

Divorced Me 441

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She was lost in thought, wondering when she could finalize the divorce as quickly as possible.

Lucas approached her and extended his hand.

Aveline was wearing an elegant black gown that accentuated her noble features. Her delicate facial

features were beautifully highlighted, with a hint of innocence in her mesmerizing eyes. Her slender waist curved gracefully into her hips. Aveline placed her hand in his.

Lucas gripped it tightly, his eyes swirling with intense emotion as he said in a deep voice, "Ave, you look stunning."

Aveline smiled softly. "Thank you. Did you just realize that?"

Lucas was at a loss for words.

He felt somewhat helpless but wasn't angry. The tenderness in his eyes only grew stronger.

Taking Aaron's advice, he had been treating her warmly. Though Aveline still resisted him, their interactions over the past couple days had been relatively pleasant.

If things continued this way, perhaps their life together wouldn't be unbearable after all.

The two left the Tudor mansion and got into the car.

Barbara's birthday celebration was being held at the Tudor family's main home. The guest list included) only the upper echelons of Cloudflare City's elite - even A-list celebrities were mere afterthoughts.

It was an incredibly formal affair. As they exited the car, they saw a red carpet extending from the entrance all the way into the mansion's courtyard.

Every inch of the grounds had been meticulously decorated. Red banners displaying birthday wishes for Barbara adorned the space.

"Lucas has arrived!"

"Look, who's that woman with him?"

"I heard she's his wife!"

Whispers and murmurs arose from the crowd.

Lucas' handsome yet stern face remained expressionless as he led Aveline directly into the mansion, his piercing gaze devoid of warmth.

Frederick was chatting with some friends when he spotted Lucas entering with Aveline. He nearly lost his

composure!

"Excuse me for a moment," he said with a slight nod to his companions before heading towards Lucas.

Frederick approached them and spoke in a low, angry voice, "Lucas, didn't I tell you not to bring her? She has no status. How dare she show up at an event like this?" Lucas remained impassive as he responded, "Her status is that of my legal wife."

Frederick struggled to contain his temper as he asked, "Have you introduced her to anyone yet?"

"I almost forgot until you mentioned it," Lucas replied coolly.

He turned to the butler, speaking loudly enough for guests in the foyer to hear clearly, "Fetch a coat for my wife. It may get chilly tonight."

The butler was momentarily stunned.

Frederick's expression instantly darkened.

"Are you deliberately trying to defy me?" he asked in a low voice.

Lucas remained nonchalant. "Father, you must be joking. Grandma adores her. I had no reason not to bring her."

In such a public setting, Frederick couldn't make a scene.

He glared at Lucas in clear displeasure. When his gaze landed on Aveline, it was filled with obvious disdain.

An orphan - he truly looked down on her. In his eyes, she wasn't even fit to polish his shoes, yet now she had become Lucas' wife and they couldn't get rid of her. How frustrating!

Yvonne approached them. "Frederick, all the guests have arrived. Let's deal with other matters later."

"Fine," Frederick agreed curtly before leaving with Yvonne.

Lucas lowered his eyes, his expression gloomy.

"You shouldn't have brought me," Aveline said quietly.

She hadn't wanted to come either. Who would willingly subject themselves to such treatment?

Frederick's look of disgust, as if she were something filthy, had angered her as well.

Lucas turned to look at her and noticed her cold expression. Her eyes were now filled with frost.

If he told her to leave now, she would undoubtedly walk away without hesitation.

Lucas' face darkened as he said quietly, "You don't need to care about what others think."

Aveline looked at him and smiled, though it didn't reach her eyes. "Lucas, all of this that I'm enduring - it's because of you. You owe me compensation."

Lucas was taken aback. "Have you become obsessed with money?"

Aveline shrugged. "If I can't have love, can't I at least have money?"

Hearing this, Lucas' expression grew even more unpleasant, his entire demeanor chilling several degrees.

Aveline looked away and asked, "Where's Grandma?"

Lucas also averted his gaze, his aura softening as he tried to calm himself.

No longer wanting love? Was that something one could simply decide?

Lucas led her upstairs.

They arrived at an open door on the second floor. Inside, several people surrounded Barbara. Aaron was by her side, telling jokes to keep her entertained. "Grandma," Lucas said as he entered.

A smile appeared on Aveline's face. "Grandma."

Barbara's cloudy eyes immediately brightened upon seeing Aveline. She beckoned her over. "My dear granddaughter-in-law, you're finally here! I've been missing you terribly!"

Aveline approached and took Barbara's hand, her smile sweet. "I've missed you too, Grandma."

Barbara looked at her with sudden concern. "Darling, have you lost weight? Is my grandson not feeding you properly? How awful of him! If he's mistreating you, you don't have to stay with him!" Aveline laughed. "Alright, I'll listen to you, Grandma. You can decide for me when the time comes."

Barbara nodded. "Good, I'll make the decisions for you."

Lucas said resignedly. "Grandma, if she leaves me, you won't have a granddaughter-in-law anymore."

Barbara was momentarily stunned by Lucas' words. Then she gripped Aveline's hand tightly. "That won't do. I must have a granddaughter-in-law. No divorce. You two need to live well together!" Aveline was speechless.

Barbara turned to Lucas. "You better treat her well, or skin you alive!"

"Yes, Grandma," Lucas replied.

Watching this scene unfold, Aaron took out his phone and snapped a photo. He then showed it to Barbara like possession. "Madam Barbara, what do you think of this photo? Would you like it as your phone wallpaper?"

Barbara looked down at it. "Yes, this is lovely. My grandson and granddaughter-in-law are both in it. Let's make it my wallpaper!"

Aaron grinned as he set it up for her.

Aveline handed Barbara a charm and said, "Happy Birthday, Grandma. Wishing you all the happiness in the world and many more wonderful years ahead."

Barbara clutched the charm preciously. "Good, good. I'm happy, and you should be happy too."

Aveline's eyes softened with emotion.

Greeting guests would take some time, and the banquet was set up in the courtyard. When it was time, someone came to wheel Barbara out.

As the only grandson, Lucas accompanied Barbara, with Aveline naturally following behind him.

Frederick and Yvonne also flanked Barbara's side, presenting a unified family image to the guests.

When the guests saw Aveline, most were surprised by her presence.

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"So that's Lucas' wife. She's quite pretty!"

"She used her looks to cling onto Lucas. Rumor has it she saved him when he had amnesia, then married him. After Lucas regained his memories, she refused to divorce him."

"Tsk, once she latched onto that money tree, how could she let go so easily?"

"Just watch, the Tudor family has been ensnared by this woman!"

Whispers and murmurs arose from the crowd.

The onlookers' gazes were either curious or contemptuous, with no hint of kindness.

Aveline took it all in, lowering her eyes slightly with a polite smile on her face.

After the lengthy congratulatory speeches ended, the banquet began.

Barbara kept holding Aveline's hand, showing no interest in going to eat.

Yvonne said, "Aveline, why don't you stay with Madam Barbara for a while? We need to go entertain the guests."

"Alright," Aveline nodded.

She was eager to leave such an uncomfortable situation anyway.

She wheeled Barbara away from the courtyard and straight to the garden, where it was quiet and nearly

empty.

"Don't like it," Barbara suddenly said.

Confused, Aveline moved in front of her and bent down. "Grandma, what did you say?"

Barbara pouted. "I don't like those people. I want to send them all away!"

Her childish words were accompanied by a clearly unhappy expression.

Aveline smiled. "But they've all come to wish you a happy birthday."

Barbara huffed. "Hmph, I don't care!"

Aveline couldn't help but laugh. Then she asked, "Grandma, are you hungry? Would you like something to eat?"

Barbara shook her head. "I don't want food. I want a flower crown."

Aveline was surprised that she still remembered the flower crown she had made for her before.

"Then I'll make one for you," Aveline looked around. The garden was in full bloom, with flowers competing in beauty.

"Oh yes, yes!" Barbara clapped her hands excitedly from her wheelchair.

Aveline walked into the flower beds, carefully selecting blooms.

Suddenly, a terrified cry from Barbara rang out. "Ah!"

Aveline rushed to look and saw Barbara's wheelchair rapidly moving downhill!

At the bottom were stone steps. If the wheelchair tipped over, Barbara would certainly be injured!

Aveline's face went pale with fright. She dropped the flowers and ran after the wheelchair.

"Ah!" Barbara cried out in terror as the wheelchair picked up speed.

Just as it seemed about to tip over, someone suddenly dashed out and positioned themselves in front of the wheelchair, stopping its descent! Seeing this, Aveline let out a huge sigh of relief.

Barbara, however, was so frightened that she burst into loud sobs, her face covered in tears and mucus.

Aveline hurried over to comfort her. "Grandma, it's alright now. Everything's fine."

But Barbara was inconsolable, continuing to wail.

Aveline felt flustered, unsure how to calm her.

She instinctively looked up at the person who had stopped the wheelchair, but only caught a glimpse of their profile and back as they turned away. It was a servant from the Tudor mansion, dressed in staff uniform.

They were tall and well-built but wore a face mask.

"What happened?"

Just then, people attracted by Barbara's cries came over. Seeing her in such a state, they immediately called for others to come and check on her. Aveline was pushed aside as Barbara was taken into a room. Worried, she followed them inside.

"What's going on here?" Frederick's face was grim as he demanded answers from everyone present.

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The first person who had arrived pointed at Aveline, saying, "When I got here, I saw her standing next to Madam Barbara, who was crying continuously." All eyes turned to Aveline.

"She's the one who took Madam Barbara away. Did she mistreat her?"

"Madam Barbara seems to like her a lot. I doubt it."

"What do you know? Women like her can deceive men and old ladies alike. Who knows what she did to

Madam Barbara behind our backs."

Frederick looked at Aveline with a dark expression. "What exactly happened?"

Aveline took a deep breath and recounted the events, concluding with, "If you don't believe me, you can check the security footage."

Frederick glanced at the butler, who immediately went to review the recordings.

Five minutes later, the butler returned with a complicated expression. "Sir, the young madam took Madam Babara to a blind spot in the cameras. We couldn't capture what happened." Frederick's face darkened further. "Aveline, what did you do to Madam Barbara? How can you be so malicious? You know she has dementia, yet you dare to harm her?" Aveline shook her head. "I didn't do anything!"

She quickly looked to Barbara, hoping she would vouch for her. But Barbara was clearly traumatized, whimpering pitifully despite no longer sobbing loudly. Panicked, Aveline forced herself to calm down and said, "There was someone else - a servant here. He stopped the wheelchair. He can testify for me!"

Frederick scoffed coldly. "I don't have time for your excuses. Someone, lock her up until we get to the bottom of this!"

"Yes, sir!"

The butler summoned servants who covered Aveline's mouth and forcibly dragged her out through another door.

"Mmph!" Aveline struggled, trying to say something, but Frederick ignored her completely.

Lucas, as the Tudor family's only heir, was busy entertaining guests and knew nothing of what was transpiring.

Aveline was locked in a dark, damp room - likely an abandoned storage area. The air was thick with the smell of rot and mold, dust and cobwebs everywhere. Aveline pressed her lips together and found a relatively clean spot to sit down. She took out her phone and called Lucas.

At this point, he was her only hope.

However, though the call connected, it wasn't answered and eventually disconnected automatically.

Aveline's expression darkened.

Who had pushed Barbara's wheelchair? Why were they trying to frame her?

The storage room was cold and damp. As night fell and temperatures dropped, it became even colder.

Her formal gown provided little warmth.

Lucas entered from outside and asked a servant, "Where's Aveline?"

The servant lowered their head and replied, "The young madam left earlier."

Lucas paused. She left? Without saying a word to him?

Recalling her aversion and resistance to this place, Lucas lowered his eyes slightly. Perhaps it was for the best - she wasn't comfortable here anyway.

"Where's Grandma?" Lucas asked next.

The servant answered, "Madam Barbara took her medicine and is resting now."

"I see," Lucas acknowledged.

Just then, another servant approached and said, "Mr. Lucas, Mr. Frederick requests your presence in the study."

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Luca's responded coolly, "Alright."

Though he acknowledged verbally, he didn't head upstairs. Instead, he took out his phone to call Aveline.

While he knew she'd be more comfortable away from here, she should have at least informed him. Leaving without a word - did she not consider him at all? When he dialed, he heard a message, saying the phone was switched off.

Turned off?

Lucas frowned.

Seeing that he hadn't moved, the servant said, "Mr. Lucas, Mr. Frederick wants to discuss Mr. Leo's matter with you. You should go quickly."

Lucas' dark eyes grew cold, his intense pressure weighing on the servant, who lowered their head even further.

He put away his phone.

Recalling Aveline's extremely cold attitude towards him, a hint of mockery flashed in his eyes.

Perhaps she had deliberately turned off her phone to avoid him!

Feeling increasingly irritated, he walked towards the study with an icy expression.

Without knocking, he entered, only to see Frederick sitting in his chair with a maid kneeling before him. The desk obscured the details, but it wasn't hard to imagine what was happening.

Frederick's face darkened. "Entering without knocking? Don't you have any manners?"

Lucas stood at the doorway, looking at him coldly. "You know best whether I have manners or not, don't

you?"

Frederick looked uncomfortable, embarrassed at being caught by his son. He dismissed the maid and composed himself before speaking sternly, "What progress have you made on investigating Leo's situation as I asked?"

Lucas replied, "No news."

Frederick's gaze turned sinister. "Is there really no news, or have you not put any effort into investigating? Lucas, are you hoping he won't return? After all he's done for you, you don't want him back?" Lucas remained at the doorway, not stepping inside. He felt disgusted.

His expression was ice-cold as he said, "You're the one who's always believed he's alive. He was so badly burned back then, yet you think he survived? Has living in luxury all these years made you brainless?"

He paused, then added with a mocking smile, "Dad, you should take better care of your health. Excessive indulgence is harmful and leads to baldness."

"You-!"

Frederick's face contorted with anger. He grabbed a vase from the desk and hurled it at Lucas.

Lucas deftly

dodged the vase and replied coldly, "Either investigate it yourself or stop mentioning this to me. After all, I'm the only one in the Tudor family you can rely on now." With that, he turned and left.

"Unfilial son!" Frederick's face turned ashen with rage. He wished he could have another son, but Yvonne

hadn't gotten pregnant in all their years of marriage. His mistresses hadn't conceived either, despite him getting checked and finding no issues!

It seemed he was fated to have only Lucas as his disobedient son.

Just then, Yvonne entered.

Frederick asked, "How is Aveline?"

Yvonne replied, "She's behaving. Frederick, if Lucas finds out about this, he might cause trouble."

Frederick scoffed, "He won't be kind to me, whether he knows or not. That rebellious son may not get along with me, but Madam Barbara is his limit. If he finds out Aveline hurt her, he won't let her off either!" Yvonne looked troubled. "Frederick, what exactly are you planning to do?"

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Frederick said in a deep voice, "I didn't discipline him well before, which is why he's become like this now. I can't let him continue like this. He's right; he's the only heir of the Tudor family now, and nothing can happen to him. I need to find him a wife who matches our status, someone who can give birth to an excellent heir."

A hint of disgust flashed in his eyes. "Aveline's status is not suitable to be the Tudor family's daughter-in-law."

Yvonne replied, "But I think Lucas really likes Aveline."

Frederick said, "Women with low-status value unfounded feelings the most. As long as Aveline discovers Lucas's infidelity, she will definitely demand a divorce. He does like her a lot now, but if a woman becomes too troublesome and loses her original charm, will he still like her?"

Frederick knew this well because that was how things ended between him and Lucas' mother.

Yvonne listened, her eyes briefly revealing a cold glint, but she kept her expression neutral and said, "Shall we do it tonight?"

Frederick responded, "Today is Madam Barbara's birthday banquet; we can't let such a thing ruin it. We'll find another opportunity afterward. You should also start looking for suitable candidates." Yvonne nodded. "Alright, I understand."

Frederick continued, "Let's go and check on the guests."

"Okay."

The two left the study together.

In the damp, decaying storage room, the temperature was very low.

Aveline felt extremely cold, trembling as she hugged herself.

Her phone was dead, and she couldn't contact anyone.

No one was passing by outside.

Was she going to be trapped here forever?

No, she couldn't just sit and wait for death. She had to find a way out.

Aveline gritted her teeth, standing up and looking around the room, her face pale.

The storage room had only one door and two windows one was sealed with wooden boards, and the other was blocked by a cabinet.

She walked over, tried to push the cabinet, and found it movable.

Determined, she pushed the cabinet aside. Dust filled the air, and she waved her hand to clear it. She then went to the window, opened it, and looked outside.

Outside was a forest, The edge of the forest was a wall. She lifted her skirt and climbed out. The night was as cool as water, and the dim light through the trees cast mottled shadows on her.

Once outside, Aveline exhaled a deep breath.

She couldn't stay here another moment; she had to leave.

Cautiously, she walked forward, searching for a way out.

After a few minutes, she suddenly heard a faint sound coming from around a nearby corner.

"Who's there?" Aveline asked warily.

"Help me..." The plea for help grew louder, and it was unmistakably a man's voice.

Aveline walked over and turned the corner, spotting a door. The sound was coming from behind it. She hesitated, ready to turn and leave.

"Help me..." The voice called out again.

Aveline paused, feeling that the voice sounded oddly familiar.

She turned back and looked at the door again, noticing it wasn't locked.

Tentatively, she reached out and opened the door.

A staircase leading down appeared before her.

It was a basement. The voice was coming from there.

"Help me..." The voice echoed once more.

Aveline was sure now; she recognized this voice, and the person's identity flashed in her mind.

She just needed to see them to confirm who it was!

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Aveline walked directly down.

The basement was even colder than above, and as she descended, the lights flickered on one by one. She stopped in front of a door with iron bars and frowned, "Who's in there?" "Is... is that you, Aveline?" The man's voice came out weak and frail.

Aveline could even smell a faint scent of blood.

Aveline's expression grew tense, "Who's there?"

"It's Bobby."

Aveline widened her eyes. "Bobby? Is it really you?"

She grabbed the bars and peered inside desperately, but it was pitch dark; she couldn't see anything.

"It's me... Aveline, please save me. I'm being tortured to death. I don't want to die. Please help me, okay?"

Bobby's voice was filled with pleading as if clinging to a lifeline.

"..." Aveline wanted to say she would get him out, but then she remembered Bobby's own father had given up on him. As an outsider, did she have the right to intervene? Aveline asked, "Did you really steal from the Tudor family?"

"No, I didn't!" Bobby was extremely agitated. "I was set up! I did have gambling debts, but I never planned to steal anything!"

Aveline frowned. "What really happened?"

Bobby's breathing was heavy, as if speaking took a great deal of effort.

He slowly said, "I'm just a driver; I don't have the authority to enter the villa. But that day, Mary asked me to deliver something to a room. When I went in, I saw things scattered everywhere, a real mess.

"I just picked them up and put them on the table. Then left. A few days later, the Tudors suddenly arrested me, accusing me of stealing and selling the items, which were said to be the late Mr. Leo's belongings. I never did such a thing. I tried to explain, but they wouldn't believe me!"

Bobby's voice was filled with desperation. "Aveline, please save me. I really don't want to stay here. They're going to beat me to death!"

Aveline's expression was very serious. "Bobby, is everything you said true?"

Bobby gritted his teeth and said, "If I'm lying, I'll die a horrible death!"

Aveline thought back. Bobby was never the type to steal. She had spent a lot of time with him during their three years of high school. He was honest, gentle, and always willing to help. But... "How did you get into gambling?" Aveline asked.

Bobby's voice was hoarse as he replied, "I never intended to gamble. But... my colleague, another driver for the Tudors, often gambled. He convinced me to go with him once. When it was his turn, he suddenly had a stomachache and asked me to take his place for a couple of rounds. I won... and then..."

As he spoke, his voice became even raspier.

Gambling was something that, once touched, could easily become addictive and hard to quit.

The snowball effect was all too real.

Initially, he won a lot, and the easy money excited him,

He became hooked.

But then, one day, he started losing. Refusing to accept his losses,

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Aveline pondered for a moment and said, "I'll get to the bottom of this. If you're innocent, I'll get you out." Bobby broke down in tears. "Aveline, thank you!"

Aveline felt a pang of discomfort. If Bobby knew that Zane had given up on him for money, how would he react? At the same time, a chill ran through her. If someone had orchestrated all this, what was their motive? Why target a mere driver?

Aveline returned upstairs, feeling somewhat warmer. She glanced towards the villa's garden and headed in that direction. She couldn't leave just yet. She needed to find Lucas and get some answers.

The garden was still lively, and Aveline's sudden appearance stunned everyone. Their gazes quickly turned to shock and disdain. She looked disheveled, her dress dirty, her hair messy, and her face and arms covered in dust, as if she had crawled out of a dirt pit.

A servant saw her and hurriedly stepped forward to stop her, "Who let you out? Go back inside!"

Aveline pushed the servant aside, "I am the lady of the Tudor family. How dare you stop me?"

The servant, surprised, stared at her in astonishment. Aveline ignored the stares and walked forward. She spotted Lucas.

"Lucas, what happened to your wife? She looks like she just escaped from a disaster," Aaron, standing beside Lucas, remarked as he saw Aveline approaching with determination.

Upon hearing this, Lucas looked up and saw Aveline. His brows furrowed as he walked towards her.

"What happened?"

Aveline, suppressing her anger, asked, "Have you investigated Bobby's situation thoroughly?"

Lucas's brows knit together. "That matter was resolved. Have you forgotten?"

She hadn't forgotten!

Back then, she had even bet with him, claiming that if she won, he would release Bobby!

But reality had slapped her hard.

Zane chose money over his own son.

She lost completely.

At that time, she had no idea about the inside story. If she had known, she would never have let Zane leave!

Aveline said, "I haven't forgotten, but Lucas, he was framed. Bobby didn't steal your brother's things!"

Lucas's eyes grew colder. "Where's the evidence?"

Aveline was at a loss for words. "You..."

She remembered the evidence he had shown. Videos of Bobby stealing and selling the items had been recorded. He had evidence, and she had none! Yet, she inexplicably believed Bobby's words! Lucas grabbed her wrist and led her back into the villa, "First, tell me what's going on. Weren't you

supposed to leave?"

Aveline suddenly remembered her current predicament.

She asked, "How is Grandma?"

Lucas glanced at her and said, "Grandma is resting."

Aveline pressed her lips together, about to say something, when she saw the butler approaching with several servants.

"Madam Aveline, please return. Mr. Frederick didn't permit you to come out," the butler said with a smile.

Lucas's expression darkened. "Return? Where to?"

The butler lowered his eyes. "Mr. Lucas, here's the situation..."

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The butler explained what had happened in the garden earlier, especially the scene where Barbara was frightened to tears, describing it vividly.

He glanced at Aveline with a frown, his tone becoming colder. "Madam Barbara is very fond of Madam Aveline. I don't understand why she would want to harm her."

Aveline frowned. "I didn't do it. It wasn't me."

The butler replied, "But the servants saw you pushing the wheelchair, which scared Madam Barbara."

Aveline looked at Lucas and said calmly, "Grandma wanted a flower crown, so I went to pick flowers. When I heard the commotion, she had already been pushed away by someone else." "Did you check the surveillance?" Lucas asked the butler in a low voice, his eyes cold.

The butler nodded. "We did, but that area is a blind spot. Nothing was captured."

Lucas' tone grew even colder. "If nothing was captured, how can you be certain she pushed Grandma? If that's the case, can I speculate that you instigated someone to frame her?" The butler became terrified. "Mr. Lucas, I didn't!"

Lucas sneered. "Do you have evidence proving you didn't instruct anyone?"

Cold sweat broke out on the butler's back. He looked at Aveline with a face full of apology, "Madam Aveline, it's my fault. However, since the matter hasn't been clarified, you can't come out yet." Lucas said coldly, "If the matter isn't clarified, why was she locked up?"

The butler was at a loss for words. He was merely following Frederick's orders, as a servant. Why was he being put in such a difficult position?

Cold sweat appeared on the butler's face. "Mr. Lucas if you do this, I won't be able to explain it to Mr,

Frederick."

Lucas responded, "That's your problem, not mine."

The butler was speechless.

Lucas turned to hold Aveline's hand, saying, "Let's go and get you changed."

Realizing that Aveline had been locked up by Frederick without his consent made Lucas' eyes flash with a chilling coldness.

The butler watched them leave and had no choice but to find Frederick and explain the situation.

"That ungrateful son!" Frederick cursed angrily.

Yvonne said, "I'll go and check on them."

Frederick added, "Make sure to lock Aveline up. She can't be allowed to disgrace the Tudor family anymore!"

"Alright," Yvonne replied as she left the room.

She ran into Lucas and Aveline on the stairs.

Yvonne asked, "Aveline, are you alright?"

Lucas retorted, "Madam Yvonne, do you even care?"

Yvonne sighed. "Lucas, your father is in charge of the Tudor family. I'm just a stepmother to you. What can I say?"

She put on the demeanor of a helpless senior very convincingly. Lucas' expression remained cold.

Yvonne continued, "Take Aveline back to your room. I'll get her some clothes to change into."

With that, she turned and headed to the bedroom.

In Lucas' room, Aveline took a quick shower, feeling refreshed.

When she came out of the bathroom, she saw Lucas standing on the balcony, looking out over the garden where the guests were mingling, the scene perfectly harmonious. Hearing her, Lucas turned to her and asked, "What happened in the garden with Grandma?"

Aveline pressed her lips together and said, "Someone pushed Grandma's wheelchair, trying to frame me. A masked servant appeared in time and stopped the wheelchair."

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Lucas asked in a deep voice, "Have you found this person?"

Aveline shook her head. "No, the butler said there were no servants wearing masks today."

Due to the birthday banquet, many temporary workers had been hired, and the requirements were strict. Allowing a servant to wear a mask was out of the question. Lucas' expression grew colder. He took out his phone and made a call.

"Hello, boss?" came Maria's lazy voice.

"Check the surveillance at the Tudor family estate," Lucas said, providing a specific time frame. Without waiting for Maria's response, he hung up.

Maria sighed. "Seriously?"

Aveline looked at him. "Do you have a way to check the surveillance there?"

"Let's wait and see," Lucas replied calmly.

Aveline nodded. Either the surveillance would reveal something, or Barbara would need to clarify things herself. But since she was asleep, Aveline couldn't disturb her. Just then, there was a knock on the door.

"Lucas, Aveline, it's me," Yvonne's gentle voice called out.

"Come in," Lucas said coldly.

Yvonne opened the door, holding a set of clothes. "These just arrived. I haven't worn them yet. See if they fit," she said to Aveline.

Aveline took the clothes. "Thank you, Madam Yvonne."

Yvonne smiled. "No need to be so formal. If you need anything, just let me know."

Aveline took the clothes into the dressing room to change.

"The zipper is in an unusual spot. Let me help you," Yvonne said, pushing the door open and walking in.

Lucas watched indifferently, then turned his attention to his phone.

In the dressing room, Aveline put on the dress.

It was an elegant, simple dress, its length falling just below her knees, revealing her slender ankles. The fitted waist highlighted her perfect figure. The zipper was indeed in an unusual spot. Yvonne helped her with the zipper.

"You look really beautiful in this dress," she said.

Aveline looked at herself in the mirror. The pale yellow dress made her look like a fresh daisy in bloom.

Yvonne sighed. "I know you would never harm Grandma, and without surveillance in that area, locking you up was truly unfair."

Aveline lowered her eyes, not responding.

Yvonne continued, "How did you get out?"

"The window wasn't locked, so I just came out," Aveline replied.

Yvonne chuckled. "You're quite resourceful. But you didn't see anything unusual, did you? That area has a basement where Lucas punishes those who disobey."

Aveline's expression changed. "That basement belongs to Lucas?"

Yvonne nodded. "Yes, anyone in the Tudor family who makes a mistake is sent there. Even if they don't die, they come out with severe injuries. Lucas has been like this since he was a child, having lost his mother and not being close to me. His personality turned out this way."

She paused before adding, "Recently, a driver from the family made a foolish mistake. He stole Leo's belongings and sold them. When Lucas found out, he had the man beaten severely. It was a horrifying scene, one I couldn't bear to watch."

Aveline instinctively tightened her grip on the dress. Images of Bobby, beaten and bloodied, flashed through her mind. Was it Lucas who had ordered the beating?