

## Divorced Me 261

### Chapter 261

Aveline put down her phone and looked at him. "Taking care of your doesn't require me to buy local specialties."

Lucas responded, "Eating the local specialties might help me recover faster."

Aveline sighed and stood up. "Fine, but you better eat them all!"

Lucas watched her storm out, feeling irritated himself. He tugged at his tie, feeling a growing sense of frustration. Things hadn't always been like this.

A year ago, they were so happy together.

Lucas closed his eyes briefly.

Aveline quickly returned within an hour, setting

down the local specialties in front of him and raising her chin. "Here you go. Enjoy your meal."

Lucas's temple throbbed. "Aveline, are you doing this on purpose?"

Aveline spoke earnestly. "These are Arthur Town's specialties. Look at this colorful bracelet, isn't it pretty? And this intricately embroidered handkerchief is a true cultural gem. You wanted local specialties, and I brought you all of them."

She pulled out a chair and sat in front of him. "Lucas, I did exactly what you asked. If you have a problem with it, you're just being unreasonable."

Lucas glared at her coldly.

Aveline felt incredibly pleased, especially seeing him frustrated. She was delighted!

At that moment, Lucas' phone rang. He glanced at it, his expression changing slightly before he answered, "Hello, Sophia."

Aveline's smile froze instantly.

Just her luck!

Her good mood was ruined!

Sophia's gentle voice came through. "Lucas, are you still in Arthur Town?"

"Yes" Lucas replied indifferently.

"When will you be back?" Sophia asked.

"I'll come back once things here are settled," Lucas said.

Sophia replied, "How about I come over to keep you company? I miss

you so much."

Lucas' gaze shifted to Aveline's face, observing her indifferent

expression. He had initially intended to agree to Sophia's suggestion, but as the words formed, he found himself saying, "No need. I'm very busy and won't have time for you." Sophia responded, "Alright then. Just let me know when you get back, and I'll welcome you home."

It was as if she hadn't taken Lucas' words to heart.

Lucas gave a brief acknowledgment and ended the call.

He stared at Aveline, trying to read her expression, but she remained impassive as if she didn't care about his interactions with other

women. This realization soured his mood instantly.

"I'm hungry," he said coldly.

Aveline paused, unable to refuse this time. Cooking for him was part of taking care of him.

She stood up and went into the small kitchen.

Lucas watched her get busied as she prepared his meal The

his chest seemed to ease slightly.

He absentmindedly toyed with a colorful bracelet from the assortment of local crafts on the table.

In the afternoon, various leaders from Arthur Town came to visit Lucas.

Seeing Aveline, Steve's eyes flickered with curiosity, but he didn't ask any questions.

Lucas briefly updated them on his current situation and the upcoming inspections, assuring them that his work wouldn't be delayed.

While they discussed business in the living room, Aveline retreated to the guest bedroom to rest.

Unknowingly, she fell asleep.

After some time, she felt a tickling sensation on her cheek. She brushed it away, furrowing her brows in annoyance.

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The next second, the tickling sensation returned to her cheek. Annoyed, she opened her eyes.

"What are you doing?"

Lucas stood by the bed, releasing her hair.

"You slept soundly," he said coldly.

Aveline, already cranky from being woken up, glared at him. "Do you need something?"

Wasn't he supposed to be busy with work? Why did he have to bother her?

Lucas, seeing her on the verge of exploding, let out a low chuckle.

He ruffled her messy hair and said, "Get ready. We're going out."

With that, he turned and left the guest bedroom.

Aveline, feeling frustrated, grabbed a pillow and threw it at the door.

Half an hour later, Aveline emerged from the guest room and asked coolly, "Where are we going?"

Lucas tossed her a jacket. "You'll find out when we get there."

She dutifully helped him wear his jacket, then walked straight to the door without a moment's hesitation.

Lucas watched her slender back, his eyes darkening slightly.

It was already dusk. The sky was ablaze with vibrant sunset clouds. Seeing the beautiful scene, Aveline's foul mood lifted.

She took out her phone and snapped a photo.

"What's so special about sunset clouds?" Lucas said indifferently.

"None of your business," Aveline retorted.

Lucas pressed his lips together, then suddenly grabbed her hand and raised it. "Wouldn't it be better to take the picture like this?"

Aveline paused, then sneered. "What's so great about a hand?"

She pulled her hand away and walked ahead on her own.

Lucas rubbed his fingertips, but he didn't get angry.

"You're going the wrong way," he said, turning and walking in the opposite direction.

Aveline, fuming, turned around and followed him.

Arthur Town, a quaint and tranquil locale, was bustling as the workday drew to a close, with more pedestrians on the streets and small vendors lining the sidewalks.

Aveline spotted some street food and walked over and bought some to eat without asking Lucas.

"Is it good?" Lucas asked, watching her intently.

Aveline nodded. "Not bad!"

She ate another piece.

Suddenly, Lucas leaned in and snatched the food from her hand, immediately frowning. "The taste is mediocre."

Aveline bristled. "I didn't say you could eat it!"

This man was insufferable!

But Lucas seemed to be in a good mood. He led her through several winding streets until they stopped in front of a barbecue restaurant. Aveline paused. She had worked part-time at this barbecue restaurant during her school days.

When she started high school, Hilda stopped supporting her

financially, so she had to fend for herself to continue her education.

She would come here to work after finishing her homework each day, earning just enough for her daily expenses.

Lucas said, "I had someone look into it. They said the food here is quite good. We'll have dinner here."

Aveline didn't respond and simply walked inside.

"Sit wherever you like, and order whatever you want!" The owner, still the same cheerful middle-aged man, came out with a big smile.

"Mr. Zane," Aveline called out with a smile.

"Huh?" Zane Looney looked up and froze for a moment. "You... why do you look so familiar?"

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Aveline said, "I'm Aveline Young. I used to work here part-time."

Zane's face lit up with recognition. Yes, yes, you're that young girl! You got into college, didn't you?"

He smiled warmly, remembering the girl who had once stood

stubbornly at his shop's entrance, promising not to cause trouble and only wanting to earn some living expenses.

There were laws against employing child labor, but this determined girl had insisted, vowing she just wanted to work to support herself. She had been quick and efficient whenever customers came in and had shared her dream of going to college and leaving Arthur Town.

Feeling touched, Zane reluctantly agreed to employ her without much expectation. He thought she might last a few days before quitting, like many young people who couldn't handle the hard work. But to his surprise, she had worked there for three years.

Zane had grown fond of the girl, treating her like the daughter he never had, often cooking special treats for her.

"Yes, I did." Aveline nodded, her eyes shimmering with emotion.

She cherished the warmth and kindness she had found here, a stark contrast to much of her life.

Zane nodded repeatedly. "That's great, I always knew you were destined for great things. Now that you're here, make yourself at home. Sit down and eat whatever you like. It's in the house!"

Aveline was touched. "How could I? You need to run your business, and besides, I didn't come here alone."

Zane's gaze shifted to Lucas, and he nodded approvingly. "This young man looks promising. Is he your boyfriend? You have good taste."

Aveline didn't deny it. Instead, she smiled and went to help out.

Lucas stood aside, observing this unfamiliar side of Aveline and taking in the small, somewhat rundown barbecue restaurant.

She used to work part-time here?

His brows furrowed. While he had investigated her background out of suspicion, he had never truly delved into her past. Now, however, a sudden desire to understand more about her history arose within him. Watching her busily helping around the shop, a soft expression unknowingly crossed his eyes.

Aveline helped clean up two tables before sitting beside Lucas. "Did you order?"

Lucas replied, "Since you used to work here, you should know what's good. You order."

"Alright."

Aveline didn't hesitate. She picked up the menu and began writing down her choices, then headed to the kitchen.

Laughter and cheerful voices emanated from the kitchen, warming Lucas's heart.

When Aveline returned, she carried a plate of skewers. "Here, try these. They're really good."

Back when Zane used to make special treats for her, these skewers had always been her favorite.

Lucas took a skewer as she suggested, savoring the rich, spicy flavors and tender meat. It was indeed delicious.

Aveline rested her chin on her hand, watching him. "It's been a long time since I've seen this down-to-earth side of you."

In the past, when he was just Lu, they often enjoyed street food together.

Lucas' expression remained calm. "Do you miss it?"

Aveline lowered her eyes slightly. "No."

Remembering the past only brought her sadness.



Lu was gone.

Lucas' gaze darkened, but he chose not to pursue the topic. Instead, he asked, "Tell me about your past."

Aveline looked at him in surprise. "Didn't you look into my background?"

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Lucas said, "It's more interesting to hear it from you."

Aveline suddenly smiled. "Alright, how about this: I tell you something about me, and you tell me something about you. Deal?"

Lucas saw the bright, playful look in her eyes and nodded. "Deal."

Aveline promptly stood up. "We should get some drinks for our stories, otherwise, it won't be fun."

Lucas watched as Aveline eagerly fetched the drinks, his gaze

deepening. Remembering her behavior when drunk, he chose not to stop her.

She soon returned with a pack of beer, placing a bottle in front of him and one in front of herself. She opened hers and took a sip, closing her eyes briefly. "That's the taste!" Lucas opened his can and took a sip, a rare hint of warmth softening his sharp features.

Aveline began, "I grew up in an orphanage."

She raised an eyebrow at Lucas.

"Is that it?" he asked with a faint smile..

"Yes." Aveline nodded.

He chuckled softly. "I once lost my memory."

Aveline was speechless. She had hoped to uncover something significant about him, but she had forgotten his usual reserve and cunning nature-always causing others to lose out, never himself.

Aveline took a bite of the meat skewer before saying, "After I started junior high school, the orphanage director stopped supporting me. I had to collect scrap to pay for my education, but luckily, she didn't kick

me out."

Lucas' expression shifted slightly. "When I was very young, I saw my mother jump off a building."

Aveline's eyelashes fluttered as she looked at him in shock. "You..."

He had witnessed his mother's suicide? How much psychological trauma must that have caused him?

Lucas took another sip of his beer. "Your turn."

Aveline pressed her lips together. "My story seems insignificant

compared to yours. When I started high school, the orphanage director kicked me out. I came here to work, and later... I received my college acceptance letter."

Lucas responded calmly, "Later, my eldest brother and second brother died as well."

Aveline was at a loss for words. His life truly seemed tragic.

She picked up her beer bottle and clinked it against his. "Cheers!"

Lucas raised an eyebrow, noticing the sympathy in her eyes. For some reason, it touched something deep within him.

He suddenly asked, "You didn't know any of this, did you?"

Aveline's eyes widened. "How could I know? When I met you, you'd already lost your memory!"

"Right, that's true," Lucas murmured, almost to himself.

She was an orphan with no background, always struggling on her own. She had no connections to those people and couldn't have known his past. How could she have intentionally gotten close to him? Lucas lowered his gaze, letting the coldness in his eyes dissipate completely. He took another sip of his beer.

Aveline, holding her bottle, stared at his face and suddenly asked, Answer me honestly. Do you really love Sophia?"

This was a question that had been nagging at her. She had seen how he acted when he truly loved someone, and he wasn't like that with Sophia. Was it merely because Sophia had saved him that he felt obligated to divorce her out of gratitude?

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Lucas' eyes gazed intently at Aveline. Seeing her slightly tipsy state, asked, "Does it really matter?"

In the face of those events, did love really matter?

he

Aveline felt her consciousness growing hazy, but she clung to a shred of clarity. "Of course, it matters. If you love her, then we... we..."

She really couldn't hold her liquor. Just half a bottle of beer, and she was already losing her grip on reality.

Lucas stared at her. "We what?"

Aveline slumped onto the table. "Then we can't go on."

Lucas' expression darkened immediately. Watching her flushed face as she drifted off to sleep, unlike before when she would cling to him, he felt an unexpected pang of disappointment. But ending things like this wasn't an option.

He reached out, gently tucking a strand of hair behind her ear, and gazed at her intently. In a low voice, he murmured, "Aveline, if you had agreed to the divorce back then, you might be free now. But it's too late."

At that moment, Zane approached, smiling as he saw their state. Young man, she never could hold her liquor. You should keep an eye on her and stop her from drinking. It could lead to trouble." Lucas nodded slightly. "I understand."

He stood up and pulled out his wallet to settle the bill, but Zane waved him off. "No need. Consider this a homecoming meal. You don't pay to eat at home. Just get her back safely so she doesn't catch a cold." Lucas nodded. "Thank you, sir."

Zane chuckled and watched as Lucas effortlessly picked Aveline up

with one arm.

Desmond had already parked the car by the roadside. Seeing Lucas carrying Aveline, he hurried out and opened the back door.

"Mr. Tudor, is your injury alright?" Desmond asked with concern.

"It's fine," Lucas replied calmly, settling into the car. "Let's go home."

"Yes, sir," Desmond replied.

As he settled into the driver's seat, Desmond hesitated before speaking. "Mr. Tudor, Brian has recovered from his injuries and

arrived in Arthur Town. He said he feels ashamed to face you but wants to protect you from the shadows."

Lucas' brow furrowed immediately.

Sensing the growing tension in the air, Desmond straightened up and said, "I'll have him leave right away."

Lucas' voice was stern. "Have him protect Aveline instead."

Desmond was taken aback. Brian had always harbored a grudge against Aveline; how could Lucas expect Brian to protect Aveline diligently? Reading Desmond's thoughts, Lucas added coldly, "If anything goes wrong again, let him die out there and keep him away from me."

"Yes, sir," Desmond replied promptly.

The car soon arrived at Celestial Heights. Desmond helped Lucas carry Aveline upstairs before departing.

Downstairs, he noticed someone lingering nearby.

Desmond approached and patted the person's shoulder. "You have a chance to redeem yourself."

Brian, his face still somewhat pale, looked up immediately. "What did Mr. Tudor say?"

"Protect Miss Young," Desmond stated.

Brian was stunned, not expecting such an order.

Desmond continued, "I really don't get it. Are you loyal to Mr. Tudor or to Miss Winter? Why are you so biased towards Miss Winter? Do you have feelings for her?"

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Brian shook his head vigorously.

"No, you've got it wrong. The reason I respect Miss Winter so much is because she saved Mr. Tudor back then, even losing a leg in the process. Doesn't a woman like that deserve to be cherished?"

Desmond scrutinized him for a moment before abruptly asking, "So, you think they've managed to deceive everyone?"

Brian was taken aback. "What do you mean by that?"

Desmond shook his head in exasperation. "If you don't get it, forget it."

He turned to leave but stopped after a few steps, looking back at Brian with a serious expression. "Make sure to protect Miss Young. If you don't, your life will be on the line." With Brian still looking confused, Desmond walked away again.

Brian stood there, stunned for a long moment before collecting himself. Lucas' request to protect Aveline resonated deeply. He was prepared to defend her with his life if needed. After this incident, he understood his role clearly. He was just a subordinate, and his life belonged to Lucas. All he needed to do was follow Lucas' orders. Nothing else mattered.

Aveline was awakened by her phone ringing.

She groggily answered, "Hello?"

"Ave, I'm free!" Selena's excited voice came through, and she was even singing a cheerful tune

Aveline paused, rubbing her eyes. "Congratulations. Is Aaron better now?"

"Yes, with my meticulous care, even a coma patient would recover!"

Selena said dramatically.

Aveline laughed. "Just don't let Aaron hear you say that, or he'll give you a hard time."

"Ha! I've already accomplished my mission. What do I have to fear from him?" Selena retorted boldly. "When are you coming back? I'm treating you to a big meal to celebrate my freedom." "I might need a bit more time before I can come back," Aveline replied.

Selena sounded puzzled. "Hmm? Why so long?"

Aveline briefly explained the situation.

"Holy crap!" Selena exclaimed after hearing the story. "He single-handedly held off a mastiff? Is he really that tough?"

Aveline tugged at the corner of her lips. "I didn't expect it either."

There was a brief silence on the other end before Selena's voice came again. "My dear Ave, have you fallen for him again?" Aveline sighed and got up abruptly. "Can we not talk about such scary things so early in the morning? It's ruining my good mood!" Selena replied, "But anyone who witnessed such a scene would be moved. If he hadn't shown up, you might have been dead." Aveline ran her fingers through her hair. "I won't fall for him. Absolutely not!"

"I just wanted to remind you that one heartbreak is enough. It's good that you're thinking this way, Ave." Selena sighed in relief.

She had brought it up because she feared Aveline might unknowingly fall for Lucas again.

Sure, Lucas saved her, but that didn't change the fact that he had been a jerk in the past!

Aveline said, "Once his injury heals, I'll head back. Get ready to

welcome me with that feast."

"Absolutely!" Selena agreed readily.

After hanging up, Aveline got out of bed to wash up.

At the door, which was slightly ajar, Lucas had heard their entire conversation. His face darkened as he turned and went back to his room, dialing Aaron's number. "Hello? Missing me already?" Aaron  
ans

The call connected, and Aaron's cheeky voice came through.

"Give Selena something to do," Lucas said coldly.

"Hmm?" Aaron asked, puzzled. "What did she do to provoke you? Let me guess, she's advising Aveline to leave you, isn't she?"

Lucas' eyes turned icy. "You're quite perceptive."

Aaron retorted, "Hey, you're asking me for a favor. Could you at least be a bit more polite?"

"Oh, you're really perceptive."

Aaron sighed. "Fine, fine. I know I'll never hear a kind word from you, but don't worry. I'll take care of it."

Lucas acknowledged, "Keep an eye on things over there too."

"Don't worry, everything's under control," Aaron reassured.

"Good."

After finishing her morning routine, Aveline came out to find breakfast already delivered by the hotel. They ate together before heading to the hospital. Lucas needed his arm re-banded and to receive injections. Aveline couldn't bear to watch, turning her face away when the bandages were removed. Lucas stared at her, his lips pressed into a straight line.

As they left the hospital, her phone rang. She looked at the screen and saw it was Russell calling.

Aveline answered immediately, "Hello, Russ."

Russell's pleasant voice came through, "I heard you're back in Arthur Town. What's going on?"



Sensing the concern in his tone, Aveline casually replied, "Yes, there's some business to take care of here. Once it's settled, I'll leave."

Russell leisurely remarked, "Is Lucas keeping you tied up? At the Johnson family banquet, he couldn't hide the murderous look in his eyes when he saw me."

Aveline chuckled. "Really, it's nothing, Russ. Thank you for thinking of me."

Russell laughed softly, "Of course, I think of you. You're my only female friend, after all."

After a pause, Russell continued, "If you need anything, just call me. Even though I'm not in the country, I can still help."

Aveline felt touched by his words. "Got it, thanks, Russ."

Russell added, "Don't mention it. Honestly, the thing I miss most while being abroad is your cooking. The food here is just terrible."

Meanwhile, Lucas' face had darkened considerably as he watched Aveline's prolonged conversation with another man. Seeing that they had no intention of ending the call, he suddenly reached out, grabbed her chin, and forced her to turn toward him.

He kissed her directly on the lips.

"Mmm...", Aveline's unfinished sentence turned into a muffled sound. of surprise.

Her eyes widened, and she quickly ended the call. She pushed him away and wiped her lips furiously. "What are you doing?"

Lucas fixed her with a cold stare, his voice dropping to a serious tone. Flirting with another man right in front of me, Aveline, I'm not invisible, you know?"

Aveline was flabbergasted by his behavior,

She couldn't understand his train of thought.

Taking a deep breath, Aveline said, "Since we can't stand each other, why don't we just get divorced now? That way, we won't interfere in each other's lives."

Lucas let out a derisive laugh. "Back then, I had someone deliver a divorce agreement to you every day, and you refused. Now you want a divorce? Aveline, do you think the world revolves around you?" "You!" Aveline's chest heaved with anger. If she had known things would turn out this way, she would have...

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Unfortunately, Aveline couldn't turn back time. If she could go back to the past, she would have done so already!

Aveline turned her head towards the window, her lips pressing into a tight line. Lucas, too, looked out the opposite window, the tension between them thickening.

When they arrived at Celestial Heights, Lucas had barely stepped out of the car when a petite figure dashed towards him.

"Lucas!"

Rebecca's eyes sparkled as she looked at Lucas, but before she could reach him, Desmond intercepted her.

In response, Rebecca swung her hand and slapped Desmond across the face.

"Who do you think you are? How dare you stop me? Mark my words, if I were to complain to Lucas about you, he'd fire you on the spot!"

Rebecca's sudden outburst caught everyone off guard, and Aveline's brows furrowed as she glanced at Desmond. Although he was Lucas' lackey, Desmond had never made things difficult for her. They weren't close, but she couldn't help feeling indignant on his behalf.

Lucas' expression darkened instantly.

Desmond calmly turned his head and gave Rebecca a polite smile. "I don't think so."

His reply made Rebecca, who had been so arrogant a moment ago, turn red with anger. She glared at Desmond before turning to Lucas with a look of aggrieved innocence, her big eyes pleading. "Lucas, you saw that, didn't you? Your subordinate bullied me!"

Lucas' sharp, handsome face grew even colder, and his tone was icily indifferent. "I'm not blind."

Rebecca's expression froze, and she quickly said, "Lucas, I was wrong before. I was just joking with Miss Young, I didn't mean for you to get hurt. I've been so worried I couldn't sleep, and I begged my father to let me come see you. Are you badly injured?"

She tried to move closer to Lucas, but Desmond, whom she had slapped, wasn't about to step aside. He kept her a short distance away from Lucas. Rebecca watched with envy and hatred as Aveline supported Lucas,

This wretched woman was incredibly lucky!

How could she still be alive? What a shame!

Lucas' deep, cold eyes fixed on Rebecca as he spoke to Desmond, "Get in touch with Mr. Thompson. Put our previous dealings on hold. We'll resume discussions once he fulfills his commitments." "Yes, sir!" Desmond responded immediately.

As Lucas headed towards the elevator, Desmond positioned himself in front of Rebecca, preventing her from approaching.

Rebecca's eyes widened slightly upon hearing Lucas' words. "Lucas, what do you mean by that? My father already apologized to you. Why are you still holding a grudge? She's fine, and you only got a minor injury. My father already put down that beast which was my most beloved pet. Even after all this, you still won't forgive me?"

As she spoke, tears welled up, making her look pitiful as if she had been severely wronged.

Lucas ignored her tears, stepping into the elevator. As the doors slowly closed, he glanced at Desmond.

Desmond, anticipating his thoughts, quickly smiled and said, "No need to worry, Mr. Tudor. That slap was nothing. I didn't take it to heart."

Lucas replied, "Your year-end bonus will be doubled."

Desmond's eyes lit up with surprise and joy.

Taking a slap and getting a doubled bonus? It was totally worth it!

"Thank you, Mr. Tudor!"

Desmond was so elated he almost marched on the spot.

Back in the suite, Lucas gave a brief order. "From now on, don't let her come up if she visits."

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"Yes, sir." Desmond quickly nodded and turned to carry out the orders.

Given the diamond mine deal and Reynold's promise to ground Rebecca for a month, Lucas had let the matter slide. Yet, within days, he allowed Rebecca to venture out. If Reynold couldn't enforce discipline with his daughter, he would have to deal with the

consequences.

Aveline poured Lucas a glass of water and placed it in front of him before turning to leave.

Lucas stared at her and asked, "Don't you have anything to say?"

Aveline's expression was indifferent. "You didn't do anything wrong. Why should I say anything?"

Her words unexpectedly lifted Lucas' gloomy mood. In the past, she would have scoffed at his actions. Could it be that she was beginning to care for him again?

With this thought, Lucas reached out and pulled her towards him.

Aveline frowned. "What are you doing?"

Lucas locked his eyes onto hers as his gaze fell lower. He leaned in to kiss her.

"Are you crazy?" Aveline pushed him away and hurried back to the bedroom. Just because she brought him a glass of water, he thought he could act on his impulses? This man was losing it. Lucas was left stunned, his hand empty, her look of disdain fresh in his mind. He pressed his lips together.

Had he misread the situation?

But so what? As long as she was by his side, it was only a matter of time before she fell for him again.

Lucas took a sip from the glass of water, then set it down heavily on the table.

Lucas' wound healed quickly. After half a month, he was almost fully recovered, though he still needed regular injections.

This time, as they left the hospital and sat in the car, Aveline asked, "You're almost fully healed. Can I leave now?"

Lucas was reading a document, his expression indifferent as he

replied, "Where are you planning to go?"

"Back to Cloudflare City," Aveline said.

"No way I'm going back there," she thought.

She needed to go somewhere he couldn't find her.

Lucas looked up from his document, a faint smile playing at the

corners of his lips. "I don't believe you."

Aveline felt a surge of frustration. "Believe it or not, we agreed I would stay until you were fully recovered."

"Am I fully recovered?" Lucas challenged.

Anger flashed in Aveline's eyes as she looked at him. "Lucas, can you stop being unreasonable? Yes, you saved me, and I've taken care of you. I don't owe you anything anymore. Can you just let me go?" Seeing her angry yet helpless expression, Lucas felt a dull ache in his chest, as if struck by a heavy hammer. His sharp, handsome face remained stoic, but his eyes locked onto hers. "Fine. Once you've cooked dinner tonight, you can leave."

Aveline, still seething, paused at his words. Did he just give in to her so easily? She stared at him in disbelief.

Lucas'

gaze returned to his document. "If you don't want to, then

forget it."

"Okay!" Aveline quickly agreed.

She couldn't believe how quickly he had given in. For a moment, Aveline wondered if she was dreaming. When had he ever been so accommodating?

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The car stopped at the entrance of Celestial Heights, but Lucas did not get out. Aveline exited the vehicle. Watching the car drive away, she exhaled a sigh of relief, then turned and walked towards the supermarket to buy groceries for tonight's dinner.

It would be the last meal.

Just the thought that she could leave and be free after today made her extremely happy!

At the supermarket, she bought the groceries and sent the receipt to Lucas. After receiving his transfer, she smiled and headed back towards Celestial Heights.

However, as she passed a corner, two people suddenly grabbed her and dragged her away before she could react. She quickly lost

consciousness.

Not far away, a swift figure dashed towards them!

The two kidnappers lifted Aveline into their car, thinking this task was too easy. But in the next second, one of them received a heavy blow to the head! The blow was so strong that both of them collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

Brian adjusted his clothes, took out his phone, and snapped photos of the two men, then sent them to Maria. Only then did he turn his

attention to Aveline in the car.

She was already unconscious.

Brian frowned, picked up the scattered groceries from the ground, and then carried Aveline towards Celestial Heights.

The receptionist, seeing this, quickly approached and asked, "What happened to Miss Young?"

Brian replied, "Call a doctor. She's been drugged."

The receptionist nodded and immediately called the ambulance.

Brian stood aside, hesitated for a moment, then called Desmond.

Meanwhile.

At a seaside resort, several officials were complimenting Lucas on his inspection. Desmond suddenly approached and whispered something in his ear. Lucas' expression instantly darkened. He told the officials, I have an urgent matter to attend to. must leave now."

With that, he turned and left.

Steve, seeing this, quickly asked, "Mr. Tudor, what happened? Perhaps we can help."

Lucas replied, "If necessary, I will let you know."

He got into the car, and Desmond drove away.

At the hospital.

When Aveline groggily woke up, the first thing she saw was the white ceiling, and the smell of disinfectant filled her nose.

Was

Her memory still stuck at the moment she was dragged into the alley and drugged.

She jolted awake and sat up suddenly, inadvertently tugging at the needle in her hand. The abrupt movement caused a sharp pain, and blood began to flow.

"Don't move!"

A deep, pleasant male voice sounded beside her. Her shoulder was held down, and her body stiffened slightly as she looked at him.

"Lucas?"



Aveline's voice trembled slightly.

"I'm here," Lucas responded.

Just then, a nurse rushed in, removed the needle from Aveline's hand, and didn't reinsert it.

Lucas held her hand, pressing down on the back of it to stop the bleeding.

Realizing she was safe, Aveline exhaled sharply and relaxed, leaning back.

"Someone tried to kidnap me," she said with her eyes closed.

Lucas replied, "I'm investigating. Don't worry, I won't let them get away with it."

Aveline's eyelashes fluttered.

She didn't know who had orchestrated this kidnapping, but since arriving in Arthur Town, she had offended two powerful people: Mike and Rebecca.

It was likely one of them.

Mike was the son of the deputy mayor of Arthur Town, where Lucas planned to invest. Rebecca was the daughter of an old friend with whom Lucas had close ties. Could he really follow through on his promise?