

ABANDONED 1991

Chapter 1991 | Had A Part In Its Creation Even after pondering for some time, Jonathan did not know how to answer that question.

He shook his head, then looked at Lucian and Roxanne in confusion. “Have | changed? Why don't | feel any different? All | know is that | feel like changing my clothes now.”

Such a response made the couple change their minds. Jonathan had not changed much after all and was still as blunt as ever.

Needless to say, Roxanne also noticed that Madilyn kept sneaking glances at Jonathan. / can practically see the stars shining in her eyes.

Meanwhile, Jonathan immediately returned to his car and brought out the medicinal herbs. Lucian nodded and thanked him with a smile. “That's so thoughtful of you.” Roxanne knew the medicinal herbs were valuable at first glance. They were the kind that not even money could buy.

“These are all safe to be consumed during pregnancy. These must've been your recommendations, am | right?” Roxanne asked while looking at Madilyn. Jonathan maybe familiar with the places of origin and prices of many medicinal herbs and can identify them, but he doesn't necessarily know much about their specific effects.

This time, Madilyn admitted to it openly. “You're right. Although Jonathan knows they're supplements, he isn't aware of their contraindications. He previously sent my mom a ton of herbs suitable for consumption during pregnancy. Because of that, she kept urging me to get pregnant, saying they would come in handy if | do!”

Jonathan scratched his head and smiled sheepishly at the mention of that embarrassing incident.

It also quickly dawned on Madilyn that she should not have brought it up because right after that, Roxanne began teasing her relentlessly. “Well, she's not wrong. You can take them if you're pregnant. If you get pregnant in the future, | bet Jonathan will obtain all sorts of supplements for you!”

| haven't even expressed my feelings to him, but here she is, trying to let the cot out of the bag! Madilyn panicked instantly and shot Roxanne a pleading look, begging the latter not to say too much.

“That won't be a problem,” Jonathan piped up. Roxanna burst into laughter, and even Lucian smiled.

Suddenly, they heard Estella's voice come from upstairs. “Aunt Madilyn! Aunt Madilyn, you're here! What were you talking about just now? Is Mommy pregnant?”

Archie and Benny also stuck their heads over the spiral staircase. Both of them looked at Roxanne at the same time. “Mommy, you're pregnant? Why didn't you tell us?”

All three children looked excited and were about to go downstairs when Elias reminded the two boys about the injuries on their knees.

Then, Elias carried the boys downstairs while Estella skipped over to Roxanne.

Roxanne had planned to keep it a secret for a little longer and wait until her pregnancy had progressed to a stable stage before telling the children the good news.

However, she now had no choice but to admit it. "That's right.

You'll have a younger brother or sister very soon!"

"Wow! Really? You're awesome, Mommy!" Estella exclaimed, jumping for joy. She leaned forward and kissed Roxanne on the cheek several times, seemingly giving her encouragement for the pregnancy.

Archie and Benny were also all smiles. They walked over and held Roxanne's hands lovingly, one on each side. "Mommy, you're so amazing," Archie said, his tone sincere.

As for Benny, he was already thinking far ahead. "Mommy, how many babies are you going to have? Can you give birth to two more? Can we have another brother or sister?"

Roxanne was at a loss for how to answer his question. How many more babies am I going to have? I mean, just giving birth to one more is good enough!

As Lucian watched the children shower Roxanne with love and affection, a sense of jealousy suddenly crept over him. I'm the father of this baby. It doesn't matter whether it's a younger brother or sister. Either way, I had a part in the baby's creation, so why isn't anyone giving me credit for my contribution

Chapter 1992 Did Someone Switch Out His Brain This content © 2024 NôvelDrama.Org.

Madilyn proceeded to update Roxanne on the subsequent developments related to the bacteria outbreak at the hospital. "I've gone to the psychiatric hospital to check on Christina. She has really gone mad! She's semi-conscious, unresponsive, and keeps talking gibberish. The doctors there also mentioned she once sneaked into the medication room in the middle of the night, grabbed a lot of medicine, and swallowed them all. In the end, they had to send her to the hospital where they managed to save her after much effort."

The incidents instigator, Christina, was now of unsound mind. As for the hospital's doctors and nurses, they received much acknowledgment after surviving the ordeal. The health department's senior officials even came down to present awards to them in person.

The hospital also received praise and official recognition with a chance of being included on the list of designated hospitals cooperating with medical insurance providers in the future.

Jonathan added, "The criminal proceedings against Christina have entered the prosecution stage. Regardless of whether the suspect is mentally unstable, such a crime carries a mandatory prison sentence of at least fifteen years. And because of Christina's case, Elektra's sentence has been commuted."

Lucian and Roxanne exchanged glances while quietly breathing sighs of relief. Whether she goes by Christina or Aubree, she'll have nothing to do with us from now on.

"Oh, one more thing. Lucian, after you purchased the patent licensing for Moranta, Mr. Goldstein suddenly canceled his itinerary in Chanaea. Perhaps it was because he had planned to monopolize

the market for that medicine, but that didn't work out. Or it could be because of Christina's mental state," Jonathan continued.

However, Lucian knitted his brows and shook his head. "No. Someone like him wouldn't let Christina influence his actions. There's only one possibility—his plans in Chanaea fell through. Think about it. What would you do if you wanted everyone to depend on your medicine?"

Roxanne and Madilyn were shocked to hear that.

Meanwhile, Jonathan's gaze turned cold and piercing. "I see. So, what happened at the hospital this time was merely a test. Not only did Mr. Goldstein know all about Christina's plot, but he even deliberately allowed her to carry it out!"

Lucian nodded in response. Jonathan's admiration for Lucian instantly grew stronger. | didn't even consider things from that angle. I'm still too naive.

The four of them continued chatting for a little longer, and it was past eight o'clock in the evening when Jonathan left with Madilyn.

Roxanne wondered out loud how long it would take for the pair to finally confirm their relationship.

"I'm guessing things will move along very swiftly from here on in. Jonathan has finally seen the light," Lucian said with a faint smile.

However, she shook her head. She still did not believe that would happen.

Hence, the couple made a bet on whether Jonathan and Madilyn would confirm their relationship within the next week.

If they did, Lucian would win the bet and have the chance to make Roxanne do whatever he wished.

"This bet sounds pretty good. As for what to make you do, I'll have to give it some thought. Should it be something you hate to do the most, or should it be something that you're the most afraid of?" Lucian grinned impishly, seemingly confident of winning.

Naturally, if Roxanne's guess proved accurate, she would also get to make Lucian do whatever she wanted. However, she was quite troubled about that as Lucian seemed down to do anything she asked of him even without the bet. If that's the case, it'd be meaningless even if | won.

Since the temperature at night was starting to get colder, Jonathan closed the car window and turned on the heat a little.

Madilyn thought he would send her straight home after leaving the Farwell residence. To her surprise, he remarked on how beautiful the moon looked that night and said there was a spot he wanted to take her to that was perfect for admiring the night sky.

Upon hearing that, she could not help thinking how strange it was. Jonathan would never have said anything like that in the past. What has changed in him? Did someone switch out his brain? Or did someone else reincarnate in his body like what happens in novels and movies?

However, although she felt doubtful, she was also overjoyed

Chapter 1993 Find The Wish Bottle One would see a spacious square after driving up the road near Elmling Park.

At that time, the moon was shining brightly, and the stars were sparse in the night sky. Groups of twos and threes hung out around the square. They were either couples in their honeymoon phase or small families with children.

The place was basically an ideal hotspot for couples to go on dates.

It seemed as if Jonathan had already prepared everything beforehand, for he took out a waterproof mat and some snacks from the car before finding an open space with fewer people around. He then began setting everything up.

All of a sudden, a sweet and romantic sensation filled Madilyn's heart. "It'd be lovely if we could set up a tent here and watch the moon and stars before we fall asleep."

To her surprise, Jonathan answered, "I've got a tent, but..."

Hearing that, Madilyn became flustered, and her cheeks flushed red.

If it weren't for the darkness, Jonathan would have noticed her cheeks were as red as a tomato. She was not prepared to spend the night alone with him in a tent.

While her thoughts ran wild, Jonathan continued spreading out the mat and arranging the food on it. After that, he took out the equipment for boiling water from the car and got to work.

"I noticed something. Your current preferences have begun to resemble Mr. Farwell's," said Madilyn in an attempt to change the topic.

"I suppose so. I used to drink coffee just for the taste, but now, I drink it to improve my mood. Of course, I'm not like Lucian. I don't try out every kind of good-quality coffee. I've always stuck to plain coffee."

Jonathan's tone sounded nonchalant, yet his words carried a certain philosophical sense that concerned the profound principles of life.

His demeanor dazed Madilyn. As she gazed at his chiseled side profile, which could be seen faintly under the moonlight, she felt her heart race.

He's so freaking handsome!

Finally, Jonathan finished setting the place up. "Have a seat. The sky tonight is gorgeous, isn't it?"

"Yep, it is." As soon as Madilyn sat down, she felt as if she had returned to her youthful schooldays.

She could not remember the last time she admired the beautiful moon and lush field with such peace and tranquility.

Gradually, she calmed down and began to enjoy the rare, relaxing moment.

The duo chatted about some interesting stories from their past over coffee and snacks, sharing their memories with each other.

Although Madilyn could not see Jonathan's expression clearly in the darkness, she could tell that he was no longer as aloof and distant as he was before.

She was filled with joy, for the change in his demeanor proved that he had finally gotten over the dark moments of his past. Their fingers touched when Jonathan was carefully handing her a cup of coffee, and that made her heart flutter. "By the way, I remember something interesting. Back when I was in high school, I once came here with my friends. This huge

square didn't exist back then. We buried wish bottles on a slope somewhere nearby. I wonder if it's still there," said Jonathan suddenly.

"Really? I'm quite curious about what kind of wishes you made back then. Where is it? Can we still find it?" Madilyn was eager to find out.

"Come on. Let's go and dig it out. Perhaps it's still there." Smiling, Jonathan got to his feet and extended his hand to her.

In the next second, he realized his gesture might be inappropriate and wanted to retract his hand, but before he could do so, Madilyn swiftly placed her right hand in his palm.

Jonathan was slightly startled, but he quickly flashed a smile and helped her up. With that, they headed toward the location where the wish bottles were buried.

Gauging the distance with his steps, Jonathan stopped at an inconspicuous spot on the slope. He soon began clearing the weeds and digging through the soil.

Surprisingly, the bottles were hidden quite deep beneath the ground. He continued digging about thirty centimeters down before finally touching something that produced a crisp sound.

"I found it! It's still here! Let's look around the area. There were four of us back then, so we buried quite a few," Jonathan said excitedly.

It was like a treasure hunt. Feeling equally excited, Madilyn began clearing off the surrounding weeds and soil with her bare hands

Chapter 1994 Is That A Yes

The two spent fifteen minutes and much effort trying to locate all four bottles. The bottlenecks were all stuffed with corks that blocked the rain and moisture from damaging the contents within.

Someone even suggested the idea of placing desiccants in the bottles, so ultimately, all the papers were preserved perfectly without even a single sign of mold.

Holding the four bottles in his hands, Jonathan smiled. "Let's go and clean them up nicely before opening them. I can't believe it's been almost thirteen years!"

Madilyn nodded with a faint smile on her face as an unusual emotion consumed her. It felt as if she were brought back to her youthful days many years ago.

They found a water tap near the field and used it to wash away the excess mud on the bottles before wiping them dry. Then, they returned to their camping site.

“Which one is yours?” Madilyn peered at the transparent bottles. The colored papers each of them used were vastly different. There were purple, blue, pink, and white ones.

She guessed that the white paper belonged to him because judging from his past character, he probably wouldn't like anything fancy.

“Then, does the pink one belongs to Elektra?” A thought struck Madilyn.

Jonathan smiled as he nodded. “Yes. That belongs to Elektra, indeed. But then, | don't think it's appropriate for us to pry into their secrets. So, | think we should keep it for them and pass it to them when we see them.”

Madilyn gave it some thought and eventually agreed to it. Prying into others' privacy without their permission wasn't ethical at all.

Jonathan placed the other bottles onto the ground except for the one with the blue paper. “We can open mine. This blue one belongs to me.”

He recalled past memories and began mumbling, “Lucian and James joined us too, but they refused to write their wishes. The white one belongs to James, but I'm not sure if he had written anything. We'll open it with him some other day.”

Blue? It represents depression, rationality, and hope. | think these characteristics match well with the emotions Jonathan felt back then.

Seeing how excited Madilyn was, Jonathan removed the cork and smiled shyly. “To be honest, I've forgotten what my wish was. | can't remember much because it's been so long.”

“| know, right? That's why | can't wait to see what's in there! I'm so curious!” Madilyn didn't bother to keep her eagerness in check and immediately reached out to take the paper as soon as Jonathan removed it from the bottle.

“Here. You can have a look first.” Jonathan handed her the blue paper.

She carefully opened the paper which was folded neatly into a simple square before using her phone's torchlight to make out the words on it.

The words read: Madilyn, will you be my girlfriend?

She was promptly dumbstruck.

Upon scanning the words on the paper, she stood frozen in place and was at a complete loss for words. Thinking her eyes had deceived her, she read the sentence again to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

I'm pretty sure | didn't read it wrong! That's exactly what's written on it! But why?

In shock and disbelief, Madilyn lifted her head to look at Jonathan, using the torchlight to shine on his face.

“This can't be real. Jonathan, this is...” she stuttered, wondering whether she was imagining things, and that was when she saw the mischievous smile on Jonathan's face.

Did he plan this since the start? Was he acting all along? This is all just a lie, right? He even said the bottles were buried years ago. | bet he buried them only hours ago!

Madilyn took a long time to recover from the shock as a look of joy slowly replaced her surprised expression.

| can't believe he confessed his love to me in such a romantic way!

Elation filled her to the brim, and tears began welling in her eyes as she was so ecstatic she almost couldn't contain herself.

“Madilyn, is that a yes?” Jonathan's gaze was as tender as the moonlight that showered down on Earth that night.

Madilyn nodded fervently. She replied, “Yes. Yes!”

Chapter 1995 The Purple Wish Bottle

The moon was exceptionally stunning on that very night.

“Jonathan, tell me the truth. Did you swap your soul with someone else or what?”

With her hand in his, Madilyn could almost feel the warmth from his palm along with an electric current that seeped all the way to her heart, creating ripples within.

| can't believe he used such an extraordinary way to confess his love! But on second thought, | was the one who trusted him too much. | should've realized something was amiss when | noticed that the soil at the slope was recently loosened. Or else, he

wouldn't have been able to dig through it so effortlessly.

“Nope. I'm still me. It's just that the way I'm expressing myself is different now. Plus, | wasn't lying to you about the bottles. | didn't bury them hours ago. | dug them up a few days ago before | returned to work.”

He recalled how everything played out. One day, he suddenly thought of the wish bottles they buried years ago, so he went to Elmling Park alone to dig them up. He had forgotten all about his past self's expectations of the future.

After a long break, Jonathan realized he didn't like how empty and pointless his life was, so in order to find out what he truly wanted, he opened his wish bottle.

He unfolded the paper to reveal the wishes he wrote in the past: | hope to achieve a successful career with Lucian in the future and marry the woman | love!

Jonathan was in a daze after reading his past wishes. | didn't expect what | wished for back then to be so simple. Turns out I've lost my way after all these years of enduring the stress from my family and career. Slowly, I've gotten tired of everything which

ultimately leads to depression. Now, after coming face to face with my past self, | finally see the light.

Upon having an epiphany, he vowed to himself that he would acknowledge his feelings and no longer be afraid. As such, he came up with the idea to confess his love in such a manner.

“Jonathan, I'm so glad to see how much you've changed!” Madilyn leaned over to nestle her head on his shoulder.

There they sat, chatting casually while enjoying the night breeze.

“Elektra is getting out of jail soon. Maybe her wish bottle would give her some inspiration on how to lead her life in the future,” Jonathan mumbled.

How many of us could still stay true to ourselves?

“| hope so. But who does the purple one belongs to?” Madilyn asked curiously.

“You are not going to believe this. | have no idea who it belongs to, either. | only remember that Lucian was the one who brought it over and that the bottle belonged to a woman.

Jonathan would never have told Madilyn the truth in the past, but it didn't really matter anymore. After all, Roxanne and Lucian were already having their fourth child.

However, Madilyn's reaction was stronger than expected. She snapped, “So this bottle might have belonged to another woman whom Lucian was dating in the past? | must tell Roxanne about this!”

Deep down, she was afraid that Elektra's incident would happen all over again. Feeling troubled, Jonathan frowned. Does that make me a leaker? But Madilyn is my girlfriend. I'll have to listen to her. Come to think of it, I'm also curious about who the purple bottle belonged to. Why did that person ask Lucian to deliver the bottle instead

of showing up themselves?

“Okay. You can tell her. | would like to know who it belonged to, too!” Jonathan decided to betray Lucian there and then.

Chapter 1996 Keep Your Wits About You

It was getting late, and regardless of how impatient Madilyn was, she couldn't disturb a pregnant woman's rest at that hour, so she decided to wait until tomorrow.

As the night grew darker and the coldness began to set in, Jonathan quickly took off his coat and draped it over Madilyn.

“Do you feel cold? Should | take you home now?” Jonathan uttered in an undertone.

Only then did he realize that Madilyn was already dozing off. He flashed a faint smile and changed his posture.

“Let me carry you,” Jonathan said. Without waiting for her to agree, he immediately scooped up her petite body and headed toward the car.

Madilyn was indeed tucked out. After being carried into the car amidst her drowsiness, she felt warmth enveloping her, brought about by a blanket that appeared out of nowhere.

She could sense Jonathan tidying things up around her in her groggy state, and a sense of security washed over her, allowing her to drift off to sleep.

After an uncertain amount of time, Jonathan softly called out. “Maddy, Maddy. We're home.”

Madilyn gradually woke up, feeling a little lightheaded. However, the moment she heard that affectionate term of endearment, she sobered up in a flash and grinned at him. I'm officially Jonathan's girlfriend now.

“Why did you bring me home?” All of a sudden, she felt reluctant to part with the man, wanting to spend more time with him.

“Well, it wouldn't be appropriate for us to go directly to a hotel, right?” A hint of passion gleamed in Jonathan's eyes, prompting Madilyn to feel flustered.

No way. That would indeed be inappropriate.

Still, she managed to think of a way to phrase her thoughts. She pouted and said, “I meant I'm hungry.”

“All right. Let's go have some supper, then,” Jonathan responded decisively, restarting the car and turning the vehicle around.

Madilyn got up from the back seat and climbed into the front passenger seat, giggling. “From today onward, this car's passenger seat is exclusively reserved for me.”

“No problem. From now on, this car will only pick you up. Oh, and Mdm. Xander as well.” Jonathan's voice was deep and magnetic, sounding particularly pleasant.

The joy that had settled in Madilyn's heart once again surged.

Early the next day, Roxanne was woken up by a phone call from her best friend.

Listening to her best friend recounting Jonathan's confession last night, Roxanne also found it incredible. However, at the same time, she felt genuinely happy for them upon finding out they had finally confirmed their relationship.

In the end, Madilyn hesitated for a while before mentioning the purple wishing bottle.

“Jonathan and I are just curious. You can just ask him about this matter casually. It's been more than a decade, and with how outstanding Lucian was, he must have charmed a lot of girls during that time, so this isn't at all surprising! Anyway, I hope I won't cause any conflicts between you two by telling you this. Ah! I shouldn't have mentioned anything. Look at me, always poking my

nose into others' business. Don't let this sow any discord between you and Lucian after all you've been through to be together.”

Regret churned within Madilyn's chest after she finished telling Roxanne about everything. Some things should be kept a secret forever. So many years have passed. Perhaps Lucian has already forgotten about it.

Unexpectedly, Roxanne burst into laughter.

“Roxanne, why are you laughing? Be serious. I really don't want to see Elektra's incident repeat itself. Lucian is too outstanding, so you must always keep your wits about you,” Madilyn reminded sternly.

However, Roxanne continued giggling and finally stopped after being yelled at by Madilyn.

Subsequently, Roxanne replied nonchalantly, “About that... Will you believe me if I tell you that purple wishing bottle belonged to me?”

Chapter 1997 Lifelong Imprint

“How is that possible?” Madilyn exclaimed in surprise.

She searched her memory of the many years she had known Roxanne, but there was no evidence that Roxanne and Lucian had met during their teenage years.

During their first three years of marriage, Roxanne was nothing more than a nominal wife, and ultimately, Lucian heartlessly divorced her.

Then came six years of separation. Roxanne gave birth to three children. Estella was on the verge of death and was diagnosed by the hospital as unlikely to survive.

Unexpectedly, after several twists and turns, Ethan went to Epea and tracked down the hospital Roxanne had delivered the triplets. In the end, Estella was rescued and brought back to Horington.

From then on, Roxanne lived with her children, Archie and Benny, while Lucian took care of Estella. The family proceeded to lead separate lives for six years.

At present, Roxanne had returned to Horington for almost a year.

Aside from the past ten years, Roxanne had never mentioned to Madilyn about knowing Lucian earlier.

“Well, it's a long story. Maybe I shouldn't say anything.” Roxanne's teasing tone sounded casual. She seemed totally unfazed by the purple wish bottle.

Hearing her friend's impish voice, Madilyn protested loudly, “No! You must tell us. I'll go get Jonathan, and we'll come over to listen to your story.”

Meanwhile, at the manor, Roxanne smiled. “Fine. You two lovebirds can come over. I'll tell you everything.

When Roxanne returned home after sending the three kids to school, Madilyn and Jonathan had already arrived.

Jonathan was holding the purple wish bottle, which was still sealed.

The two looked at Roxanne suspiciously, unconvinced she had written the letter.

“Roxanne, no matter how you put it, this wish bottle was buried by Lucian and me the year before we went to university. | don't remember having known you back then.” Jonathan had repeatedly explained that to Madilyn in the car.

Back then, Jonathan, Lucian, James, and Elektra would often hang out together on weekends, even though they attended different schools.

Jonathan remembered that although they hung out together, everyone was engaged in different activities.

Lucian spent his time studying various business cases and acquiring business knowledge whenever he had the chance, while James had already developed a strong interest in psychology. Now, it seemed to Jonathan that James' mother, Yennefer, had already fallen ill at that time.

Elektra, on the other hand, paid attention to various fashion trends and celebrity clothing every day.

Jonathan was the only one who truly focused on his studies. He had no choice but to rely on rote memorization, as he wasn't a natural talent.

Roxanne nodded, the expression in her eyes becoming somewhat distant as she reminisced about the past.

“Indeed, under normal circumstances, | would've never met Lucian. The high school he attended, being a renowned art academy in the country, was not only an excellent private school but also a place teeming with children of the social elites. Jonathan, like you, | only attended an ordinary high school.”

Jonathan nodded in agreement.

She elaborated, “However, you were just being stubborn too. Your family had the means to send you to the same school as Lucian. He told me this himself back then.”

“Yes, that's true. Lucian even told you that? In that case, you two must've been very close at that time, right?” asked Jonathan. Unexpectedly, Roxanne shook her head. Nonetheless, a faint, contented smile appeared on her face. “Actually, we weren't close. Fate is really quite fascinating. Do you remember the custom of student exchanges between many

schools in the past? That's right. Lucian was an exchange student who came to my school. He was only there for a short month, but he left a lifelong imprint in my heart!”

Chapter 1998 What Is Your Name

As Roxanne relayed the story from her memories, the scene from decades ago played out in their minds. Lucian was unqualified as an exchange student because the objective of the exchange

program was for the student to experience the school life of a normal high school and compare it to that of an art academy, including the common practices and order.

However, he was merely sixteen years old back then, so he couldn't care less about those. He would occasionally skip classes because the curriculum for regular high schools was probably too boring for him.

One typical day, Lucian, James, and Jonathan planned to sneak into a trade show, so Lucian only stayed for the first class after lunch break before skipping the rest.

Back then, the school's security was tight with guards stationed at all the gates, so he had no choice but to scale the wall near the library.

Unexpectedly, nails were scattered atop the walls that day. His hands were pierced and he fell to the ground, spraining his ankle in the process.

Roxanne, being a top student, usually spent all her free time at the library.

She was rushing to her classroom that day after missing more than an hour of class due to being too engrossed in her reading.

That was how they met.

Roxanne had never seen a more handsome young man than Lucian in her life, much less one in such a sorry state. Lucian was in so much pain as he examined his ankle and his bloody palms.

“Hey, are you okay? Do you need help? What hurt your hand? We need to stop the bleeding immediately and ensure you don't contract a tetanus infection!” Roxanne remembered those words vividly because those were the first words she said to Lucian.

Lucian nodded before glancing at Roxanne. His gaze didn't linger on her for long.

Roxanne told Lucian not to move before running back to the library and getting a small medical kit containing all kinds of first-aid supplies.

She then helped Lucian disinfect his wound and stop the bleeding.

However, his ankle was badly sprained.

Never in his wildest dreams would he expect a high school girl to be familiar enough with the massage technique in traditional medicine to push the tendon in his calf back to its original place.

At that moment, he vividly remembered how her side profile looked and how a tendril of her hair swayed in the light breeze.

“All right, done! You need to get a tetanus shot next. It's best if you don't move your leg for the next twenty-four hours.” She flashed him a faint smile before picking up the medical kit and heading back to the library.

Lucian thought she would be back. Instead, she hurriedly rushed back to class.

However, Lucian's features were deeply ingrained in her memory after that encounter. After all, he was too good-looking. It would be hard to forget a face like that.

Following the incident, Lucian waited for her at the library several times, but she didn't show up.

It wasn't until the day Lucian planned to skip class with Jonathan and James to bury his wish bottle that they finally met again.

When he passed by the library, he ran into Roxanne again.

“Hey, what's your name?” Lucian asked casually.

Roxanne's gaze, however, was focused on the empty wish bottle in his hand. “I know who you are, Mr. Farwell. May I ask what is that?” she asked, pointing at the wish bottle.

“You know me?” A faint smile curved Lucian's lips at that knowledge. His smile accentuated his charm, causing Roxanne to avert her gaze in bashfulness.

Roxanne nodded with certainty at his question. Heaven knows how many times I wrote his name on my notebook.

After finding out he was an exchange student from the art academy, she knew she would never get to become friends with him.

“This is a wish bottle. After writing down your wish, you put it in the bottle and bury it deep in the ground. Several years later, you dig it up and see if your wish came true. But I don't know what I should write,” he said with a look of boredom.

“I see. That's too bad.” Roxanne did her best to remain calm, but just the sight of him standing right in front of her made butterflies flutter furiously in her belly.

“Yeah. How about this, then? Do you have a wish? Why don't you write yours and put it in this bottle? I'll help you bury it. I'll tell you where it is in the future, and you can dig it up. What do you think?”

Chapter 1999 Fall Head Over Heels For Him

Lucian appeared serious as he suggested that.

Roxanne was stunned by his offer.

However, she was naive back then, so she didn't consider the possibility that someone might sneak a peek at what she wrote.

Hence, she nodded in agreement before rummaging around her bag for her diary. She then tore a page from it and swiftly folded it.

The pages of her diary were purple in color.

“Is that it? Aren't you going to write anything else?” Lucian asked curiously.

Roxanne shook her head. “Yes, that's all. All my wishes are written on that page. I have a lot of wishes, so I wonder if they will ever come true.”

“Okay. Put it in then.” When Lucian inched closer, a breeze blew past them, carrying the pleasant scent from his body.

As the scent enveloped her, the intimacy between them colored her cheeks red.

She carefully slid the paper into the wish bottle.

Lucian instantly plugged the bottle's opening with a cork. “I'll go and bury your wishes now. The earth represents never-ending hope, so | believe that by burying it beneath the earth, your wishes will definitely come true.”

In a split second, the expression on Roxanne's face froze.

She would forever remember that scene.

Lucian tilted his head slightly askew, and the smile on his face was both dashing and charming at the same time.

The sight of his smile under the sun took her breath away.

Lucian's period as an exchange student ended after that. He left and never showed up at Roxanne's high school again.

The two of them only met twice when Roxanne was fifteen. Yet, those two encounters were deeply engraved in her memory and frequented her dreams.

She didn't even get to ask him whether he really did bury that wish bottle for her.

In fact, he didn't even know her name.

The next time they met was when she almost graduated from university. That year, her father married her off to Lucian with a price.

She was confident that he would recognize her, but alas, he treated her coldly throughout those three years of marriage and never regarded her as his wife.

In the end, she threw herself at him like a moth to a flame, acting on her immature yet fervent feelings. Getting pregnant with his children, however, was totally unexpected.

Jonathan and Madilyn found it hard to recover from the shock after Roxanne finished her story.

“So, you fell head over heels for Lucian when you were fifteen?” Madilyn felt inexplicably moved.

No wonder she still loves Lucian despite being hurt so badly.

The corners of Roxanne's lips curled into a nonchalant smile as she acknowledged her feelings.

“Those details match my memory. Lucian did sprain his ankle that year and took a few days off from school. After that incident, he appeared to have something on his mind and kept returning to that high school.”

Referring to his memory, Jonathan confirmed that Roxanne did, in fact, appear in Lucian's life at that specific timeline.

“Looks like this bottle with the purple paper is indeed yours.” He passed the wish bottle to her.

The wooden cork was loose, so Roxanne removed it easily. She took out the folded piece of purple paper and slowly unfolded it. Madilyn leaned closer to Roxanne, curious about her best friend's wishes in the past.

The purple paper was filled with words, but the writing was neat. She had written down a lot of wishes.

Her greatest wish read: | hope to get into the same university as Lucian.

Other than that, she also wished to study medicine, make lots of money, and have a promising career.

The wishes of a fifteen-year-old girl were simple and straightforward, but the usage of adjectives was verbose and convoluted.

Madilyn couldn't help but laugh. “I never knew you were so poetic!”

Roxanne wasn't embarrassed in the slightest and even boldly admitted, “Many girls in my class asked me to help them with their love letters back then.”

Chapter 2000 Not What He Expected After attending a short meeting at the office, Lucian rushed home immediately.

He had undergone formal antenatal training and knew all the procedures of taking care of a pregnant woman like the back of his hand. As such, he was determined to do everything himself.

Upon his arrival at the manor, he was surprised to see Jonathan and Madilyn there.

“You just brought health supplements yesterday, so what do you plan on giving today?” Lucian teased. Yet he could sense Madilyn glaring at him, while Jonathan was also wearing a gloomy expression. Only Roxanne was full of smiles.

She was well aware that the two of them, upon listening to her story, resented Lucian for how he treated her during those three years of marriage back then.

“What's wrong, Jonathan? Say something!”

Madilyn's frosty gaze caused Lucian's hair to stand on end.

Without hesitation, he tried to recall if he had gotten on Roxanne's nerves, as that was the likely reason for Madilyn's hostility. “Lucian, do you still remember this wish bottle?”

Roxanne showed him the wish bottle in her hand. As if remembering something, she refolded the piece of purple paper and stuffed it back into the bottle.

A single glance was all it took for Lucian to remember what it was.

“Isn't this the wish bottle | gave you back then? Looks like Jonathan has dug it out. What about it? Are you guys talking about the past?” Jonathan asked, shooting a careful glance at Madilyn.

However, his nonchalance intensified Madilyn's anger, and she snapped, "Mr. Farwell, since you've known Roxanne a long time ago, why did you treat her that way after getting married to her back then?"

"Lucian, you should've been able to recognize Roxanne. She's the high school girl that you mentioned before!" Jonathan remembered Lucian telling him about his encounter with a mysterious girl.

At that moment, it dawned upon Lucian what was going on.

When he shifted his gaze to Roxanne, the latter grinned back at him.

"I haven't had the opportunity to explain, so why don't you do the honors yourself, Mr. Farwell?"

Lucian didn't know how to react. He had long expressed his remorse to Roxanne over what happened.

"Actually, the reason was simple. I couldn't accept the fact that the girl I was once in love with married me because of money. You can blame me for what happened, but that was how I saw it back then. This was all my parent's fault, or you can say that fate had brought us together. If I could go back in time, I wouldn't have wanted it to happen that way."

That year, Lucian had just taken charge of Farwell Group. He was weathering all sorts of difficulties in the business world and

suffered all kinds of plots to undermine him.

His experience made him realize that all the theoretical business knowledge he had was irrelevant. Fortunately, he didn't panic in the face of adversity. Steeling himself, he struck back at his enemies with a vengeance as he swiftly made investments in many industries he saw potential in.

His exposure to the business world consequently made it difficult for him to trust anyone.

It was under such circumstances that Roxanne became his wife.

In order to bring good luck to his grandfather, his parents found him a bride and paid a pretty sum for it. Little did he expect his bride to be the girl whom he had a good impression of in school.

The change in Roxanne wasn't something that he welcomed.

A studious girl who spent all her time reading in the library wasn't supposed to walk down such a path—marrying indiscriminately for money.

It made him wonder if she was also willing to marry another random rich heir for the same reason.

Therefore, there was no way he would develop feelings for Roxanne, whom he perceived as materialistic in the past.