

Leaving The Country After Divorce Chapter 599-603

Chapter 599

Cayden was suddenly wide awake upon hearing what his boss said.

Are my ears playing tricks on me? Did Mr. Farwell just ask me to search for florists? Is he really intending to

do THAT?

Cayden had forgotten to reply to Lucian, as he was still in a state of shock.

As all Lucian heard was silence on the other end of the line, he frowned and asked, "Can you hear me?"

Snapping back to his senses at once, Cayden answered, "Yes, Mr. Farwell. Please give me a while. I'll find out right away!"

Lucian merely hummed a reply before ending the call.

His original intention was to get Cayden to purchase the flowers on his behalf. However, he decided to do it personally in the end, taking into consideration the significance of the act.

A few minutes later, Lucian received a text from his assistant with the websites and contact details of two florists.

Clicking open the links, Lucian browsed through the information of both shops before deciding on one.

The next morning, Lucian headed to the florist after sending Estella to kindergarten slightly earlier than usual.

"Hi, are you looking for flowers?" the shop assistant asked when she noticed the man standing outside the store.

Lucian nodded slightly. The crease between his brows deepened as he looked at the offerings in the florist.

It was his first time buying flowers for someone, and he had no idea what to get.

Instantly, the shop assistant noticed the man's confusion and stepped forward to assist him. "Different flowers have different meanings. Are you buying flowers for your girlfriend?"

Girlfriend?

Lucian's expression darkened when he heard that word. After a short pause, he nodded briefly.

Seeing his response, the shop assistant could not help but feel envious.

I wonder who the lucky woman who has such a handsome boyfriend is. He's also such a sweet man to be choosing flowers for her personally.

"If it's for

your girlfriend, I would recommend red roses! We have a few ready-made bouquets inside the shop. Please feel free to come in and take a look," the shop assistant suggested enthusiastically, putting aside her envy.

Hearing that, the man nodded and followed the woman into the shop.

The moment he stepped inside, he was greeted with the fragrance of fresh flowers.

The shop assistant picked up a bouquet of flowers that was on display and showed it to Lucian. "This is the most popular bouquet in our shop among couples. You might want to consider getting it."

Looking at the bouquet for a while, he decided to go with the shop assistant's suggestion, as he had completely no idea what women liked. The shop assistant was enthusiastic when she recommended it to him, anyway.

After a brief moment of contemplation, he nodded and instructed, "I'll get this one then."

"Do you want to attach a card to it? If so, would you like to have any message written on the card?" the shop assistant asked.

That was when Lucian recalled his conversation with Jonathan the day before. Jonathan had also told him that he should write a message together with the flowers.

As for what he should write on the card....

Lucian furrowed his brows and pondered over it for a moment before asking in a deep voice, "Can you pass me the card? I want to write the message myself."

The shop assistant agreed immediately and passed him a card and a pen.

With a crease between his brows, Lucian ruminated for a while before he picked up the pen and started writing.

After he was done, he folded the card and passed it back to the shop assistant.

"Is there anything else I can help you with?" the woman asked.

Shaking his head, Lucian left after providing the delivery address.

He had followed Jonathan's suggestion and wrote his heartfelt feelings on the card, and he wondered how Roxanne would react when she read his message.

Unable to contain her curiosity, the shop assistant took a peek at the card after Lucian left the florist.

She was baffled when she saw the man's angular handwriting on the card.

It was the first time she had seen someone leaving such a vague note with a bouquet of roses.

Chapter 600

Later that morning, when Lysa returned home after sending the two boys to kindergarten, she spotted a man outside the door with a bouquet of roses in his hand who was just about to press the doorbell, rendering her feeling slightly perplexed.

She had met quite a few of Roxanne's male friends before, but none of them had delivered flowers to her personally.

"Hi, may I know who you are?" Lysa asked, approaching the man with a puzzled look on her face.

That man was sent by the florist to deliver the flowers to Roxanne.

He had reached a while back and tried pressing the doorbell a few times, but no one answered. Just when he was intending to leave and return later in the afternoon, he saw Lysa.

When he met the housekeeper's scrutinizing gaze, he explained, "Hi, I'm the deliveryman from the florist. A gentleman had bought flowers from our store this morning and told us to deliver to this address."

Upon hearing that, Lysa nodded slightly and took over the bouquet from the man. "Oh, thank you. I'll pass it to the recipient."

The woman entered the mansion after sending the deliveryman off.

Meanwhile, Roxanne was walking toward the door with great difficulty when she saw Lysa entering the house carrying a bouquet of flowers. "What's this?" she asked, feeling rather stunned.

She had difficulty falling asleep the night before, as her mind was in a mess. As such, she was not able to wake up early that morning. If she had not heard the doorbell ringing, she might not even have woken up now.

However, the doorbell stopped ringing after she had finally reached the door.

Judging by the situation, the woman guessed that it was a deliveryman from the florist, and Lysa had bumped into him outside.

“Ms. Jarvis, why did you come out? Your wound has previously split open, and you need to rest in order for it to heal!” Lysa put the flowers down and rushed toward Roxanne, helping the latter to sit down on the couch.

Roxanne fixed her gaze on the red roses, and a crease appeared between her brows, She did not understand what was going on.

She had no idea who would buy her flowers—red roses at that.

“I met the deliveryman outside our house just now. He told me that the sender was a gentleman. Hhe had sent it to the right address, it should be for you,” Lysa explained upon noticing Roxanne’s perplexed expression.

Even so, Roxanne was still confused.

When Lysa saw the look on the woman’s face, she started feeling lost as well.

It seems even Ms. Jarvis herself doesn’t know who the sender is...

The two women stared at the bouquet for a long while before Lysa suddenly noticed something. “There’s a card in there! Do you want to take a look?”

Roxanne nodded.

Both of them were quite certain that they would be able to find some clues about the sender’s identity on the card.

Standing up, Lysa retrieved the card before passing it to Roxanne, who opened the card with doubts.

Taking a glance at the card, Roxanne immediately knew who the sender was after seeing the handwriting on the card.

Besides, Lucian had also signed off with his name at the bottom of the card.

His message comprised just one sentence: Let’s be honest with each other.

Roxanne felt her heart tighten when she read those words. For a moment, she thought that it was what Lucian wanted to tell her.

“Mr. Farwell?” Lysa asked in surprise upon seeing the signature on the card.

She had her suspicions about Roxanne and Lucian’s relationship for a long time but did not expect them to have already progressed to such a stage.

Now that I think about it, though, the two of them do seem rather compatible.

A few seconds later, Roxanne returned to her senses and forced a smile while saying, "They might have delivered it to the wrong address. Let me call and check."

Despite what the other woman said, Lysa could not help but feel doubtful, as she did not think that Lucian was someone who would carelessly send roses to the wrong address.

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. Isn’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 claspng 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?

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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 I went this far and declared

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

I 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. I 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.