

Divorced Me 281

Chapter 281

Lucas said, "When you shot down the idea back then, I figured that was it. I didn't expect you to come to me two years later asking me to marry you."

Sophia met Lucas's gaze, her eyes full of earnest emotion. "Lucas, I was stubborn before. I didn't want to feel trapped by marriage so young. But things are different now. I want a life with you future together, a place we can call our own."

Lucas replied, "But Sophia, I'm already married now."

Sophia said, "But you told me you would divorce her."

a real

Lucas responded, "I wasn't thinking clearly before. I subconsciously felt that since you saved me, I should take responsibility by marrying you. But I've realized that taking responsibility doesn't necessarily mean I have to marry you. I can do it in other ways. Sophia, let's just let this go."

His tone was as calm as ever, reminiscent of their time together in the past. But Sophia could read between the lines.

He was tolerating her for now, but his patience had limits. She knew him too well-understood the heat behind his cool exterior. If she pushed too far and he truly turned cold, things wouldn't end well for her. He had indeed fallen in love with Aveline and didn't want to divorce her!

It seemed she had to take matters into her own hands.

Sophia took a deep breath and smiled faintly at him. "Since you've put it this way, I shouldn't continue to bother you. I'll find my own happiness. So, Lucas, are we still friends?"

"Of course."

Latas lips curved into a slight amthe

Sophia blinked and asked, "Then you give me a hung opt the past two years behind us."

She spased at him earnestly, confident in her appeal in her mind, si wasn't asking for much. Unlike the other women who might Hurr themselves at him, she was sure held accept a simple hung from her appropriate"

Sophia's smile completely vanished, and tears welled up in her eyes She stood up and said, "Then I won't bother you anymore"

with that, she turned and walked away, hor figure looking fragile and unsteady. The prosthetic leg under her dress was particularly noticeable.

Lucas watched her indifferently, a hint of mockery flashing in his eve

Just then, Sophia suddenly cried out pain, "My legg

She clutches the joint of her prosthelle leg, her face turning pale

Desmond, who was closest to her, quickly supported her and asked, " Miss Winter, what's wrong?"

Sophia replied in pain, "My leg hurts. it suddenly hurts so much..."

Lucas approached and said, "I'll take you to the hospital"

Tears streamed down Sophia's face. Wouldn't that be too much. trouble for you?"

Lucas replied, "It's fine. The hospital isn't far from here. Let's get your

checked first.'

Sophia nodded, and with Desmond's help, she hobbled towards the exit. But she hadn't gone far when her body staggered, and she fell towards Lucas,

Desmond quickly caught her. "Miss Winter, pardon me."

Without hesitation, he lifted her into his arms.

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Sophia said weakly, "Put me down, I'm fine."

Desmond insisted, "Let me carry you. We'll get to the hospital quicker that way. Miss Winter, we can't risk making your leg worse."

Sophia pressed her lips together and remained silent.

Lucas glanced at Desmond, a faint trace of approval in his eyes.

At the hospital, the doctor examined Sophia's leg and then said, "There's nothing wrong."

Sophia's face was pale. "Then why does it hurt so much?"

The doctor replied, "It could be a nerve issue. Would you like to have it checked in the neurology department?"

Lucas said, "Let's check everything."

"Alright."

The doctor immediately made the arrangements.

Sophia glanced at Lucas. "I apologize for causing you concern again. My leg always hurts, but I still haven't gotten used to it."

She stared at her prosthetic leg, a hint of desolation on her face. She was reminding Lucas that she lost her leg because of him. No matter what, he would always owe her.

Lucas asked, "Considering how often it hurts, have you undergone a thorough examination to find out the cause?"

Sophia's lips curved into a sad smile. "I've had it checked out, but they couldn't find anything wrong. Maybe it's all in my head. Every time it acts up, I relive the accident in my dreams. The feeling of that car crushing my leg-I don't think I'll ever be able to forget it."

Lucas stood nearby, his voice unnervingly calm. "Yeah, I remember too. The impact threw me off the car.""

Sophia's fingers curled instinctively her mind racing.

What was he playing at?

Before, whenever she mentioned her leg, he would show concern. But

now, he was so calm, even talking about the details of that day. She didn't want to hear this!.

Lucas said, "I think you need a psychologist. You should talk to someone who might help alleviate your symptoms."

He sent Sophia a contact number.

Sophia nodded. "Alright, I understand. I'll visit a psychologist."

Lucas acknowledged with a nod. "Get some rest."

Sophia forced a smile and nodded. Lucas then stood up and left. Shortly after, a caregiver, arranged by Lucas, came in.

But this wasn't what she wanted at all!

Sophia clenched the bedsheet tightly, her eyes filled with resentment.

Leaving the hospital, Desmond said, "We found Miss Young. She's staying in a rundown motel."

Lucas' face grew colder. "Ask her to come back, or I'll demolish that orphanage."

"Understood!"

Aveline had just woken up, reading Desmond's message with dark circles under her eyes. Her fingers instinctively tightened around her phone.

Lucas was such a bastard! He always knew how to manipulate her!

Realizing the matter was still unresolved, she felt deflated and had no choice but to return.

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"Aveline, we need to talk," Lucas said, walking up to her, his eyes fixed on her.

"What about?" Aveline asked.

Without answering, Lucas took her hand and led her upstairs. Aveline frowned slightly but didn't pull away.

Once back in the presidential suite, Lucas pulled her to sit on the sofa and said, "About us."

Aveline's lashes fluttered as she responded, "There's nothing to talk about between us. Miss Winter came to see you, so let's finalize the divorce."

Lucas' face darkened, but he remained patient.

"I've made it clear to Sophia that I won't marry her. You're right, there are many ways to repay a debt, and marriage isn't the only one. So, I won't marry her."

He tightened his grip on her hand, his eyes locked onto hers. "Now, are we still getting divorced?"

Aveline's heart trembled. Everything that had happened recently felt like a dream. She had been uncertain but hearing his words and feeling the emotions welling up inside her, she suddenly felt a surge of impulse.

But she held back.

"Give me some time to think," she said.

Lucas furrowed his brows immediately. "What's there to think about? There was nothing wrong with our relationship. Wouldn't it be good to just stay married like before?"

He didn't understand. What was there to consider? They had been so good together before.

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Lucas replied, "Since you're not getting up, should I feed you?"

Aveline shivered at the thought and quickly said, "No need, I'll get up." Lucas watched her get out of bed before turning and leaving the room.

Aveline, wearing a nightgown with her long hair draped over her shoulders, looked utterly drained. Shortly after, the hotel staff brought in dinner. Aveline sat at the dining table and began to eat, feeling Lucas's gaze on her. She looked over at him, suspicion in her eyes.

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"What's wrong?"

Lucas averted his gaze and said blandly, "Nothing."

Aveline found his behavior puzzling. After eating only half a bowl of oatmeal, she put down her spoon. "I'm full."

Lucas pushed a bowl of soup towards her. "Drink this, or I won't let you sleep.

Aveline frowned, showing her reluctance. However, Lucas' words. carried enough authority that she picked up the spoon and started drinking.

Throughout, the meal, Lucas' intense gaze never left her, making her uncomfortable. She sighed in exasperation and said, "I'm still sick. Can you stop staring at-me like that?" Lucas scoffed lightly. "Isn't it you who's trying to seduce me?"

Aveline's eyes widened instantly. "Me... seduce you? What nonsense are you talking about?"

How could she possibly be seducing him?

Lucas' gaze drifted to her chest with a hint of amusement.

Aveline looked down and saw her nipples protruding through her thin. nightgown. Her face flushed with embarrassment. She quickly covered her chest and got up to leave. Oh no! She had come out without wearing a robe! No wonder he had been staring at her!

Even though they had already been intimate, Aveline still wished she could disappear at that moment from sheer embarrassment.

Back in the guest room, she sat on the bed, trying to calm down.

Lying down, her cheeks felt impossibly hot.

This feeling was so strange.

In the living room, Lucas only looked away once her figure had

completely disappeared. He called someone to come up and clear the table before sitting at the desk to work.

However, every so often, when he thought of her embarrassed expression, a faint smile would appear on his lips.

Night fell.

Aveline slept again and woke up in the middle of the night, her thirst rousing her from slumber. Groggily, she reached for her water cup, only to find it empty.

This time, she wisely put on a robe before stepping out to refill the cup. To her surprise, the living room light was still on.

Lucas was still at the desk, working. Hearing the noise, he looked up, his dark eyes deep and brooding.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

Aveline nodded. "Much better."

She poured herself a glass of water and sipped it slowly.

None of them spoke another word.

As Aveline held her cup, ready to return to her room, she glanced at him. He was wearing a bathrobe, the light casting a soft glow on his hair. He leaned back, rubbing his brow, his sharp profile both cold and captivating, but with a hint of weariness.

Almost without thinking, she said, "If you're tired, you should rest." It was already 1 AM. He could always work again in the morning.

Lucas turned to look at her and asked, "Have you made up your mind?"

Aveline froze. "I've been asleep the whole time. I haven't had time to think about anything."

Lucas replied, "Then think about it now. You have five minutes."

Aveline was speechless, almost laughing in frustration. Did he really think she could decide something so significant in five minutes? What was he thinking?

"Four and a half minutes left."

His voice interrupted her thoughts again.

Aveline turned and started back towards her room, but just then, the doorbell rang.

Lucas stood up, but instead of answering the door, he walked towards her.

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Aveline was taken aback and looked at him suspiciously. "Why aren't you answering the door? What do you need me for?"

Lucas, however, grabbed her hand and said, "I'm scared to open it alone. Come with me."

Aveline was confused.

Before she could react, he held her hand firmly and walked towards the door.

What nonsense was he talking about?

She started to struggle. "I don't want to go. I need to rest."

Lucas said in a low voice, "It's already late at night. Who would be knocking at this hour? Come with me and see."

His words only made her hair stand on end!

"Then I'm scared too! Let go of me!"

Aveline was scared out of her wits..

But Lucas had already reached the door with her, opened it, and someone fell inside.

Lucas quickly pulled Aveline into his arms, skillfully dodging the person who had fallen.

The person landed on the floor.

"Lucas..."

A delicate voice, tinged with a hint of grievance, rang out.

Lucas and Aveline looked down and saw Sophia clumsily getting up. Her prosthetic leg had fallen off!

Aveline's eyes widened in surprise.

are you? I didn't are the happen. I'll put it back

pathetic

She said, Tuudding to reach the pupuhuric towover, her hands were trembling with agitation, and after everal attempts, she still couldn't fix it in plac Suddenly, she began to cry.

"Why am I so useless? I've gotten used to the prosthetic, but now can't even put it on properly.
Wasal

She sat on the floor, crying in deep sorrow. Aveline didn't know what

to say.

She tugged at Lucas' sleeve and said, "Why don't you help her?"

Lucas' brows furrowed as he glanced at the prosthetic limb. Finally, he bent down to pick it up.

"Lucas, don't!

To their surprise, Sophia cried out and grabbed the prosthetic, clutching it tightly to her chest, not allowing Lucas to touch it.

Lucas said, "Let me help you put it on.

"No, please, don't touch it! I don't want you to see me like this. I don't have a leg. I'm too ugly, Lucas, don't look at me.

Sophia held the prosthetic, panicking as she tried to get up and flee. But she was clearly not used to standing on one leg and stumbled after taking a few steps, falling backward!

Lucas' eyes darkened, and he suddenly pushed Aveline forward. "Huh?"

Aveline was startled, but her body reacted faster than her mind. She caught the falling Sophia and even asked, "Miss Winter, are you okay?"

The room fell into an awkward silence.

Sophia pulled away from her, a cold glint flashing in her eyes, though her face was full of sadness and embarrassment. "You must be happy seeing me like this. You're healthy, unlike me. I've lost a leg, and now even walking is a struggle..."

Aveline was taken aback and shook her head. "I didn't mean that, I..."

"I get it. You don't need to explain!" Sophia interrupted her. "I've given up on Lucas. I'll leave tomorrow morning. I just came tonight to say goodbye. I didn't expect things to turn out like this."

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She gripped the prosthetic leg tightly, her face a mask of grief barely held together. Though she fought to put on a brave front, her trembling gave her away, painting a picture of fragile vulnerability. Aveline said, "Let me take you back. Which floor do you live on?"

"No need."

Sophia refused outrightly and then looked at Lucas. "Goodbye, Lucas."

With that, she hopped towards the elevator, her figure thin and fragile, looking both wretched and delicate.

Suddenly, Lucas walked over and supported her arm. "Let me help you."

Sophia's eyes turned red. "Lucas, it's okay. I can manage on my own..."

Lucas didn't say a word, just continued to support her towards the elevator.

Sophia stared at him, tears falling, her gaze so intense it seemed like it could melt him.

Aveline stood at the doorway, watching the scene intently.

What could she say?

Sophia lost her leg because of Lucas, so he should be responsible for

her.

She understood that.

But she couldn't help feeling uncomfortable.

Especially when she saw Sophia hugging the prosthetic leg and sobbing, it made her even more uneasy.

Despite Sophia appearing to have ulterior motives, Aveline lowered her eyes, feeling guilty for her unkind thoughts. After all, Sophia had lost a

leg, and here Aveline was, entertaining such thoughts.

Aveline took a deep breath to regain her composure, then headed straight into her room.

As it was late and she needed rest, Aveline chose to push the matter aside. With Lucas gone over there, he likely wouldn't return tonight. Closing the door with that in mind, she settled in for the night. Meanwhile, downstairs.

Lucas guided Sophia into the room, easing her onto the sofa. Without a word, he took the prosthetic leg from her grasp and began to reattach

Sophia refused again. "Lucas, don't. I can do it myself."

Lucas said calmly, "If you want me to guilt-trip me, it'd be better to let me see your injury."

Sophia froze at his words.

She looked at him in disbelief, "What... what are you saying?"

Lucas raised his eyes to meet hers. "Isn't that your goal?"

Sophia lifted her hand to hit him, but it stopped mid-air, trembling. Lucas, is that what you think of me?"

Her voice shook, and her heart sank deeper into despair.

She'd always known Lucas was cold and distant. Even when they were engaged, he'd barely shown a flicker of warmth.

So, she'd thought, maybe the whole life-saver reminder would pile on the guilt. At least when he saw her prosthetic, he'd remember she lost her leg for him.

But now, he was saying such hurtful things to her!

He knew she'd sacrificed her leg for him, and he could still be so cruel!

Sophia felt like Lucas was like a stranger, the way he was looking at her

now appeared so distant.

While she was lost in thought, Lucas had already reattached her prosthetic leg. He stood up, looking down at her, and said, "Sophia, you should cherish your prosthetic leg. This tactic won't work many times."

With that, he turned and walked away.

"Lucas, you're a bastard!"

Sophia suddenly lost her composure, and she grabbed a cushion and threw it at him!

Lucas didn't dodge, letting the cushion hit his back.

Without looking back, he left.

Sophia sat on the sofa, trembling with anger.

Despicable!

So despicable!

She had sacrificed so much, yet it couldn't evoke a shred of guilt from him!

Chapter 287

How could he be so heartless? Faced with such a massive debt of gratitude, he didn't even flinch! How could someone be so cold? Someone like him was truly terrifying! Sophia took out her phone and made a call, explaining the situation.

The person on the other end was silent.

"What should I do now? I can't play the guilt card to keep him anymore. I'm completely out of ideas," Sophia said, utterly lost.

The person on the other end replied, "Then start targeting Aveline. He treats her differently.

Sophia tightened her grip on the phone. "Really? Does he really care about that woman?"

The person chuckled. "Do you really not know the answer?"

Sophia was genuinely unsure. What if he was just pretending with Aveline too? That would make him even more terrifying!

The person on the other end said, "You won't know unless you try. Don't forget how he died."

Sophia instantly calmed down, hatred flickering in her eyes. "I won't forget. I will definitely avenge him!"

Just as Aveline was about to fall asleep, her phone rang. She opened her eyes to see that it was a call from Lucas.

She wondered why he had called her at this hour.

Puzzled, Aveline answered, "Hello?"

Lucas' cold voice came through. "Open the door."

Aveline was taken aback. "You're back?"

His tone grew even colder. "Where else would I go?"

Aveline chuckled softly. "I thought you were enjoying someone's company and wouldn't come back."

As she spoke, she got out of bed, walked to the door, and opened it.

Just as she turned to go back to sleep, she felt a tight grip around her waist, and she was pulled into a man's embrace.

Startled, Aveline instinctively struggled. "What are you doing?"

Lucas turned her around, pinned her against the wall, and began to shower her with a series of tender kisses.

"Mmm!" Aveline let out a soft moan as his hot breath enveloped her, scorching her skin. The traces of his affection spread across her neck and collarbone. "Let me go..." she pushed against him.

Instead, Lucas bit her collarbone in a teasing punishment, his voice husky. "Why would I let go when I have you in my arms?"

"You..." Aveline was startled, but Lucas carried her to the bedroom.

She was weak from her cold, and he easily subdued her, as if venting some deep emotion. His assault on her body was relentless. Aveline couldn't even find words. The world spun, and eventually, she passed out.

The night was chaotic.

The next morning, when she woke up, her body ached all over, but her mind felt clearer.

"Ugh... ugh..."

Just then, a bout of coughing broke the silence.

She turned her head to see Lucas pushing the door open and walking in, his handsome face unusually pale.

Seeing she was awake, Lucas said coldly, "Get up and eat."

Aveline slowly got up, looking at his face, and suddenly started laughing.

Lucas frowned at her, his voice muffled. "What are you laughing at?"

"You deserve it."

Aveline replied bluntly, then got out of bed and walked toward the guest bedroom.

Lucas watched her back, feeling a wave of frustration spreading through his chest.

After a night of exertion, Aveline had recovered from her cold, but she managed to pass the illness to him.

Chapter 288

After freshening up, Aveline came out and saw Lucas sitting on the sofa, with Desmond reporting something to him. During their conversation, Lucas would occasionally cough.

Aveline quietly ate her breakfast and, after finishing, said, "I want to leave Arthur Town."

Lucas immediately looked up at her. After everything that's happened, you still want to leave?"

Aveline replied, "Staying here is the most dangerous option. Leaving. would be safer."

Lucas stared at her intensely. "What if I don't allow you to go?"

Aveline shrugged. "Then I won't go."

Lucas was taken aback by her obedience.

Aveline, sitting diagonally across from him, said, "But why keep me here? I don't want to be held responsible for upsetting you further."

Lucas glared at her coldly, suddenly coughing violently. The pale hue of his face was tinged with red, adding an almost otherworldly charm to his appearance. Desmond said, "Mr. Tudor, please don't get upset."

He then turned to Aveline. "Miss Young, Mr. Tudor is concerned about your safety. The situation here will be resolved soon. If you want to leave, perhaps you could go with Mr. Tudor." "Desmond," Lucas interrupted, causing Desmond to lower his head in silence.

Desmond wanted to ask Lucas why wouldn't he just be honest with Aveline. How could she understand if he kept her in the dark? As his assistant, Desmond truly had his hands full! Aveline blinked and said, "So you're saying that if I go with you, I'll be safe?"

Lucas replied coolly, "You'll definitely not die."

Both Aveline and Desmond were speechless.

They thought he might as well stay mute.

Aveline stood up. "I'll think about it. Bang!"

Lucas suddenly slammed the files in his hand onto the coffee table, his handsome face looking frighteningly cold.

"You always need to consider everything. Do you also think twice before eating or using the bathroom?" Lucas retorted sharply.

Aveline's expression grew colder. "So what? Do you expect me to be a puppet, doing whatever you say? Lucas, what do you take me for?" The tension in the air thickened. Desmond stood by, increasingly anxious.

How had such a trivial matter escalated to this point? It seemed like they were on the verge of a major argument. He hesitated, trying to figure out how to defuse the situation. Lucas' gaze was icy as he looked at Aveline. "You don't have the right to refuse me."

Desmond fell silent and thought he shouldn't interfere.

Aveline let out a sarcastic laugh and turned to leave.

Moments later, she returned with her suitcase.

Desmond's eyes widened, and he hurried forward. "Miss Young, please don't act impulsively. Calm down. Mr. Tudor didn't imply anything else; he's just concerned about your safety. This is a remote area. If

something were to happen..."

"That's none of his business!" Aveline snapped, pushing Desmond aside as she headed for the door.

Lucas' cold voice echoed behind her. Notify the manager to shut down the club. Not even a fly gets out."

Desmond was speechless, thinking Lucas had employed such a simple and brutal approach.

Aveline turned back, her eyes flashing with anger. "Lucas, are you crazy? I'm leaving. What right do you have to stop me?"

Lucas sat back on the sofa, exuding arrogance. "I told you, without my permission, you can't leave."

Chapter 289

Damn it!

Aveline's chest heaved with anger.

Desmond hesitated before speaking up, "Actually, this matter..."

"Shut up!" Both Lucas and Aveline exclaimed simultaneously.

The synchronized shouts silenced Desmond instantly, and he dared not say another word..

He was terrified, thinking how hard his life was as Lucas' assistant.

Aveline's temper flared. With a cold laugh, she turned and walked away. But as she opened the door, she was met by several bodyguards standing there. Seeing her, they immediately moved to block her path.

Aveline acted as if she didn't see them and walked straight ahead.

The bodyguards' expressions changed, knowing that if they didn't move, they'd end up touching Aveline inappropriately. If that happened, Lucas would surely have their hands cut off!

Instinctively, they stepped back while still trying to block her.

Realizing their concern, Aveline pressed forward even more determinedly.

In this strange standoff, they all moved towards the elevator.

The lead bodyguard wiped the sweat from his forehead and said, " Ma'am, please don't make things difficult for us."

Aveline replied, "Just don't block me."

The bodyguard said, "If you leave, we're all dead."

Aveline sneered. "I'd love to see him commit murder. Then he can go to prison, and no one will be able to stop me."

The bodyguards were speechless.

Cold sweat dripped down their foreheads.

Lucas glared at Aveline's back, his face darkening Suddenly, he strode forward and picked her up

Aveline was startled "What are you doing

Lucas said nothing, carrying her back into the suite. Desmond quickly grabbed Aveline's luggage and brought it inside before shutting the

door

Lucas threw Aveline onto the bed and pinned her down before she could get up

Aveline struggled even more fiercely

Lucas pressed his long legs against her body, pinning both her hands with one of his "Since you have so much energy, why don't we do something else?" he murmured, his eyes locking onto hers. Aveline's chest heaved with anger, her clear eyes filled with frustration "Lucas, why are you so unreasonable? Why does everything have to go your way? Doesn't my opinion matter?*"

Lucas stared at her intently and said, "Of course, it matters."

Aveline's breath hitched. "Then let me

Lucas replied, "I'll let you go if you stay

Aveline laughed in exasperation. He was saying one thing and doing

another

So infuriating!

What was the point of keeping a man like this around? Why hadn't she just divorced him and let him torment Sophia instead?

As if reading her thoughts, Lucas' expression darkened, and he kissed her fiercely.

Aveline was caught off guard and couldn't break free. She struggled in vain, her anger rising, but Lucas' mood seemed to improve as he kissed her, and his kisses grew gentler.

He only released her when he felt her body relax. "Aveline, stay by my side, and I promise you'll be safe."

Aveline closed her eyes, refusing to engage with him.

Lucas kissed the tip of her nose before

Chapter 290

Three days later.

Lucas had wrapped up affairs in Arthur Town; now, it was time to dispatch others to finalize the assessment and prepare for signing the investment deal. His presence was no longer required here. They departed for Cloudflare City.

The bodyguard placed Aveline's suitcase in the car. Lucas took her hand. "What are you thinking about?"

Aveline glanced at their clasped hands but said nothing. Lucas looked at her for a moment before helping her into the car.

Just as they left Arthur Town, his phone rang. Seeing the caller ID,

expression grew colder.

It was a call from Rebecca.

"Hello?" he answered, his tone noticeably icy.

his

"Lucas, I'm leaving the country. Do you want to see me off?" Rebecca's voice came through.

All this time, Rebecca had not apologized to Aveline.

Through his business dealings, Lucas had taken direct measures to sanction the Johnson family, leaving them in dire straits. Unable to oppose his daughter's wishes, Reynold had to send her abroad and humble himself to seek Lucas's mercy.

Lucas' voice grew even colder. "It seems the Johnson family's situation doesn't affect you much."

Rebecca's voice became tearful. "Lucas, why are you so heartless? I like you so much, yet you're targeting my family for that woman. Our family helped you back then!"

Lucas replied indifferently, "So?"

Rebecca choked up. Over time, she had come to realize that Lucas was indeed a cold-hearted person. He was truly heartless!

Sniffling, Rebecca continued, "So you can't treat our family like this. Lucas, please stop. I'm going abroad and won't bother you anymore."

Lucas responded coldly, "Did you do what I asked you to?"

Rebecca's voice suddenly turned sharp. "I will never apologize to that bitch!"

With that, she hung up abruptly.

Lucas' face darkened instantly as if a storm cloud had settled over him. The tension inside the car grew palpable.

Aveline sat beside Lucas.

Even though he was using the handset, she could still hear the conversation. She lowered her gaze slightly, her expression calm.

She finally understood how it would be to have the backing of a family. It appeared anyone could act recklessly when surrounded by the love of their parents. So, this was what having a family meant. Aveline experienced a moment of disorientation.

Suddenly, a strong curiosity about her own parents overwhelmed her. She yearned to know what they were like.

Unfortunately, with Hilda's disappearance, that lead was now lost.

Aveline glanced at her ticket. It was business class, right next to Lucas.

But she didn't want to sit with him, so she got up and moved to economy class. She swapped seats with a beautiful woman, who happily took the business class seat.

When Lucas saw a strange woman sitting in Aveline's seat, his handsome face darkened immediately. "Where is the person who was supposed to be here?"

The woman blushed at the sight of such a handsome man and said, ' She swapped seats with me.'!

Lucas' expression turned even colder,

Did she really not want to sit with him that much? To the point where she moved to economy class to avoid him?

Seeing his sudden cold expression and the surrounding temperature seeming to drop, the woman quickly averted her gaze, not daring to continue the conversation. Despite this, she could still feel the chill emanating from him.