

Divorced Me 161

Chapter 161

As soon as Selena thought of Aaron, she couldn't help but think of Lucas, that jerk. In her mind, anyone who could be friends with Lucas couldn't be much better in terms of

character!

Selena let out a cold laugh. "If you want to sue me, go ahead. I'm done with you!"

With that, she hung up the phone and blocked Aaron's number.

In the hospital, Aaron stared at his phone, baffled.

Was he just a victim of misdirected anger?

Lucas did it, not him. What did it have to do with him?

Aaron sighed helplessly, then tried to send Selena a message, only to find out she had blocked him.

Aaron fell silent.

This woman was a bit too much!

He let out a cold laugh and found another number, dialing it directly. "I need you to do something for me."

Afraid that something might happen to Aveline, Selena stayed with her at Maple Garden. However, in the afternoon, she received a call from her boss.

"Selena, I heard you hit Mr. Aaron?"

Her boss' voice was trembling.

Selena's face darkened. "How do you know that?"

Her boss replied, "How do I know? Mr. Aaron's people came to the office today and said you need to take responsibility. Selena, didn't you take leave to care for him? Where are you now? I'm telling you, if you

!!

After yelling, her boss hung up the phone.

Selena was speechless.

Her face was flushed with anger.

She knew he was no good!

He actually went to her company!

"What's wrong?" Aveline's hoarse voice came from behind.

Selena quickly turned around to see Aveline leaning against the doorframe. She had just woken up after sleeping for most of the day, looking much better than before.

"It's nothing, just a prank call!" Selena said cheerfully as she walked over. "How are you feeling now?"

Aveline replied, "Hungry."

Selena laughed. "I'll order takeout. Just wait a bit."

Aveline smiled and went to get some water.

After placing the order, Selena said, "Was it Aaron who called you just now?"

Selena paused. "How did you know?"

Beine responded. He won the you off so easily. Selem... my station is already chartic enough You can't afford to get in the After we eat war should go back." Selena was reluctant. "I don't want to go back. Whenever i see him. I can't help but think of Lucas. I'm afraid' st

stay and stat him."

Aveline laughed at her "It's okay to have such thoughts, but

DO

www can't act on them. Please listen to me. chap."

Sering Aveline's sill somewhat swollen eves. Selema eventually relented. "Arent. I listen to you."

The two girls shared a smile.

Selena resumed to the hospital in the evening

Aaron was sitting in his wheelidair with an unpleasant look on his face while a caregiver was adjusting his pants.

When Selena walked in, Aaron immediately said, "Oh, you're

Selena retorted, "Does your family know how despicable you

Aaron wasn't fazed by her taunt. He raised an eyebrow and said, "As long as I achieve my goal, it's a good tactic. Do you agree?"

Selena took a deep breath, restraining herself from snapping his neck

Aaron added, "Take good care of me. If I'm in a good mood, I

might say a few good things about your friend to Lucas. Otherwise..."

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Selena gave him a strange look. "Are you really that kind-hearted?"

Aaron didn't respond, only looked at her with a half-smile.

Selena thought for a while and finally calmed down. Clearing her friend's name was the most important thing now. If Aaron could really help, maybe there was hope.

"I'll help you," Selena said, noticing his disheveled belt. She moved closer and began to adjust it with her fingers.

As she leaned in, a faint fragrance from her perfume wafted to Aaron's nose. He stared at her face and suddenly said, "Actually, you'd be a good fit for the entertainment industry. Have you ever considered it?" Selena finished adjusting the belt and stepped back. "I'm not interested in fame."

When she moved away, the scent disappeared, leaving Aaron with a surprising sense of loss. His eyes flickered for a moment before he said, "My offer still stands. If you change your mind, let me know. I can m

Selena smiled. "Thanks."

Aaron fell silent.

Aveline went to the police station to inquire about the food test results.

She still couldn't understand why she didn't get poisoned even though she had eaten the same food.

However, when she arrived at the station, she was told the results were not ready yet.

Disappointed, Aveline walked out. The sky had darkened, and thick clouds rolled across the horizon, pressing down like a weight on her heart.

The heavy gloom completely enveloped her as she walked. along the roadside, somewhat lost in thought.

Just then, the roar of a motorcycle engine sounded behind her.

"Watch out!"

Someone suddenly pulled her to the side by her arm.

The motorcycle zoomed past her, and if she hadn't been pulled away in time, it would have definitely hit her.

"Thank you..."

Aveline, still shaken, turned to express her gratitude.

To her surprise, the person who had pulled her to safety was Russell.

"Mr. Skyler, it's you."

Russell's brows furrowed. He had dyed his hair again, this time pure white. His exquisite features and mischievous eyes made him look like a handsome character straight out of a comic book.

"What's wrong with you? How can you be so lost in thought while walking?" Russell asked, looking at her with concern.

Aveline's long eyelashes fluttered as she said, "I was just thinking about some things."

Russell responded, "You need to be more careful in the future. If something really happens, it might be too late."

Aveline nodded. "Alright, I understand. By the way, what are you doing here?"

Russell raised his chin and pointed in a direction, "A friend of mine got into some trouble, so I came to get him out."

Not far away, a few men were gathered, smoking and occasionally glancing over at them.

Aveline said, "Oh, I see. I won't hold you up then. I'll get going."

"Wait..." Russell stopped her. "You haven't told me what's going on. You look terrible. What happened?"

Aveline didn't want to talk about it or involve Russell in her troubles. Things were already bad enough, and if he got involved, it could take an unpredictable turn. "It's nothing," Aveline replied.

Russell narrowed his eyes slightly and then said, "Alright, but if something comes up, you can tell me. Maybe I can help. By the way, are you still selling your house?"

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Aveline paused, realizing she had almost forgotten about the house. She shook her head. "I'm not selling it for now."

Russell nodded, his eyes fixed on her as if he had more to say.

Aveline said, "I'll go now. Goodbye."

"Alright," Russell replied, turning to walk back toward the group of men.

Aveline exhaled a deep breath and headed in the opposite direction. Her only hope now was the test results. Until they came out, she couldn't clear her name. All she could do was

wait.

After walking for a few minutes, she heard the sound of a car engine behind her. Remembering what had happened earlier, she moved to the side to avoid any accidents.

“Beep!”

The car slowed down next to her and honked. Aveline turned in surprise to see Russell's handsome, delicate face peering out from the car. He had one hand resting on the window, smiling slightly.

"Get in. I'll give Aveline was taken aback. She had thought he left, but it turned out he had gone to get his car.

"Mr. Skyler, that's really not necessary. I live nearby. I can walk," Aveline politely declined.

Russell insisted, "I'm heading home too. It's on the way. Besides, there's no need to be so polite with me unless you don't consider me a friend."

His words left Aveline no room to refuse. He had saved her life earlier, after all. It would be rude to turn him down now.

Aveline smiled at him. "Thank you, then."

She opened the passenger door and got in. Russell started the car and drove toward Maple Garden, his movements casual and relaxed. His exquisite face bore a faint, mischievous smile.

"I heard Lucas was poisoned," Russell said.

Aveline was surprised, "How did you know?"

Russell replied, "Cloudflare City is small, and the social circles are even smaller. Unless something is deliberately hidden, it's easy to find out about it."

He glanced at her. "Is that why you're upset?"

Aveline nodded lightly.

Russell said, "Actually, I'm quite curious. How did you and Lucas end up together? I don't mean anything by it, but both of you come from such different backgrounds that your lives shouldn't have intersected." Aveline paused, then gave a bitter smile. "Maybe it was fate."

Russell raised an eyebrow.

Aveline continued, "But it's all in the past now. People need to look forward."

Russell nodded. "You're right."

They soon arrived at Maple Garden.

Aveline unbuckled her seatbelt. Thank you."

Russell rested one hand on the steering wheel, a faint smile on his lips. "If you don't mind, I'd prefer if you didn't treat me so formally. You can call me Russ like everyone else."

Aveline hesitated. "That... doesn't seem right."

Russell raised an eyebrow. "But when you call me Mr. Skyler, it makes me feel like I'm seventy or eighty years old."

Aveline's lips twitched, and she finally gave in. "Alright, Russ."

Russell's face relaxed into a smile. "Good. If you need anything, just let me know. Calling me Russ won't be for nothing."

A warm feeling filled Aveline's heart. "Alright, Russ. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Aveline turned and went upstairs.

Russell watched her until she disappeared, then rolled up the window and dialed a number. "Investigate what's going on with the Tudor family."

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"Russ, why are you suddenly interested in the Tudor family's affairs?" the person on the other end of the line asked in

surprise.

Russell replied slowly, "The old man wants me to show some real results. I've decided to work on that."

The other person was even more surprised. "Russ, you're actually considering going back to the Skyler family? I thought you weren't interested."

Russell replied, "I'm interested now. Is that a problem?"

"No, no problem at all! Russ, just wait. I'll find out everything soon!"

After hanging up the phone, a dark glint flashed in Russell's eyes. What exactly was going on?

The image of Aveline's pale face flashed through his mind, and he tightened his grip on the steering wheel.

Aveline had been waiting for two days, but the test results still hadn't come back. That morning, she went to work as usual, only to be surprised to find Desmond at her door.

Aveline asked in confusion, "What's going on?"

Desmond gave her a professional smile and handed her a document. "This is a divorce agreement. Mr. Tudor has already signed it. Once you sign it, the agreement will take effect, and your marriage to Mr. Tudor will be dissolved."

Aveline's expression froze, and her grip on the doorknob tightened, her knuckles turning white.

The divorce she had longed for had come, but at this moment, she didn't know whether to be happy or sad.

She scoffed. "Lucas, you're really ruthless."

He falsely accused her, and now he wanted to throw her away and blame everything on her.

He had another thing coming!

"Let me see it."

Aveline reached out her hand.

Desmond handed her the divorce agreement, thinking that once she signed it, his task for the day would be complete.

Aveline carefully read through the document, then suddenly raised her hand and tore the agreement to shreds!

Desmond was shocked. "Miss Young, what are you doing...?"

Hadn't she been eager to get a divorce? Now that she could finally have her wish, why was she tearing up the agreement?

Aveline's eyes glinted with cold light. "I will divorce him, but not now. I didn't poison him, and I will prove my innocence. He must apologize to me. Otherwise, I will never agree to the divorce!" Trying to pin all the blame on her and then dump her? No way!

Aveline tossed the shredded paper into the trash and headed

straight to work, closing the door behind her.

Desmond was left stunned.

Now had things gone so differently from what he expected?

At the hospital, Laicas' handsome, sharp face darkened as he listened to Desmond's report.

Aaron commented, "She's a stubborn person. After what you said to her, of course, she was furious,"

Laicas' lips parted slightly. "Keep sending the papers until she agrees to sign."

"Yes, Mr. Tudor," Desmond replied.

Aaron chuckled from the side. First, she wanted a divorce, and you refused. Now you want a divorce, and she refuses, Are you two playing a game?"

Lucas' gaze shifted to his laptop. As soon as he started recovering, he began handling work again.

He didn't respond to Aaron's comment and instead asked, "How's the investigation going?"

Aaron's expression grew more serious. "The other side covered their tracks well. We haven't found anything suspicious yet. Laicas, could it be that we're looking in the wrong direction?" A "Impossible," Lucas replied coldly, "To achieve his goals, he'll stop at nothing. Either you haven't found anything yet, or he has hidden it very well."

surviving."

Aaron took a bite of an apple. "True. He used every trick in

the book to try to kill you. You really have a knack for

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Aveline found herself isolated at work. She was removed from the project team collaborating with Brighton

Enterprises since the project was nearing completion and her presence was no longer required.

When Aveline was informed of this, she wasn't surprised. She remained calm, focusing on her daily tasks. However, her colleagues also noticed her isolation, and those who used to curry favor with her began to distance

themselves. This newfound solitude actually brought her some peace.

Around noon, a deliveryman approached, calling out, "A package for Aveline Young!"

Aveline paused. She hadn't ordered anything, so where was this package coming from? She took it from the deliveryman

a small box that rattled lightly when shaken. The sender was anonymous.

Hesitant, she decided not to open it immediately. Given her previous experiences of being stalked, dragged into the woods, and receiving bloody photos, she wasn't about to open an unknown package without

Leaving the package on her desk, she headed to the cafeteria for lunch. Before she could finish eating, a colleague rushed over, pale-

faced, and said, "Aveline, you need to go back and check your desk right now."

Aveline's heart skipped a beat. "What happened?"

The colleague seemed terrified, unable to articulate clearly, "

1... I can't explain. You should see for yourself. It's really scary!"

Frowning, Aveline put down her spoon and hurried back to her office.

She found a group of people gathered around her desk, some looking pale, others showing disgust.

"What is that?"

"How could something like this be here?"

"What did Aveline do to deserve receiving such a disgusting thing?"

Aveline listened to the surrounding chatter, her expression growing more serious.

"Let me through," she said.

At the sound of her voice, the crowd parted, revealing the opened package on her desk.

"Aveline, you came just in time. Look at what someone sent you!"

"Yeah, it's disgusting. Did you offend someone, Aveline?"

"Aveline, maybe you should take a few days off. If we keep getting things like this at work, how can we even do our jobs?"

Aveline ignored their comments and walked over to the desk. She glanced inside the package, her face turning white. She quickly covered her mouth and rushed to the restroom to vomit. Inside the package was a dismembered cat. Not only

dismembered but skinned, with its organs placed beside it in a horrific display of brutality.

Aveline vomited until there was nothing left in her stomach, and only then did she feel slightly better.

She returned to the office, her voice cold, "Who opened it?" Everyone looked at each other, but no one spoke.

Zoe sneered. "Ugh, why haven't you gotten rid of that disgusting thing? Are you trying to disrupt our work?"

Aveline took out her phone. "If no one speaks up, I'll call the police. Opening my package without permission is an invasion of privacy. I'm sure you don't want to deal with the police."

Her words caused a stir, and everyone looked toward Zoe.

Zoe's face stiffened. "Aveline, is this necessary? So, what if I looked at your package? Why call the police? Did you put that thing in there to scare everyone? Otherwise, why wouldn't you let us see it?"

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Aveline looked at her coldly. "You touched my things without permission and then made such a fuss about it. Don't you have any sense of shame?"

Zoe's face darkened. "How dare you insult me?"

"If you say another word, it won't just be an insult," Aveline replied coldly.

Zoe's face grew uglier, and she immediately went to find the manager.

Gwen Scoot, the manager arrived quickly. When she saw what was inside the package, her expression changed. instantly. She turned to Aveline and asked, "Is this yours?"

Aveline's expression remained cold. "What do you mean?"

Gwen said, "Why bring such disgusting things to the office? If you don't want to work, do you expect others to not work as well?"

Previously, Gwen wouldn't have dared to speak to Aveline like this. Not only because she was responsible for Brighton Enterprises' projects but also because of the boss' ambiguous attitude towards her. Today, however, Gwen received a notification from Desmond himself, instructing her to remove Aveline from the project

team.

She was shocked!

When she politely inquired further, Desmond hung up

without a word.

She guessed that Aveline might have fallen out of favor and that the boss had lost interest in her. This change in status explained the Gwen's new attitude.

Aveline frowned. "This package was sent to me by someone else. I didn't know it contained such things. Besides, she

touched my belongings without permission. Why aren't you addressing that?"

Gwen paused and then looked at Zoe. "Why did you touch her things? Don't you find it inauspicious?"

Zoe immediately smiled triumphantly. "Yes, I won't touch her things again."

Gwen turned to Aveline with a stern expression. "Dispose of such disgusting things immediately. If this happens again, you won't need to come back!"

Aveline clenched her hands. She clearly felt targeted. She glanced at the package on the table, her face turning pale again. She grabbed a nearby bag to cover it, then took it and threw it into the trash can. Returning to her workstation, Aveline's hands and feet were still cold. Was this package from the same person who sent her that message last time? And was it the same person who tried to harm her before? Before she could think further, someone dumped a pile of documents in front of her. "Take care of these."

Aveline frowned. "These aren't my job responsibilities."

The person sneered. "Do you have any other work now? Aren't you part of this office? These tasks are for all of us to

do together. Why are you getting special treatment."

The barrage of questions left Aveline speechless. She indeed had no work left to do. Taking a deep breath, she grabbed the documents and started working on them.

Once someone started, the floodgates opened, and soon, all the miscellaneous tasks fell on Aveline. Seeing the growing pile of documents and errands on her desk, Aveline's face turned completely cold. Being abruptly kicked out of the project team, the manager's attitude change, and everyone's opportunistic behavior all pointed to one thing: Lucas was behind this.

Was he tormenting her like this because she refused to divorce him? Aveline's heart sank further. She still couldn't understand why he didn't trust her and believed she was the one who poisoned him. As the end of the workday approached, Aveline finally

finished everything. Just as she stepped out of the company, she saw Desmond standing not far aw

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Aveline paused for a moment before walking straight past without glancing to the side. Desmond took a deep breath and approached her. "Miss Young."

Aveline stopped. "What is it?"

Desmond pulled out a document, a professional smile on his face. "You should sign this. It will be better for both you and Mr. Tudor."

Aveline's expression darkened as she looked at the document in Desmond's hand. "What do you mean? Are you going to bring a new one every day as long as I refuse to sign? And target me in the company?" Desmond replied, "That's how it is, but I didn't instruct anyone to target you."

He couldn't let himself be falsely accused.

Aveline's tone was cold. "If it wasn't you, then it was Lucas. It makes no difference."

Desmond was taken aback. Should he explain that she misunderstood something? He decided against it. Better to inform Lucas first; he wouldn't want to act on his own and displease him.

Desmond handed the document to Aveline. "Miss Young, please sign it."

Aveline took the document.

Desmond tensed, fearing she might tear it up again. Instead, Aveline turned and walked away with the document.

"Hey, Miss Young?"

Desmond was stunned for a moment, then quickly took a few steps to catch up. "Where are you going?"

Aveline responded coldly, "Since it's about the divorce, I should discuss it with him in person."

Desmond hesitated, then asked, "But Mr. Tudor..."

Before he could finish, Aveline got into a taxi.

Desmond sighed and took out his phone, dialing Lucas'

number. "Mr. Tudor, Miss Young is on her way to discuss the divorce with you."

There was no response from Lucas; the call was simply disconnected.

At the hospital.

Aveline arrived outside Lucas' hospital room and was immediately stopped by the bodyguards.

"I'm here to discuss the divorce with him. Go tell him," Aveline said coldly, her eyes looking at the bodyguards.

The two bodyguards exchanged glances, and one of them went inside. After a moment, he returned and gestured for her to enter. Aveline clenched the divorce agreement in her hand and walked into the room.

A nurse passed by her, and as she entered, she saw Sophia sitting by Lucas' bedside, gently wiping the corner of his

mouth.

Lucas didn't refuse, looking at Sophia with soft eyes. The atmosphere between them was intimate and affectionate. This scene hurt Aveline's eyes and broke her heart. She spoke, "Am I interrupting? Did I ruin your secret meeting?"

Sophia frowned. "Miss Young, why are you being so rude? Lucas and I are just friends."

Lucas looked at Aveline, his deep black eyes darkening. Apologize to Sophia."

Aveline retorted, "Should I curse her first? Otherwise, apologizing just like that feels uncomfortable."

"Aveline!" Lucas' voice immediately deepened.

Aveline walked over slowly. "You don't need to shout. I can hear you."

She slapped the divorce agreement onto him. "Lucas, I wanted a divorce so badly before, and you refused. Now you agree?"

This morning, when she saw Desmond delivering the divorce agreement, she wanted to ask him. What was he thinking?

Sophia looked at Lucas with concern. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Lucas replied calmly.

Sophia turned to Aveline. "Miss Young, Lucas didn't do anything to wrong you. You poisoned him, and he didn't pursue it. He's already been more than fair. Why are you treating him like this?"

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Aveline's gaze turned icy. "Do you have any proof?"

Sophia responded, "He got poisoned after eating the food you prepared. What more evidence do you need?"

Aveline retorted, "He bought the ingredients himself. By your logic, could I say he poisoned himself to frame me?"

"You!" Sophia's face darkened. "Miss Young, that's unreasonable!"

Aveline replied, "It's better than twisting the facts."

The tension between them was palpable.

"Enough!" Lucas finally spoke. His handsome, stern

face was dark, and his gaze was cold as he looked at Aveline. "Do you not know why I want a divorce? Aveline, I don't want to be harsh, but you better sign the papers, or else..."

"Or else what?" Aveline stared directly at him, the man she once loved and shared a happy life with, her heart full of mockery. "Are you going to kill me?"

Her voice was light, like a feather landing on Lucas' heart, yet it irritated him for no reason. Wasn't she the one who wanted a divorce? Why was she saying this now?

Lucas' tone grew heavier. "What are you unhappy with about the divorce terms? Just tell me."

Aveline's fingers curled slightly, but her face remained calm as she said, "I won't divorce you until this matter is resolved."

Lucas' frown deepened.

Sophia interjected, "Lucas, if Miss Young is so stubborn, maybe we should take legal action."

Aveline stated, "I've already called the police. Once the investigation results are out, Lucas, you'll regret this."

Sophia was stunned, her eyes flickering.

Lucas turned to Sophia. "You should go home."

Sophia looked worried. "But..."

"It's fine," Lucas reassured her with a look.

Sophia stood up and left the room. Lucas didn't look away until she was gone.

Aveline felt an urge to slap him. Was he that reluctant to let her go? Did he like her that much? What did that make her?

She pulled out a chair and sat down, her clear eyes fixed on him.

Lucas frowned. "What are you looking at?"

"I'm looking at the man I once loved, realizing what a scumbag he turned out to be," Aveline said.

Lucas' face darkened.

After a moment, he spoke. "It's a fact that I got poisoned after eating the food you made."

"And it's a fact that I didn't poison you," Aveline retorted.

"Where's the proof?" Lucas asked.

"The police are still investigating," Aveline replied.

Lucas' gaze deepened. "Aveline, I believe you this time. Sign the papers, and we'll divorce."

Aveline let out a cold laugh. "No."

Lucas was speechless.

He was about to explode with frustration. What was she thinking? Wasn't this a good chance to sever ties with him? Why wouldn't she sign? Why wouldn't she agree to the divorce? She called him a scumbag. Aveline looked into his dark, complex eyes, unable to guess what he was thinking. As she watched his face, she suddenly stood up and moved closer.

Lucas frowned. "What are you doing?"

A bitter smile flashed in Aveline's eyes. "What? I'm your wife. Can't I be close to you?"

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Lucas looked into her clear eyes, noticing her still-pale face. Her expression darkened.

Suddenly, Aveline sat back down. "Forget it. You've already dirtied yourself. I don't like you anymore."

Lucas' voice turned cold. "What did you say?"

Aveline replied, "It's something that was going to happen sooner or later. Is there anything wrong with me saying it now?"

Seeing her indifferent and even apologetic expression, Lucas felt a surge of frustration in his chest.

"Aren't you here to discuss the divorce?" he asked.

Aveline acted as if she had just remembered. "Oh, I almost forgot."

She picked up the divorce agreement, glanced through it, then sneered and tore it up right in front of him.

"I've decided not to divorce," she declared, tossing the shredded paper into the trash. Ignoring Lucas' darkened expression, she turned and walked away.

That's right. She came to provoke him. Why should he dictate whether they divorce or not? Why should he control everything while she suffered all the grievances? She was unwilling to accept it!

As she left the hospital, the sky had already darkened. Despite the busy traffic, Aveline felt a deep sense of loneliness.

HIS BONUS

"Aveline."

A familiar voice called out. Aveline turned to see Yvonne standing not far away, smiling at her. Aveline's guard went up, but she remained polite. "Mrs. Tudor, is there something you need?"

Yvonne asked, "Would you like to have a coffee together?"

Aveline replied, "I'm sorry, it's not a good time right now."

She still remembered the previous incident where Yvonne had turned her into a target, causing her to be troubled by Crystal.

If Lucas hadn't shown up suddenly, she would have been labeled as someone who bullied children.

Yvonne approached, her eyes gentle as she looked at Aveline. "Aveline, are you still upset with me because of what happened before? It was my fault. I truly didn't know that child would lie. I promise you, such As the dignified matriarch of the Tudor family, she had shown Aveline enough respect by lowering herself. If it were someone else, they would have been flattered.

However, Aveline remained calm. "Mrs. Tudor, why not just get to the point? I'm not one for beating around the bush."

Yvonne smiled. "I like your straightforwardness."

She pointed to the café across the street. "Why don't we go there?"

Aveline thought for a moment and nodded. She was curious about what Yvonne wanted to discuss.

In the private room of the café, Yvonne ordered two cups of coffee. Once the waiter left, she smiled at Aveline and asked, "You've been married to Lucas for so long. Haven't you thought about having children?" Aveline replied, "We're still young, there's no rush."

Yvonne said, "That was true before Lucas regained his memory. But now, his situation is different. He represents the entire Tudor family. If you want to be with him, you need to take certain steps." Aveline raised an eyebrow. "Like having a child with him sooner?"

Yvonne countered, "Don't you want to be with him? I can see that you love him."

Aveline chuckled softly. "Are you saying you want to help me?"

Yvonne smiled. "He's still attached to Sophia because she once saved him. If Sophia stops appearing in front of him, his attention will turn to you. Aveline, having a child will give you leverage, and he won't easi

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Aveline said, "That does sound like a solutic

Yvonne's smile deepened. "Actually, I do quite like you. If you and Lucas could stay together, it would be wonderful."

Aveline gave a faint smile. "I'll think about it."

Yvonne nodded. "Alright, if you need anything, just let me know. I will certainly help you.

"Thank you, Mrs. Tudor."

Aveline was polite on the surface, but she suspected Yvonne -might have ulterior motives.

However, given Yvonne's status, Aveline didn't have the leverage to confront her. So, she just went along with

whatever Yvonne said, but whether she would act on it was another matter.

Aveline stood up. "Mrs. Tudor, I need to go home now. Goodbye."

"Alright, take care."

Yvonne smiled and watched her leave, sipping her coffee leisurely. She then took the phone from her lap and pressed the button to end the recording. A dangerous glint flickered in her eyes before quickly disap

When Aveline got home, she received a call from Selena. She put it on speakerphone, chatting with Selena while cooking.

"Ave, you won't believe how annoying Aaron is! He hates olives, but every time he orders a pizza, he asks for extra

olives just so I have to pick them all out! Can you believe that?

Selena was clearly frustrated, her tone suggesting she wished she could tear Aaron to pieces.

Aveline was surprised. "He's that awful?"

Selena exclaimed, "Yes! He's that awful. I can't believe I was so foolish back then. Why didn't I just hit him harder? Why didn't I finish him off?"

Aveline chuckled. "That's not worth it. Going to jail over such a man isn't worth it."

Selena took a deep breath, ready to continue ranting when Aaron's voice could be heard faintly in the background.

"There he goes again. I curse him to never find a girlfriend or true love. He deserves all the bad luck for giving me such a hard time!"

Selena muttered a few more curses before saying, "Ave, I have to go now. Bye!"

"Okay."

Aveline hung up, amused by the call.

Thinking it over, Aveline realized that Aaron was retaliating against Selena for fitting him.

Men could be so petty.

After quickly cooking and eating some pasta, Aveline sat on

the couch. She wanted to watch TV but couldn't stop thinking about how the poisoning incident with Lucas was still unresolved.

She remembered the groceries she had bought; there were still some left in the fridge. She got up, opened the fridge, and took out the vegetables.

But how could she determine which vegetables were poisoned and which were not? She pondered this, considering calling the police, but their testing would take too long. Suddenly, she thought of Russell.

She hesitated for a while, looking at his phone number, before deciding to call him. She didn't have many

connections, and this matter required someone she could

trust.

"Hello?"

The call connected quickly, and Russell's lazy voice came through.

Aveline hesitated, "Russ, are you busy right now?"

Russell replied, "Not busy. What's up?"

Aveline felt a bit embarrassed. "Well, I have something I

need to ask you for help with. It might be a bit troublesome..."

Russell said, "Are you at home now?"

"Oh, yes."

"Open the door in five minutes," Russell responded.