

Divorced Me 171

Chapter 171

Aveline was startled.

Russell was nearby?

"Oh, okay."

After hanging up the phone, Aveline went to the door. Soon, the doorbell rang. She opened it to see Russell standing there with his signature purple hair. "Russ, you're here," Aveline said with a slight smile.

Russell smirked, his already strikingly handsome face becoming even more roguish. His captivating eyes seemed to draw people in. "What's going on?" Aveline let him in and briefly explained the situation.

Seeing the vegetables on the table, Russell raised an eyebrow. "So, you left the police station earlier because of this?"

Aveline nodded. "Yes."

Russell continued, "Why didn't you tell me when I asked?"

Aveline felt awkward and rubbed her nose. "I hoped this matter could be resolved quickly, but the police's efficiency isn't that high. I didn't want to carry this burden any longer, so I wanted to get to the bottom of it. She paused. "I thought it would be too much trouble to involve you, but now I have no choice."

Russell chuckled. "Alright, it's not a big deal."

Hearing this, Aveline's eyes lit up. "How long until we get the results?"

Russell replied, "Hold on a second."

He took out his phone and made a call. After talking for a while, he turned to her and said, "If we send it now, we'll have the results by tomorrow afternoon."

Aveline was thrilled. "That's wonderful, Russ. Thank you!"

Russell responded, "Is that all the thanks I get?"

Aveline hesitated and then asked, "Well... how about I treat you to dinner?"

Russell replied, "What's so great about restaurant food? Why don't you cook me a meal instead?"

Aveline was momentarily stunned. That was easy enough!

"Are you sure? My cooking isn't that great," Aveline said hesitantly.

Russell replied, "Just cook. I'll be the judge of how good it is."

Aveline nodded. "Alright!"

She had other ingredients on hand, so she rolled up her

sleeves and got to work. Russell settled into the dining room, where he could see Aveline bustling around in the kitchen. It felt... rather unique.

Before long, the doorbell rang. Aveline went to answer it. It was the person Russell had contacted, who packed up the vegetables and took them away. Aveline returned to the kitchen to continue cooking. Russell crossed his arms and leaned against the doorframe,

his purple hair making him look even more striking. The diamond stud in his left ear sparkled under the kitchen lights.

Catching sight of him out of the corner of her eye, Aveline said, "Russ, don't stand there. There's too much smoke in here."

Her tone had shifted to treating him like a friend. Realizing this, Russell's mouth twitched. He suddenly regretted asking her to call him Russ.

"Alright, let me know when it's ready," he said, turning to wander around the apartment.

The apartment was spacious and decorated in a simple yet luxurious style. Since Aveline moved in, little personal

touches had appeared in the corners. Russell picked up a rabbit plushie, chuckled, and put it back.

Half an hour later, Aveline came out with the last dish. Russ, dinner's ready."

"Okay."

Russell came over, pulled out a chair, and started eating. After the first bite, his eyes lit up with surprise.

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Aveline asked somewhat nervously, "Is it... not good?"

Russell looked at her and suddenly said, "Just one meal isn't enough."

"Huh?" Aveline was confused. "Then how many meals would be enough?" Russell laughed at her puzzled expression and held up three fingers.

Aveline laughed too. "Three meals? No problem. Just let me know when you're free, and I'll cook for you."

Her respectful and humble attitude made it clear she saw him as a friend. Russell felt a strange sense of familiarity with this dynamic and slowly lowered his hand. "We'll see when I'm in the mood." "Sure, no problem," Aveline agreed readily.

Cooking a few meals wasn't a big deal. She just wanted to repay this favor.

Despite feeling a bit uneasy, Russell had to admit Aveline's cooking was really good. It suited his taste perfectly. He ended up eating two extra servings!

Seeing the dishes nearly empty, Russell began doubting his own appetite.

Aveline came over to drink some water, glanced at the table, and asked, "Russ, was it enough?"

"Yes, it was," Russell replied, a bit speechless.

Aveline sighed in relief.

It was a good thing the food was enough since she didn't have any more ingredients.

Russell stood up, grabbed the dishes, and headed to the kitchen to wash them.

Aveline was stunned and quickly followed. "Russ, let me do it. You should take a break."

Russell frowned, his handsome face showing a hint of displeasure. He stared at her for a moment before saying, "Maybe you shouldn't call me Russ anymore."

"Why not?" Aveline asked.

"We're the same age," Russell explained.

Aveline blinked. "That doesn't matter."

Russell sighed and waved his hand. "Never mind."

He turned and left the kitchen.

Aveline felt a bit puzzled but didn't dwell on it. After tidying up the kitchen, she went out to find Russell sitting on the couch in the living room. His long legs were crossed, and he was looking down at his phone, I Aveline couldn't help but marvel. "Are all wealthy people this good-looking?"

Russell looked up and asked, "When are you divorcing Lucas?"

Aveline was taken aback, not expecting such a direct

question.

"I don't know," she replied honestly..

Russell said, "If you need, I can help you find a lawyer. You won't lose."

Aveline shook her head. "Thanks, Russ, but that's not

necessary. Things between Lucas and me haven't reached that point yet."

Russell stared at her and asked, "Do you love him?"

Aveline didn't respond. But her silence was an answer in itself.

Russell felt a strange sense of irritation. After everything Lucas had done to her, what did she see in him? Was she a masochist?

"Forget it, just pretend I didn't say anything."

Russell stood up and headed for the door. Aveline also got up and gave him a slight smile. "Russ, thank you. I know you're trying to help me, but I can handle this," "Okay," Russell replied.

As he was leaving, Russell turned around to say something, but before he could speak, Aveline suddenly shut the door.

His mouth twitched.

What was that about? Not even a proper goodbye?

Aveline fell silent..

It wasn't that she didn't want to say goodbye. She suddenly felt a sharp pain in her stomach and rushed to the bathroom, realizing her period had started. After taking care of herself, she came out, washed up, and went to bed.

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The next day, Aveline arrived at work to find another pile of chaotic tasks waiting for her.

However, today she wasn't angry; she was looking forward to lunchtime.

At noon, Russell called to tell her the results were in and had been emailed to her.

"Thank you, Russ!" Aveline said excitedly.

Russell replied slowly, "Knowing which vegetables are poisoned doesn't prove your innocence."

Aveline paused. "I think these vegetables were bought at the supermarket. There might have been an issue there. I need to check the surveillance footage." Russell said, "It's been so many days; it might be difficult."

Aveline's lips tightened. She knew that if she had checked on the day it happened, it might have been easier. But she had to try.

Russell spoke casually, "Of course, if you cook ten more meals for me, I might be able to figure something out."

Aveline couldn't help but laugh. "Russ, don't you have a chef at home?"

Russell replied, "Just say if you'll do it or not."

"Deal," Aveline agreed without hesitation. Cooking one meal or ten meals made no difference to her. Plus, it was an easy

task.

She felt even more grateful to Russell, as he had chosen a way that minimized her burden.

"Alright, wait for my news," Russell said, then hur. up.

Aveline exhaled deeply and opened her email to check. She found that the poisoned vegetables were the ones she had added to her cart later.

She carefully recalled the details of that day. She remembered bumping into someone after picking up the vegetables, causing them to fall to the ground. That person helped her pick them up.

Could something have happened during that time? Aveline tried to remember the person's face, but she couldn't.

Rubbing her temples, her phone suddenly rang. It was a call from the police station. The food test results were out, and they wanted her to come in.

Aveline got up and went to ask Gwen for leave.

Without even looking at her, Gwen said coldly, "It's working hours. You can't leave without permission."

"So, I'm here to ask for leave," Aveline replied.

Gwen retorted, "We're swamped. If you leave, who will do your work?"

Aveline paused. Was this her way of refusing her request?

"Then just dock my pay," she said, turning to leave.

Gwen was stunned. "Hey, you, come back here!"

How could she be so brazen? The higher-ups didn't favor her anymore, so where did she get the confidence to act so

boldly?

Immediately, Gwen ordered that Aveline's pay be docked by three times.

Aveline went to the police station and got the test report, which matched the one Russell had sent her.

She asked, "Can you find out how these vegetables were poisoned?"

The police officer replied, "We are still investigating. This is a serious matter that has endangered public safety, so we will definitely give you an explanation." Aveline asked, "How long will it take?"

The officer said, "We're not sure. We need to follow the procedures."

Aveline fell silent.

How long would this process take? A week? A month? Or six months? By the time the investigation was complete, it would be too late to matter.

She didn't say anything more, taking the report and leaving.

Just before she got back to the company, her phone rang. She looked at the screen and saw that it was Lucas calling.

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"Hello?"

Aveline answered the call, her tone turning colder.

Lucas' voice was even colder than hers. "Where are you?"

Aveline paused. "Do you need something?"

Was this about the divorce again? She had made it very clear that she wouldn't agree to a divorce until the matter was fully investigated. Why was he so persistent?

Unexpectedly, Aveline thought of his previous attitude and began to understand. Watching someone get anxious over something while she remained detached felt oddly satisfying.

"Come to the hospital now. I have something to ask you," Lucas said and then hung up abruptly. His tone was commanding and icy, leaving no room for refusal.

Aveline frowned at her phone. What was wrong with him? Why should she go just because he said so? She put her phone back in her bag and decided not to go to the hospital. She needed to return to work.

After the confrontation with Gwen, she was probably furious and might dock her a lot of pay. She needed to make up for it.

However, when she arrived at the company building, she saw Brian standing nearby. His face was expressionless, but he spotted her immediately.

Aveline felt a chill run down her spine as if something ominous was watching her.

"Is something wrong?" Aveline walked over and asked with a frown.

"Miss Young, Mr. Tudor wants to see you. Please come with me," Brian said, gesturing for her to follow, though his manner was forceful.

Aveline replied, "I don't want to go. If he has something to say, he can tell me over the phone."

Brian responded, "It's not something that can be explained. over the phone. Miss Young, I don't want to get rough, so please don't make this difficult." Seeing the coldness in his eyes, Aveline felt a surge of unease. What did Lucas want?

She bit her lip and got into Brian's car. He drove towards the hospital.

On the way, Aveline asked multiple times what this was all about, but Brian remained silent, his expression growing colder with each passing moment.

It was as if she owed him millions! What was his problem? He wouldn't explain anything and just gave her a cold shoulder. How rude!

At the hospital, inside the patient room, two bodyguards stood at the door. As soon as Aveline entered, Brian shut the door behind her with a loud bang.

Startled, Aveline turned around to see Sophia sitting pale- faced on the sofa. The moment Sophia saw her, tears began

to fall.

"Miss Young, what did I ever do to you? Why are you treating me like this?" Sophia's abrupt question left Aveline

completely baffled.

Aveline blinked. "What are you talking about?"

Tears streamed down Sophia's face, her pale appearance making her look pitiful.

"If you have a problem

with me, you could have just said so. I would have stayed away from you. Why did you have me kidnapped? Why... why did you try to ruin me? Miss Young, I've never done anything against you.

Even when yo Aveline was even more confused. What was going on? Kidnapped? Ruined? And she supposedly did it?

"Miss Winter, you must be mistaken," Aveline said. "Aveline."

At that moment, Lucas' deep, cold voice filled the room, carrying an icy edge.

Aveline paused and turned to look at him.

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Lucas stood in the doorway, his expression dark and stern. His deep, narrow eyes were as cold as ice, completely lacking warmth.

Aveline felt the air around her grow colder, a chill: ing from her feet. It was as if the atmosphere itself was pressing down on her.

Her expression turned equally cold. "Why did you call me here? What do you want?"

Could it be what Sophia had mentioned? Was he blaming her for some absurd incident?

Lucas' deep voice demanded, "Why did you kidnap Sophia?"

Aveline immediately let out a cold laugh. So, it was about that!

He had actually summoned her to question her over something so baseless!

"Lucas, are you crazy? I'm an orphan with no connections or power in Cloudflare City, and I don't have any money. How could I possibly kidnap her? With a strand of hair?" she retorted, her tone dripping with sa

As she finished speaking, she found it laughable and couldn't help but laugh out loud. But as she laughed, a layer of sorrow clouded her eyes.

He didn't trust her... He had long stopped trusting her.

When he was poisoned and spitting blood, the look he gave her was like a knife, stabbing into her heart, causing her

unbearable pain!

And now, he was twisting the knife again!

Did he think she wasn't suffering enough?

What had she done to deserve this?

Her sorrowful gaze made Lucas catch his breath for a moment, but his expression stayed stern. "I have evidence."

He took out his phone and played a recording.

"He can't let go of Sophia, undoubtedly because she once saved him. If she weren't around, his attention would be on you."

"You mean you want to help me?"

"If you want."

"I'll think about it."

The recording was brief, but it clearly featured Aveline's voice and another voice that sounded like Yvonne's.

Sophia's figure wavered. "Last night, on my way home, I was kidnapped. If it weren't for Brian, I wouldn't be here now. Miss Young, how can you be so malicious?"

Aveline was stunned. This recording was from her

conversation with Yvonne yesterday! How did it end up on Lucas' phone? And it was obviously edited to make it sound incriminating!

Lucas looked at her coldly. "Do you still want to deny it?"

"..."

Aveline opened her mouth but couldn't say a word. The voice was undeniably hers. It wasn't fabricated. The conversation had been edited and rearranged. And last night, Sophia had indeed been kidnapped. So many coincidences made it impossible for her to explain.

Aveline took a deep breath, gazing into Lucas's dark, deep eyes. "I didn't do it."

Her explanation seemed so weak.

Sophia laughed, but as she laughed, tears began to fall. She stood up, walked over, and suddenly shoved Aveline.

"Aveline, the evidence is right here, and you still say you didn't do it!"

She turned to Lucas. "Lucas, she's so malicious. Why won't you divorce her?"

Aveline stumbled and almost fell, dazed and disoriented.

Seeing this, Lucas frowned deeply. But looking at Sophia's pale face, his lips pressed into a tight line.

Last night, Brian had called him suddenly, saying he had saved Sophia from being kidnapped.

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Brian had taken Sophia straight to the hospital. She had been so terrified that she fainted from crying.

Brian had already captured the men who kidnapped her. After some interrogation, they confessed that someone named Aveline had ordered them to do it.

Lucas' first reaction was disbelief. Then, he received that recording in his email.

The impossible suddenly seemed possible.

Lucas kept quiet.

"Lucas!"

Sophia looked at Lucas with tear-filled eyes. "I won't blame you for loving another woman, but you shouldn't love someone so cruel. She doesn't deserve to be by your side!"

Lucas' dark eyes turned to her. "You didn't rest well last night. I'll have Brian take you home to rest, and he will protect you for now."

Sophia pointed at Aveline. "What about her? What do you plan to do with her?"

Punish her?

Aveline's long eyelashes trembled slightly before she looked at Sophia and said, "Whether you believe it or not, I never had anyone kidnap you."

Sophia's eyes filled with hatred as she looked at Aveline. "I used to be grateful to you for saving Lucas, but now I have to

wonder if you already knew his identity and schemed to save him, marry him, and deceive him!"

Aveline frowned. "I didn't."

Sophia wiped her face, but the tears kept falling.

She looked at Lucas. "What are you going to do about this, Lucas? Are you going to let it go as you did before? This time I was the one kidnapped, and she wanted me dead. If she can't tolerate me, then maybe I should just end it all!"

With that, she ran out of the room.

"Wait, Sophia!"

Lucas was shocked and quickly followed her.

A wave of deep anxiety washed over Aveline, and she instinctively followed them.

Sophia, fueled by a sudden burst of energy, managed to

shake off the agile bodyguard and ran to the hospital rooftop. She stood at the edge, her thin figure swaying dangerously.

"Don't do anything foolish, Sophia!"

Lucas' eyes widened as he saw her standing on the edge. Brian and the other bodyguards rushed up, their faces turning grim at the sight. Sophia turned her head, the strong wind on the rooftop blowing her hair into disarray. Her face was pale as she gave Lucas a sorrowful smile. "Lucas, I love you. I've been deeply in love with you since two years ago. Do you remember? You promised to marry me. Then, you had the car accident, and I saved you at the cost of

losing my leg. I thought that when you woke up, we could live happily together forever, but then she appeared!"

She pointed at Aveline, her tone growing more desperate and sorrowful. "Two years ago, we were fine, but with her arrival, everything changed. You promised me you would divorce her, but you haven't done it. Taking a deep breath, her voice cracked with tears. "Lucas, now this woman has done such horrible things, and you won't even give me a clear answer. Am I no longer important to you?"

Lucas' face was dark and heavy, his eyes fixed intently on Sophia. "Don't do anything rash. Come down, and I will give you a satisfactory answer."

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Sophia shook her head, refusing to come down. Her eyes were still filled with tears as she looked at Lucas. "I know, I'm no longer important. I have been living this life for you, and if you don't need me anymore She turned around, spreading her arms wide, like a butterfly about to take flight.

"No!" Lucas shouted in alarm.

Suddenly, a cry of pain echoed nearby.

"Miss Winter, she's kneeling to you!" Brian's voice rang out.

Everyone looked over to see that Brian had somehow forced Aveline to the ground, making her kneel in front of Sophia.

Aveline struggled. "Let go..."

But she was no match for Brian. He held her down firmly, keeping her from getting up.

Brian stared intently at Sophia. "Miss Winter, it's her who did wrong, not Mr. Tudor. Don't blame Mr. Tudor. She took advantage of his gratitude and refused to divorce him!" Aveline's eyes widened in shock

Sophia turned to Lucas. "Lucas, is this true?"

Lucas said nothing, his lips pressed into a thin line; his entire being radiating an icy chill as he stared at Brian.

Brian felt the lethal intent in Lucas' gaze, but he didn't

release his grip on Aveline. "Apologize to Miss Winter. You did wrong, you should apologize!"

Aveline braced her hands against the ground, struggling to get up. "I didn't do it! Why should I apologize?"

She looked desperately at Lucas. "Mrs. Tudor did meet with me, but our conversation wasn't like that! I never asked her for help, you can check!"

She locked eyes with him. "Lucas, you can't condemn me based on one recording. I won't accept it!"

The cold wind howled, biting into her skin like the frost of deep winter.

Sophia still stood on the rooftop's edge, her frail figure swaying precariously.

Lucas' deep, magnetic voice was devoid of warmth. "Aveline, sign the divorce papers. I never want to see you again!"

Aveline's face turned several shades paler. She continued to stare at Lucas, desperately searching for any hint of another emotion.

But there was nothing. His eyes, like his face, were cold as ice. The chill reached her bones.

Not far away, Sophia observed the scene, a glint of light flashing in her eyes before she continued, "Lucas, goodbye..."

Seeing this, Brian panicked. He grabbed Aveline and tried to force her to kowtow to Sophia.

Aveline resisted with all her strength, but Brian was too

strong. Her head was being pushed closer and closer to

ground.

She refused to submit! She didn't do it; why should she admit to it? She wouldn't!

Aveline bit her lip so hard it bled, the taste of blood filling her mouth as she pressed herself against the ground.

"You!" Brian's face turned livid with anger, but faced with Aveline's defiance, he was at a loss.

What to do? If Aveline didn't apologize, Miss Winter might die!

"Ah!" At that moment, a startled cry rang out.

Brian looked over and saw two bodyguards had managed to reach Sophia and, taking advantage of her distraction, pulled her down from the rooftop edge.

Lucas quickly rushed to Sophia's side, gripping her wrist tightly. "Sophia, you must never do anything so foolish again.

Sophia threw herself into his arms. "Lucas, if you don't love me, there's no point in me living. Divorce her and marry me, okay?"

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Lucas' body stiffened as he looked at Sophia's tear-streaked face. Her pale complexion and the way her skirt fluttered in the wind revealed her prosthetic leg.

He swallowed hard and finally uttered a single word, "Okay."

Sophia's face lit up with joy, but then her eyes closed, and she fainted.

Lucas immediately scooped her up and walked quickly back inside. As he saw the hospital staff, his voice was ice-cold." Seal off the rooftop!"

"Yes, sir..." The hospital director nodded quickly, visibly shaken. He waved his hand and said, "Hurry, contact the construction team. Seal off the rooftop. If anyone else tries to jump in a moment of despair, how Brian had already released Aveline.

She slowly got up from the ground, staring dazedly as Lucas carried Sophia away at a brisk pace. At that moment, her heart felt like it was being torn apart.

She took a deep breath. She had to find out how that recording and Sophia's kidnapping had happened. She couldn't let herself be falsely accused.

Her knees ached from being forced to kneel by Brian. After descending from the rooftop, she left the hospital in an elevator, feeling suffocated.

She took out her phone and looked at Yvonne's number,

hesitating. Was Yvonne the one who gave the recording to Lucas? But without evidence, confronting her directly would be useless, as Yvonne would surely deny it. What should she do? How should she investigate this matter?

While she was deep in thought, her phone rang. Startled, she accidentally swiped to answer.

"Hello?" Aveline quickly put the phone to her ear.

Russell's amused voice came through, "Answering so quickly? Were you waiting for my call?"

Aveline laughed. "Of course, Russ. You're my savior. I wait for your call every minute."

Russell chuckled. "Aveline, you're giving me the impression that you're ready to be my loyal servant."

"Pfft..." Aveline couldn't help but laugh. She did feel indebted to him.

Russell had helped her so many times. She wasn't sure how to express her gratitude adequately.

"But no need to be my servant," Russell said. "Just cook a few more meals for me. I got the supermarket surveillance footage."

Aveline's eyes lit up. "Really? Can you send it to me now?"

"Turn around," Russell replied.

Aveline turned and saw Russell's car parked nearby. Seeing her look, he waved with a mischievous smile.

Aveline waved back and walked over to him. "Russ, what are you doing here?"

She hung up the phone and asked curiously.

Russell replied, "I had some business around here. Didn't expect to run into you. Don't you think it's fate?"

Aveline smiled. "Can you send me the video now?"

"No rush," Russell said. "Get in the car first."

Aveline hesitated but got in, sitting properly like an obedient student.

Russell's mouth twitched before he started the car. "I haven't eaten yet. Have lunch with me first, and then I'll send it to you." "Okay," Aveline agreed readily.

Not far away, Brian watched her get into Russell's car, face growing even darker.

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He turned and headed back to the hospital room.

Sophia was already receiving an IV. After the trauma of being kidnapped last night, her mental state was already fragile. Today's events had only worsened it, and fainting was a mild reaction. "Mr. Tudor," Brian called from the doorway.

Lucas stood by the bedside and looked over at him, his eyes filled with a sharp, icy coldness that bore into Brian.

Brian felt a chill spread from his feet to his entire body, reaching the depths of his soul.

Lucas walked out, closed the door behind him, and went into the stairwell.

Brian followed silently.

Once

inside the stairwell, Brian spoke. "I saw Miss Young get into Mr. Russell's car. Mr. Tudor, Miss Young is definitely not innocent. Mr. Russell is the nephew of that person, and Miss Young has been getting close to "Bang!"

Before he could finish, Lucas' fist landed squarely on his face.

Brian staggered back several steps but didn't dare fight back. He lowered his head.

Lucas took two steps forward and kicked him hard in the

knee, causing Brian to kneel down in pain, his face turning

pale.

Lucas looked down at him, his handsome, fierce face growing even darker in the dim stairwell. His eyes shone with an icy chill, and a faint, murderous intent flickered within them. "Didn't I tell you not to touch her, hmm?"

Lucas' cold voice was filled with an overwhelming pressure that made Brian's back bend even more.

"She kidnapped Miss Winter..." Brian tried to argue.

Lucas interrupted with a cold voice, "Whatever she did, was it your place to intervene?"

Brian fell silent. He didn't understand. Aveline had the

audacity to have Sophia kidnapped and even tried to ruin her. The fact that he hadn't laid a hand on Aveline was a

concession. He had only forced her to kneel. Why was Lucas so angry?

Could it be that, in Lucas' heart, Aveline was more important than Sophia?

Lucas looked coldly at Brian's blank face and said with icy detachment, "Go to Desmond and receive your punishment, then leave."

With that, he turned and walked away.

"Mr. Tudor!" Brian, was shocked and looked up at him, instinctively wanting to stand.

But seeing Lucas' anger, he didn't dare to rise. His eyes turned red, and veins bulged on his forehead.

What did Lucas mean? Was he being dismissed?

Brian clenched his fists. He believed he hadn't done anything wrong. But without Lucas, where could he go?

The stairwell was empty, and a faint wind blew in from somewhere. He took out his phone and opened a chat with Maria.

Brian texted, "Mr. Tudor doesn't want me anymore."

Maria replied, "What? What happened?"

Brian explained everything to Maria in detail.

After a while, Maria sent a thumbs-up emoji and then said nothing more.

Brian blinked. So, Maria thought he was right and did well, didn't she? Then why was Lucas so angry?

Lucas returned to the hospital room.

Aaron had arrived, looking very serious. He handed Lucas a tablet. "This is all the video footage of Sophia's journey home last night. I've also investigated those men. One of them has a sister-in-law working as a maid for the Tudor family. Just a few days ago, her account received a deposit of four hundred thousand dollars."

Lucas took the tablet and began to watch the footage

carefully, his expression growing colder by the second. "Who transferred the money?"

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Aaron replied, "It's from an anonymous overseas account."

After a pause, he added, "It's pretty obvious who's behind this. They won't stop until you're dead."

Lucas placed the tablet aside and suddenly said, "Have

someone keep

me or

Aveline."

Aaron frowned. "After everything that's happened, you're still protecting her?"

Lucas looked at him with a deep gaze. "Don't you understand why she's in this situation?"

Aaron moved his lips but finally sighed, "Alright, but I'm not letting go of the poisoning incident. I still suspect she's working for them."

Lucas said nothing.

Was she really?

Memories of the past year flooded his mind. If she were truly involved, she had numerous opportunities to harm him. But she hadn't. Her eyes were so clear, her smile so pure. He didn't want to believe it, yet past events made him wary of trusting too easily. Seeing Lucas' troubled expression, Aaron pondered for a moment before asking, "Do you really plan to marry Sophia?" Lucas replied, "I'm still married."

As long as they weren't divorced, they would always be connected.

Aaron said, "But divorce is inevitable."

This time, Lucas didn't respond and simply closed his eyes to rest. Aaron fell silent as well.

In the restaurant.

Russell ordered some dishes and then looked at Aveline. "What do you want to eat?"

Aveline, still thinking about Sophia's kidnapping, was momentarily distracted. "I've already eaten, Russ. You go ahead."

Just then, her stomach growled.

Aveline blushed.

That was embarrassingly fast.

Russell laughed and handed her the menu. "Come on, order something. This one's on you."

Aveline sighed. "Okay."

She ordered her food and handed the menu back to the waiter. Russell toyed with his water glass, observing the worry on her face. He asked directly, "The matter was resolved quickly. Why aren't you as happy Aveline forced a bitter smile. "There are always more. problems to solve."

Just as the poisoning incident was being resolved, now there was a kidnapping. Aveline seriously wondered if she was cursed this year. Why else would she have such bad luck? Russell said, "Don't overthink it. Live in the present. The future is always unknown and often scary. Enjoy the moment and make yourself happy. Isn't that good?"

Aveline nodded. "Yes, you're right."

But at this moment, she wasn't happy.

Just then, her phone rang. Seeing it was Gwen calling, she took a deep breath and answered, "Hello?"

Gwen's tone was impatient. "Aveline, do you think you own this company? Coming and going as you please? Get back here immediately, or don't bother coming back at all!"

Aveline replied coldly, "Unjustly firing an employee requires compensation. I can apply for labor arbitration."

"You!" Gwen's voice grew shrill. "You're too much. You left without permission. Just wait; I'll report this to Mr. Tudor!"

Angrily, Gwen hung up and immediately called Desmond. To her, Aveline was just someone who had fallen out of favor with the boss.