

Divorced Me 771

Chapter 771

Aveline moved to the side, picking up a baseball bat from the corner, her eyes fixed intently on the door.

The person made another attempt to enter the passcode, and again got it wrong!

Her expression darkened further. It seemed she would need to install a security camera at the entrance to see what was happening outside. After one more failed attempt, there was finally silence.

Aveline pulled out her phone and sent a message to Baron.

"There seems to be someone at my door. Can you discreetly come up and check?"

Baron replied, "On my way, Mrs. Tudor!"

With Baron's reply, she waited quietly.

About ten minutes later, there was a soft knock at the door.

"It's me."

Lucas' deep, magnetic voice came from the other side.

Aveline froze for a moment before walking over to open the door.

Lucas stood there in silk pajamas, his short hair slightly tousled. His face was handsome, and his eyes were dark.

"Why are you here?" she asked, surprised.

She had called for Baron, not him.

Lucas asked, "Are you hurt?"

Aveline shook her head. "Whoever it was didn't get in."

Lucas stepped inside without hesitation. "I checked. There are signs someone was here. Aveline, you're being watched."

Aveline's brow furrowed. "Who? And why are they targeting me again?"

The last time it had been Darren, but he was already locked up, facing a life in prison.

Lucas shook his head. "Not clear yet but staying here isn't safe anymore. Have you thought about finding a new place?"

Aveline considered for a moment. "I'll look at some options later."

Lucas said, "The safest place in Cloudflare City is the Tudor Estate. You could stay there. Don't worry, I won't be there; I'll still stay here."

Aveline eyed him skeptically. "It's your house. If you decide to go back, how could I stop you?"

"You couldn't," Lucas admitted openly, "but Aveline, safety comes first."

"I'll think about it," she replied.

His tone was calm and respectful, not as forceful or cold as before, which somehow made her less resistant to the idea. She even found herself genuinely considering

moving into the Tudor Estate

But then she remembered they were only twenty-nine days away from the divorce. It didn't make much sense. Living in his house after the divorce? What would that even mean?

"Since whoever it was has already left, you should go too. I need to get some rest," Aveline said, stifling a yawn. Dark circles shadowed her eyes; it was clear she had been up all night.

Instead of leaving, Lucas walked further inside and sat down on the sofa. "Go ahead and sleep. I'll stay right here."

Aveline frowned, but seeing the determination in his expression, she decided not to argue. She turned and headed to her bedroom, making sure to lock the door behind her.

Listening to the sounds coming from the bedroom, Lucas' gaze darkened slightly. He remained on the sofa, pulling out his phone and sending a message.

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When Aveline woke up again, it was already 10 a.m.

She had sent Maria a message earlier to request a day off, so there was no rush. After washing up, she emerged from the bedroom to find Lucas still there.

He was still wearing his pajamas,

holding his phone, and replying to messages. The sunlight streaming in softened the coldness about him, highlighting his sharp, handsome features in profile. FindNovel

"Why are you still here?" Aveline asked, surprised.

Lucas looked up at her. "I was worried about you being all alone."

Chapter 772

Aveline paused for a moment, processing his words.

Lucas stood up and said, "I made a little breakfast. What else do you want to eat?"

He was being a bit too considerate.

Aveline walked straight to the dining area and saw the table set with pancakes, scrambled eggs, crispy bacon, and a side of fresh fruit.

Lucas making pancakes early in the morning? She couldn't quite picture it.

"No need," she replied. This was more than enough.

Lucas sat down beside her, and they began eating together.

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After breakfast, as Aveline headed out, she suddenly noticed something new near the doorway, close to the corner of the wall. She glanced up and saw a camera. Noticing her gaze, Lucas explained, "That's the visible camera. There's also a hidden one. Give me your phone."

Aveline looked at him suspiciously. "Why?"

"I'm going to download an app so you can view the surveillance footage on your phone," Lucas said.

Hearing this, her skepticism faded, and she handed him the phone.

After a few quick taps, Lucas handed the phone back to her.

Aveline checked it, opened the app, and saw her and Lucas' images appear on the screen. The picture quality was remarkably clear.

She looked at him. "How much did it cost?"

Lucas raised an eyebrow. "You want to pay?"

Aveline replied, "I don't like owing people favors."

"In that case, give me a kiss," Lucas said, tapping his cheek with his finger.

Aveline's expression immediately turned cold, and she turned to leave.

Lucas chuckled softly. "Don't you hate owing favors? If you don't repay this one, will you really feel okay?"

Without a hint of emotion, Aveline replied, "It's not as uncomfortable as I imagined."

Lucas raised an eyebrow, his eyes sparkling as he gazed at her delicate face.

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Aveline headed straight to the vineyard, where she began taking measurements and making plans, trying to construct a rough model in her mind that she could later input into the computer for further refinement. The work kept her so busy that two days passed in a blur.

One morning, Lucas showed up at her door.

Aveline, still brushing her teeth, came out and looked at him with confusion. "What's going on?"

Lucas replied, "Did you forget what you promised me?"

She thought carefully and then asked, "Where do you want to take me?"

Lucas said, "To a lively place with lots of delicious food. You don't have to do anything just be Mrs. Tudor."

Aveline eyed him suspiciously. Was it really that simple?

Lucas added, "No need to look at me like that. I won't deceive you."

Aveline looked away, leaving the door open, and Lucas followed her inside. After she finished getting ready, he said, "I'm taking you to try on some dresses and get styled."

Aveline paused. If he wanted her to play the role of Mrs. Tudor, it must be for an important occasion, which indeed warranted dressing up. She decided not to ask further questions.

By the time they finished picking everything out, it was nearly ten o'clock.

The Rolls-Royce Phantom rolled up slowly to the entrance of a seven-star hotel. As they arrived, Aveline immediately noticed a life-sized poster by the entrance. She stopped in her tracks. It was a wedding photo of Russell and Rina!

She turned sharply to Lucas. "The important occasion you mentioned... is it Russell's wedding?"

Lucas met her gaze. "That's right. Aren't you friends? Wouldn't it be inappropriate for you not to attend his wedding?"

He looked as if he was considering her feelings, but she knew all too well-he just wanted to stir up some drama!

Chapter 773

Seeing the displeasure on her face, Lucas' lips curved into a faint smile.

"What's wrong? Don't want to go? Not in the mood to offer your congratulations?"

Aveline took a deep breath and said, "Let's go."

They were already here was turning back even an option?

Besides, she had already promised Lucas she would come. If she walked away now, he might not show up to finalize the divorce once the cooling-off period ended.

For the sake of the divorce papers, she had to endure it!

Lucas' smile widened as the doorman stepped forward to open the car door.

He got out first.

Russell, the new heir of the Skyler Group, marrying Rina, the heiress of the Johnson family—a wedding like this was nothing short of a spectacle. It was the event of the century. Media reporters with their cameras and equipment were stationed all around, waiting for the best shots.

As soon as Lucas appeared, the crowd erupted in excitement!

He was the rising star of Cloudflare City's elite circles, known for his sharp methods that had been the talk of the town. Everyone was curious to see what the real Lucas was like.

Under the rapid burst of flashing cameras, Lucas turned and extended his hand toward the car. A delicate, fair hand rested in his palm, and he gently closed his fingers around it. Then, a woman with a beautifully crafted makeup look, elegant and poised, stepped out of the car.

The cameras clicked furiously.

It was Aveline's first time facing such a scene, and instinctively, her fingers tightened around Lucas' hand.

He placed her hand on his arm and whispered, "Don't be nervous."

Aveline adjusted her breathing, maintaining a perfectly measured smile on her beautiful face.

The doormen at the entrance greeted them respectfully and invited them inside.

As they stepped into the lavishly decorated lobby, away from the blinding flashes, Aveline felt herself relax.

Someone was already waiting by the elevator, and they were escorted directly inside.

The banquet hall was on the seventh floor. When the elevator doors opened, members of the Skyler family were there to greet them.

After a few polite exchanges, the

hosts' attitude noticeably brightened when they saw Lucas. They chatted briefly before inviting him further inside.

With his status, Lucas was, of course, seated at a table near the head of the room.

Guests gradually filled the banquet hall.

Aveline sat down with Lucas, glancing around but seeing no sign of Russell.

She lowered her gaze slightly.

When the time came, the lights in the banquet hall suddenly dimmed, and the emcee began to speak.

A spotlight then illuminated the entrance as the ornately carved doors swung open. Russell's tall figure appeared, striding in with confident steps.

Aveline pressed her lips together slightly, watching.

Thankfully, with the lights focused on him, he didn't seem to notice her.

Her small clutch buzzed twice. She looked down and pulled out her phone to see a message from Selena.

"My dear, I see you! Didn't you say you weren't coming? Sneaking around behind my back?"

Aveline replied, "I didn't plan for this. I'll explain later."

Selena texted, "Hmph, I'd like to see what kind of explanation you can come up with." She was clearly upset.

Aveline sighed softly, but just then she felt a gaze on her. She looked up instinctively and found herself

locking eyes with Russell

stage.

Uh-oh... This was awkward.

She managed to offer a polite, if slightly strained, smile.

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Russell's expression tightened, his already reserved face growing a shade darker. "Want a candy?"

At that moment, a piece of candy appeared at her lips, offered by Lucas.

She turned to look at him and met his gaze, full of what could only be described as tender affection. A shiver ran through her, and goosebumps prickled her skin.

Chapter 774

"I don't want it," Aveline refused flatly.

Lucas popped the candy into his own mouth and remarked, "It's not that good."

Aveline just stared at him and said nothing.

If it wasn't good, he could just not eat it!

His little interruption distracted her, and she didn't look back up at Russell on the stage.

With the emcee guiding the ceremony, Rina appeared, dressed in a flowing wedding gown with a veil that obscured her face.

When the moment came for the groom to kiss the bride, Russell lifted the veil and leaned in. Whether he actually kissed her or not was hard to tell.

Regardless, the room erupted into thunderous applause, filled with congratulations and best wishes.

As the ceremony ended, the toasts began.

Aveline's phone vibrated repeatedly. She leaned over to Lucas and said, "I need to go to the restroom."

Lucas looked at her with concern. "Want me to go with you?"

Aveline raised an eyebrow. "Are you insane?"

Lucas replied, "I'm worried you might get lost or get kidnapped."

Aveline felt a shiver run up her arm and quickly shook off his hand, heading straight for the restroom.

As she entered, she found Selena already there.

"Alright, spill it. What's going on?" Selena demanded, arms crossed, her expression clearly stating that if she didn't get a reasonable explanation, there would be trouble.

Aveline sighed lightly. "I got tricked by Lucas. He said he wanted me to accompany him somewhere, and I had no idea it was Russell's wedding."

"Tsk ts, what a sneaky guy!" Selena quickly grasped the situation and gave her honest assessment.

Aveline shrugged. "I'm already here. I can't just turn around and leave, right? I'm here as Mrs. Tudor. If I walked out now, who knows what kind of headlines we'd see on tomorrow's news."

Selena nodded in agreement. "Just tolerate it for now but make him pay later. If he dared to trick you, there should be consequences!"

Aveline chuckled, a mix of amusement and frustration. "And what consequences could I possibly impose on him?"

Selena grinned. "No hugs, no kisses-that's punishment enough, isn't it? Leave him craving!"

Aveline was at a loss for words for a moment.

Selena continued, "Come on, let's head back. I'm sure Russell felt

pretty uncomfortable seeing you, and Ducas, that sly fox, is probably thrilled about it."

The two of them chatted as they left the restroom and returned to their seats.

As soon as they sat down, Lucas' gaze landed on Aveline's face. "Mission accomplished?"

Aveline looked at him. "How did you know I went to meet Selena?"

Lucas chuckled softly. "Do I need to guess where your mind goes? Were you two talking behind my back again?" Aveline, keeping her expression neutral, replied, "So, you know already."

Lucas shrugged. "Well, whenever together, badmouthing

meially a ritual. You'd feel feel

uncomfortable if you didn't.

Aveline remained silent. He certainly had a very clear understanding of his own position. "Then maybe you should reflect on what went wrong," she suggested.

Lucas replied, "She's just biased against me. I don't think I've done anything wrong."

Perfect. Not an ounce of self-doubt.

Aveline didn't bother responding to him further.

At that moment, a group of people escorted Russell and Rina over to their table.

Everyone at the table lifted their glasses, offering words of congratulations.

Lucas, with a faintly amused smile looked at Russell. "Congratulations, Russell Wishing you and your wife a lifetime of happiness and love."

Rina beamed sweetly. "Thank you, Lucas!"

Then Lucas turned to Aveline. "Come on, say a few words. After all, you're friends."

Aveline froze.

This damn man!

Chapter 775

Russell's fingers tightened around his wine glass, but his handsome, refined face maintained a flawless smile.

"I'm glad you both could make it. Thank you for the well wishes," he said, preparing to move on to the next table.

"Wait, my wife hasn't spoken yet," Lucas interjected, stopping them in their tracks.

Now, there was no way to leave. With everyone's eyes on them, making a scene would surely become the talk of Cloudflare City.

Aveline exhaled a quiet sigh, lifted her glass, and looked at Russell and Rina. "Wishing you both a happy marriage and that all your dreams come true." "Thank you," Rina responded cheerfully, her voice sweet.

In Rina's mind, as long as Aveline was with Lucas, she posed no threat.

There was no need to target Aveline anymore.

If Lucas liked Aveline, there was no harm in acting friendly around her.

Lucas turned his gaze to Russell. "So, what do you think? Did my wife say it well?"

Aveline felt her patience fraying.

"Is this man insane?" she thought.

She reached over to pinch his waist, only to find firm muscle beneath her fingers. He deliberately tensed up, making it impossible for her to get a good grip. So annoying!

Russell's enigmatic gaze lingered on Aveline for a moment before he nodded. "Thank you, Mrs. Tudor."

With that, he and Rina moved on to the next table.

Finally, it was over.

Aveline relaxed, turning to Lucas and whispering harshly, "You did that on purpose, didn't you? Are you out of your mind?"

Her warm breath brushed against his ear, and he swallowed, his voice lowering to match hers. "Aveline, I just want you both to see clearly-you two aren't right for each other." Aveline fought

the urge to roll her eyes and chose to ignore him. As if his little show was necessary; she was never once interested in Russell.

Deciding not to dwell on it, she focused on her meal instead.

After the banquet, the celebration shifted to a lively ball upstairs in the main hall.

The lights on the dance floor flashed brightly, and naturally, Russell and Rina were the center of attention.

However, with Rina being pregnant and unable to dance, the rest of the young guests took over the dance floor.

Aveline thought she could leave after attending the wedding, but Lucas had other plans. He grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the dance floor! "Do you know how to dance?" Lucas asked, holding her hand and looking down at her.

Aveline replied, "I'm a bit tired. I just want to go back and rest."

"But the wedding isn't over yet. Wouldn't it be rude to leave now?" Lucas countered.

Aveline's clear eyes were cool as she looked at him. "You've already achieved what you came here for. Why do you need to stay?"

Lucas raised an eyebrow. "Achieved something? What could that be? I have no hidden agenda."

Playing dumb now, were we?

He was doing this on purpose!

Not wanting to argue with him further, Aveline said, "I don't know how to dance, and I'm tired. I need to rest," and promptly turned on her heel to head toward the lounge area.

Lucas watched her retreating figure, a complicated expression flickering in his eyes. As he glanced up, he noticed Russell standing on the

second-floor balcony, looking

down,

his gaze clearly focused on Aveline.

Ha! Married and still thinking about Aveline-how shameless.

Without hesitation, Lucas made his way upstairs and positioned himself beside Russell, also gazing down at Aveline, his eyes softening with an almost tender look.

"It's been a while, but you seem to have changed a lot, Lucas," Russell broke the silence first.

Lucas replied with a chilly tone, "As long as she likes it, I'm willing to change in any way. But you..."

He paused, then smirked. "You'd better hold on tight to the Johnson family's coattails. You wouldn't want to slip up and end up with nothing, would you?"

Chapter 776

Russell tightened his grip on his wine glass, then, after a brief pause, let out a low chuckle. "Thanks for the advice, Lucas. I'll be sure to keep that in mind."

Lucas' narrowed eyes lingered on him for a moment, but as someone came over to exchange pleasantries, Russell turned and walked away.

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"So tired," Selena muttered as she slumped down beside Aveline, sipping on a glass of juice.

Aveline looked at her in confusion. "What did you do?"

Selena sighed. "Danced. Aaron, that idiot, insisted on dancing with me. I told him I can't dance, but he kept saying he'd teach me. In the end, he failed to teach me, and I nearly trampled his feet flat." Aveline couldn't help but laugh, then asked, "So, things between you two are still steady?"

Selena nodded. "So far, so good. I haven't felt the urge to break it off yet."

Aveline smiled. "If you're not tired of him, stick with it. When you get bored, find someone new."

"Hey, that's not something you should say," a voice interjected.

Aaron approached, holding a wine glass, exuding a certain refined charm with a lazy, mischievous smile. "Selena and I are doing just fine. Don't project your failed relationship views onto her." Aveline rolled her eyes and kept quiet.

Selena immediately jumped to Aveline's defense. "Watch how you speak to her. She's my family. One word from her, and I might just replace you tomorrow."

Aaron squinted slightly, "Try replacing me and see what happens."

Selena lifted her chin defiantly. "You think I won't?"

The tension between the two seemed to build over something so trivial.

Aveline quickly interjected, "I was just joking, don't take it seriously."

Aaron turned to Aveline with a curious expression. "You two seem to be getting along better lately. Does that mean you're not planning to divorce anymore?"

Aveline shook her head. "We're still in the cooling-off period. Once that's over, we'll have nothing to do with each other."

"Tsk!" Aaron clicked his tongue, surprised to hear they were already in the cooling-off period.

After thirty days, their marriage would be over.

Thinking of Lucas' efforts and changes over the past few days, Aaron realized that despite everything, Aveline might still walk away. What a tangled mess.

Selena said, "Let's not spoil such a great day with this talk. Ave, how about we go dance?"

Aveline looked resistant. "No, my shoes are too expensive."

Selena sighed.

Across the room, Lucas was deep in conversation with Malcolm Fletcher, the elder of the Fletcher family.

Malcolm noticed Aaron standing beside a young woman and asked, "Which family is that girl from?"

Lucas glanced over and replied, "She's from the Quin family."

Malcolm paused. "Is there even a Quin family in Cloudflare City? Now, Lucas, I may be old, but I'm not senile. Don't try to fool me." Lucas smiled faintly. "I wouldn't dare, sir."

Malcolm let out a snort. "Keep an

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eye on my grandson, make sure he doesn't get involved with any unsuitable people. The Fletchers have high standards for a future daughter-in-law."

Malcolm was old-fashioned, believing strongly in marriages between families of equal status. In his eyes, Selena clearly didn't measure up.

Lucas responded calmly, "Mr.

Fletcher, in today's world, people are

free to love who they choose. Aaron e

is fully capable of developing the Fletcher Group on his own without any external help. Besides, these family alliances often coate things and can hinder future progress."

Malcolm gave him a sharp look. "I can tell you're on Aaron's side. You've had your shot at free love, but I don't see you finding much happiness in it!"

Chapter 777

Lucas lowered his eyes slightly and said in a soft voice, "I'm still young. My days of happiness have yet to come."

Malcolm was speechless.

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After Selena had rested enough, Aaron pulled her back onto the dance floor, determined to teach her how to dance as if it were his mission.

Watching them, a small smile formed on Aveline's lips.

She thought she could see a glimpse of love there.

Aveline couldn't help but wonder, what if she hadn't discouraged Selena from being with Aaron back then?

But she and Selena were different in the end.

Selena would find happiness-she was certain of it.

A waiter passed by, and Aveline reached out for a glass of juice, taking a small sip. The sweet and tangy taste helped to soothe the heat rising in her stomach. She sat in the lounge area, waiting for a chance to leave.

But for some reason, she started to feel increasingly hot, beads of sweat forming on her forehead.

She fanned herself with her hand, feeling the urge to go out to the balcony for some fresh air. "Don't go out; you might catch a chill," a female voice sounded beside her, filled with concern.

Aveline turned to see an unfamiliar woman and replied, "I feel a bit warm; I just want some fresh air."

The woman suggested, "Maybe the air conditioning is too high here. Why don't you go to the lounge upstairs? It's cooler there, and you'll feel more comfortable."

That made sense to Aveline, so she nodded. "Alright, thank you."

The woman only offered the suggestion and didn't accompany her upstairs.

Aveline held onto the railing as she made her way up the stairs, feeling increasingly hot, with slight dizziness beginning to cloud her senses.

By the time she reached the second floor, her brows were tightly furrowed.

A waiter passing by noticed her discomfort and asked, "Mrs. Tudor, are you alright?"

Aveline replied, "Is there a vacant room? I feel a bit warm and need to rest."

The waiter nodded. "Yes, there is. Please follow me."

Aveline followed the waiter down the corridor to the very end. The waiter opened the door, and a refreshing coolness greeted her, instantly bringing some relief to her overheated body.
FindNovel

"Thank you," Aveline murmured as she stepped inside and sat down on the sofa.

The room was indeed cooler than the rest of the venue, and her body began to feel more comfortable, though her mind remained a bit foggy.

Perhaps it was because she hadn't slept well the previous night.

She closed her eyes, hoping to rest.

A faint scent filled the air, subtly drifting to her nose and permeating her senses without her realizing it.

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Russell had had a few drinks and, after soothing Rina's mood, stepped out of their room.

A waiter hurriedly approached him and said, Mr. Skyler, there's a Miss Young who seems to be unwell. She's resting in one of the private rooms. Would you like to check on her?" en FindNovel

Miss Young?

There was only one person in the entire hall with that surname.

Russell's eyes sharpened. "Show me the way."

The waiter led him to the private room, and as the door opened, Russell saw Aveline slumped on the sofa. Her skin was flushed

unnaturally, and she was tugging at her collar as if trying to get O comfortable.

Russell immediately rushed over. "Aveline, what's wrong?"

He reached out to gently pat her face, but she didn't respond.

Just then, the door behind him slammed shut, followed by the unmistakable sound of the lock clicking into place!

Russell's face darkened. He quickly strode to the door. "Open the door!"

But there was only silence on the other side.

This was clearly a premeditated setup!

Whoever was behind this had targeted both him and Aveline!

Chapter 778

"I feel so uncomfortable... so hot..."

Aveline's soft murmurs came from behind him.

Russell turned around and saw her restlessly shifting on the sofa.

Her fair skin had taken on a flushed, pink hue, looking temptingly like a ripe peach.

Russell hurried over and patted her face lightly. "Aveline, wake up. Aveline?"

But she grabbed his hand, pressing it against her cheek as if trying to use the coolness to soothe her discomfort. It wasn't enough; she pulled his hand lower, seeking relief.

Russell's breath caught in his throat, and he quickly pulled his hand away.

She had been drugged!

She wasn't in her right mind, acting purely on instinct. If she woke up and realized something had happened between them, she would be devastated, and she would never want to see him again! Russell got up and rushed to the bathroom.

He soaked a towel in cold water and came back, placing it on her forehead.

The cool sensation seemed to calm her down; her movements grew less frantic.

Taking advantage of the moment, he glanced around the room.

The air conditioning was set to a lower temperature.

On the table, there was an incense burner emitting a sweet, cloying scent.

Russell realized the incense was likely what had triggered Aveline's rapid reaction.

He grabbed the incense burner and tossed it into the sink, turning on the faucet to extinguish the incense.

The windows were sealed shut; ventilation wasn't an option for now.

He took out his phone, only to find there was no signal-it had been jammed!

So, that was it.

Whoever had set this up had planned everything carefully, wanting to trap them in this room together and, ideally, have something happen between them.

It wouldn't be long before someone barged in to "catch them in the act."

This was a calculated move to ruin the wedding, destroy the relationship between the Skyler and Johnson families, and drag Aveline, as Mrs. Tudor, into the scandal.

She and Lucas were a package deal. If she was caught in a scandal, Lucas wouldn't come out of it unscathed either.

And the recently stabilized Tudor Group would undoubtedly suffer significant damage.

It was a crude tactic, but one that could cause substantial harm.

A chilling glint flashed through Russell's eyes.

"Russ...?"

At that moment, Aveline, regaining a bit of consciousness, opened her eyes to see Russell standing a short distance away.

Her brows knitted tightly as she tried to sit up, and the damp towel fell from her forehead. She caught it with her hand. "What's going on?"

Russell didn't move closer. He knew

the effects of the drug were already

taking hold, and if he got too close, it

could only make things worse.

"You were drugged," he explained. "Someone set a trap for us. I suspect they're planning to barge in here soon to catch us in a compromising position."

He gave her a serious look and added, "I'm sorry for dragging you into this." Aveline's head felt foggy, her thoughts blurred, but she could still hear his words.

Someone had targeted them...

Her body felt weak, and she didn't have the energy to think about who might be behind all this.

"Can we... get out of here?" she asked.

Russell shook his head. "We can't. The door's been locked from the outside."

Aveline slumped back onto the sofa, trying to calm the burning sensation coursing through her body.

After a moment, she said, "I need to go to the bathroom."

She stood up, her steps unsteady, and headed toward the bathroom.

Russell fought the urge to reach out and help her, but she had barely taken a few steps before her body went limp, and she began to collapse.

His eyes widened, and he rushed forward to catch her just in time.

She fell into his arms, her weight pressing against him.

Chapter 779

"Aveline?"

Russell glanced down at her face and saw that her awareness was fading once more. The effects of the drug were kicking in again.

He quickly scooped her up and headed toward the bathroom.

Just then, there was a noise at the door!

Russell's expression darkened.

They were here already?

Before he could react, the door burst open, revealing a crowd of people from the Skyler, Johnson, and Tudor families.

"Oh my God, what are you doing?"

At the front was Rina, her eyes instantly reddening as she saw the scene.

She pointed at them, her voice trembling with emotion.

"Russ, how could you do this to me? Today is our wedding our wedding!"

The faces of the Skyler and Johnson family members were filled with anger and disbelief.

Lucas strode into the room, his eyes narrowing as he took in Aveline's condition.

His voice was cold and controlled, "She's been drugged."

"That's right," Russell confirmed, quickly recounting everything that had happened. He finished with, "Lucas, nothing happened between us. She's innocent."

The state of their clothes alone was proof enough. Russell was still in his suit, and Aveline's dress was only slightly wrinkled-hardly the appearance of two people caught in an illicit affair.

Lucas took Aveline from him, his voice sharp, "Lock down the entire hotel. Don't let so much as a fly get out!"

With that, he turned and started to carry Aveline away.

"Lucas, where are you taking that bitch?"

Rina cried out, rushing to block his path, her eyes burning with tears.

Lucas' narrow eyes were filled with a chilling coldness. "Move!"

"I won't!" Rina was deeply hurt, upset, and furious.

She pointed at Aveline, shouting, "She's a two-faced slut! Flirting with you on one side and seducing

Russell on the other, even pulling et

this shameless stunt at our

wedding! Lucas, why are you still protecting her? Hand her over to me-I'll make her wish she were dead!"

Lucas' expression grew even colder. "She's been drugged. Can't you see that?"

Rina, however, ignored his words. "She's doing this to seduce Russell! Lucas, just hand her over to me... give her to me..."

Lucas lifted his gaze to the Johnson

family members. "Keep an eye on her. She's being irrational, but are all of you as well? This was a

premeditated setup. You'd better

investigate thoroughly. It'll give you peace of mind, and I refuse to let a single stain touch my wife's reputation!"

His imposing aura weighed heavily on everyone in the room.

Most people there weren't fools; they could clearly see that something was wrong with Aveline.

"Lock down the entire hotel. No one leaves!" Russell commanded, turning to his own men.

Rina was pulled back by her family, while Lucas carried Aveline out of the room, needing to get her to a hospital as soon as possible-something was clearly very wrong.

As they drove away, Aveline had lost

all sense of herself, moving purely on instinct Her hand slipped onto Lucas' chest, sliding under his shirt, her fingers tracing his muscles as she continued to twist and turn restlessly.

Lucas' breathing grew heavier as he grabbed her hand. "Aveline, you're harassing me."

"So hot... so uncomfortable..." Aveline murmured softly, pressing herself closer to him.

Lucas closed his eyes, giving a quick command to the driver to head to the nearest residence.

When he finally carried Aveline into a room, she moved even more urgently, like a fish thrashing on dry land.

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The soft mattress trembled as Lucas' breathing grew heavier.

His voice was husky and strained. "Aveline, when you wake up, you can't deny this happened."

Aveline didn't hear a word he said, her actions frantic as she kissed him with abandon.

Lucas' voice grew even lower and rougher. "If you don't say anything, I'll take that as a yes."

A night of passion ensued.

The next morning.

Aveline opened her eyes and found herself in an unfamiliar place. She jolted upright, her heart racing. The blanket slipped from her shoulders, and a chill spread across her chest. Glancing down, her face instantly turned pale!

Her memory of last night stopped at the moment when Russell had said she had been drugged. She couldn't recall anything beyond that.

But the current situation spoke volumes-had she been with Russell?

Oh, God!

How could this happen?

And yesterday was Russell's wedding day!

She...

Aveline stared blankly ahead, tears the size of beads suddenly streaming down her face, her complexion as pale as a sheet. For a moment, all she felt was utter despair.

At that moment, the door opened, and a familiar figure walked in.

""Why are you crying?"

Lucas had barely stepped inside when he saw her sitting there, silent tears streaming down her face. His brows furrowed as he moved closer to ask.

Could it be that she couldn't accept having slept with him without her consent? Was she so distressed by it that she cried?

Lucas pressed his lips together tightly.

Aveline blinked slowly, looking at Lucas' handsome, sharply defined face.

Her voice was so faint it was barely audible. "It's you?"

Lucas looked at her and said, "Last night, everything happened so fast. I couldn't get you to a hospital in time, so I brought you here instead. If you're angry, I won't blame you for saying whatever you want.

A sharp pain gripped Lucas' heart, but he had to endure it.

He was beginning to understand more and more that nothing mattered more than her. Whenever she cried, his heart ached.

Suddenly, Aveline threw her arms around him, breaking down into uncontrollable sobs.

Lucas was stunned. "Aveline, what's wrong?"

What kind of reaction was this? He couldn't quite figure it out.

"Thank God it's you, Lucas. Thank God it's you," she choked out through her tears.

She couldn't bear to imagine what she would have done if she had slept with Russell instead. Upon realizing it was Lucas who had slept with her, the overwhelming despair lifted like a heavy fog, and she felt as if she'd come back to life.

Hearing her words, Lucas finally understood why she was crying.

He wrapped his arms around her and said softly, "Do you think I would let any other man touch you?"

Aveline continued to cry, but her emotions gradually began to settle.

With reddened eyes, she asked, "I was drugged. Have they caught whoever did this?"

Lucas nodded. "I just got word that they've found some clues. Do you want to go and see for yourself?" "Yes," Aveline replied, nodding.

As the victim, she had every right to know who had targeted her.

It wasn't just about her-this had implicated the Skyler, Johnson, and Tudor families as well. If word got out and things escalated, the consequences could be disastrous.

Lucas gently wiped the tears from her cheeks. "Alright, freshen up first. We'll have breakfast, then head over to the hotel together."

"Okay."

Aveline nodded, ready to get up, but then she realized she was wearing nothing-or rather, she was covered in traces of their intimate night. She suddenly felt embarrassed.

Lucas chuckled softly. "Feeling shy?"

Aveline refused to look at him.

Lucas grabbed a robe and handed it to her. "You should wash up. I'll be waiting outside."