

Divorced Me 461

Chapter 461

Aveline was startled, and the small cake in her hand fell onto the soft carpet.

"What are you doing?" she asked, her body tensing up. His proximity immediately caused her pain, revealing just how intense her body's reaction to him was.

The bedroom was pitch black. They couldn't see each other clearly, but Aveline could feel Lucas' gloomy gaze fixed on her, his hot breath hitting her face, his overpowering presence enveloping her. Aveline hated this feeling. Being completely controlled by him with no escape made her feel suffocated.

"Lucas, what are you doing in the middle of the night?" she asked again when he remained silent.

Suddenly, Lucas kissed her. The hot breath mixed with the taste of tobacco flooded Aveline's senses.

Aveline let out a muffled groan and struggled.

However, Lucas seemed to anticipate her resistance.

He grabbed her wrists, twisted them behind her back, and pressed her into his chest.

His kiss was scorching. Their breaths entangled in a chaotic mess...

Lucas, like an insatiable beast, imprinted his scent on her, making her entire body filled with his presence, like a beast marking its territory.

Aveline felt even more uncomfortable. Lucas bit her lip as if in punishment and whispered, "Why are you trying to hide? Do you think you can?"

Aveline's breathing was erratic, her chest heaving violently. Each rise and fall caused friction against his hard chest, and she could feel his muscles tense. She tried to steady her breath and said, "Lucas, I'm very tired. I want to rest."

Lucas let out a light, mocking scoff.

With a loud "snap," he turned on the bedroom light.

Lucas glanced at the small cake on the carpet and stepped on it. "Eating something this sweet so late at night, aren't you worried about your health?" Aveline widened her eyes at the sight!

The cake was already ruined beyond recognition, and Aveline found his behavior utterly unreasonable.

"Move aside. I need to wash up and rest!" Her tone grew colder.

Lucas' eyes narrowed. "What? Feeling heartbroken?"

He stared at her intently, his eyes filled with a cold emotion.

Aveline struggled. "You've already destroyed the cake. What else can I say?"

Lucas spoke slowly, "Someone else gave it to you. Don't you feel bad that I ruined it?"

Aveline's eyes widened at his words. He had seen it!

She frowned. "Were you spying on me?"

Lucas sneered and grabbed her chin. "You came home so late. As your husband, I should have picked you up. But what did I see? My wife being courted by another man, accepting his gift. What does that mean? Have you accepted him? What's next? Planning to get a room together?"

Each word he spoke was like a knife stabbing into her heart. The stifling pain made her feel it was ridiculous

"Lucas, with your imagination, it's a pity you don't write novels."

Her eyes were filled with blatant sarcasm, making Lucas's expression even darker. "Not planning to get a room? I can recommend a Tudor hotel. The service is quite good."

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"Lucas, are you out of your mind?"

Aveline was speechless.

She had done nothing, and yet he was suggesting arranging a room for her with another man. Was he out of his mind?

Lucas stared at her intensely for a long time before saying, "Aveline, you can't accept another man, nor can you love another man. If I find out, you might not die, but that man will wish he was dead." His tone was serious, a grave warning. The possessiveness in his eyes was utterly undisguised.

Aveline pressed her lips together, her gaze complicated as she looked at him. If he had shown this behavior before, she would have been overjoyed. But after everything that had happened, hearing these words from him only left her feeling indifferent.

She lowered her eyes slightly. "Can I go wash up now? I've been busy all day, and I'm really tired."

Lucas looked at her for another moment before finally letting her go.

Aveline walked towards the bathroom.

Lucas called a servant to clean up the ruined cake.

When Aveline came out, she saw him sitting on the sofa, a tube of ointment placed on the table in front of

him.

"I'll help you apply the ointment," he said in a deep voice when he saw her looking over.

Aveline pressed her lips together and said, "I can apply the ointment myself." She walked over to take the

ointment.

Lucas, however, moved faster. His eyes locked onto hers. "Lie down on the bed."

Aveline frowned but then gave up struggling.

She knew that if she resisted, he would only torment her more while applying the ointment, making it more painful for her. It was better to comply now, get the ointment applied, and go to sleep sooner. She was truly exhausted...

Lucas looked at her long, white legs. Under the light, they were almost blindingly pale. He walked over and spread her knees apart slightly.

A chill hit her, and Aveline's body instinctively shivered. She stared at the intricately designed ceiling, waiting to sleep after the ointment was applied.

But in the next second, she widened her eyes!

Aveline abruptly tried to sit up to avoid Lucas, but he grabbed her waist, holding her in place.

She looked at him in disbelief as waves of intense sensation washed over her. From her angle, she could only see the top of his dark, rough hair.

Her breath trembled. "Lucas, you..."

Soon, her strength faded, and she lay back down on the bed, biting her lip to stay silent.

She had no idea how much time had passed...

The blinding sensation finally subsided, and her breathing was erratic, her legs trembling.

Only then did Lucas start applying the ointment. The cool feeling spread over her skin, dissipating the lingering, unsettling warmth. Aveline turned her face away, not wanting to look at him. Lucas, however, continued to gaze at her. Seeing her flushed cheeks, uneven breathing, and heaving chest, he spoke in a deep voice, "Did it feel good?"

Aveline bit her lip, not replying.

Lucas didn't seem to need her answer. Her body's reaction was all the answer he needed. He lowered his eyes, his handsome face serious as he said, "No other man will make you feel this way."

Aveline remained silent.

Lucas wiped his fingers clean, looking at her still-trembling legs, and leaned down to kiss them.

"Aveline, I won't let any other man get close to you."

Aveline turned away completely, ignoring him.

Her emotions were in turmoil, and her mind was a chaotic mess! This was the first time he had done something like this to her, and she had never expected it to feel this way.

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Aveline's mind was truly in turmoil.

Soon, the sound of running water from the bathroom came, and she finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Gradually, she relaxed, hugging herself.

Just as she was about to fall asleep, the bed beside her dipped, and Lucas, his body slightly cool and damp from the shower, lay down next to her, hugging her tightly.

Aveline didn't move or struggle.

Lucas kissed her shoulder. "Good night, my wife."

Aveline's eyelashes trembled, but she still didn't respond.

The next day.

When Aveline arrived at work, she saw that Sidney was already there. He was wearing a clean white shirt, looking bright and handsome, exuding the energy of a young man. Zoe was chatting with him, and Sidney was smiling as he answered her.

Seeing Aveline, Sidney immediately stood up and walked over. "Good morning, Miss Young!"

Aveline gave a faint smile. "We're colleagues now, you can call me Aveline."

Sidney, a bit embarrassed, rubbed his nose. "Aveline."

"Yes, good morning." Aveline nodded slightly.

Zoe, sitting at her desk, remarked indifferently, "If I didn't know you were already married, I'd think you two were a couple."

Sidney frowned at her words and said, "Don't talk nonsense. Aveline and I are friends."

Zoe scoffed, clearly not believing him.

Aveline ignored her and asked, "Are you familiar with the work yet?"

Sidney nodded. "I've contacted a few project managers we've worked with before to see if they have any projects. I want to try and secure some." Aveline said, "Keep up the good work!"

"I-will!" Sidney's eyes shone brightly.

When Maria arrived, she looked listless, yawning as she entered the office. Before going in, she glanced at Sidney. "Sidney, come here for a moment." "Okay," he replied.

Sidney followed Maria into the office.

Maria said, "There's a business dinner this afternoon. Come with me. It's a good opportunity for you to meet more project managers,"

Sidney nodded. "Alright, boss."

Maria smiled. "Work hard. You have a bright future ahead."

Sidney gave a shy smile.

Maria looked at him, finding him pleasing to the eye. If only his affections weren't directed at Aveline...

In the afternoon, Sidney was no longer in the studio.

Aveline continued working on her designs. When she finally looked up, the sky had already darkened. The office was once again empty, with only her remaining. She stretched, turned off her computer, and got up to leave.

While waiting for the elevator, the hallway lights suddenly went out, startling her.

She looked cautiously into the darkness, her palms breaking out in cold sweat.

At that moment, the elevator arrived, and she quickly stepped inside.

She pressed the close button, but for some reason, the elevator doors wouldn't close.

Too scared to step back out, she stood in the corner and took out her phone to call someone.

Her heart was pounding as she kept her eyes fixed on the entrance.

Then, her phone rang, startling her again. She immediately answered it.

"Hello?"

"Have you finished work?"

The man's deep voice came through, providing her with a sense of security in the eerie and strangely terrifying atmosphere.

"I... I'm in the elevator, but the doors won't close," Aveline said, swallowing hard, her voice hoarse.

"I'm coming up right now."

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Lucas didn't hang up after speaking. She could hear the sound of him getting out of the car, followed by the hurried footsteps.

Aveline gripped her phone tightly, her hand repeatedly pressing the close button. This time, the elevator doors finally closed.

Her heart, which had been in her throat, suddenly eased.

"The elevator doors closed," Aveline said, realizing her legs had gone weak.

"Don't get out until you reach the first floor," Lucas instructed.

"Okay," Aveline replied, keeping the call connected.

Fortunately, the elevator soon reached the first floor. By then, the building was empty.

When the elevator doors opened, she saw Lucas standing at the entrance and rushed out to him.

Lucas immediately embraced her, his voice soothing. "It's okay. I'll find out what happened."

Wrapped in his cool scent, Aveline finally relaxed, but a wave of lingering fear washed over her. Her nose tingled, and tears threatened to fall, but she held them back. Lucas held her as they left the building. Once inside the car, the warmth surrounded her, and her cold body began to thaw.

Holding her hand, Lucas asked, "Did you see anyone?"

Aveline shook her head.

"No." Then she asked, "What do mean?"

you

Lucas' eyes met hers. "The elevator doors wouldn't close. Either there was a malfunction, or someone was outside pressing the open button, preventing the doors from closing."

His gaze darkened. "Clearly, in your case, it was the latter."

Aveline's face turned pale. "Who would do that? And why?"

Thinking of Darren, she quickly asked, "Have you found Darren yet?"

Lucas replied, "No, he's hidden well. He hasn't surfaced at all recently."

Aveline sighed. "His absence is the biggest threat. He always said I ruined him, but I don't even remember who he is."

Lucas said, "Don't worry about it if you can't remember

He pulled her close, soothing her panic.

Aveline closed her eyes, suddenly feeling too tired to struggle. She just stayed in his embrace. Despite everything, she couldn't resist his presence and still felt a sense of dependence on him. A trace of bitterness flashed in Aveline's eyes.

As they were nearing home, Lucas received a call from the Tudor family mansion.

His brow furrowed, but he answered, "Hello?"

Yvonne's gentle voice came through. "Lucas, are you and Aveline asleep yet? If not, could you come over? Your grandmother's condition doesn't seem right."

Lucas' expression immediately became serious. "I'll be right there!"

He hung up and instructed the driver to turn back to the family mansion.

Aveline asked, "What's wrong?"

"I'm not sure," Lucas replied.

Until they saw Barbara, everything was uncertain.

Aveline sensed his tense mood and bit her lip, feeling a growing sense of unease.

The car soon arrived at the Tudor family mansion.

They entered the living room to find Barbara sitting in her wheelchair, with Frederick and Yvonne on the sofa, the atmosphere heavy.

Aveline noticed that Barbara's eyes were much clearer, no longer cloudy.

"Grandma," Lucas called as he approached her.

"Lucas," Barbara looked at him and smiled, then held his hand. "Why didn't you bring Sophia along?"

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Barbara's words left everyone in the living room stunned.

Lucas's expression grew tense as he knelt in front of Barbara, asking, "Grandma, do you remember things

now?"

Barbara reached out and touched his head. "Of course I remember. I'm not senile. Weren't you planning to marry Sophia? Why didn't you bring her along today?"

Lucas sensed something was wrong. Pointing to Aveline, he asked, "Do you remember her?"

Barbara looked in Aveline's direction and shook her head. "No, who is she? Is she a new servant in the

house?"

Aveline felt as if she had been slapped hard. Previously, when Barbara was confused, she often mistook Sophia for a servant and treated her exceptionally well. Now, it was the opposite. Lucas stood up and said, "I'll take you to the hospital."

Barbara frowned, her old face full of confusion. "Why go to the hospital? I feel fine."

Lucas insisted, "Just a check-up. Please listen to me."

Barbara was reluctant, but no one could stop Lucas once he made up his mind.

Barbara was taken to the hospital.

At the hospital, while Barbara was being examined, the Tudors' expressions were all heavy in the hallway. Lucas looked at Yvonne. "Madam Yvonne, how did you notice something was wrong with Grandma?" Yvonne replied, "I visit her ever

evening for a chat. Today, she started talking about the past, even mentioning your mother. I realized something was off and asked her a few more questions. She remembered everything from before." Pausing, she continued, "Lucas, you're aware of your grandmother's condition. Ever since she was diagnosed with Alzheimer's, she hasn't remembered the past."

Yes. The grandmother who shouldn't remember the past suddenly did, even mentioning his plan to marry Sophia, which was two years ago.

A bold theory began to take shape in Lucas's mind.

Just then, his phone rang. Seeing it was Maria calling, he answered, his tone cold.

"Hello?"

Maria was about to speak when she heard Lucas' cold tone and couldn't help but tease, "Boss, what's the matter? You assign me a task in the middle of the night, and now I'm reporting back, and you treat me like this? So cold?"

Lucas' tone remained icy. "Get to the point."

Maria sighed on the other end, "The cameras on that floor were broken, so we can't see if anyone was at the elevator doors."

"That's all you found out?" Lucas asked coldly.

"It's not like they broke today! They've been out for a week, and I just found out," María retorted, annoyed.

She silently cursed Logan for his absurd temper.

"Keep investigating," Lucas ordered, then hung up.

He turned and saw Aveline standing not far away, her figure slender and lonely.

He walked over to her, speaking softly, "Grandma will be fine."

Aveline looked at him and asked, "Why did Grandma forget me?"

In this world, besides Selena, only Barbara had ever shown her warmth and kindness. The feeling of being cared for was something she remembered deeply.

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Lucas' face showed a hint of complexity as he calmly said, "It's hard to say for now; we'll wait for the doctor's results."

Aveline nodded, acknowledging that there was nothing more they could do at the moment.

Frederick glanced harshly at Aveline before turning to Lucas and saying, "Your grandmother's condition seems to have improved. You know her wishes-she just wants to see you and Sophia get married. You brought Sophia to her in the first place, and now with her request, you can't refuse."

Yvonne interjected, "Frederick, but Lucas and Aveline have a good relationship. Isn't this a bit unfair to them?"

"Hah!" Frederick sneered. "A good relationship? Hasn't Aveline been wanting a divorce all this time? This is the perfect opportunity to finalize it, so neither of them has to waste more time."

Yvonne immediately looked at Aveline with concern, worried she might be hurt by these words.

Aveline, however, acted as if she hadn't heard, standing in the corner with her eyes downcast, her lips pressed into a straight line.

Lucas ignored Frederick's comments. He was too preoccupied with his frantic search for Leo to care about his and Aveline's situation. It seemed like he really needed to find something else for Frederick to

focus on.

About two hours later, Barbara's test results came out.

The doctor looked at the report and said, "Madam Barbara's brain has been stimulated, which helped her/ remember some things from the past. But this doesn't mean her dementia is cured. It's like a ticking time bomb we don't know when her condition might get worse again."

Lucas asked in a deep voice, "She seems to only remember things from two years ago. She doesn't seem to recall anything from the past two years."

The doctor replied, "That's understandable. These past two years have been the peak of her illness, with her consciousness mostly muddled. Naturally, she wouldn't remember much."

Upon hearing this, Lucas frowned, his demeanor growing colder.

The doctor continued, "What we need to do now is keep Mádam Barbara happy and avoid any agitation. She's too old to handle any more shocks."

After giving some additional instructions, the doctor left.

Barbara was wheeled out, sleeping on the hospital bed.

Lucas said, "Let's keep her under observation in the hospital for a few days to make sure there's nothing wrong before taking her home."

Frederick had no objections to this arrangement.

Barbara was taken to the VIP ward.

Standing by the bedside, Aveline gazed at the sleeping old lady, feeling a mix of emotions.

What if Barbara really insisted on Lucas marrying Sophia?

Every time she thought of this possibility, a pang of pain filled her heart.

Lucas took her hand. "Let's go home for now. You've been through a lot today. We'll come back to see Grandma tomorrow." Aveline nodded. "Okay."

Leaving the hospital together, they sat in the car. As she looked out at the deep night, she asked, "Did you find out who was pressing the elevator button?" Lucas replied, "The surveillance on that floor was broken. Don't work overtime anymore; stick to regular hours. I'll have Brian continue to protect you."

Unable to find out who was behind the incident, Aveline remained uneasy but felt more exhausted than anything else.

Back at the Tudor residence, she took a shower and had just laid down when Lucas came over and lifted her dress.

Her body tensed, realizing what he wanted to do, but she quickly relaxed.

Tonight, both of them were too weighed down by their thoughts, so nothing more happened.

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The next day.

The two of them went to the hospital.

Barbara had already had her breakfast, with Yvonne sitting by her side, chatting.

"Grandma."

Lucas walked in, calling softly.

Seeing him, Barbara's wrinkled face immediately lit up with a smile.

"Lucas, you're here." Barbara grasped his hand and, looking at his handsome face, suddenly said, "Lucas, you seem different. You look more mature."

Lucas' lips curved into a faint smile. "Isn't it good to be more mature?"

Barbara nodded. "Good, of course, but I still miss the younger you, carefree, always following Leo around with a pout. Only Leo spoiled you. If it had been anyone else, they would've given you a good beating."

Lucas' smile froze momentarily.

Barbara then noticed Aveline and asked, "Why is she here again?"

Lucas said, "Grandma, she's my wife, Aveline."

Aveline looked at Barbara, "Grandma."

Barbara's brow furrowed immediately, releasing Lucas' hand. "Weren't you supposed to marry Sophia? I thought that girl was very reliable. Why did you marry someone else?"

Her attitude clearly showed displeasure, and her gaze towards Aveline grew colder.

Aveline felt as if her throat was being choked, extremely uncomfortable.

Lucas explained, "Grandma, you've lost two years of memories. The reason you think I've matured is because the Lucas in your memory is from two years ago. I'm now 27."

Barbara was stunned. "27?"

"Yes."

Lucas nodded. "The idea of marrying Sophia was a mistake, an accident. Now, Aveline is my wife, and I will only recognize her as my wife for the rest of my life." Aveline's breath caught at his words.

Barbara still couldn't accept this reality. "How can that be? I remember you were adamant about marrying Sophia. I even prepared the betrothal gifts, and now you're telling me two years have passed?" Her expression was dazed, a look of disbelief.

Lucas sighed helplessly. "Grandma, take your time to process this. A lot has happened in between, and I'll explain everything to you slowly, alright?"

Yvonne interjected, "Alright, let me rest now."

She stood up and gently ushered Lucas and Aveline out of the room. Closing the door behind them, her face was full of disapproval.

"Lucas, even if you have to tell her, do it gradually. Your grandmother has just regained her memories and is very unstable. If you tell her everything directly, what if she gets another shock and it leads to other complications?"

Lucas replied calmly, "She has to know eventually, so why not just get it over with all at once?"

A single shock would be better than multiple small ones.

Yvonne shook her head in disagreement, but there was nothing more she could say now that it was done. "Let's keep observing for now. Your grandmother's condition is still unstable," Yvonne said. Lucas responded, "I'll arrange for a caregiver to look after her. I have work to do, so I'll head out."

Yvonne turned to Aveline. "You should get back to your work as well. If there's any change, I'll let you know immediately."

Aveline nodded, casting a lingering look towards the room before reluctantly leaving.

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Leaving the hospital, Lucas looked at Aveline. "Don't overthink it. She just lost her memory from the past two years."

Aveline glanced at him and asked, "What if Grandma insists you marry Sophia?"

Lucas stared at her deeply. "Aveline, you better get rid of that idea. I won't divorce you."

Aveline couldn't help but sigh. "Actually, getting a divorce isn't a bad thing. I..."

"Shut up!"

Lucas glared at her irritably. "Didn't you understand what I said? If you mention divorce again, I won't hesitate to lock you up!"

His eyes darkened with a fierce glint, and a cold chill surrounded him. Aveline paused and stopped talking because she knew he meant it.

She turned and walked away, her face growing colder.

Lucas watched her retreating figure, his lips pressed into a straight line. He opened the car door and got in, his expression darkening even more. Just then, his phone rang. He took it out and saw it was a call from Maria.

"Speak."

Maria was startled by his cold tone and swallowed hard. "Boss, I found something, but the person is very cunning, covering themselves completely. All I can tell is it's a man." Lucas squinted his eyes. "Send me what you found."

"Yes."

Maria, sensing his mood was off, didn't dare to be playful and obediently sent all the information over.

Lucas then asked, "Is Sidney still behaving?"

Maria replied, "Yes, yes, he's behaving. With me watching him, you don't have to worry, Boss."

Lucas said, "Keep watching him."

"Yes."

Lucas opened his email and looked at the information Maria had found, including two blurry photos. In the dimly lit hallway, a vague figure stood at the elevator, his hand clearly pressing the open button. At that moment, Aveline was inside the elevator; fortunately, she hadn't stepped out. If she had, the.

consequences would have been unimaginable.

Lucas' face grew darker as he sent a message to Brian instructing him to continue protecting Aveline.

Barbara's condition became increasingly stable. After learning that two years had passed, she didn't react in a way that would harm her health.

Two days later, she suddenly asked Yvonne to contact Aveline.

Aveline was at work when she received the call and felt puzzled but still went to the hospital. Despite Barbara's current coldness, she had genuinely cared for Aveline before.

"Grandma."

Entering the room, Aveline saw the people inside, frowned slightly, but still greeted them.

Barbara responded indifferently and then said, "This is Sophia, Lucas' fiancée. Aveline, I don't know how you and Lucas met, but there has to be an order to things. A granddaughter-in-law not approved by me doesn't count as part of the Tudor family. You've only been married to Lucas for a short time; find time to get a divorce. You're a good girl and shouldn't interfere in someone else's relationship."

Sophia sat by the bed, holding Barbara's hand with a gentle smile on her face.

Hearing these words, Aveline's hands clenched slightly before she responded, "Grandma, you're overthinking. I've always wanted a divorce; it's Lucas who won't agree. You should talk to him."

Barbara's brows furrowed at this. "What do you mean? Do you think I'm a fool? Why wouldn't Lucas agree to a divorce? Did you say something to him?"

Her gaze at Aveline now held a trace of disgust.

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Aveline looked at Barbara in astonishment.

She never expected that the once kind and even doting old lady would now look at her with such cold eyes and malicious suspicion.

A wave of heartache washed over her. She realized that being hurt by someone close could be just as painful as Lucas's betrayal.

She pressed her lips together, then took out her phone and dialed Lucas's number.

"Hello?"

The call was quickly answered, and the man's cool, magnetic voice came through. Aveline said, "Grandma has something to discuss with us. Come to the hospital."

Lucas asked, "What's going on?"

Aveline replied, "You'll know when you get here."

With that, she hung up the phone.

Discussing the divorce should be done in front of both of them. What use was it to just talk to her? She wanted the divorce, but Lucas wouldn't agree, and Barbara didn't believe her. What had she done wrong to be treated like this?

Aveline sat down on the sofa, her eyes downcast, no longer looking at Barbara. Her personality was such that once someone hurt her, it was difficult for them to get close to her again.

Barbara didn't like Aveline's demeanor and continued chatting with Sophia, enjoying her gentle nature. Sophia, with her graceful and elegant manner, was the kind of girl Barbara believed should be the daughter-in-law of the Tudor family.

Sophia glanced at Aveline, a hint of triumph flashing in her eyes. She was about to give up, but now, fate had given her another chance!

Barbara's mind cleared up, and she even forgot about everything that happened in the last two years! It seemed like a miracle had happened.

Lucas might not listen to Frederick, but he certainly heeds Barbara's words. Now, with Barbara around, he would definitely divorce Aveline and marry her! Sophia's eyes were filled with anticipation.

About 40 minutes later, Lucas pushed open the door to the hospital room. Seeing Sophia there, his brows immediately furrowed. "Why are you here?"

Barbara shot him a displeased look. "Is that any way to speak to your fiancée? She's here to keep me company and cheer me up, doing what you should be doing. You should be grateful to her!" Lucas's face darkened. "Grandma, I don't have a fiancée. I only have a wife."

Barbara replied, "I've already discussed this with her, Lucas. I don't care why you're with Aveline; you two must divorce. You brought Sophia to me in the first place, and she has always been devoted to you. You can't let her down."

Aveline looked at Lucas, her expression extremely calm, as if being forced into a divorce was something she had always expected.

Lucas loosened his tie and then said, "Two years ago, I had a car accident."

Barbara nodded. "I know. Sophia saved you and even lost a leg because of it. That's why you should marry her."

After learning about this, she believed Lucas owed Sophia and had to make it up to her. Whatever Sophia wanted, she would ensure she got it..

Lucas sneered and continued, "I became a vegetable and was bedridden for a year. One day, I suddenly woke up, but I was on the street. I didn't know why I was there, but I knew someone didn't want me to wake up. In fact, they hoped I'd have another accident."

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Barbara said, "How could someone want to harm you? That's just your speculation."

"Heh!" Lucas let out a low laugh and continued, "Grandma, how could I, someone who just woke up and lost his memory, end up on the street by myself? Where were the caregivers from the place I was staying at? Where did everyone go?"

Barbara fell silent.

Lucas continued, "At that time, it was Aveline who saved me and took me home. If it weren't for her, you wouldn't be seeing me today."

Barbara glanced at Aveline and suddenly said, "We can't be certain it wasn't intentional. What if she knew who you were all along?" "I don't know."

Aveline felt she should say something. She looked calmly at Barbara and said, "Grandma, I don't know. why you are so hostile towards me, but you weren't like this before. You liked me a lot and even told him that if he ever bullied me, you would help me teach him a lesson. I still remember those words."

She exhaled slowly and continued, "Of course, if you've forgotten, it doesn't matter. I didn't know his identity. It was only when he regained his memory and showed up at my workplace that I learned who he

was."

Barbara remained silent, her aged face showing a complicated expression.

Lucas looked at Barbara and asked softly, "Grandma, Aveline hasn't done anything wrong. She's my savior. I can't betray her."

The atmosphere in the room grew tense.

At this moment, Sophia spoke up, "Grandma, please don't say anymore. I'm fine with it. Although I was Lucas's fiancée two years ago, he has fallen in love with someone else now. I am willing to step aside. My leg is fine too. I've gotten used to the prosthetic. Look, I can walk just fine."

She stood up and walked around in front of Barbara, showing her agility.

Seeing this, Barbara's eyes reddened, and she turned to Lucas, "Sophia is also your savior! She sacrificed her leg to save you! She could have chosen not to save you! Lucas, when did you become so heartless?"

Barbara pointed at Aveline. "She saved you, and you can compensate her materially. What can't the Tudor family provide? But what about Sophia? Can you give her back a perfect leg?" Barbara's emotions surged, and she clutched her chest, her breathing becoming labored.

"Grandma!"

Sophia immediately moved forward, gently rubbing Barbara's chest to soothe her. "Please, don't get worked up. Let this matter go. Don't hurt yourself over me; it's not worth it!"

Barbara clung tightly to Sophia's hand. "Sophia, the Tudor family owes you. If I die now, it will be to atone for what we've done to you."

"Grandma, don't say such things!" Sophia cried out immediately upon hearing this.

Lucas called the doctor, who rushed in and began examining Barbara and providing emergency care.

Barbara held Lucas's hand tightly, not letting go. "Lucas, you're a man. You need to keep your word! You promised Sophia you'd marry her. After all she's been through, you still owe her so much. If you don't marry her, I'll never be able to forgive myself! If that happens, how could I live with the guilt?"