

After the CEO Divorced Me, He Wants Me Back chapter 1-5

"When will you divorce her?"

In the private room, the girl gazed at the man before her with deep affection.

Aveline stood outside the private room with cold hands and feet. Like the girl inside, she stared at the man's handsome, sharp face, as her complexion gradually turned pale.

That was her husband, Lucas Tudor.

He was mute, working as a server in this club. Today, she got off work early to go home with him but didn't expect to stumble upon this scene.

The man who usually wore a server's uniform was now in a tailored suit, his short hair meticulously styled. His expression was noble and cold, with an air of elegance and aloofness she had never seen before. His thin lips parted, his voice low and pleasant. "I'll bring it up to her soon."

She shut her eyes abruptly and turned to leave.

He could speak.

His voice was actually so pleasant.

However, she never expected that the first words she would hear him say were about divorce.

Aveline was in a daze, thinking she must have mistaken someone else for him.

How could that noble and cold man be Lucas?

How could Lucas be divorcing her?

She exited the club, and it started raining outside. She quickly got soaked. She took out her phone and, on an impulse, dialed his number.

She walked to the window of the private room and looked inside through the hazy rain.

She saw him pick up his phone, his stern brows furrowing, and he hung up the call expressionlessly before starting to type.

Soon, she received a message from Lucas, "Ave, did you forget I can't talk? Why did you call me?"

Aveline looked at the message, her heart aching as if pierced by a knife!

Why did he lie to her?

When did he recover?

When did he meet that girl?

When did he decide to divorce her?

With countless questions in her heart, she wanted to rush in and confront him, but she was afraid of seeing his cold expression.

She couldn't bear it.

A year ago, she took in Lucas, who was a mute man with amnesia. He could only remember how to write his name and had forgotten everything else.

She taught him everything from the beginning, helping him learn to read, use sign language, and even leading him to fall in love with her.

Later, they got married.

There was a saying that it'd take 21 days to form a habit. After spending a year with him, she had truly grown accustomed to his presence and his warm smiles. So, she believed all this must be a lie, and he wouldn't divorce her.

Returning home in the rain, Aveline took a hot shower, prepared Lucas's favorite dishes, and sat quietly at the dining table waiting.

At ten o'clock in the evening, the door opened. He walked in, bringing in a chill.

Aveline saw that he had changed back into his server uniform.

Her heart inexplicably ached.

For a moment, she couldn't tell if what she saw during the day was an illusion.

"Ave, what's wrong?" Lucas walked over, seeing her pale face and dazed expression, and anxiously asked in sign language.

His handsome face was filled with concern, and his eyes showed worry.

However, in Aveline's mind, all she could see was his indifferent look as he typed on his phone, then turned to chat and laugh with another woman. It was a bit ironic.

"Lucas, I can smell another woman's perfume on you," Aveline said, avoiding his touch.

Lucas's expression froze, and he signed. "I was assigned to help in a private room today. Maybe I got some of the client's perfume on me. I'll go shower now."

He got up and went to the bathroom. Soon, the sound of running water filled the room.

The way he nervously explained didn't seem like a lie at all.

Aveline stood up and walked into the bathroom, hugging him despite getting wet. She tightly closed her eyes. "Lucas, I went to find you today."

The man's movements stiffened. After a moment, he sighed. "You know everything."

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Earlier, when she heard his voice, it was mixed with music, making it hard to hear clearly. But now, his deep, magnetic voice came from right above her, so clear that it struck her heart, leaving her breathless with pain.

He could speak.

However, he hadn't told her about it immediately.

In fact, he wanted to divorce her.

All of it was true.

Why?

Why did he want a divorce?

Aveline wanted to ask, but she held back.

Why should he get to divorce her just because he wanted to?

Over the past year, she had done nothing to wrong him. Even if he wanted a divorce, he owed her an explanation!

Aveline's heart felt cold, but she craved the warmth of his body, hugging him even tighter.

"Yes, I heard you talking to someone, but I didn't catch what you said. Lucas, your voice is so nice."

She kissed his back.

"Lu."

It was what she called him only in their most intimate moments.

Whenever he heard it, he would respond with even more passion.

But tonight, Lucas pushed her away.

"I'm tired."

Aveline's face went pale as she looked at his straight back, suddenly feeling a surge of anger.

"But I want to, Lucas. You're my husband; you should fulfill your duties as a husband!"

Why was he tired?

Had he already been with that other woman?

She had to find out!

Lucas seemed surprised by her sudden assertiveness. Her soft hands started to roam over him, and soon his breathing grew heavier.

His body was honest; he had never been able to resist her touch.

A dark glint flashed in his eyes as he turned and grabbed her chin, kissing her deeply.

Aveline instinctively closed her eyes, her lashes trembling. Aside from the initial scent of perfume on his clothes, there was no other scent on his body.

Her tense body relaxed, and the temperature in the bathroom quickly rose.

His hot body enveloped hers, and as he kissed her shoulder, his voice was a bit husky. "Ave, we..."

"I'm tired. I'm going to sleep now!" Aveline interrupted him, running to their bedroom and turning off the light.

What was he going to say? Divorce? She wouldn't agree!

She had invested a year and had fallen in love with him. Why should he get to divorce her just because he could talk now?

He couldn't be that heartless!

In the darkness, Lucas looked at Aveline's blurry profile. He sighed quietly as he held her and fell into a deep sleep.

The next day.

When Aveline woke up, Lucas had already gone out. Panic immediately set in, and she hurriedly got out of bed to search for him.

Their home was a small two-bedroom apartment she had worked hard for years to buy. After marrying him, it had become a warm and cozy place.

She had imagined a bright future together. He was so talented, learning everything quickly. She had once said he would make a lot of money and buy them a bigger house. He had earnestly nodded and agreed back then.

He hadn't gotten her the bigger house yet; he couldn't leave!

Frantically searching the apartment, Aveline's face grew paler. Just then, the door opened, and Lucas walked in carrying breakfast.

Seeing him, Aveline immediately rushed over and hugged him tightly, as if afraid he would run away.

Startled, Lucas asked, "What's wrong?"

Aveline looked up, gazing into his dark eyes. "We'll always be together, right?"

Lucas remained silent.

Aveline looked at him. "Say something."

Lucas responded, "Let's eat first."

He gently pushed her away and walked to the dining table, placing the breakfast on it.

Aveline's heart sank deeper into despair as she stared at his back, pain evident in her eyes.

She had stopped him from saying the word "divorce," but his attitude was clear. He was distancing himself from her, not even offering a false promise.

He never used to be like this!

In the beginning, he just followed her everywhere, clinging to her. Later, when she decided to take him in, she taught him to read and learn sign language. His gaze on her became more focused.

No matter what she did, his eyes were always on her, as if she were his whole world.

"Lucas, you didn't give me my good morning kiss."

Aveline walked over and said, reminding him of the promise they made after they got together.

Lucas pushed the milk toward her. "Let's eat first. I have something to tell you later."

Aveline clenched her fists. "If I don't eat, will you not say it?"

Lucas's dark eyes fixed on her. "You heard everything."

He was referring to what he said in the private room yesterday.

Aveline closed her eyes and asked, "Why?"

No matter how much she tried to hold back, everything was out in the open now. She couldn't deceive herself anymore.

Lucas replied, "She's important. I have to take responsibility for her."

"What about me?" Aveline looked at him with a bitter smile. "What does our year together mean?"

As if she realized something, she walked up to him. "You got your memory back, didn't you? You remember who you are, right?"

"Yes." Lucas nodded. "Ave, I'm very grateful for the year you spent with me. I'll repay you. Whatever you want, just ask, and I'll make sure you get it."

"I don't want a divorce," Aveline said, looking at him, enunciating each word.

Lucas's expression grew cold and distant, his handsome features losing their warmth. "We must divorce."

At that moment, an unapproachable, icy aura surrounded him—something Aveline had never seen before.

Her nails dug into her palms as she met his gaze. "I won't divorce you!"

Compensation? How could he compensate for a year's worth of love and effort?

Lucas's brow furrowed with apparent impatience. "Aveline, if we continue like this, neither of us will be happy."

Aveline sat down and began eating breakfast without saying another word. She was determined not to divorce him.

Lucas watched her with a complex expression. The memories of the past year lingered in his mind, unwanted but persistent whenever he saw her, making him feel uneasy.

He stood up and said coldly, "I'll have someone send over the divorce papers later. You can name your terms."

Then he left immediately.

"Bang!"

Aveline kicked over a nearby chair, her eyes brimming with tears as she bit her lip in anger.

Jerk! He was such a jerk!

Aveline struggled to control her emotions, taking several deep breaths, her resolve hardening.

Sure enough, the divorce papers arrived soon after. She had just finished breakfast and was heading to work when a man in a suit showed up at her door, handing over the documents. Aveline didn't even look at them. She took the papers and tore them to pieces.

"Divorce is out of the question!"

Without paying attention to the man's reaction, she went straight to work.

After the CEO Divorced Me, He Wants Me Back

When Aveline arrived at the office and sat down, a colleague immediately came over and said, "Aveline, have you heard? Our company has been acquired! The person who bought it is Lucas Tudor, Frederick Tudor's third son, who mysteriously went missing."

Aveline froze. "What's his name?"

"Lucas Tudor. I saw his photo, and he's really handsome! They say he disappeared for a year and just recently returned to the Tudor family. As soon as he got back, he started making big changes to the subsidiary companies here. Our company was directly acquired. Oh my, having such a handsome man as a boss-I'd be smiling even in my dreams!"

Aveline pulled out her phone and saw the first notification: news about Lucas, a member of the Tudor family who had been missing, returning.

In the photo, the man wore a black suit, his short hair neatly parted, his features sharp and handsome, with piercing eyes that carried a cold glint. His entire demeanor exuded noble aloofness. Lucas belonged to the Tudor family, Cloudflare City's most prominent elite family!

Aveline couldn't even describe her feelings at that moment.

It felt incredibly ironic.

She should have been happy-her husband was a wealthy elite, and the big house she dreamed of was within reach.

However, she couldn't feel any joy because her wealthy elite husband wanted to divorce her.

He was going to take responsibility for another girl.

Ha!

Aveline clenched her phone, tears welling up in her eyes.

"Meeting! Meeting in the main conference room!" the manager called out loudly. Everyone grabbed their things and headed to the large conference room.

The massive room, capable of holding five hundred people, was noisy at first. However, as someone clapped their hands, the room gradually quieted down. "Now, let's welcome our new president, Lucas Tudor!"

The general manager announced excitedly. The door to the conference room opened, and a nobleman in a black suit strode in.

Seated in the back row, Aveline watched the man who appeared revitalized, sensing a newfound unfamiliarity.

His expression was cold, his voice deep and magnetic but devoid of warmth. He immediately issued various commands, making everyone dizzy.

The meeting lasted over three hours before it ended. People began to leave one by one, and Aveline got up to leave as well.

She didn't want to face him.

"Stop right there."

At that moment, a deep, magnetic voice came from behind her.

Aveline paused, turned around, and pressed her lips together before asking, "What can I do for you, Mr. Tudor?"

Her tone was distant and businesslike as if they hadn't been entwined in bed the night before.

Lucas, holding a file in his hand, glanced at her. "Come to my office."

With that, he walked away first.

Aveline took a deep breath and followed him.

Once the office door was closed, Lucas frowned at her. "Why did you tear up the agreement?"

Aveline stared at him steadily. "I haven't congratulated you yet, Mr. Tudor."

Her tone was laced with sarcasm.

She suspected he had regained his memory long ago; otherwise, he couldn't have returned to the Tudor family and started working so quickly.

He had hidden it from her.

To be precise, he had deceived her.

Lucas's handsome face showed a flicker of emotion as he gazed at her. "Ave, we have no real conflicts. Can't we part amicably?"

"No!"

Aveline suddenly became agitated, unable to hold back the tears in her eyes. "Lucas, I never thought I'd bring home a scumbag! When did you regain your memory? When did you start speaking again? As your wife, your most intimate partner, I knew nothing!"

Chapter 5

What did he take her for?

Her heart ached as if it were being torn apart, making it difficult for her to breathe.

Seeing the tears in her eyes, Lucas' gaze deepened, but his expression grew even colder. "I have my reasons. Not telling you was to protect you."

"Hah!"

Aveline scoffed, holding back her tears, her tone turning icy. "Let me tell you, I won't divorce you. Don't even think about it!"

She turned and walked away.

"You wouldn't want to lose this job, would you?"

Behind her, his cold voice rang out. "You're an orphan who struggled to establish yourself in this city. This job must mean a lot to you."

Aveline glared at him. "What are you trying to do?"

Lucas replied, "Sign the divorce papers. My previous offer still stands."

He was threatening her!

Aveline's hands trembled with anger. If he weren't so far away, she might have slapped him across the face!

"Lucas, you're despicable!"

How could he change so much in such a short time? Or was he always this cold, and the past year had been an act?

Lucas casually pulled out a tissue, walked over to her, and gently wiped away her tears.

Aveline slapped his hand away, her eyes filled with stubbornness. "Go ahead and fire me if you dare!"

Divorce? Not a chance!

She turned and walked out of the office, feeling her emotions gradually becoming calmer.

Lucas's hand froze in mid-air, his handsome face growing tense.

He reached for the intercom on his desk. "Notify the HR department—"

However, before he could finish, memories of Aveline patiently teaching him sign language and helping him learn to read flashed through his mind.

He couldn't bring himself to say the words.

"Mr. Tudor, what would you like us to do?" came the cautious voice of his secretary over the intercom.

"Nothing."

Lucas hung up the phone, his expression more irritated than before.

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When colleagues asked Aveline what Lucas had said to her, she just smiled and brushed it off.

She sat at her desk, carefully thinking about what to do next.

If Lucas really tried to force her into a divorce, she could go public with their relationship, make a big scene, and let everyone know he was her husband. Wouldn't that stop him from divorcing her? Realizing what she was thinking, Aveline suddenly froze, then smiled bitterly.

However, he had a change of heart.

He didn't love her anymore. Was there any point in doing this?

In the end, she was just unwilling to accept it. Why did he get to change his mind so easily? Would staying loyal to one woman for a lifetime kill him?

"Aveline, come here for a moment."

In the afternoon, Lucas's personal assistant, Desmond Blake, called her over.

Aveline got up and walked over. Desmond said, "These are some jewelry pieces. You have a good eye. Pick a set for me to give to a client."

Aveline was a bit surprised. Why would he ask her to do this?

There were so many stylishly dressed women in the office.

Although puzzled, she still selected a set.

Desmond smiled. "Thank you."

Then he turned and left. Aveline, feeling perplexed, went back to work.

That evening, she returned home to an empty and quiet house. She stood at the door, staring blankly for a while, her heart aching again.

Was Lucas not planning to come back?

She sat on the couch and turned on the TV. She didn't want the room to be too quiet, or her mind would start to wander.

"Our report today: Frederick Tudor's missing third son has reappeared in public, attending a charity gala with a beautiful companion. What changes will Lucas Tudor's return bring to Cloudfare City? Stay tuned for more..."

Aveline could no longer hear what the host was saying.

She stared intently at the girl next to Lucas. The necklace around her neck was the very one Aveline had chosen earlier that day!

