

Divorced Me 181

Chapter 181

Gwen thought she needed to teach that arrogant woman a lesson so she would understand her place.

"Hello?" Desmond answered the call.

Gwen exaggerated Aveline's situation and then tactfully said, "Mr. Blake, Aveline might have changed after securing the collaboration with Brighton Enterprises. I'm at a loss, so I came to you for help. What sho Desmond asked, "Did she request leave?"

Gowen replied, "Yes, she did."

Desmond said, "Then what's the problem?"

Huh?

Gwen was stunned. Was that it? No reprimand? No talk of dismissing Aveline?

What was going on?

Gwen was momentarily unsure and said, "Mr. Blake, this..."

Desmond replied, "She hasn't made any big mistakes or caused the company any harm. There must be a reason she took leave. If you can't manage this, why are you in this role?"

Startled, Gwen quickly said, "I understand, Mr. Blake. I'll handle it. Sorry for bothering you!"

After saying that, she hurriedly hung up the phone!

She initially thought Aveline had fallen out of favor with the

boss and that Desmond would surely punish her, but instead, she was the one reprimanded!

Could it be that the boss still favored Aveline?

Then why did Desmond previously inform her to withdraw Aveline from the Brighton Enterprises project team

Gwen was puzzled but now knew one thing for sure: she couldn't target Aveline anymore, or she might lose her position.

Russell looked at Aveline with a half-smile. "Are you planning to resign? Will you come to work for me?"

Aveline smiled and replied, "I haven't planned to resign yet, but when I encounter injustice, I can't hold back."

Russell laughed. "I like how direct you are."

Then, his captivating eyes met hers, sparkling with warmth and affection.

If it were any other girl, she would have instantly fallen for him.

However, Aveline thought again of Sophia's kidnapping and didn't notice Russell's gaze.

Russell suddenly felt a sense of frustration!

Sitting in front of her, she was thinking about something else?

What was on her mind?

Lucas?

Why would she think about someone like him?

Russell felt a surge of annoyance just as the food began to

arrive.

Aveline collected her thoughts and picked up her fork to eat, only to notice Russell staring at her.

She paused. "Russ, what's wrong?"

Russell suddenly lost his appetite. She could quickly refocus on food, but when it came to him, she thought of another man? Hmph, women!

Russell said, "I suddenly lost my appetite."

Hearing this, Aveline's expression turned serious. "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell? Should we go to the hospital?"

Russell felt a stifled frustration, making him even more irritable.

Could this woman not read the room?

Couldn't she tell he was already annoyed?

Aveline put down her fork. "Russ, let me take you to the hospital."

Russell replied, "...No need, eat, I've got my appetite back."

Aveline was speechless.

Was he really fine?

He kept changing his attitude; was he sure he didn't need to see a doctor?

Seeing her puzzled expression, Russell squinted, "What are you looking at?"

Now she was staring at him, but he didn't understand why she was giving him such a look.

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Aveline smiled slightly at him. "It's nothing. I just wanted to see if you needed to go to the hospital."

Russell replied, "No need."

Aveline picked up her fork again. "Then let's eat first."

She started eating, although she didn't have much of an appetite. There were still many things she needed to deal with.

Russell's charming eyes looked deeply at her, but he didn't say much more.

After the meal, Aveline went to pay the bill, only to be told it had already been paid.

She paused and looked at Russell. "Russ, didn't we agree that I would treat you?"

Russell lazily said, "When you're out with me, there's no way I'd let you pay."

Aveline blinked. "So, can I invite you to meals often in the future?"

Russell's mouth twitched slightly. "Sure."

Aveline smiled, then sat back down.

Russell waved his phone at her. "The video has been sent to your email."

Aveline immediately opened it, and when she saw the girl who bumped into her tampering with the food, her

expression turned serious.

Someone had intentionally poisoned the food to frame her?

Russell said, "You have the evidence now, but I advise you to either report it to the police or give it to Lucas. Don't investigate it yourself. The people involved were not some

her own.

Aveline nodded. "I understand

She was aware that if someone had intended the food to frame her, they must be very powerful

Axeline couldn't figure out what could be

She needed to hand it over to the police and take it to Laas.

First, she had to clear her name

Russell stood up and asked, "where are you headed next? Let

Aveline replied, "I'm going to the police station first, it's not too far from here"

"Alright, I'll take you"

Bussell had already grabbed the keys and left the restaurant

Seeing this, Aveline had no choice but to follow

At the police station, she immediately presented the video, and the police quickly copied it to start investigating the girl

After that, Avelipe went straight to the hospital even though

she didn't want to.

She didn't want to see Lucas at all right now.

Every time she saw him, she couldn't help but think of the scene where he promised Sophia that he would marry her.

Aveline suppressed the heaviness in her heart and stepped directly into the elevator.

However, when the elevator doors opened, she saw two bodyguards standing not far away. Seeing her, they immediately approached and said, "Please go back." Aveline's clear eyes turned cold, "I need to see Lucas, go tell him."

The bodyguard said, "Mr. Tudor has specifically instructed us not to let you see him."

Aveline's heart ached sharply, and she said, "Tell him I'm here to explain the poisoning incident. I have evidence to prove that I didn't poison him."

The bodyguard's attitude hardened. "Mr. Tudor said no."

Aveline fell silent.

Frustrated, she pulled out her phone and dialed Lucas' number, but he hung up immediately.

That jerk!

What was he thinking?

Why wouldn't he see her?

Now that she had arid

still couldn't even see him? What was the point of getting the evidence then?

Aveline stubbornly kept calling, until finally, Lucas turned off his phone.

Aveline felt like smashing her phone.

It was infuriating!

How could he do this?

Tears of anger started to well up in Aveline's eyes, just as the elevator doors opened and Sharon walked out.

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Seeing her, Sharon's face immediately showed fury, and she charged over, raising her hand to slap Aveline's face.

"You wretch! How dare you arrange for someone to kidnap Sophia? How could you be so cruel?" Sharon exclaimed.

Aveline widened her eyes, and she quickly grabbed Sharon's hand, then forcefully pushed her away. "Are you crazy? Do you always lash out when you see someone? Do you need to get your brain checked?"

"Wretch!"

Sharon stumbled from the push, but she steadied herself and glared at Aveline, wishing she could tear her apart.

"It's you who refuses to divorce Lucas, you are the mistress, yet cling to the position as his wife. How shameless can you be?"

Aveline, already furious with Lucas, now found Sharon directly in her line of fire.

She coldly said, "My marriage with Lucas is

protected by law. The law will decide who the real mistress is. If you keep troubling me over this, I'm not afraid to confront you. Knowing me, you should be aware that I have nothing, and thus nothing to fear!"

A fierce determination radiated from her, intimidating Sharon into silence for a moment!

Aveline continued, "Also, I did not kidnap Sophia. I would never do such a thing. What's the difference between an

unfaithful man and a roadside trash can? I definitely don't want to collect trash cans!"

"You!"

Sharon was infuriated!

Every time, she couldn't get the better of this woman!

Just then, a cold chill filled the air, and an unseen pressure weighed over the group.

Everyone felt a shiver!

Sharon quickly turned her head and saw Lucas standing not far away, dressed in a bespoke black suit, his figure tall and commanding, his handsome face stern, and his eyes icy as he watched the scene. Clearly, he had heard every word.

Seeing him, Sharon immediately said in a wounded tone, Lucas, did you hear what she said? She's too arrogant, she even called you a trash can!"

Lucas' expression grew even darker and more displeased.

"Why are you causing a disturbance in the hospital?" He spoke coldly, his voice deep and magnetic, devoid of any warmth.

Sharon choked. "She pushed me."

Aveline looked at Lucas, and took a step forward, but was stopped by a bodyguard. A cold sneer appeared on her face. "What, now you're too scared to let me get close? Are you afraid I might kill you?"

If it weren't illegal, she really would have done just that!

This man had caused her so much pain and danger; he truly deserved it!

Aveline's gaze was icy, and without insisting on

approaching, she simply stated, "Lucas, I have found

evidence proving that I didn't poison the food. I will organize the evidence and send it to you. You can look at it in your own time. As for Sophia's kidnapping, I will find evidence to clear myself too." With that, she turned and walked away, her eyes not lingering on Lucas for a moment.

Her indifference was absolute.

Lucas' lips pressed into a tight line as he watched her slender figure enter the elevator.

He strode forward with long steps.

Aveline pressed the button to close the elevator doors, but just as they were almost closed, a hand suddenly reached in. The doors detected it and slowly opened again, and Lucas stepped inside.

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Aveline's brow furrowed.

What was he doing?

Blocking her with bodyguards, not answering her calls, and now stepping into the elevator?

Her expression froze, and she was about to leave.

"What are you doing?" Lucas' cold voice sounded.

Aveline replied, "I don't want to be in the same space as a trash can."

Lucas' brow furrowed, and a dangerous vibe filled the cramped elevator. He pressed the close button, and the doors shut quickly, leaving no time for Aveline to exit.

She glanced at him with a frown and stood in the corner, radiating detachment and coldness.

Before, he refused to see her. Now, she didn't want to be near

him. What bad luck.

Lucas noticed her expression, his eyes dark and unreadable. He asked coolly, "Where's the evidence?"

Aveline replied, "I sent it to you."

Lucas said, "My phone's off."

Aveline smirked. "Can't you turn it on?"

Lucas looked at her intently and suddenly asked, "If I gave you a knife now, would you stab me?"

The coldness in her eyes was obvious, which annoyed him.

Aveline said, "If it weren't illegal."

Lucas' expression grew colder, and the elevator atmosphere became unbearably tense, making it hard for Aveline to breathe.

She lowered her gaze, her eyelashes trembling slightly. Remembering the scene on the rooftop, she suddenly asked, Lucas, let's finalize the divorce.

This time, she relented. She didn't want any more ties with someone like him. Since he cared for Sophia and wanted to be responsible for her, he could go ahead. She was done with it; it was pointless. She still wanted to live a long life.

Lucas remained silent, and the tension in the elevator was palpable.

Seeing his lack of response, Aveline looked up, about to say something, when the elevator doors opened, and he strode

out.

Not far away, Desmond was approaching. Aveline hurried after him, "Lucas, what do you mean by this?"

Without turning, Lucas got into the car.

Quick to react, Aveline blocked the door, preventing it from closing, and stared at him intently.

Lucas' cold gaze fell on her face. "You kidnapped Sophia. I haven't settled that with you yet. If we divorce now and you disappear, where would I find you? Aveline, if you do things

like this, don't expect to escape without consequences."

With that, he pried her fingers off and slammed the car door shut.

"You!"

Aveline stared in disbelief. Did he intend to hold her

accountable? How would he do that? Kidnap her in return? But she hadn't done anything!

Her hands clenched into fists at her sides. It was infuriating; her heart grew colder. Lucas refused to believe her even a little.

Standing on the road, she felt a chill deep within her soul, as if an abyss was before her, inescapable no matter what she did.

"Jerk! Bastard! Scumbag!" Aveline cursed, her eyes

reddening.

At that moment, her phone rang. Checking it, she saw it was Yvonne calling. Her fingers tightened reflexively before she answered, "Hello, Madam Yvonne." Yvonne's gentle voice came through, "Aveline, where are you? I'm heading to the spa. Let's go together."

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Aveline took a deep breath. It was a good opportunity to ask about the recording.

"Okay."

Yvonne asked, "Where are you now? I'll come to pick you up."

Aveline gave her location, and about 15 minutes later, a car slowly approached. The window rolled down, revealing

Yvonne's well-maintained face.

"Hello, Madam Yvonne." Aveline smiled politely.

Yvonne said, "Get in."

Aveline opened the door and got into the car.

Yvonne asked directly, "Why don't you look well? Haven't you been resting?"

Aveline replied, "The issue with Lucas being poisoned has been weighing on me. I haven't been sleeping well."

Yvonne said, "Honestly, I can't believe you

would do such a thing, but since you cooked the food, it's natural for people to suspect. Didn't you call the police? I'm sure they'll find evidence to prove your innocence sooner or later." "Yes." Aveline nodded, saying no more.

At the beauty salon, they went straight to a private room and lay down on the beds as the therapist instructed.

Yvonne asked, "Did you visit Lucas in the past couple of

days?"

"Yes, I did, but he still minds the poisoning incident and won't see me," Aveline said.

Yvonne replied, "He just needs time to process. Once he comes around, he'll see you. Don't worry."

"Yes," Aveline responded simply.

After that, Yvonne didn't continue the conversation, nor did she mention Sophia's kidnapping.

Aveline's brow furrowed. How was she supposed to bring it up?

However, her purpose for coming was to ask about this; otherwise, it would be a wasted trip.

Aveline hesitated for a moment before saying, "Madam Yvonne, do you know that Sophia was kidnapped last night?"

"What?" Yvonne's tone instantly showed surprise. "Sophia was kidnapped? What happened? How is she?"

Aveline replied, "She's fine. Lucas' men are protecting her now, but the two kidnappers claimed I was behind it and provided a recording. The recording was of our conversation at the restaurant." Yvonne exclaimed, "How could this happen? Aveline, you don't think I recorded it, do you?"

Aveline said, "Madam Yvonne, I don't suspect you. I'm just wondering if someone is targeting us and planted a recording device in our dining room."

Yvonne said, "This is very serious. I need to look into it

thoroughly. This implicates us, suggesting we conspired against Sophia? That's utterly ridiculous."

Yvonne's tone shifted from surprise to anger, then to a

coldness, like someone who had been wronged, not like the mastermind.

Aveline closed her eyes. Could it really have nothing to do with Yvonne? She wasn't sure and didn't dare say more, fearing the recording issue might happen again.

Yvonne suddenly stood up and said, "No, I need to see Sophia. This is a misunderstanding, and I'll explain it to her."

As Aveline also began to rise, Yvonne said, "You stay here. I'll go alone. You don't look well; it's best to rest."

She smiled warmly, her gaze full of gentleness and care.

Aveline paused and then lay back down. "Okay."

If Yvonne went, perhaps Sophia would calm down instead of getting more agitated upon seeing her.

Yvonne left the beauty salon.

Aveline hadn't been sleeping well lately. She lay on the bed, and as the therapist started massaging her, she soon fell asleep.

When she woke up again, it was already dark outside. Aveline left the salon and took out her phone to call a taxi.

She hadn't noticed earlier, but the salon was on the outskirts of the city, making it difficult to find a ride. After waiting for a while by the roadside, she finally saw a taxi approaching slowly. "Where to?" the driver asked once she got in.

Aveline replied, "Maple Garden."

She then checked her phone for messages and saw one from Selena complaining about Aaron. The last message caught her attention.

Selena asked, "Do you have an extra WhatsApp account?"

Aveline replied, "What do you need it for?"

Selena texted, "This jerk is giving me such a hard time. I need to get back at him. I've found a way. Just wait and see!"

Aveline replied, "Don't go too far. If you push him too much, you'll end up suffering."

Selena texted, "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

After replying with "Okay," Aveline didn't say anything

more.

She sent the evidence of the food poisoning to Lucas, but he hadn't responded. Her long lashes fluttered slightly before she closed the chat with him.

Just then, a faint fragrance filled the car. Aveline, sensitive to scents and not fond of perfume, frowned and glanced forward. She noticed the driver wearing a hat and mask, his face completely covered.

A sudden unease swept through her. She gripped her phone tightly and pretended to stay calm while continuing to look at her phone.

She dialed a number without checking who it was due to her nervousness. When it connected, she realized it was Lucas' number.

Yes, he was at the top of her contacts because she had called him earlier when the bodyguards wouldn't let her see him at the hospital. He hadn't answered and had eventually turned off his phone. Aveline pressed her lips together. She wanted to hang up, but her anxiety made her fingers tremble slightly, and a faint hope surfaced.

"Beep..... beep..... beep..."

After three rings, the call was connected.

"Hello, you-

"Why are you still bothering Lucas? He already said he would divorce you. He doesn't love you. Can you just leave him alone?"

Before Aveline could finish, she heard Sophia's weak voice on the other end.

Stunned, she instinctively gripped her phone tighter and finally said, "Let me speak to him. I have something important to discuss." Sophia, agitated, started coughing, then said, "Lucas, it's Aveline."

"Hang up."

His cold, deep voice came through with no warmth, and Aveline's heart sank instantly.

Sophia promptly ended the call.

Aveline's face turned pale. It wasn't Sophia causing trouble or anyone else rejecting her; it was him, directly saying to hang up on her.

The flicker of hope in her heart felt like a slap across her face, leaving her cheeks burning and her mind in a daze.

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Aveline tried not to ov

abbed

the police, but the

*You figured it out?" the driver poked coldly

Aveline felt everything becoming blurry and instinctively tried to open the car door, but was already locked

"Who are you?" she asked with faculty, pinching her thigh to stay awaka

The drives glared at her coldly from forget me? You Bethe witch, if it weren't for you, I wouldn't have been in prison?*

A flash of cognition hit Alice Lucas had investigated

Darren the wins the one

But she didn't too him at all #hy was fue se hate?

Instead of panic

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a misunde

house? I can give you

My Besland is Lucas Tudor. Tudor family. He's very

the heir of the C

wealthy *

* want your life!" Darren shouted, flooring the gas pedal

The car sped off?!

veline into the seat is

something, but the effects of the fragrance kicked in, and she

In the hospital, Sophia looked at Lucas beside her bed, finally feeling relieved.

He still had a place for her in his heart. Now, he was no longer answering Aveline's calls.

"Lucas, when will you divorce her?" Sophia asked weakly.

Lucas, focused on his documents, remained unmoved by Aveline's recent call.

His voice was cold and deep as he said, "Soon."

A hint of joy flashed in Sophia's eyes. She quickly added, " Lucas, I truly love you. With me by your side, we'll be very happy together."

Lucas didn't reply; he simply looked down at his documents, his fingers occasionally turning the pages.

Sophia felt immense satisfaction just watching his striking face, thrilled at the thought of soon becoming Mrs. Tudor.

At that moment, his phone rang again. Lucas' eyelashes fluttered, and he glanced at the caller ID with a neutral expression.

It was Desmond calling.

Sophia also glanced at the screen and relaxed when she saw it was Desmond.

"Hello?"

Desmond said, "Mr. Tudor, there's an urgent overseas video conference you need to attend now."

"Alright, I'll be there," Lucas replied, hanging up. He turned to Sophia, "Get some rest. I'll come by tomorrow."

Sophia nodded. "Okay."

As Lucas left, she gripped the bedsheet tightly, then took out her phone and called someone. "Hello, last night's issue won't be discovered, right?"

The other person replied, "No, he's very concerned about you now. Use this opportunity."

Sophia responded, "I understand."

After hanging up, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Outside the hospital room, Lucas listened for any sound from inside, his gaze dark and cold.

Entering the elevator, he dialed Aveline's number.

"Sorry, the number you are calling is currently switched off. Please try again later..." The automated message played.

Lucas frowned. What's going on? She had just called him, and now her phone was off?

Chapter 188

Lucas's chest constricted as he recalled Aveline's icy demeanor. The memory left him with a lingering discomfort.

He tugged at his collar, trying to ease the pressure, but it didn't help.

Stepping out of the hospital, Lucas found himself under a darkened sky. The waiting driver had already pulled up to the

entrance.

Lucas got into the car and, on impulse, called Aveline's number again.

It was still turned off.

Feeling frustrated, he dialed Desmond. "Find out where Aveline is right now."

Desmond replied, "Yes."

An hour ago, Brian had been dragged out, battered, and bruised-all for offending Aveline. With that grim scene fresh in his mind, Lucas dared not delay the order. He knew Lucas was displeased.

Desmond's expression was serious as he instructed his team to investigate.

As their sports car zipped past a taxi, Russell's friend in the passenger seat snickered. "Hey Russ, check it out. That cab's practically smoking. What's their rush?"

Russell glanced over. The taxi was indeed going fast, but not as fast as their sports car. As the engine roared past, he noticed a hand at the back window of the taxi.

It was a woman's hand, delicate and pale, gripping the window tightly-something was off.

Russell didn't pay it much mind and hit the gas, catching up with the car ahead.

The group stopped at a spot on the mountain road, got out, and joked around.

Russell squinted into the distance, and for some reason, he thought of that hand again. It seemed oddly familiar.

Feeling agitated, he turned and got back into his car, saying, "I have something to do. You guys go ahead."

With that, the sports car roared off quickly.

Aveline felt herself slammed to the ground with crushing force. Before she could catch her breath, she was dragged forward, her arms painfully scraping against the rough surface.

When Aveline opened her eyes, she found herself inside an abandoned factory. The walls were dilapidated, and drafts came from all sides. Her body felt weak and limp, leaving her helpless as she was pulled along.

Darren dragged her to the interior of the factory and stopped. Noticing she had regained consciousness, he gave a cold, sinister laugh.

"Awake already? Good. The show's about to begin."

Aveline was covered in dust. She coughed violently a couple of times before asking, "Who are you? Why have you

kidnapped me?"

Initially, she had assumed she was caught up in something related to Lucas. But now it seemed this man was specifically after her.

Aveline couldn't fathom how she had offended him so gravely that he wanted her dead.

Darren grabbed a fistful of her hair and slapped her face hard. "You little wretch! How dare you forget me? If it weren't for you, I would never have been arrested!"

His eyes were filled with intense hatred and murderous intent. He pulled out a knife and waved it menacingly over Aveline's body.

"I spent ten years in prison. Every single day, I thought about how killing you would be the first thing I'd do when I got out. I'll make you beg for death!"

He held the knife to Aveline's face. "First, I'll ruin that pretty face of yours. Turn you into an ugly monster."

Aveline didn't dare move. Her cheek stung fiercely, and blood trickled from the corner of her mouth. Her breath trembled as she spoke, "I really don't know you. Who are you?" This enraged Darren even further.

The person he had despised for ten long years didn't even remember who he was!

How infuriating!

She deserved to die!

Chapter 189

Darren's eyes flashed with malice as he suddenly raised his hand, thrusting it toward Aveline's face.

Darkness enveloped the night, broken only by a sliver of moonlight. As the dagger rose, its surface caught the pale glow, flashing a brief, ominous glimmer. Aveline's heart suddenly tightened, and she shouted, "Even if I die, you should at least let me know why!"

Darren paused, gave a cold smile, and viciously grabbed Aveline's hair. "Look at me, take a good look at my face. Do you really not remember me?"

Forced to look up, Aveline's eyes widened slightly as she stared at his face.

Darren had distinct features, and he must have been good-looking in his youth, but now his face was full of hostility, his eyes brimming with murderous intent.

Aveline felt a deep sense of unfamiliarity; she truly didn't remember him!

Seeing the confusion in her eyes, Darren angrily slapped her again. "You little witch, you ruined me! If it weren't for you back then, I would have been living freely abroad by now!" He didn't want to waste any more words and raised the dagger, aiming at Aveline's face.

"Bang!"

The abandoned factory's door exploded inward with a thunderous crash. Blinding headlights flooded the space as a

sports car roared in, tires screeching, aimed directly at them.

Darren froze, not expecting anyone to arrive so quickly. In a panic, he instinctively released Aveline and turned to flee.

The car door opened, and a figure quickly gave chase, but Darren clearly knew the terrain well. Since it was night, he darted into the trees and soon disappeared.

Aveline struggled to her feet, and someone reached out to grab her arm, startling her.

"It's me." Russell's voice came.

Aveline looked at him, her cheek swollen and red, her appearance disheveled. "Russ, you saved me again..."

Russell said, "Sorry, he got away. Who was he? Why did he come after you?"

Aveline shook her head. "I don't know."

She couldn't understand why she was so unlucky, always encountering such situations.

Russell said, "Get in the car first, I'll take you to the hospital."

Aveline attempted a wry smile but winced as pain shot through her face. Without protest, she let Russell support her as she got into his car.

The sports car exited the warehouse, turned around, and was about to leave when another car sped over and stopped right in front of them. The headlights shone brightly, illuminating the area like daylight. The car door opened, and several bodyguards approached,

led by Lucas. Aveline saw him and her expression froze.

Russell commented, "He only arrived now? Isn't that a bit too late? If you'd waited for his rescue, you'd be in a hospital bed already."

Aveline remained silent, just quietly watching Lucas' tall, handsome figure.

Lucas walked to the front of the sports car. He saw the two of them inside and noticed Aveline's disheveled state, his brows furrowing instantly. He walked over and opened Aveline's car door. "Get out." Aveline didn't look at him. "What do you want?"

That cold attitude again!

Lucas felt a surge of frustration in his chest, his expression turning, colder. "Get out. Don't make me repeat myself a third time."

At that moment, an icy aura surrounded him, more chilling than the night breeze.

Russell sneered, "Mr. Tudor, if you can't protect her, just divorce her. Don't delay others who can."

Chapter 190

"You're aware we're still married?"

Lucas' expression grew colder, his eyes glinting with icy resolve. An aura of sharp, palpable power radiated from him.

Russell's grip on the steering wheel loosened for a moment. He glanced at Aveline; she looked unwell, her lips pale, her cheeks red and swollen, and who knew if there were other injuries on her body. Facing Lucas, Aveline's entire demeanor was filled with

resistance, especially with him standing right there. Earlier, she had called him for help, only to receive a curt "hang up" in response.

How ironic.

"Russ, let's go." Aveline didn't look at Lucas and reached to close the car door.

Hearing her words, Lucas' expression darkened further. He grabbed her wrist, pulling her out of the car, forcefully wrapping an arm around her waist, and leading her to his vehicle.

"Let me go!" Aveline immediately struggled, and in her movements, she inevitably bumped into Lucas, causing her some pain.

Lucas pushed her into the car, slamming the door shut.

Through the window, he looked at her coldly, "If you dare get out, I'll deal with him today!"

Aveline's hand hesitated on the door handle, her fingers

curling slightly as she pressed her lips together.

Seeing her stay put, Lucas' expression softened a bit. He

opened the driver's door, hit the gas, and drove away. The surrounding bodyguards only got into their cars and left once his car was out of sight.

Only then could Russell drive away. Sitting in his car, his charming eyes glinted with a dangerous light. Just then, his phone rang. He answered it with a frown, "Hello?"

A gentle female voice came through. "Russell, how's everything progressing?"

Russell's tone was indifferent. "Everything is under control."

The woman's voice grew even softer. "Russell, I knew you could handle it. I won't disturb you further; let me know if there are any updates."

"Okay," Russell replied nonchalantly, then hung up.

If Aveline or Lucas had been there, they would have recognized the voice immediately as Yvonne's.

Lucas drove to the

hospital with a cold expression, where he had the doctor conduct a full examination on Aveline. The results came back quickly; she only had superficial injuries that would heal with a couple of days of medication. Afterward, Lucas took her to the Tudor residence. As the familiar villa came into view, a wave of reluctance washed over her. Sitting in the car, her expression remained indifferent. "What do you want from me?"

Everything was over; why was he seeking her out now? Wasn't he impatient when he received her call earlier? A faint mockery clouded Aveline's eyes.

Lucas felt a pang of frustration in his chest. He looked at her deeply and said coldly, "Get out."

Aveline frowned, feeling reluctant. "If you have something to say, just say it."

He suddenly held her firmly by her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze.

"Aveline, since when did you become so familiar with him?" Lucas stared at her intently.

Aveline frowned. "That seems to be none of your business."

Lucas' grip on her chin tightened slightly. "We're still married. I expect your fidelity.

Aveline looked at him in surprise, as if she hadn't expected him to say such a thing. Lucas, pained by the look on her

face, averted his eyes and got out of the car.