

Divorced Me 1141

Chapter 1141

The reason it wasn't the same was simple-her plan would fall apart if she got caught.

Of course, that wasn't something she could admit.

Jolie simply said, "I just don't want any unnecessary complications. Since you've already arranged the flight, let's just leave directly."

Gavin's dark eyes fixed on her for a moment, but he didn't press the issue.

It was clear she didn't want to talk about it any further, so he let it drop.

When the elevator doors opened, the two of them walked out together. A car was already waiting at the entrance. Gavin, ever the gentleman, opened the door for her. The car pulled away from Cooper Enterprises, and Gavin asked, "What do you want to eat?"

Jolie, busy typing on her phone, replied, "I know a good restaurant."

It was a cozy place she loved, one she often visited with her friends.

"Alright," Gavin replied, pulling out his phone to respond to some emails. With his work condensed into such a tight schedule, he seized every spare moment to handle it.

Jolie put her phone away and glanced at him. He was focused on his screen, his expression calm and composed, with an air of restraint.

His sharp features and well-defined profile were strikingly handsome, but the cold aura he exuded often kept people at a distance.

Still, he wasn't as bad as he seemed.

As she stared at him, she found herself lost in thought.

Gavin noticed her gaze but didn't stop her. Instead, he waited to see how long she'd keep looking. To his surprise, she stared at him the entire ride.

As they neared their destination, Gavin finally set his phone aside and lifted his eyes to meet hers. His gaze locked with her eyes, full of clarity and curiosity.

"Do you like my face?"

"Huh?"

The sudden question snapped Jolie out of her daze. Realizing she'd been staring at him the whole time, a faint blush crept up her pale cheeks, and she looked slightly embarrassed. "Well, your face is very good-looking."

If only it weren't attached to him, she might have actually found it appealing.

Gavin's gaze deepened, and out of the blue, he asked, "Jolie, why did you suddenly agree to my confession?"

The question caught her off guard.

Jolie froze for a moment.

Could she admit that she simply wanted to enjoy life while it lasted?

Probably not.

She didn't know him well enough yet to risk stepping on any landmines, so she chose her words carefully. "Well, I think we're a good match." She was referring to their compatibility in bed.

Of course, she wasn't about to say that out loud. It wasn't something she could or would-admit, so she left it up to him to interpret.

A good match?

In what way?

Gavin found himself seriously considering her words. By all accounts, they were people from completely different worlds.

She was lively, carefree, and passionate about photography, with a vibrant and outgoing personality.

He, on the other hand, was reserved, disciplined, and almost rigidly composed, with barely any hobbies to speak of.

How could they possibly be a good match?

But this was the reason she gave him, so chose to take her at her word. For now, he had no other choice-she was a mystery he could no longer unravel.

The car came to a stop.

Inside the restaurant, the atmosphere was serene and calming, A server guided them to a private room. Jolie took off her hat and mask, exhaling a soft breath.

She felt so hot!

She couldn't wait to leave for Francia. She was tired of sneaking around and hiding all the time.

The server handed over the menu, and Jolie passed it to Gavin. "Go ahead and order."

"You come here often. You know what's good. You should place an order," Gavin replied.

"Fair enough," Jolie said with a nod.

She ordered the restaurant's signature dishes along with a few of her favorites. The server left the room, closing the door behind them.

Just as the door was about to shut

completely, a group of people

walked past in the hallway. Jolie

caught sight of them and raised her

eyebrows in surprise.

Chapter 1142

The person in the hallway glanced at her briefly but quickly looked away, as though she were a stranger.

Jolie's hand, lifted halfway to wave, stalled in mid-air.

What... was that?

Gavin noticed her reaction and asked in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Jolie replied, shaking her head and brushing it off.

The man outside was Ian. Pretending not to know her was probably his way of avoiding unnecessary trouble-after all, they had already "broken up."

The door to their private room shut completely, and Gavin hadn't seen Ian or his group.

He turned back to her and asked, "Do you come here often?"

"Yeah," Jolie nodded. "I come here a lot with friends."

So, this was one of her favorite hidden gems. The fact that she was willing to share it with him felt significant somehow.

Gavin caught himself lingering on that thought and was momentarily taken aback by his own reaction. He kept his expression neutral, not letting on what had crossed his mind.

The food arrived quickly, and Jolie, excited as if presenting a treasure, slid the dishes toward him.

"Try it!" she said eagerly.

Gavin took a few bites and nodded. "It's good."

Looking at her, he added, "I can make this."

Jolie blinked, surprised. "You can cook that?"

"Yes," he replied. "Such cuisine is relatively simple."

"When do I get the honor of trying your cooking?" she asked, curious.

Gavin's gaze lingered on her. "You want to?"

Jolie nodded enthusiastically, her eyes sparkling.

But Gavin leaned back slightly and said, "When you truly like me."

For a moment, Jolie froze, caught completely off guard.

The atmosphere in the private room grew heavy, almost suffocating.

Jolie tightened her grip on her fork, completely unprepared for his sudden comment.

Gavin clearly had no intention of letting the topic slide. He pressed on, "You agreed to be with me, but I'm certain you had your own reasons. Reasons that don't include liking

me"

Jolie bit her lip. Once again, he had hit the mark, exposing the thoughts she'd been trying to bury.

"So, Jolie, since we're together now, I hope we can both approach this relationship seriously. Let's not treat it like a game."

Jolie sat in silence, stunned.

Bullseye. Every word hit home.

She set her utensils down, inwardly feeling but outwardly

to respond. "Don't

worry. I'll take it

"Good," Gavin said, picking up his fork again and returning to his meal.

Jolie, however, felt like she couldn't breathe.

"I'm going to the restroom," she said abruptly, standing up.

She needed air. The room felt too small, too stifling.

Slipping out, she made her way to the restroom. Looking into the mirror, she barely recognized herself. Her expression was tense, unsettled. Sigh...

This was the problem with dealing with someone so sharp. Everything she thought she could hide was easily seen through.

"Are you Jolie Quin?"

The sudden voice startled her. She turned to see a girl with delicate, sweet features standing behind her.

But her gaze was cold, and hostility radiated from her.

There was no mistaking it-this girl was here with an agenda.

Jolie was certain she didn't know this girl.

"And you are?" she asked, turning fully to face her.

The girl's hands were clenched into fists as she stared at Jolie, her gaze unwavering. After a moment, her eyes turned red, and to Jolie's shock, tears began streaming down her face in big, heavy drops.

"You..." Jolie was completely taken aback.

What on earth was going on?

Why was she crying out of nowhere?

Before she could react further, the girl suddenly dropped to her knees, clutching the hem of Jolie's dress.

"Please," the girl begged, her voice trembling. "Don't take Ian from me. I love him so much."

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Jolie was completely baffled, a string of question marks running through her mind. But when the girl suddenly dropped to her knees, it genuinely startled her.

She quickly reached out to help her up. "Get up first. We can talk properly."

Before Jolie could react, the girl grabbed her hand and slapped herself hard across the face with it.

Smack!

The crisp sound echoed in the quiet hallway, leaving Jolie frozen in shock.

"Why did you hit me?"

The girl, who had just been crying like an innocent damsel in distress, now clutched her face and loudly accused her. "Ian and I are the real couple! You're the one coming between us. How could you hit me?" Jolie blinked, completely dumbfounded, as the girl's voice rang out.

A few passersby paused, glancing over to witness the commotion.

Meanwhile, Ian, who had been waiting and wondering why his girlfriend hadn't returned, came looking for her. The scene he walked into—his girlfriend on the ground, crying and accusing Jolie—made him stride forward, his expression dark.

He quickly helped his girlfriend up, wrapping a protective arm around her. "What's going on?"

The girl buried herself in his arms, sobbing as though her heart had been shattered. "I don't know," she whimpered. "I came to the restroom and thought she looked familiar, so I greeted her. But when she realized who I was, she hit me! Ian, why would she do that? What did I ever do to her?"

Ian turned to Jolie, his brow furrowed in displeasure. "Miss Quin, don't you think you owe me an explanation for this?"

What?!

Jolie almost laughed at the absurdity of it all.

Her gaze turned icy as she calmly said, "First of all, I don't know this young lady at all, nor do I have any idea what your relationship is. Second, I didn't hit her. She called out my name, knelt in front of me, and then grabbed my hand to slap herself." Her tone was steady and measured as she explained the situation, not a hint of panic in her demeanor.

Finally, she added, "lan, if this is your girlfriend, I suggest you have a serious conversation with her. It seems she may have misunderstood something, which led to this... dramatic behavior."

The girl clung to lan, tears streaming

down her face as she sobbed, "You're just using your status to bully me know I don't belong in your world, but lan and I have real love No matter how much power or influence you have, you'll never win his heart!"

Jolie's brow furrowed, irritation rising.

What was wrong with this woman? Was she completely delusional?

lan glanced at his girlfriend, her tear-streaked face and red-rimmed eyes tugging at him. "She's not the type to cause trouble for no reason," he said firmly. "Miss Quin, if you have a problem, you can take it out on me. Just don't hurt her, alright?"

Jolie's good upbringing was the only thing stopping her from rolling her eyes.

She had once thought lan was a smart man, but clearly, she'd misjudged him.

"Excuse me, but I'll have to pass on this nonsense," Jolie said coldly, turning to leave. She had no intention of wasting more time on their ridiculous drama-she had better things to do.

"You think you can just walk away?!" The girl blocked her path, her voice sharp and unrelenting. "You hit me and can't even apologize? You people with all your status, power, and wealth-don't you have any decency at all?" Jolie's expression darkened completely.

She turned to lan, her tone cutting. "Mr. Moore, what's your take on this?"

Ian's lips pressed into a thin line, his gaze heavy with disapproval as he looked at her.

Oh, so he was siding with her.

Perfect.

Smack!

Jolie's hand moved in one swift, decisive motion, landing a clean slap across the girl's face.

"You keep accusing me of hitting you," Jolie said, her voice cool and razor-sharp. "I'm not one to let baseless accusations slide, but since you're so determined to claim I hit you, I thought I'd make it real. And trust me, if I truly lose my patience, no one here will enjoy the outcome."

She pulled a disinfectant wipe from her bag and meticulously cleaned her fingers, her movements slow and deliberate, as though she'd touched something unpleasant.

Chapter 1144

The girl stared in disbelief, her hands clutching her face.

"You hit me?"

Jolie blinked innocently at her. "Weren't you the one insisting I hit you earlier? I just gave you another slap to match your story. You should be used to it by now." "Jolie Quin!"

Ian had reached his limit, his voice full of anger as he glared at her. "Apologize to her!"

Jolie glanced at him, her expression calm but icy. "Get lost."

She had thought he might be reasonable, but clearly, he was blinded by infatuation. She had no patience to deal with him any longer and turned to leave.

Before she could take a step, Ian grabbed her arm roughly.

"Jolie, you're not leaving without apologizing! I don't think I've ever wronged you, have I? We used to get along just fine, didn't we?"

"Let go," Jolie said, her brows knitting in disgust. She hated being touched, especially by someone she considered beneath her.

Ian tightened his grip, his hand digging into her arm hard enough to cause pain.

"Jolie, you will apologize to her, or-"

"Or what?"

A cold, commanding voice cut through the tension like a knife.

All heads turned to see Gavin approaching, his sharp gaze landing on Ian's hand gripping Jolie's arm. His expression darkened, the air around him heavy with an intimidating authority that made Ian instinctively loosen his grip. "She said to let go. Didn't you hear her?" Gavin's voice was low and dangerous, each word laced with warning.

His powerful presence, the kind only someone accustomed to being in control could exude, was enough to make Ian take a step back.

Jolie blinked, momentarily stunned. Her heartbeat quickened, and she hated how much his sudden appearance had thrown her off balance. This wasn't normal.

Gavin's eyes flicked to Jolie, his tone softening slightly. "What happened?"

Jolie shrugged, brushing off her sleeve as though removing any trace of Ian. "Just ran into a pair of delusional clowns. It's handled now." "Good." Gavin nodded. "Let's go."

Gavin naturally took Jolie's hand in his, his grip firm yet casual.

"You can't leave!"

The girl, who had been momentarily stunned by Gavin's commanding presence, snapped out of her daze. Her expression shifted to one of admiration as her eyes sparkled. en

This man was so handsome and so powerful!

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Her heart pounded wildly as she took in his strong demeanor. It was obvious to her that he held more influence and status than Ian.

Quickly masking her expression, she stepped forward to stop them.

"You can't just walk away," she insisted, her voice wavering slightly. "She hit me. She owes me an apology."

Gavin glanced at her, his gaze cold and indifferent.

"And what do you propose?" he asked, his tone sharp enough to make her feel both nervous and flattered at the same time. Under his icy stare, she felt a mix of fear and exhilaration. Despite his detached expression, her heart raced uncontrollably.

"She has to apologize and ask for my forgiveness," the girl said, trying to sound firm but unable to hide her nervousness. Gavin's response was swift and cutting. "Do you think you're worthy?"

Without waiting for her reply, he dismissed her entirely, walking away without sparing her another glance. The girl's face turned pale instantly.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she turned to Ian, her voice trembling. "Why are you all treating me like this? Just because I'm an ordinary person does that mean you can bully me without consequence?"

Her sobs grew louder before she turned and ran out of the room, heartbroken.

Ian immediately chased after her, his frustration boiling over.

As he followed, his thoughts turned dark. He couldn't believe Jolie hadn't seen the signals he'd sent

earlier-signals that he didn't want to be involved with her at all.

Now his girlfriend was upset, and if this argument caused any lasting damage to their relationship, he wouldn't forgive Jolie for it.

Back in the private room, Jolie looked at Gavin with amusement, her gaze lingering on him.

"What?" Gavin asked, noticing her expression.

Resting her chin in her hand, she pondered for a moment before speaking. "I honestly thought you were going to take her side." Gavin's brow furrowed slightly. "Who is she to me? Why would I listen to her?"

Jolie couldn't help but let the corners of her lips curve upward. "But what if I really was throwing my weight around and bullying her?"

Chapter 1145

Gavin looked at her, his gaze steady, and replied in a calm voice, "You've got the leverage to do it."

Oh...

Jolie's heart skipped a beat, her pulse momentarily thrown off rhythm.

What was this feeling?

It was as if someone was spoiling her, cherishing her unconditionally. Even though it was just a simple conversation, it carried a warmth she couldn't ignore.

For a moment, she realized that what she once thought was affection and care had been nothing but an illusion.

A smile unconsciously curved on her lips as her eyes lit up. "Does this mean I can walk around Larbor City like I own the place?"

Gavin raised an eyebrow. "Are you a crab?"

Jolie burst into laughter, her mood instantly lifted by his quick-witted remark. Her earlier irritation dissipated, replaced by lightheartedness.

Whether or not he meant it, the fact that he sided with her made her happy.

"I'm full. Should we head out?" she asked, her appetite long gone after everything that had happened earlier.

Gavin glanced at her plate, noting how little she'd eaten. She had clearly lost her appetite.

"Alright," he said without pushing her, grabbing his jacket as they stood to leave.

Their flight was at ten that evening, and it was already seven-thirty. They had just enough time, but as the thought of leaving for Francia loomed over her, Jolie couldn't shake the nervous energy building in her chest. Her phone suddenly buzzed, pulling her from her thoughts. She glanced at the screen-it was Selena calling.

"Hey, Sis," she answered.

"Where are you?" Selena asked.

Jolie blinked in surprise. "I'm out having dinner. Were you looking for me?"

"Yeah," Selena replied. "I wanted to check when you're planning to leave." "Tonight," Jolie said casually.

There was a brief pause before Selena asked, "What plan did you come up with?"

Jolie glanced at the tall man beside her and said, "You're asking when you already know the answer."

"Oh, I have no idea what you're talking about," Selena teased, her voice dripping with mock innocence.

For some reason, Jolie felt their bond growing closer through the banter. She decided to share more. "It's Gavin who's helping me."

"Tsk ts, listen to how casually you

say his name, Selena said, nearly breaking character before catching herself. Clearing her throat, she added, "With him around, everything will be fine. Anyway, I'm about to leave Larbor City soon. Nothing else to say-bye."

"You're leaving? When?" Jolie asked quickly.

"In the next couple of days," Selena replied.

A pang of disappointment struck Jolie. If there were more time, she would've loved to see her sister before leaving.

"Alright, then. When I get back, I'll visit you in Cloudflare City. I've never been there before," Jolie said, her voice tinged with regret.

"Sure," Selena said nonchalantly before hanging up.

Gavin, noticing the faint sadness on Jolie's face, asked, "What's wrong?"

"I kind of want to see my sister," Jolie admitted.

Gavin's sharp mind picked up on complexity of their sibling

relationship-layered and nuanne

perhaps even more so than b

to Aveline.

"You could video call her," he suggested.

Jolie sighed, clearly unimpressed. "It's not the same."

She exhaled deeply and added, "I'll visit her when I'm back."

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The driver opened the car door, and the two of them climbed in. As the vehicle made its way toward the private airstrip, Jolie gazed out the window, lost in thought.

Suddenly, her hand was enveloped in warmth.

Turning, she met Gavin's deep, night-like eyes.

"Don't worry," he said, his voice calm and reassuring. "I'll handle everything."

Chapter 1146

The night air was cool, a gentle breeze slipping through the car window and lifting the strands of hair framing her face. They fluttered across her vision, briefly distracting her, yet she could still clearly see his eyes. At that moment, the unease and uncertainty stirring in her chest melted away, replaced by an inexplicable sense of calm.

It felt as though there was nothing he couldn't handle.

As long as he wanted to.

Jolie smiled softly and said, "Alright."

When they arrived at the private airstrip, the captain came forward to exchange a few words with Gavin. Standing nearby, Jolie watched and couldn't resist asking, "How long will you be staying?" Gavin glanced at her. "How long do you want me to stay?"

The overly intimate tone of his words, spoken with such casual ease, caught her off guard. Her cheeks flushed immediately-especially since there were others around to hear it.

Lowering her gaze shyly, she murmured, "You can stay as long as you want."

She turned her head, avoiding his gaze entirely.

Her sudden bashfulness didn't go unnoticed. Gavin's eyes lingered on her, watching as a soft blush crept over her pale ears. A faint, uncharacteristic smile tugged at his lips before he could stop it. The captain, observing the interaction with amusement, chuckled. "Does your father know? I bet he'd be thrilled if he did."

The captain had known Wilfried for years, serving as the Coopers' private pilot and watching the family's children grow up. His familiarity made the question lighthearted but genuine.

"He knows... halfway," Gavin replied, his tone deliberately ambiguous.

The captain raised a brow, puzzled. "Halfway?"

Without elaborating, Gavin reached out and took Jolie's hand. "Let's go."

She nodded quietly, allowing him to lead her onto the plane.

The interior of the private jet was breathtakingly luxurious, complete with every possible comfort and entertainment one could imagine. Jolie's eyes widened in surprise, her awe hard to hide. Her family was well-off, but compared to the Coopers, they were utterly outclassed.

It struck her again, with startling clarity, just how vast the gap was between the Quin family and the Coopers.

And that realization hit her with nothing more than a glance at this single plane.

Gavin said, "It'll take 12 hours to get to Francia. You can rest comfortably during the flight."

Jolie nodded, but having just

boarded, she was still wide awake. She wandered around the cabin, familiarizing herself with its

luxurious setup, before settling onto the sofa in the lounge area

Gavin had already removed his jacket, now dressed in a sleek black vest over a crisp white shirt. He exuded an air of quiet sophistication, his posture calm and composed as he worked at the laptop on the table in front of him, tackling a pile of work.

Jolie's gaze lingered on him, slowly trailing over his features-the strong line of his brow, the deep set of his eyes, the sharp bridge of his nose, and his chiseled, angular face that radiated an aloof, almost unapproachable aura.

That cool, distant demeanor of his...

She'd told herself countless times before that he wasn't her type.

But now, she wasn't so sure.

Sigh...

No, she couldn't let herself waver.

If she fell for him now, wouldn't a breakup later be that much harder?

Her thoughts spiraled briefly before she shook them off, refocusing her attention. Pulling out her phone, she started playing a casual game to distract herself.

A few rounds later, the plane began its ascent. Jolie glanced out the window, watching as the city lights below shrank into a glittering sea of golden dots. She yawned, her earlier energy starting to fade.

Turning to Gavin, she said, "I'm tired. I'm going to wash up and get some sleep."

"Alright," he replied, his eyes never leaving the screen.

Jolie made her way to the bedroom, where she found neatly folded pajamas waiting for her on the bed. Taking them, she headed into the bathroom to freshen up.

After washing up, she climbed into the bed, pulling the blanket over herself. The flight was smooth, the gentle hum of the engines almost soothing. Sleep soon overtook her.

She didn't know how much time had passed when she felt a soft, feather-light touch on her lips.

It was warm, gentle, and carried a faint scent of cedar, slowly enveloping her senses.

Chapter 1147

Jolie stirred, her eyes fluttering open in the dimly lit cabin. The sharp, handsome features of the man before her were so close that she could feel the warmth of his breath. His lips, carrying his familiar scent, gently traced hers, as if torn between waking her and letting her sleep.

Her breath hitched, a brief moment of confusion washing over her. Gavin noticed and, in response, pressed a firm kiss to her lips.

"Did I wake you?"

"You did that on purpose," Jolie replied, her voice soft and husky from sleep.

"Mm." Gavin didn't deny it, his tone unapologetic as he leaned down to kiss her again.

Still groggy, Jolie found herself caught off guard, his lips capturing hers with a growing intensity. By the time she realized what was happening, he had deepened the kiss, his tongue teasing and tangling with hers in an intoxicating rhythm.

Her breath quickened, and she instinctively pushed against him. Gavin pulled back, only to trail kisses along her cheek and down her neck, his movements unhurried but deliberate.

His hand slid beneath the blanket, slipping under her silk sleepwear to brush against her bare skin. His touch was warm, leaving a trail of fire wherever it went.

Jolie's body trembled, her voice shaking as she whispered, "Aren't you going to rest?"

"Later," Gavin murmured against her skin.

She let out a soft groan.

It was a completely new

experience being this high above the ground, with the man above her igniting every nerve in her body. His weight pressed her into the plush bedding, his hands and lips claiming her as hers.

Her breath came in short, uneven bursts, her back arching under his grip. Her head tipped back, exposing the delicate curve of her neck, now marked with faint traces of his passion.

Gavin's gaze darkened at the sight, and he couldn't help but lean in to kiss her again, this time with far less restraint.

"You... said you'd rest later," Jolie managed to protest, her voice trembling as she tried to catch her breath.

"Mm," Gavin responded, his lips brushing against her ear. "Later."

By the time he was done, Jolie was utterly spent, her body too soft and weak to move.

Gavin cleaned her up carefully, wiping her down before tucking her back into bed. She turned onto her side, falling into a deep sleep almost instantly.

The blanket slipped slightly, revealing her bare, elegant back, marked by faint traces of his touch.

Gavin's throat tightened at the sight,

his Adam's apple bobbing as he

Sed hard. Unable to resist, he

climbed into bed and pulled her into his arms.

Jolie instinctively curled closer, finding a comfortable spot against him, her breathing slow and steady as she slept even deeper.