

Divorced Me 291

Chapter 291

She even asked the flight attendant for a blanket, but it didn't help her feel less cold.

The woman glanced at Lucas and noticed his dark expression as if she had owed him millions. She suddenly understood why the previous girl had swapped seats with her. Sitting next to someone like that would make anyone's nerves frayed.

The woman stood up, took her belongings, and went back to economy class.

Aveline was sleeping when she was suddenly woken up. She removed her eye mask and saw the woman who had swapped seats earlier.

"Hi, I don't want to swap seats anymore. I prefer my original seat. Let's switch back."

Aveline was puzzled. "That's business class. The seat there is more comfortable."

The woman insisted, "I like my original seat. It was mine to begin with, so please give it back."

Aveline paused for a moment before silently agreeing to swap back.

Returning to business class, she found Lucas sitting with a stern expression, his eyes fixed on her.

"Why did you come back?" he asked coldly.

Aveline retorted, "None of your business."

She finally understood why the woman had insisted on switching back. Who would want to sit next to someone with such a frosty demeanor?

Feeling exasperated, Aveline sat down and put her eye mask back on.

Suddenly, she felt her hand being held.

Startled, she quickly removed the mask and looked at the man beside

her. "What are you doing?"

Lucas replied icily, "Holding onto you so you don't run off again."

Aveline's lips twitched in frustration. She tried to pull her hand at but his grip was strong. The more she struggled, the tighter he h until her hand hurt, and she gave up. "Fine, hold on If you want. Sult yourself," she muttered.

Seeing her stop struggling, a faint sinile appeared on Lucas' lips, the atmosphere around him softened noticeably,

When the plane landed in Cloudflare City, Aveline stepped out of airport, feeling a surreal sense of familiarity and distance.

She carried her suitcase and got into a taxi, giving the driver the na of her hotel. Lucas watched her leave without looking back, his expression growing cold once more.

Desmond asked, "Mr. Tudor, are you heading straight to the office "Yes," Lucas replied emotionlessly.

However, just as he got into the car, his phone rang. Seeing the calle ID, he noticed it was Barbara. "Hello, Grandma."

Barbara's cheerful voice came through, "My dear grandson, when ar you and my granddaughter-in-law coming to visit? It's been so long since I've seen you both! Have you forgotten about me?" Her voice was full of vitality, indicating she was in good spirits recently.

"I'll bring her over tonight," Lucas said.

"Great! Come straight home then. I'm at home, and I've instructed the servants to prepare a delicious meal. You both must come!" Barbara insisted.

"Alright," Lucas agreed.

Barbara, feeling delighted, hung up and went to the kitchen to oversee the meal preparations.

Lucas stared at his phone for a moment but didn't inform Aveline right away.

Instead, he began reviewing documents and prioritizing his work.

Meanwhile, Aveline realized her apartment was still unsold. Although it had been listed online, it had attracted only a few interested buyers. She couldn't help but wonder why it hadn't been sold yet.

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The small two-bedroom apartment had a good location and was in demand.

Aveline placed her suitcase in the hotel before returning to her home in the Waterfont District.

She paused as she opened the door, feeling a strange sense of unfamiliarity after being away for so long. This place held too many memories of her and Lucas, memories she preferred to avoid.

She walked through the apartment, and just then, her phone rang. Seeing it was a call from the real estate agent, she answered, "Hello?"

"Hello, Miss Young. Someone is interested in buying your apartment -and would like to discuss it. When can you meet?"

Aveline's face lit up with joy. "I can meet right now."

"Great, I'll contact the buyer and arrange a meeting."

"Alright," Aveline agreed readily.

She hadn't expected her apartment to attract a buyer so quickly.

Deciding to wait, she spent some time tidying up the place.

Just as she finished, her phone rang again-the buyer had arrived.

Aveline went to the elevator to wait.

Soon, the doors opened, and the agent stepped out with a stunningly beautiful woman in tow.

The woman was alluring, with captivating eyes that could enchant anyone.

She smiled at Aveline. "Hello, gorgeous."

Aveline paused, then extended her hand. "Hello, I'm Aveline Young."

The woman winked at her but didn't introduce herself. Aveline found it odd but didn't dwell on it and began showing her the apartment.

After touring the place, the woman stood on the balcony and asked, "This apartment is nice. Why are you selling it?"

Aveline smiled faintly. "I want to live in a different city."

The woman's eyes flickered for a moment before she said, "Alright, I'll buy it. Can we sign the contract now?"

Aveline was surprised by how quickly things were moving..

The woman didn't even negotiate, despite Aveline listing the price higher than the market rate.

Seeing her hesitation, the woman asked, "Is there a problem?"

"No," Aveline replied, snapping out of her thoughts and looking at the agent.

The agent had already prepared the contract. Both parties signed it, and the down payment was made. Next, they would handle the transfer procedures. The woman suggested, "If you have time today, let's get the paperwork done right away."

Aveline nodded in agreement.

The entire process was quick and smooth. When Aveline handed over the keys, she felt a sudden sense of emptiness.

The woman looked at her and asked, "Regretting it?"

There was something odd about her attitude, though Aveline couldn't quite place it.

She smiled slightly and said, "To have a better future, you need to let

go of the past. I have no rep

The woman nodded. "Impressive mindset. I have other matters to

attend to Goodbye,

"Goodbye," Aveline replied, watching her leave.

She glanced at her phone and saw the updated balance in her bank. account. Surprisingly, she didn't feel as happy as she thought she would

After years of hard work in this city, all she had left were these numbers.

Maria got into her car and dialed Lucas' number. "Boss, everything is settled."

Lucas' tone grew colder. "What did she say?"

Maria chuckled, admiring her freshly done nails, and repeated.

Aveline's words. "Miss Young is quite perceptive, boss. Honestly, she's too good for you."

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After Maria finished speaking, she suddenly felt a chill run down her spine. She realized she had made a mistake. She really should think before she spoke.

"Hehe. Boss, I was just talking nonsense because I had too much to drink. Don't take it seriously," she laughed nervously, trying to

backtrack

Lucas' cold voice came through. "Come over and move everything."

"Okay, got it!" Maria quickly agreed, but she didn't dare to hang up. Right away.

Cautiously, she asked, "Boss, is there anything else?"

After a long pause, Lucas finally responded, "Did she really say that?"

"Say what?" Maria was momentarily confused.

Lucas hung up without another word,

Maria blinked in bewilderment, then started the car and headed to the Tudor mansion, unsure of what Lucas was thinking.

Aveline sold her apartment and immediately informed Selena. She hadn't been in touch with her much lately because Selena had ventured into a remote jungle with poor signal reception for a film shoot. Aveline couldn't quite understand why filming required venturing into a primeval forest.

This time, Selena called her.

"Hello, you have a signal now?" Aveline answered.

Selena, squatting on a small hillside and playing with a stalk of grass, wore an expression of sheer misery. "Ave, you wouldn't believe where I am and what's happening. I could kill that man!" "Calm down, calm down," Aveline tried to soothe her.

Selena's voice took on a pitiful tone. You have no idea. My body is covered in mosquito bites. The mosquitoes in this jungle are huge like they've mutated or something. It's terrifying!"

Aveline's brows furrowed. "How long will the filming there take?"

Selena sighed. "I don't know. It depends on that bastard's mood."

Aveline, feeling worried, suggested, "Maybe you should come back. There are other ways to deal with the debt."

Selena, however, replied, "It's fine. This is the last shoot. Once it's done, I'll head back. Besides, I'm not the only one getting bitten. That jerk is suffering just as much." Aveline sighed helplessly. At times, Selena could be incredibly stubborn.

Just as she was about to say something, Selena lowered her voice, "That jerk is calling for me again. I'll go see what he wants. We'll talk when I get back." "Alright," Aveline replied, and the call ended quickly.

Selena descended the hillside and returned to the camp. There, she saw Aaron sitting grandly on a small stool, fanning himself with a large palm leaf fan. With an expressionless face, she approached him and asked, "Do you need to poop or pee?"

Aaron's lips twitched uncontrollably

This woman! How did she develop such manners? She was so beautiful, yet she spoke so crudely.

He gave her a cold look and said, "I'm thirsty. Go get me some water."

Selena's eyes scanned the area-his cup was right beside him, and the water jug was next to the cup.

She closed her eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. She had to endure this! Aaron had been tormenting her in

these past few days, like a sadist. Selena saw a very possible way

she would avoid him at all costs!

that once she got back,

As she poured water, Aaron watched her expression, which seemed like she was about to dump the jug on his head at any moment.

He thought her patience was truly impressive and wondered how long she could keep it up.

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"Mr. Fletcher, here's your water," Selena said, handing him the cup without looking at him. Aaron took the cup, sipping it slowly. "Do you really want to murder me right now?"

Selena forced a smile. "Mr. Fletcher, you're joking. Committing murder is against the law."

Aaron chuckled lightly. "So, if it weren't illegal, you'd murder me?"

Selena smiled at him, and Aaron couldn't help but feel a shiver run down his spine.

He stood up and started walking toward the woods. After a couple steps, he noticed Selena still standing there and asked, "What are you waiting for?"

Selena asked incredulously, "Do you need me to follow you to pee?"

The veins on Aaron's forehead bulged. "Follow me!"

Selena's expression changed as she looked at him like he was a pervert even taking a step back. "I refuse."

Aaron laughed at her reaction. "I'm not going to the bathroom."

Selena eyed him suspiciously. "Then why are you heading into the woods?"

Aaron fell silent.

Why did everything she said have an underlying meaning?

He glared at her. "Are you coming or not?"

Selena didn't know what he was planning, but she sensed that not complying would make her life difficult. He might wake her in the dead of night to cook pasta, only to watch her eat every bite.

Was that something a normal person would do?

Selena reluctantly followed him, pursing her lips. "Where are we going?"

Aaron replied, "I'm in a bad mood, so I'm going to dig a hole."

Selena asked, "Are you going to bury yourself? Mr. Fletcher, that's

quite the decision. Do you also realize that your existence wastes air and pollutes the land?"

Aaron was speechless.

He raised a hand to massage his temples.

Selena, thinking he was about to hit her, instinctively stepped back several paces. "What are you doing?"

Aaron looked at her with an intense gaze.

Selena blinked. "I thought you were going to hit me."

Aaron scoffed. "I don't have a habit of hitting women."

"Good to know," Selena replied, stepping back to his side and pointing to an empty patch of ground ahead.

Aaron gave her a puzzled look. "What do you mean?"

Selena's eyes sparkled. "I think that spot over there is perfect for digging a hole."

Aaron said nothing, simply staring at her with that intense gaze, which made her feel a chill run down her spine. She wisely kept quiet after that.

After a long, silent stare, Aaron finally looked away and started walking in a specific direction, heading deeper into the woods.

Selena followed him, swatting away mosquitoes and glaring at his back as if she could bore a hole through it.

She didn't understand why he had dragged her out here. Was he afraid the mosquitoes would go hungry?

"Found it." Aaron's voice broke the silence. He stepped forward,

pulling up a few tufts of grass.

Selena eyed him suspiciously. "What's that?"

Aaron cast her a cool glance without answering and began to walk back the way they had come.

Selena frowned but didn't press the issue. As they walked, she suddenly stepped on a rock and slipped, falling toward Aaron.

At that moment, there was a sharp sound, like something cutting through the air. The next second, Selena felt a numbness in her shoulder, followed by intense pain.

She let out a muffled groan and fell onto Aaron's back.

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Aaron froze. He too had heard the sound of something cutting through the air. When he turned around, he saw Selena diving towards him, taking the bullet meant for him. It was utterly shocking!

He caught her, watching in disbelief as blood flowed from her shoulder and her face grew pale.

"Why?" he asked, confused.

Selena was in so much pain that she couldn't speak.

Hearing his voice through the haze, she wanted to slap him hard.

Why was he asking such a dumb question?

Couldn't he just get her to the hospital already?

Did he plan to let her die and bury her right here?

This damn man!

"Mr. Fletcher, are you alright?"

The discreetly positioned bodyguards emerged from their hiding, having captured the shooter, and approached him. Aaron snapped out of his daze, his face darkening. doing just now?"

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The bodyguard bowed his head. "Sorry, Mr. Fletcher, it happened suddenly, and we were caught off guard."

Aaron couldn't describe what he felt.

He picked up Selena and ran quickly toward the exit. "Selena, hold on. I'm taking you to the hospital now." Selena, wracked with pain, felt a small relief at his words.

Finally, he was taking her to the hospital; she wasn't going to die here.

As Selena slipped into unconsciousness, she thought she heard a trembling voice calling her name.

The lights in the emergency room stayed on.

Aaron's tall figure stood at the door still stained with Selena's blood.

Even after all this time, he couldn't believe it. The girl he had always tormented had taken a bullet for him!

Why had she done it?

Hadn't she always wanted him dead?

Why take a bullet for him?

Aaron couldn't understand it. He simply couldn't fathom it.

Aaron asked, "How is she?"

The doctor responded, "The bullet has been successfully removed, and fortunately, it didn't harm any internal organs. She just needs some time to recover." Hearing this, Aaron let out a deep breath.

He had already arranged for her hospital stay and returned to the ward. Watching the still-unconscious Selena, Aaron's lips tightened.

Aaron opened a forum and posted his question:

"Why would a woman take a bullet for a man who always bullies her?"

Almost immediately, the replies started pouring in:

"How does he bully her? Is it in bed?"

"Buddy, either you're dreaming, or the woman has a masochistic

tendency. The more you torment her, the more she likes you. She'd rather die than let you die."

"Stop dreaming and wake up!"

"There's no war how. Where did the gun come from?" "Maybe she really likes you."

Aaron's gaze lingered on one particular reply.

His brows furrowed deeply.

Selena liked him?

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Was it because she liked him that she couldn't bear to see him hurt, so she took the bullet for him?
Could she really have a masochistic

tendency?

He had always been bullying her. And yet, she still liked him?

Aaron couldn't help but touch his own face, feeling a surge of confidence. With his dashing appearance, Ing him made sense, after all.

He put away his phone, his gaze settling on the unconscious Selena, and sighed helplessly.

What a pity. He knew he couldn't reciprocate her feelings.

When Selena groggily woke up, her left shoulder felt foreign to her. The pain was excruciating and unbearable.

Where was the anesthesia? Did that damn man not even give her any painkillers? Was he that cruel?

She sucked in a sharp breath, tears welling up from the pain.

Seeing her awake, Aaron said, "Don't move around too much. Your wound will hurt a lot."

Selena lay there on her stomach, feeling utterly miserable. Her face was pale, and she weakly asked, "Mr. Fletcher, can I ask what exactly you did to deserve an assassination attempt?"

What a close call!

She had actually experienced a scene straight out of a novel or TV drama!

Aaron saw the cold sweat on her forehead and suddenly felt touched. "I'm sorry you got caught up in this," he said quietly.

Selena closed her eyes, taking a few deep breaths before asking, "So, I

saved your life, right?"

"Yes," Aaron confirmed without hesitation.

Selena said, "Then can you promise me one thing?"

Aaron paused, his expression suddenly serious as he recalled the replies from the forum post. Could it be that she wanted him to marry her?

That wouldn't work!

He liked Snow, not her.

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"By the way, don't tell Aveline about this," Selena murmured, worried that Aveline might get anxious.

"Alright," Aaron replied absentmindedly. He was still wondering what request Selena might ask for. If she were to ask him to wed her, he would

know what to do.

It was a tricky situation. Why did he have to complicate things further by agreeing to fulfill yet another request?

Aaron sighed, thinking he really shot himself in the foot this time.

Back at the hotel, Aveline felt a sudden, inexplicable unease.

She stood there in a daze for a moment, but the feeling quickly passed, leaving her puzzled.

Just then, her phone rang.

Seeing it was Lucas, she hesitated.

Why was he calling her?

Instinctively, she wanted to ignore it, but since they weren't divorced. yet, she answered the call.

What if he was calling about the divorce?

"Hello?" Aveline said.

Lucas' voice came through. "Where are you? I'll send someone to pick you up. Grandma wants to see you."

Aveline felt a pang of disappointment-it wasn't about the divorce.

She replied, "Given our current relationship, it's not appropriate for me to see your grandmother. Please find a reason to decline for me."

Barbara liked her a lot and treated her well, but after all, she was Lucas

grandmother. What did it have to do with her?

Lucas' tone grew colder, "I've already promised her, Aveline. Grandma has done nothing to wrong you."

Aveline frowned. "But I don't want to go. Are you going to force me?"

Lucas' face darkened. She had just sold the apartment filled with their memories and now didn't even want to see family. Was she so eager to sever all ties with him?

Lucas said in a deep voice, "Come with me, and I'll consider the divorce."

Aveline paused. "Are you serious?"

"Yes," Lucas replied, his tone flat and emotionless.

Aveline immediately agreed. "Alright, I'll send you my location."

Lucas abruptly ended the call.

A cold glint appeared on his face.

Divorce-she was quick to agree to that.

Divorce, divorce!

Why was that all she could think about? They were doing just fine without it, weren't they?

Desmond walked in and saw Lucas' cold expression.

He tread carefully, asking, "Mr. Tudor, are we leaving now?"

"Go pick up Aveline," Lucas said, standing up and heading outside.

Desmond quickly followed him.

Aveline waited in the hotel lobby.

When she saw Lucas' message, she stepped outside.

The car was parked at the hotel entrance, She opened the rear door and got in, only to find that Lucas was driving.

"Sit in the front," he ordered coldly,

Knowing his stubbornness, Aveline didn't argue. She got out and took the front passenger seat.

Once she fastened her seatbelt, Lucas started the car and drove toward the Tudor family estate.

Aveline glanced at his handsome profile and asked, "Were you serious. about considering the divorce?"

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As soon as the words left her mouth, the atmosphere in the car turned icy, a chilling pressure enveloping Aveline. Her eyelashes fluttered subtly, reflecting her inner turmoil.

Lucas remained silent but he drove faster.

Aveline clutched her seatbelt, her brow furrowing. "Lucas, slow down."

It was rush hour.

Driving this fast was dangerous, and she certainly didn't want to die.

"Shut up!" Lucas snapped. He didn't want to hear her voice at all, and her words only made him want to strangle her.

Aveline flinched at his outburst, casting him a bewildered glance. "Why are you so angry?"

Lucas' face grew even darker, and the car sped up even more.

Aveline didn't dare speak again, afraid that his frustration might cause him to crash the car, putting their lives at risk.

Finally, after a nerve-wracking drive, Lucas stopped the car in front of the Tudor family estate. The gatekeeper opened the gate, and Lucas drove in.

Aveline closed her eyes briefly, then said, "Lucas, as a man, I hope you'll keep your word."

She reached for the door handle to get out, but the door was still locked.

She looked at him in confusion.

Weren't they here to visit Barbara? Why weren't they getting out?

Lucas' eyes were filled with darkness as he stared at her. His voice was low and magnetic, "Aveline, how can you be so heartless?"

Aveline looked at him, puzzled. "How am I heartless?"

Hadn't he always been the cruel one?

The car fell into an uneasy silence.

Lucas continued to stare at her, and after a long pause, he finally said, "When we go inside, don't mention what you said earlier to Grandma. You know her health isn't good, and she can't handle any stress."

Aveline nodded. "I know."

She wasn't foolish enough to cause unnecessary trouble.

This time, Lucas unlocked the car door and got out first. Aveline watched his back for a moment, feeling a pang of bitterness before she composed herself and followed him out.

They entered the villa's living room one after the other. Barbara was sitting in a wheelchair, accompanied by a maid. Her eyes kept drifting to the door, clearly waiting for them.

Seeing them enter, she immediately broke into a smile. "My dear grandson, you're finally here!"

Lucas was speechless.

Every time he heard Barbara addressing him this way, he couldn't help but twitch.

He walked over and asked, "Grandma, how have you been feeling lately?"

Barbara smiled warmly and turned her attention to Aveline. "Come here, my dear. Let me have a look at you. Have you lost weight?" Lucas felt ignored.

It was clear to him that whenever Aveline was around, he was invisible. Barbara's true affections were always for Aveline.

Aveline smiled and said, "Grandma, I'm fine. I've just been dieting to keep in shape."

Barbara shook her head in disapproval. "You're already very beautiful. You don't need to lose more weight. If you get too thin, it will be hard to get pregnant. I still hope to hold a great-grandchild one day. When will you fulfill this wish for me?"

Her wrinkled face was full of hope as she looked at Aveline and Lucas, her eyes shining brightly like a child's.

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Aveline's smile froze.

Lucas said, "Grandma, you don't even care about me. Once there's a great-grandchild, you'll like me even less. Maybe it's better if we don't have one."

"Stop that nonsense! Are you jealous of your own child? What kind of father are you? A great-grandchild is a must, and I want to play with my great-grandchild!" Barbara waved her hand dismissively, clearly not interested in what Lucas had to say.

Lucas could only smile wryly.

Aveline said, "Grandma, the weather is nice today. How about we take a stroll in the garden?"

"Yes, yes! I love walking with you," Barbara agreed eagerly.

Aveline began to push the wheelchair out of the villa.

Lucas didn't follow them. Instead, he went upstairs and entered the study.

Yvonne happened to come out and, upon seeing him, smiled. "Lucas, you're back. Your father was just talking about you. Go on in."

"Okay," Lucas responded coolly.

Inside the study, the atmosphere was heavy.

Frederick sat in a leather chair, wearing glasses and reading some documents.

"Dad, you wanted to see me?" Lucas asked as he w

walked in.

Frederick handed him a document. "Take a look at this."

Lucas took the paper, glanced at it, and his brows immediately furrowed. "Leo wrote this?"

It was written by Leo Tudor, Frederick's second son, who had supposedly died in a kidnapping years ago.

Lucas' expression remained unreadable as he placed the document back on the desk. "Dad, what do you mean by this?"

Frederick removed his glasses and said, "This was a line from a letter that was sent to me. Lucas, there is a chance your brother might still be alive."

Lucas responded, "But I saw him die in front of me. I wouldn't mistake that. Maybe someone is imitating his handwriting. Dad, don't be deceived."

Frederick rubbed his temples. "But you were young then. Are you sure you remember it clearly?"

Lucas' eyes darkened, his lips pressed into a thin line.

Frederick said, "Look into it, Lucas. If there's even a chance your brother is alive, we need to know. It would be the best news if he is."

Lucas lowered his gaze, focusing once more on the document.

It was a photocopy, containing only a few words that didn't form a complete sentence. It would be easy to forge something like this. Yet, Frederick believed Leo was still alive. For Frederick, as long as Leo lived, the Tudor family didn't necessarily

need Lucas.

Frederick walked around the desk, glanced at Lucas, and said, "You're not as capable as Leo. If we find him, we'll bring him back. It would be better for him to manage the DK Group." With that, he left the study.

"Hah!" Lucas let out a mocking laugh, a sneer appearing on his face. His eyes darkened further, and the cold aura around him intensified.

In the garden, Aveline had woven a flower crown and placed it on Barbara's head.

Barbara was overjoyed, but she moved carefully, afraid the crown might fall off.

Aveline couldn't help but laugh. "Grandma, if you like it, you can take it off and play with it. If it breaks, I'll make you another one."

Barbara shook her head. "No, no, I can't let it break. This is a gift from you, and I will always treasure it!"

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Aveline felt deeply touched.

She wasn't particularly close to Barbara, yet Barbara liked her immensely.

Whenever she saw Aveline, she would give her the best of everything.

Aveline couldn't help but wonder if this was how parents treated their children. She couldn't relate. Her thoughts drifted to her own child, which she didn't yet have.

A tinge of sadness flashed in her eyes.

She didn't know when she would ever have a child of her own.

Whenever she and Lucas were together, he always used protection, preventing any possibility of a child. She had never thought much about it, but Barbara's words had made her start to care.

Lucas didn't want a child but refused to divorce her. Such a contradictory man.

At that moment, a servant came over to announce that dinner was ready.

Aveline said, "Grandma, let's go back and have dinner."

"Yes, yes," Barbara agreed, nodding.

Just then, the flower crown fell from her head. Barbara quickly caught it and held it tightly in her hands.

Aveline couldn't help but laugh.

Back inside the villa, Aveline saw Yvonne and Frederick and politely greeted them. "Mr. Tudor, Mrs. Tudor."

Barbara frowned and said,

How can you call them Mr. and Mrs.? You

should call them Dad and Mum, just like Lucas does."

Aveline froze for a moment.

Frederick showed no expression and headed straight into the dining room.

Yvonne smiled and said, "That's right, Aveline. You're Lucas' wife, so just call me Mum like he does. Calling me Mrs. Tudor is too formal." Aveline nodded. "Alright, Mum."

Yvonne smiled warmly. "You two go ahead to the dining room. Another guest will be arriving shortly."

As she finished speaking, a servant entered, leading a woman into the room. Yvonne's smile deepened. "Speak of the devil. Sophia, why are you so late?"

Sophia smiled graciously. "Mr. Frederick, Madam Yvonne, Madam Barbara, I stopped to buy some pastries and tea from an excellent shop. I thought you and Madam Barbara might enjoy them. The tea is from my grandfather's collection, and I brought it for you to try, Mr. Frederick."

She politely handed the items to the servant.

Yvonne said, "We invited you for dinner, and you brought all these gifts? Next time, just come as you are, or we won't invite you again." Sophia linked her arm through Yvonne's. "I understand."

Barbara looked at Sophia. "Didn't you resign? Why are you back? Having trouble finding a higher-paying job? Working as a servant in the Tudor family is quite nice; we treat our staff well." Sophia's smile froze.

Yvonne quickly intervened. "Mom, this is Sophia, Lucas' former fiancée. Don't you remember?"

Barbara frowned, her elderly face showing confusion. "Lucas had a fiancée?"

Yvonne explained, "It was two years ago. You must have forgotten."

But Barbara insisted, "No, there's no such thing. Lucas doesn't have a fiancée. Lucas only has one wife, and that's Aveline."

Yvonne started to say more, but Sophia stopped her. "Madam Yvonne, it's alright. I know Madam Barbara is just confused."

Yvonne sighed. "If that incident hadn't happened, you would have

been Lucas' wife by now, and Grandma wouldn't have forgotten you."