

Divorced Me 131

Chapter 131

"What are you doing?"

Aveline was startled and instinctively tried to avoid him. However, the bathtub was slippery, and after several attempts to struggle, she fell back into it.

Lucas pressed one hand on her shoulder, leaning over her. His long, narrow eyes fixed on her, already tinged with a hint of crimson, as if suppressing some emotion. "Aveline, do you like Russell?" His deep voice questioned her heavily.

Aveline was stunned, feeling speechless!

How could he ask such a question?

Didn't he know whom she liked?

However, without her consent, he entered her home, questioned her in that tone, and bullied her like this. There was no way she could say she liked him! "Who I like has nothing to do with you!"

Aveline's clear eyes stared straight at him, not fearing his cold. demeanor at all. "What? You can like Miss Winter, but I can't like other men?"

"No, you can't!" Lucas roared. His hand pressed on her shoulder while gripping her chin, and his fierce kiss followed.

Aveline was shocked and immediately began to struggle.

Water splashed everywhere in the bathtub, but she had no strength in the slippery tub.

He, being out of the water, could easily subdue her.

From the beginning, she was at a disadvantage.

His burning lips and tongue plundered her breath, his long fingers, slightly cool, touched her body, making her shiver violently.

"Mm, let go..."

Aveline pushed, hit, and hammered him.

But it was all in vain.

He seemed to have gone mad, directly entering the bathtub.

The space in the tub instantly became cramped and suffocating, and Aveline was firmly controlled by him.

With the water aiding, everything went much smoother.

Aveline bit down on his shoulder, tears streaming down, "Lucas,

you are a complete bastard!"

Lucas's hand gripped her waist. The harder she bit, the more fiercely he responded to her.

Gradually, she lost all her strength and collapsed directly into his

arms.

In the bathroom, steam filled the air, and the sound of water waves echoed continuously, not stopping for a long time.

Aveline was utterly exhausted, when she heard his hoarse voice in her ear, "Stay away from Russell!"

She no longer had the energy to speak and simply closed her eyes.

After a long while, everything finally ceased.

Lucas wrapped her in a towel, carried her out of the bathroom, and placed her on the bed. Gazing at her sleeping face, he couldn't help but lean down and gently kiss her forehead.

An indescribable emotion flashed through his heart, shattering all his previous beliefs.

He only knew that seeing Aveline and Russell standing together, laughing and chatting, made him very upset!

"Bastard..."

Suddenly, Aveline turned over, muttered something in her sleep, and frowned.

Lucas stared at her, his lips pressed into a straight line.

The next day.

Aveline woke up, feeling terrible all over!

This house was no longer hers!

She had to move out!

Otherwise, how could he still get in after she changed the locks and set up a password?

After washing up, she came out of the bedroom and saw Lucas coming out of the kitchen, holding two plates. "You're up, come and eat."

He glanced at her and said in a low, magnetic voice.

Aveline looked at him coldly. "How did you get in?"

Chapter 132

Lucas sat down on a chair, his expression noble and indifferent. "Eat first."

Aveline walked over and snatched the utensils from his hand, slamming them onto the table. "Lucas, how did you get in here?"

Lucas looked at her calmly, his mood inexplicably lifting at her angry expression. "Do you think changing the password lock will keep me out? As long as I want to, I can come in anytime."

His deep, magnetic voice made her feel as though he was talking about something else entirely. Remembering everything that happened last night, she became even angrier. "You want to eat? No way! None of for you!"

She moved his bowl and utensils away and sat at the farthest spot from him, eating on her own.

Lucas watched her and suddenly chuckled, "Aveline, aren't you being childish?"

Aveline said nothing. What could she do? She couldn't manage him with either force or kindness. She had no way to handle Lucas!

Lucas wasn't angry; he just watched her with amusement. When she finished eating, he finally said, "I've found some information about the person who wanted to harm you."

Aveline paused in her eating and looked at him. "Who is it?"

Lucas didn't continue speaking immediately but gazed at her intently. Aveline pursed her lips and pushed the bowl and utensils back in front of him.

Lucas took a sip of milk before saying, "His name is Darren Jones. The day he came looking for you, he had just been released from prison."

Aveline was stunned, her brows furrowing. "I don't know this person."

"I know," Lucas said. "After that one time, he disappeared without a trace. He's good at hiding. Without solid evidence, even if the police suspect him, they can't do anything." Aveline was silent for a moment before asking, "Is it related to the Tudor family?"

She had always thought that Darren came after her because she was. Lucas' wife, making her an unintended target.

Lucas said, "It's still unclear."

Aveline's expression grew more serious. "Then it's very likely related to the Tudor family. I might have been implicated because of you. Lucas, just how many enemies do you have?" Lucas looked at her. "What? Are you scared?"

Aveline laughed as if she had heard a joke. "He wants to kill me. Anyone would be scared, right?"

The smile faded from Lucas' lips. "Being scared won't help. If he's targeted you, he won't give up easily. You kept wanting to divorce. It would be better to stay by my side so I can protect you in secret." Aveline replied, "You can still protect me after we divorce. After all, I was implicated because of you."

Lucas retorted, "If we're divorced, why should I protect you? What would you be to me then?"

"You!"

Aveline was infuriated. She watched him eat and once again moved his bowl and utensils away.

He ate finished without showing any shame.

Lucas said nothing, got up, and left directly.

Aveline lost her appetite. The feeling of having a knife at her throat. was truly unpleasant.

"Darren Jones..." She thought hard about this person but had no. impression of him.

He had just been released from prison. What had he been imprisoned for?

Aveline looked up to ask Lucas, but he was already gone.

She remained silent for a while, then stood up, tidied up a bit, and walked to the door. Staring at the password lock, she took out her phone and made a call.

Chapter 133

"Hey, Selena, do you know anyone who sells high-tech locks?"

Selena was momentarily stunned by her question. "Didn't you just change your lock? Why do you need to change it again?"

Aveline replied, "It can't keep people out, so I have to keep changing

it."

Selena was silent for a moment before saying, "Why not just get a new place?"

Aveline's eyes lit up. "You're right, let's just get a new house."

Selena said, "I can introduce you to someone for that. Maple Garden is a great area. If you sell for a bit less, I'm sure someone will be willing to buy." Aveline agreed. "Okay, let's do that. I have to go to work now. We'll talk more after I get off tonight."

"Alright."

At the office.

Aveline spent the entire day working, coordinating with Brighton Enterprises, and inspecting the construction site.

In short, she didn't get a moment's rest.

When she returned to the office, most people had already left.

She sat at her desk, took a sip of water, and then called Selena.

"Hey, Ave, are you done with work?" Selena's voice sounded excited.

Aveline replied, "Yes, I just finished. I haven't gone home yet."

Selena said, "I'll come pick you up. We'll grab some dinner first, then I'll take you to see some houses."

Aveline was surprised. "So soon?"

Selena responded, "When you do something, do it decisively. Why drag it out?"

Aveline smiled wryly. "You're right. Come pick me up then."

"Alright."

They met up, had a steak dinner, and then headed home. On the way, Selena was already contacting potential buyers.

After hanging up, she looked at Aveline and said, "If everything goes smoothly, we can finalize it today and sign the contract tomorrow. Then you can find a place that jerk won't be able to locate, and he won't bother you anymore."

Aveline said, "It's all thanks to you."

Selena was very decisive. "I just don't

want to see you struggling in a pit of fire. That jerk, honestly, you are his wife. Can't he at least show some decency? Why does he have to make things so ugly before letting go?"

Aveline lowered her eyes slightly. She didn't understand it either. Initially, he was the one who wanted to keep things civil, but now he was the one refusing to divorce. What was he thinking? After about twenty minutes, a car pulled up.

"They're here!"

Selena saw the car and immediately opened the door and got out." Mr. Skyler, over here!"

Aveline got out of the car and was stunned when she saw who it was.

Russell?

Selena, smiling, said, "Surprised? The mysterious buyer is Mr. Skyler!"

Aveline said, "But, Mr. Skyler already has a house here."

Russell replied, "I don't mind having more houses."

Aveline was at a loss for words. She suddenly didn't know what to say.

Selena said, "Let's not stand around. Let's go up and check out the place."

Russell nodded. "Alright."

Aveline had no choice but to follow. As soon as they stepped out of the elevator, they saw Lucas standing at the door, entering a password.

"What is he doing here?" Selena frowned.

Aveline took a step forward. "What are you doing here?"

Lucas turned around, his suit jacket draped over his arm. His handsome, sharp face was cold and noble, and his eyes glanced indifferently at them. His voice was low and magnetic. "I'm going home." Aveline frowned. "This isn't your home. Don't come here anymore!"

Selena snorted from the side. "How shameless."

Chapter 134

Lucas shot a cold glance at Selena.

Selena felt a chill run through her and instinctively looked away.

Lucas's icy gaze then fell on Russell, but it was just a fleeting glance before he turned to Aveline and asked, "Bringing strange men into our home without my permission, isn't that inappropriate?"

Aveline laughed out of anger. "This is my house. Why should I need your permission to bring friends over?"

With one hand in his pocket, Lucas maintained his cold, noble demeanor. "Have we divorced?"

Aveline pressed her lips together.

Lucas continued, "Since we haven't divorced, you're still my wife. Your house is marital property, which means what's yours is also mine."

Suppressing her anger, Aveline replied coldly, "Do I really have to spell it out for you?"

Lucas looked at her with a faint, mocking smile. "What? Do you want to argue in front of everyone? Are you sure you want to air our marital issues in public?"

Aveline was speechless.

Shameless!

Did he still remember they were married?

Selena, unable to hold back, finally said, "If you hadn't been such a jerk, Ave might have already married someone else by now!"

"Is that so?" Lucas's tone turned even colder.

Aveline sensed a dangerous vibe and wanted to say something, but Lucas suddenly grabbed her, pulling her close and kissing her. Aveline's eyes widened in shock!

Selena, utterly incredulous, pointed at Lucas. "You... you... you're shameless!"

Lucas kissed Aveline hard, then looked at Selena with a smirk. "How is kissing my wife shameless?"

"You!"

Selena was so furious she couldn't speak!

Aveline pushed him away forcefully, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. "What is wrong with you?"

Lucas's gaze darkened as he watched her, then he turned to Russell. "Since you're here, Mr. Skyler, why not come in and have a seat?"

Russell's lips curled into a wicked smile. "If Mr. Tudor is inviting. I certainly will."

Aveline's heart leaped.

She hadn't forgotten his warning in the bathtub last night to stay away from Russell, yet today he was inviting Russell into the house? Something was definitely wrong! Aveline quickly turned to Russell. "It's not a good time today. Maybe you should go."

Russell smiled at her. "It's fine."

Aveline insisted, "It's not fine."

Russell raised an eyebrow.

Selena also sensed something was off. "Mr. Skyler, perhaps another day. We should leave."

Aveline immediately gave Selena a grateful look.

Friends to the rescue!

Seeing Aveline's earnest expression, Russell nodded. "Alright, call me if you need anything."

He then turned and left with Selena.

Watching them enter the elevator, Aveline finally breathed a sigh of relief. In the next second, she felt a tug on her collar.

Lucas grabbed her and pulled her into the apartment. Once inside, he shut the door and pressed her against it.

His handsome, sharp face was now cold and dark. "Aveline, did you ignore my warning?"

Aveline, still angry, shoved him hard. "Do you think your words are law? Why should I listen to you?"

Lucas laughed angrily, his eyes filled with a dangerous light.

"You asked for this."

He took a step towards her, then bent down and hoisted her over his shoulder, heading straight for the bedroom.

Chapter 135

"What are you doing? Put me down!"

Aveline was shocked. What had gotten into this man again?

Lucas quickly walked into the bedroom, tossing her onto the bed. Before she could get up, he leaned over, his heavy body pinning her down, his gaze dark and intense.

"What are you doing, Lucas?"

Aveline's chest heaved with anger, her beautiful eyes burning with fury.

Lucas looked at her coldly. "Didn't I tell you to stay away from Russell? What were you thinking today, bringing him here? If I hadn't happened to show up, what were you planning to do?" Aveline found him completely unreasonable!

She struggled fiercely. "Lucas, stop being crazy! Russell and I are friends. What's wrong with bringing a friend over?"

She dared not mention that she was selling the house. If he knew, he might tear her heart apart!

This man, when he lost his mind, was capable of anything!

Lucas stared at her intensely. Her face had turned a delicate shade of red from her efforts.

She wasn't wearing any makeup, but the blush added a touch of color to her face. However, her lips were a bit pale.

With that thought, he suddenly kissed her.

He bit and nipped at her lips until they were the color he desired.

The kiss was sudden and fierce B

was happening, he had pulled away, watching her lips with interest.

Aveline closed her eyes and suddenly stopped struggling, her tone flat. "You come here every day. Doesn't Miss Winter get mad?" Lucas frowned. "She knows my feelings, so she won't get mad."

Aveline responded, "Wow, she's truly understanding, isn't she?" Lucas snapped, "What do you mean by that sarcastic tone?" Aveline suddenly looked at him seriously. "Lucas, does she really like you?"

Lucas's lips pressed into a tight line.

Aveline continued, "I don't believe a girl who likes a man would -tolerate him entangling with another girl. I suspect Miss Winter

doesn't like you, or she wouldn't be so calm about this."

Lucas stared straight at her. "So, you like me, which is why you mind Sophia's presence so much."

Aveline felt the urge to roll her eyes. "Lucas, if you had said that to me a month ago, I would have agreed because I really did like you then. But now, I feel nothing." Lucas's expression darkened. "What did you say?"

Aveline looked at him calmly. "I said, I don't like you anymore."

Every disappointment had chipped away at her feelings for him. Once enough disappointments accumulated, she naturally had no feelings left.

"Is that so?"

Lucas suddenly smiled. "But your body still likes me."

Without waiting for her response, he kissed her again.

His fingers quietly unbuttoned her shirt, his touch finding her smooth, fair skin. Beneath the fully opened collar, her chest bore the ambiguous marks he had left last night.

Aveline widened her eyes, but she didn't struggle. She forced herself to stay calm. "Yes, my body likes you. Even though your character is terrible, your body is still appealing" Laucas's actions stopped abruptly. His narrow eyes gazed deeply at her.

Chapter 136

Aveline looked at him calmly, raising an eyebrow. "Not continuing?"

Lucas suddenly scoffed coldly and stood up, leaving the room.

As she heard the door slam loudly, Aveline let out a deep breath.

She was really afraid and didn't know how she could defend herself if he continued. It was like last night; she had no way to resist

But she didn't want this.

He had feelings for Sophia, and she didn't want to be entangled with him any further.

She just hoped to get through this month safely.

By then, she would definitely get a divorce!

The next day.

After work, Aveline was about to leave when someone blocked her path with a smile. "Mrs. Tudor, I'm the butler of the estate. Madam Yvonne asked me to take you to the estate for dinner."

Yvonne?

Aveline was puzzled. "Why did Madam Yvonne suddenly invite me?" Did Lucas know about this?

The butler smiled and said, "Mr. Lucas hasn't been back for a while. Mr. Frederick and Madam

Yvonne miss him very much, so they wanted to invite you over. Mr. Lucas is still busy, but he will come later. Please come with me first."

Aveline took out her phone. "Please wait a moment."

But the butler said, "Mrs. Tudor, Madam Yvonne invited you. Please don't refuse and make it difficult for me."

For some reason, Aveline felt pressured.

She couldn't offend Lucas, let alone the Tudor family.

She nodded and got into the car with the butler.

Sitting in the car, she sent a message to Lucas.

However, there was no immediate reply. She pressed her lips together, feeling that this visit to the Tudor residence was not a good thing.

Her previous experience flashed in her mind. The Tudors didn't like her and preferred Sophia.

What was the purpose of this invitation?

Feeling uneasy, Aveline soon arrived at the Tudor residence. The grand and luxurious estate came into view, but she had no interest in admiring the scenery. Entering the villa, Aveline saw quite a few wealthy ladies in the living room.

Instinctively, she turned back, only to find that the butler had already left.

She was momentarily stunned.

"Hey, that maid over there, come and take my bag."

A middle-aged lady glanced at Aveline.

Aveline paused and said, "I'm not a maid."

Crystal Ross, who had been invited for tea, was taken aback to be refused by someone she assumed was a maid. She placed her teacup on the table with a loud clatter.

"Where's the butler? How are the maids trained here? Such a lack of manners!"

But the butler didn't appear; he had seemingly disappeared.

Aveline walked directly to a nearby sofa, ignoring Crystal's words.

"So rude!" Crystal insulted her without reservation.

Aveline's brow furrowed, and she pressed her lips together, remaining silent.

At that moment, a little boy ran over, looked at Aveline, and suddenly raised his hand. He had a toy gun and pointed it at Aveline's eyes, pretending to shoot.

"I'll kill you!"

Aveline was startled and quickly dodged, instinctively raising her hand to protect herself.

Unexpectedly, the boy suddenly sat on the floor and began to cry loudly.

His crying drew the attention of the other wealthy ladies. Crystal, seeing her grandson crying, immediately got up and asked, "What happened? Why are you on the floor?" The boy, still crying, pointed at Aveline. "She pushed me, Grandma. She hit me. Waaaaa!"

Aveline quickly stood up. "I did not."

Crystal looked at her with a fierce expression and raised her hand to slap Aveline.

Chapter 137

Aveline directly grabbed Crystal's wrist, her clear eyes now tinged with coldness. "I told you, it wasn't me!"

Crystal forcefully shook off her hand. "He's only seven. Could he lie? Not only are you an ill-mannered maid, but you are also cruel to harm a child!"

The little boy cried his heart out.

Anyone witnessing this scene would think Aveline had bullied the boy.

The people around looked at Aveline with disdain and contempt.

Aveline instantly became the target of everyone's blame.

"What happened?"

At that moment, Yvonne appeared, looking at everyone with a puzzled expression.

Crystal pointed at Aveline. "Is she your maid? When I came in, I asked her to help me with my bag, but she ignored me. Then she hit my grandson. Look at him crying. She must be so cruel to bully a child!" When Yvonne heard this, she seemed surprised by the situation.

She frowned and glanced sympathetically at the boy. "Don't cry, look what I have here. It's candy."

She took out a lollipop and handed it to the boy.

The boy immediately took it. "Thank you, Madam."

"Such a good boy."

Yvonne smiled indulgently and then looked at Aveline.

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"Aveline, he's just a child. Why argue with him? Apologize, and this will be over, alright?"

Yvonne smiled warmly but did not clarify Aveline's identity, tacitly agreeing with Crystal's assumption.

Aveline looked at her in disbelief. "Madam, I didn't hit him. He sat on the ground himself."

Yvonne said, "He's so young. Could he falsely accuse you?"

Aveline felt a suffocating sense of oppression enveloping her. She stared at Yvonne.

Yvonne maintained a graceful and kind smile, exuding and nobility, yet she convicted Aveline without understanding the situation.

Was Yvonne deliberately trying to embarrass her? But why?

Aveline couldn't understand, but she would never admit to something she didn't do.

"I didn't do it."

Aveline's gaze fell on the little boy's face. "Did I touch you?"

Meeting her eyes, the boy shrank back in fear, and he continued to
cry.

"Waaah, Grandma, she glared at me! She's so mean!"

The heart-wrenching cries echoed throughout the living room!

Aveline couldn't believe her eyes. A seven-year-old boy acting like this?

Crystal became even angrier. "You didn't apologize after hitting him, and now you dare to threaten my grandson in front of me? Madam Tudor, this maid is shameless! Hand her over to me if you

can't handle her, and I'll deal with her myself!"

Yvonne's expression grew more serious. "Aveline, apologize, and this will be over. If Mrs. Ross takes you away, things will get complicated."

Aveline's expression remained cold. Dressed plainly, she stood out from the others, yet there was an air of pride about her.

"I didn't do it."

"Someone, take her away!" Crystal, feeling enraged, called for the bodyguards.

The bodyguards stepped forward and grabbed Aveline's arm. She looked at Yvonne with a puzzled expression.

Yvonne frowned. "Aveline, why are you so stubborn? Is it so hard to apologize?"

"If she didn't do it, why should she apologize?"

As the tension in the living room mounted, a deep, magnetic voice rang out. Everyone turned to see Lucas' tall and imposing figure walking in from the doorway.

Chapter 138

As soon as Lucas entered, his gaze landed on Aveline. Seeing the two bodyguards holding her, his expression turned icy.

"Let go."

His tone was cold, surrounded by a powerful and chilling aura.

The two bodyguards instinctively released her and looked over at Crystal.

Crystal, seeing him, immediately said, "Lucas, you're just in time. This maid not only ignored my words but also hit my grandson. How are we going to resolve this?"

Lucas ignored Crystal's words and went straight to Aveline, his eyes fixed on her. "Are you okay?"

Aveline's heart trembled slightly. She shook her head. "I'm fine. I didn't hit him."

"I know," Lucas said quickly and confidently.

At that moment, Aveline's heart settled.

Regardless of their past conflicts, at least for now, he was on her side.

Aveline lowered her gaze, suppressing the emotions that surged within her.

Crystal's brows furrowed deeply as she watched this scene.

The onlookers were also quite surprised.

Wasn't this woman a maid of the Tudor family?

Why was Lucas treating her so kindly?

Could they be having an inappropriate relationship?

Lucas's sharp eyes turned to Crystal, his voice cold. "Mrs. Ross,

you're getting on in years, so you should avoid going out too much. This is my wife, Aveline Young."

Crystal's face turned pale from shock!

The surrounding people collectively gasped.

This woman was Lucas' wife!

Crystal took a deep breath and said, "Even if she is your wife, she

still hit my grandson. Does her status mean this matter will be brushed off? Is this how the Tudor family handles things?"

Lucas's narrow eyes fell on the little boy's face. The boy, hiding behind Crystal, peeked out at them.

Meeting Lucas' cold gaze, the boy immediately trembled.

"Did she hit you?" Lucas asked in a deep voice.

The little boy looked like he was about to cry, but Lucas' eyes grew colder, and the boy was too scared to cry.

Clutching his candy tightly, he moved his lips but didn't say anything.

Lucas said coolly, "Children who lie will see their noses grow long, and none of their friends will like them anymore."

"No!" the boy immediately blurted out.

Crystal quickly knelt down. "My dear grandson, don't be fooled by him. Did she hit you or not?"

The boy sobbed, "No.. I don't like her because she ignored you, so I wanted to shoot her..."

Crystal's expression changed rapidly, flushing red with anger, then. turning pale with shock, and finally darkening with embarrassment.

The people around were also stunned by the sudden turn of events..

At this moment, Yvonne spoke up, "So it was a misunderstanding. Children have poor memories and can easily get things wrong. Alright, since it's a misunderstanding, let's move on and continue.

our tea."

She then turned to Lucas. "Lucas, it's good you're back. Your father is waiting for you in the study upstairs. You should go up."

Aveline's expression turned cold.

Earlier, Yvonne hadn't mentioned her identity and insisted on an apology. Now that the issue was resolved, Yvonne stepped in as a mediator.

What if Lucas hadn't come back?

Would Yvonne have just watched as Crystal's people dragged her out?

Crystal's expression softened a bit as she turned to leave with the boy in her arms.

"What's the rush?" Lucas's cold voice rang out again.

Yvonne's expression became more serious. "Lucas, what are you planning to do? The Ross family has long

Chapter 139

Lucas' eyes were filled with a layer of cold indifference as he glanced

at Yvonne.

Yvonne felt a sudden weight on her shoulders, an invisible pressure enveloping her. Her eyes flickered, and she said no more.

Crystal's face was grim. "What do you want to do?"

Surely, Lucas wasn't going to make her apologize to Aveline? Was he crazy? What was her status compared to Aveline's? Did Aveline deserve it?

Lucas cast a cold glance at Crystal before turning his gaze to the little boy.

"Come here."

Crystal held the boy tightly. "Lucas, what are you going to do? Are you planning to harm a child?"

Lucas looked at her coolly. "Do you think I'm like you?"

"You!"

Crystal's face turned livid.

But she knew that today's incident was her fault. She couldn't be too aggressive. She almost wished Lucas would force her to apologize to Aveline, as it would escalate the issue to a conflict between the Tudor

The little boy, cowering in Crystal's arms, looked at Lucas in fear, not daring to move.

Lucas' dark eyes grew colder. "Are you a man? A man takes responsibility for his mistakes."

The boy immediately broke free from Crystal's embrace and walked

toward Lucas.

Crystal held her breath, watching Lucas intently, afraid he might harm her precious grandson.

Lucas crouched down and pointed at Aveline beside him. "She didn't hit you, but you said she did. Were you lying?"

The boy nodded timidly.

Lucas' voice was stern. "When you make a mistake, shouldn't you apologize?"

The boy blinked, tears streaming down his face, but he held back his sobs and looked at Aveline.

"I'm... I'm sorry..."

Lucas patted his head. "Taking responsibility for your actions is what makes you a man."

The little boy's chest puffed out unconsciously.

Lucas stood up, his presence radiating a cold, chilling aura. He looked at Crystal coolly. "Well-

mannered people address issues directly and don't make baseless accusations. My wife does this very well; she never admits to things she hasn't done."

With that, he took Aveline's hand and led her out.

This was Lucas indirectly accusing Crystal of being ill-mannered!

Crystal was furious!

"Yvonne, look at him! How can he treat me like this? I am his senior!"

Yvonne sighed helplessly. "Mrs. Ross, I'm just a stepmother. What can I say?"

Crystal was so angry she couldn't breathe properly, her face looking

extremely unpleasant.

The onlookers, who had heard that Lucas had returned after being missing for a year, had not yet interacted with him. Today, they realized how difficult he was to deal with! After all, this was just a small issue caused by a child's mischief, yet he made such a big deal out of it. He was clearly not someone to be trifled with.

Outside the Tudor family villa, the beautiful and intricate scenery of the estate came into view, but Aveline had no time to admire it.

Her gaze fell on their intertwined hands, and she pressed her lips together.

After their previous unpleasant parting, she thought he wouldn't care about her anymore. His attitude this time left her quite surprised. He stood up for her.

Did this mean he had feelings for her?

Realizing what she was thinking, Aveline was momentarily stunned, and her expression turned cold.

Chapter 140

What was she thinking?

Was she actually wondering if he cared about her and if he had feelings for her?

She must be crazy.

Lucas would do anything for Sophia. He helped her today only because he didn't want her gone so soon, leaving no one to shield Sophia.

After all, it would be hard to find another fool like her.

Aveline took a deep breath and then pulled her hand away.

By this time, they had reached the gates of the estate.

Lucas turned back to look at her, his expression unreadable.

Aveline said calmly, "Thank you for today."

Then she turned to leave.

But Lucas grabbed her wrist, his brow furrowing. "That's it?"

Aveline smiled slightly. "What else?"

Lucas' lips pressed into a straight line. He pulled her wrist, bringing her close to him.

They were so close that their breaths mingled on each other's faces.

Aveline felt uncomfortable with the proximity. Given their current situation, it felt too intimate.

She stepped back. "Lucas, what do you want from me? I'm grateful to you, but that's all."

Lucas's expression instantly turned cold. "Aveline, why are you being so ungrateful?"

Aveline looked down slightly. "If we had divorced early on, these things wouldn't be happening to me."

She raised her eyes to meet his. "Madam Yvonne is dissatisfied with you, so she targets me. Lucas, I'm suffering because of you." Lucas' face darkened further.

He had rushed over after seeing her message, only to hear this from

her?

His enthusiasm was crushed, leaving him feeling completely deflated.

As he looked at her overly calm face, Lucas suddenly let out a low laugh.

Aveline frowned. "Why are you laughing?"

Lucas said, "Aveline, you should say something nice to me. If I'm in a good mood, maybe I'll finalize the divorce with you tomorrow. But if you keep saying things that upset me, I won't let you go. And then Alfred will keep coming after you. Next time, without my help, how will you get away unscathed?"

"You!"

Aveline's eyes widened slightly, shocked at his shamelessness!

Her cheeks flushed with anger as she tried to pull her hand away, but he held on tightly.

"Behave yourself!"

Lucas wrapped his other arm around her waist and led her towards the car.

"If you want to die quickly, just keep struggling and arguing with

me."

With those words, Aveline fell silent instantly.

She needed to stay calm.

They were at the entrance of the Tudor estate, and every move they made might be watched. If they made a scene now, the people targeting him might come after her again, and next time it could be even worse.

Aveline pressed her lips together, remaining silent until she was seated in the passenger seat. Her face turned completely cold.

Lucas placed one hand on the steering wheel and used the other to grip her chin, forcing her to look at him.

"Aveline, did you hear what I said? Say something nice to make me happy or do something that pleases me."

Aveline looked at him without much expression. "If I do, will you divorce me immediately?"

Lucas's eyes darkened. "Maybe."

Aveline's long lashes fluttered. He might be toying with her, but she was genuinely afraid of facing such dangerous days ahead. She leaned over and kissed the corner of his lips.