

## Divorced Me 731

### Chapter 731

Aveline smiled slightly and said, "I've been good, just busy."

Gernard gazed at her and remarked, "You seem to have lost some weight."

Aveline touched her face. "Really? Well, in that case, I won't have to go on a diet."

Gernard wanted to say more, but he suddenly realized this conversation seemed a bit too intimate. Thinking about what his sister intended to do, he sighed softly in his heart. He glanced at the two lawyers. "You all continue; I won't disturb you." With that, he made a move to leave.

"You aren't disturbing us," Aveline interjected.

For some reason, she suddenly wanted Gernard to stay, to hear what was to be discussed next. It felt as if having him around provided a sense of security. This feeling was strange, catching her off guard, but she had already spoken. Gernard decided not to leave. "Very well, I will be there at court tomorrow too, so don't worry."

"Alright." Aveline nodded.

As the two lawyers continued speaking, Aveline listened attentively while Gernard occasionally added a word or two.

The meal passed quickly.

When they finally exited the private room, the door to the room next door also opened. A group of men, with fawning smiles on their faces, surrounded a man at the center, saying something.

Their gazes met, and Aveline's expression froze. He was right next door.

Lucas glanced at her briefly, his expression cold, then looked away, continuing downstairs with the other men.

Gernard asked, "What's going on between you two now?"

Aveline replied, "Just what you saw. Our marriage only exists on paper."

Gernard looked at her, a hint of concern in his eyes. He reached out and patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, it will end."

Aveline gave him a faint smile.

At that moment, the sound of footsteps echoed on the stairs. Aveline instinctively turned her head and met a pair of cold, dark eyes.

Lucas walked up slowly, his tall and upright figure radiating an intense coldness. His gaze landed directly on Gernard's hand, which rested on Aveline's shoulder, making the two of them appear rather intimate.

He raised his eyebrows slightly, his eyes shifting to Gernard's face. "So, this is why you missed today's meeting-because you had a date. But does your father know about this?"

Gernard's brows furrowed,

instinctively wanting to avoid any

misunderstanding about his relationship with Aveline. "It was just a routine meeting. My absence won't affect the project's progress Mr. Tudor, you're overreacting

He released his hand and looked at Lucas with indifference. Though they were business partners, Gernard had always had little regard for Lucas-a man who couldn't take responsibility. Now, Lucas had even bewitched his sister, making her obsessed with the idea of pursuing him once he was divorced. She wouldn't listen to reason, as if she were under a spell.

Lucas stepped closer, his eyes cold

and sharp as he looked at Gernard.

"A word of advice, Mr. Skyler: if you're here for business, focus on business. Otherwise, you might end up empty-handed and make a fool of yourself when you have to return to Larbor City."

With that, he brushed past Gernard, heading back to the private room he had just left. He emerged shortly after, having retrieved his phone. This time, he did not pause, leaving immediately. Aveline's brows knitted together. Was Lucas targeting Gernard with a warning, or had she misunderstood his intentions?

Chapter 732

Why?

Why would Lucas target Gernard?

Aveline couldn't figure it out, no matter how hard she thought.

"What are you thinking about?"

Gernard's voice came from beside her.

Aveline snapped out of her thoughts and shook her head. "Nothing. Let's go."

"Alright."

Gernard responded with a nod.

As they exited the restaurant, his phone suddenly rang. He took it out and saw that it was a call from Juliet. "Hello, Juliet."

As he answered the call, Gernard's tone softened unconsciously.

Juliet's playful voice came through, "Gernard, where are you? I'm so bored. Can I come find you to hang out?"

Gernard asked, "Have you had dinner yet?"

Juliet replied, "Yes, I have."

"I'm planning to head back to the hotel," Gernard said.

Juliet immediately sounded like a deflated balloon. "Going back to the hotel this early? Aren't you considering any nightlife at all? You're getting older, and Mom and Dad keep pushing you to get married, you know." Gernard chuckled with a mix of helplessness and affection. "It's one thing for Mom and Dad to pressure me, but you too? Are you joining their team?"

Juliet giggled. "Take me out to have fun, and I won't join their team. Otherwise, I'll tell them all about what you've been up to lately and have them give you endless calls!"

Gernard quickly said, "Please don't! I'll take you out."

"Yay!"

Juliet cheered, and Gernard then mentioned a place and told her he'd pick her up shortly.

After hanging up, he turned and met Aveline's gaze, which had a hint of envy in it.

His tone softened naturally, "Would you like to join us? My sister is about your age; you two might get along well."

Aveline shook her head. "No, I need to go back to get some rest and prepare for tomorrow's court session." Besides, she knew Juliet, but their relationship wasn't particularly close, and meeting might be awkward.

Gernard didn't press her. "Alright, then. Drive safely."

Aveline nodded and bid him goodbye.

As Aveline got into her car, she glanced back at Gernard's figure, feeling a strange sensation in her heart. Moments ago, while watching him speak so affectionately to Juliet on the phone, a deep longing had surfaced within her.

How wonderful would it be if she had a brother like Gernard, one who doted on his sister with such care?

The thought appeared so abruptly, catching her completely off guard.

It was a feeling she had almost never experienced. Despite seeing countless scenes of happy families before, she had never once felt such a desire. What was going on with her lately?

She shook off the chaotic thoughts in her head, started the car, and drove back to Maple Garden.

When the elevator doors opened, she was surprised to find the hallway shrouded in darkness, with only the faint glow of the emergency exit sign overhead providing any light.

What's going on? Why would the lights suddenly go out?

Puzzled but not overly concerned, Aveline stepped out of the elevator.

After all, her front door was just a few steps away.

As the elevator doors closed behind her, the corridor was engulfed in darkness. She reached out to touch the fingerprint lock, but suddenly, a faint noise came from behind. Her body was abruptly pushed against the door!

A familiar, crisp scent enveloped her like a tidal wave. Her chin was grasped, and her face was turned around, just as a pair of lips descended on hers. "Mmph!"

Aveline gasped in shock and immediately began to struggle. But his strength was overwhelming, pinning her firmly against the door. She couldn't break free! What was he trying to do? What on earth was he trying to do?!

Chapter 733

The kiss was scorching and chaotic as if he intended to melt her completely. Under such an assault, Aveline's resistance gradually weakened. Sensing her relaxation, Lucas loosened his grip and turned her around to face him.

"Slap!"

A crisp sound echoed in the darkness, neither of them able to see each other's faces clearly.

Aveline's breath was rapid and uneven, her voice hoarse. "Lucas, I could charge you with harassment."

Lucas let out a low laugh. "Then maybe I should go all the way and make it a case of marital rape instead?"

"You..." Aveline was momentarily at a loss for words. Though she couldn't see his expression, the atmosphere around them was cold and threatening. She knew she couldn't provoke him any further.

She pressed her lips together, still feeling the lingering warmth from his lips. "Could you not do this, please?"

Lucas responded, "If I don't do this, will you let me kiss you?"

Silence fell over Aveline again.

Lucas reached out, his fingers caressing her face. "I want to kiss you, hold you, sleep with you. What do you say to that?"

Aveline pushed his hand away. "That's your problem, not mine."

She tried to create distance between them, but even though he wasn't holding her, his tall figure remained close, leaving her no room to escape.

"It absolutely concerns you," Lucas said in a deep voice. "Because you're the one I want, and I still need your consent for all those things. Do you agree?" Aveline laughed out of frustration. "Did you ask for my consent just now?"

"No." His answer was straightforward.

Aveline didn't want to continue this entanglement with him. She pushed against his chest. "Move."

Lucas grasped her wrist. "I don't want to."

Aveline sighed. What did he mean by this? Was he planning to play the rogue to the end?

His palm was hot against her skin, gradually driving away the chill from her body.

Aveline's fingertips curled slightly, and she blinked, asking, "You'll be in court tomorrow, right?"

Lucas chuckled softly. "Aveline, why should I show up in court? Why would I want to show up in court? Since we're officially married, I can Quand hold you without this

kiss

you a

nagging guilt weighing me down. But if we got divorced, I'd have to

carry that burden."

In the darkness, Aveline glared at him furiously.

What was that supposed to mean?

Even after the divorce, he had no intention of letting her go? And now he was talking about psychological burdens? How could he say such things without any shame?

"Let go, let me go!"

Aveline suddenly felt overwhelmed with irritation, wanting nothing more than to break free from him.

"You keep rubbing against me..."

Lucas' voice turned hoarse, his body radiating an unmistakable heat.

"Scoundrel!" Aveline gritted her teeth.

Lucas brushed a kiss against her cheek. "It's just a normal reaction for a man. I've been kissing you for so long; of course, I'd react. And now, you're making it worse. Shouldn't you be responsible for that?"

Aveline was on the verge of

swearing. She didn't dare move, truly afraid that he might lose control. If it came to that, she knew she wouldn't stand a chance against him.

"Have you noticed?" Lucas suddenly murmured, his breath hot against her ear. "Your body no longer rejects me."

If it were before, the moment he got close, she would tremble with fear-a natural reflex. But at some point, that reaction had vanished.

Chapter 734

Aveline froze for a moment. It was true-she no longer had the same reaction around him. But that didn't justify his behavior. She turned away from his breath, trying to calm herself down. "That's because I was ill before. I have recovered since then." Lucas gazed deeply at her. "So, are you willing to accept me now?"

"No." Aveline's answer was immediate.



Lucas' breath hitched, his eyes darkening further, like an impenetrable night. "Aveline, do you know? Many times, I don't want to care about what you think or how you feel. I just want to take you, keep you trapped by my side."

His low, magnetic voice broke the silence after a long pause.

"You..." A hint of anger flashed in Aveline's eyes, but it was mixed with a sense of helpless frustration. If he really did that, there seemed to be nothing she could do. Even resisting would be futile.

"But I'm afraid you'll hate me," Lucas said, his hand gently caressing her face. He leaned in and kissed her lips again, a quick movement that caught Aveline off guard.

Her eyelashes fluttered violently.

Then, Lucas released her.

In the darkness, his tall figure moved toward the elevator.

It wasn't until the elevator doors closed that Aveline felt like a deflated balloon, her limbs suddenly weak. She quickly opened her door and entered her apartment, collapsing on the sofa, utterly exhausted, with no confidence left for tomorrow's court session. If he didn't appear in court, then their relationship...

Feeling a surge of frustration, Aveline ran her hands through her hair.

Just then, her phone suddenly rang.

She pulled out her phone and saw it was a call from Zachary. Confused, she wondered why he would suddenly reach out to her at this hour.

"Hello?" Aveline answered.

Zachary's serious voice came through. "Aveline, Madam Hilda is back!"

Aveline's eyes widened, and she stood up abruptly. "When did this happen? Is she at the orphanage now?"

Zachary said, "Yes, I just found her as I was leaving. She's in bad shape and has already lost consciousness. I knew you were looking for her, so I called you right after I made sure she was settled."

Aveline's heart pounded wildly. Hilda

had suddenly disappeared and reappeared, and now she was in a bad state. What on earth had happened? And Aveline was certain Hilda knew the truth regarding her own origin.

"Something's not right," Zachary suddenly said. "A lot of people just showed up outside. I'm going to see what's going on."

Aveline's heart was in her throat, and

she clutched the phone tightly, not daring to hang up. The seconds dragged on, stretching into minutes. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Zachary's voice broke the silence. "Aveline, are you still there?"

"I'm here," Aveline replied, "What happened?"

Zachary answered, "A group of bodyguards just arrived outside saying they're looking for someone. It took a lot of effort to keep them out, but I have a feeling they're here for Madam Hilda. Aveline, what do we do now?"

What to do?

What could they do now?

Hilda's condition was clearly off-something must have happened to her, or she wouldn't have fled like this. And those people looking for her... if they found her, they certainly wouldn't let her go. Then, the truth about her origins would remain a secret forever.

Aveline made up her mind and said, "I'm heading to Arthur Town right now. Make sure to hide Hilda well. Don't let anyone find her!"

Chapter 735

"Alright," Zachary agreed.

Aveline didn't waste a second. She set off immediately.

The night was thick and dark as she drove away from Maple Garden. The bodyguards who had been discreetly watching over her quickly relayed the news to Lucas.

Sitting in his study, Lucas listened to the report, his expression momentarily still.

"Send more men to follow her," he ordered.

The bodyguard responded, "Yes, Mr. Tudor. And what about you?"

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Lucas' lips. "I'll be attending the court session, of course."

The bodyguard was speechless.

What a strategist.

The drive from Cloudflare City to Arthur Town took nearly seven hours. Aveline had driven through the night, barely getting a wink of sleep. By the time she reached the orphanage, dawn had broken. She knocked on the door, and a moment later, Zachary appeared, concern etched across his face. "You look exhausted. Come inside."

Aveline's head was pounding, and she felt terrible, but there was no time to waste. She needed to see Hilda immediately.

"Where is she?" Aveline asked.

Zachary replied, "Inside. I've hidden her in a storage room; so far, no one has come looking."

With that, he led Aveline toward the storage area.

As he opened the door, a fit of coughing came from within. The room was cluttered with the orphanage's odds and ends, and Hilda lay on a makeshift bed.

Her eyes squinted as they adjusted to the light.

"It's you!" she exclaimed, her voice tinged with surprise.

When Hilda realized it was Aveline, she grew more agitated. "You've come to save me, haven't you?"

Aveline stepped closer, her brow furrowed. Since their last encounter, Hilda had changed a great deal. She looked gaunt, her wrinkles more pronounced a clear sign that she hadn't been faring well. "Who took you from the police station?" Aveline asked directly.

Originally, Aveline had intended for Hilda to suffer a bit in the police station, but then she was taken away in secret.

Who had done it?

Why had they taken Hilda?

What secret were they hiding?

When Hilda heard the question, her eyes darted around, and she coughed twice more. "If you want to know, you'll have to agree to do something for me first." Aveline's brow furrowed.

Zachary interjected, "Madam Hilda, just tell us what you know. Who did you cross? Someone came looking for you, and I had to keep them away."

"Someone's looking for me?" Hilda's face turned pale, her tension evident. "That fast? They've already caught up with me? No, I can't be caught. If they find me, I'll die... I will die if they catch me..."

She muttered to herself for a while, then suddenly grabbed Aveline's hand with surprising strength.

"Aveline, don't you want to know who your real parents are? I can tell you, but you have to get me out of here and give me one million dollars. Once I'm safe, I'll tell you everything I know!" Her grip on Aveline's hand was tight like she was clutching onto a lifeline.

Aveline pulled her hand back, her

voice calm. "You know me. All these years, I've never sought out my biological parents. I'm not interested in them. I came here just to ask on a whim. If you don't want to tell me, then forget it."

She turned to Zachary. "Didn't you say someone was looking for her? Go ahead and hand her over." Zachary was taken aback. "Aveline, are you serious?"

"No!" Hilda shouted, shaking her head frantically. "No, you can't do that! Your biological parents are wealthy, and someone has stolen your rightful place. Aren't you even a little bit upset about that?"

Chapter 736

"What did you say?" Aveline frowned, staring at her.

Out of desperation, Hilda continued, "I know so much-so much! Just help me get out of here, and I'll tell you everything. Aveline, all those beautiful things, that life-it was supposed to be yours! Someone else has taken your place!" Aveline felt her mind whirl, her gaze shifting to Zachary.

Someone had taken her identity?

"It seems you really can't hand her over," Zachary said. "It's not that you can't find your biological parents-someone has stolen them from you, Aveline. You need to find out the truth."

Aveline blinked, realization dawning. She could have found her real parents. She was supposed to find them. But someone else had known about it first and taken her place? "Who? Who is this person?"

A surge of anger coursed through her.

She wasn't an orphan after all!

Hilda had always known this and never told her. She had even tried to ruin her completely!

Why? Why did Hilda treat her like this?

Seeing Aveline's emotions shift, Hilda regained her composure and said, "Get me out safely, keep those people from finding me, and I'll tell you. Otherwise, you'll never know." Aveline's face darkened.

Hilda was shameless! And right now, she was the only one who knew the truth.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Suddenly, there was a loud, insistent knocking at the front door.

A small child came running over, eyes wide with fear. "Mr. Wills, there are so many people outside!"

Zachary's expression changed. "They're back."

He turned to Aveline. "Let's step outside and lock this door."

Then, he looked at Hilda. "If you don't want to get caught, stay quiet."

Hilda nodded quickly, even covering her mouth with her hands.

Zachary and Aveline stepped out, securely locking the door and double-checking it before heading toward the entrance.

Zachary opened the door and faced the men in black suits with a cold expression. "What exactly do you want?"

One of the bodyguards replied, "We're looking for someone. Step aside, or this orphanage will be shut down."

Zachary retorted, "You're quite the bullies. Fine, then. Let's call the police."

The bodyguard sneered. "You think the police will make a difference?"

Zachary hesitated for a moment, sensing their arrogance. It seemed the police might indeed be useless against them. What now? "Open the door!"

The bodyguards began kicking at the door, their behavior both forceful and aggressive.

Zachary's face darkened. "This is an orphanage! There are children here. You'll scare them!"

"And what does that have to do with us?" the bodyguard responded dismissively, kicking the door even harder.

Aveline stood behind, her face tense.

At that moment, her phone She glanced at the screen an unfamiliar number belongs to FindNovel

"Hello, who is this?" she asked, puzzled as she answered the call.

"Mrs. Tudor, I'm one of the bodyguards assigned to protect you. Do you need assistance?" came a cold, stern voice.

Aveline froze for a moment. The only person who would have his men call her "Mrs. Tudor" was Lucas. So he had been secretly assigning people to protect her all along!

She couldn't quite decipher how she felt about this revelation. Meanwhile, the men outside continued kicking at the door, which, already old and worn, was now on the verge of collapse.

"Alright, thank you," Aveline replied.

"No need to thank me, Mrs. Tudor," came the curt response before the call ended.

Moments later, there was a loud shout-"Ah!"-followed by a heavy thud from outside the door.

Chapter 737

Zachary opened the door again and saw that all the dozens of bodyguards, who had been so imposing earlier, were now sprawled on the ground. Only two men remained standing, looking down at the others with disdain.

"Is that all?" one of them sneered.

Aveline saw them too and was a bit surprised. These two men had such ordinary appearances-faces you could lose in a crowd. They wore plain clothes and had an unremarkable demeanor.

When they noticed Aveline, they bowed their heads slightly in respect. "Hello, Mrs. Tudor"

Aveline pressed her lips together. "And who might you be?"

The man in the black hoodie replied, "I'm Baron, and this is my brother, Braden."

Aveline paused for a moment, then asked, "As Lucas's men, why do all of your names sound so similar?"

First Brian, and now Baron and Braden. Were there more, like Bryan or Byron?

Baron chuckled, a pair of sharp canine teeth flashing as he smiled. "We're all orphans. Mr. Tudor thought it was too much trouble to come up with different names, so he just gave us similar ones." Aveline's confusion deepened. "But you look to be around Lucas' age. How did you end up working for him?"

Baron explained, "We met Mr. Tudor when he was young, and we've been with him ever since."



That made sense now.

Braden, growing impatient, muttered, "Enough with the chatter. Let's go."

He turned and began to leave.

Baron quickly turned to Aveline with an apologetic look. "Sorry, Mrs. Tudor. We'll be off now. If you need anything, please feel free to contact me."

Then he hurried after Braden.

"Are you out of your mind? How dare you speak to Mrs. Tudor like that? Have you forgotten what happened to Brian?" Baron chided, catching up to Braden with a serious expression. Braden didn't respond, just quickened his pace.

Baron sighed heavily and the two of them continued to find a suitable position to keep Aveline under surveillance from a distance.

...

Zachary gestured at the men lying on the ground. "What should we do with them?"

Aveline looked at the group. "Who sent you? What are you trying to accomplish?"

The lead bodyguard remained silent. After a moment, he got up, his expression cold and eyes filled with malice as he shot a final glare at Aveline before turning to leave. The rest of the men slowly stood and followed him out.

Aveline's expression grew more serious.

These people refused to reveal their identities, but it was clear they were after Hilda. It seemed they wouldn't give up until they found her.

Zachary said, "They're gone for now. Let's go back inside. You haven't eaten yet, have you? Join us for a meal."

Aveline nodded and returned to the orphanage with him.

After breakfast, she glanced at the time and couldn't help but sigh.

It was too late now.

Even if she had wings, she wouldn't be able to fly back in time.

Noticing her frown, Zachary asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Aveline yawned. "Do you have a spare room? I'm exhausted and could use some rest."

"Yes." Zachary nodded and led her to an empty room.

Aveline said, "I'll take a nap. Let's deal with everything else when I wake up."

Zachary agreed, "Alright, you rest. No one will disturb you."

After the door closed, Aveline sat on the edge of the bed and informed

the lawyers about he

With

a sigh of resignation, she lay down.

She had expected that Lucas wouldn't show up, but who would've thought she would be the one unable to make it?

Why was getting a divorce so complicated?

...

Meanwhile, Lucas had shown up at

the courthouse early. He even had a brief video call with Desmond. But as the entire morning passed Aveline never arrived.

He stood up and said calmly, "The plaintiff is not here. Let's call it a day."

Chapter 738

The judge and lawyers present were all at a loss.

How could they proceed with the hearing if the plaintiff wasn't there?

Everyone had assumed the defendant wouldn't show up, but the reality turned out to be quite the opposite.

...

Lucas climbed into his car in a cheerful mood. Desmond asked, "Mr. Tudor, where are we heading?"

"Arthur Town," Lucas replied.

"Understood." Desmond immediately realized that Lucas was planning to find Aveline.

Tsk, tsk, tsk...

The court session had failed, and Lucas seemed to be in high spirits, clearly eager to gloat in front of Aveline.

The weather was clear that day, and even the stray dogs on the roadside looked pleasing to Lucas.

Juliet received a call from her subordinates, and her face darkened when she heard their report they hadn't been able to enter the orphanage at all.

"How is it possible that so many of you couldn't get in? What's going on?"

One of the men replied, "Just as we were about to enter, two men showed up. They were incredibly skilled and took us all down. We didn't dare fight back, so we had to retreat."

"Useless!" Juliet snapped, her expression growing even darker.

She angrily hung up, a cold, menacing glint flashing in her eyes.

That old hag Hilda had dared to run away! Juliet regretted not getting rid of her when she had the chance. She should have dealt with her the moment she saw her! "Knock, knock!"

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Juliet whipped around, eyes full of suspicion.

Gernard's gentle voice came from the other side, "Juliet, it's me."

Hearing her brother's familiar voice, Juliet quickly composed herself, rushed over to open the door, and immediately threw herself into Gernard's arms.

"Gernard..." Juliet whispered, clinging to Gernard tightly.

He paused for a moment, surprised by her reaction, then quickly asked, "Juliet, what's wrong?"

Juliet held onto him even tighter. "I had a nightmare... It was so terrifying. Can you stay with me, please?"

Gernard gently patted her back in comfort. "It's alright, it was just a dream. I'm here."

Gradually, Juliet's agitation began to settle. She then asked, "Gernard, did you come to see me for something?"

Gernard replied, "I'm planning to

make a trip to Arthur Town. There's some and being developed there" that looks promising, and I want to check it out in person."

At the mention of Arthur Town, Juliet's eyes flickered with a hint of interest before she quickly responded, "I want to go too. If you leave, I be so bored here in

Cloudflare City all by over

Seeing her look so pitiful, Gernard couldn't help but smile indulgently. "Alright, you can come with me."

"You're the best, Gernard!" Juliet beamed, her mood lifting instantly.

Aveline slept until the afternoon, and when she opened her eyes, the unfamiliar surroundings made everything feel a bit surreal. She sat up, glanced at the time, and let out a heavy sigh.

She opened the door just as Zachary was walking over. Seeing that she was awake, he smiled and asked, "How was your rest?"

Aveline nodded. "It was good and peaceful."

The children didn't make any noise at all.

Zachary explained, "I took the kids out to play, so you'd have plenty of time to rest."

"Thank you," Aveline said gratefully.

Zachary waved it off. "No need to thank me. The kids loved the things you brought them. They even want to give you something in return." Aveline looked a bit surprised. "Give me something?"

He nodded. "Yes, you'll see soon enough. Are you hungry? Want to eat something?"

Aveline shook her head. "I want to check on her."

By "her," she was, of course, referring to Hilda.

## Chapter 739

"Alright, I'll go with you," Zachary said, accompanying Aveline to the storage room door. He took out the key and unlocked the door, and as it swung open, a beam of light flooded in, stirring a layer of dust that danced in the air. Hilda had been anxiously watching the door. When she saw that it was just them, she let out a huge sigh of relief.

"They... they're gone?" Hilda asked cautiously.

Zachary nodded. "Yes, thanks to the people Aveline brought with her. Otherwise, you would have been taken away. Madam Hilda, who did you offend? They seemed like a dangerous bunch." Hilda's eyes flickered with unease.

Aveline's gaze was cool as she asked, "Did the person who took my identity send them?"

Hilda avoided her eyes and quickly changed the subject. "When will you take me away from here?"

Aveline's tone remained cold. "Answer my question first."

Hilda sat down on the edge of the bed. "You have to get me out of here before I tell you anything."

Aveline didn't respond immediately.

Zachary, however, frowned and said, "Madam Hilda, you've known who this person is all along, haven't you?"

And she even helped hide it.

But why? Was it for money or some other gain?

Yet the orphanage hadn't been doing well, and Hilda didn't seem to have much money herself.

Aveline stepped closer, her eyes fixed on Hilda. Suddenly, she asked, "Is this person someone from the orphanage?"

Hilda's heart skipped a beat-how had she guessed so accurately?

But she couldn't admit it. Not now.

If she did, what would happen to her?

Once she had nothing left to offer, Aveline would surely hand her over. And when that happened, she would suffer a fate worse than death.

Hilda's biggest regret now was

letting that wretched girl take

Aveline's place. She had thought the girl might be grateful and take care

of her in her old age. But what was the result? en FindNovel

That wretched girl wanted her dead!

Hilda's eyes filled with hatred, fearing her secrets might be exposed.

Aveline noticed it clearly and raised an eyebrow. "You were in this together, but now she's trying to cut the rope and leave you behind, isn't she?" "Regardless, I won't say a word until I'm safe!" Hilda replied stubbornly, her face set in a hard expression, then closed her eyes.

So stubborn.

Aveline took a few steps back and left the storage room. The afternoon sunlight fell warmly on her, dispelling some of the chills she felt. Zachary watched her closely and asked, "What do you plan to do next?"

Aveline replied, "I don't even know who those people are, so how can get her out? I need to find out their

identities first. That might lead

me

to my real parents."

The group that had come was so blatant and unrestrained that she thought investigating them should be relatively easy. Besides, she had people who could help.

She took out her phone and dialed Baron's number.

"Hello, Mrs. Tudor," Baron quickly answered, his tone respectful.

Aveline said, "Could I ask you to help me find out who sent that group of people today?"

Baron seemed a bit flattered. "Of course, Mrs. Tudor, you don't have to be so formal with me. I'll do my best."

"Thank you," Aveline replied with a smile before hanging up.

"Who do they work for?" Zachary asked cautiously.



Aveline nodded. "Lucas."

Zachary's expression grew more complicated. "I know you're in the middle of a divorce with him, and today was supposed to be the court date, right? You didn't go back... does that mean...?"

Chapter 740

"It's fine," Aveline said. "I can reschedule the court hearing when I get back."

Zachary gave her a complicated look. There wasn't much else they could do at this point.

"I want to go out for a walk," Aveline continued. "Is there anything you need? I could pick it up for you."

Zachary shook his head with a smile. "No, nothing for me. Just come back soon."

"Alright." Aveline nodded.

After leaving the orphanage, she got into her car and drove towards the town center. By the time she arrived, night had fallen. She parked by the roadside and began walking along the bustling streets.

It was dinner time, and the streets were crowded with people out for a meal or a stroll. The air was filled with the enticing aroma of food, and Aveline glanced around, taking in the scene.

In the few months since she'd last visited, Arthur Town had changed quite a bit. Everywhere she looked, there was new development and construction. She believed it wouldn't be long before this place became as prosperous as Cloudflare City. Just then, her phone rang. She glanced at the screen-it was a call from the hospital attendant.

"Hello?"

"Aveline?" Annie's voice came through. "Why didn't you come today?"

Aveline replied, "Something came up unexpectedly on my end, so I couldn't make it. How are you feeling today?"

Annie seemed relieved. "I feel great."

"That's good. If you need anything, just let Mrs. Zelda know," Aveline reminded her.

Zelda was the caregiver looking after Annie.

Annie agreed softly, "Okay, I know. When are you coming back?"

Aveline looked up at the sky. "I'm not sure of the exact time, but I'll return as soon as I can."

"Alright, then. I won't bother you anymore," Annie whispered.

Aveline sensed that Annie relied on her deeply, as if afraid she might abandon her.

Was this the damage caused by a broken family? Annie's parents were negligent... and what about her own parents? Had the girl who took her place grown up surrounded by love?

Hilda had mentioned that Aveline's biological parents were wealthy, so they couldn't have lacked for anything. As the thought sank in, Aveline's gaze turned icy. She had parents once.

Someone had stolen them from her.

Before, she hadn't been so fixated on the matter because she didn't know the truth.

Now that she did, she had to find out exactly what had happened.

As she was lost in thought, someone suddenly appeared in front of her. She looked up to see Lucas' handsome, mischievous face.

Her brows furrowed immediately, and she tried to walk around him.

"I must not have slept well... I'm even hallucinating now," she muttered.

But suddenly, a hand grabbed her wrist, the warmth of his touch spreading through her skin.

"It's not a hallucination. I came to find you."

His deep, rich voice sounded in her ear.

Aveline closed her eyes for a moment and asked, "What do you want, Lucas?"

"To ask why you didn't show up. Changed your mind about the divorce he replied. "Then just withdraw the case; it'll save us both the trouble of going back and forth to court."

Aveline looked at him. "You're overthinking it."

Lucas' expression was gentle, a hint of amusement in his dark eyes. He held to her wrist firmly, refusing to let go. "Really? Because the fact is, you didn't show up."

"Let go," Aveline demanded.

"No," he replied, shifting his grip to entwine his fingers with hers.

Aveline struggled harder. "Let go of me, let me go!"

Lucas leaned in closer and whispered, "If you keep struggling, I'll kiss you."