

Leaving The Country After Divorce

Leaving The Country After Divorce Chapter 1015

. . .

Chapter 1015 Without A Hint Of Concern

Lucian merely tilted his head at Aubree apathetically before bringing Estella into the mansion. Behind them, as Aubree eyeballed their backs, a flash of something flittered across her eyes.

From what I know, Roxanne and Lucian hadn't met ever since that night. Hah! It's evident that the b*tch knew her place and gave up. With that being the case, I've got to seize this opportunity all the more and secure my position as the future mistress of the Farwell family!

Although Lucian remained indifferent to her as usual, she wasn't deterred in the least. Upon seeing that they had gone into the mansion, she hurriedly followed suit. "Is something the matter?"

Lucian had already seen Estella back to her room and was descending the stairs. He pinned a detached look on the woman at the door.

Halting in her steps, Aubree answered smilingly, "Mrs. Farwell told me to come and see how you're doing." By then, Lucian had already retracted his gaze on her. "I've already recovered, so tell her not to worry."

Aubree wanted to speak further, but he had promptly dismissed her, adding, "If there's nothing else, you may leave." At that, Aubree abruptly froze. "But—"

How could I possibly leave when I haven't even got the time to do anything?

Lucian swept his gaze over her. "Wasn't it my mother who asked you to come and look in on me? You've seen me now, so it's best that you go over quickly and tell her how I'm doing so that she won't worry."

After saying that, he withdrew his gaze, unwilling to lay eyes on her any longer than necessary. His insouciance had Aubree

gritting her teeth hard. Even so, I must think of a way to draw close to him!

With that in mind, she cast a glance at the stairs at the door. A second later, she retracted her gaze and flashed the man a smile.

"You're right. I'll leave you to it, then. Please excuse me."

In response, Lucian nodded noncommittally. Pursing her lips, Aubree smiled before whirling around and walking toward the door.

Unexpectedly, her foot slipped just as she reached the stairs.

"Ahh!" A shriek echoed in the mansion. Startled, Catalina hastily ran out to see what had happened. She was greeted by the sight of Aubree sitting on the ground pathetically, curled into a ball while cradling her ankle with both hands and hissing her breaths perpetually.

From the looks of it, she was in agonizing pain.

"What's wrong, Ms. Pearson?"

Seeing that, Catalina swiftly rushed over to help her up. Alas, Aubree kept her head lowered with her eyes trained on her ankle.

Her forehead was dotted with sweat.

Panicking slightly, Catalina jerked her head up and cried out for Lucian. "Mr. Farwell, quick, come and have a look!"

No sooner had her voice rang out than Lucian's figure appeared at the door of the mansion. He stared down at the woman on the ground. "What happened?"

It wasn't until Aubree heard his voice that she lifted her head with a painful expression on her face and forced a smile. "It's nothing. I just..."

While saying that, she forcibly tried to get up from the ground.

But the moment her injured leg touched the ground, a stab of excruciating pain shot through her body.

Unstable on her feet, she almost fell back onto the ground.

Catalina failed to react in time. Just when Aubree was going to take a spill, a hand materialized all of a sudden.

It was Lucian.

"Don't force yourself when you're hurt."

Frowning, Lucian aloofly supported her elbow with a hand and helped her regain her feet.

Despite helping her, his tone remained impassive without a hint of concern.

When she was steady on her feet, he dropped his hand and ordered Catalina, "Help Ms. Pearson in."

• • •