from Frieda.

She wanted to make him feel as though they were the perfect match.

Chapter 1849 Out Of Ideas

Elektra arrived aboard the cruise ship.

"The plan has failed. Sonya is determined to be a good mother-in-law and won't be suspecting Roxanne at all." Looking dejected, Elektra awaited Christina's response.

Christina's face contorted with rage.

“Goddammit. Why did nothing happen to Sonya? She trusts Roxanne so much, doesn't she? Very well, then. We'll have to make Roxanne suspect her,” Christina said through gritted teeth, her voice laced with menace.

“I'm afraid that won't be easy to do. Your plan has alerted them. Lucian has since increased security around Roxanne.”

“What are you afraid of? We'll start with the children! | have nothing left to lose, anyway. | haven't been afraid of anything for a long time. It was my fault for not being cruel enough to wipe out the three little shits earlier! Everything would have been so much better now if | had!”

Elektra felt the hairs on her back stand on end from the cold gust of foreboding rushing to her scalp. She suddenly realized what a grave mistake it was to work with Christina.

This woman holds a grudge. Nothing is beneath her at this point. If anything happens, she can just escape back to Hawen to be with her Mr. Goldstein.

Elektra's eyes darkened for a moment, which made Christina glare at her. “What is it? Are you worried that I'll mess up?” Christina asked in a teasing tone. Elektra remained composed. “You said we won't harm them directly. It seems that you're out of ideas.”

Christina's expression froze, but she quickly gathered herself. “Acting against the children is indeed rather idiotic. It's fine if you don't want to go along with it. We'll think of something else.”

That night, Roxanne finished the broth Sonya made and felt its warmth extend to her heart.

Emerging from the study, Lucian hugged her gently from the back.

“Please have your mother stop cooking for me, Lucian. I'm no longer in pain. Besides, she hasn't fully recovered yet.” Roxanne had been having broth for the past few days, and her period had already ended.

She knew deep down that Sonya was trying to make amends.

However, Sonya's perseverance convinced Roxanne that she had changed her mind regarding her.

Perhaps Sonya had really changed.

“Don't take it to heart. Let her do it since she's willing to. She actually thinks the same way as | do. The Farwell family owes you and the children a great deal.”

Reveling in her scent, Lucian gathered her long black hair and tucked it behind her shoulder.

Unable to help himself, he kissed her on the cheek.

Instinctively, something within him stirred.

The wolf that had starved for days cornered its prey.

Roxanne's cheeks turned pink. She tilted her head, and an intent to reciprocate rose in her eyes.

However, the words that came next dampened Lucian's fire.

“We'll wait two more days.”

Lucian could do nothing else but let go of her. “I'll go take a cold shower, then.”

Roxanne laughed, looking pleased with herself at the sight of his resentment. “Be careful not to catch a cold!”

The sound of rushing water could be heard from the bathroom soon after. Roxanne returned to the study, picked up her book, and turned her attention to the Cerulean Needle Technique.

Chapter 1850 Never Be Apart Again

At the entrance of the City Hall, Roxanne's thoughts drifted back to the past as she held the marriage certificate in her hands. She had gotten married to Lucian for the first time under similarly ill-prepared circumstances.

However, Lucian had been in a rush back then. He had driven off and tasked Cayden with sending her home after obtaining the marriage certificate as though it was just a notice.

Now, however, Lucian was smartly dressed with a bouquet of roses in his hand, and he was smiling from ear to ear.

“What made you want to get our marriage certificate before doing anything else?”

Lucian walked over and unabashedly kissed Roxanne on the forehead.

Many other couples who were waiting for their turn could not tear their eyes from them. The man is devastatingly handsome, and the woman's beauty is equally breathtaking.

“Let's register first, as we have lots to do. You have proposed, anyway. | want the children to settle down as soon as possible. When we return, | have to transfer Archie's and Benny's accounts to your name.”

Roxanne smiled as she ran him through her plans. She only had eyes for his serious-looking face. The tenderness in his gaze was what she had looked forward to for years.

“You're joking, right? You're now a rich woman too. The inheritance rights of the Farwell family won't appeal to you.” Lucian handed her the bouquet of roses, then produced his phone and turned on the front camera.

Bending over slightly, he pressed his cheek against Roxanne's.

“What are you doing?” Roxanne was taken aback.

“Smile! I'm uploading a picture of us as my first post on Instagram!” Lucian said. Roxanne looked at the camera and smiled brightly, brimming with pure happiness. After taking several pictures in a row, Lucian began to write a caption.

“Isn't this inappropriate? Your followers are important clients or close family members. Don't you have to portray a stern persona? That's the reason why you've never uploaded anything over the years, isn't it?” Roxanne cautioned hesitantly.

Lucian shook his head. "You're the reason why I'm learning to change."

Roxanne was stunned by those words. At the same time, she was curious about the caption he wrote. Hand in hand until the end? Or is he telling the world that he loves me?

She quickly fished out her phone and refreshed her app, eager to see what Lucian had posted. Looking up, she met his twinkling eyes.

At the same time, his caption appeared when the app loaded.

The caption read: From this moment forth, we will never be apart again.

He even included a photograph of their marriage certificate.

"How unoriginal!" Roxanne teased, feeling a sweetness warming her from the inside.

Lucian flashed her a captivating smile. "After this, I can begin documenting everything about the children and us on Instagram." Roxanne nodded. Upon noticing the increasing number of onlookers, she urged Lucian to leave.

"Let's go. Next up, wedding photos. We'll pick our outfits today. Do you have any requests for the location?" Lucian led her by the hand as they walked toward the car.

She shook her head, not minding very much where they took the photographs.

As long as the pictures are taken with him, they will be beautiful no matter where we go.

However, Roxanne underestimated the difficulty of taking wedding photographs.

Her initial assumption was that picking outfits would not be a problem.

Upon arriving at the bridal shop and seeing the array of beautiful dresses, however, she was seized by an impulse to try them all.

Even after two hours, she still could not make up her mind.