

Divorced Me 341

Chapter 341

Lucas stood up and followed her, his intense gaze fixed on her, clearly displeased with her attitude. Aveline tried to close the door behind her, but Lucas forcefully pushed his way in. "What are you doing?" Aveline asked warily.

Lucas' tall figure filled the room, making it feel cramped. He started undressing and then lay down on the bed. This was the bed that Selene had reserved for Aveline, one that was filled with her scent. Seeing this, Aveline immediately protested, "Lucas, this is my bed."

Lucas

patted the space beside him, his eyes dark and inviting. "Share it with me."

Aveline's mouth twitched in disbelief. Did he not understand her words? This was her bed, and he had

no right to take over.

She walked over and grabbed his arm. 'Get up. There's no place for you to sleep here. If you want to sleep, go home!'

But Lucas was too heavy for her to move. Instead, with a light tug, he pulled her down onto him.

Aveline's eyes widened in shock. Before she could react, Lucas flipped her over, pinning her beneath

him, his hot breath on her neck.

"Lucas, let go of me!" Aveline's voice trembled.

He pressed down on her firmly, making it hard for her to breathe. With his eyes closed, Lucas said, "I just want to sleep. If you move again, I won't mind making love with you first before sleeping." Aveline froze, barely daring to breathe. She knew he meant what he said.

"Then get up and sleep by yourself," Aveline said, trying to reason with him.

"No," Lucas refused, tightening his hold on her.

Aveline was at a loss, completely helpless against the strength difference. That damned man actually slept on top of her the entire night! His even breaths brushed against her sensitive skin, sending waves of shivers through her.

The sensation was unbearable. Even when she eventually fell asleep, she felt as if she was being crushed by a mountain, constantly shouting for help in her dreams, only to be suffocated in the end.

She woke up with a start, immediately seeing Lucas watching her calmly.

Startled, Aveline exclaimed, "Are you crazy?"

Lucas stared at her. "I was wondering why you kept shouting for help."

Aveline rolled her eyes unceremoniously. "You try sleeping with someone squashing you all night!"

Hearing this, Lucas raised an eyebrow and suddenly flipped her over, making her lie on top of him.

He bounced her slightly. "You're not that heavy."

Aveline's face turned red. She smacked him and struggled to get up. After being pressed down all night, she felt awful! Her body ached everywhere.

She twisted her neck and stretched as she walked into the bathroom. Lucas watched her with a faint smile, clearly pleased.

Just then, a phone rang. Lucas picked it up and saw "Mr. Zane" on the screen.

"It's your call," he said in a deep voice.

Aveline came out, toothbrush in hand, and answered, "Hello, Mr. Zane"

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"Ave, I'm really at the end of my rope. Can you help me?"

As soon as the call connected, Zane's weathered, trembling voice came through. The middle-aged man sounded utterly helpless.

Aveline was taken aback and quickly asked, "Mr. Zane, what's wrong? Tell me slowly.

Zane said, "I'm in Cloudflare City. It's hard to explain over the phone. Where are you? Can I come to see you?"

Aveline agreed. "Alright."

She asked Zane for his current location, then hung up and quickly started getting ready.

Lucas, sitting on the bed, watched her with his intense eyes. "What's the matter?"

"It's none of your business," Aveline replied.

Lucas' face darkened. He was her husband! She was facing an issue, so how could she show him such an attitude?

Aveline, however, had no time to worry about his feelings. Grabbing her keys, she pulled him along and headed out the door. "I'm leaving."

Locking the door behind her, she ignored Lucas completely.

Standing in the hallway, Lucas' expression grew even more unpleasant.

She had kicked him out without even letting him wash up.

He took out his phone and called Brian. "Follow her and find out what's going on."

Brian replied, "Yes."

Zane was staying in a very cheap motel. When He saw Aveline, he was overwhelmed with emotion. Ave, you're the only one who can help me now! Aveline tried to calm him down. "Mr. Zane, don't worry. Tell me slowly."

Sitting on the bed, Zane sighed heavily and said, "It's about my son, Bobby. He works as a driver for a wealthy family. Just a few days ago, I received photos of him beaten and covered in blood. I Immediately called them, but they claimed Bobby stole something very valuable and they were going to press charges to send him to jail!"

He took out his phone and showed Aveline the photos. "Ave, Bobby isn't like that. He's honest and decent. There's no way he would steal from his employer. This has to be some kind of misunderstanding.

"But when I went to their place, they wouldn't let me in or see Bobby. I even considered calling the police, but I'm afraid. They have evidence against him, and if I report it, Bobby's life will be ruined!"

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Aveline said, "Mr. Zane, please wait here for my call. If I managed to see Bobby, I'd let you know. I'm worried they might not let us both in. If that happened, we'd just be wasting our time."

Zane hesitated, unsure of what to do.

Aveline gave him a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, I'll find a way to help Bobby. Your family took care of me during high school, I owe you that much."

Zane nodded, "Alright, alright, I'll do as you say. But be careful."

"I will," Aveline promised.

She left the small motel and headed straight for the Tudor Estate. This was her second time going there alone. The first time was when Lucas had just regained his memory, and Barbara had invited her to the estate for dinner. She had witnessed Lucas being kind to Sophia.

Recalling that scene, Aveline felt a twinge of pain within her..

Back then, she was still reeling from the disbelief and sorrow. How could Lu, who had been so gentle and loving just a few days before, change so drastically overnight?

Aveline's expression grew distant.

She missed Lu.

She missed him desperately.

But Lucas was determined to erase the gentle, loving Lu from the past year in his own way.

She closed her eyes, pushing down the pain. The taxi stopped at the gate of the Tudor Estate. Aveline paid the fare and got out, walking directly to the doorbell.

After a moment, a servant came out. "Madam Aveline, what brings you here?"

"I'm here to find someone," Aveline replied.

The servant opened the gate and invited her in, asking, "Who are you looking for?"

"A man named Bobby Looney. He works here as a driver. Where is he now?" Aveline inquired.

The servant's expression changed instantly. "Madam Aveline, I need to ask Madam Yvonne about this. Please wait here."

With that, she hurriedly went into the villa.

Aveline stopped, not wanting to go any further inside.

She felt a strong aversion to this place.

Yvonne's ambiguous attitude and Frederick's obvious dislike made her reluctant to come here.

Meanwhile, in the study on the second floor, Frederick threw a stack of photos in front of Lucas and spoke coldly, "That driver has some nerve, daring to steal your brother's belongings and sell them for

money! Lucas, I want you to handle this. I want him to suffer!"

Lucas picked up the photos with his fingers and started flipping through them. The images clearly showed Bobby entering Leo's room, stealing items, and selling them.

His eyes darkened as he looked at the photos.

Frederick continued, "Among these items are many things you gave your brother. He treasured them dearly. He always loved you very much!"

Lucas' fingers trembled slightly as he held the photos. Memories of a youthful and handsome face appeared in his mind, full of ambition, talking about future dreams.

And what was he like back then? He only gave Leo cold looks and harsh words, shattering his brother's dreams.

But Leo never minded. He always smiled at Lucas, his hand resting on his shoulder. "Lu, it's fine if you're like this with me. But when you find a girlfriend, you can't treat her this way. She'd run away if you did."

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At that time, he had shaken off Leo's hand. "What I do is none of your business!"

He walked away, ignoring Leo's calls behind him. Lucas squeezed his eyes shut and, when he opened them again, they were cold and devoid of warmth.

Just then, Yvonne walked in, placing a cup of tea next to Frederick. "Are you done discussing? Aveline is here, outside."

Lucas' expression shifted. He walked over to the window and saw Aveline standing downstairs. The sun was glaring, but she showed no intention of coming inside. He knew she was reluctant to be here. "Why is she here?" Lucas asked in a low voice.

Yvonne replied, "The servant said she's here for Bobby, probably to plead for him."

Lucas pressed his lips into a thin line.

Frederick looked at Lucas coldly, "Lucas, you know what you have to do!"

Yvonne spoke softly, "Don't be so harsh. The items have been returned. Maybe Bobby just made a mistake. Since Aveline knows him, why not let it go this time?"

"Who does Aveline think she is?" Frederick scoffed. "She isn't worth even a hair of Leo's!"

He then fixed his gaze on Lucas. "If you don't deal with Bobby because of that woman, forget about joining the Tudor Group!"

With that, he turned away, taking a sip of his tea.

Yvonne looked troubled but didn't dare to say more, seeing Frederick's anger.

Lucas turned and left the

The servant nodded. "Yey, instructing a servant, "Tell her to leave."

sir."

"Wait," Lucas called after the servant, frowning. "Don't tell her I'm here."

"Yes, sir."

The servant walked out and approached Aveline "Madam Aveline, you should go. Madam Yvonne is busy, and Mr. Lucas is not home."

Aveline frowned. "Where is Bobby being held?"

The servant shook her head. "I don't know that."

Aveline lowered her eyes slightly. "Then, when Madam Yvonne is free, please tell her I need to talk to

her."

"Alright," the servant replied.

Aveline turned to leave, and as she walked out the gate, she felt a gaze on her. She turned around but saw nothing. What was that? Was it just her imagination?

She put away her thoughts and took out her phone, finding Yvonne's number. She dialed it, but the call was immediately declined. They didn't want to see her or take her call. What did that mean? Were they' trying to stop her from seeing Bobby?

Pressing her lips together, Aveline's fingers hovered over Lucas' name before dialing. After three rings, the call connected.

"Hello?" His deep, magnetic voice was as cold as ever.

"Where are you? I want to see you," Aveline said.

Lucas scoffed, "You used to avoid me, wouldn't even let me touch you. Now suddenly, you want to see me? Need a favor, don't you?"

His casual tone made Aveline's heart tighten. She did need his help. As the only heir of the Tudor family, finding out where Bobby was should be easy for him.

"I need your help to find someone," she said softly.

Lucas' tone grew colder. "A man or a woman?"

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"Man."

"Forget it!" Lucas said bluntly and hung up the phone.

Aveline felt a headache coming on. Lucas had dismissed her so decisively, not even giving her a chance to explain. She needed to see him in person.

As she walked outside, her phone rang again. It was Zane calling.

"Hello, Mr. Zane."

Zane asked urgently, "Ave, have you seen Bobby?"

"Not yet, but don't worry. I'll find a way," Aveline replied.

Zane sounded desperate. "He's been beaten so badly. He must be suffering. Ave, you must find him quickly. He can't go to jail. He's our only son. If something happens to him, we won't survive." Aveline reassured him, "Mr. Zane, don't worry. They haven't handed Bobby over to the police yet, which means there's still room for negotiation. I'll find a way.

Zane sighed. "I'm counting on you."

Aveline smiled. "It's what I should do."

After a few more comforting words, she hung up the phone and sent a message to Lucas.

"What do you want for dinner tonight?"

After sending the message, she took a taxi and left. Lucas liked her cooking, and he had been keeping an eye on her these past few days. He would likely make a request.

She was asking for a favor, so she needed to lower her stance.

In the damp, cold basement, the lights were bright. A man was hanging by his arms, suspended in midair, his body covered in blood, unconscious

Lucas stood a short distance away, watching with cold eyes. His phone beeped, and he took it out, then irritably pulled out a cigarette, placing it between his lips and lighting it. Smoke curled upward, obscuring his expression.

Desmond stood nearby and asked, "Mr. Tudor, what should we do with him?"

Lucas replied, "Find out why Aveline suddenly came here asking for him." "Yes, sir."

Desmond left and returned shortly after.

"Mr. Zane came to Cloudflare City seeking help from Mrs. Tudor. She agreed because she felt grateful for the help she received from Bobby's family in the past.

Lucas listened to the report, his handsome face growing colder,

"Contact Bobby's father and tell him to leave Cloudflare City." "Yes, sir."

Desmond turned and left.

A guard holding a saltwater-soaked whip looked at Lucas. With a wave of Lucas' hand, the whip lashed heavily across Bobby's body.

"Ah!" Bobby screamed, jolted awake by the pain. Opening his eyes, he saw the tall, handsome man with narrow, cold eyes staring at him without a hint of warmth.

"You dared to touch his things should I cripple your left hand or your right hand first?"

Bobby pleaded repeatedly, "I was wrong! I admit my mistake. I wasn't thinking straight. Please spare me, Mr. Lucas. I won't do it again!"

Lucas, with the cigarette between his lips, coldly said, "Too late.

He turned and walked away, leaving behind the sound of Bobby's anguished screams.

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After buying groceries, Aveline returned home. She kept checking for a reply from Lucas, but her message

seemed to have vanished into the void-not a notification from him

What was going on?

He had seemed normal in the morning, but now it was as if he had become a different person.

What had gone wrong?

Aveline couldn't figure it out.

It was already afternoon. As she watched the sun slowly set, her heart sank with it. She didn't understand the Tudors' intentions. They had captured Bobby, tortured him, and threatened to send him to jail, yet they sent those photos to Zane.

Aveline wondered who the mastermind was. Was it Yvonne or Frederick?

What were they trying to achieve, and why did they target a mere driver?

While she was lost in thought, her phone rang again.

She quickly picked it up, hoping it was Lucas, but it turned out to be Zane.

"Hello, Mr. Zane. What's the matter?" Aveline answered.

Zane's voice was anxious. "Ave, those people came to find me. They told me to leave Cloudflare City and even gave me money to stop worrying about Bobby. How can I do that? Bobby is my only son. I refused their money, so they are trying to force me out of the city. I have nowhere to stay now."

Aveline stood up abruptly, shocked by the severity of the situation. The Tudors intended to silence Zane with money, all to keep Bobby confined!

"What could Bobby have done to deserve such harsh treatment?" Aveline wondered.

She asked, "Mr. Zane, where are you now?*

Zane replied, "I'm on the main road. The inn kicked me out."

"Send me your location. I'll come and find you," Aveline said.

"Alright," Zane agreed.

After hanging up, Aveline looked at the location he sent and then quickly left to find him.

Just as she reached downstairs, her phone rang again.

This tim

This time, it was from Lucas.

She exhaled deeply before answering, "Lucas, are you coming over for dinner tonight?"

Lucas' deep, magnetic voice came through the line. "Aveline, is this how you ask for a favor?"

Aveline bit her lip. "Where are you? I want to see you."

Her voice was soft, her demeanor no longer cold.

Lucas found it ironic. She was willing to humble herself for someone else. He coldly replied, "The Tudor Estate. I want to see you now."

Aveline frowned. "Can it be later? I have something urgent to take care of."

Lucas' tone was frosty. "Half an hour. If I don't see you by then, don't bother talking to me."

He hung up immediately.

Aveline was furious.

What was wrong with this man?

There was no time to dwell. She quickly located Zane, used her ID to book him a hotel room, and ensured he was settled. An hour slipped by before she finally reached the Tudor Estate. Aveline arrived at the Tudor Estate's gate, slightly winded. Her long hair, tousled by the wind, whipped across her face. She pressed the doorbell, but silence greeted her.

She could clearly see lights on inside the house!

Aveline called Lucas.

He didn't answer. He even hung up on her!

What was going on? Was he really this upset about her being late?

Aveline felt utterly confused, especially after her visit to the Tudor family.

Lucas had been incredibly cold towards her.

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Aveline jabbed the doorbell repeatedly, her stubbornness matching the house's silence. As twilight deepened, an autumn chill crept into the air, the Wind's bite growing sharper. Aveline lowered her hand and sighed in resignation, turning to leave.

She headed straight to the hotel, only to find the manager trying to evict Zane.

"Sir, we are closing for renovations. Please leave, the manager insisted.

Zane protested, "You were open when I arrived. Why all of a sudden you're closing?"

The manager responded, "Sir, please don't make this difficult for us."

Aveline approached and said, "Is it really for renovations, or did someone order you to do this? If you don't tell me the truth, I will make sure you really close down for good." The manager hesitated upon seeing her, then said, "I'm sorry, but I can't disclose that information. We 5 will refund your payment in full.",

Aveline's face darkened as she turned to Zane. "Mr. Zane, let's go."

The hotel staff were just following orders from above.

Zane, carrying his bag, followed Aveline, sighing heavily. "What now? It's clear they won't let Bobby go. They're making it impossible for me to stay in Cloudflare City!

Aveline thought about taking Zane back to her place, but the apartment belonged to Selena, her good friend. She was welcome to stay there, but bringing someone else would be crossing a line. She looked at Zane. "There's a small inn nearby we can try for tonight. I'll find something more

suitable tomorrow."

Some local inns were known for their flexibility with guests and payment methods.

Zane shook his head immediately. "That won't do. I can go to a nearby city and commute back and forth every day. It's no trouble."

Aveline smiled gently. "I also need to find a place to stay in anyway. Don't worry about it."

Hearing this, Zane fell silent for a moment before asking, "Ave, I really hate to trouble you."

Aveline replied, "Don't say that. Without your help, I wouldn't have been able to attend college."

Zane smiled faintly. "You would have managed. You've always been very smart."

Remembering the past seemed to calm Zane down a bit. Aveline took Zane to a small inn, paid for the room, and told him to rest well before leaving.

She stood on the quiet roadside and called out, "Brian!"

There was no response, but she knew he was there, watching over her from the shadows.

"You want my forgiveness? Show yourself," Aveline continued.

After a moment of silence, a figure emerged from the nearby bushes. Dressed in black, he blended seamlessly with the night. Had he not revealed himself, he would have been nearly impossible to spot. He approached her with a blank expression. "What must I do for you to forgive me?"

He had been protecting Aveline as part of his penance.

Earning her forgiveness meant he could return to Lucas' side. He didn't want to stay with this woman; he preferred the thrilling tasks he received from Lucas.

Aveline looked at him directly and asked, "Where is Lucas?"

Brian shook his head. "I've been protecting you. I don't know."

Aveline insisted, "You're his subordinate. You must know other colleagues. Ask them. I need to know where Lucas is. Find him and tell me, and I'll forgive you." Brian paused. "Really?"

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Aveline nodded.

Brian took out his phone and made a call. After a moment, he looked at her and said, "I'll take you

there."

Aveline smiled slightly. "Alright."

They arrived at the Noble Color Bar.

As Aveline got out of the car, she looked at Brian and asked, "Is Lucas here?"

Brian nodded. "Yes."

With determination in her eyes, Aveline walked inside. The bar was large, spanning three floors. The first floor was the main hall, with a stage and booths, the liveliest part of the bar. The second and third floors were more private, and often frequented by wealthy patrons.

Aveline went straight to the bar and asked, "Which floor is Lucas Tudor on?"

The staff member behind the bar looked confused and shook his head. "I'm sorry, I don't know who

that is."

Aveline frowned. Didn't this person know Lucas? Would she have to search each room upstairs? It seemed that was her only option.

She headed for the second floor but was stopped by two burly guards at the staircase.

"No entry without a reservation!" they barked.

Aveline turned to Brian and tilted her head slightly. Without a word, Brian stepped forward and easily subdued the two men.

Ignoring their angry glares, Aveline walked past them and headed upstairs, with Brian following closely behind. The two guards quickly contacted the manager, who was currently in a private room, respectfully attending to a guest.

Hearing the report from his subordinates, the manager's expression darkened. He turned to the man sitting on the sofa and said, "Mr. Tudor, I apologize. There's a small issue I need to handle." The man didn't respond, merely waved his hand dismissively.

The manager hurried out and saw Aveline and Brian approaching from the opposite direction.

"Are you the one who forced your way in here? Do you think this place is your home where you can act recklessly? Get out of here!" The manager rudely pointed at Aveline's nose, shouting. Brian stepped forward, grabbed the manager's finger, and with a slight twist, made the manager scream in pain..

Aveline glanced at the name tag on his chest and then asked, "Where is Lucas Tudor?"

The manager was stunned. This woman knew Lucas! Trembling, he asked, "Who... who are you?"

"His wife," Aveline replied calmly.

The manager was shocked! This was the infamous wife of Lucas? The one who refused to divorce

him!

With his finger still held by Brian, the manager could only point to a private room. "There..."

Aveline walked straight over and pushed the door open.

Compared to the lively commotion downstairs, the private rooms upstairs were quiet and dimly lit. Aveline immediately saw Lucas sitting on the sofa. He had a cigarette at his lips, half-closed eyes watching her with a mocking smile.

"Mrs. Tudor, quite the entrance," Lucas said.

Suppressing her emotions, Aveline walked over and sat next to him. "Lucas, why won't you see me?"

There were others in the room, and they were all surprised by how Lucas addressed her. Their curious eyes darted between Aveline and Lucas.

Aaron, who had been chatting with a woman, chuckled. "Aren't you two getting divorced? Why should he see you?"

Hearing this, Aveline paused.

Divorce? Was he finally willing to divorce her?

Her eyes brightened for a moment, but Lucas caught the look. His eyes flashed with a cold light as he held the cigarette between his fingers, staring at her coolly. "Yes, divorce, right?"

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Aveline's palms were sweating with nerves. He truly Intended to divorce her! Yet, his casual demeanor made it hard for her to believe.

"Lucas, are you serious?" she asked cautiously.

After all, they had fought over this issue so many times before. His sudden proposal made her wary of trusting him.

Lucas' cold smile remained. 'Of course, I'm serious.'

He took a drag of his cigarette, the smoke obscuring his handsome features. "But remember, when you're no longer my wife, you have no right to be in my presence." Aveline's heart sank. She had come to seek Lucas' help. If she agreed to the divorce, she might never see him again, let alone ask for his help.

Lucas watched her with amusement. "Well? Have you made up your mind?"

Aveline's fingers curled up, and she lowered her gaze. After a long pause, she said, "Lucas, doing this on purpose?"

are you

Lucas raised an eyebrow. "I don't understand. I've agreed to the divorce. What more do you want?"

Aveline's heart sank further.

Suddenly, Lucas grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him. "Or do you expect me to agree to the divorce while also helping you? What do you take me for? Your lapdog?"

His mocking tone felt like a slap to Aveline's face. She felt a surge of indignation and humiliation.

"I haven't done anything to provoke you," she said, her eyes stinging with unshed tears. His antagonism felt unwarranted and cruel.

Lucas was visibly agitated. He grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her closer, kissing her without

warning

The others in the room averted their eyes, respecting their privacy. Aaron, however, watched with a bemused expression, entertained by their tumultuous relationship.

What should she do? It seemed like she was trapped in a dead end. Lucas would never let Bobby, who had tampered with Leo's belongings, go unpunished. Aveline was here to plead for Bobby. Aaron, however, sensed something unusual.

Aveline suddenly pushed Lucas away, her lips trembling slightly as she suppressed her emotions. Lucas, if I don't divorce you, can I, as your wife, ask you for a favor?"

She humbled herself once more, realizing she had no right to stand proud in front of him. He could easily control her with just a finger if he wanted.

Lucas' eyes darkened. He brushed his thumb across her lips, their noses nearly touching in an intimate pose, like a loving couple.

"Then show me the attitude of someone asking for a favor."

Aveline's lashes fluttered.

Lucas released her and leaned back lazily, his gaze inscrutable. What choice would she make? What concessions would she offer for someone irrelevant? Aveline looked at the table, which was covered with various drinks. She picked up a bottle, poured a drink into a glass, and looked at him. "Do you want to drink?" Lucas stared deeply at her. "Drink."

Aveline took a sip and then leaned closer to him. Her lips, still slightly red from his kiss and now moist with alcohol, looked even more alluring.

Lucas did not refuse, allowing her to clumsily feed him the drink. The liquid slid down the corners of their mouths.

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In the dimly lit corner, the atmosphere was thick with ambiguity. The scent of alcohol lingered between their lips.

Suddenly, Lucas stood up and pulled Aveline out of the private room. Outside, Brian stood guard like a sentinel, his eyes fixed on Lucas.

Lucas cast a cold glance at him but said nothing, leading Aveline out of Noble Color Bar.

Once in the car, things quickly spiraled out of control. Lucas cupped her face, kissing her with urgency and impatience. He pressed a button, and the partition between the front and back seats slid up, blocking the view from the front.

The backseat immediately felt more confined. Aveline, overwhelmed by his kisses, instinctively pushed him away.

Surprisingly, Lucas let her push him back.

He leaned against the seat, his dark eyes fixed on her. "I forgot, you need to show some effort."

Aveline's breath was erratic. How was she supposed to show effort? He had always been the dominant one in their encounters, both past and present, leaving her no room to resist.

Lucas lit another cigarette, and the backseat filled with the faint smell of tobacco. Unable to bear the scent, Aveline opened the window, letting the cold wind clear her mind a bit. She looked at him and asked, "If I satisfy you, will you help me?"

Lucas sneered. "You keep insisting on that, worried I'll take advantage and then back out?"

Aveline replied, "You have a history."

Lucas muttered a curse under his breath and stared at her. "So what? You're still here, asking for my

help."

Aveline fell silent.

He was right.

She had no other options.

Frederick disdained her, Yvonne refused to see her, and Barbara was too old and unwell for her to ask for help.

The only person who could help her now was Lucas.

But she had a nagging feeling that his unusual behavior today was related to this matter.

After a moment of silence, she looked at him and asked, "Do you know why I'm looking for you?"

Lucas didn't respond, merely half-closing his eyes as he took a drag of his cigarette. The dim light in the car obscured their expressions, but his cold demeanor was unmistakable. Aveline grasped his hand, her fingers slightly cool "Lucas, you can help me, can't you?"

Lucas replied, "Do you know the value of the things he stole?"

So, he did know! Aveline's heart tightened. "Did he really steal something?"

"Ha!" Lucas let out a cold laugh. "The Tudor family wouldn't falsely accuse a mere driver."

He turned her hand over, playing with her fingers in his palm. "How did you find out about this?"

Aveline explained the whole situation to him.

Lucas narrowed his eyes dangerously and then said nonchalantly, "You shouldn't get involved. You can't handle it."

"No!" Aveline refused, looking at him with determination. "Without Mr. Zane, I wouldn't have been able to attend university in Cloudflare City. I must help him."

Lucas stared at her. "And how do you plan to help?"

Aveline was at a loss for words.

If Lucas said Bobby had stolen valuable items, it must be the truth.

She had thought the Tudor family had wronged Bobby, hoping there might be a chance to resolve it.

But now what?

She lowered her gaze, her lashes trembling as she looked at their intertwined hands. "Lu, you can find a way, can't you?"