

Mission To Remarry Chapter 1096

Chapter 1096

Lucian had wanted to go back to eat with Estella.

Estella had been in a bad mood ever since Aubree came by the day before, and Lucian was afraid that she would go back to how she used to be.

However, in the afternoon, Jonathan abruptly called.

As it turned out, Jonathan had heard about his and Roxanne's matter from somewhere, and that was why he made the call.

Instantly, Lucian's mood soured, and he ended up inviting Jonathan out for a drink that night.

At night, Lucian, who was wearing a dress shirt and had his jacket draped on his arm, strode out of the first floor of the Farwell Group office building.

Right as he walked out of the entrance, he heard the sound of a car honking.

He turned around and spotted Jonathan's car, which was parked right in front of the building.

Lucian lifted a brow and walked over.

"Didn't we agree to meet at the club? Why are you here?"

Jonathan wound down the window and winked at him. "How can I let a crestfallen man drive? I'm your buddy, and I'll be your driver this time."

Lucian's gaze darkened at that, and he pursed his lips. "How can I be crestfallen over nothing?"

He opened the car door and got into the car before tossing his jacket on the back seat.

Jonathan frowned, and he parted his lips to say something.

Yet, when he turned around, he saw that Lucian had already closed his eyes to nap.

Clearly, Lucian did not want to listen to anything else from him.

In resignation, Jonathan looked away and started the car.

As it turned out, the invitation for a drink was really just that. Lucian did not even want to spend any time. talking.

Things must be really bad between them this time, Jonathan thought.

On the way to their destination, both kept their silence, deep in their own thoughts.

Half an hour later, the car came to a stop outside the club.

Both men opened their doors and got out of the car.

Jonathan gave his keys to the valet, then went upstairs to the private rooms with Lucian.

This was a club they frequented, and they knew the owner of the club.

Right as they took their seats, the owner sent some of his employees to serve them a few bottles of expensive wine before smartly telling the rest of his employees not to disrupt them from then on.

Only when Lucian and Jonathan were the only ones left in the room did Jonathan open the bottle of expensive wine. Then he poured a glass for Lucian and himself.

"I hear that Essie's matter ended up quite messy."

On his way to the club, Jonathan had been thinking of how he was going to make Lucian talk, and in the end, he decided to start with Estella.

Everyone in their social circle knew about Estella changing kindergartens.

The kindergarten she had transferred to was one catered toward the rich and the powerful.

On Estella's first day, when the parents found out that their children were in the same class as the daughter of the Farwell family, they began plotting how they should curry favor with the Farwells through her.

However, Estella did not appear on the next day.

The parents had quickly looked into the matter.

It took no time before Estella's matter became a well-known one in the circle.

There was nothing Lucian wanted to hide, so he nodded in indifferently.

Jonathan raised his brows in surprise. "Essie agreed to it? How did you convince her?"

For a while after that, the room was silent.

Jonathan slowly realized that Lucian did not get Estella to agree to it in the first place.

That must be why she's throwing a tantrum and stopped going to kindergarten after a day.

Jonathan cleared his throat awkwardly. "How is Essie feeling recently?"

Lucian picked up his wineglass and took a sip from it. "She was sulking the past two days, but she's fine

now."

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Jonathan was even more taken aback by that. "She's all right after such a short period of time? Does that mean she's doing much better now?"

"She spent a day at Roxanne's," Lucian said nonchalantly.

Jonathan could guess what Lucian was trying to say.

It was not because Estella's condition was getting better for her mood to have improved so quickly; it was because she met Roxanne.

However, Jonathan found the way Lucian mentioned Roxanne strange.

Is he really... planning to cut ties with Roxanne?

Jonathan's confusion was clearly written on his face.

Noticing that, Lucian said, "I talked to her about it. It's true that we can't progress any further in our relationship, so we've decided to do as she says-to become strangers."

"Are you really giving up just like that?" Jonathan could not believe what he had just heard.

Lucian frowned. "What do you think?"

You can't possibly ask me to cast aside my dignity to beg Roxanne to change her mind. I can't do that, and she won't change her mind anyway.

Jonathan drew his brows together. "What about Essie? Dr. Jarvis is her mother, and the girl adores her too."

The mention of Estella made something flash past Lucian's eyes. "I've talked about this with Aubree. She'll treat Essie well, and as time passes, I'm sure Essie will slowly accept her."

Getting Essie to accept Aubree?

Jonathan found that incredulous.

He had invited Lucian out because Frieda had gleefully told him about how Lucian was planning to stay engaged to Aubree.

Perhaps it was because Jonathan had been Lucian's wingman in the past. Frieda was exceptionally arrogant when she told him about the news.

Of course, Jonathan did not believe it.

He was the one who witnessed Lucian courting Roxanne in all the ways he could think of, so he found it hard to believe that Lucian would give up on Roxanne so easily.

Even if Lucian did give up on Roxanne, Jonathan felt that he should not have chosen Aubree.

Estella's dislike of Aubree throughout the six years was apparent to them all.

How could Lucian marry a woman that Essie did not like and make her Essie's mother?

Even when he heard the confirmation from Lucian, he still thought that he was dreaming.

"Essie hasn't accepted Aubree in six years. Do you really think she'll suddenly change her mind?"

Lucian was unfazed, however. "We still have to give it a try."

"What happened between you and Dr. Jarvis? You're not someone who gives up this easily!"

Silence ensued.

Lucian lowered his gaze and drank away.

Jonathan downed his wine and huffed, "If I had known that you were going to give up so easily, I wouldn't have helped you back then. Look! You can choose not to see Dr. Jarvis from now on, but the Queen family still has to interact with her. How am I supposed to face Dr. Jarvis now?" Jonathan scrunched up his face in frustration. "Also,

my grandfather told me to take care of Dr. Jarvis. What am I supposed to say to him about

I

this?”

As he spoke, he carefully observed the expression on Lucian’s face.

He said that to find out if Lucian would have a change of heart.

Alas, despite his long speech, Lucian’s expression remained the same. It was as if he had not heard Jonathan at all.

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Right as Jonathan put down his glass in resignation and was about to declare that it was none of his business anymore, Lucian spoke.

“I don’t think I should give up so easily either. After all, the woman’s Essie’s biological mother.”

Jonathan brightened up upon hearing that, and he asked, “Does Dr. Jarvis know about her relationship with Essie? If she doesn’t, you should tell her about it. I’m sure she’ll change her mind.”

That was a thought he had since a long time ago, but as the matter was Lucian’s family matter, it was up to Lucian whether or not he wanted to tell Roxanne about Estella’s birth circumstances.

However, it seemed that the two were going to lose each other again, so Jonathan steeled himself to make the suggestion.

Almost immediately, Lucian’s hand holding the wineglass froze in mid-air.

Tell Essie’s birth circumstances to that woman? Maybe I would have given this a thought if Roxanne hadn’t given up on me... But now, it’s pointless.

Thinking that his suggestion was fantastic, Jonathan looked at Lucian in anticipation as he waited for his

response.

“If you still want her back by your side, this is the best way to get her to come back!”

A beat later, Lucian finished his drink and uttered quietly, “No.”

Jonathan's eyes widened.

He's really planning to give up on Roxanne!

"She can't give me what I want, and she can't give Essie what Essie wants. What I can give her isn't something she wants either," Lucian said.

Jonathan could only blink at him, bewildered. "Why do you say that?"

Lucian's eyes fluttered shut as he recalled the memories of their time together.

"What Essie wants is for her mother to be by her side, but clearly, Roxanne's preoccupied with the Damaris family's project. Her full focus is on it, and even when Essie went to her, she left the two kids to take care of Essie instead."

It was the same for the last time. The girl was so miserable, and Roxanne heard it, but she still chose to prioritize

her work.

Lucian pursed his lips, the air around him turning a few degrees colder. "At the start, I was hoping that she would stay in the country for that project, but who knew that she would throw her entire self into it?"

Even now, he still could not figure out whether Roxanne saw the project as something so important because of the project itself or because of the one in charge of it.

Jonathan nearly jumped in fright at the change in Lucian's mood, but when he heard Lucian's words of complaint, he became amused.

Then a smile appeared on his face.

"Why are you smiling?" Lucian asked before shooting him a cold look.

The smile on Jonathan's face remained wide. "I'm just thinking about how even you can't escape from something like this."

Lucian knitted his brows in confusion.

Jonathan cleared his throat but deliberately kept quiet for a while.

It was only when he sensed the air around him turn even colder did he shudder and said, "You say Dr. Jarvis is too focused on her work and has neglected Essie and your feelings. But think about this from another angle. Didn't you do this to Dr. Jarvis six years ago?"

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Just as those words went past Jonathan's lips, Lucian tightened his grip on his glass.

Six years ago...

"You must have treated Dr. Jarvis far worse six years ago than how Dr. Jarvis is treating you now," Jonathan went on. "Back then, I wondered about what she would feel about you focusing on work and Aubree only. I thought she would have left in no time, but to my surprise, she actually lived with you for so many years and even gave birth to your children."

At that moment, a thought seemed to have popped up in Jonathan's head. "It looks like Dr. Jarvis was deeply in love with you back then. You say you're a persevering man, but you're giving up on her in mere months just because she's a little more serious about her work. In contrast, Dr. Jarvis had stayed by your side for years."

Jonathan even felt bad for Roxanne when he thought about the things she had to go through during those years. Once he was done saying his piece, he clicked his tongue and shook his head.

Lucian's expression darkened.

How did she persevere during all those years, then? I thought she was being unreasonable when she abruptly departed back then. Now that I think about it, she must have reached her limits. What thoughts did she have on the night of her departure?

The recollection of that time made Lucian's heart ache.

"This is my fault," he said after a beat.

Jonathan stiffened.

This was the first time he had heard Lucian admit that he was wrong so easily.

"I did this to her six years ago, and now she's doing the same thing to me." The look of self-deprecation was bright in Lucian's eyes. "Perhaps this is karma, but it's late by six years."

Hearing the bitterness lacing Lucian's words, Jonathan lowered his gaze as his heart began feeling heavy.

He only mentioned what had happened six years ago because the matter popped up in his head; he did not mean to make Lucian feel guilty.

"In that case, why don't you put aside your original plan and court Dr. Jarvis again? It's to fix the regret the two of you have."

Jonathan thought that Lucian would finally consider that option, but the moment he said that, Lucian's unhesitating rejection came.

"It's too late."

Lucian filled his glass again and downed the wine.

Jonathan did not even know how many times Lucian had already filled his glass. He stubbornly continued, "Since you know you've done wrong, why do you not want to fix the mistake?"

"I can't do that."

I've hurt Roxanne terribly, so how can I ask her to forgive me? I'm certain that Roxanne's already sick of how clingy I've been during this time. She's only dealing with me half-heartedly as an act of courtesy.

A wave of frustration rose in Lucian, and he started downing one glass after another.

It was only then Jonathan realized he had been too busy trying to change Lucian's mind. Lucian had finished the whole bottle of wine by himself.

The alcohol content in the wines that the owner served them was high. On most days, they would only drink a glass or two and focus more on the conversation.

However, it was different that day.

I know you can hold your drink, Lucian, but you still can't drink like this!

Jonathan quickly shot out his hand to stop Lucian. "Lucian, stop drinking!"

Yet, before his fingers could touch the glass, Lucian stopped him.

"I asked you to come today to drink, not to hear you go on and on about nonsense."

Lucian tilted his head back to down another glass of wine.

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In the end, Jonathan could only sigh under his breath as he watched Lucian open another bottle.

Forget it. The reason behind how disheartened Lucian is right now must be related to what I said earlier. In that case, I guess I'll just sacrifice my liver and drink with him.

Jonathan gave up and started drinking alongside Lucian.

Perhaps he was affected by Lucian's mood, for Jonathan found himself feeling gloomy as well.

In the blink of an eye, the two of them finished all the wine on the table.

Lucian took out his phone while drawing his brows together tightly from the pain of his headache.

He had not driven to the club, so he needed someone to send him back.

Perhaps he had drunk too much. He had nearly tapped on Roxanne's name out of instinct when he unlocked his phone.

Lucian's frown deepened, and he hovered his finger above the name for a long while.

Right when he was about to tap on it, Jonathan's slurring voice rang out in his ear.

"Lucian, I... I can't drink anymore!"

Jonathan was dead drunk by then. He was lifting an empty wineglass and mumbling away in Lucian's direction in a daze.

Unlike him, Lucian still had a shred of rationality left.

When he heard his voice, he snapped back to his senses and looked at the name beneath his finger. After a long moment of hesitation, he scrolled it away.

Since I've decided to cut ties with her, I shouldn't disturb her.

After what seemed like eons, Lucian's gaze landed on Aubree's name.

Then, in the end, he tapped on her name.

At that moment, Aubree was having dinner with Frieda.

Ever since Aubree left the Farwell residence, she had been swallowing her anger. All she could do was invite Frieda out so that she could vent.

While the two were chatting, Aubree's phone suddenly rang.

Aubree was right at the peak of her angry rant, so she impatiently lowered her head to glance at her phone.

When she saw the caller ID, she halted her speech immediately.

“What’s the matter? Who is it?” Frieda asked.

Aubree had already picked up the call by then. “Lucian, it’s late. Is something the matter?”

She thought that Lucian had returned to the manor and was calling her after finding out that she had been there in the afternoon.

To her surprise, Lucian sounded drunk as he said, “Are you free at the moment? I drank a little. If it’s convenient for you, come and pick me up.”

Aubree’s eyes lit up, and the irritation that had been plaguing her since the afternoon dissipated. “Where are you? I’ll be right there!”

The man then told her the name of the club and the room number.

“I’m on my way!”

Her eager voice made Lucian press his lips together. “You don’t need to rush.”

When Frieda saw Aubree ending the call, she asked, “Who was it? Was it Lucian?”

She could not think of anyone else other than Lucian who could make Aubree’s mood change so quickly.

Aubree was all smiles as she answered, “Let’s wrap up for today. Lucian’s drunk, and he has asked me to pick him up.”

Frieda beamed in understanding. “People usually call their girlfriends to pick them up after getting drunk. It looks like Lucian has a change of heart. Congratulations, Aubree.”

The smile on Aubree’s face widened as she grabbed her bag and stood up.

All of a sudden, Frieda thought of something. “Right, Lucian should be with my brother. I’ll come with you and pick my brother up as well.”

Aubree agreed to it readily, wanting to get rid of the other man.