

Divorced Me 241

Chapter 241

Aveline's fingers curled instinctively as she lay in the car.

She had actually woken up as soon as they put her in, but she hadn't opened her eyes immediately.

Zachary had already left, and it was too late for her to return to the hotel alone, so she pretended to be asleep. There might have been other reasons, but she didn't want to delve into them. She responded coolly, "Yes, any problem with that?"

"Aveline, you deceived me and took a free ride back, and this is how you repay me?" Lucas was nearly laughing in frustration.

Aveline looked at him. "Didn't I say thank you? What more do you want? Should I kneel and kowtow to you?"

Lucas was speechless. This woman really knew how to infuriate him!

Seeing his increasingly dark expression, Aveline smiled and said, "Lucas, you're upset because you gave a lady a ride back to the hotel? That's pretty petty of you." With that, she turned and walked away.

Lucas stood there for a long moment, truly exasperated by her words, before finally returning to the car.

Desmond, sensing the tension, cautiously started the car and headed towards Celestial Heights.

Once they arrived, Lucas coldly ordered, "Find out who that guy was with her today."

"Yes, sir," Desmond replied.

In less than five minutes, Zachary's information was handed to Lucas. Desmond stood nearby and explained, "He grew up with Mrs. Tudor. They're childhood friends."

A cold glare was cast in his direction,

"I'll give you one chance to rephrase that," Lucas said icily.

Desmond cleared his throat. "Uh, they're just ordinary friends."

Damn! Why did he have to say that?

Calling them childhood friends was bound to cause

misunderstandings, no wonder Lucas was angry. Desmond reminded himself that he'd have to be more careful next time.

Lucas withdrew his gaze, scanned the documents indifferently, and then tossed them aside. "Not just anyone can be the director of an orphanage. Go and notify them." Desmond's expression tightened. "Yes, sir!"

It was clear that Lucas was displeased with Zachary and intended to reject his application.

Aveline returned to the hotel, took a shower, and then called Zachary.

He didn't answer.

She sighed in frustration.

She hadn't expected things to unfold this way.

When she got drunk, her mind was filled with thoughts of Lucas, specifically the version of him before he regained his memory.

She hadn't considered anything else.

Only after sobering up did she realize Zachary might have misunderstood everything.

"Oh well," she thought. "I'll explain it to him the next time we meet."

After her shower, Aveline went to bed.

It rained again the next day, making travel inconvenient, so she didn't book a return ticket.

She spent the day holed up in the hotel, and by evening, the rain had stopped. Deciding to go out for dinner, she dressed simply in a base layer and a light jacket.

She headed to a nearby food street and wandered around. She found a steakhouse and had just sat down when her phone rang. It was Zachary. Aveline was a bit surprised; she hadn't expected him to call her first.

Chapter 242

"Hello," Aveline greeted.

Zachary's voice came through. "How are you doing?"

"I'm fine. About last night..." Aveline began.

"I'm sorry," Zachary interrupted. "I got too worked up. I hope I didn't cause you any trouble."

"No, you didn't," Aveline replied calmly.

There was a brief silence before Zachary spoke again. "There's something I don't know how to tell you."

Aveline felt a bit confused. "What's going on?"

After a moment of hesitation, Zachary explained, "I need to take over the orphanage, but I have to submit documents for government approval. I submitted them today, but they were rejected. A friend told me that an investor from Cloudflare City pressured the higher-ups."

"I have no idea what I did to offend him. Since you and Mr. Lucas are married, could you ask him about it?"

Aveline's expression grew colder. Lucas pressured the local authorities. to prevent Zachary from taking over the orphanage? Why?

Zachary was just an ordinary person with no conflicting interests with Lucas

Seeing her silence, Zachary added, "I'm sorry if this is too much to ask. Forget I mentioned it."

"I'll find out what's going on and let you know," Aveline said.

"Thank you, Aveline," Zachary replied.

"You're working for a noble cause, so it's only right for me to help you. Wait for my call," Aveline reassured him.

"Alright."

After hanging up, Aveline lost her appetite and headed straight to Celestial Heights. On the way, she tried calling Lucas, but he didn't

answer.

By the time she reached Celestial Heights, the sky was overcast, and Aveline's expression had turned completely icy. She walked into the club, and the receptionist asked, "Miss, may I help you?" "I need to see Lucas Tudor," Aveline stated.

"Please wait a moment while I check," the receptionist replied.

After making a quick call, the receptionist put down the phone and handed Aveline a room keycard.

Seeing this, Aveline's eyes flashed with a hint of mockery.

What did he mean by this?

She entered the elevator, went to the door of the presidential suite, and swiped the keycard to enter. The room was pitch dark; Lucas hadn't returned yet. She wasn't in a hurry and sat on the sofa to wait. He had to come back eventually.

As time passed, Aveline ordered room service for lunch. Shortly after, she heard movement at the door and stood up, puzzled.

Did the food arrive that quickly?

She reached out to open the door, but the next moment, the door was pulled open from the outside. She was caught off guard and fell

forward, directly into a man's arms, enveloped by a crisp, pleasant

scent.

Lucas looked at the woman who had stumbled into his arms, his gaze deepening. However, remembering her earlier words, his expression didn't soften much. "Who let you in here?" he asked coldly.

Aveline steadied herself, her brow furrowing. "Lucas, why are you targeting Zachary?"

Lucas walked further inside, his fingers tugging at his tie. Hearing her question, his eyes darkened sharply.

She came here for another man!

Following behind him, Aveline pressed, "Answer me."

Suddenly, Lucas turned around, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her in front of him. His strikingly handsome face was tinged with icy coldness. "You came here just for this?"

Chapter 243

Aveline struggled twice but couldn't break free. Her face turned cold.. What else am I supposed to do? I need to understand why you're targeting Zachary. He hasn't wronged you." "He has," Lucas replied coldly.

Aveline was taken aback. "When?"

Lucas released her hand and looked at her indifferently. "Why should I tell you? What's your relationship with him? In what capacity are you questioning me?"

"You..."

Aveline's breath hitched, looking at his shameless expression, feeling a mix of exasperation and helplessness. With him acting like this, she was at a loss.

It was clear that Lucas had no intention of letting Zachary off easily. Knowing she was the cause, Aveline realized she had to resolve this issue.

Taking a deep breath, she softened her tone. "Lucas, if he did

something to upset you, I apologize on his behalf. You're the CEO of DK Group, handsome and magnanimous. Can't you just let it go?" Her words only made Lucas' face grow colder. He scoffed, "You apologize for him? Who do you think you are? Is he even worthy?" Aveline was speechless.

Seeing his indifferent gaze, she understood that Lucas was determined not to let Zachary off.

Staring at his handsome face, she asked, "What will it take for you to let him go?"

Lucas sat down on the sofa, crossing his legs. He looked at the woman standing before him with dark, inscrutable eyes. He wanted to tell her

to leave immediately.

She was pleading on behalf of another man, with such a familiar tone, even offering to apologize for him. Who did this Zachary think he was, to warrant such lengths from her?

Aveline felt uneasy under his gaze but reminded herself that she had to help Zachary. She needed to stay calm and couldn't leave..

"Come here," Lucas suddenly said.

Aveline hesitated, knowing nothing good would come of getting close to him. But the power was in his hands now, and she had no choice but to obey.

She walked over to him and asked, "What do you want?"

Lucas suddenly pointed to the corner of his lips, his eyes holding an inscrutable meaning.

Aveline felt exasperated.

She knew it.

His mind seemed to be fixated on these things.

But in this situation, she had no choice but to comply.

She leaned in and pressed her soft lips against his. What she intended to be a quick peck turned into something much more when Lucas' hand cupped the back of her head, deepening the kiss.

He kissed her with such force that she couldn't react, and by the time she thought to struggle, he had already let her go. It was as if the passionate kiss had been just a fleeting indulgence for him. Aveline stepped back, frowning at him.

Lucas looked at her with a half-smile. "A kiss won't hurt you. Why are you acting so skittish?"

Aveline exhaled a breath of frustration. "Now, will you let him go?"

Lucas replied leisurely, "When did say that kissing me would make me let him go?"

Aveline glared at him. "Then what do you want?"

Lucas suddenly changed the subject. "I'm hungry."

"You..."

Aveline was about to retort when the doorbell rang.

Chapter 244

"Go check who it is," Lucas instructed.

Aveline felt exasperated like she had become his secretary.

How infuriating!

She walked to the door and opened it, revealing the room service she had ordered. She brought the food inside and set it on the dining table.

Lucas got up and walked over, opening the bag. Seeing the pork ribs, his brows furrowed deeply. "You expect me to eat this?"

Aveline replied, "This is for me..."

Lucas' eyes darkened, and his expression turned grim.

Aveline mumbled, "How was I supposed to know you'd be back? If you'd told me, I would've cooked for you."

The presidential suite was well-equipped, including a small kitchen where she could easily whip up a simple meal.

Lucas said, "You can still cook for me now."

Aveline sighed, feeling like she'd dug herself into a hole. She looked at him and asked, "If I cook for you, will you let Zachary go?"

Lucas' cold gaze fixed on her. "Is this how you ask for a favor?"

Aveline frowned. "Then what will it take for you to let him go?"

Lucas replied, "When I'm in a good mood."

Aveline forced a smile. "You seem to be in a good mood now, so why not..."

Lucas cut her off coldly. "No, I'm in a very bad mood right now. I even feel like killing someone."

Aveline was taken aback.

Seeing the sinister look in his eyes, she backed down.

Maybe he really was capable of murder.

"Ha... haha, let's be good law-abiding citizens," she stammered, turning to leave the room.

Lucas watched her slender figure with a dark gaze, then sat down at the table, opened his laptop, and began working.

Aveline returned with his favorite dishes, finding him seated and working with a focused, cool expression, exuding an air of nobility. His fingers tapped lightly on the keyboard, each movement highlighting his distinct knuckles and making his hands look exceptionally

attractive.

Forcing herself to look away, Aveline reminded herself that while he might be good-looking, his character left much to be desired.

Entering the small kitchen, she went through the motions of washing, cutting, and cooking. In less than 40 minutes, she had prepared two dishes and a soup.

She set the table and called out, "Dinner's ready."

"Mm," Lucas responded coldly, closing his laptop and standing up.

Aveline glanced at the now unappetizing pork ribs she had ordered, feeling a pang of regret. She had hoped to make up for last night by ordering room service today, but it ended up being wasted. She threw it in the trash and then sat down to eat.

Lucas gave her a brief, indifferent look but said nothing.

Distracted by her concerns, Aveline couldn't muster much enthusiasm for her meal. She ate a little and then put down her utensils, gazing expectantly at Lucas.

Despite her overly eager gaze, Lucas remained unfazed. He ate quickly yet gracefully. Soon, he set down his utensils as well.

Aveline's eyes lit up, ready to bring up Zachary's situation. But before she could say anything, Lucas grabbed her wrist and pulled her toward him.

"Hey... what are you doing?" Aveline exclaimed.

Lucas looked at her coolly. "You've been staring at me. Does that mean you want it?"

Aveline's eyes widened in shock. "No, I don't! Don't say such things!"

She had been watching him, waiting for him to finish so she could talk about Zachary. What on earth was going through his mind?

Chapter 245

Lucas smirked. "Then why were you staring at me? Do you like me?"

As he spoke, his lips curved into a faint smile.

He reached out to caress her face. "I know you've always liked me, but there's no need to be so obvious. Otherwise, I might not be able to resist doing something right here."

Aveline was speechless, thinking, "Is he crazy?"

She quickly got up from his lap, her cheeks feeling warm, and headed straight for the bathroom.

Lucas watched her retreating back, the smile on his lips fading slightly before he returned to his work.

Aveline splashed cold water on her face, trying to calm down.

Otherwise, she might not be able to resist slapping him. She reminded herself that she needed to ask him for a favor, so she had to be patient and humble.

A bitter smile appeared on her face. She was his wife, yet to get him to do something, she had to lower herself and cater to him. She felt like a failure as a wife. Then again, he was even more of a failure as a husband.

When she came out of the bathroom, she saw that he was busy again. She hesitated before asking, "Lucas, could you..."

"I'm busy," Lucas interrupted, his deep, magnetic voice cold.

Aveline's words were cut off.

She looked at his side profile-his slightly bowed head, the sharp jawline, the tense jaw, the straight bridge of his nose, and his lips pressed into a faint line. He exuded a cold, aloof aura.

Realizing it was pointless to continue, she sat quietly on the sofa,

waiting for him to finish. She hadn't slept well the previous night and had come to see Lucas early in the morning. Now, she was exhausted.

Unconsciously, she leaned against the sofa and fell asleep.

Lucas looked up from his work to see her sleeping peacefully, her beautiful face showing signs of fatigue. Her brows were furrowed as if she were having a nightmare. He stood up and walked over, bending down to study her face closely. His gaze traced over her nose, lips, and the faint marks on her neck that hadn't completely faded.

His eyes darkened as he took it all in.

He stood up, draped his jacket over her, and returned to his work.

When Aveline woke up, the room was dimly lit. She felt disoriented as she sat up, and the jacket covering her slid off. Surprised, she looked down and realized it was Lucas' jacket. She had fallen asleep!

Grabbing his jacket, she turned to look at his workspace, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Panic set in.

"Lucas?"

Had he left again? When would he come back? How could she resolve Zachary's issue if he kept disappearing?

She pulled out her phone to call him, but just then, the bedroom door opened.

Lucas walked out, a towel wrapped around his waist.

His upper body was bare, showcasing his broad shoulders, narrow waist, and defined muscles. Droplets of water glistened on his abs, slowly trickling down and disappearing into the towel. "Have you seen enough?" his deep, magnetic voice broke the silence.

Aveline snapped out of her trance. "Why are you taking a bath at this hour?"

It was only six-thirty in the evening!

Chapter 246

Lucas said, "You can't stop me,"

Aveline tell silent.

She took a deep breath and asked, "Are you done with your work? Can we talk about Zachary now?"

Lacas picked up a glass of water, took a sip, and with a cold expression, replied, "I have a dinner meeting later. Accompany me, and if you do well, I'll consider letting him go." Aveline frowned. "Can't you just say that if I do well, you'll let him go? Why add 'consider'?"

What if he were to change his mind and decided not to let Zachary go?

Lucas looked at her playfully. "You're quite clever."

Aveline was speechless.

She didn't like that kind of compliment.

Lucas lifted his chin slightly. "Go change into the dress."

Following his gaze, Aveline noticed a dress on the other side of the sofa. She walked over, picked it up, and went straight into the room to change.

Fortunately, the dress was quite conservative. It highlighted her figure while covering those ambiguous marks.

When she came out, she saw that Lucas had also changed into a suit. He was putting on a watch, exuding an air of elegance that made one's heart skip a beat at the sight. Aveline's eyelids fluttered as she suppressed her emotions. "What kind of dinner meeting is this?"

"You'll know when we get there," Lucas said.

His eyes fell on her face. She wasn't wearing any makeup, and her lips were a bit pale. He walked over, cupped the back of her head, and kissed her.

The kiss was intense and passionate as if he wanted to devour her whole.

Aveline struggled to keep up, instinctively pushing him away.

The next moment, his lips moved to her ear, and in a low voice, he murmured, "The more you struggle, the more you upset me."

Aveline's instantly stopped moving. She endured while thinking about Zachary.

Seeing the anger in her watery eyes and her helplessness towards him, Lucas' lips curved into a faint smile, clearly pleased.

Aveline said, "Aren't we supposed to go to the dinner meeting?"

Lucas responded with a hum and turned to walk out.

Aveline exhaled a breath of frustration and followed him. When they stepped outside, Desmond was already waiting by the car, respectfully opening the door. "Mr. Tudor, Miss Young."

Lucas' gaze suddenly locked onto Desmond's face. "Are we divorced?"

Desmond was taken aback and instinctively replied, "No."

Lucas coldly said, "Then why do you call her Miss Young? Do you enjoy calling her that?"

Desmond's hair stood on end. He quickly looked at Aveline and corrected himself, "Mrs. Tudor."

Aveline, expressionless, said, "Don't. We're getting divorced soon. Calling me that will only cause trouble."

Desmond was speechless.

Both of them were making things difficult for him.

Lucas' gaze lingered on Aveline's face for a long moment, but she remained indifferent.

"Am I not speaking the truth? You promised Miss Winter you would marry her," she said, a mocking smile appearing on her face. Lucas' expression darkened completely.

He looked at her deeply and suddenly let out a low laugh. "Aveline, with your attitude, Zachary will never get to take over the orphanage."

"You!!!

Aveline was stunned and was about to say something, but Lucas had already turned and got into the car.

Chapter 247

Aveline stared at his back.

If looks could kill, he would be riddled with wounds by now.

How infuriating!

"Mrs. Tudor, please get in the car," Desmond urged cautiously.

Aveline looked at him. "I told you not to call me that. Don't you find it disgusting?"

Desmond fell silent.

After speaking, Aveline got into the car.

Looking at Lucas' cold, handsome face, she struggled to suppress her emotions.

After mentally calming herself for a while, she said, "Lucas, I don't mean anything by it. I'm just thinking of you. If Miss Winter were to find out you don't want a divorce, she'd be heartbroken. What if she jumps off a building again?"

She appeared genuinely concerned.

Lucas' anger only intensified.

He closed his eyes and ignored her.

Seeing his darkened expression, Aveline felt oddly satisfied and turned to look out the window instead of saying more.

The car drove smoothly down the road.

Arthur Town was just a small county. Its nightlife was nowhere near as lively as that of a big city, and the streets became deserted early.

The car entered a winding mountain road, heading towards the hillside.

Aveline vaguely remembered that a prominent business figure lived on

the hillside. This person was originally from Arthur Town but had spent years building a career in other cities. Now older, he wanted to return to his roots and retire in Arthur Town.

As soon as Aveline's thoughts settled, the car stopped at the gate of a grand villa. The guards checked their identities and invitations before letting them through.

The car drove into the villa's courtyard and parked in the lot.

Desmond got out and opened the door for them.

Lucas stood by the car, his tall and elegant figure exuding an air of aloofness. His cold eyes fell on Aveline's face.

Understanding his cue, Aveline walked over, took his arm, and flashed him a sweet smile.

Lucas' eyes paused for a moment, then he said coldly, "That smile is hideous."

Aveline was speechless.

She immediately stopped smiling.

This man was impossible to please!

Going against him didn't work, and complying with him didn't work. either. What was she supposed to do?

Lucas led Aveline towards the villa.

As they passed through the gate, the scenery opened up before them.

The villa's expansive courtyard, nearly ten thousand square meters in size, was adorned in a whimsical style. Balloons and streamers. adorned the space, and at its center stood a rose-covered volcano. A trail of pink roses wound its way to a sign, which displayed a photo of a young girl.

-Happy Birthday, Rebecca Thompson!

Thompson family

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Chapter 248

Lucas pushed her away gently and took out a small box. "Happy birthday." Rebecca happily took it. "Thank you, Lucas! I love the gift you gave me!

The gift itself didn't matter; what mattered was who gave it.

Lucas smiled warmly. "I'm glad you like it."

Rebecca's eyes landed on Aveline, who was holding Lucas' arm. Her face clouded over. In a flash, she shoved Aveline aside and latched onto Lucas herself.

"Who do you think you are?" Rebecca snapped. "What gives you the right to hang on Lucas like that?"

Her arrogant demeanor resembled that of a spoiled little princess.

Taken by surprise, Aveline lost her balance. Before she could fall, Lucas reached out and steadied her.

A cold glint flashed in her eyes, but before she could say anything, she caught Lucas' warning gaze. Fine, she'd endure it.

Rebecca clung to Lucas' arm as they walked inside. "Lucas, I heard. about what happened to you. I'm so glad you came back safe. My father has been worried and is waiting for you inside." "Mm, I'm fine," Lucas replied calmly.

Aveline followed them at a respectful distance.

Watching Rebecca cling to Lucas, Aveline couldn't help but wonder, did Sophia know that Rebecca liked Lucas? Did Rebecca know about. Sophia?

Rebecca and Sophia weren't on the same level. One was the pampered

heiress of the Thompson family, the other a dispensable member of her family. The difference was clear.

But if it came down to it, who would Lucas choose?

Realizing what she was thinking, Aveline felt a moment of confusion before refocusing her gaze on Lucas.

He was outstanding, handsome, and powerful, easily attracting attention from the opposite sex.

And yet, this remarkable man was devoted to Sophia.

Neither she nor Rebecca seemed to be a match for Sophia.

Because in love, only the beloved one is right.

"Hey, why are you following us? Who allowed you to come here? Get out now and stop bothering Lucas!"

Lost in thought, Aveline was startled by Rebecca's sudden outburst. Before she could react, Rebecca shoved her again.

Aveline's brows furrowed as she looked at Rebecca. "I am Mr. Tudor's companion. Naturally, I need to stay with him."

She hadn't provoked this young lady, so why was she being targeted?

Rebecca's eyes widened slightly. "How dare you talk back? You're just a companion. Who gave you the nerve to speak to me like this?" Acting like a spoiled princess, she called over two servants. "Take her outside and throw her into the pool!"

"Yes, miss!"

The two servants immediately reached out to grab Aveline.

Aveline's gaze turned icy.

Seeing Lucas chatting with Reynold Thompson not far away, she walked straight towards him.

"Mr. Tudor."

Ignoring Rebecca's murderous glare, Aveline took Lucas' arm and said, "This place is so big, I'm afraid of getting lost. Can I stay by your side?"

As she spoke, she even blinked playfully at Lucas.

Seriously, she was Lucas' wife!

What right did Rebecca have to drive her away?

What qualifications did she possess?

Chapter 249

Lucas' body stiffened as he looked at her soft, warm smile, and his heart softened along with it.

"Alright."

"Mr. Tudor, you're so kind," Aveline said sweetly.

Rebecca was livid!

Her cousin had been right; this woman was nothing but a slut!

No way would she allow such a wretch to stay by Lucas' side.

Lucas was hers!

"Dad, I want Lucas to keep me company for a while. It's my birthday today, so can we skip the boring business talk, please?" Rebecca clung to Reynold's arm, pouting.

Reynold looked at his daughter with fondness, gently tapping her nose. "Come on, sweetie. You're a big girl now. No need to hang onto Lucas like that, okay?"

"Alright, alright, I know," Rebecca replied, then turned to Lucas. "Lucas, let's go outside, okay? My garden is beautiful, and I haven't shown it to anyone else. I just want to share it with you!"

Reynold added, "Lucas, it's Rebecca's birthday today. Let's not discuss business. You young people should go have fun. No need to stay with me."

Lucas nodded slightly. "Alright, Mr. Thompson."

Rebecca immediately tried to take Lucas' arm, but Aveline, quick and agile, beat her to it.

Rebecca was so angry she was gnashing her teeth, but with Lucas there, she couldn't show it.

Outside the villa, Rebecca excitedly talked to Lucas about the rose

volcano She stood beside it, like a proud little princess.

"Lucas, I really like the gift you gave me. Will you help me put it on?" She handed the box to Lucas, her eyes full of anticipation.

Lucas replied indifferently, "A gift is meant to be worn by the one who receives it. My job was just to give it.

"No, no, I want you to put it on me," Rebecca pouted, grabbing Lucas' other hand and shaking it playfully.

Lucas withdrew his hand and said, "Rebecca, you should know that I'm married.

Rebecca's expression froze for a moment before she replied, "So what? People can get divorced even after getting married. Besides, I know you don't really like her. You're only staying with her out of a sense of obligation, which is why you haven't divorced her yet.

"Lucas, a woman like that doesn't deserve you. You should end it with her as soon as possible!"

Rebecca actually knew that Aveline was Lucas' wife!

But she pretended not to know, deliberately saying those things to embarrass Aveline. Her cousin had already told her about Aveline's identity, that she was just an ordinary person who didn't deserve Lucas at all!

She glanced at Aveline with disdain in her eyes.

Lucas' expression turned colder. "Rebecca, you're an adult now. You should understand what it means to have boundaries. My relationship with my wife is none of anyone else's business."

Rebecca was stunned, not expecting his tone to become so serious. She felt incredibly wronged. "Lucas, how can you be so harsh with me? You

used to be so kind to me!"

Aveline was also taken aback, not expecting Lucas to say such things. Was he...defending her? She lowered her gaze slightly, feeling

indifferent.

At that moment, the sound of commotion and noise came from a distance.

Realizing what she was thinking, Aveline felt a moment of confusion before refocusing her gaze on Lucas.

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Chapter 250

Lucas said calmly, "Your friends have arrived. You should go see what gifts they brought you.

Rebecca bit her lip in frustration, shot Aveline a venomous glare, and walked away, lifting her dress as she went.

Aveline sighed. "Lucas, I think you're setting me up to be hated."

Lucas replied, "Am I?"

Aveline said, "That little princess now holds a grudge against me. Since you brought me here, you have to ensure my safety. If anything were to happen to me, it'd be on you.

Lucas' eyes locked onto hers, and a faint smile curved his lips. "Don't worry, you won't be missing any limbs."

Aveline instinctively shrank back, not wanting to continue the topic.

She had to admit, the rose volcano was indeed beautiful, and she couldn't help but take a few more glances.

Lucas and Aveline strolled around the garden, admiring the scenery. When they reached a pavilion, Lucas's phone rang. He checked the caller ID and said, "I need to take this call." Aveline nodded and stayed in the pavilion, not wandering off.

This was the Thompson family estate, and with Rebecca's disdain for her, getting lost could end very badly.

Lucas stepped out of the pavilion to take the call. Not far away, a servant who had been watching them reported the scene to Rebecca.

Holding a wine glass, Rebecca smirked coldly and gave the servant some instructions.

The servant nodded and went to carry them out.

Feeling bored, Aveline sat in the pavilion.

A servant soon entered, silently placing a tray of drinks and snacks on the table before leaving.

Aveline raised an eyebrow but didn't touch them.

Why was Lucas taking so long?

She stood up and saw him still talking on the phone a short distance away. Deciding to join him, she walked towards him.

To reach him, she had to pass through a flower corridor. Lucas was standing at the end of it, still on the phone.

As Avéline approached, she suddenly heard hurried footsteps behind her. Before she could react, a hand covered her mouth, and a pungent smell overwhelmed her senses. She didn't have time to call for help before she lost consciousness.

Two bodyguards swiftly carried Aveline away. In the dimly lit flower corridor, everything happened in silence.

Rebecca glanced at the unconscious Aveline and sneered. "Throw her to feed the dogs. Let them have a taste of human flesh."

"Yes, Miss," the bodyguards responded, carrying Aveline directly to the backyard.

The Thompson family kept several Mastiffs, known for their extremel ferocity. If Aveline was thrown in there, she would either be killed or severely injured.

A look of satisfaction flashed in Rebecca's eyes. She wanted to see how

that wretch could still seduce Lucas once she was maimed!

Lucas hung up the phone and turned around, only to find that Aveline was no longer in the pavilion.

His expression darkened as he quickly walked over. The drinks and snacks on the pavilion table remained untouched. He immediately dialed her number, but there was no answer.

Thinking of Rebecca's hostility towards Aveline, Lucas pressed his lips. into a thin line.

He turned and strode towards the villa.

Just as he reached the door, Rebecca blocked his way.

"Lucas, where are you going? The birthday cake has arrived, and I need to make a wish. Can you stay with me?" Rebecca reached out to hold his hand, pouting.

Lucas pulled his hand away, his tone turning colder. "Where is Aveline?"

