

Divorced Me 791

Chapter 791

Aveline glanced over at Selena and asked, "Did you stay up all night?"

Selena looked like a ghost as she wandered down from the balcony, still in her pajamas, with dark circles under her eyes. "Yeah," Selena muttered, her voice thick with exhaustion. "Couldn't sleep."

Aveline set a plate of breakfast on the table and gestured for her to sit. "Come on, eat something. We can talk after."

Selena nodded and sat down, but her mind seemed elsewhere, her gaze unfocused as if she were still lost in her thoughts.

Aveline sighed softly, knowing the weight of the decision that lay ahead for her friend. "Let's figure this out after you've had something to eat and maybe some coffee."

Selena gave a weak smile. "Yeah, maybe coffee will help."

They both knew there were no easy answers, but for now, breakfast was as good a start as any.

"You haven't slept all night?" Aveline asked, surprised.

Selena nodded and moved closer, wrapping her arms around Aveline.

The chill from her skin seeped through, and her voice sounded muffled as she spoke. "I thought it over all night. I really do like Aaron, but it feels like his feelings for me are more about interest than love. Maybe one day, if he finds someone more interesting, he'll just like her instead."

Aveline gently patted her head and asked, "So, what are you thinking?"

Selena shook her head, her expression clouded with uncertainty. "I don't know."

Aveline continued, "I'll probably leave Cloudflare City for Larbor City in about three months. Do you want to come with me?"

Selena looked puzzled. "What are you going to do in Larbor City?"

Aveline replied, "I'm going to find my parents."

Selena immediately perked up. "Of

course, I'm coming! Your parents are wealthy, right? If they like you,

maybe they'll take me in as a goddaughter too. Then I'll be set for life

Aveline gave her a helpless look. "Going to Larbor City won't be simple. But here's the plan: come with me, and once we reach Larbor City, you'll catch a flight from there to another country. This way, Aaron won't be able to reach you, and you can avoid all the trouble you're worried about."

Selena blinked. "So, your plan is for me to run away?"

Aveline met her gaze. "What's the alternative? Stay and face the constant hassle from the Fletcher family? Live in fear every day?"

"I don't want that kind of life," Selena immediately shook her head.

"Exactly," Aveline agreed. "So, you can choose to leave. You've got three months-maybe it'll be enough to prove something, or at least help you let go." Selena was quiet for a long moment before finally nodding. "Alright, I get it. I'm hungry."

Aveline offered, "I'm making pasta. Want some?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

Later that day, Aveline interviewed a few candidates who seemed promising. She noted them down

and sent their details over to Maria, wanting to see what she thought.

Chapter 792

Winter had settled in, and the season's first snowfall blanketed the ground. Aveline wrapped her scarf snugly around her face as she stepped out of the building. The sky had already darkened, and she noticed a car parked a short distance away. Her steps faltered slightly when she spotted Gernard standing there, clad in a black coat.

"Mr. Cooper," she greeted as she approached, offering a polite smile. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting."

Gernard smiled faintly and opened the car door. "No need to apologize; I just got here myself. Let's get in."

"Alright." Aveline nodded.

Earlier, Gernard had contacted her out of the blue, saying he wanted to meet. She felt a little puzzled but didn't refuse. After all, Gernard was her brother by blood. Perhaps this would be a chance to gauge his stance on things. The car's heating was on high, quickly dispelling the cold as Aveline removed her scarf. They drove to a restaurant, and once inside a private room, Gernard spoke up, "I came back unexpectedly this time. I hope I didn't startle you?" "No, not at all. Did you finish everything you had to take care of in Arthur Town?" Aveline asked.

Gernard nodded. "Yes, it's all settled now, which is why I'm back."

He sat across from her, studying her face.

Her features were elegant and striking.

She usually wore minimal makeup, just a touch of bold lipstick on occasion.

Even so, her beauty always made an impression. Her gaze was soft, her eyes clear, and she looked at him without a hint of apprehension.

Gernard hesitated for a moment, uncertain how to start, especially with those clear eyes watching him.

"Mr. Cooper, what did you want to talk to me about?" Aveline prompted when he didn't speak for a while.

Gernard sighed softly, then asked, "Are you and Lucas still planning to get a divorce?"

Aveline paused, surprised that this was about her relationship with Lucas.

"Why do you ask?" she replied.

Gernard looked at her with a hint of guilt but still pressed on, "I know you're not happy with him. You two won't find happiness together. Divorce would be better for you it'll save you from feeling miserable."

So, he was here to convince her to get a divorce.

There were only two weeks left before the cooling-off period ended, and after that, she and Lucas would go through with the divorce proceedings.

She hadn't made a big deal about it, nor did she think there was any need to.

But now, Gernard's insistence stirred a bit of suspicion in her heart.

"You seem quite eager for me to get divorced," she said, her tone curious. "Why is that?"

Gernard's expression faltered.

He couldn't possibly tell her the real reason that his sister had her sights set on Lucas and wanted to take him away. That was something he couldn't say to her face.

In truth, he wasn't entirely sure why he felt compelled to protect his sister's interests in this matter.

He tried to express his point more

gently. "I've known you for some time now and have come to

understand a bit about your

situation. Given how he's treated you in the past, he's clearly not a good match for you. You deserve someone who will cherish you."

His voice was sincere, and his eyes earnest.

Yet Aveline still found it odd.

Such comments might be expected from someone close, but strictly speaking, she and Gernard weren't that close.

A thought occurred to her, and she asked, "Mr. Cooper, you have a sister, don't you?"

Gernard's heart skipped a beat. Could she have figured it out? How could that be?

He maintained a calm exterior and nodded. "Yes, I do. She's about your age, and she's full of life, always playing around and causing a bit of trouble."

Chapter 793

As Gernard spoke of his sister, a hint of fondness and helplessness appeared on his face.

Aveline watched him quietly for a moment before saying, "I actually have a question I want to ask you."

"Go ahead," Gernard replied, his expression soft and patient.

For some reason, every time he saw Aveline, he felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity that made him more patient than usual.

Aveline hesitated for a second before speaking, "I know someone whose identity was stolen by another person. This person not only took everything that should have belonged to her-her life, her opportunities-but also went so far as to try and destroy her, using any means necessary, even resorting to arson and drugging. What do you think my friend should do?"

Gernard's brow furrowed as he listened. "Your friend should expose the impostor for their crimes and reclaim everything that was stolen from her."

Aveline kept her gaze fixed on him. "Do you really think that?"

"Of course." Gernard nodded firmly, answering without hesitation. "This impostor sounds despicable. They stole your friend's identity, her parents' love, and yet they're still not satisfied and are trying to ruin her? That kind of person is truly malicious."

Aveline lowered her eyes slightly, her lashes concealing the emotions in her gaze. "It's good to know you think that way."

Gernard continued, "But, who is your friend? If she needs help, you can tell me."

"No need. She's already figured out what to do," Aveline replied with a faint smile.

"Good." Gernard nodded, satisfied, then returned to the topic of her and Lucas. "Think about what I said. Lucas really isn't good enough for you." Aveline's voice was calm. "I'll consider it."

At that moment, the waiter knocked and entered to serve the dishes.

Gernard found himself surprised by how similar his tastes were to Aveline's, which only deepened his sense of closeness and warmth toward her.

After dinner, with the night fully settled and the city lights starting to glow, he drove Aveline back to Maple Garden before leaving.

Back at the hotel, Juliet eagerly rushed up to him, "Gernard, how did it go? Did she agree?"

Gernard gave her a fond smile, gently ruffling her hair. "She said she would think about it."

Juliet immediately pouted in

excuse

dissatisfaction. "Come on, saying she'll think about it is just an Why did you believe her? She definitely won't divorce Lucas, but I really like Lucas! Please, you have to help me, please!"

"Juliet!" Gernard's voice carried a hint of exasperation.

Agreeing to help persuade Aveline had already made him feel deeply guilty-especially when he thought about her clear, sincere eyes, which filled him with an uneasy conscience.

He knew he couldn't take things any further.

"If you like Lucas, then wait until after they divorce and pursue him then. Make him like you for who you are, not because you're using your status or influence to do something morally wrong."

His words came out harsher than he intended, causing Juliet to freeze in shock before her eyes reddened with tears.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she choked out, "Fine! If you won't help, at least spare me the insults! You're just cruel-I'm done with you!" With that, she turned and ran off, sobbing.

"Juliet!" Gernard called after her, but she dashed back to her room, slamming the door and locking it behind her, ignoring his calls entirely.

He could only sigh helplessly, feeling the weight of the situation bearing down on him. What a mess this had turned into.

Chapter 794

Juliet returned to her room, quickly grabbing her phone and dialing a number. Her tone was full of accusations. "Didn't you say you were going to help me? Where are you? Where's your plan? Are you lying to me?"

The voice on the other end was calm and unhurried. "Why are you so anxious? Do you know you're already under surveillance? Those two things you did have already been found out."

"Impossible!" Juliet jumped up, her face filled with certainty. "I did everything so discreetly, how could they have found out? You must be lying to me!"

A cold laugh came from the other end, and then Leo spoke, "Who do you think Lucas is? He managed to wrest control of the Tudor Group from his own father, pushing him to a stroke and hospitalization. His capabilities are far from ordinary." Juliet's panic grew, and she quickly asked, "If they know it was me, are they going to expose me?"

Leo replied, "Exposing you is inevitable, it's just a matter of time. In the meantime, lay low, stay quiet, and wait for my instructions."

Juliet felt her nerves fraying.

She couldn't imagine the kind of fury her father would unleash if he learned about the things she'd done. For the past two years, he'd often gazed at her face, only to shake his head in disappointment. She knew he was searching for a resemblance to his late wife, and he was always let down because she looked nothing like her.

If he discovered she had stolen someone else's identity and had even tried to destroy Aveline, he would surely be enraged. Everything she had now would disappear in an instant.

No! She couldn't lose it all!

"I'll do as you say," she finally muttered, realizing Leo had become her only anchor.

Whatever he advised, she would follow.

Leo hung up the phone without another word.

Juliet sat back down on the sofa, deciding to stay put for now.

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When Aveline got home, she found Lucas waiting at her door.

She asked, puzzled, "What's going on?"

Lucas leaned casually against the wall, one hand in his pocket, the other holding a cigarette. The thin, pale smoke curled around him, blurring his sharp, handsome features.

"Did Gernard meet with you?"

Aveline looked at him and asked, "Is Baron and Braden here to protect me or to keep tabs on me?"

Lucas replied, "It wasn't them who told me. I saw you two leaving together."

He had been coming to pick her up every day, just not showing himself.

Aveline looked at him skeptically. "Really?"

Lucas said, "I have no reason to lie about this. If you don't believe me, you can call Baron or Braden." Aveline glanced away and replied, "They're your people; of course, they'd say what you want them to." She continued speaking as she opened the door.

Lucas casually walked in, put out his cigarette, and asked, "What did he talk to you about?"

"He wants us to get divorced as soon as possible," Aveline said.

Lucas gave a sharp laugh, "Do you know why he's pushing for that?"

Aveline looked at him. "Why?"

He stepped closer, his gaze fixed on her with a mix of mischief and intensity. "Because Juliet has her eyes on me, and Gernard adores his little sister. So, he decided to convince you."

Aveline was momentarily speechless, not expecting this explanation.

But then, she noticed his face, full of smug pride.

Lucas took another step closer. "Aveline, you've seen for

yourself I'm quite the prize now. you really go through with this divorce, you might regret it, and

there won't be another chance."

Chapter 795

The two of them stood close, and his faint, fresh scent mingled with a hint of tobacco, wrapping around her senses. His eyes were locked on hers with a deep, intense gaze, like an ancient well drawing her in, refusing to let go. Aveline's lashes trembled slightly.

She immediately took a step back and turned away, saying, "I won't regret it."

With that, she headed straight to the study.

Lucas watched her retreating figure, feeling a wave of helplessness wash over him at her determined tone.

Was she really that heartless? Could she not see the changes he had made?

He followed her, speaking as he walked, "Now that Gernard came to ask you to get divorced, if he finds out you're actually his sister, he'll definitely regret it."

Aveline's tone remained calm. "I don't care."

She had no great expectations for parental affection; her reason for seeking recognition was simply to stop the person who had been harming her from continuing to enjoy a life of wealth. Whoever had taken what belonged to her would have to give it back. As for whether Gernard would regret it or not, that was his concern, not hers.

Lucas stared at her for a long moment without speaking.

Aveline reached the door of the study and glanced back at him, "Aren't you leaving?"

Lucas replied, "We only have half a month left until the divorce. I just want to spend some time with you."

Then he walked closer. "You can keep working; I won't disturb you."

With that, he sat down on the sofa.

Her expression became indifferent. She turned and walked to the computer, powered it on, and began typing, completely absorbed in her work.

When she worked, she was so focused that she hardly cared whether anyone else was around.

Lucas sat there, openly watching her, the smile on his lips growing deeper, his affection almost impossible to contain.

His gaze was so intense that, even with Aveline's practiced composure, she still felt the impact.

She looked up at him, "You're pretty much in the way here."

Lucas was speechless.

She wouldn't even let him look at her? How could she be so demanding?

"Alright then, I won't look at you. I'm leaving."

He stood up and walked directly toward her.

Under her confused gaze, he suddenly leaned down and kissed her forehead, then turned around and strode out of the room.

"You drove me away, so I'm not happy. I needed to take a bit of interest."

As the study door closed, his voice faded away.

Aveline raised a hand to touch the spot he had kissed, her clear eyes momentarily clouded with confusion.

Would she regret this?

Once they completed all the procedures, there would be nothing between them.

He was the Chairman of the Tudor Group, handsome and surrounded by admirers. Maybe someday, he would find someone who truly matched him and settle down and have a family.

And she...

She closed her eyes slightly. Why think so much?

Wasn't the divorce exactly what she had wanted all along?

There could be no room for doubt.

With nothing connecting them anymore, they could both start afresh. All the pain and struggles that had entangled them would disappear. Aveline composed herself and returned to her work.

When Maria returned, she personally interviewed two designers-both recent university graduates. Their ideas were innovative yet realistic, so she decided to give them a trial period.

Aveline quickly got them involved in the winery project, allowing them to see the blueprints, share their

thoughts, and visit the site for assessments.

Chapter 796

There was one week left until the end of the cooling-off period.

Aveline had been extremely busy, leaving early and returning late every day, with the two interns following suit.

One afternoon, she received an unexpected call.

"Hello?" she answered, puzzled.

"Is this Miss Young? I'm the caregiver looking after Madam Barbara. Do you have some time now? She said she wants to see you," the caregiver's voice came through.

Aveline frowned slightly, considering Barbara's current condition.

"Does she remember me?" she asked.

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

And with that, the line went dead.

Aveline felt a bit suspicious, but she didn't dwell on it too much. She quickly sent a message to Lucas. He didn't respond immediately; he was likely busy.

Since Aveline didn't have much scheduled for the afternoon-most of her tasks had been handed over to the two interns who were eager to learn and take on their first big project-she decided to head directly to the nursing home.

The snow had just fallen, and as she stepped onto the snowy ground, a faint crunching sound came with each step, bringing a small sense of joy to her heart. She pulled her scarf tighter

around her neck and quickened her pace into the nursing home. Reaching Barbara's room, Aveline knocked gently on the door. It wasn't long before the caregiver opened it.

"Miss Young, you're here. Please come in," the caregiver greeted with a smile.

"How has Madam Barbara been lately?" Aveline asked.

"Pretty much the same-sometimes she's clear-headed, other times not so much," the caregiver replied.

Aveline nodded and walked in, passing through the small sitting area to the bedroom door. She paused as she saw Barbara propped up in bed, holding a flower crown, her wrinkled face glowing with delight. Aveline felt her heart skip a beat.

The memory of making a flower

crown for Barbara flashed through Aveline's mind. Back then, Barbara had been just as confused but delighted with the crown Aveline had given her.

"Grandma," Aveline softly called as she approached.

Barbara looked up at her and immediately frowned.

"You're a wicked woman!" she exclaimed.

Aveline froze in surprise.

Pointing a finger at her, Barbara continued, "Why are you keeping my Lucas from being with his wife? How can you be so bad? I ought to beat you! Beat you!"

She suddenly lunged forward, attempting to strike Aveline.

Aveline's eyes widened, and she

quickly reached out to steady her worried she might fall off the bed. At her age, with her frail health, a fall could have serious consequences.

But as soon as Aveline got closer, it only made it easier for Barbara to reach her. Her frail hands began to smack Aveline, lacking force but showing a genuine intent to scold. Aveline frowned, asking, "Did you call me here just to hit me?"

"Yes!" Barbara huffed, her cheeks puffed with anger. "To hit you, you wicked woman! Why are you holding onto the position of my grandson's wife?"

Aveline couldn't help but feel both amused and exasperated.

She still remembered the scene at the construction site entrance when she first met Barbara. The old lady had immediately declared her as her grandson's wife.

At that time, Lucas had just returned to the Tudor family, and they were on the brink of divorce. Aveline had been defiant, unwilling to divorce, even complaining to Barbara. Thinking back now, she felt a strange mix of emotions.

"I won't hold onto this position for

much longer. Lucas and I are getting divorced soon!" Aveline quickly said, hoping to calm her down as Barbara tried to strike her again.

Chapter 797

Barbara slowly lowered her raised hand, her clouded eyes filled with doubt as she looked at Aveline.

"Are you telling the truth?"

Seeing that Barbara had calmed down, Aveline helped her lean back against the headboard and replied, "Yes, we're getting divorced soon."

Barbara pressed further, "When are you getting divorced?"

Aveline answered, "In seven days."

Barbara counted on her fingers and then looked at her, "You better not be lying to me. If you dare lie, I'll still hit you!"

Aveline looked helpless.

If she wanted to hit, she could let her, right?

Pulling a chair over, Aveline sat down and looked at Barbara's wrinkled face. "Grandma, do you really not remember me at all?" Barbara's face remained stern. "Why should I remember you? Are you that important?"

A flicker of sadness crossed Aveline's eyes.

Indeed.

She wasn't important.

So, it didn't matter if she was remembered or not.

The room fell silent for a moment.

Aveline kept her gaze down, not looking at Barbara's expression.

Suddenly, she felt a weight on her head.

"Don't be sad. Here, take this."

Barbara's slightly awkward voice broke the silence. "You better take good care of it. If it breaks, I'll be upset."

Her tone was like that of a child.

Aveline was startled. She reached up to take the wreath off her head. "Who gave this to you?" Barbara replied, "I don't know!"

The caregiver walked in and said, "Miss Young, this is the one you gave to Mrs. Tudor a while back. She has kept it safe ever since. But later, when she regained some clarity, she never mentioned the wreath again. I stored it away properly. Today, out of nowhere, she started asking for it, so I found it and gave it to her. She has been holding onto it and looking at it ever since."

Aveline was startled by the caregiver's words.

Was this wreath really the one she had made for Barbara back then?

She couldn't even remember it herself!

But looking closely, although it had been

flower-kept, the leaves and ad still withered, a

Her eyes stung with an inexplicable soreness, and her vision blurred unexpectedly.

Barbara looked at her, then suddenly reached out and wiped the corner of her eye. "Hey, why are you crying? I won't hit you, okay? Please don't cry."

But the more Barbara wiped, the more tears fell, like broken beads silently rolling down Aveline's cheeks.

Her vision blurred with tears, Aveline gazed at Barbara's aged, worry-lined face, now filled with anxiety and helplessness. Aveline asked, "Can I have a hug?"

Barbara immediately opened her arms. "Sure, come here, a hug will make you stop crying."

Aveline leaned into Barbara's embrace, and her tears fell uncontrollably.

It was rare for her to let her emotions show like this, but today, seeing this wreath, she just couldn't hold back.

The Barbara from the past had been so kind to her!

But the Barbara from the past was gone forever.

Barbara patted her back, soothing her like a child.

"Don't cry, don't cry now. Grandma's here."

Aveline shut her eyes tightly, forcing herself to calm down.

She pulled away from Barbara's embrace, wiping her face, and just then, a noise came from the doorway.

Lucas entered and saw the scene-Aveline was crying!

His expression instantly darkened as he looked at Barbara. "Did you bully her?"

Barbara, startled by his fierce expression, froze, unable to speak, her eyes wide with fear as she stared at him.

Chapter 798

Lucas's expression was truly terrifying, cold as ice, his dark eyes laced with a hint of harshness. Even though the person on the hospital bed was his grandmother, he showed no sign of softening. Aveline saw this and quickly said, "No, Grandma didn't bully me."

Barbara nodded repeatedly. "Yes, yes, I didn't bully her. She wanted to cry on her own, I didn't bully her."

Aveline was at a loss for words, caught between laughing and crying.

She wiped her tears and said, "Seeing Grandma like this now, I just remembered some things from the past."

Hearing this, Lucas' expression softened a bit, and he asked, "What did you remember?"

Aveline, her eyes red from crying, looked at him with a faint sadness. "Are you sure you want to know?" Lucas sighed. "Never mind."

There were many unpleasant things in the past, best not to bring them up.

He turned to Barbara with a softened expression. "Why did you want to see her today?"

Barbara still looked aggrieved and scared, her cloudy eyes filled with fear as she replied, "You're so fierce. You're not my good grandson anymore." Lucas was speechless.

The caregiver quickly chimed in, "Mr. Tudor, you shouldn't be like this. Madam Barbara now has a child's temperament. How could she possibly bully Mrs. Tudor?" Well, that was convenient.

When Lucas wasn't around, it was always "Miss Young," but the moment he showed up, it changed to "Mrs. Tudor."

Aveline didn't mind this at all.

Lucas walked over, picked up the wreath, and placed it back in Barbara's hands. "Do you like this wreath?" "I like it!"

Barbara nodded enthusiastically.

Lucas continued, "Do you know who made it for you?"

Barbara immediately beamed, "My granddaughter-in-law made it for me. Isn't it pretty?"

Lucas asked again, "Then do you know who your granddaughter-in-law is?"

Barbara opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but soon, a look of confusion crossed her face.

"Who was it again? Why can't I remember?"

Looking at her, it seemed she was even more muddled than before.

Even if she was told now, she would likely forget in a few days.

"Don't bother," Aveline interjected. "I already told her that we're getting divorced soon."

Lucas turned his gaze to her, his eyes deep and unreadable, but he said nothing.

Aveline averted her eyes and said, "I'm leaving now. You stay with Grandma."

With that, she turned and left without hesitation.

"Hey, where are you going?"

Behind her, Barbara's voice suddenly called out.

Aveline replied, "I have work to do. I need to get busy."

"Oh." Barbara responded softly, then suddenly added, "Don't cry, okay? Grandma's here."

In an instant, the emotions Aveline had tried so hard to suppress surged up again.

She had no idea what prompted Barbara to say that. Had she remembered something? Or was it some subconscious instinct telling her to say it?

But whatever the reason, her eyes were already misting over.

"Okay, I understand."

Her voice was muffled as she spoke, and before her emotions could spill over, she quickly walked away.

Lucas watched Barbara with a

expression and asked,

you say you didn't like

Barbara's expression was a bit blank. "I don't like her? Why wouldn't I like her? I like her. She was just crying, and when she cries, I feel awful. I like her."

Her words were jumbled and incoherent, making it hard to understand exactly what she meant.

Chapter 799

Lucas glanced at the caregiver. "Take good care of her. If anything comes up, call me. Don't bother Aveline again."

The caregiver nodded. "Yes, sir."

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When Lucas stepped outside, he saw Aveline's slender figure already at the entrance. She pulled her scarf tighter, looking like she was feeling the cold, and reached out to open the car door, getting in.

She turned on the heater first, waiting for the temperature to rise before starting the car.

At that moment, a knock came from the passenger side window.

Aveline turned her head to see Lucas standing there, his sharp, handsome features framed by those deep eyes.

She unlocked the car door.

Lucas opened it and got in.

She asked, "Is something wrong?"

Lucas replied, "Why did Grandma want to see you?"

Aveline shrugged. "Nothing in particular. Maybe she felt lonely and wanted someone to talk to."

And with no one else Barbara could think of, she could only call Aveline whom she had a faint impression of.

Lucas said, "If she asks for you again, you don't have to go."

He was genuinely worried that Barbara might end up bullying Aveline.

After all, she had done it before!

Aveline nodded. "Are you done talking?"

"Hmm?" Lucas looked at her, puzzled.

Aveline continued, "If you're done, you can get out of the car now."

Lucas couldn't help but chuckle, both frustrated and amused!

She really wasn't willing to show him even a trace of warmth!

Instead of getting out, he reached over and fastened his seatbelt. "I'm heading back to Maple Garden too."

Aveline gave him a look of disbelief.

He was blatantly hitching a ride!

However, she didn't dwell on it and drove back to Maple Garden.

The drive was quiet, the atmosphere between them was delicate and somewhat tense.

Standing in the elevator, Aveline couldn't help but ask, "You won't be absent in seven days, right?"

Lucas glanced at her. "You're the one who's always absent."

Aveline frowned. "Those were special circumstances."

Lucas replied, "Let's hope you don't have any special circumstances this time."

Aveline sighed internally.

Just then, her phone rang. She pulled it out and saw that it was Annie calling. "'Hey, Annie."

Annie's soft voice came through. "Aveline, are you busy right now?"

"No, I'm free. What's wrong?"

Aveline could sense a hint of caution in Annie's voice.

Annie whispered, "I... I think my family found me at the hospital. Can you... can you come over now?"

Aveline's brows knitted together

immediately. "Alright, don't worry

Stay in the ward and don't go

out. I'll

be there soon."

"Okay!" Annie replied quickly.

After hanging up, Aveline pressed the button for the first floor.

Lucas asked, "What's going on?"

Aveline replied, "It's about the girl I hit with my car and her family's situation."

Lucas said, "I'll go with you."

Aveline shook her head, "No need. I can handle it myself."

But Lucas insisted, "The deadline is approaching. I don't want anything else to happen that could cause a delay, and then you'd end up blaming me again."

Aveline sighed and was speechless.

That was a flawless reason.

However, she wasn't entirely

confident herself. Annie had mentioned before that her family was unreasonable and domineering. If a conflict really did occur, she

might not be able to handle it alone.

Still, she looked at Lucas and said, "This is your idea, not me asking for your help."

Chapter 800

Lucas let out a helpless laugh. "Yes, yes, it's my idea, not you asking for my help, so you don't owe me anything."

Aveline immediately looked away.

The two fell into silence once again.

By the time they arrived at the hospital, the sky had already darkened.

Aveline had arranged a private room for Annie at the time so she could recover in peace. Now, there was a middle-aged couple standing outside the door of the room.

The woman was banging on the door forcefully, shouting loudly.

The nurses and security guards nearby were trying to calm her down, but she wouldn't listen.

"Annie, you worthless girl, get out here right now! Didn't you say you were going to tutor someone? Why are you at the hospital? Did you do something shameful and get beaten up by someone's wife, so you ended up here? You little tramp, open this door, and I'll beat you to death today for being so shameless!"

The woman's words were harsh and vulgar, without a thought that she was talking about her own daughter.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Aveline walked over and pulled the woman away, her face as cold as ice as she looked at her.

"Who are you? I'm disciplining my daughter. What's it to you? You'd better get lost!"

The woman's attitude was arrogant, assuming Aveline was just another busybody. She had already scared off a few with her shouting before.

Aveline replied in a cold voice, "I arranged for Annie to stay here. Her arm is broken, and she needs proper hospital care to recover. This is a public place. If you keep making a scene, I'll call the police."

Hearing this, the woman's eyes darted around, and she asked, "Why are you being so good to her? And how did her arm get broken? Was it you who hit her?"

Aveline nodded. "Yes, it was me. But she's almost recovered now."

The woman immediately raised her voice. "Almost recovered? It's a fracture! As the saying goes, it takes a hundred days to heal a broken bone! You not only have to cover her hospital and medical expenses but also her emotional distress and the wages she's lost from being unable to work during this time. In total, you must compensate ten thousand dollars! You hit my daughter, so you have to pay up!"

She stretched her hand out toward Aveline, displaying a shameless and rogue demeanor. Aveline finally saw it clearly-this pair of parents had been draining Annie dry all along.

Demanding ten thousand dollars just like that, without even asking how serious Annie's injury was or how well she was recovering.

Aveline's gaze grew even colder. "I hit Annie, and she has the right to decide how to handle the compensation. We've already agreed that I would only cover her hospital expenses during her stay."

"What right does she have? I'm the

one who gave birth to her, so I decide how the compensation is handled! Ten thousand dollars, not a penny less, or I'll sue you!" The middle-aged woman's attitude was overbearing.

With ten thousand dollars, she could pay for her son's university tuition!

Aveline responded coldly, "Even if it's about compensation, there's no way I'm giving it to you. This is between her and me."

Hearing this, the woman immediately began rolling up her sleeves, and the middle-aged man beside her did the same, both looking fierce and intimidating.

"So, you refuse to listen, huh? What

do you mean it's between you and her? I'm the one who gave birth to her, so her business is mine! Either you give me the money now, or I'll sue you for causing intentional harm!"