

ABANDONED 601

Chapter 601 Roxanne took out her phone to give Lucian a call.

Meanwhile, during a routine morning at Farwell Group, Lucian was seated at the head of the conference table, listening to his subordinate's report.

Other than that, no one else was making a sound inside the conference room. All of a sudden, a phone's vibration could be heard.

Everyone, in unison, looked in the direction of the sound, wondering who was brazen enough not to set their phone on silent mode in Lucian's presence.

Very quickly, the crowd narrowed down the source of the sound to Lucian's own phone. At that moment, everyone fell silent while waiting for him to deal with it. Under normal circumstances, Lucian would end the call and have them continue.

However, this time, after looking at the caller ID with a frown, he pondered a few seconds before instructing with a grim tone, "That's all for today's meeting."

No sooner had he spoken than he got up with his phone and exited the conference room.

Once he closed the door behind him, everyone exchanged puzzled glances, as this was the first time Lucian ended a meeting just to take a call.

From the looks of it, it seemed like an important one. Hence, everyone wondered if it was related to work.

At the same time, Lucian, with a solemn expression, strode back into his office. Despite answering the call with a frown, he didn't say a word.

"Mr. Farwell," Roxanne remarked with a complicated expression while staring at the big bouquet of roses on the floor. Jolted back to his senses, Lucian actually felt nervous. "What is it?" By now, she has likely received the flowers and is probably calling about them.

“Nothing really. It’s just that I have received a bouquet of roses with your name written on the card. I just wanted to check if you have sent them to the wrong place?”

Roxanne’s tone sounded as if there was nothing out of the ordinary.

Her words caused Lucian’s eyes to darken. Just when he was about to retort, Jonathan’s advice rang out in his mind, calming him down. “No, I really meant to send them to you.”

He had barely spoken when silence descended upon the call.

Amidst the pause, Roxanne felt an inexplicable sense of panic, unsure of what Lucian’s gesture meant. When he didn’t hear a response from her, the anxious Lucian inquired, “Did you see the card that came with it?”

Upon regaining her senses, Roxanne threw the question back at him instead of answering. “Mr. Farwell, I want to know why you sent me the roses? I’m sure you know better than I do what the flowers symbolize.”

Lucian’s brows gradually furrowed at her words.

This is the first time I have given anyone roses. /sn’t it enough to show my sincerity? Is she really ignorant about it, or does she doubt my feelings for her?

Faced with his silence, Roxanne suppressed her emotions by clasping her palms. Finally, she continued in a casual tone, “Since you’re aware of what they mean, please don’t send them to me indiscriminately. Doing so will only put me in a difficult spot.”

Meanwhile, Lysa, who had no way of hearing Lucian’s answer, could guess what his response was from Roxanne’s words.

Unable to help herself, she knitted her brows to show her disapproval of how the two youngsters were dealing with their relationship.

It's obvious from Mr. Farwell's answer that he didn't send the flowers by mistake. If even someone old like me knows what the flowers mean, there's no reason for the two of them not to. Since Ms. Jarvis is aware, why does she insist on doubting Mr. Farwell's intentions?

Chapter 602 Back in the office, Roxanne's response ignited Lucian's anger.

Nonetheless, he quickly suppressed it when he recalled what his objective was. Instead, his tone sounded a little colder. "Of course I know what it means. I also assume that you, Ms. Jarvis, would understand my intentions too."

With a slight wrinkle of her brows, Roxanne, already feeling tired, could sense that Lucian was acting strangely today. "No, I don't. Whatever it is, Mr. Farwell, just say it to me directly."

Amidst his frustrated expression and burning rage, Lucian asserted, "I hope that you'll return to my side!"

His words came as such a sudden shock that Roxanne felt as if she was hit by a sledgehammer.

If it had happened six years ago, she would have been overjoyed to hear those words.

However, now, a sense of mockery was all she felt upon regaining her senses.

What does he mean? On one hand, he's engaged to Aubree. On the other, he's sending me roses. What do Aubree and I really mean to him?

T After a long silence, the anger within Lucian finally dissipated. He, cognizant of his own words, furrowed his brows in remorse.

Holding back his emotions, Lucian continued as if nothing had happened, "Furthermore, Essie needs a mother. Since she just adores you, and I remember that you, too, are very fond of her-"

Unexpectedly, Roxanne cut him off before he could finish, "Who do you take me for, Mr. Farwell? Do you think that just because Essie likes me, that automatically qualifies me to be her mother? By that

logic, Essie's birth mother is more suitable than me for that role. Therefore, it's better for you to send Essie back to her!"

Frowning in response, Lucian attempted to clarify himself, but the call ended before he could say a word.

In the end, his eyes brimmed with anger and regret as he stared at the blank screen of his phone.

I'm truly at my wits' end on how to get through to her. After | went this far and declared

this far and declared my intentions clearly, she still ends up misunderstanding me! What in the world did | do wrong?

After ending the call, Roxanne turned around to look at Lysa. "Lysa, please take the flowers back to the florist and get them to personally hand them over to Lucian."

Lysa felt hesitant upon hearing Roxanne's words. "Ms. Jarvis, don't you think it's inappropriate?" Lucian's sincerity was obvious even to an outsider like her.

Throughout this entire time, she had seen for herself how attentive Lucian was to Roxanne.

Every time the latter fell sick, he would always be by her side to care for her. Consequently, there was no reason to doubt Lucian's feelings for her at all. By doing this... Even if she doesn't accept him, is it really necessary to go so far as to crush his heart?

Narrowing her eyes, Roxanne retorted matter—of-factly, "Why is it inappropriate? | should have never received them in the first place."

No sooner had she spoken than Roxanne explained to Lysa, "Don't misunderstand. Our relationship isn't what you think it is. One day, when we have time, I'll tell you all about it."

Roxanne's words filled Lysa with even greater curiosity. It looks like there's more to them than meets the eye. In that case, it's not my place as an ignorant outsider to judge.

With that thought in mind, the conflicted Lysa agreed, "I'll return as soon as possible. You should stay put and not move a muscle. Or else, the wound might rip open."

Roxanne pursed her lips and smiled.

Chapter 603

When Lysa brought the flowers back to the florist, the latter instantly recognized the bouquet. Even the card that came with it was left untouched.

"Hi, um..."

Lysa broke into an apologetic smile. "Please send these flowers back to Farwell Group. Make sure you hand it over to Mr. Farwell personally.

The words caused the florist to widen her eyes in shock.

No wonder the customer from the morning looked so familiar. Not only was he handsome but also seemed rich. Even then, she had not expected him to be the CEO of Farwell Group.

What was even more inconceivable was that the flowers he sent ended up being rejected.

Consequently, the florist couldn't help but suspect there was something wrong with her flowers. Hence, she inquired, "May I know if there's anything unsatisfactory with our flowers?"

Lysa shook her head with a smile. "No, they're fine. We're just returning them for personal reasons." Just as she finished, Lysa, with no intention to further explain, put the flowers down and left. Looking at the rejected flowers, the confused florist began to grow curious about its intended recipient.

Not only is Mr. Farwell showering her with attention, but she also has the audacity to reject his advances, What makes this woman so special?

After ruminating about the matter, the florist ordered her deliveryman to pass on Lysa's message.

On that particular afternoon, Cayden was about to head out for lunch when the receptionist called out to him, "Mr. Lawson, there's a man here to deliver roses, and he insists on sending them to Mr. Farwell personally."

Despite being in her role for a long time, the receptionist couldn't make a decision, as it was the first time she encountered such a scenario.

Slightly surprised by her words, Cayden quickly recalled Lucian asking for the contact of a florist the night before. But why have the flowers been sent here? And why does he need to receive them personally? "Please put them aside first. I'll bring them up to Mr. Farwell in a while," Cayden replied upon regaining his senses.

Even though the receptionist acknowledged Cayden's instructions, the deliveryman protested, "But our customer insists that I deliver it to Mr. Farwell personally."

"Don't worry. I'm his assistant," Cayden explained. "I'll definitely hand them over to him." The deliveryman hesitated briefly before leaving the flowers with the receptionist. When Cayden came back from lunch in the afternoon, he knocked on Lucian's door with the flowers in hand.

Having heard Lucian's acknowledgment from inside, he entered the office and asked tactfully, "Mr. Farwell, these came in the afternoon with instructions that you receive them in person."

Lucian, engrossed in his work, only looked up when he heard Cayden's words.

At the sight of the bouquet of roses in the latter's arms, Lucian's expression drastically changed. That woman! Not only has she rejected my flowers, but she also sent them back to me!

"Mr. Farwell?" Cayden froze when he felt the sudden tension in the air.

Upon gathering his wits, Lucian responded coldly, "Leave the flowers, and off you go."

Grunting in acknowledgment, Cayden put the flowers down before leaving the office.

Just as he was closing the door, his curiosity got him thinking.

| wonder who it was that sent the flowers, to the extent of triggering such rage from Mr. Farwell. At that moment, Roxanne's image flashed across Cayden's mind.

Come to think of it, she's the only one who is capable of eliciting such a reaction from him. Also, Mr. Farwell would send roses to no one else but her. | wonder what are both of them fighting about now. Whatever it is, subordinates like us will have to suffer for getting the short end of the stick.

Chapter 604 When it was time to get off work in the evening, Cayden breathed a sigh of relief for having survived until then. Just as he had expected, Lucian was in a grouchy mood for the rest of the afternoon after receiving the bouquet of flowers.

Having served Lucian for a long time, Cayden knew how to navigate his way around and avoid getting on Lucian's nerves. Nonetheless, it didn't stop Lucian from scowling at him.

Unfortunately, the same couldn't be said of the senior management who went into his office to make their reports. All of them ended up receiving a piece of his mind.

By the time they came out, their faces had lost all color.

Just when Cayden expected to stay back for work, he was surprised when Lucian didn't need him to. "Please help me pick Essie up," Lucian instructed before he left.

Only when he saw Lucian enter the elevator did Cayden regain his senses and grunted in acknowledgment. Why isn't he picking her up since he's leaving work early?

After pondering for a moment, Cayden snuck a peek inside Lucian's office and saw that the bouquet of flowers he had brought inside earlier was left untouched.

I guess the reason why Mr. Farwell isn't picking Ms. Estella up has something to do with the flowers. After leaving the office, Lucian drove straight to Queen Group.

Since Jonathan was the one who came up with the idea, Lucian naturally wanted to clarify the problem he was facing with the former.

At Queen Group, Jonathan had just finished for the day and was preparing to drive home.

Therefore, he was surprised to see a familiar Jeep Cherokee parked outside his company the moment he stepped out. If I'm not wrong, that's one of Lucian's rides. What is he doing here at this hour?

Curious, Jonathan approached the car and knocked on the window.

As the window gradually wound down, it revealed Lucian's gloomy expression.

Jonathan's heart sank when he saw his friend's face. "Lucian, what are—"

With furrowed brows, Lucian remarked, "Get in. Let's go get a drink."

Jonathan was baffled by the invitation.

In two short days, Lucian invited me out to drink twice, which has never happened before. Unless, of course, he's having problems with Roxanne again.

As the realization dawned upon him, Jonathan joined Lucian in the car without another word.

The moment he settled down, their car sped off, its inertia almost causing him to sprain his back.

“What happened today? Didn't I already give you an idea? How did you end up quarreling again?” Jonathan asked while putting on his seatbelt.

The mere mention of the matter infuriated Lucian, who replied in a frosty voice, “I followed your instructions, and it was useless.” Hearing that, Jonathan scrunched his brows. “It shouldn't be that way...

Frieda never fails to smile every time she receives roses. Even if Roxanne doesn't accept him, I'm sure she would at least be warmed by his gesture. Unless... she's somehow different from other women?

“When you sent her the flowers, did you write your confession on a card and tag it along?” Jonathan inquired while racking his brains.

Lucian's expression was just as grim. “I did. In fact, I even wrote the card myself.” Knitting his brows slightly, Jonathan lamented, “The more the reason for it not to fail!” Based on his understanding, the cards that accompanied generic bouquets were usually written by the florist.

Now that Lucian had written one personally, Roxanne, even if her heart was made of stone, should definitely be moved. Is there something wrong with what Lucian wrote?

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Holding that thought, Jonathan couldn't resist asking, “What did you write?”

However, Lucian had no intention of going into that detail, for Roxanne didn't even mention the card.

In fact, when he asked her about it, she simply ignored his question, causing him to wonder if she had even seen it.

But if she hadn't read it, how would she have known that I was the one who sent her the flowers?

Lucian continued to ruminate on the matter.

Since she chose to call me, she must have read the card but wasn't willing to talk about it. In that case, can there be something wrong with the card's contents?

Meanwhile, Jonathan, after waiting a long while for a response, pestered him, "What did you write? If you don't tell me, how would I know where the problem is?"

Only then did Lucian relent.

Upon hearing what it was, Jonathan couldn't resist massaging his forehead. "What do you mean by 'let's be honest with each other? Aren't you forcing Ms. Jarvis to speculate? Wouldn't it have been better to pen down your feelings directly?"

If you want Roxanne to admit her feelings for you, you have to do it first!

Throwing him a glance, Lucian added, "She gave me a call after receiving the flowers, and I followed your instructions." At that, the hope Jonathan had for his friend was reignited. "What did you do? Did you confess?"

Thinking back to his call with her, Lucian nodded without elaborating.

Seeing that, Jonathan was intrigued. "What did you say?"

Lucian replied, "I asked her if she was willing to return to my side."

"And?" Jonathan pressed on.

After a momentary silence descended upon the car, Lucian's voice rang out. "She didn't say anything."

Didn't say anything...

Having contemplated upon it for a few seconds, Jonathan reassured him with a smile, "Not saying anything is better than being downright reject—"

Before he could finish, Lucian continued, "I then told her that Essie needed a mother and since she was fond of Essie..."

In that instant, Jonathan was stumped.

He had not expected Lucian to speak so candidly when all he suggested was for the latter to confess his feelings. Furthermore, he was well aware that Lucian had often used Estella as a pretext to get Roxanne to soften her stance. Little did Jonathan expect Lucian to still involve her in such a delicate circumstance.

Is he pursuing Roxanne, or is Estella the one doing it?

"What the hell did I do wrong?" Lucian questioned solemnly. "Or is your method useless to begin with?"

Lucian's accusation caused Jonathan to shake his head in resignation. "Lucian, that's not how you court a girl or even confess to her."

Looking clueless, Lucian was filled with frustration.

"By bringing Estella up unnecessarily, one could be forgiven to think that you're using the girl to threaten Dr. Jarvis," Jonathan

explained.

Lucian's frown deepened. "In that case, what should I do?"

"In order to court a girl, you have to soften your attitude," Jonathan advised. "Also, remember that you're the one pursuing her; it has nothing to do with Estella. By saying what you said, Dr. Jarvis might think that you're giving her the flowers because you want a mother for Estella. Without knowing what your true feelings are, there's no way she would agree to be with you."

As he listened earnestly, Lucian felt the exasperation within him gradually build up. He had never courted anyone before, and he didn't think courting someone would be such a complicated endeavor.

Even confessing his feelings seemed to be an art.

Chapter 606

"Do you understand what I have said?" Jonathan asked, just in case. Lucian pinched between his brows.

Despite all he had heard, he was still as confounded as before.

Given what had happened, he couldn't tolerate making another mistake.

Therefore, despite how embarrassing it was, he inquired further, "Tell me in simpler terms what I should say for her to understand me."

Jonathan was speechless.

Didn't I make it clear enough?

"I love you."

Jonathan's face couldn't be any more serious as he stared at his friend.

No sooner had the words left his mouth than a deathly silence ensued.

Given how earnest Jonathan's expression was, even Lucian was stunned for a few seconds.

When Jonathan saw from Lucian's expression that he had gotten his point across, he eased the seriousness on his face and continued his coaching. "Do you now know what to say now?" Upstodatee from Novel(D)ra/m/a.O(r)g

Lucian, having regained his senses, nodded. "I know that you have never courted a woman in your life, so it's understandable that you might have some difficulty with it."

Jonathan continued in a solemn tone, "Nonetheless, pursuing a lady is similar to closing a business deal. There's no need to beat around the bush. Just let the opposing party know what your intentions are so that they can understand you properly. Or else, being shady will never win you any deals."

Just as he spoke, Jonathan patted Lucian on the shoulder. "If you like her, you should then admit it instead of using Essie as an excuse. If you make it into a habit, Dr. Jarvis, based on her character, will grow to be wary of the little girl. When that happens, neither of you will be able to get close to her anymore. And you know what, you would deserve it. But what about Essie? She's the innocent one in all this!"

The instant Lucian heard the last sentence, he wrinkled his brows as the temperature around him dropped.

Feeling a chill down his spine, Jonathan, realizing the gravity of his words, tried to laugh it off. "I'm just quoting an example. I'm sure you know what I mean."

Lucian remained silent.

Truth be told, Jonathan's words had hit the nail on the head.

In fact, Roxanne was already avoiding Estella on his account, while Estella was angry at him for the same reason.

Even then, Lucian didn't learn from his mistakes because Roxanne would keep her distance unless he used Estella as an excuse.

After all, he had absolutely run out of ideas.

As Jonathan sipped his wine subconsciously, he snuck a careful glance at Lucian.

Upon seeing the sullen expression on his friend's face, Jonathan assumed he had said something wrong and began to regret it. However, Lucian's voice suddenly rang out, carrying a hint of suppressed anger.

"What else can I do when she keeps avoiding me?"

When Jonathan felt that Lucian's anger had passed, he heaved a sigh of relief and continued, "You just have to be patient. After all, you did hurt her six years ago, so it's not a surprise that she's avoiding you. If you really want to change her mind, you should drop that high and mighty attitude of yours in front of her. Instead, lower yourself and try to gain her sympathy."

As Lucian turned his head to give Jonathan a glance, anger seemed to flash across his eyes, as if he was questioning Jonathan's audacity to have him play the victim card.

Reading Lucian's mind, Jonathan explained, "After being a doctor for so many years, Dr. Jarvis is definitely someone sympathetic. Besides, given how intimidating you are, I'm sure you'll be able to melt her heart by playing victim."

Chapter 607

After Jonathan spent the entire night analyzing the situation for Lucian, the latter finally agreed with a frown.

On the way back home, Lucian continued to playback Jonathan's words in his mind.

It's not like I don't want to lower myself in front of her. It's just that she gets on my nerves so much that I just can't control myself.

Now that he thought about it, Lucian was again filled with remorse.

It looks like I have no choice but to get a grip on my temper. After all, I'm the reason why our relationship became this way. By the time he returned to the Farwell residence, it was almost ten in the evening.

Usually, Estella would already be asleep at that hour.

However, when he opened the mansion door, he could hear the sound of her room door opening at the same time. Raising his head, he saw her standing on her heels and staring down at him with her lips pursed.

When he caught her gaze, Lucian's brows furrowed quizzically. Casting his thoughts about Roxanne aside, he changed out of his shoes before walking upstairs to her.

"Why aren't you sleeping yet?"

Estella looked up at her father with sparkling eyes that were brimming with innocence. "When are we going to see Ms. Jarvis again?"

When school was over earlier, it was Lysa who picked the brothers up. Having heard of Roxanne's injury, Pippa asked Lysa about it out of concern.

When Estella, who had planned to visit Roxanne in two days, overheard their conversation and learned of the latter's injury, she wanted to go to Roxanne's side at once.

Initially, she planned to get Lucian to take her when he picked her up from school but didn't expect to not see him at all. Thus, she waited up for him so that she could tell him her plan.

Upon hearing her request, Lucian fell deep into thought before a gentle glint flashed

in his eyes. "I'll take you there once I'm done with work."

With her lips pursed, Estella gave him a reluctant look. “But Ms. Jarvis’ injury would have healed by then.”

Thinking about Roxanne’s wound, Lucian felt his heart sink as a grim expression descended upon his face.

Given how enraged she was during the day, | wonder if it had affected her recovery.

“Daddy...” Estella gave his sleeve a wary tug.

Lucian reached out his hand to tousle her hair. “Essie, do you trust me?” She fell into a brief silence before giving him a slow nod. Seeing her response, Lucian sighed in relief discreetly.

“Ms. Jarvis needs to rest for a few days. Also, she’ll be tired from taking care of the brothers. Therefore, we’ll just be interrupting her rest if we visit her now. If you

really want her to recover as soon as possible, then listen to me. Once I’m done with: my work, we’ll visit her together.” Despite nodding half—heartedly, Estella’s longing for Roxanne caused a pitiful look to appear on her face.

Stroking her puffy cheeks, Lucian leaned down to hold her hand. “If you’re really worried, you can also ask the boys about her condition.

Just to reassure her further, Lucian made a remark that he himself didn’t believe in. “Now that Ms. Jarvis is no longer avoiding us, I’ll take you to see her whenever you want once | have finished my work.”

Finally convinced, Estella nodded obediently.

As Lucian watched her fall asleep, his expression gradually darkened.

Chapter 608 Standing by her bedroom, Lucian wore a solemn expression on his face.

Regardless of how his relationship with Roxanne was now, he had already made a promise to Estella. As a result, time was of the essence for him to win Roxanne back.

The next morning, Lucian sent Estella to kindergarten early and ran into Lysa by coincidence.

"Essie!" the boys greeted her from afar.

Replying to them with a hum, the beaming Estella shook off her father's hand and walked over to join them. Lucian didn't stop her. Instead, he simply reminded, "Slow down." Estella nodded in compliance.

Meanwhile, when the brothers noticed Lucian's presence after hearing his voice, they raised their heads and gave him a hesitant look. Upstodatee from Novel(D)ra/m/a.O(r)g

Locking gazes with them, Lucian broke into an indiscernible frown as his eyes reflected his complex emotions. All this while, the boys resented him just as much as their mother did. Therefore, he wondered if they had noticed Roxanne being infuriated by him the day before.

After all, given how difficult it was to get the boys to change their attitude toward him, Lucian didn't want to risk having it go back to the way it was.

Just as he was lost in his thoughts, the brothers' squeaky voices rang out. "Good morning, Mr. Farwell."

As Lucian looked in the direction of the voices, he saw Archie and Benny bowing politely at him. By the time they straightened themselves, their eyes had strayed somewhere else.

At that moment, Lucian was puzzled by their attitude toward him. When the children were avoiding him previously, it was as though he didn't exist. However, today, the boys greeted him of their own volition.

Logically speaking, their attitude toward him had improved, but their reaction upon greeting him caused Lucian to doubt his own supposition.

Taking their mother's feelings into account, the boys restrained their desire to see their father and chatted with Estella instead. On the other end, a strange look was painted all over Lysa's face.

The moment she saw Lucian, she was reminded of the roses from the day before and didn't know how to react.

Fortunately, the boys greeted him first, giving her enough time to gather her wits. "Mr. Farwell..." she finally uttered.

Even then, the tone Lysa greeted Lucian with still sounded awkward.

Knitting his brows, he gave her a puzzled look.

He wondered if it was just his imagination but felt as if Lysa still had something to say.

Lysa, who felt her heart skip a beat when she made eye contact, smiled at him as if, nothing had happened. "What a coincidence to see you drop Essie off at school today."

Nodding slightly, Lucian could see from her eyes that she seemed to be scrutinizing him.

With her mind filled with images of the roses and her speculation about his relationship with Roxanne, Lysa couldn't hide her uneasiness from his gaze, regardless of how hard she tried.

When her strange expression didn't escape Lucian's notice, he asked with a raised brow, "Do you have something to say?" Wiping the sweat off her hand on her pants, Lysa forced a smile. "No, not at all."

Even though she had met Lucian plenty of times, this was the first time she felt the intimidating pressure from his gaze. Filled with guilt, Lysa was worried that the incident about the roses would slip her tongue.

After giving it some thought, she figured Lucian probably wouldn't want an outsider like her to know about this.

Even though Lysa tried her best to maintain her front, Lucian could still guess what was going through her mind, but he didn't comment. Instead, he simply said, "Please take good care of Ms. Jarvis."

Lysa acknowledged at once.

Chapter 609

After watching the children enter the kindergarten, Lucian drove to the florist from before.

"Mr. Farwell..."

The florist couldn't help but greet him upon learning his identity from the previous day's events.

Lucian nodded with a frown, guessing that the florist knew who he was when the flowers were returned.

In response to his acknowledgment, the florist grew visibly nervous. "Is there anything else you need? What do you think of the flowers yesterday?"

No sooner had the words rolled off her tongue than she remembered that the flowers were returned.

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Quickly realizing her faux pas, the anxious florist zipped her lips and wondered if Lucian had come to hold them accountable. At the mention of the flowers, Lucian threw the florist a grim look.

Lowering her head fearfully, she didn't dare utter another word.

"From today onward, send the freshest flowers you have to that address every day. As to what kind of flowers, you have the liberty to decide," Lucian barked out his instructions.

Since he had already been recognized, there was no need for him to hide his influence. Having heard his words, the florist felt a sense of relief that quickly turned into delight.

Even though the flowers were returned, Mr. Farwell didn't blame us for it. Instead, he has ordered more flowers from us! Does this mean that he's happy with the flowers from our shop?

Holding that thought, the elated florist quickly nodded. "All right! We will make sure to send her the best flowers every day!" After nodding in acknowledgment, Lucian scanned the QR code to pay.

"Um, Mr. Farwell..." When a sudden thought dawned upon the florist, she raised her gaze to look at Lucian with a fearful expression. "What should we do if the flowers are returned again?"

She had barely finished when a sudden chill filled the air.

Lucian's expression subsequently darkened, as he had almost forgotten about the possibility of Roxanne turning the flowers down again.

If she continues to be stubborn... "Just do as she says," Lucian responded after giving it some thought. Upon acknowledging the instructions, the florist lamented to herself.

| wonder who this lady is to have Mr. Farwell shower so much attention on her. It's one thing for him to send flowers daily but another to not mind having them rejected.

"In that case," the florist tactfully said, "do you want to add a card inside? If you do, do you want to write them yourself, or do you want us to do it for you?"

If Lucian writes them personally, wouldn't | be able to see this divine-looking man every day?

Lucian's brows knitted slightly. "No, | don't."

Roxanne didn't notice the card the last time. Besides, I have no idea what to write, and after what happened yesterday, I'm sure she'll know the flowers are from me.

With her hopes dashed, the florist nodded in disappointment. "All right."

Checking the time, Lucian didn't stay a second longer and quickly left.

Back at the company, Cayden was already waiting for Lucian outside the latter's office.

Upon seeing Lucian stepping out of the elevator, he welcomed his boss and reported the day's itinerary. Both of them talked as they strode into Lucian's office.

The moment they stepped in, the flaming red roses left on the couch yesterday came into Cayden's view. From then on, Cayden's attention began to drift.

"What are you thinking about?" Lucian questioned with a frown after noticing the distracted look on Cayden's face.

Chapter 610

Given a fright, Cayden was briefly stunned before he made a random excuse. "I was thinking if we should do something about the flowers because they'll quickly dry out if we leave them be."

Giving the flowers a frustrated look, Lucian replied a few seconds later, "Do as you will."

Breathing a sigh of relief, Cayden concurred, "In that case, I'll put them in a vase later.

Lucian gave him a tacit nod before motioning him to continue with the reports.

This time, Cayden got a grip on himself and managed to concentrate.

Once he was done reporting, Cayden gave Lucian a wary look and asked, “Shall I go get a vase now, Mr. Farwell?”

However, Lucian didn't reply as he was already engrossed in work.

Having worked for Lucian for many years, Cayden was naturally aware that silence meant the former giving his implicit approval. As a result, Cayden went off to fill a vase with water before silently treading back into the office and putting the roses in it.

While doing so, he caught a glimpse of the card that was placed among the flowers.

The sight of it filled Cayden with a sense of sorrow.

The way he saw it, Lucian was serious about Roxanne, as he had never seen the former do something like that before.

Unfortunately, the first flowers that Lucian had sent in his life ended up being rejected, causing Cayden to wonder what was going through Roxanne's mind.

Before he could recover from the shock of it all, the company received another bouquet of flowers that Lucian had to personally receive.

Coincidentally, Cayden had returned from lunch just like the day before.

At that moment, everyone in the lobby gawked at him, while the receptionist gave him a helpless look.

Evidently, they were waiting for him to deal with the sensitive matter.

Upon recalling the scowl on Lucian's face when he brought the flowers in the day

before, Cayden felt a sudden chill down his spine.

Turning his thoughts to the one who returned the flowers, Cayden was just overwhelmed with frustration.

Regardless of whether he accepted the flowers or not, Lucian would definitely end up being angry.

“Mr. Lawson...” the receptionist pleaded.

Left without a choice, Cayden walked up to her in resignation. “Give them to me.”

A short while later, Cayden strode into the elevator with a sense of dread.

The moment Cayden walked away, the entire lobby burst into an uproar.

“Are the flowers meant for Mr. Farwell? Who was it that sent the flowers? | can't believe Mr. Lawson actually accepted them!” “Is there even a need to ask? The only one who qualifies for such treatment is Ms. Pearson. After all, she's Mr. Farwell's fiancée!”

“Given how aloof Ms. Pearson always looks, | didn't expect her to be someone passionate enough to send Mr. Farwell flowers every day.”

Oblivious to the fact that the flowers were returned and under the impression someone had sent them to Lucian, everyone began to gossip about the sender,

In the meantime, Cayden was standing in Lucian's office with the flowers in his hands, feeling on edge. “Mr. Farwell, this is...” The instant the words rolled off his tongue, Cayden could feel the sudden tension in the air.

Evidently, Lucian had guessed what he was going to say next.

The change in mood caused Cayden to wonder if he should even continue.

Much to his relief, Lucian's voice rang out in the end. "Just deal with it as you see fit."

With that, Cayden grunted in immediate acknowledgment before heading off to find another vase.

As Lucian stared at the new bouquet in his office, his gaze darkened.

Even though he was aware that Roxanne might reject the flowers, he didn't expect it to be done so quickly.