

Divorced Me 231

Chapter 231

Aveline smoothly withdrew her hand and smiled, "We're friends, so it's only normal that I'm worried about you."

Russell's hand felt empty, and a strange emptiness filled his heart. He rubbed his fingers together before casually shoving them into his pocket. "It's fine. He can't do anything to me." Lucas had just returned to the Tudor family and had not yet entered the Tudor Group. For now, he only had the DK Group under his control, which couldn't stir up much trouble. Aveline let out a slight sigh of relief. "That's good to hear."

At that moment, Russell's phone rang. He glanced at the screen, raised his eyebrows, and said to Aveline, "I need to take this call."

"Okay." she nodded, watching him walk towards the outdoor garden.

The hotel's outdoor garden was beautiful, located only on the 7th floor, with dim lighting and a faint floral scent lingering in the air, creating a serene atmosphere. Aveline turned around and found a quiet corner to wait.

As a waiter passed by, she took a glass of champagne and looked at the bustling scene of the birthday banquet, feeling utterly bored.

Everyone was putting on a facade, making their conversations. meaningless.

Just then, a waiter approached her and said, "Miss Young, Mr. Skyler has an urgent matter and needs to see you."

Aveline was taken aback.

Russell was looking for her?

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Please follow me," the waiter replied.

Aveline put down her glass and followed the waiter to the outdoor garden.

As soon as she stepped outside, a cool breeze swept over her, bringing a refreshing feeling.

She took a deep breath, enjoying the floral fragrance in the air.

"Miss Young, Mr. Skyler is just inside. I'll leave you here," the waiter said before turning and walking away.

"Huh?" Aveline was puzzled, but thinking that Russell might really have something urgent, she proceeded inside.

Ahead was a flower pavilion corridor

As she turned a corner, a hand suddenly reached out from the darkness and grabbed her.

Aveline was startled and instinctively screamed, but the person

seemed to anticipate her reaction. Another hand covered her mouth, and in one swift motion, she was pinned against a vine-covered pillar. "Don't make a sound!"

A deep, magnetic voice accompanied by a crisp male scent enveloped.

her.

Aveline's frightened and trembling body stiffened slightly, but she quickly relaxed.

Seeing her calm down, Lucas released his hand.

"What are you doing?" Aveline frowned and asked.

In the dimly lit flower pavilion corridor, she couldn't see his expression clearly.

Lucas pressed closely against her, feeling her soft breath rising and falling gently. His eyes darkened in the gloom, but he whispered, "I brought you here to watch a show."

A hint of confusion flashed across Aveline's face.

Watch what show?

"Russ, you promised me before. Why did you bring another woman here today?"

Not far away, a girl's tearful voice sounded.

Russell's indifferent tone cut through, "Rina, this isn't the right occasion for you to be by my side."

The girl became obviously agitated. "What's so unsuitable about it? I don't care what others think. I only care about what you think!"

Russell replied, "If you care about me that much, then listen to what I say, alright?"

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A warm breath brushed against her ear as the man's deep voice whispered, "Rina Johnson, the sole heiress of the Johnson family. What do you think Russell is aiming for by stringing her along like this?"

As he finished speaking, he fixed his gaze on Aveline's face. She was accompanying Russell to this banquet, but he clearly didn't care about her at all. Aveline's expression remained indifferent. She stopped listening to the conversation nearby and turned to him. "You called me over just to show me this?" Lucas raised his eyebrows slightly. "Aveline, you're just a pawn."

"So?" Aveline's tone was light, showing complete indifference.

Lucas suddenly wrapped his arm around her waist and whispered, 'Leave with me later.'

Aveline chuckled suddenly. "Do you think that showing me this will make me leave with you?"

Lucas' face darkened at her words. "What do you mean?"

Aveline pushed him away. "I told you, I'm Russell's date tonight. I have nothing to do with you!"

With that, she turned and retraced her steps.

She had agreed to accompany Russell to this banquet to repay him. Whatever involvement Russell had with someone else was none of her

concern.

It was laughable that Lucas thought seeing Russell talk to another girl would make her run to him. Did he think she liked Russell?

A strange pain pricked her heart. Did he still not understand who she liked?

A faint mockery flickered in her eyes as she composed herself. But in the next moment, Lucas grabbed her wrist and pulled her back.

He held her tightly, biting her ear as a punishment.

"Ah..." Aveline gasped, caught off guard.

"Who's there?"

Russell and Rina heard the noise and looked over.

Aveline instinctively covered her mouth, trying not to make a sound. It would be so embarrassing to be caught!

Lucas, sensing her thoughts, wickedly kissed her ear as his hand slipped to her waist. He knew her sensitive spots all too well and touched them deliberately.

Aveline gasped, almost crying out again.

This awful man! He was doing it on purpose!

Rina started walking towards them. "Who's there?"

Aveline's heart raced. She wanted to stop Lucas, but he cruelly grabbed her hand, showering her neck with fervent kisses. His intent to toy with her was clear, and the force of his kisses made her tremble,

unable to withstand it.

"Come out now!" Rina was getting angry.

She had clearly heard something but saw no one. Lifting her skirt, she began to walk towards them.

With each step Rina took, Aveline's heart pounded harder. She tried to push away the man tormenting her, but he pressed against her like an immovable mountain.

Lucas was determined to keep her pinned, making her completely helpless.

Seeing her panic-stricken face, Lucas began to tease her even more ast

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"Rina."

At that moment, Russell's voice came through. "Tonight is your grandfather's birthday banquet. There are many guests. It's not

unusual for some of them to come out here to get some fresh air. Don't go over there."

Rina glanced toward the flower pavilion corridor, hesitated for a moment, but then followed Russell's advice and returned.

"Russ, who is that woman? Why did she come with you?" Rina's voice grew more distant.

Aveline's body quickly relaxed. She pushed Lucas away and ran back towards the banquet hall.

As her figure disappeared into the light, Lucas glanced down at his fingers, noticing the lingering moisture.

His eyes darkened, and his Adam's apple bobbed. He cast a look back in the direction of Rina and Russell before striding away.

Aveline went straight to the restroom and splashed her face with cold water to calm down. The thought of what had just happened filled her with anger, making her want to hit Lucas.

But she couldn't win him.

That man was truly infuriating!

When Aveline came out, Wilbert had already come downstairs. The guests gathered around, and the Johnson family began offering birthday greetings.

Aveline stood in a corner, trying to make herself inconspicuous.

At that moment, Russell approached her, his eyes scanning her. He

then asked, "Where will you be heading after this?"

The banquet was ending soon.

"I'll go home," Aveline replied.

Russell nodded slightly. "Alright, I'll drive

u home."

Aveline initially wanted to refuse but remembering that the dress she was wearing was a gift from him, she said, "Russ, I'll wash the dress and return it to you." Russell gave her a half-smile. "Who would I give it to if you return it?"

Aveline was taken aback.

Russell added, "I have no interest in wearing women's clothing, SO keep it. The dress suits you perfectly."

Aveline replied, "That won't do. Why don't you tell me how much it costs, and I'll earn the money to pay you back."

Russell sighed helplessly. "You really don't have to be so formal with me."

Aveline still felt uneasy, knowing the dress was undoubtedly expensive.

Russell continued, "Enough about the dress. It's just a piece of clothing with no inherent meaning. It's you who gives it meaning by wearing it, so it belongs to you." Aveline couldn't refuse any longer. To insist on paying would be ungrateful.

"Thank you," she said, raising her champagne glass to toast him.

Russell smiled and clinked his glass with hers, and they both took a sip.

Not far away, Lucas watched them from a distance, his cold eyes fixed on the corner where they were happily chatting. His grip tightened on his glass, nearly shattering it. She had just shared such an intimate moment with him in the garden,

and now she was chatting so cheerfully with another man!

Hah! Aveline, you're something else!

The banquet ended late.

As they exited the hotel, Russell led Aveline towards the car. "Aveline-"

Just then, a deep, pleasant voice sounded from nearby.

Aveline turned and saw Lucas' tall, upright figure approaching. With the light behind him, he appeared almost radiant, exuding an aura of nobility.

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Her expression froze for a moment, ignoring him.

Lucas commanded, "Come here."

Aveline frowned. Nothing from before was resolved, so why should she listen to him?

She turned her head and smiled slightly at Russell. "Russ, could you give me a ride home?"

Russell raised an eyebrow. "It's my pleasure to drive a beautiful lady home."

He then reached out to open the car door.

Lucas' face darkened as he stared at Aveline.

Just then, Russell's phone rang. He glanced at the screen, and a cold glint appeared in his eyes.

"Hello?" he answered.

Aveline watched him, not getting into the car immediately.

Russell's expression soured as he listened to the caller.

"I understand," he said before hanging up.

Turning to Aveline, his face showed a trace of apology. "I'm sorry, something urgent came up. I can't give you a ride."

Aveline blinked. "Then you should go. I'll just call a taxi."

Russell insisted, "I'll find someone to take you."

Aveline shook her head with a smile. "No need. There are plenty of taxis available by the roadside. You go ahead and take care of your business."

Russell glanced at Lucas not far away, his brow furrowing. His

intuition told him that Lucas was somehow involved in this sudden

issue, but he had no evidence.

"Alright then, I'll be off," Russell said, getting into the driver's seat and driving away, clearly in a hurry.

Aveline watched his car disappear around the corner before she started walking toward the road.

Lucas' cold voice rang out. "Are you so reluctant to part with him? If he were to have an accident and die on the road, would you cry and mourn for him?" Aveline glared at him. "Are you crazy?"

What kind of nonsense was he spouting in the middle of the night?

Lucas let out a mocking laugh. "Aveline, you'd better keep your

distance from him, or I can't promise I won't kill him.'

Aveline looked at him, exasperated. "You're so violent. I suggest you see a doctor."

Lucas strode over, seized her wrist, and pulled her toward his car.

Aveline immediately struggled. "What are you doing? Let go of me!"

With a sharp tug, Lucas pulled her close, coldly saying, "Since you know I'm violent, you better not provoke me, got it?"

His eyes were icy, and it seemed that if she resisted any further, he would lose his temper.

Aveline decided to endure it. She was smart enough not to fight with him. Once in the car, she stated directly, "I need to go to the Waterfont District." Lucas ignored her and drove towards the Tudor Mansion instead.

As Aveline recognized the familiar route, she pressed her lips together.

Just then, her phone rang. She looked at the screen and saw it was

Zachary calling.

"Hello, Zachary, what's the matter?" Aveline answered the call, sounding puzzled.

Lucas' temple throbbed at the sound of her talking to another man so familiarly.

Zachary's voice was anxious. "Aveline, Madam Hilda is missing!"

Aveline's expression immediately turned serious. "How could she be missing? Wasn't she detained at the police station?"

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Aveline asked, "Can you reach Juliet?"

Zachary shook his head. "No, ever since Juliet found her biological parents, she only occasionally contacts Madam Hilda. None of us have been able to reach her." Aveline's brows furrowed deeply.

It seemed that Hilda had been bailed out by Juliet's family, who were very influential and difficult to track down. So, was she destined never to learn who her biological parents were? Noticing her distraction, Zachary asked, "Aveline, are you alright?"

Aveline snapped back to reality, shaking her head. "It's nothing. Since she's gone, she probably won't come back. What are you planning to do next?"

Zachary shook his head helplessly. "I don't know."

The sky was gradually getting brighter. Aveline looked around and then said, "I need to go to the police station and see if I can find out anything." "I'll go with you," Zachary offered.

"No need. You should stay at the orphanage. With Hilda gone, someone needs to be there," Aveline replied, shaking her head.

Zachary nodded. "Alright, but let me know if you find out anything."

"Okay," Aveline said as she left.

She headed straight to the police station, stopping first for breakfast nearby. After eating, she went in to inquire.

The result was just as Zachary had said: the police refused to disclose who had bailed out Hilda. It was evident they had received orders from higher up.

Aveline walked out onto the street, her expression complex.

It was impossible not to feel disappointed.

She had returned to Arthur Town with the sole purpose of finding her biological parents, and now the only person who knew their identity, had vanished.

Juliet?

Aveline's mind conjured up the image of a little girl.

After she went to high school, she rarely returned to the orphanage, so her memories of the people there were vague. Thinking back now, everything seemed blurry. But she remembered that Hilda had always favored Juliet. When Juliet wanted something, all she had to do was tell Hilda, who would immediately get it for her. Aveline pressed her hand against her forehead, then hailed a taxi and returned to the hotel.

When she woke up, it was already afternoon. Selena happened to call. "Hello?"

"Hey, babe! How's your trip?" Selena asked.

Aveline turned over, her tone dejected. "Not great."

Selena sounded concerned. "What's wrong?"

"It's too complicated to explain over the phone. I'll tell you everything when I get back. How are things on your end?" Aveline replied.

Selena chuckled. "Everything's under control. Aaron is completely smitten with my alter ego. He agrees to whatever I say. It's hilarious! I never expected that bastard's friend to be such a hopeless romantic." Aveline's expression turned serious. "Selena, just be careful. Don't let things get out of hand."

Selena scoffed. "Oh, please. You have no idea how much of a jerk this guy is. He's been giving me a hard time in every possible way. I need to get some payback. When he finds out that the person he's been madly in love with online is my fake account, he'll be furious. Just thinking about it makes me feel vindicated!"

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Aveline still felt a bit worried. "Anyone who can be friends with Lucas, probably has a bad temper. If you ended up provoking him, make sure you get out of there quickly."

"Don't worry, I will," Selena replied, looking eager for the challenge, clearly not ready to end the game just yet.

Aveline stood up and said, "I might need a few more days before I can return. I hope nothing happen to you by then."

your

Selena pouted. "Come on, can't you at least wish me good luck?" Aveline laughed. "Alright, I hope you have Aaron wrapped around finger, making him fall hopelessly in love with you, pining for you, willing to live and die for you, even to the point of banging his head against a wall."

Selena chuckled. "That's a bit extreme."

Aveline laughed again and then said, "Alright, I need to go. I have things to do."

"Okay, take care."

After hanging up, Aveline got up to freshen up. As she came out, her phone rang. Seeing it was Zachary, she answered, "Hello?"

Zachary's cheerful voice came through. "Aveline, did you rest well?" "Yes," Aveline replied. "What's up?"

There was a moment of silence before Zachary said, "I've decided to take over the orphanage."

Aveline was surprised. "Are you sure? If you take over the orphanage, you won't be able to do the things you wanted to do."

Zachary's voice was firm. "I've thought it through. With Madam Hilda gone, what will happen to the children? They might be sent to att

orphanages, which may not be as good as this one. So, I've decided to stay and become the new director."

Aveline was silent for a moment, then said, "Alright, that's a good decision."

Zachary chuckled. "My friend opened a campsite. Would you like to check it out? Please don't reject me. Once I become the director, I won't have time to take you out to eat." Aveline smiled slightly. "Sure, let's go. When?"

"Today. I'll pick you up shortly," Zachary said.

"Okay."

After hanging up, Aveline changed clothes and tied her long hair up, revealing her delicate and beautiful features. She looked refreshed and ready.

When she went downstairs, Zachary saw her immediately and stood up, waving to her.

Aveline asked, "Isn't it a bit late to go camping now?"

Zachary replied, "He happened to pick a great location. You can see the stars really well there at night."

Aveline, wanting to clear her mind, nodded. "Alright, let's go then."

"Great."

They first went to the supermarket to buy some snacks and fruit. The campsite had a self-service barbecue grill and equipment for grilling meat, so Zachary also bought some skewers and vegetables. Aveline followed along the whole time.

By the time they finished shopping, an hour had passed. Zachary rented a car and took Aveline to the campsite.

It was dusk.

The setting sun painted the western sky in brilliant hues, resembling a phoenix reborn from the flames-truly breathtaking.

Aveline took out her phone to snap some pictures and even took a few selfies.

As Zachary drove, he asked, "What are your plans next?"

Aveline replied, "I'll find a way to locate her, but in the meantime, I might travel around a bit."

Zachary nodded. "That sounds good. When you get tired, come back. Don't worry, now that I'm the director, no one can bully you!"

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Aveline smiled faintly and chose not to respond.

They soon arrived at the campsite. Zachary unloaded their supplies and carried them to their tent, with Aveline helping from behind.

Once everything was set up, Aveline rolled up her sleeves. "Let me help you.!!

Zachary smiled. "Sure, but be careful not to burn yourself."

"Got it."

They got busy, and soon the aroma of barbecue filled the air. Aveline took out her phone and snapped a picture, sending it to Selena. Selena replied, "What's going on? Is that a man's hand I see? My dear Ave, have you finally decided to start dating someone new?"

Aveline quickly put her phone away, not wanting Zachary to see and get embarrassed.

Zachary had already grilled some skewers and handed one to her. "Try this."

With her hands full, Aveline opened her mouth and took a bite. "Hmm, not bad."

Zachary's eyes lit up, and his ears turned red. He stood beside her, momentarily unsure of what to do.

Seeing him still standing there, Aveline asked, "What's wrong?"

"N-nothing," Zachary stammered, then asked, "Would you like some more?"

Aveline nodded. "It's really good. Thanks."

Zachary stood next to her, holding the skewers and watching her eat. The last rays of the setting sun cast a warm glow over them, creating a strangely beautiful and serene scene.

In the distance, a group of people surrounded Lucas as he walked in, with the campsite manager beaming beside him.

"Hello, Mr. Tudor. I'm Martin Looper. It's an honor to have you here. We've prepared some fine wine for you. Please, this way.

Martin not only managed this campsite but also a large vegetable garden, where all the produce was organic. He also raised chickens, ducks, fish, and pigs, ensuring everything was safe and reliable.

Many prominent figures from Arthur Town came here to relax. Steve highly recommended this place, so Lucas decided to check it out. He hadn't expected to see such a scene here: a clean and handsome man standing with a fresh and beautiful woman, creating an oddly striking picture.

Together, they formed an oddly striking picture. Lucas cast a cold glance their way before following Martin into a private room.

Aveline and Zachary quickly finished preparing the barbecue. Sitting under the tent, Aveline handed him two bottles of cocktails. "Can you drink?"

Zachary smiled. "No, I can't. I have to drive later."

"Alright, I'll drink by myself then," Aveline said, opening one and taking a sip.

The cocktail was sweet, with hardly a hint of alcohol. As Aveline sipped her drink and savored the barbecue, a soft breeze swept by, easing her

tension

Zachary sat across from her, watching the smile form on her lips. Suddenly, he asked, "Aveline, do you have a boyfriend?"

"Hmm?" Aveline looked at him, holding the bottle: "No, why?"

She indeed didn't have a boyfriend

But she had a husband. A jerk of a husband.

She took a big gulp, finding the taste pleasant and easy to drink. Without realizing it, she had finished two bottles, a faint blush appearing on her fair cheeks.

Zachary perked up, his eyes sparkling with interest. "So, what's your type? What are you looking for in a guy?"

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Aveline squinted her eyes slightly and said, "Handsome, gentle, sometimes domineering, but always exceptionally good to me, always goes along with whatever I say..."

As she described, Lucas' face appeared in her mind.

No, it was Lu's face.

He smiled at her gently, his eyes filled with an overwhelming affection and tenderness. That was the memory-less Lu.

Her Lu.

Zachary's eyes brightened even more, and just as he was about to say something, Aveline suddenly stood up. However,

much

i had too

to drink, she felt dizzy and stumbled as soon as she got up.

"Careful!"

Zachary quickly stood up to support her, and she ended up leaning unsteadily into his arms.

This scene was taken in by a man not far away.

"Sorry..."

Aveline, her cheeks flushed, looked at Zachary with a hint of apology in her clear, shimmering eyes.

She had accidentally drunk too much. Her alcohol tolerance was low. She could handle half a bottle of this cocktail, but anything more would get her drunk. Zachary's ears turned red as he supported her. "You're drunk. Let me help you into the tent to rest."

As he spoke, he began to help Aveline towards the tent.

But Aveline shook her head. "No, I want to look at the stars."

She had stood up because she saw the beautiful stars! The night sky had completely enveloped the earth, and the stars twinkled brightly. and purely.

She smiled at Zachary, "You didn't lie. They're really beautiful!"

Aveline stood very close to him, the scent of her perfume mixed with the aroma of alcohol filling the air around him. Her face, without makeup, was delicate and beautiful, her eyes soft, and the light blush at the corners of her eyes from the alcohol made her even more enchanting.

Zachary felt his heart race, his eyes drifting to Aveline's lips.

"Aveline, may I..."

But before he could finish, someone suddenly pushed him aside, and that person pulled Aveline away from him.

Zachary staggered back a few steps to steady himself, looking up to see a man with a cold and noble demeanor holding Aveline. The man's eyes were filled with icy hostility.

Zachary felt a chill run down his spine but still asked, "Who are you?"

Lucas' voice was cold, but his gaze remained on the charming woman in his arms. Seeing her looking so clean yet alluring, remembering how she had been smiling at another man just moments ago, anger surged

within him.

He squeezed Aveline's waist, his deep, pleasing voice demanding, "Tell him who I am."

Aveline felt dizzy but hadn't completely lost consciousness. She frowned. "What are you doing here?"

This infuriating man was relentless!

Lucas' tone grew colder. "Tell him who I am!"

His grip tightened as if he wanted to crush her waist.

"Ugh..." Aveline groaned, pushing against him. "Let go of me. Who you love is none of my business."

Seeing this, Zachary stepped forward to pull Aveline back. "Aveline doesn't know you. Let her go!"

Lucas' anger flared even more. He stared intensely at Aveline, then suddenly grabbed her chin and kissed her fiercely.

Aveline was stunned, momentarily forgetting to react. Seeing his face so close, her tears suddenly fell.

"Lu..." she murmured, wrapping her arms around his neck and responding to his kiss.

Lucas' body tensed, and his kiss became even more passionate and intense.

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Zachary's eyes widened in disbelief as he stared at them. "You... you.

two..."

Lucas kissed the corner of Aveline's lips and said, "My dear Ave, tell him who I am."

Aveline gazed at his face, seemingly forgetting the pain he had caused her, only remembering him as Lu.

"My husband..." she murmured softly.

Lucas' lips curved in satisfaction. He looked up at Zachary. "Are you planning to stand there and watch us being affectionate, or are you going to leave?"

Zachary's expression was like he had been struck by lightning.

Her husband? She was married? She had said she didn't have a

boyfriend.

Feeling betrayed and unable to accept it, Zachary looked at Aveline in Lucas' arms, feeling she had deceived him. Why hadn't she told him she was married? All his hopes, his feelings - they seemed wasted

now.

He turned and left.

Lucas noted Zachary's reaction with a hint of mockery in his eyes, then refocused on Aveline's face. The alcohol had taken effect; her fair cheeks were flushed, and her clear, beautiful eyes were misty and alluring.

"Lu..." she murmured his name, suddenly cupping his face and kissing his chin.

"Everything before was just a dream, right? You're not really the last heir of the Tudor family or the CEO of DK Group, and you don't have someone you secretly love, right?" Aveline, drunk and earnest, looked at him intently.

For some inexplicable reason, Lucas felt his throat tighten, his heart sinking along with it.

He held her close and asked softly, "Is it so bad that I'm the CEO of DK Group? I can buy you a bigger house."

"No, it's not good at all!" Aveline shook her head vigorously like a rattle. "If you're the CEO of DK Group, you already have someone you love. You'll want to divorce me, but I don't want to divorce you..." As she spoke, her voice grew muffled and sad.

He hadn't seen her this adorably vulnerable in a long time.

It struck him right in the heart.

When she was sober, she was prickly and distant, her eyes void of any light when she looked at him. But now, her whole world seemed to revolve around him.

Lucas wished he could make this moment last forever.

"Lu, why aren't you saying anything?" she asked, growing anxious at his prolonged silence. "Was it not a dream? Are you really going to divorce me? You jerk... If I had known you were so awful, I wouldn't have picked you up. I would've left you to starve outside!"

Lucas' eyes bore into hers as he asked, "When you found me, weren't you curious about my identity?"

Aveline nodded. "Of course I was curious."

Lucas' eyes darkened. So, it was true.

Aveline pinched his cheek and said, "I thought to myself, how could such a handsome man be so clueless? I had to bring you home quickly before another woman snatched you away." Lucas was speechless.

Aveline giggled and hugged his waist, resting her face against his

chest, her demeanor soft and obedient. "Lu, it would've been better if you hadn't regained your memory."

Lucas' Adam's apple bobbed as he suddenly grabbed her chin, making her look at him. "If I weren't the CEO of DK Group, the last heir of the Tudor family, would you still have taken me home and loved me?" Aveline blinked, sensing a sudden chill. She shook her head uncomfortably. "You're hurting me."

"Answer my question."

Chapter 240

Lucas stared at her intently.

Even though he had watched the surveillance footage of the road where they first met countless times, he still couldn't be sure if she knew his identity from the beginning.

If she did, then she was incredibly cunning, as he hadn't noticed it during their entire year together.

But if she didn't...

He didn't dare continue that line of thought, nor did he dare to trust easily. A faint glimmer of light flickered in his eyes.

A sudden cold wind blew, making Aveline shiver as she burrowed into his chest. "Lu, I'm so cold. Hold me."

The tension in his heart made him uncomfortable, but seeing her like this, he couldn't bring himself to wake her up. Ultimately, he was addicted to her current softness and obedience. Lucas collected his thoughts and hugged her tightly, feeling her soft warmth. His eyes darkened further.

"Mr. Tudor."

At that moment, Steve walked over. He was momentarily shocked to see Lucas holding a woman, but quickly regained his composure.

"Are you staying here tonight or returning to Celestial Heights?" Steve asked softly.

"I'm going back to Celestial Heights," Lucas replied.

The accommodations here didn't meet his standards.

Steve nodded quickly, unable to help glancing at Aveline. He was taken aback!

Wasn't this the girl his son tried to get his hands on last night?

She had barged into their private room, and he had struck a deal with her: if she could win over Lucas, he would ensure his son left her alone. He hadn't anticipated her hooking up with Lucas so quickly. Her tactics were truly extraordinary!

A flicker of disdain crossed Steve's eyes, but he quickly masked his emotions and turned to leave.

Aveline had her eyes closed, seemingly asleep. Lucas lifted her in his arms and walked toward the distant car.

Desmond was already waiting by the car door.

As they approached, Desmond respectfully opened the car door.

Lucas gently placed Aveline in the car, then climbed in from the other side, handling her with the utmost care. Desmond noticed this and felt a sense of relief.

It seemed Lucas had finally learned to cherish his wife.

The car ride back was quiet, with Lucas occasionally glancing at Aveline's serene sleeping face, his expression softening.

However, as the car entered the city and passed by a hotel, Aveline suddenly opened her eyes.

"Stop the car," she commanded.

Desmond instinctively hit the brakes, looking over in confusion. Lucas also turned to her. "You're awake?"

Aveline's face had regained its cool demeanor. She opened the door and stepped out without a backward glance.

"Aveline!"

Seeing this, Lucas immediately got out and caught up with her,

grabbing her wrist. His sharp eyes bore into her. "Where are you going?"

Aveline's expression was calm, her clear eyes showing no trace of intoxication. "It's late. I need to go rest. Thank you for the ride. Goodbye."

With that, she pulled her hand free.

Lucas' face darkened. "You were awake the whole time?"