

Divorced Me 741

Chapter 741

Aveline froze.

This was the main street, bustling with people...

If she kept struggling, Lucas just might do exactly what he'd threatened!

Her expression instantly turned cold, but she stopped resisting.

Lucas' lips curled in satisfaction as he held her hand and continued down the street.

After a while, Aveline asked coldly, "How long do you plan to keep this up?"

Lucas glanced at her. "A lifetime."

Aveline shot back, "In your dreams."

But his eyes were serious. "I'm not dreaming. I'm telling you the truth. I intend to hold your hand like this and walk with you for the rest of my life."

Aveline decided to stop looking at him altogether.

The aroma from a street vendor filled the air, making Aveline's stomach growl. She headed straight over.

Lucas, still holding her hand, found himself standing in front of a food truck selling blue cheese. Her eyes lit up with interest as she eagerly ordered a portion, and the sharp, tangy aroma instantly hit him. His expression darkened.

Aveline took the blue cheese, glanced at him, and said, "Let go, I'm about to eat."

Lucas eyed the cheese in her hand, clearly perplexed, but he released her. "How can you eat that stuff? Doesn't it disgust you?"

"Not at all," Aveline replied, shaking her head. "I think it's delicious. Plus, once I'm done, the smell will be all over me. If you're so repulsed, feel free to keep your distance."

Lucas' face grew even darker, but he stayed silent, continuing to follow her.

After finishing the cheese, Aveline moved on to a plate of pickled herring-its smell even more overpowering.

Still unsatisfied, she headed into a shop selling garlic and anchovy pasta.

Lucas stopped outside, refusing to enter, his expression so dark it looked like it might storm.

Memories flashed through his mind of times past. She had always loved these foods, and he would stay by her side, even if he couldn't stand the smell.

After a moment's hesitation, Lucas walked into the shop.

Aveline was busy eating the pasta when she glanced up and saw Lucas sitting across from her.

She looked surprised. "Why did you come in? I thought you were disgusted?"

Lucas' stare was icy. "Just eat."

Aveline's lips curved into a smile. Seeing him so uncomfortable made her day.

After finishing her food, Aveline's scent had become quite a complex mix. She stretched out her hand, a playful smile on her lips. "Want to hold hands?"

Then she pointed to her lips. "Or maybe a kiss?"

Lucas stared at her.

This woman was definitely doing it on purpose.

She waited for a moment, and when he didn't make a move, a look of triumph flashed in her eyes, and she turned to walk away. If she'd known this tactic would work so well, she would have used it much sooner!

Lucas watched her retreating figure for a long while before finally stepping forward to follow her.

Across the street, inside a car, Juliet watched the two of them strolling one behind the other, a flicker of jealousy flashing in her eyes. How infuriating!

Lucas had gone all the way to court, yet Aveline hadn't shown up. Why was it so hard to finalize their divorce?

No, she had to find a way to get Lucas for herself. That way, no matter how unwilling they were, they would have to divorce!

Aveline wandered around, buying a

bunch of things, and after loading them into her car, she was about to leave. But just as she opened the door, Lucas slipped into the passenger seat.

Aveline looked at him. "What do you think you're doing?"

Lucas replied, "Nowhere to stay, thought I'd make do with you."

Aveline's mouth twitched slightly. "Well, I don't want to 'make do' with you."

But Lucas showed no intention of leaving, clearly planning to stick around.

Chapter 742

Seeing this, Aveline didn't bother trying to make him leave. She started the car and headed straight back to the orphanage. By the time they returned, the sky had turned completely dark.

Zachary and a group of children came out to greet her, smiles lighting up their faces when they saw her.

"Come on, help me unload," Aveline said, walking over to open the trunk.

Zachary was surprised. "You went shopping?"

Aveline replied, "I had some time to kill, so I decided to buy everything the orphanage needed."

"Thank you, Miss Aveline!" the children chorused.

"You're welcome. I'm glad you like it," Aveline said with a warm smile.

Just then, the passenger door opened, and Lucas' tall figure stepped out of the car.

Seeing him, the children quickly hid behind Aveline they didn't know this man.

Zachary's expression shifted when he saw Lucas. After a brief pause, he asked, "Mr. Tudor, what brings you here?"

"I do have business here," Lucas nodded, his gaze settling on Aveline. "I came to find my wife."

Zachary was left speechless.

Aveline frowned at him. "There are so many children here. Don't talk nonsense."

Lucas arched his strong brow slightly. "Didn't we get married? Didn't we sign the papers? Aren't you my wife?"

Aveline was momentarily at a loss for words.

A little girl tugged on Aveline's hand. Aveline looked down at her and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Miss Aveline, he called you his wife, so does that make him our friend?" the girl asked innocently.

"Exactly," Lucas said, a faint smile playing at the corners of his lips as he looked approvingly at the little girl. "What's your name?"

The girl blinked her big eyes. "My name is Jessie Summer."

"Nice name. How old are you?" Lucas asked, his tone patient as he struck up a conversation with her.

Little girls were naturally drawn to good-looking people, and Lucas seemed to match Jessie's idea of, the perfect prince. His friendly smile

put her at ease, and she

herself walking over to chat with him.

"I'm eight years old," she replied cheerfully.

Aveline watched from the side, feeling a bit exasperated. She decided to ignore Lucas and focused on helping Zachary carry the things from the trunk into the orphanage.

The orphanage was brightly lit inside.

Seeing how kindly Lucas treated Jessie, the other children grew bolder and gathered around him, their eyes filled with curiosity.

"What's your name?"

"How old are you?"

"Why didn't you come with Miss Aveline?"

"Are you really Miss Aveline's husband? Because she doesn't even look at you!"

Outside, Zachary looked at Aveline with concern. "Why did he come looking for you?"

Aveline shook her head. "I have no idea. I can't seem to stop him."

For a moment, they both fell silent.

Aveline glanced back into the room and saw Lucas holding a Rubik's Cube. His long, elegant fingers moved deftly, and in no time, he had solved the scrambled cube. The children were astonished, their jaws dropping in amazement. Their eyes sparkled with admiration as they stared at Lucas.

Lucas smiled and handed the

Rubik's Cube to one of the kids.

Then, he cast a quick glance at the

doorway and noticed Aveline and

Zachary standing side by side, seemingly deep in conversation.

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A flash of coldness flickered in his eyes before he leaned down to whisper a few words to the children.

Zachary kept his eyes on Aveline, seemingly wanting to say something more, but just then, a group of kids rushed over, grabbing his hand and pulling him away.

Chapter 743

Zachary was caught off guard and asked, "What's going on?"

"Mr. Wills, there's a problem I don't understand. Can you help me with it?"

"Mr. Wills, is my blanket folded correctly?"

"Mr. Wills..."

And so, with a series of strange excuses, the children managed to whisk Zachary away.

Lucas stood up and walked over, his tall figure clad in a black coat with broad shoulders that emphasized his mature, masculine charm. His handsome face held a faint smile, his mood clearly quite pleasant. Aveline frowned at him. "What kind of trick are you playing now?"

Lucas replied, "I can't stand seeing another man get close to you."

Aveline rolled her eyes. "How childish."

She turned and headed towards her room, and Lucas followed her every step of the way.

When she reached the doorway, she turned back to him. "Stop following me."

But Lucas moved aside slightly and pointed to a spot not far away, where several curious little heads were peeking out, watching them intently.

"They already know we're married. If you don't let me in, how are you going to explain it to them?"

Aveline chuckled softly. "Why is that my problem? If anyone needs to explain, it's you."

With that, she opened the door, slipped inside, and shut it firmly behind her, clearly determined not to let him in.

Lucas stood there, momentarily speechless.

"Mr. Lucas, why won't Miss Aveline let you in?" Jessie asked, puzzled.

A trace of disappointment crossed Lucas' handsome face. He crouched down and gently patted Jessie's head. "I upset her, and now I want to ask for her forgiveness. Will you help me?" Jessie asked, "Do you really know what you did wrong?"

"Yes." Lucas nodded earnestly.

Jessie immediately responded, "Mr. Wills says admitting your mistakes and making amends is the sign of a good child. We'll help you!"

Lucas' thin lips curved into a smile. "I

have a plan, but I'll need your help. If

she

forgives me, I'll buy you all some candy. How about that?"

A chubby little boy quickly nodded. "Deal!"

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A good night's sleep brought a fresh start.

The next morning, Aveline got up, washed, changed, and opened the door, only to be greeted by a little boy holding a single rose.

"Good morning, Miss Aveline! This is from your husband. He says he's sorry."

He thrust the rose into her hand and quickly ran off.

Aveline stood there, momentarily stunned, staring at the vibrant red rose in her hand, her brows furrowing slightly.

Then, when she reached the dining hall, she was given another rose.

As she stepped outside, yet another rose.

Each child who handed her a flower repeated the same line, "Your husband knows he was wrong."

Aveline felt exasperated.

Even the kids were in on this.

By the time she reached the storage room, her arms were already filled with roses. Zachary walked over and, upon seeing her, couldn't help but twitch his lips in amusement.

"He's certainly gone to great lengths to win your forgiveness."

Aveline handed him the flowers. "Do me a favor and get rid of these."

Zachary raised an eyebrow. "You don't like them?"

Her tone was cold. "No, I don't."

A faint smile appeared on Zachary's face as he handed her the key. "Alright, you go ahead. I'll take care of these."

"Thanks." Aveline nodded and then opened the door to the storage room.

"Hurry up and get me out of here, Aveline!"

Hilda was growing increasingly

agitated. Being trapped in this place

every day, with no freedom and the constant fear of being captured again, was driving her to the brink of madness!

Chapter 744

Aveline looked at Hilda's thin, pale figure with a calm expression.

"If you don't tell me what I need to know, I won't help you leave. Do you think I'm desperate to get back what was taken from me? You're wrong. This whole matter has never really mattered to me. Whether I have parents or not isn't important." Hilda's face immediately darkened. She stood up, her eyes filled with agitation.

"How can you be indifferent? She stole everything that belonged to you! Do you know how wealthy your parents are? You were supposed to be the daughter of a rich family, but she took it all away. Are you really willing to let that go?"

A cold light shimmered in Aveline's clear eyes. "Since she could take my place, it only meant you were the accomplice. How can I trust you didn't let greed cloud your judgment?" Hilda hesitated, her face paling further.

"Aveline... she won't help me, and she won't spare you either. Your existence is a ticking time bomb. She'll find a way to get rid of you, so you won't have a chance to return. Even if you don't care about meeting your biological parents, you can't stop her from seeing you as a threat!"

Aveline paused, realizing there was some truth to Hilda's words. If the other side found that she had kept Hilda, they wouldn't leave her alone, regardless of whether she knew the truth or not.

Hilda saw her reaction and continued to persuade, "Aveline, I don't want anything else. Just get me out of here, far away, where she can't find me or harm me. If you do, I'll tell you everything I know, alright?"

Aveline remained silent for a moment.

Hilda's heart began to pound.

Could it be that Aveline truly didn't care at all?

Anyone else would be tempted by such immense wealth, wouldn't they?

"Getting rid of her is not so hard."

A deep, magnetic voice suddenly cut through the air.

Hilda immediately looked over, her face full of caution. When she saw who it was, she froze for a moment, then remembered that this was the same man who had been with Aveline when she was captured. He looked extraordinary, with an unmistakable air of wealth and status.

No wonder Aveline seemed so unconcerned; she had such a man by her side.

Hilda didn't dare to approach, watching Lucas warily.

Aveline turned to him and said, "This is my business; it has nothing to do with you."

It was best not to mix their affairs together; things would only get messier.

Lucas said calmly, "I have my own ways to make her talk and tell you everything you want to know."

Aveline immediately thought of Bobby, who was still locked up in the basement of the Tudor family estate.

Pressing her lips together, she replied, "I know, but it's not necessary."

Lucas studied her intently and

so you don't like it

How about lilies? Or maybe

Aveline gave him a look of exasperation and chose to ignore him, turning her attention back to Hilda instead.

"I will find a way to get you out. Just make sure you keep your end of the bargain."

"Absolutely, I promise!" Hilda nodded eagerly.

Right now, she needed Aveline's help and was willing to comply with anything.

Aveline turned and left the storage room. As the sunlight fell on her, she felt a momentary sense of dizziness before she let out a small,

self-mocking smile.

She thought she had distanced herself from him, but in reality?

She was still relying on his people

investigate the identities of free

men. She was still under his protection.

A wave of helplessness surged within her, and she sighed softly.

Chapter 745

Lucas continued to gaze at her face, speaking seriously, "Aveline, think about it carefully. Are you really at a loss?"

Aveline hesitated for a moment.

If she thought it through, it didn't seem like she was losing out at all.

Lucas was the one putting in the money and effort, and on top of that, he only wanted to sleep with her. His skills in bed were undeniable, and he brought her considerable pleasure. It was just a matter of spending a bit of time in bed with him.

Besides, it wasn't like it was their first time.

There wasn't much to be conflicted or to struggle over.

After a pause, she replied, "I need to think about it."

Lucas nodded. "Let me know when you've made up your mind."

Aveline didn't respond, turning away and leaving.

Lucas watched her retreating figure, a faint smile slowly appearing on his lips.

Just then, his phone rang. He glanced at the screen-it was Baron calling.

"Yes?" he answered.

Baron's voice was respectful. "Mr. Tudor, we've investigated what Mrs. Tudor asked us to look into. The people who harassed the orphanage were bodyguards from the Cooper family." The Cooper family?

Lucas narrowed his eyes slightly. "Find out what connection Hilda has with the Cooper family."

"Understood."

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The orphanage covered a large area. At the entrance was a spacious open ground where the children usually played. The three-story building served as their living quarters, and behind it was a small yard. Hilda used to grow vegetables there for self-sufficiency, but Zachary had since transformed it into a simple playground. It now had swings, hopscotch, and other things for the

kids to enjoy. Aveline sat on one of the swings, letting the cool breeze brush against her. She tried to wrestle with her thoughts, but the more she considered, the less reason she found to refuse. With his resources, Lucas could save her a lot of trouble.

He could even help her investigate her own origins.

If she did that, she wouldn't need to rely on Hilda at all.

Aveline's gaze lowered, her expression cold and unreadable. "Aren't you cold?"

Zachary approached and draped a jacket over her shoulders.

Aveline hesitated for a moment, instinctively pulling back a bit before saying, "Thanks, I'm fine."

Zachary noticed her subtle retreat but didn't comment on it.

Instead, he asked, "Something troubling you?"

Aveline glanced at him. "How's that website you started doing?"

Zachary replied, "Not as well as I'd hoped. Running a website to help people find their families isn't easy. It takes a long time to get the word out."

Aveline nodded. "It's a long process."

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Zachary continued, "You still want to find out who your parents are, don't you?"

Aveline pressed her lips together and, after a moment, nodded. "Yes."

Of course, she wanted to know what kind of people her parents were. If they ever found out the daughter they cherished was a fake, what would they do? Right now, she felt conflicted.

Zachary added, "Aveline, I think you should look into it. You should know who they are and why they left you behind. Whether you want to meet them or not, you can decide that later."

Aveline looked at him, uncertainty flickering in her eyes. "Is that what I should do?"

Zachary's lips curved into a faint smile. "If it were me, I'd want to know. I'd ask why they didn't want me, if there was a reason. And if they didn't want me, why have me at all?"

Aveline paused, then said, "But what's the point in asking?"

Zachary was momentarily at a loss for words.

True. What was the point in asking?

After a brief silence, Zachary admitted, "I came over to give you advice, but somehow you've managed to make me question everything." Aveline couldn't help but laugh.

Chapter 746

Zachary smiled wryly. "Never mind, just follow your own instincts and decide for yourself."

Aveline watched the children playing, falling deep into thought.

What did she really want?

The truth was, she did want to know what kind of people her biological parents were.

So, maybe she should dig deeper, take a look, and see where it led.

Who knows? Perhaps she was destined to have parents after all.

Once she made up her mind, the uncertainty faded away.

That evening, after taking a shower, she sent a message to Lucas.

"I have something to discuss with you. Can you come over?"

It hadn't even been five minutes before there was a knock on her door.

Aveline got up, took a deep breath, and opened the door.

Before she could say anything, Lucas leaned in, cupped her face, and kissed her.

Her body stiffened, but she didn't resist.

After all, she had asked him to come over to talk about this, hadn't she?

He seemed to know exactly what she meant.

"Mm... the door," Aveline managed to say, her voice muffled.

Lucas reached back and shut the door, then wrapped his arm around her waist, deepening the kiss.

It was like a spark meeting dry tinder, igniting into a fierce blaze in an instant.

His intensity was overwhelming, and Aveline found herself struggling to keep up.

They stumbled to the edge of the bed, where he gently pushed her down.

Her breath came out in ragged gasps, a mix of anticipation and nerves coursing through her.

She had expected him to be urgent and rough, but instead, he teased her, stoking her desire.

Only when her body responded did he move to the next step.

His breath warmed her ear as he kissed her earlobe and whispered, "Aveline, I just want to make you happy." Aveline closed her eyes, letting herself be swept away in the moment.

The world seemed to turn upside down.

The next morning, she opened her eyes to find herself enveloped in Lucas' strong arms, his warm breath brushing against her shoulder.

She shifted slightly, and his arm tightened around her.

"Are you tired?"

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His deep, raspy voice, still heavy with sleep, had a seductive edge that sent a shiver down her spine.

Aveline replied, "I need to get up and wash."

"Just stay a little longer," Lucas murmured, unwilling to let her go.

He cherished these rare, tender moments and couldn't bear to release her so easily.

But Aveline was determined to get up. She shifted again, trying to free herself.

Instead of letting go, Lucas only held her tighter, his breath growing hotter against her skin. "Keep moving and you'll have to deal with the

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consequences."

At his words, Aveline could feel the change in him, and a flush of red crept up her cheeks.

"You're the one who won't let go!" she retorted, her voice a mix of frustration and embarrassment.

Lucas kissed her shoulder softly. "Then why are you wriggling? If you hadn't, this wouldn't have happened."

Aveline huffed, "You're blocking me. Why shouldn't I try to get free?"

He chuckled softly. "You can struggle all you want. It's not like I've tied your hands and feet."

Aveline thought to herself, "...This conversation is going nowhere."

Why was she arguing with him about this first thing in the morning?

His reaction was intense. She remained still in his arms until he finally released her and headed to the bathroom.

Her tense body relaxed, and she got up from the bed. Glancing at the rumpled sheets, memories of the previous night flashed through her mind, bringing a faint blush to her cheeks.

Without hesitation, she changed the bed linens.

When Lucas emerged, he saw her sitting on the sofa, scrolling through her phone.

He walked over, cupped her chin, and leaned in for a kiss.

Aveline frowned and turned away. "I need you to investigate Hilda for me."

Chapter 747

Lucas leaned in closer, his face only inches from hers.

Seeing her cool, indifferent expression, he smirked slightly. "Aveline, are you just pretending not to know me now that you've gotten what you wanted?"

Aveline frowned, "When did I ever pretend not to know you?"

"Then why won't you let me have a kiss?" Lucas countered.

Aveline was at a loss for words. She pushed him away and stood up, saying, "Lucas, what we have is just a transaction. I hope you won't complicate it with anything else. It won't do either of us any good." Lucas looked at her overly composed face and chuckled, "But I think it does me a lot of good."

"Will you do what I asked or not?" Aveline demanded, clearly frustrated by his persistence.

"Of course," Lucas replied as he moved closer to her, his voice soothing, "Since you asked, I'll do it, and I'll make sure it's done perfectly."

Satisfied with his answer, Aveline turned and left.

With Lucas' help, she wouldn't have to worry about sending Hilda away. She decided to return to Cloudflare City today.

"You're leaving already? So soon? Can't you stay a few more days?" Zachary asked, trying to persuade her to stay when he heard she was leaving.

Aveline shook her head. "I came here on a whim, but I still have work in Cloudflare City. I can't stay too long."

Zachary, looking a bit disappointed, replied, "Alright, when are you leaving?"

"Tomorrow," she answered.

"Perfect," Zachary said. "I'll go buy some groceries, and we can have steak dinner tonight. The kids love it."

Aveline nodded. "Sounds good."

She figured she could use the time to visit Zane.

Lucas leisurely walked out of her room and, seeing them talking, asked, "What's the conversation about?"

Zachary looked a bit taken aback and surprised. "You two..."

Lucas walked over to Aveline and casually put his arm around her shoulders. "What about us?"

Zachary was at a loss for words.

Aveline quickly stepped forward, slipping out from under Lucas' arm, and headed straight for the door.

Lucas followed her step for step.

Once they were outside and he continued to trail behind, Aveline turned to him. "I have things to do. You don't need to follow me."

Lucas replied, "I won't get in the way."

Clearly, he had no intention of leaving.

Aveline frowned. "Don't you have your own work to do? You're the Chairman of the Tudor Group; shouldn't you be busy?"

Lucas's lips curled into a

mischievous smile, his handsome face even more roguish. "Do you really think such a big company relies solely on me? What do you think I'm paying all those people for?"

Aveline was speechless.

Well, it was a flawless reason.

With no way to shake him off, she stopped trying and simply opened the car door, getting in. Lucas slid effortlessly into the passenger seat beside her.

He might have claimed he wasn't busy, but during the drive, he managed to conduct several conference calls back-to-back. His voice was low and steady, issuing one directive after another, making decisive professional decisions.

Aveline glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. Sensing her gaze, he immediately looked over and winked at her. Aveline felt a strange shiver run through her.

What on earth?

She pulled into a parking space, got out, and headed to a nearby breakfast shop. Lucas casually sat across from her, showing no concern for the modest surroundings. Aveline ordered two breads and a plate of pasta. Lucas, copying her, ordered the same.

Chapter 748

Aveline had decided to completely ignore him.

However... she glanced up at him just as he finished another phone call.

"Hmm?" Lucas noticed her gaze and looked back at her with an easy, relaxed expression.

The coldness in his eyes had vanished, replaced by a gentle warmth that seemed to draw her in like he wanted to melt her with his gaze.

Fortunately, the walls around her heart remained firmly in place.

"I'm going to see Zane," she said.

Lucas nodded. "Go ahead."

Aveline continued, "You've been tormenting his son. Won't you feel any guilt when you see him?"

Lucas gave a faint smile. "Are you asking me to release Bobby?"

Aveline replied, "I still believe he's innocent."

Lucas' deep, intense eyes studied her carefully. "Aveline, Zane has already taken the money. Whether Bobby is innocent or not doesn't matter much anymore." Aveline felt the urge to argue but found herself at a loss for words.

He was right.

Zane had given up on his son. What could she, an outsider, possibly say?

Zane would have a comfortable life in his old age with that money.

As for Bobby's fate... no one seemed to care anymore.

She stopped looking at Lucas and began eating her breakfast, her expression growing colder.

Lucas watched her, noticing the shift in her demeanor.

"He's not dead, and he won't die," he added softly.

Aveline paused, surprise flickering across her face as she looked at him.

Lucas continued, "Even though the evidence is damning, I agree with the perspective you brought up. We just haven't found proof of his innocence yet."

Aveline instinctively tightened her grip on her utensils. "Why are you telling me this now?"

Lucas' gaze bore into hers, filled with sincerity. "Because I don't want you to misunderstand me, to fear me, or to push me away anymore."

Feeling a bit flustered, Aveline averted her eyes, avoiding his steady stare.

His intentions were always straightforward he didn't want a divorce.

But...

She still couldn't overcome the barrier in her heart.

Without saying another word, Aveline finished her breakfast and stood up, heading toward Zane's old barbecue stand. Lucas paid for their meat and followed closely behind her

It wasn't far-just around the corner.

But Aveline stopped at the turn, hesitating to go any further.

Lucas caught up to her and asked, "Why aren't you going over?"

Aveline looked ahead with a complicated expression. "The barbecue stand is gone."

Lucas followed her gaze and saw that where Zane's stand had once been, a steakhouse had taken its place. Zane was gone.

Aveline's eyes dropped, emotions swirling within her.

"It makes sense," Lucas said calmly. "With the money they received, they don't have to struggle anymore. Their retirement will be a lot easier now." Aveline turned and walked away.

Seeing her downcast mood, Lucas asked, "This was their choice. Why are you so upset?"

Aveline abruptly stopped, her gaze turning colder as she looked at him.

"Bobby is their son! They've abandoned their own child; they don't deserve to be parents!

She had no parents of her own and had once longed for a parent's love.

For Bobby, for Annie, and for others like them... she never understood.

If they chose to have these children, why treat them like this? Why?

Seeing the redness in her eyes from her rising emotions, Lucas pulled her into his arms. "Aveline, you need to understand-not all parents are worthy of the title."

Aveline didn't resist or struggle; she just stared at the sky, her eyes distant and empty. "And my parents? What kind of people were they?"

Chapter 749

Lucas held her tightly, feeling the weight of her sadness pressing between them.

"You'll find them," he murmured softly. "And if they disappoint you, you can choose to walk away."

Aveline closed her eyes for a moment before finally speaking. "Let go of me, please. I need to take a walk."

Lucas released her, relieved to see that her expression had calmed.

Arthur Town was small, and in just a short walk, Aveline reached the end of the street. Beyond lay an open field, where she stood on the roadside, letting the cold wind wash over her.

Lucas watched her from a short distance when his phone rang.

He answered, "Yes?"

Baron's voice came through, "Mr. Tudor, we've confirmed that the guards were sent by Juliet, the heiress of the Cooper family. Juliet once stayed at the orphanage in Arthur Town. Over the years,

Hilda has kept in close contact with her. In fact, for the past few months, Hilda had been staying at one of Juliet's properties."

Hilda had claimed that someone had taken Aveline's place and that her biological parents were wealthy.

Lucas replied, "Leak the news that Juliet isn't the Cooper family's biological daughter. Let's see how they react first."

Now everything was clear-Aveline was the true daughter of the Coopers.

But he wasn't ready to tell her yet. He needed to see how the Coopers would respond. If they insisted on keeping Juliet, then reconnecting might not be worth it.

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Aveline turned and began walking back. Seeing Lucas on the phone, she kept her distance and headed toward the car.

Baron agreed to follow the orders, and the call ended.

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Meanwhile, at the Cooper residence in Larbor City...

Judith Madison was having tea and chatting with a few of her socialite friends, making plans to go yoga together. Suddenly, her phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID-it was her assistant. Smiling at the ladies, she said, "Excuse me, I'll just take this call."

She walked to a secluded garden room and answered, "What is it?"

The assistant said, "Madam, I intercepted some information. It says that Miss Juliet isn't the Cooper family's biological child. What should we do about this?"

Judith's brows immediately furrowed. "Someone's investigating?"

"It seems so," the assistant replied.

Judith asked, "Have they found Hilda yet?"

"Not yet," the assistant continued. "Lucas Tudor, the president of the Tudor Group in Cloudflare City, has gotten involved. Our people can't get into the orphanage right now."

Judith narrowed her eyes. "Find a way to get in there, cause some confusion. Whatever happens, Hilda cannot be allowed to say anything."

"Understood, I'll handle it," the assistant affirmed.

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Judith added, "Inform Juliet about this. She should come up with a plan too."

"Yes, ma'am."

The call ended.

Judith clenched her phone tightly, a cold, sinister look flashing in her eyes.

The daughter of that woman wanted to find her parents?

Ha! Never!

...

Juliet had already arrived in Arthur Town, and her expression soured upon receiving the call.

Lucas had interfered!

Could she still protect her identity now?

No way!

She was the heiress of the Cooper family. She had been playing this so many years; she

role

give Fore

it up so easily! Couldn't

Who was Aveline anyway?

Did she think she could just take what was hers?

Juliet needed to figure out a way to eliminate Aveline, and fast.

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

"Who is it?" she asked, puzzled as she approached the door.

Belongs

"I know you want to deal with Aveline. I can help you," came the voice from the other side.

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Juliet's expression grew more tense, her gaze fixed warily on the doorway.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

But there was no answer from outside.

"Hello? Are you still there?" Juliet called out, taking a few cautious steps forward.

Still, no response came.

What' was going on? Where did they go?

Juliet decided to open the door, and the next second, a shadowy figure burst in, pushing her back into the room and quickly shutting the door behind them.

"Ah!" Juliet screamed, scrambling away, her face a mix of fear and suspicion as she eyed the intruder.

It was a man, wearing a hat and mask. He didn't make any sudden moves, just calmly removed his hat and mask.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "I'm not here to hurt you. I told you, if you want to deal with Aveline, I can help you."

Juliet's eyes widened in shock. She pointed at him and exclaimed, "You look so much like Lucas! What's your relationship with him?"

The man was none other than Leo.

"You can call me Leo," he replied, "I have no relationship with him."

Juliet remained wary. "Why would you help me? Do you have a grudge against Aveline?"

"Something like that," Leo responded, his patience wearing thin.

"I have a way to ensure she never returns to the Cooper family or takes what belongs to you. But if you keep wasting my time, I'll leave right now. Just know this-Aveline has Lucas backing her.

It's only a matter of time before she finds her way back to the Coopers, and everything you have will vanish like smoke."

Juliet still doubted his identity, but his confidence seemed genuine. He wasn't lying.

And he was right. With Lucas supporting Aveline, her return to the Coopers was inevitable.

Thinking about how recently Walden Cooper had been staring at his ex-wife's photograph, his gaze on her becoming more peculiar each day, Juliet felt a chill of fear. "Alright!" she agreed quickly.

Aveline had just climbed back into

the car and started driving when suddenly, the engine stalled. Her expression shifted in surprise. What happened?

Lucas immediately got out, checking under the hood. "It broke down. We'll need to get it to a repair shop."

Aveline frowned. They were still in the middle of town, and it was quite a distance back to the orphanage. Were they supposed to walk back?

Lucas pulled out his phone. "I'll call someone to bring a car over."

Aveline nodded, not objecting.

Just then, the honk of a car horn pierced the air. Aveline turned her head to see a black Cullinan pulling up slowly. The door swung open, and Gernard stepped out.

"Aveline, what a coincidence to see you here in Arthur Town," he greeted warmly. Aveline was equally surprised. "Mr. Cooper, what brings you here?"

Gernard walked over, his gaze soft as he looked at her, a small smile playing on his lips. "I'm here to inspect a potential investment project," he explained. "And you?"

He glanced briefly at Lucas, ignoring him otherwise.

Aveline replied, "I'm here for some personal business."

Gernard nodded, then noticed the car. "What happened? Did your car break down?"

"Yeah, it did," Aveline answered.

Gernard offered immediately, "Where are you headed? I can give you a ride."

Aveline quickly declined, "That won't be necessary. He's already called for another car; it should be here soon."

Gernard paused, then suggested, "Can I have a word in private?"

Before Aveline could respond, Lucas interjected coolly, "And what could you possibly have to say that I shouldn't hear?"