

# After the CEO Divorced Me, He Wants Me Back

## chapter 11-15

Before Lucas could say anything, Barbara exploded..

"Divorce? No, absolutely not! Aveline is such a good granddaughter-in-law, you can't divorce her!"

She grabbed Lucas's hand, her aged face full of distress.

Grandson, if you dare divorce your wife, I'll cry, I really will cry...

11

And with that, Barbara actually started crying!

The scene happened so suddenly that everyone was taken aback.

Lucas was stunned, seeing his grandmother cry more and more intensely. Worried that her crying might cause health issues, he quickly said, "Grandma, we won't divorce. We won't divorce." Barbara's tears stopped instantly. "Really?"

Lucas nodded. "Really."

Barbara then said, "Tonight, bring your wife home so the Tudor family can meet her!"

Lucas didn't respond to her demand.

Barbara continued to insist, "If you don't agree, I'll start crying again!"

Yvonne, standing nearby, smiled. "It seems Mom really likes Aveline. Lucas, I think you should reconsider. Marriage is not something to be taken lightly."

Lucas's lips pressed into a thin line.

Aveline watched the entire scene, feeling touched. A

grandmother she had never met before liked her so much, but Lucas insisted on divorcing her.

What was it about that other girl that made Lucas, now with his memory back, so fixated on her?

She suddenly became curious about the profound past between Lucas and that girl.

After calming Barbara down, Lucas looked at Aveline. "Let's go."

Aveline's eyelashes fluttered as she turned to bid farewell to Barbara.

"Madam,

ase rest well. I'll visit you when I have time.

Barbara nodded, looking at her eagerly. "You must come, okay?"

"Okay."

Aveline felt her heart soften uncontrollably.

Such an adorable granny!

After leaving the hospital, Lucas said directly, "You have something else to do, so you can't go."

Aveline paused, realizing he didn't want to take her to the Tudor family. Did he find her so unpresentable?

"What if I insist on going?"

Lucas looked directly at her. "Aveline, pushing too hard will only hurt you."

Aveline smiled. "If I remember correctly, we aren't divorced yet, right? Now that you've found your family, isn't it normal to take me to meet them? Or do you want to take someone else?" Lucas stared at her intently, then suddenly smiled. "Fine, I'll

take you."

His sudden change in attitude surprised Aveline.

Aveline began to feel hopeful. Meeting the family meant being accepted.

Could it be...

He wasn't going to divorce her?

Aveline tried to control her emotions, her eyes fixed on him. " You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

Lucas said, "I never lie."

Aveline's lips curled into a mocking smile. "Really? Haven't you. lied to me enough already?"

Lucas kept quiet as he turned and walked away.

Aveline watched his tall, straight back and called out, "Don't forget to come pick me up!"

He didn't respond. Aveline pursed her lips, thinking, "What a jerk!"

Still, the thought of soon meeting his family made her happy.

Back home, she started picking out a dress and even put on makeup. In the mirror, she looked elegant and beautiful.

His family would surely like her, right?

Feeling excited, she soon heard her phone ring. She picked it up and saw that it was Lucas calling.

C 12

"Come down."

The two cold, curt words were followed by the click of the phone hanging up.

Aveline hadn't even said a word before she found herself staring at her now darkened phone screen, gritting her teeth in

frustration.

So annoying!

He was nowhere near as sweet as he was when he had lost his memory.

She went downstairs, the evening sunset casting a warm orange glow over her, making her hair appear to glow.

However, her smile faded when she saw that the person by the car wasn't Lucas.

"Where's Lucas?" she asked as she approached.

Desmond replied, "Mr. Tudor has other matters to attend to. He asked me to take you to the Tudor family mansion."

For some reason, her heart sank.

What could be more important than taking her to meet his family?

She pressed her lips together and got into the car.

She took out her phone and called Lucas, but he didn't answer.

Jerk!

Clutching her phone, Aveline stared out the window.

Soon, the surroundings grew more beautiful. The Tudor family mansion was located in the southern part of Cloudflare City, nestled against the mountains and near the sea-a truly prime location.

The car drove through the grand black-and-gold gate and stopped in front of a villa. A servant stepped forward to open the car door, polite but formal.

Aveline got out, her eyes flashing with shock.

So luxurious!

She had heard of the Tudors before but had never seen their home. Now that she did, she realized they were from entirely different worlds.

"Miss Young, please come inside," the servant prompted, her tone indifferent, with a hint of disdain in her eyes.

Aveline frowned. "I'm Lucas' wife. Call me Mrs. Tudor!"

The servant turned and walked away without acknowledging her.

Even Aveline, slow to react, could sense the servant's disrespectful attitude toward her.

She pressed her lips together and entered the villa.

The unfamiliar environment made her feel uneasy. Just past the entrance was a small reception room.

The servant said, "Wait here for a while. Mr. Lucas will be back soon."

Then the servant left.

Aveline sat on the sofa, placing her hands neatly on her knees,

+ID BONUS

trying to calm herself.

"It's alright, it's just a servant. They don't represent the Tudor family's attitude."

Just then, a few more people walked in, one of whom was Yvonne.

Seeing Aveline, Yvonne smiled. Aveline, you're here! Why are you sitting here? Come on, follow me inside."

Aveline stood up, her demeanor polite and humble. "Hello, Madam Yvonne."

Yvonne smiled and introduced her, "This is Lucas' father."

Ay line looked at the stern-faced middle-aged man beside Yvonne. He only glanced at her, but she felt immense pressure.

"Has Sophia arrived yet?" asked Lucas's father, Frederick Tudor.

Yvonne replied, "Lucas went to pick her up."

"Okay," Frederick responded indifferently and walked into the main living room.

Yvonne turned to Aveline. "Come on, let's wait in the living room. This is where the servants take their breaks."

A trace of embarrassment flickered in Aveline's eyes. Was that servant's behavior intentional or accidental?

Entering the main living room, Aveline noticed the luxurious crystal chandelier hanging from the high ceiling, exuding an aura of understated opulence.

Yvonne said, "Have a seat anywhere. Lucas will be back soon."

Aveline couldn't help but notice the name of the girl they had mentioned. The girl Lucas had personally gone to pick up—could

it be her?

About half an hour later, there was some commotion at the door, and two people walked in.

Lucas entered first, followed by the girl Aveline had seen in the private room before.

She was Sophia Winter.

C13

Yvonne smiled and said, "Sophia, you're here. No traffic on the way?"

Sophia, wearing a white dress with her long, straight black hair cascading over her shoulders, responded sweetly, "Madam. Yvonne, there was no traffic. Lucas is a great driver. We got here smoothly." Frederick added, "Now that you're here, let's go wash our hands before we eat."

His tone was warm, a stark contrast to his cold demeanor towards Aveline.

Even the servants' faces brightened with smiles. "Miss Winter, knowing you were coming, the chef prepared many of your favorite dishes."

The previously tense atmosphere was lightened up with Sophia's arrival.

Aveline stood aside, dazed as she watched the scene unfold.

The Tudor family didn't like her. They all preferred Sophia.

She suddenly understood why Lucas had agreed to bring her to the Tudor family. He was indirectly telling her that the family didn't like or welcome her.

It was a cruel way to crush her hopes.

The ironic part was that she had dressed up carefully, hoping the Tudor family would accept and like her.

Aveline clenched her hands, her nails digging into her palms, a sharp pain reminding her to stay rational.

00

Lucas's dark gaze fell on her pale face, a hint of irritation

flashing within him, but he simply said, "Go wash your hands. before eating."

How could she eat now?

"I..."

"Are you Aveline Young?" Sophia suddenly looked at her and walked over, smiling. "I've heard about you. I've always wanted to thank you for taking care of Lucas for a year.' She seemed genuinely grateful, her eyes clear and sincere.

At that moment, Aveline felt a deep sense of shame, as if she were an intruder who stubbornly refused to leave.

"No need to thank me," she said dryly.

The two women entered the restroom and stood by the sink to wash their hands.

As Aveline's gaze dropped, she suddenly noticed Sophia's leg beneath her skirt. Her eyes widened in shock.

One of Sophia's legs was a prosthetic!

Sophia seemed to notice Aveline's gaze and smiled slightly. "Did I scare you? I lost my leg two years ago while saving Lucas. Thankfully, after more than two years of rehabilitation and adaptation, I can walk on Aveline quickly looked away. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

Sophia

dried her hands and looked at her. "I understand. I'm used to those looks over the past two years. But when will you and Lucas divorce? I appreciate that you took care of him this past year, but Lucas and I have

#15 BONUS

him back to me?"

Aveline's breath caught, her throat too dry to speak.

So, this was what Lucas meant by taking responsibility for her?

They had once been in love.

So, what about her and Lucas?

What did their year together mean?

Compared to Sophia's lost leg, that year together with him seemed insignificant.

Otherwise, how could Lucas give it up so easily?

Aveline closed her eyes for a moment. "I'll think about it."

Sophia smiled. "Please do it quickly. I don't want Lucas to be seen as ungrateful."

With that, she left the restroom first.

Aveline stood there, feeling dazed

So, taking in an amnesiac, mute man, caring for him for so long, and then being abandoned once he regained his memory-

wasn't he being ungrateful to her?

C 14

"What's this? Do we have to call you several times before you'll come to eat?" Lucas' deep, magnetic voice sounded from behind her.

Aveline opened her eyes and looked at him. "Lucas, have I ever done anything to wrong you?"

Lucas frowned. "What are you talking about?"

Aveline gave a bitter smile. "Why can't you even give me a single smile anymore?"

Lucas's thin lips pressed into a hard line.

Aveline walked towards him. "Do you really hate me so much just because I won't divorce you?"

Her eyes shimmered as she gazed into his dark eyes, trying to find a trace of herself in them.

She found it, but his eyes no longer held affection, only coldness.

He felt responsible for Sophia.

Her year of devotion, all those beautiful moments, now felt like a joke.

Lucas watched the light in her eyes extinguish. Then he heard her say, "Fine, I agree to the divorce."

There was no point in keeping this version of Lucas around. She only loved the gentle, caring Lu, who saw her as his whole world.

However, Lu had regained his memory and turned into Lucas Tudor. He was no longer her Lu.

## #15 DOMUS

As Aveline walked past him, Lucas suddenly grabbed her wrist.

Aveline's breath caught, her long eyelashes trembling. "What?"

Lucas's lips moved, and after a long moment, he asked, "Are you serious?"

Aveline closed her eyes, her expression bleak. "It's funny, there's not even a bit of trust left."

She pulled her hand free and left the restroom.

She briefly spoke to Yvonne and left directly.

Yvonne was surprised. "What's wrong? She didn't look well."

Frederick said, "She's too narrow-minded. Not suitable for our Tudor family."

Sophia's eyes flickered, but she remained silent.

She turned to look at Lucas and noticed his brows tightly furrowed, with an even more intense cold aura surrounding him.

"Lucas, come and eat," Sophia called softly.

"Alright," Lucas responded and walked over, sitting down next to Sophia.

Sophia served him some food. "This is your favorite dish."

"Thank you," Lucas said flatly, picking up his fork to eat.

However, the next second, a memory flashed through his mind.

Aveline held his hand, teaching him how to use the utensils. Her fair, beautiful face was full of concentration. When he couldn't get it right, she even playfully smacked his hand.

14

## +15 BOHUS



"You seem so smart, how can you be so clumsy? This is the last time, watch carefully."

She taught him again and again until he finally got it.

Lucas suddenly closed his eyes tightly.

Sophia quickly asked, "Lucas, what's wrong?"

Lucas put down his fork and stood up. "I have something to take care of. You all enjoy the meal."

With that, he strode out of the room.

Aveline left the Tudor family mansion and walked along the empty main road. She took out her phone to call for a ride, but they were too far from the city, and no drivers were accepting her request. She had worn high-heeled shoes to match her dress, and now, after walking such a long distance, her feet were blistered and

sore.

She took off her heels, holding them in her hand, her face scrunched up in discomfort.

Just then, she heard the sound of a car behind her. Turning around, expecting a taxi, she saw Lucas driving toward her. How unlucky!

She immediately looked away and continued walking.


However, the car stopped right in front of her. Lucas got out and walked toward her, his expression dark and gloomy. Aveline instinctively took two steps back. "What do you want?"

"Are you going to hit me?"

The next second, she felt herself being lifted off the ground as he picked her up.

D

C 15



As her body was lifted, Aveline instinctively clung to him, a look of surprise flashing in her eyes.

What did this mean?

Lucas ignored her gaze, placing her in the car before taking out a simple first aid kit and attending to her injured feet.

Aveline watched his actions, feeling a bit dazed, almost as if she were seeing Lu again.

He was Lu.

"Lu..."

"Don't get the wrong idea." Lucas's deep voice cut her off. "I just don't want to deal with anything unnecessary that would make you change your mind about the divorce."

His words felt like a sudden splash of cold water, extinguishing the tiny flicker of hope in her heart.

So that was the reason.

He was afraid she would change her mind.

Ha!

She pulled her foot back. "Don't worry. I won't take back what I said."

However, he held her delicate ankle firmly, making her unable to move.

In her struggle, her skirt rode up, revealing her smooth, slender legs, creating a tantalizingly partial view.

Lucas's gaze traveled down her long legs. From his angle, he could see quite a bit.

Aveline quickly pulled her skirt down, a blush spreading across her fair face. "What are you looking at? Pervert."

Lucas let out a soft scoff, lifting his gaze to meet hers. His eyes. fixed on her face as he pulled her closer with a firm grip.

Aveline gasped, her hands instinctively pressing against his shoulders.

"We're still married. Isn't calling me a pervert a bit inappropriate?" Lucas stared at her beautiful face. "Besides, what have I done for you to call me a pervert?"

The man before her felt like a stranger to Aveline.

дер емес пен

The face was still the same, but those dark, carried a hint of seductive mischief, his lips curved into a devilish smile, and his entire demeanor exuded a certain wickedness.

This was the real Lucas.

Aveline looked at him, her eyes shimmering. "Haven't you done enough?"

Her gaze fell on his hand gripping her ankle.

Those elegant fingers were now deliberately and sensually caressing her delicate skin.

Lucas's smile remained mischievous as he stared at her, his breath drawing closer as if he were recalling something.

The car door was wide open, but the atmosphere inside was thick with tension as if something was about to ignite.

But then, a sudden ringtone broke the moment.

The playful smile in his eyes vanished instantly. He pulled away from her and answered his phone. "Hello, Sophia."

Aveline felt like her heart was stabbed when she heard his deep, magnetic voice affectionately calling out another woman's name. She yanked her foot free, ignoring his suddenly cold expression, and pushed p She didn't need his help!

He had someone to be responsible for, and she was nothing!

Suddenly, he grabbed her hand, and she heard him speaking from behind. "Yes, I have something to take care of. I'll talk to you later."

Then he hung up the phone.

With a strong pull, Lucas yanked Aveline back. "What are you doing? Don't you realize your foot is injured?"

Aveline struggled forcefully. "Lucas, we're getting a divorce. If you keep tangling with me like this, it makes me think you don't actually want to divorce me!"

Her words caused the grip on her arm to abruptly loosen.

At that moment, her heart felt empty, leaving her with a cold, painful sensation.