

## Chapter 8 I Want A Great-grandson

Upon entering the expansive living room, Lucian found Magda Cliord seated by herself on the plush leather couch.

This silver-haired matriarch had an aura of vitality about her, emanating dignity from her dark green pullover and billowy grey pants.

However, her countenance showed a hint of melancholy.

Trading his shoes for slippers, Lucian took a seat facing her and greeted with due respect, "I've returned, Grandma."

Magda's brow furrowed as she asked, "Why have you returned unaccompanied? Where's Giselle?"

The lively tone of her voice belied her septuagenarian status, a stark contrast to her age.

The family consensus was a dismissive one towards Giselle, viewing her as an inconsequential figure. They presumed Lucian had fallen prey to her manipulative ways, because how else could a woman of no significant pedigree manage to wed him?

Nonetheless, Magda held a soft spot for Giselle.

Lucian silently scoffed, attributing Giselle's success in securing Magda's favor to her talent for deception.

Shaking off these thoughts, he softened his usually stoic expression and replied in a gentler tone, "She's tied up with other matters today, so she couldn't make it. But I'll be having dinner with you tonight."

Magda's frown deepened as she shot a cold glance at Lucian, asking, "Is it because she's caught up with something? Or is it because you chose not to bring her along?"

Aware that Magda might be on to something, Lucian still said patiently, "She truly is occupied."

Right after he said this, he assisted Magda in rising from the couch.

Given the late hour, calling Giselle over wouldn't be practical. Perhaps she'd already had her meal. So, reluctantly, Magda let the matter rest.

She couldn't help but let out a sigh. Her grandson, although dutiful, showed an indifference towards his spouse. She felt compelled to remind him, "Giselle is a good woman who has done a lot for you and the family. You need to value her, do you understand?"

"I understand," Lucian responded with a compliant nod, a hint of scorn evident in his eyes. Had he not discovered Giselle's true nature today, he might have felt some remorse over the impending divorce.

Magda directed the servants to set the table.

Lucian escorted her to the bathroom. After freshening up, they returned to the dining area and took their respective seats.

At the moment, his grandfather was away on business, leaving Magda as the sole occupant of the house.

During dinner, Magda released a frustrated sigh. "You've been too obstinate all your life. I understand you're dealing with those old heads in the business, but you can't just focus solely on your career. I long to see a great-grandchild! Your father was my only son. That means you're responsible for carrying on the family name!"

There was a multitude of issues brewing in the business. The extended members of the Cliord family were vying for control, particularly his cunning cousin. He had to remain vigilant.

Lucian pressed his lips together and replied, "Understood."

At the sight of his dutiful expression, a wave of anger surged within Magda. She slammed her fork down and declared, "Do you think I don't realize you're just placating me? I believe Giselle has shown you too much respect, and you've taken her for granted. I'm calling her right now. You two must prioritize starting a family!"

With that, Magda reached for her phone and dialed Giselle's number.

"Grandma, please don't!" Lucian hurriedly tried to stop her.

But to his dismay, Magda's call had already come through to Giselle. She said to the latter, "Giselle, are you doing anything right now?"

Lucian's eyebrows furrowed, surprised by the swiftness of Giselle's answer.

From the other end of the line, he heard Giselle's soothing voice reply, "Grandma, I'm out handling some things right now."

Lucian's frown deepened. Her voice was as serene as ever, betraying no signs of their impending separation.