

Divorced Me 401

Chapter 401

Aveline's expression stiffened.

Selena exploded, "What's her problem? She just walked up and grabbed Ave's hand! Who does she think she is? Ave doesn't even know her!"

Judy's tears fell as she cried out, "Lucas, it hurts so much..."

Lucas's face darkened. He called for the bodyguard, "Take Miss Thompson. to the hospital."

The bodyguard stepped forward, scooping Judy up and quickly heading outside.

Judy didn't resist, but a hint of coldness appeared in her lowered eyes.

Lucas looked at Aveline. "You're coming with me to the hospital."

Selena, like a protective mother, shielded Aveline, "What for? This has nothing to do with Ave!"

Lucas' eyes grew colder as he stared at Selena, his gaze filled with a hint of

menace.

Selena felt a chill down her spine like someone had their hands around her

neck.

Aveline pulled Selena behind her and said, "You should go back first."

Selena hesitated. "But..."

Aveline gave her a gentle smile. "This has nothing to do with me, so I'll be fine."

Selena sighed. "Alright, call me if anything happens."

"Okay."

Aveline nodded.

Selena reluctantly left, her eyes full of worry.

Aveline looked at Lucas, then rolled up her sleeve, revealing a mark on her

fair skin made by fingernails.

"This is what she did just now," Aveline calmly told Lucas, her eyes serene. "I don't know why she did it, but I don't know her. There's no way I would hurt

her."

Lucas's gaze landed on her arm. Her skin was so fair that even a slight

pressure left marks, something he knew very well because she couldn't even bear his slightest touch in the past.

Lucas' eyes grew even colder. He then said, "But she got hurt because of you. Come to the hospital with me."

Aveline felt a chill in her heart, her fingers curling slightly. "Alright," she

nodded.

Lucas walked out first.

Aveline followed, heading straight to the hospital.

Judy's arm was being treated by the doctor. The burn wasn't severe, but due to her fair skin, it looked quite alarming.

After the treatment, Lucas said, "I'll ask the doctor about the precautions."

He walked back into the room.

Seeing this, Judy smiled and looked at Aveline, saying, "Mrs. Tudor, Lucas is so considerate and gentle. As his wife, you must be very happy." Aveline lowered her eyes slightly, not responding.

Inside, she felt nothing but mockery.

This kind of patience and gentleness was never directed at her.

Meanwhile, in the consultation room,

The doctor looked at the distinguished, aloof man and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Lucas, with a cold expression, asked, "If the injury isn't properly cared for, what will happen to her wound?"

The doctor replied, "It will fester, become inflamed, and cause pain for a long time."

Lucas nodded. "I understand."

He then stood up and left the room.

The doctor was somewhat puzzled but quickly got busy again.

Upon leaving the hospital, Lucas said to Judy, "I'll arrange for someone to take care of you. During this time, just focus on recuperating."

Judy's smile grew wider. "I understand. Thank you."

Lucas replied, "You're welcome. It's what I should do."

His demeanor was warm and gentle, a stark contrast to how he treated

Aveline.

Chapter 402

Judy got into the car and left.

Lucas turned to Aveline, his expression growing cold. "Don't you have. anything to say?"

Aveline's expression remained indifferent. "Say what? Apologize to her?"

A cold smile appeared on her face.

Lucas found her expression extremely irritating, his sharp brows furrowing as the temperature around him seemed to drop several degrees.

"Aveline, she's a partner of the DK Group. You're my wife. If you hurt her, it's . as if I hurt her. How do you think we should resolve this?" Lucas said gravely.

"I didn't hurt her. She grabbed me, and I just shook her off," Aveline replied, frowning. "Lucas, if you insist on believing I did it on purpose, I have nothing to say. But apologizing to her is out of the question."

Her attitude was cold, and her gaze at Lucas grew colder. After speaking, she turned and walked away.

He stared at her back, his eyes growing darker.

They hadn't seen each other for a week, and not only did she not greet him, but now she wouldn't even look at him.

Heh...

Was she hoping he wouldn't come back to find her?

A dark cloud seemed to hang over Lucas as his mood worsened.

Aveline returned to the barbecue restaurant.

Selena, who had initially left, rushed back after receiving her message and sighed in relief when she saw Aveline was safe.

"Ave, you have no idea how worried I've been. I was afraid that jerk would side with that mistress and do something to hurt you," Selena said, looking

at her.

Aveline replied, "That didn't happen."

Selena nodded. "That's good. Let's forget about those unpleasant things

and eat!"

"Okay."

Aveline nodded.

The two then went their separate ways home.

However, just as Aveline sat in the car, her phone rang. She checked and saw it was a call from a business partner, who wanted to discuss some details and needed to meet now. Aveline frowned slightly. "Can we meet tomorrow? It's already very late, and I don't want to disturb your rest."

The other party insisted, "Let's meet tonight. I have time now, and I'll be on a business trip tomorrow."

Since the client was already under contract, Aveline couldn't refuse too harshly. She checked the time and then asked, "Alright, I'll come to you. Where are you?"

The other party replied, "At No. 9 Mansion."

It was a high-end entertainment venue.

Aveline agreed and told the driver to head to No. 9 Mansion.

When they arrived, a server led her to a private room on the sixth floor.

The private rooms at No. 9 Mansion weren't accessible to just anyone. The floors below the fifth required a minimum spend to access, while the sixth and seventh floors were reserved for VIPS. The seventh and eighth floors were mainly for shareholders and their friends, not open to the public.

Aveline knocked on the private room door.

The person who opened it was Xander Wilbur, the project manager from Horizon Realty, their current business partner.

"Mr. Wilbur, I hope I'm not late?" Aveline smiled politely at Xander.

Xander shook his head. "No, you're just on time. Come in."

There were several other people inside the room, and the table was filled with various drinks, clearly indicating a party.

Aveline glanced around briefly before withdrawing her gaze and sitting in a corner.

Xander sat beside her and said, "I've reviewed your draft. The ideas are good, but it lacks some practicality. I have a few suggestions. See if these work for you..."

Aveline took out her phone, started recording, and then quickly began taking notes with a pen and paper.

Chapter 403

Xander quickly finished expressing his views and then asked, "Miss Young, what do you think?"

Aveline nodded. "I'll integrate these ideas into the design plans and send them to you for review."

Xander nodded. "Alright."

Aveline stood up. "In that case, I'll take my leave. I don't want to disturb you further."

However, Xander grabbed her arm and said, "Miss Young, don't rush off. Since you're here, have a drink before you go."

"Yeah, yeah, Miss Young, you're so beautiful, and your work must be excellent too, right?"

"Come on, have a drink. In the future, when we buy land, we'll have Miss Young do the designs!"

Others joined in, urging her.

Aveline's smile faded slightly, but she still said, "I'm sorry, I need to go back and revise the plans."

Xander, however, didn't let go, pulling her to sit among the group. "Miss. Young, don't be in such a hurry. Have a couple of drinks before you leave."

Aveline was forced to sit among the crowd, and someone immediately reached out to hold her waist.

Aveline abruptly stood up. "Mr. Wilbur, I really don't have time tonight. You wouldn't force me, would you?"

Xander's expression stiffened.

"Heh, a mere designer dares to disrespect our Mr. Xander? Are you looking down on us?"

"Exactly, Xander, what kind of designer did you find? She doesn't understand the rules at all."

"You're drinking this wine, whether you like it or not!"

Aveline was speechless.

Before Xander could say anything, the others were already displeased.

Someone directly grabbed Aveline and forced her back onto the sofa, picking up a glass of wine and trying to make her drink!

"Mm!"

Aveline struggled, and wine spilled all over her, soaking her clothes and making her look very disheveled..

The others looked at her with more malicious intent.

"Look at that, she can drink! Why pretend?"

"Drink all these glasses of wine, or this cooperation is over!"

Xander sat beside her, looking at Aveline with displeasure. He was very annoyed that she didn't show him any respect.

Aveline was held down by two men, wine spilling all over her face and body. She choked and coughed violently, struggling with all her might.

"Let go..."

She bit down hard on one man's arm, causing him to yelp in pain and release her suddenly.

Seeing this, Aveline quickly tried to get up and run out!

But someone else was faster, grabbing her and pulling her back again!.

"Where do you think you're going!"

"Coming here at night to discuss business, aren't you just selling yourself? Stop pretending!"

"Serve us well, and we'll give you as many contracts as you want!"

The men's words grew increasingly vulgar and disrespectful.

Aveline's eyes reddened as she struggled fiercely, looking towards Xander,

Mr. Wilbur!"

Xander frowned but remained silent.

Despair appeared on Aveline's face.

Meanwhile.

Aaron and Lucas stepped out of the elevator.

Aaron, with a relaxed expression, said, "What's up with you today? Why did you agree to come to this birthday party? You never used to bother with these kinds of gatherings." Lucas' expression was icy, a cold aura surrounding him.

"Can't I join the fun for once?"

Aaron glanced at him. "Sure, why not? But... shouldn't you be spending time with your wife?"

Lucas shot b

a frosty look, "Jealous?"

"Heh!" Aaron chuckled, "You married folks will never understand the joys of being single."

As he spoke, he pushed open the private room door. Just as they were about to enter, they heard noises coming from the room next door.

Chapter 404

Faintly, it seemed like someone was crying for help..

"Hmm? Did you hear something?" Aaron asked Lucas, looking-puzzled.

Lucas' expression remained indifferent. "No."

Aaron shrugged. "Maybe I heard wrong. Let's go."

Lucas didn't respond, lowering his gaze as he and Aaron entered the private room.

Aveline kept shouting for help, but no one came to her rescue. Despair appeared on her face as she was forced to drink more.

"Bang!"

At that moment, someone burst into the room and, seeing the scene, shouted, "I've called the police!"

The men turned pale upon hearing this.

"Damn it, where did this meddling brat come from?"

"Get lost, or we'll kill you!"

The intruder was a young man wearing the uniform of No. 9 Mansion. His face, though handsome, showed some nervousness, but he didn't leave. "I... I called the police. If you don't let her go, the police will be here soon!"

No matter how arrogant these men were, they didn't dare challenge the police. Their expressions soured, but they released Aveline.

The young man quickly stepped forward, supporting her and leading her out. of the private room.

Once outside, Aveline's steps were unsteady. She had been forced to drink a lot, and her clothes were soaked, making her look very disheveled. "Are you alright? Should I take you to the hospital?" the young man asked worriedly.

Aveline pinched her thigh hard and looked at him gratefully. "Thank you. What's your name?"

The young man smiled shyly. "I'm Sidney Troy."

Aveline took out her phone. "Can I have your number? If it weren't for you, might not have gotten out of there."

Sidney shook his head. "No need, no need. It was the right thing to do. I'm just glad you're okay."

Aveline wanted to say more but suddenly felt nauseous. She quickly

covered her mouth and hurried to the restroom.

Fortunately, it wasn't far. She made it to the restroom and began to vomit.

Xander followed her worriedly. "Miss, are you alright?"

Meanwhile.

A door to a private room opened.

Lucas stepped out, holding a cigarette. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a familiar figure running into the restroom. He frowned, and when he looked more closely, the person had already disappeared into the restroom.

In a place like this, people getting drunk was a common occurrence, and Lucas didn't think much of it.

He stood at the end of the hallway, smoking. His strikingly handsome face was shrouded in smoke, and a cold aura surrounded him.

These gatherings were dull.

Aveline's indifferent face appeared in his mind, making Lucas even more irritable.

Their relationship seemed to be heading in an uncontrollable direction.

"Miss, I should still take you to the hospital."

A voice came from the other side.

"No... no need."

A familiar female voice responded.

Lucas turned sharply and saw Aveline being half-held by a man as they emerged from the restroom.

Her cheeks were flushed, her clothes were damp, and her eyes were unfocused.

Lucas' expression darkened.

Aveline's steps were unsteady, and she held her phone. "You... give me your number, I..."

She stumbled slightly.

Sidney quickly caught her, preventing her from falling.

"Thank you... thank you."

Aveline was already dazed. Looking at Sidney's handsome face, she felt a bit shy. In her haze, she seemed to see Lu's face from when they first met. She stared at him dreamily.

Suddenly, someone grabbed her arm tightly and pulled her aside.

Chapter 405

An icy chill enveloped Aveline, leaving her sluggish yet alert.

"Who... who are you?"

She struggled, but the grip on her arm was like an iron clamp, causing her pain.

"It hurts!"

Aveline cried out in pain, struggling even more fiercely.

"Who are you? Let her go!"

Sidney, seeing this, immediately stepped forward to push Lucas away.

Lucas' handsome, sharp face was ice-cold. He looked at Aveline, who was clearly drunk, her eyes unfocused, her clothes half-wet, looking both pure and alluring.

She dared to come here and drink?

And made herself look so disheveled?

And there she was, cuddling up to some guy - it's so inappropriate!

She had some nerve!

Lucas gripped Aveline tightly, his deep, magnetic voice devoid of warmth as he asked, "Aveline, take a good look at who I am!"

He pinched her face, forcing her to look up at him.

Sidney became even more worried upon seeing this and looked at Lucas. with increased vigilance. "Sir, she doesn't know you at all. Don't treat her like this, or I'll call the police!" Aveline echoed, "Right, I don't know you at all, you scoundrel! Let me go!"

She pushed Lucas away with all her might and turned to Sidney. "Make him go away!"

At that moment, Lucas' face turned completely dark.

She didn't recognize him!

And she was acting coquettishly with another man!

Perfect!

Lucas forcefully stepped forward and picked her up, giving Sidney a sharp look. "Scram/

Sidney, frightened by Lucas' imposing presence, turned pale. This man was clearly someone of high status.

But no matter how high his status, he couldn't hurt a girl!

Sidney stepped forward to block him "Sir, she said she doesn't know you, so you can't take her."

Lucas looked at him coldly. "Who do you think you are?"

Sidney said, "I may be nothing, but I won't let you just take her away!"

Aveline also struggled restlessly. "Let go of me, let go! I don't know you, let go of me!"

Seeing this, Sidney, who had already felt a twinge of hesitation, resolved to stand firm. He blocked Lucas' path and took out his phone, preparing to call the police. Lucas looked at the struggling Aveline in his arms with a cold gaze, unsure of what to say or do.

What could he say or do with a drunk person?

"Go ahead and call the police."

Lucas looked coldly at Sidney.

Sidney saw that Lucas had no intention of letting Aveline go and proceeded to call the police.

"Sir, you should let her go. It'll be awkward when the police arrive," Sidney said, seeing Aveline's resistant expression.

Lucas, however, looked at him coolly, his gaze making Sidney feel as if his

throat was being gripped, sending chills down his spine.

The police arrived quickly. After understanding the situation, they turned to Lucas, "Who are you to her?"

Sidney interjected, "She said she doesn't know this gentleman."

Lucas coldly responded, "Her husband."

Sidney was taken aback.

The two policemen were also surprised and asked, "Can you prove it?"

Lucas pulled a marriage certificate from his pocket and handed it to the police.

Seeing this, Sidney's eyes widened slightly.

He really was her husband!

He felt incredibly awkward for keeping Lucas from Aveline.

Chapter 406

The police checked the documents and, confirming they were genuine, said to Lucas, "Take your wife home. She shouldn't drink so much; it's not good for her health." "Alright," Lucas responded indifferently.

The two policemen left.

Sidney stood to the side, a faint look of embarrassment on his handsome face. "Sorry, I didn't know you were her husband. In that case, please take her home."

Lucas shot him a cold glance before carrying Aveline into the elevator.

Aveline continued to struggle.

"Let go, let go of me..."

Holding her, Lucas looked at her flushed face, his mood particularly foul. He gave her a sharp slap on the bottom. Aveline, you better behave!"

In her drunken state, Aveline didn't even feel the slap.

The elevator doors slowly closed as Aveline, half-squinting, looked utterly intoxicated.

Lucas' face was grim. If he hadn't come here, would she not have gone home tonight? Had she found herself another young man?

A cold wind blew as they exited No. 9 Mansion, causing Aveline to shiver and instinctively snuggle closer to him.

Lucas' cold eyes watched her, and he sneered silently.

She only knew to seek his warmth when she was cold, forgetting how she had pushed him away moments ago, claiming she didn't know him.

Once in the car, he didn't place her on the seat but kept her on his lap, letting her lean against his chest.

The driver started the car and headed towards Tudor Mansion.

Aveline had indeed drunk a lot, her breath heavy with the scent of alcohol. Her fingers clutched Lucas' shirt, creating several wrinkles in his otherwise crisp attire.

"Let me go..."

She kept murmuring the phrase.

Lucas' face grew even darker. Did she hate him that much?

Even in her drunken state, she refused to be held by him?

The more she resisted, the tighter he held her, as if trying to merge her into his very bones.

"Mmm... Lu, they made me drink..."

Aveline, uncomfortable in his embrace, whimpered and started crying.

Lucas' body stiffened, his expression darkening further. "What did you say?"

But after that single sentence, Aveline fell asleep, her cheeks flushed and her body feverish.

Lucas' brow furrowed tightly.

Made her drink?

Who dared?

He took out his phone and dialed Desmond's number, giving a terse command, "Investigate where Aveline went tonight."

"Yes, sir."

At Tudor Mansion.

Lucas carried the unconscious Aveline back to the bedroom. She was completely out of it. He placed her on the bed and stood beside it, looking down at her.

She was wearing a shirt and trousers, both stained and dried with patches of water, looking very disheveled.

He took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and picked her up again, carrying her into the bathroom.

As he bathed her, Aveline regained some clarity, the steam making her skin flush. She lay naked against his chest, his hands on her thighs. "What are you doing?"

Startled, she instinctively clamped her legs together, accidentally trapping his hand!

Her body turned pink, and she tensed up completely.

Lucas looked at her coldly. "Do you want to do it?"

Aveline was so embarrassed she wished she could disappear into the ground. She didn't want it!

But her actions were suggestive.

With Aveline's soft body in his arms, Lucas' resistance was already low. Her shy expression made his breathing deepen.

Chapter 407

Aveline was only clear-headed for a moment before slipping back into a daze.

She half-closed her eyes, leaning softly against Lucas, her slightly feverish fingers touching his face as she murmured, "Lu." Lucas' Adam's apple bobbed, his fingers twitching lightly.

Aveline's body trembled uncontrollably, then she wrapped her arms around him.

Her soft lips brushed against his cheek, landing on his neck, her heavy breaths fanning his skin, stirring his senses.

"Aveline, you're the one provoking me.

Lucas spoke deeply, then lifted her, pressing her against the wall.

Her heated body shivered against the cold wall.

But soon, a powerful tremor overtook her. She instinctively clung to him, her whole body like a leaf in the wind, swaying helplessly."

Lucas' hands gripped her waist, his breathing heavy. The image of her draped over another man flashed in his mind, making his actions even more intense. "Lu... Lu..."

Aveline's fragmented voice emerged, unable to endure!

The shower was still on, the sound of water continuing, the steam swirling around, shrouding the bathroom in a hazy, ambiguous atmosphere.

When Aveline woke up the next morning, she felt sore all over.

She opened her eyes and saw the man's sexy Adam's apple.

Her breath caught at her throat, and she lifted her head to see Lucas's eyes closed, his long arm wrapped around her.

She was also holding him tightly, in a position of utter dependence.

Aveline blinked in confusion.

at was

going on?

How did she end up sleeping with Lucas?

What happened last night?

Filled with questions, she tried to recall the events of the previous night. She remembered being forced to drink, then someone rescuing her. She was sure that person wasn't Lucas. After that... She seemed to have vomited, and then she remembered nothing.

Aveline slowly extracted her limbs from his hold.

But the next second, the man moved, pressing her down, his breath falling heavily on her neck.

"Lucas, you..."

Before Aveline could cry out, the man began his advance.

He didn't give her a chance to react, his hands gripping hers, entwining her in intimacy.

Aveline couldn't bear it, her eyes soon filled with tears, the corners reddening, driving him even wilder.

Lucas awoke quickly, his body temperature rising, burning her.

"You... you..."

Aveline tried to push him away, wanting him to stop.

Lucas only looked at her coldly, his touch growing even hotter.

An hour later.

Lucas got up and went into the bathroom.

Aveline lay there, her body aching, biting her lip.

This wretched man!

Although her memory of last night was hazy, she knew he had tormented her almost the entire night!

Once he got a taste, he didn't know how to stop!

Aveline rested for a while. When he came out, she got up, throwing on a robe before heading into the bathroom.

Lucas, his expression cold, had a towel wrapped around his waist, his exposed muscles defined, marked with kiss and scratch marks.

Just seeing those marks made it clear how intense the previous night had been.

When Aveline came out, Lucas was sitting on the sofa, smoking. His eyes looked at her, and he asked, "Who was that man?"

Chapter 408

"Which man?" Aveline asked, momentarily confused.

Lucas' gaze remained cold, the room's temperature seemingly dropping. The bed was a mess, still bearing the remnants of their intimacy, yet the chill pervaded Aveline's body.

"I was drunk last night, I don't know what happened," Aveline said.

Lucas sneered. "You know you can't handle alcohol, and yet you dared to drink alone?"

The reproach in his voice was clear as if she had done something wrong.

Feeling wronged, Aveline retorted, "Lucas, did you investigate the situation? Do you know why I was drinking? On what grounds are you blaming me?"

At that moment, her defensive spikes rose.

The tension in the bedroom became palpable.

Then, a phone rang, breaking the silence. It was Lucas' phone.

He walked over and answered, "Speak."

Desmond, sensing the tension, spoke cautiously, "Mr. Tudor, I found out what happened. The project manager from Horizon Realty, Xander Wilbur, asked Mrs. Tudor to revise the blueprints and then wouldn't let her leave. Others joined in, forcing her to drink and even said some... things."

His voice grew more cautious, hesitating to continue.

Lucas' tone became even icier, "Go on, why did you stop?"

Desmond hesitated, then continued, "They insulted her. I've gathered information on all of them. What do you want to do?"

Lucas' voice was colder than ever. "Do I need to teach you what to do?"

Desmond was silent for a moment, uncertain. "Are you not going to pursue

Desmond was silent for a m

it, or are you planning to get revenge for Mrs. Tudor? I can't be sure."

Given the complexity of their relationship, it was hard to gauge Lucas'

intentions.

Lucas' gaze bore into Aveline as he coldly instructed Desmond, "Cease all cooperation with them and release everything you've found."

"Understood!" Desmond replied, quickly ending the call.

The meaning was clear: Lucas intended to destroy those responsible. The information Desmond had gathered would ensure none of them remained unscathed. After the call ended, the atmosphere in the bedroom grew even colder.

Aveline avoided looking at Lucas, turning to leave.

"Don't move."

Lucas' voice rang out from behind.

Aveline, feeling a surge of frustration, turned to look at him. "Lucas, when will you be done?"

Lucas stood up and walked towards her, his lips pressed into a straight line.

"I won't let those people off the hook."

He gazed at her, saying, "I'm sorry."

He had misunderstood her.

Aveline's expression froze, but inside, she felt nothing. She neither needed his apology nor him.

She turned and walked away.

Seeing this, Lucas's brows furrowed.

What did she mean by that?

He had apologized, so why didn't she show any response?

As Aveline went downstairs to eat, Maria's call came through. "What's going on? A lot of people came to the studio looking for you. They seemed pretty miserable."

Aveline paused, recalling Lucas' words.

He had ordered those people to be dealt with, and now they were seeking her forgiveness.

Aveline responded coldly, "Just send them away."

Maria chuckled lightly. "Got it, your call."

After hanging up, Lucas also came over, sitting down beside her to start eating.

Aveline got up to leave, not even sparing him an extra glance.

Chapter 409

Lucas remained silent, his expression dark.

The butler approached Aveline to greet her. She smiled warmly in return and then left.

The butler glanced at Lucas and saw his face looking particularly grim, the atmosphere around him heavy, making the dining room feel a few degrees colder.

The butler, initially intending to greet him, wisely kept silent upon seeing his expression.

When Aveline arrived at the studio, she saw that indeed, a dozen people were blocking the entrance, their faces filled with worry and gloom.

Leading them was Xander.

Upon seeing Aveline, Xander immediately rushed over, his face full of remorse. "Miss Young, I'm truly sorry. I drank too much last night and behaved terribly. I apologize. Please, can you forgive me and forget about what happened?"

The others followed, their eyes pleading as they looked at Aveline.

Aveline's expression remained indifferent. "Last night, you didn't seem so apologetic, Mr. Wilbur."

Xander slapped himself. "I was really out of my mind. It was my fault. I. promise it won't happen again. Miss Young, from now on, all our company's projects will be designed by you. How about that?" A hint of mockery appeared in Aveline's clear eyes.

If it weren't for the staff at the mansion last night, who knew what would have happened to her? And now he wanted to brush it off so lightly?

She looked over to Maria, who had come out, and said, "Boss, call the security from downstairs."

Maria nodded, pushing through the crowd. "You all shouldn't block our studio's entrance; it's bad for business."

She walked over, grabbed Aveline's arm, and led her back to the office.

Once the door closed, the noise outside was muffled.

Maria asked, "What exactly happened last night?"

Aveline explained, "Xander wanted changes to the blueprints. I went to meet him, but he wouldn't let me leave and insisted I stay and drink."

Maria frowned. "How shameless can this guy be?"

At that moment, a mocking laugh rang out. "He just wanted to drink with you, what's the big deal? The studio is just starting, and we need projects. If drinking can get us a few deals, why not do it?" Vivian sat at her workstation, giving Aveline a derisive glance.

Aveline looked at her. "You can go drink with them if you like."

Vivian sneered. "Ha... If only I had a face of a slut, I'd be the senior designer of this studio already."

Maria frowned. "Vivian, focus on your work. Everyone here succeeds on their own merit. If you want to be a senior designer, show us some outstanding designs."

Vivian mumbled something under her breath and turned away.

Maria looked at Aveline, asking, "Are you okay today? If you're feeling unwell, you can go home and rest."

Aveline smiled faintly. "I'm fine."

Maria nodded.

Outside, the group of people continued to idle around, showing no sign of leaving.

"Mr. Wilbur, what do we do now? She still won't forgive us, and we're going to lose our jobs."

"Yeah, last night you said she was just some pretty face, a nobody designer. So how come she's got the DK Group backing her?"

"Mr. Wilbur, you've really gotten us into trouble."

Chapter 410

Xander's face turned sour. "What are you all arguing about? We need to find a solution now."

Everyone fell silent, though their gazes held a bit more resentment toward him.

At that moment, a figure appeared in the distance.

"Mr, Wilbur?"

Sophia walked over, her face wearing a gentle smile.

Xander's expression brightened upon seeing her. "Miss Winter, what brings you here?"

Sophia smiled back. "I came to visit a friend. What's going on here?"

Xander sighed and explained the situation briefly. "I was just joking with Miss Young, but she took it seriously and now DK Group is blacklisting us. We have families to support. If we're blacklisted and lose our jobs, how will we survive?"

Sophia's eyes flashed, and she said, "If you trust me, I can speak to Lucas at DK Group on your behalf."

Xander's face lit up with hope. "You know Mr. Tudor?"

Sophia nodded. "Yes, Lucas and I are friends."

Calling Lucas by his first name, she conveyed a natural intimacy.

Xander looked at Sophia with gratitude. "Miss Winter, if you can resolve this, I would do anything for you!"

Sophia gave a gentle smile. "No need to say that. It's just a small favor. Let me make a call first. Please wait." "Alright, alright."

Sophia took out her phone and walked to the side, dialing Lucas' number.

"Hello?"

The call was quickly answered, and Lucas's cool, magnetic voice came through.

Sophia's voice was soft and warm. "Lucas, I found a gift from Leo while packing. When do you have time to come and pick it up?"

Lucas' tone grew even colder. "Sophia, are you serious?"

Sophia's eyes flickered. "Yes, I know how much you care about Leo. I wouldn't joke. about this."

Lucas asked, "When are you available?"

Sophia replied, "I'm available now."

Lucas said, "I'll send Desmond to pick it up."

Sophia insisted, "Lucas, it's a gift from Lep. I won't hand it over to anyone else."

Lucas asked, "Where are you?"

Sophia smiled slightly and gave him her address.

"Wait there."

He hung up immediately after.

Sophia turned to Xander and the others, smiling gently. "Lucas will be here soon. Your problem will definitely be solved."

Xander and the group looked at Sophia with gratitude.

"Miss Winter, thank you so much."

"Miss Winter, you're so beautiful and kind, much better than that Aveline!"

"Miss Winter, here's my business card. If you ever need anything, just call me, and I'll be there immediately!"

Sophia's smile grew wider at their words

She glanced toward the office door, a hint of mockery flashing in her eyes.

No one left.

Lucas arrived half an hour later.

Seeing the studio's name, his expression grew even colder.

"Where's the item?"

He looked at Sophia, his expression calm yet distant, a sharp chill surrounding him.

Sophia said, "I promised to give it to you, and I will. But Lucas, these people have

families to support. If they lose their jobs, what will happen to their families? Can you please not go after them?"