## **Chapter 6 Where's Chandria?**

There were now only two people inside the room.

Lucian scanned his surroundings before his gaze fell on his daughter.

The little girl was still upset by Chandria's sudden departure, so upon seeing her father, not only was she completely unafraid, but she even turned away with a huff.

A faint scowl appeared on Lucian's face.

"Are you okay, Ms. Estella?" Cayden.

The little girl merely glanced at him before furiously turning away once more.

With narrowed eyes, Lucian turned to the woman beside his daughter.

"Where's Chandria?"

Lucian's expression darkened as he took a good look at Francine's face.

He could actually tell it was her?!

Francine fretted internally while at the same time feeling relieved that her best friend had left in time.

This guy's energy is so unbearable! I feel like I could suffocate.

Who knows what might happen if Chandria were still here?

"I don't know what you're talking about! Who are you guys? You sure are rude to barge in without even knocking."

Concealing her emotions and unleashing her best acting skills, Francine pulled the little girl into her arms while staring cautiously at the men in front of her.

"That's my daughter you're holding. Were you the one who called me?"

Francine stilled briefly. "Yes, it was me," she answered rigidly.

Lucian stared at her expressionlessly before scanning every detail inside the room.

She does sound like the woman over the phone.

But does she think she can fool me?

The state of this room is an obvious attempt to hide something.

The next second, she watched as Lucian took a phone from his assistant and swiped on the screen before peering up at her.

Soon, the phone Chandria had passed to her began to ring.

Having been caught off guard, Francine nearly jumped in fright, but she hurriedly composed herself and glanced at the phone for a moment before lifting it up and rejecting the call. "Since you're her father, you can take her with you," she commented, meeting the man's gaze.

Then, she caressed the little girl's head, placed her on the ground, and nudged her in Lucian's direction.

Lucian's brows furrowed slightly as he took two steps forward.

Thinking he was coming over to retrieve the child, Francine was about to let out a sigh when she suddenly heard the man speak to her in a skeptical tone.

"You seem to have quite the appetite, miss. To think you ordered a whole table of food just for yourself and a little girl."

Francine fell silent.

After holding her breath for a moment, she forced a smile. "My appetite isn't any of your concern. Besides, I ordered this much food because I've invited my friends over. They just haven't arrived yet."

Lucian raised an eyebrow. "And you've begun digging in instead of waiting for them to show up?"

She took a deep breath. "Look, sir, I found your daughter and kindly informed you about it. I even made sure she didn't go hungry. It's fine if you don't thank me, but why are you interrogating me like I'm a criminal? What have I ever done to deserve this?"

Despite sounding indignant, the woman was screaming at the top of her lungs deep down.

Please stop asking me questions.

Who could ever put up with this guy's presence?

MEANWHILE, Chandria waited in the parking lot, holding hands with a child on each side as unsettlement swirled within her.

She knew Lucian too well to understand that even the smallest clue would be enough to rouse his suspicions.

I wonder how long Francine can hang on.

If our cover gets busted...

What should I do if that happens?

The woman couldn't seem to find an answer no matter how hard she tried.

Suddenly, she pursed her lips and scoffed at herself.

What am I even scared of?

He probably never wants to see me again after what I did to him back then.

Even if he saw me, he'd probably pretend not to know me or just think of me as an eyesore.

Seeing how restless their mother looked, Blaze and Easton asked deliberately, "Who's Lucian, Mommy? Why are we hiding from him?"

Chandria slowly returned to her senses and stroked their heads, smiling as if everything was fine. "He's no one important. I just have a bit of a personal grudge against him. I want you both to hide if you ever hear his name, okay?"

The two boys nodded. "Okay, Mommy."

After Chandria looked away, they glanced at each other curiously.

What could've happened between Mommy and Daddy? It all seems like a huge misunderstanding.

As Chandria continued to ponder over what could be happening on Francine's side, the boys spoke again.

"Mommy, we left in such a rush back there. If that guy becomes suspicious, he might check the surveillance cameras and find us easily," Blaze reminded.

The woman tensed up instantly. "Oh, God. I totally forgot! What do I do?"

I was so focused on running away that I forgot about the cameras! Lucian might already be here.

I can't stay here. I have to take the kids home right now.

Seeing the way their mother reacted made the boys turn away to conceal their smiles, and they only consoled her after they had suppressed the smiles on their lips.

"Don't worry, Mommy. I'll handle this."

Easton took his laptop and began tapping away on the keyboard.

It only took a while for him to hack into the restaurant's surveillance cameras and wipe out every footage of them.

"I'm done!"

After deleting all the footage, the boy glanced up at his mother with twinkling eyes, eagerly waiting for her to praise him.

Heaving a long sigh of relief, Chandria pulled the two children into an embrace. "Thank goodness I have you. You've just saved me!"

"Are we leaving now, Mommy? Or should we wait for Aunt Francine to come outside?" asked Blaze after Chandria had let go.

Having calmed down, the woman gazed at the entrance of the empty parking lot. "Let's wait a little longer."

The boys nodded in response.

Back Inside The Restaurant, failing to force a confession out of Francine, Lucian could only quash the hostility that surged within him.

"Pardon my rudeness. Thank you for helping me find my daughter. Well, then, we'll be off now. Enjoy your meal with your friends," he stated coldly.

Lucian left with the little girl and his group of subordinates.

Upon walking out of the building, he tried to carry Estella into the car, but the child avoided him with a huff.

Seated at the back, Lucian reached out to his daughter and placed her on his lap.

With nowhere else to run, Estella could only let herself be carried like a doll.

"Tell me, Essie, was there another lady apart from the one from just now?" the man asked gently.

The little girl glanced at him and grew more infuriated at the thought of that pretty lady having left her because of him.

Seeing her scowl deepen, Lucian pinched her cheek in amusement. "I'm not even mad at you for running away from home, but you're here getting all mad at me? Don't you know how worried I was? Will you tell me why you ran away?"

Yet, the child shoved his hand away and turned her head to one side again, ignoring him.

The man pursed his lips in frustration, feeling at a loss as to what to do. "You don't have to answer me if you don't want to, but promise me that you won't run away from home again."

He then turned to Cayden, who was seated in front. "Get the restaurant's surveillance cameras."

He clearly hasn't given up.

"Yes, Mr. Farwell," Cayden responded helplessly.