

Divorced Me 861

Chapter 861

Selena glanced at Aveline, concerned. "Are you sure you're okay with this kind of environment?"

Aveline nodded. "It's fine. Once we find him, we'll leave."

"Right," Selena agreed and then led the way into the bar.

Finding someone in the midst of a crowd wasn't easy. The place was packed, and with Aveline not having her phone, they couldn't split up to search faster.

In one of the bar's shadowed booths, Lucas sat slumped over, surrounded by empty bottles. He tugged at his collar in frustration, his entire demeanor filled with despair and confusion.

His usually sharp eyes were bloodshot, and though the lights flickered and flashed all around him, none seemed to reach the dark corner where he sat.

Lucas stared blankly at the revelers around him, his face twisted in frustration.

He couldn't find her.

He had lost Aveline.

Where could she be? Who had taken her? Why?

Endless questions swirled in his mind, his head throbbing with the weight of it all.

He grabbed another drink and downed it, the burning sensation offering little relief. The pain in his chest wouldn't ease, no matter how much he drank.

Just then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a familiar figure.

Slender, graceful, her long hair falling gently over her shoulders. Under the shifting lights, her silhouette appeared in flashes.

"Aveline!" Lucas abruptly stood up, his shout drowned out by the blaring music. Without thinking, he shoved through the crowd, pushing toward the familiar figure.

She didn't hear him. He watched as she turned, heading up the stairs toward the second floor, disappearing around the corner.

His eyes, wild with desperation, stayed locked on her as he hurried to follow, driven by the hope that he hadn't lost her again.

At that moment, in the bustling crowd, Selena caught sight of Lucas heading up the stairs. Without hesitation, she shouted, "Lucas!"

Aveline heard her and turned, spotting Lucas' figure just as he disappeared upstairs.

"There he is. Let's go!" Selena urged.

Aveline nodded, and they both made their way toward the second floor, pushing through the crowded bar. By the time they managed to reach the staircase, Lucas had already vanished from sight.

The second floor was quieter than

the first, with most of the space taken up by private rooms. Standing at the end of the hallway, Selena looked around, bewildered. "There are so many rooms. Which one did he go into?"

Aveline frowned, her frustration mounting. "We'll have to check each one." Selena shrugged. "I guess that's our only option."

The two split up, checking each door. Some rooms were empty, while others were filled with people drinking and celebrating. They apologized and quickly moved on whenever Lucas wasn't there

Meanwhile, in one of the rooms at the far end of the hallway, Lucas stumbled into the darkness. His brow furrowed as the alcohol duffed his senses, making him dizzy. He shook his head to clear it, calling out, "Aveline, is that you?"

But there was no answer.

Feeling his way through the dark, Lucas fumbled for the light switch. "Aveline, why aren't you turning on the lights?"

Suddenly, a soft body pressed against him, and his entire body stiffened. Instinctively, he started to push the person away-until a familiar scent reached him.

It was the scent of Aveline. The fragrance he had been obsessed with for so long.

Instead of pushing her away, Lucas pulled her into his arms. "Aveline... I finally found you..."

A sudden heat coursed through his veins, and he guided her toward the couch.

At that moment, the door to the room cracked open slightly. The faint light from the hallway illuminated the scene inside, and what was happening became clear to the two figures at the door.

Chapter 862

"Wow!" Selena gasped loudly as she saw what was happening inside the room. She moved to burst in, ready to confront the pair.

But Aveline quickly stopped her, pulling the door shut.

Selena turned to her, furious. "Why are you stopping me? Let me go in there and tear those two apart!"

The dim lighting in the hallway cast a shadow over Aveline's pale face. Her eyes seemed lost as she bit her lip, finally speaking in a soft voice. "We're divorced." The implication was clear-Lucas was free to be with anyone he wanted now.

Selena fell silent, her anger cooling. She suddenly realized that, legally, Aveline no longer had any right to confront Lucas. They weren't together anymore.

"Let's go. We'll head to the police station and withdraw the missing person report," Selena said quietly, looping her arm through Aveline's.

Aveline didn't respond, allowing Selena to lead her away. The lively music of the bar droned on as they walked through the crowd, but Aveline's expression grew more numb with every step.

Suddenly, a dull ache began to spread through her chest, sharp and relentless. It started small but quickly intensified as if her heart was slowly being torn apart. The image of Lucas embracing that woman flashed through her mind, and her eyes began to sting with unshed tears.

It hit her—despite her words, she had already forgiven him, already let him back into her heart. But seeing him now, his focus elsewhere, brought a wave of panic and deep, unsettling anxiety.

Outside the bar, Aveline shut her eyes tightly, fighting to regain control of her emotions. She breathed deeply, struggling to stabilize herself.

"Are you alright, Ave?" Selena's worried voice broke through the haze.

Aveline shook her head. "I'm fine..."

But just as the words left her lips, a sudden wave of nausea surged up. She rushed to the nearest trash bin, heaving violently.

She emptied everything she had eaten, her body trembling as she continued to gag. Even when there was nothing left, the bitter taste in her mouth lingered painfully.

Selena quickly returned with a bottle of water, opening it and handing it to her. "Here, drink this."

Aveline accepted it gratefully, sipping slowly, her hands shaking as she tried to steady herself.

"Are you in a lot of pain, Ave? Should we go to the hospital?" Selena asked, her voice filled with concern. She had never seen Aveline like this and was unsure how to handle the situation.

Aveline rinsed her mouth, took a sip of water, and shook her head, her face pale. "I'm fine. Let's go to the police station first."

Selena frowned, clearly worried, but couldn't help muttering angrily, "That scumbag, why doesn't he just disappear?"

She had never had a kind word for Lucas and wasn't about to start now.

At the police station, Aveline didn't withdraw the report.

Instead, she provided some clues to help the police investigate the people who had held her captive. Even though she was safe now, the people responsible for her abduction were still at large.

By the time they returned home, it was late. Aveline looked completely drained, her expression hollow, her eyes dull and lifeless. She sat there as if all the energy had been sucked out of her, her body going through the motions without any spark of life.

Selena watched her, unsure of what to say. This version of Aveline was all too familiar—the same numb, lost state she had fallen into when Lucas had unexpectedly asked for a divorce. It was as if the world had abandoned her, leaving her

shattered and broken.

Without a word, Selena stepped forward and wrapped her arms around Aveline. "Ave, don't be sad. You still have me. We'll raise the baby together. You be the mom, and I'll be the dad!" Aveline's eyelashes fluttered as she lowered her hand to her belly.

The baby...

She still had her child.

She wasn't alone. The baby was her flesh and blood, her family, her everything.

It didn't matter if Lucas had found someone else. She could move on.

She and the baby would live a good life, with or without him.

"Yeah, we'll live well," Aveline murmured as she hugged Selena back, her voice soft but determined.

Chapter 863

At Meet Bar, inside the private room on the second floor, a soft, saccharine voice filled the air. "Lucas..."

The breath was warm and close, but suddenly, Lucas' clouded mind cleared, snapping back to reality. He shot up from the couch, his voice low and hoarse with restrained fury. "Who are you?" "I..." The woman, lounging on the sofa, was caught off guard by his sudden clarity.

But Lucas didn't wait for her response. He quickly located the light switch and flicked it on. The room flooded with light, and he saw her face-Juliet!

His expression turned icy, and in an instant, he lunged forward, grabbing her by the throat.

"What did you do to me?" he growled.

"I..." Juliet gasped, pain shooting through her neck as the pressure tightened. The sudden suffocation overwhelmed her, and she panicked, realizing just how dangerous he had become.

The man before her had a terrifyingly cold and ruthless look in his eyes, his grip unyielding. His shirt was disheveled, his gaze bloodshot, and the killing intent radiating from him made her tremble in fear. He was serious he might actually kill her.

Juliet's body shook violently as she gasped for air. "You... you can't hurt me! The Cooper family... they won't let you go!"

She barely managed to get the words out, desperately trying to pry Lucas' hand off her neck.

But Lucas tightened his grip, seizing her fingers and twisting them back forcefully.

"Ah!" Juliet screamed in agony as he snapped her fingers, throwing her back onto the couch.

She cradled her injured hand, writhing in pain.

Lucas looked down at her with contempt. "You think filth like you belongs anywhere near my bed?"

Without waiting for a response, he turned on his heel and stormed out, his mind racing. His body felt off-there was something wrong. He needed to get to a hospital immediately. That vile woman had drugged him.

The Cooper family?

He'd deal with them soon enough.

But first, he needed to find Aveline.

Her face flashed in his mind, and his pace quickened, urgency and fury driving him forward.

As soon as Lucas stepped into his car, his phone rang. His temples throbbed, frustration clear on his face as he glanced at the screen. His irritation only deepened, but he answered.

"Hello?" he said, voice tight with barely suppressed anger.

Aaron's voice came through. "Did you meet up with Selena?"

Lucas frowned, his grip on the phone tightening. "She was looking for me?"

"Yeah," Aaron replied. "She said she had some information about Aveline and wanted to talk to you in person. I gave her your location. You didn't see her?"

Lucas' expression shifted, his mind racing. "She has information about Aveline? And she insisted on telling me face-to-face?"

"That's what she said," Aaron confirmed.

Something clicked in Lucas' mind. Without another word, he abruptly hung up the phone. At that moment, another call came in from Desmond. "Mr. Tudor, Mrs. Tudor is back!" Desmond announced.

At Maple Gardens, Selena sat with Aveline on the bed, watching over her pale, worn face. The room was eerily quiet, the atmosphere heavy with sorrow. Selena stayed close, unable to leave her friend alone in such a fragile state.

The stillness was interrupted by the sharp, urgent sound of the doorbell ringing repeatedly. Selena frowned, muttering under her breath, "Who could that be at this hour?"

Reluctantly, she got up, grumbling as she made her way to the door. As soon as she opened it, her expression turned sour-Lucas stood there, his eyes bloodshot with

a mix of fury and dewith

"What are you doing here?" she snapped, her displeasure evident.

Without a word, Lucas pushed past her, ignoring her protests, and marched into the room.

"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing? Who said you could just barge in like this?" Selena shouted, regaining her balance after being shoved aside.

Anger flared in her eyes. She was tempted to slap Lucas right across the face. After all, wasn't he just with another woman? What was he doing here now, acting like he cared?

Chapter 864

Lucas completely ignored Selena's protests, pacing around the living room, and searching every corner. Not finding anyone, he headed straight for the bedroom.

"Hey, stop!" Selena rushed over, arms outstretched to block his way. "What do you think you're doing?"

His bloodshot eyes fixed on her, cold and intense. "Move."

The icy chill and overwhelming pressure radiating from him made Selena falter momentarily, but she stood her ground. "No. Why are you barging in like this?" Frustration boiled over in Lucas.

If Selena was trying this hard to stop him, then Aveline must be here. Why was she keeping him away? Didn't she understand how desperately he'd been searching for Aveline, how close to madness he'd been? Lucas had little patience left. Just as he was about to push Selena aside, the bedroom door creaked open.

Aveline stood there, dressed in soft sleepwear, one hand resting on the doorframe, the other hanging loosely at her side. She looked fragile, ethereal, but her face was pale, and her eyes showed none of the warmth he once knew.

Lucas' gaze locked onto her, scanning her face, taking in every detail as if afraid to miss a single moment. His throat tightened, and in a hoarse whisper, he said, "Aveline... you've lost weight."

Aveline's grip on the door handle tightened slightly.

Her voice was soft but distant as she replied, "I'm tired. Could you please leave?"

Lucas' heart clenched at the coldness in her tone. The distance between them was suffocating. He had been so desperate to find her, and now that he had, she felt like a stranger.

"Alright," he said, voice tight with emotion. "Rest. I'll come back tomorrow."

With heavy reluctance, he turned to leave, glancing back at her with each step, clearly unwilling to go.

Once the door closed behind him, Selena let out an annoyed sound and turned to Aveline. "Don't bother with him, Ave!"

Aveline nodded, her voice low. "I'm exhausted. I'm going to sleep. You don't have to stay with me. I'll be fine alone."

But Selena shook her head, adamant. "No way. I'm staying with you. I won't be able to sleep if I leave you alone." Aveline sighed, resigned, and agreed.

Back in bed, Aveline closed her eyes, but sleep refused to come. The image of Lucas-disheveled, his eyes bloodshot and filled with a mix of urgency and

desperation-haunted her. He had

looked so frantic, as if the world was collapsing around him.

But then, why had he been with another woman? If he was so desperate, was all of this just an act?

What was the point?

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Lucas sat in his car, still battling the intense heat surging through his body.

His expression was dark and furious. "Take me to the hospital," he ordered.

Once on the way, he called Desmond. "Check the security footage at Meet Bar. See if Aveline went there." "Understood," Desmond replied.

At the hospital, Lucas underwent some tests and was soon hooked up to an IV drip to flush the drugs from his system. He sat in a chair his jacket thrown carelessly beside him shirt slightly wrinkled. With his eyes closed, he leaned back, exhaustion taking over.

It wasn't long before Aaron arrived.

Taking one look at Lucas, his brow furrowed. "Who had the nerve to drug you?"

"Juliet," Lucas responded curtly.

Aaron scoffed. "The Cooper family, huh? Their daughter's really doing them proud, isn't she?" His tone dripped with sarcasm, disgusted that someone like Juliet could stoop so low. Lucas remained silent, his expression darkening.

Seeing Lucas' mood, Aaron changed the subject. "So, Aveline's back, right? How did she get back? And why isn't she here with you?"

Lucas said nothing, but his face grew even more grim.

At that moment, Desmond rushed in. "Mr. Tudor, I checked the footage. Mrs. Tudor and Miss Selena did go to the bar. They even saw you... and Juliet entering the private room together." Lucas' heart sank.

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The next morning, as the sky

lightened, Aveline opened her eyes. She glanced at Selena, still asleep then got up quietly, washed up, and changed clothes. She grabbed her ID and wallet, left a note, and then left the house without a sound.

Chapter 865

In the early morning, the streets were mostly empty. Aveline walked for a while before hailing a taxi.

"To the airport," she said softly, her gaze drifting out the window, her eyes filled with an eerie calm.

Meanwhile, Braden watched Aveline leave and dialed Lucas' number. "Mr. Tudor, Miss Aveline is leaving. She seems to be headed for the airport."

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With no traffic, Aveline arrived at the airport just before 7 a.m. She bought a ticket for the earliest flight and walked toward the security checkpoint. "Aveline."

A familiar voice called out from behind her, making her freeze in place. She closed her eyes briefly before turning around calmly to face Lucas, who stood not far away, his handsome face cold as he looked at her.

"Where are you going?" Lucas walked toward her, step by step. "I've been looking for you for days. You're leaving as soon as you return? Are you abandoning me?"

He stopped in front of her, staring directly into her eyes.

Aveline replied, "We're already divorced. Don't make this sound so ambiguous."

Lucas said, "But you came to find me last night. You wanted to see me, didn't you?"

Aveline's lashes fluttered slightly. He knew...

Taking a deep breath, she said, "Since you know I went to find you, you should also understand why I'm leaving. But even before, my plan after our divorce was to leave."

Lucas replied, "The woman was Juliet. She had someone spike my drink and then dressed up like you to lure me into the private room. But I recognized her later. I didn't do anything. Aveline, why didn't you come in? If you had, I would have been so happy." He stared into her eyes, carefully explaining every word, watching as surprise flickered across her face.

Gently, he took her hand and said, "Aveline, I didn't betray you. I'm still clean. Please, don't leave me. Can you stay?"

At that moment, something broke inside her.

Aveline's lashes trembled, and all the emotions she had suppressed came rushing out. Tears began streaming down her face uncontrollably.

Seeing her tears, Lucas immediately stepped forward, awkwardly trying to wipe them away, but the more he wiped, the more they fell.

"I was wrong. I shouldn't have let

you misunderstand. Don't cry,

Aveline... please don't cry," he murmured, completely lost on how

to console her.

Suddenly, Aveline wrapped her arms around him, burying her face in his chest as she sobbed freely.

She had truly believed he was with another woman.

But it had all been a misunderstanding..

Relief washed over her-it wasn't real, it was all a mistake!

Lucas held her tightly, his voice soft. "Don't go, okay? Give me another chance. Let me pursue you again, to love you properly this time."

Aveline didn't respond. She just kept crying, and when she was exhausted, she held onto him without letting go.

Lucas didn't push her for an answer.

He knew winning her trust back would be a long journey-he had only himself to blame for all the pain he had caused.

"Lucas, if you mistreat me again, I'll leave

you. I'll disappear from

your

life forever," Aveline's mice

finally broke the silence.

"I swear, I won't do it again," Lucas replied softly, his heart aching, feeling as though something was swelling inside it.

"I'm hungry," Aveline said.

"Let's go, we'll get something to eat," Lucas responded.

Hand in hand, the two of them left the airport together.

The bright morning sunlight bathed the earth, chasing away the cold, and their hearts were filled with the warmth of happiness.

Chapter 866

Lucas handed Aveline her phone, watching as she powered it on and checked her messages.

Just then, Selena's call came through.

Aveline answered, "Hello, Selena."

"Aveline! What's going on? You left without me? Weren't we supposed to go together? How could you just leave without saying a word? Do you even consider me your friend?" Selena's furious voice came through, clearly showing how upset she was. Aveline held the phone a little further away from her ear, waiting for Selena to finish before softly apologizing, "I'm sorry. I really wanted to leave, but I didn't manage to. I'm actually just having breakfast outside right now. Do you... want to join me?" "Where are you?"

Another sharp shout came, followed by the call being abruptly ended.

Aveline scratched her nose, an awkward smile spreading across her face.

Lucas gently looked at her, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "Knowing you were planning to leave without telling anyone... why does that weirdly make me feel better?"

Aveline gave him a quiet glance. " Because you think I treat everyone the same. But flip that around doesn't it mean you're not special enough for me to treat differently?"

He was left speechless.

It didn't take long for Selena to arrive.

She stormed in, her expression darkening when she saw Aveline sitting with Lucas. "What's going on?"

Aveline calmly replied, "It's all a misunderstanding. It was Juliet's doing, but her plan didn't work."

Selena quickly understood, but she still shot Lucas a sharp glare.

"So, he almost crossed the line, and you were ready to leave without a word. But then he explained himself, and now you've forgiven him? You're not leaving anymore? What happened to your principles? Your boundaries?" Selena stared at Aveline, her disappointment clear.

Aveline took Selena's hand, smiling softly. "Selena, after everything, I'm truly exhausted. I want to give myself a chance... Maybe things really have changed?"

"Hmph!" Selena snorted but didn't push any further.

She had seen the changes in Lucas as well. She just hoped he would stay this way because if he ever hurt Aveline again, she wouldn't hesitate to take Aveline away-no strings attached. en

"So, what's the plan for Juliet?" Selena asked.

Lucas looked at Aveline. "Do you want to go back to the Cooper family?"

Aveline replied, "Can you get a copy of the paternity test report for Juliet and the Coopers?"

"I can."

Aveline nodded. "Get the report first,

then send it to the Cooper family along with all the things Juliet has done. Let's see how they respond before we take any further action."

"Alright, I'll follow your lead," Lucas said softly, his gaze lingering on her with tenderness.

With everything exposed, Juliet was filled with unease.

She sat in the hospital, her finger already bandaged and immobilized after surgery. The dull pain throbbed through her, and her face was pale. Gernard frowned at her. "Juliet, why won't you tell me how your finger got broken? Who hurt you?"

Juliet closed her eyes. "Gernard, I'm exhausted. Can you stop asking? I just want to rest." Seeing her like this, Gernard had no choice but to drop it. "Fine, rest up. I'll call the family." With that, he stood and left the room.

As soon as he was gone, Juliet took out her phone and dialed a number.

Chapter 867

"Hello, what now? I failed, and Lucas broke my finger! Your plan was completely useless!" Juliet hissed into the phone, though her frustration was clear.

There was a brief silence on the other end before the voice coldly responded, "You failed because you're incompetent. And now you want to blame me?"

"You-!" Juliet nearly leapt out of bed in anger, but she quickly remembered she still needed this person. Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to calm down and asked, "So what do we do now?" "You're too useless for me to keep working with. You're on your own." The person cut the call immediately.

"Hello? Hello?!" Juliet's face twisted in anger.

She quickly dialed the number again, only to discover the phone was turned off.

Unbelievable!

So unfair!

"Who were you talking to?" Gernard's voice suddenly came from the doorway.

Juliet jumped, her phone slipping from her hand and falling to the floor.

"You... Gernard, when did you get back?" The guilt on her face was painfully obvious.

Gernard walked toward her, his eyes darkening with displeasure. He'd overheard enough.

So, Lucas was the one who broke her finger.

"You tried to set Lucas up?" Gernard stopped by the bedside, picking up her phone and glancing at the number displayed on the screen.

With his sharp memory, he quickly committed the number to mind.

"Who is this person? Did they make you target Lucas? And all this time, you've been pushing me to convince Lucas to divorce Aveline because of them?"

One question after another, and Juliet's guilty expression deepened.

"Gernard, please stop asking. Let's... let's just go back to Larbor City. I don't want to stay in Cloudflare City anymore. It's no fun here," she tried her usual trick, pouting in an attempt to soften him. This move had worked before, but not this time.

"You want to leave because you've angered Lucas, right? Juliet, you've been far too reckless."

Disappointment filled Gernard's eyes as he looked at her.

Just then, Gernard's phone rang. He glanced at the screen-it was his father calling.

"Hello, Dad," Gernard answered, his tone already composed.

Wilfried's voice came through, barely containing his anger. "Are you and Juliet still in Cloudflare City?"

"Yes, Dad. Why?" Gernard asked.

"Get back to Larbor City now! Immediately!" Wilfried Cooper barked before abruptly hanging up.

A sudden sense of foreboding washed over Gernard as he turned to Juliet. "Dad wants us to return to Larbor City right away."

"Really? Great! Let's go then!" Juliet, eager to leave, couldn't hide her relief.

Gernard couldn't shake the uneasy feeling. Something felt off, but he couldn't put his finger on it. He arranged for their things to be packed, checked Juliet out of the

hospital, and they boarded the next available flight back.

Back in Larbor City, at the Cooper family estate, the atmosphere in the living room was heavy. Several documents were spread across the coffee table.

Judith glanced at Wilfried's grim expression, feeling uneasy. She stood up, intending to slip away to the restroom to send a warning.

"Sit down!" Wilfried's voice cut

through the air, carrying a weight of

authority that made Judith freeze in

place. She quickly sat back down, her palms damp with cold sweat.

How did it come to this?

How had everything been exposed?

Around noon, the sound of footsteps echoed from outside the

villa.

Wilfried's eldest son, Gavin Cooper, who had been away on a business trip, walked in, dust still clinging to his clothes. Confused, he looked around and asked, "Dad, what's going on? What's so urgent that you called me back?"

Chapter 868

Wilfried sat on the sofa, eyes closed, saying nothing.

Gavin glanced at Judith, his stepmother, who had always been cautious in the Cooper family. She began to speak, "It's just that—" "Silence!" Wilfried's voice cut through the tension, making the atmosphere in the living room even more stifling.

Realizing something serious had happened, Gavin didn't press for more details and instead took a seat quietly on the sofa, waiting. Half an hour later, there was another sound at the door.

Gernard and Juliet entered one after the other.

The moment Gernard stepped inside, he noticed something was off and asked, "Dad, Gavin, what's going on?"

Juliet stood nervously behind him, her anxiety growing as a sense of foreboding washed over her.

Wilfried finally opened his eyes and said, "Since everyone's here, take a look at these," pointing to the documents on the coffee table.

Gavin, being the closest, picked them up and started reading. The further he got, the darker his expression became.

"Did you really do this?" he asked, looking at Juliet.

Juliet's face turned pale. "W-What? Gavin, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

Gernard moved closer, took the documents from Gavin, and after reading a few lines, his face darkened as well. He turned sharply towards Juliet. "Arson, arranging a kidnapping, drugging people-Juliet, you stayed in Cloudflare City and did all this?" At his words, Juliet immediately realized her actions had been exposed. But she couldn't admit it-if she did, everything would be over.

"What are you all talking about? There must be some misunderstanding! Gernard, you know me better than anyone. You've always cared about me do you really think I'm capable of something like this?" Juliet's tears started to fall as she played the victim. Gernard sighed. "If I hadn't overheard that phone call today, I might have believed you. But after hearing you scheme against Lucas, what else are you capable of?"

"Get down on your knees!" Wilfried's voice boomed suddenly, filled with fury and authority.

Juliet's legs gave out, and she collapsed to her knees, tears streaming down her face as she looked up at Wilfried. "Dad, please believe me, I didn't do any of this! Someone's framing me..."

Wilfried stood up and slowly walked over, his gaze cold as it rested on her tear streaked face. "Let's set those issues aside for now. There's something else I need to ask you."

Juliet's lips trembled, but she couldn't bring herself to speak.

Wilfried's expression darkened further. "Who are you really?!"

Juliet's face went ashen-did he even know about that?

"Dad, what do you mean by that?" Gernard asked, clearly confused.

Wilfried pointed to the coffee table. "There's a paternity test over there. Read it yourself."

Gernard's face shifted, and he quickly walked to the table, picking up the document. As he scanned it, his expression turned to disbelief.

"No biological relation..." The words hit him like a brick. "Juliet isn't my sister?"

Gavin frowned deeply. "If she's not our sister, then where is our real sister? When she was brought into the family, a paternity test was done. There was no mistake back then."

Juliet had been brought into the

Cooper family when she was ten. The family had been cautious and conducted a paternity test at the time, which confirmed a biological relationship. For years, no one had doubted it.

But now, they were being told there was no relation.

"Speak! Who are you, really?" Wilfried's cold gaze pierced through Juliet, but his hand trembled slightly, betraying the shock he felt.

Chapter 869

"I... I..." Juliet trembled all over, unable to utter a single word.

The evidence was laid out before her what could she possibly say?

She wasn't a Cooper. She wasn't the cherished daughter of the family anymore.

What future did she have left?

"Dad, this paternity test is questionable. We should do it again to prevent any tampering," Gavin suggested calmly.

Wilfried, staring at Juliet's now unfamiliar face, turned and said, "You handle it."

"Understood," Gavin replied.

Unlike Gernard, who had always doted on Juliet, Gavin was cold and distant.

Now that they knew Juliet wasn't their sister and had committed so many vile deeds, his demeanor toward her grew even colder. He swiftly made the necessary arrangements, while Juliet was locked away.

Gernard sat on the sofa, dazed. "If Juliet isn't our sister, then who is?"

Wilfried's gaze drifted to a photograph on the wall. It was of a graceful woman in an evening gown, smiling warmly at the camera.

"Suzy, I've found the wrong daughter. Juliet isn't ours. From where you are, can you tell me where our real daughter is?"

Judith watched all of this, her fingernails digging painfully into her palms. She had been married into the Cooper family for ten years, yet she had never truly entered Wilfried's heart. Even the two brothers treated her with indifference. It wasn't worth it at all.

The new paternity test would take some time, but the Coopers had already begun searching far and wide for their real daughter. Every move they made was quickly known to Lucas and Aveline.

"The paternity test will take three days," Lucas said. "Do you want to go to Larbor City now?"

Aveline nodded. "I'll go and see for myself."

Three days would give her time to explore Larbor City before the results came out. Then, they could see what the Cooper family decided.

The flight to Larbor City only took a few hours, and by the time they landed, the sun was setting.

Lucas took Aveline to try a variety of local dishes, but surprisingly, the gourmet cheeses and escargots she used to love didn't appeal to her anymore.

Lucas smiled at Aveline. "What's this? Have you changed your tastes just for me?" Aveline glanced at him, her expression indifferent. "You wish."

Her change in taste had nothing to do with him—it was because she was pregnant. These days, she craved spicy and sweet foods, and at that moment, she was enjoying a small piece of cake.

Lucas couldn't resist leaning in to kiss her softly on the cheek, asking, "Ave, when are we getting remarried?"

Aveline replied, "You're still on probation."

Lucas sighed. "And how long is this probation going to last?"

Aveline calmly answered, "Until I'm satisfied."

Lucas could only sigh inwardly—there was no deadline.

But it didn't matter.

They were together now, and she could observe him for the rest of their lives if she wanted.

Three days later, the results of the paternity test were in.

Juliet was indeed not Wilfried's daughter.

During those three days, the Cooper family had failed to find any trace of their real daughter.

Once the paternity test results were out, the Cooper family immediately issued a public statement disassociating themselves from Juliet. Afterward, they handed her over to the police.

With the number of crimes she had committed, she would spend the rest of her life behind bars.

Despite this, the Cooper family remained under a cloud of gloom.

Gernard had grown disheveled,

unable to accept that the sister he had

related to all these years wasn't

to him, and worse, had such

a malicious heart.

Gavin walked over, giving him a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "Face the reality, Gernard. What matters now is finding our real sister."

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Gernard, in a daze, muttered, "Where is our real sister?"

Gavin's expression remained cold. "Juliet came from Arthur Town Orphanage. Back then, we did a paternity test and confirmed she was our sister. Now that I think about it, she handed over a strand of hair directly... maybe it wasn't even hers." Gernard looked at him. "So, you think our real sister might still be at the orphanage?"

"It's possible," Gavin replied.

However, so many years had passed, and Arthur Town Orphanage wasn't what it used to be. The children from those days had grown up and scattered across different places, making the search incredibly difficult.

For some reason, an image of Aveline suddenly appeared in Gernard's mind.

Just then, a servant entered the room and said, "Mr. Gavin, Mr. Gernard, there's a man outside who calls himself Lucas Tudor and would like to see you."

Lucas? What was he doing here?

Gernard's expression shifted as he thought about Juliet's previous actions.

Could Lucas be here to settle scores?

Wilfried had just come downstairs. Hearing this, he said, "Let him in."

"Yes, sir."

About five minutes later, two figures entered.

Lucas, tall and imposing, exuded an aura of noble confidence, his every move elegant and commanding. Beside him stood a woman of graceful beauty, her features refined and delicate. Though she wore no makeup aside from a light touch of lip gloss, she radiated an air of serene sophistication.

Wilfried froze the moment he saw Aveline.

The resemblance was uncanny!

This young woman looked exactly like his deceased wife, Suzy Chase-almost as if they were identical twins!

Overcome with emotion, Wilfried quickly approached Aveline, his voice trembling with excitement. "You... who are you?"

Aveline smiled politely. "Mr. Cooper, I'm Aveline Young."

Gernard's voice broke the tension. "Aveline, what are you doing here?"

Wilfried turned to Gernard. "What do you mean? You've met her before?"

Gernard nodded. "Yeah, I have."

Gavin sighed softly, then suddenly grabbed Gernard by the head and turned it toward a specific direction.

"What are you doing?" Gernard exclaimed in confusion, trying to resist.

Gavin let go and pointed to the photograph on the wall. "Take a good look at our mother, then look at Miss Aveline."

"I..." Gernard began, but his gaze involuntarily paused on the photograph for a moment. Suddenly, his eyes widened as he snapped his head back to Aveline, then back to the photo.

My God!

How had he never noticed before? Aveline looked just like their mother!

How could he have been so blind?

He'd met Aveline so many times, and yet he had never realized!

Aveline spoke up calmly, her voice clear. "Juliet and I both came from Arthur Town Orphanage. When I was ten, my biological parents were supposed to find me, but the

orphanage director kept it a secret and sent Juliet to your family in my place, taking my identity

She paused, meeting Wilfried's gaze with quiet conviction. "I am your daughter."

Tears filled Wilfried's eyes as emotion overwhelmed him. "Yes, that's right. You are our daughter-the one Suzy and I brought into this world!"

Overcome he reached out a

trembling hand, wanting to touch

Aveline's face. But as he neared, he hesitated, freezing in place, afraid that this moment was just an illusion.