

ABANDONED 611

Chapter 611

Lysa came back after returning the flowers. She hesitated about saying something to Roxanne, who was studying some information on her laptop on the couch.

Roxanne turned around when she heard some noises near the doorway. Seeing Lysa, she asked, "Have you returned the flowers?"

The housekeeper nodded slightly and replied, "I've asked someone from the florist's to send it back."

Satisfied, Roxanne wordlessly returned her attention to her work.

Though Colby had been in charge of all matters pertaining to the research institute, he still needed Roxanne to discuss a potential collaboration with the Damaris family.

Roxanne treated the matter seriously as well. In fact, during her recovery at home, she had spent most of her attention on the research institute project.

Thankfully, Jack knew about her injury and did not hasten her progress. Instead, he allowed her to work at a comfortable pace.

His consideration filled Roxanne with some measure of guilt. She was determined to develop an in-depth understanding of the project so she could pick things up more quickly once she returned to work.

As she studied the project information in rapt attention, Lysa's voice suddenly rang out. "Ms. Jarvis, don't you think you're being a little... cold-hearted?"

Sending back flowers was undoubtedly a show of humiliation toward any gift-giver, let alone someone as revered as Lucian.

Additionally, Lucian's final reminder that morning moved Lysa, who was becoming more convinced that Lucian's feelings toward Roxanne were sincere.

+ Her housekeeper's question brought a frown to Roxanne's face. Tearing her gaze

from the laptop screen, she responded coolly, "Nothing will ever happen between us, so returning his flowers is the only natural thing to do."

Upon noticing Lysa's intent to refute her, Roxanne mustered a smile and added, "Don't worry yourself over this. I'll never accept anything from him, and that's final."

After that, Roxanne turned to face her laptop screen, her fingers flying across the keyboard in a flurry. It was an undeniable sign that she no longer wished to discuss the topic of Lucian's affection.

Watching Roxanne bury her attention in work, Lysa swallowed the advice on the tip

of her tongue. She turned and entered the kitchen in resignation, sighing to herself.

After Lysa's departure, Roxanne's typing speed slowed.

She found she could no longer focus wholeheartedly on her work after the housekeeper's words.

Ever since she saw Lucian upon returning to the country for the first time, Roxanne had sensed that his attitude toward her was completely different from six years ago.

As for why his attitude had taken such a huge turn, Roxanne dared not allow herself to imagine why.

Alas, Lucian's actions over the past two days forced her to examine his motives in deeper detail.

After all, despite Lucian's bold proclamations about how much he loved Aubree six years ago, Roxanne had never seen him give Aubree even a single flower.

Sending flowers had always been inconsistent with Lucian's character, yet he had gone out of character and given her flowers instead of Aubree.

Moreover, after returning his flowers the day before, Roxanne was surprised to receive another bouquet the next day. Perhaps what surprised her more was her reaction when she saw the second bouquet of flowers.

There were no cards or further evidence in the bouquet pointing to Lucian as the sender, yet one look was all it took for Roxanne to think of him.

Acting on instinct, she had Lysa send the flowers back to Lucian. Roxanne hoped Lucian would finally understand her wishes and stay away.

At that moment, she only wished to launch a successful collaboration with the Damaris family and achieve some strides in the field of traditional medicine.

In her eyes, Lucian's actions were merely a recipe for trouble.

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Over the next few days, when Lysa fetched Archie and Benny home from school, they would always run into the same employee from the flower shop.

Despite Roxanne's repeated instructions to send the flowers back, Lysa stubbornly carried each bouquet into the house to show Roxanne.

Lysa believed the flowers represented Lucian's feelings, and even if Roxanne had no plans to accept them, she needed to see proof of his sincerity with her own eyes.

Several failed deliveries later, the employee from the flower shop simply waited longer outside Roxanne's house to receive the returned flowers, saving Lysa a trip to the florist's.

When the weekend rolled along, Roxanne thought Lucian would finally stop sending her flowers, so she was surprised to hear someone ringing her doorbell early in the morning

Lysa had taken the weekend off, leaving just Roxanne and her two boys at home. Thus, no one went to open the door at first.

Roxanne opened her eyes groggily, conflicting emotions churning in her chest as she listened to the persistent ringing of the doorbell.

The flower shop's employee always showed up at this time to deliver Lucian's flowers.

Roxanne thought about leaving the door unanswered, believing it would clearly convey her feelings about the flowers to the employee.

However, she suddenly heard the pitter—patter of footsteps in the living room. The doorbell stopped ringing abruptly, followed by the muffled sounds of her children's voices. * "Hello. How can I help you?"

Archie and Benny had been awake for a while, but they obediently stayed in their room so they would not disturb their mother's slumber.

When the doorbell rang, they worried it would wake Roxanne up, so they hurried downstairs to answer the door. They did not even check who their visitor was before opening the door.

The boys were at a loss for words when they spotted a massive bouquet of roses filling the doorway.

Archie and Benny might be young, but even they knew what a gift of roses meant.

Someone gave Mommy roses!

The boys exchanged curious glances. Are we getting a new daddy soon?

As the same thought crossed their mind, the boys simultaneously turned to the door.

They were about to ask who had sent the flowers when Roxanne's voice rang out behind them. "Please send the flowers back." The boys jumped in surprise at their mother's voice.

Mommy's sending the flowers back without even looking at them?

Roxanne dared not look at her sons' expressions as she walked to the mansion's door and smiled politely at the flower shop's employee. "Thank you, and sorry for the trouble."

The employee stared at Roxanne in awe. He was finally seeing the mysterious recipient of his week-long flower delivery.

The woman before him wore a simple but elegant nightgown. Her long hair was artfully disheveled, while her features were so striking that even without makeup, it

was impossible to tear one's eyes away from her face.

One look and the employee immediately understood why Lucian sent his unwilling recipient flowers with such dogged determination.

Just then, Benny asked innocently, "Sir, may I know who sent these flowers?"

The employee snapped out of his trance and looked at the two boys before him. He was about to reply to Benny's question when Roxanne interjected, "If there's nothing else, I'm bringing the children in. Sorry."

With that, Roxanne closed the door on the employee. She did not want her children to learn of Lucian's flower deliveries. "Mommy?" Archie and Benny stared at their mother in confusion after she abruptly closed the door.

Roxanne acted as though nothing was amiss as she ruffled the boys' hair and said, "I don't know who gave me the flowers either, but I don't plan on keeping them."

The boys exchanged a suspicious glance. They knew their mother too well, and she did not react as though this was her first anonymous flower delivery. In fact, she even seemed scared to see the flowers.

What is Mommy so scared about?

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Roxanne sensed Archie and Benny's suspicion. Concealing her unease, she calmly led the children to the couch.

After Roxanne rested at home for a week, her leg injury had made a decent recovery, and she could already walk unassisted. Nonetheless, Lysa and the children fussed over her condition and insisted she rest for a couple more days at home.

As the three of them settled on the couch, the children's attention remained on the rejected flowers, and they asked, "Mommy, why didn't you accept the flowers?"

Roxanne did not expect her children's question and struggled to come up with a reply.

Noticing her strange behavior, Archie asked, "The delivery man didn't answer our question. What if he sent the flowers to the wrong house?"

The words had barely left his mouth when Archie hopped off the couch, shooting his mother a final glance before declaring, "I'll go check with the delivery man. What if he really sent the flowers to the wrong house?"

With that said, he actually began walking toward the door. Frowning, Roxanne ordered, "Come back here, Archie." Her son pretended not to hear her as he walked resolutely to the door. Roxanne's reaction confirmed their suspicions that this was not the first time she had received the flowers. If we're

going to have a new daddy, we need to know who he is! * Her sons' obstinance caused Roxanne's heart to sink, and she desperately tried to think of a diversion.

A moment later, Roxanne winced in pain and bent down to cradle her injured leg. "Benny, help Mommy see if my wound reopened."

Her words startled the boys.

Benny clambered off the couch, carefully inspecting his mother's wound, while Archie stopped his march toward the door and hurried back to the couch.

The boys scrutinized Roxanne's injury for a long time, and she took advantage of the

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What is Mommy so scared about?

Chapter 614 After breakfast, Roxanne played with Archie and Benny for a while before heading to her study.

While she was playing with her kids, Roxanne worried incessantly over another flower delivery the next day. She feared no amount of excuses would satisfy her children then.

Eventually, Roxanne decided she was left with no choice but to call Lucian.

Meanwhile, Lucian was working overtime at Farwell Group offices.

His office was swimming in bouquets after the past week. It clashed with his office's interior design. With the addition of each new, rejected bouquet, the atmosphere in the office cooled further.

When Cayden came in apologetically with yet another bouquet, Lucian noticed that it had been removed from its original wrapping and arranged in a vase instead.

"Mr. Farwell, she sent the flowers back. Again." Cayden spoke softly, his entire body taut with tension as he sensed the dour atmosphere.

Lucian glanced coldly at Cayden, his gaze darkening at a frightening pace.

Cayden quietly placed the flowers in a corner and left the office. He moved as quietly as he could, fearing the wrath of his boss if he made even the slightest noise.

Soon enough, Lucian was left alone in the office. Staring at the sea of flowers in his office, he slowly approached them.

Over the past week, he had followed Jonathan's advice to the book, sending bouquet after bouquet despite Roxanne's repeated rejection.

Alas, Roxanne had not been moved by his actions as Jonathan had promised. What went wrong?

Sometime later, Lucian retracted his gaze frustratedly and strode toward his desk. He grabbed his phone, planning to interrogate Jonathan about the wisdom of his plan.

Suddenly, his phone screen lit up with an incoming call as his hands closed over the device.

As he stared at the caller ID, Lucian frowned, clearly confused.

Roxanne? Why is she calling me now?

Since the first day of his uninvited flower deliveries, she had not called him again to express her stance.

Wait... What if she suddenly changed her mind?

As that thought crossed his mind, Lucian grew nervous, and he answered the call with tightly knitted brows.

"Mr. Farwell," Roxanne greeted him coolly once the line connected.

Her cold demeanor was evident to Lucian, whose heart sank. "Good day, Ms. Jarvis. How can I help you?" he asked. On the other end of the phone, Roxanne pursed her lips in annoyance at his innocent act.

She replied, "Well, Mr. Farwell, what's the meaning of your persistent flower deliveries? I've made my rejection very clear. Why waste your efforts, Mr. Farwell?"

Her question brought a severe frown to Lucian's face, but he quickly schooled his expression into a mask of calmness before responding, "Just as you are free to reject my deliveries, I am free to continue expressing my affections toward you, Ms. Jarvis."

In other words, he would not stop sending her flowers.

Roxanne clenched her fists in exasperation as she gritted out, "I may not have a say over it, but I implore you to consider the propriety of your timing. I don't believe you want the children to learn about this, do you, Mr. Farwell?"

At last, Lucian fell into silence.

He had been doing this behind Estella's back.

The girl had always thought that Roxanne had accepted them, and he did not wish to disappoint her.

If Archie and Benny knew that Roxanne had been rejecting Lucian's flowers, they would surely find a way to tell Estella about it. Roxanne took his silence as agreement, and she added, "Mr. Farwell, please stop sending these things to my house!"

She then hung up without giving him a chance to reply.

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Lucian's gaze darkened as he stared at his phone.

An indeterminate amount of time passed before he located the flower shop's number and called them.

"Don't send any flowers tomorrow. Starting next week, please send them to VR Research Institute instead."

The flower shop staff agreed immediately.

Meanwhile, though Roxanne had clearly expressed her rejection, she continued to worry that Lucian would ignore her pleas. The next day, Roxanne awoke bright and early and waited in the living room.

Her children seemed to echo her thoughts as they came downstairs early to wait with her.

The three of them waited with bated breath, especially Roxanne, who was fraught with nerves.

Thankfully for her, no one came to ring her doorbell even after a long while.

Roxanne was immensely relieved as she watched the suspicions clearing from her sons' faces. She naively assumed that Lucian had finally given up.

The next day, after resting at home for almost half a month, Roxanne was dying to return to work.

Her wound had healed nicely, and she could walk quite comfortably.

Roxanne convinced Lysa and the boys to allow her to return to the research institute.

She arrived at about ten in the morning, having spent much time trying to persuade Lysa.

Roxanne did not know why, but she thought the workers at the research institute were all staring at her with strange expressions. As she approached the doorway, Colby happened to exit her office.

"Dr. Jarvis," Colby greeted, a conflicted emotion flitting across his expression. More confused than ever, Roxanne asked, "Did anything happen this morning?"

1. CU. Why is everyone staring at me like that? And why did Colby come out of my office?

Instead, Colby stared at her with a concerned expression and asked, "Why did you suddenly show up to work? Has your leg healed completely?"

Roxanne replied simply, "Almost."

After that, she questioned, "So what happened here? Why does it feel as though everyone's staring at me with such a strange expression?"

Forced into a corner, Colby pretended to be calm and smiled at Roxanne. "Someone sent a bouquet of roses over this morning for you. | thought you weren't coming today, so | put it in your office for you."

Colby had run into an employee from the flower shop when he arrived at the research institute that morning.

The employee immediately asked Colby if he knew Roxanne, and Colby froze for a good minute when he saw the bouquet of roses.

Eventually, he received the flowers on Roxanne's behalf.

His heart churned with an indescribable emotion as he walked into the research institute. Naturally, gossip about the anonymous flower delivery spread like wildfire among the workers at the research institute. The chatter only ceased when Roxanne herself showed up.

After the woman heard Colby's explanation, her expression froze, and she almost ran to her office, only to see a bouquet of red roses lying on her desk.

From behind her, Colby explained, "I didn't manage to ask who sent the flowers. Perhaps you already know who sent them."

Roxanne clenched her fists so hard that her nails dug into her palm. She forced herself to calm down before shooting Colby a strained smile. "I know, but could | trouble you for a favor? If anyone asks about this, just tell them it's a wrong delivery."

She did not want the delivery to affect her reputation at work.

Colby was surprised and perplexed by her request.

Is she accepting the bouquet sender's feelings or not?

Meanwhile, Roxanne nodded nonchalantly at him before taking a seat at her desk.

As Colby immediately sensed her unwillingness to discuss the issue, he suppressed his curiosity. Instead, he nodded and agreed to her request.

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When Colby wanted to continue updating her about the progress of projects at the research institute, Roxanne stopped him. "I have to take care of some matters now. You can leave first if there's nothing important."

Colby could not quite see the expression on her face as she was facing downward. Knitting his brows, he glanced at the roses beside her. It was obvious that the roses had affected Roxanne's emotions.

In the past, as someone who took her work seriously, Roxanne would have checked on the progress of the projects with him whenever she was away from the research institute, but she seemed a little different today.

Hence, Colby was overwhelmed by conflicting emotions. Since he only had limited interaction with Roxanne, he did not know who gave her the flowers. Most importantly, he had no idea how Roxanne felt about the person.

Roxanne lifted her eyes, noticing Colby was still standing in her office. Giving him a puzzled look, she asked, "What's wrong? Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

Colby returned to his senses as he lowered his eyes and replied, "Nothing. I'm going out now. Feel free to call me if you need help."

Nodding, Roxanne watched him leave the office.

As the door gradually closed, Roxanne was left alone in the office.

She looked away and tried to suppress her anger, hoping to focus on her work.

Yet, the bouquet was so distracting that she could not stop herself from staring at it.

Feeling annoyed, Roxanne put aside her work and walked to the bouquet, but she did not know what to do with it. She thought Lucian would have listened to her after the call she made last weekend.

| didn't expect him to deliver the flowers here! Given his character, he'll still do it in the future. His action will cause further misunderstanding among my staff if they see this!

Roxanne's heart started to hurt when she thought of the consequences. After a short hesitation, she fished out her phone and decided to give Lucian a call.

Meanwhile, Lucian was listening to updates from his subordinates in Farwell Group's conference room with a deadpan expression.

Deep in his heart, he was a little frustrated with himself. | wonder how she reacted to the bouquet since | ordered someone to send it to the research institute without her permission.

All the subordinates put their guard up during their presentation as they could sense a chilling aura from Lucian. All of a sudden, a phone on the table started vibrating, interrupting the meeting.

"Let's take a break." Before anyone could react, Lucian picked up his phone and left the conference room.

Everyone in the room exchanged glances upon seeing the CEO's reaction.

It was the second time Lucian answered a call during the meeting throughout this period.

They wondered if the call was from which influential figure.

At once, all of them started discussing among themselves.

Lucian had no idea what they did behind his back as he went straight back to his office to answer Roxanne's call.

“What are you trying to do, Mr. Farwell? Did I not make myself clear? Why did you send a bouquet to my workplace?” Roxanne’s voice emerged from the other end of the phone.

Lucian frowned when he heard what she said. Roxanne sounded frustrated; she was not touched by what he did at all.

Before Lucian could respond to her, Roxanne continued, “Do you know how grave of a misunderstanding your action can cause, especially among my staff?”

A deep line formed between Lucian’s brows. “Isn’t that your wish? I only sent the bouquet to the research institute because you didn’t want the children to know about it.”

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Before Roxanne could say anything, the man continued, “Besides, you did send the flowers back to my office, didn’t you? Do you want to know how my staff talked behind my back?”

Lucian said it matter—of-factly.

His reply rendered Roxanne speechless for a moment. After a short pause, she gritted her teeth and retorted, “That’s because your action has caused inconvenience to me, Mr. Farwell!”

Lucian let out a baffling laugh. “Your action has caused me inconvenience too, Ms. Jarvis.” “Lucian Farwell!” Roxanne called out his name with a raised voice. “You knew what I meant!”

Lucian’s expression turned grim as he responded in a solemn voice, “You knew my intention as well. Why wouldn’t you give me a chance?”

Their conversation kept hitting a deadlock.

Roxanne pressed her lips, remaining silent for a while. After regaining her composure, she said calmly, “Let’s meet and talk it out.”

She had to think of a way to end this quickly as she did not want to play this with him anymore. game

Upon hearing that, Lucian arched his brows, surprised that she would want to meet up with him. But it seems she just wants to turn me down in front of me.

The man pursed his lips as he agreed, "Sure. You decide the time and place, then."

Roxanne acknowledged at once.

After ending the call, Lucian returned to the conference room. However, this time, he looked less intimidating. Those who talked behind his back immediately zipped their mouth, looking all businesslike once again. "Let's continue," Lucian ordered.

With that, someone stood up and continued with the meeting.

During the meeting, Lucian's phone started blinking again.

Arching his brows, he glanced at the screen, noticing the text from Roxanne. She told him to meet her at a café near the research institute during lunch break.

The people in the meeting noticed the tension on Lucian's face had eased after he looked at the phone screen. In fact, he seemed to be in a good mood by the time the meeting ended. It was already noon when he left the conference room and returned to his office.

Glancing at the time on his watch, Lucian felt concerned about the meeting with Roxanne, as he had not thought of what to say later.

Their meetings in the past had ended on a sour note, and Lucian knew things would not get better this time because Roxanne was determined to reject him.

Of course, Lucian would not let things go her way.

Feeling vexed at the thought of the intense exchange that might happen later, he decided to give Jonathan a call. It did not take long for Jonathan to answer his call. "Yes, Lucian. How can I help you?"

Lucian replied in a deep voice, "I'll be meeting her later."

Hearing that, Jonathan froze for a moment, but he soon realized who Lucian was talking about.

"So... I suppose you've made good progress?" Jonathan asked in surprise.

Lucian said frankly, "She's planning to reject me."

His reply left Jonathan speechless. Did Lucian do anything wrong? Why does Dr. Jarvis keep on rejecting him? Had the person involved in this been someone else, Jonathan would have advised him to give up.

However, since the center of the drama revolved around Lucian and Estella's biological mother, Jonathan had no choice but to come up with ideas to help Lucian

Yet, Jonathan had run out of ideas since Lucian said Roxanne was determined to turn him down.

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It was almost noon, but Jonathan had not been able to come up with a solution. He could only advise Lucian, "Whatever you say or do, remember to tone down your attitude. Don't confront her head-on."

Lucian frowned but acknowledged at once. After ending the call, Lucian went downstairs and drove to Roxanne's research institute. In the meantime, Roxanne got up, ready to depart to the café when most of her staff had left the building.

Before stepping out of the research institute, she stopped in her track as something popped up in her mind. She then returned to her office to retrieve the roses. I might as well give him back the flowers since I'm meeting him.

She was relieved that no one saw her walking with a bouquet of roses.

When Roxanne was about to walk to the car park after leaving the research institute, she saw a Bentley at the entrance of the building.

Noticing her from a distance, the man immediately got out of the car and walked toward her.

Roxanne's expression stiffened when she saw the man coming in her direction. Didn't | tell him to meet me at the café? What on earth is he doing here? It's as if he's still unhappy with the damage done when he sent the bouquet over this morning!

"It's noon now, so | feel we should have a proper meal instead. That's why | came here to fetch you," Lucian explained as if he knew what she was thinking.

Upon hearing that, Roxanne snapped back to reality. With a frown, she responded, "No thanks. Let's just grab a quick coffee." She wanted to avoid having lunch with Lucian because she did not want to spend more time with him.

However, Lucian acted as if her words fell on deaf ears as he continued, "What would you like to eat? I'll reserve a table now." Roxanne gave him a puzzled look.

She was unsure if her mind was playing tricks on her, but somehow, she felt Lucian looked slightly different from how he used to carry himself.

"That won't be necessary. | don't feel like eating. I'm asking you out so we can clear things up once and for all." Roxanne reiterated her motive icily before giving him back the bouquet. "Your flowers. Please take it back."

Lucian, who was busy scrolling through his phone, froze instantly. He lifted his eyes and looked over. A hard glint flashed across his eyes.

When he noticed her carrying the bouquet from a distance earlier, he had already expected her to return the flowers to him. However, he intentionally diverted her attention so that she would forget about the flowers.

Should that happen, he would be in a foul mood.

Yet, the woman was not going to give up easily. Inching closer, she placed the bouquet in front of him. "Here."

After a stand-off, Lucian finally reached out his hand to retrieve the flowers with a deadpan expression. "I'm sad that you refused to accept the bouquet. To make it up to me, please have lunch with me."

Roxanne studied his expression but did not see a hint of sadness on his face.

"I'm sorry,

When she was about to reject his offer, Lucian interrupted, "I didn't have breakfast this morning. My stomach is growling now." He started frowning while playing the sympathy card. "You want me to drink coffee with you on an empty stomach, Ms. Jarvis?" As his words fell, Lucian gazed into the woman's eyes.

He came out with the idea on the spot.

According to Jonathan, resorting to tactics that could tug at her heartstrings might work.

In the past, Lucian would have looked down on such a dirty trick, but the woman's attitude left him with no choice other than to resort to this tactic.

Upon hearing that, Roxanne hesitated for a moment. Swallowing her words, she sized the man up while knitting her brows.

Given Lucian's background and stature, he never had the need to put up a front with anybody.

Still, he had learned how to control his emotions and facial expressions, having been in the corporate world for so long. Roxanne thought he was really feeling unwell when she saw him frowning.

Lucian raised his brows slightly and casually placed one of his hands on his stomach.

Roxanne continued sizing him up for a long while. / stayed with him six years ago, and I never knew he had gastritis. That being said, I don't think he's just acting. Is he acting weird because he's experiencing discomfort in his stomach? Otherwise, why would he suddenly change the venue and decide to have a meal instead? Yes, that might be it.

Roxanne dispelled her suspicions and agreed to the suggestion through gritted teeth. "I've failed to consider your situation, Mr. Farwell. Since you're not feeling well, you should decide what to eat."

Lucian relaxed the hand he had on his stomach and flashed a subtle grin.

"I've already made a reservation at a restaurant. Hop in."

Upon hearing that, Roxanne couldn't help but frown and question her own initial judgment. Lucian didn't give her much time to respond. He spun around and opened the car door for her. He was holding that bouquet of roses and waiting for her at the car door.

Roxanne froze when she saw that. Subconsciously, she turned to check her surroundings.

Lucian was standing straight next to his luxurious car and holding a bouquet of roses. A scene like that could easily lead to misunderstandings.

Roxanne heaved a sigh of relief when she saw no one nearby. She then shifted her gaze back to Lucian and smiled. "You can lead the way, Mr. Farwell. I'll drive myself."

With an arched brow, Lucian uttered, “Ms. Jarvis, if you don't hop in, someone from the research institute is going to see us when they come back. Don't blame me if they misunderstand us.”

In other words, he would keep standing there until Roxanne got into his car.

Roxanne pursed her lips in response. He's blackmailing me, yet | have no choice but to hop in. If someone really sees this, how am | supposed to explain myself?

To her surprise, Lucian shoved the bouquet back into her hands the moment she got into the car. Roxanne stiffened and glanced at Lucian. What is he up to?

“Please hold on to it, Ms. Jarvis. | don't want the bouquet to stain the seats,” Lucian said casually, then walked over to the driver's side and got into the car.

Roxanne held the bouquet in her arms throughout the journey to the restaurant. She was overwhelmed by mixed feelings. Lucian didn't know what to say either, so there was dead silence in the car.

Almost half an hour later, the car slowly came to a halt outside a restaurant.

Lucian opened the door and got out of the car. Only then did Roxanne snap out of her daze.

She was about to reach out to open the door when it opened from the outside. Lucian had a calm expression on when he opened the door for her as if that was the most natural thing to do.

That unequivocally took Roxanne by surprise. Why is he acting so strange today? At that moment, she did not know if she should get out of the car.

There were servers waiting at the entrance. They were waiting for Roxanne to get out of the car so that they could lead them into the restaurant.

Seeing that there were people waiting, Roxanne endured the awkwardness and alighted from the car.

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After getting out of the car, Roxanne wanted to return the bouquet to Lucian, but the man had already turned and walked into the restaurant.

Seeing that, Roxanne had no choice but to hold on to the bouquet.

Just like that, they walked into the restaurant one after another.

Quickly, the server led them to the table Lucian had reserved.

For some reason, Roxanne felt weird about the situation.

A lot of the patrons were sneaking glances at them because of their looks and temperament.

Aware of the crowd's attention, Roxanne scanned the surroundings in puzzlement.

Seconds later, she finally realized what was so weird about the situation. We look like a couple, and we look out of place!

She was irked when she heard the server saying, "This is the most popular couple set meal in our restaurant. Would you like to try it out?"

Lucian didn't correct the server. Instead, he agreed to have the set meal and went on to order some side dishes.

Upon hearing the conversation between Lucian and the server, Roxanne suddenly came to her senses. With a frown, she looked at Lucian before turning toward the server and explained, "There seems to be a misunderstanding. I'm not his—"

Before she could finish her sentence, the server looked at her enviously and said, "Miss, those flowers are beautiful. You're so blessed!"

Roxanne was stunned. When she wanted to continue explaining the situation, the server had already walked away.

The other diners were still looking at her.

Roxanne felt rather uncomfortable with the crowd's inquisitive gazes.

She couldn't help but ask, "Why did you pick this restaurant?"

Lucian gave a small smile and answered, "I was craving the dishes here."

Roxanne frowned when she heard that. She wanted to question him further, but the server was already serving the dishes. Left without a choice, Roxanne fell silent. A troubled look appeared in her eyes when she saw the set meal for couples. Lucian, who was seated across from her, saw the look in her eyes.

His expression turned gloomy when he saw how troubled she looked. Hence, he kept mum and started eating

Roxanne was concerned about his gastritis, so she didn't say a word when she saw how focused he was when he ate. Awhile later, she saw that Lucian was almost done with his food, so she said, "Mr. Farwell, it's getting late. | think we should get right into business."

Lucian paused and knitted his brows. "What do you want to say?"

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"Please stop sending me flowers. | don't like them, and | don't think it's appropriate." Roxanne lowered her gaze to hide her emotions.

Lucian stared at her and asked, "Then what do you like if you don't like flowers?"

Roxanne was stunned. She quickly regained her composure and cast him a confused glance. Lucian is a smart person, so I bet he knows what I meant. Why did he ask me that anyway? What exactly is he up to? From NôvelDrama.Org.

Roxanne didn't dare to think too much about it. She clenched her fists to keep her cool. "That's not your concern, Mr. Farwell. We're not that close. Please mind your actions and don't put me in a tough spot."

Lucian's gaze darkened when he heard how determined she was when she rejected him.

Roxanne pursed her lips and looked at him, hoping to get the answers she wanted.