

After the CEO Divorced Me, He Wants Me Back chapter 21-25

Aveline's lips tightened as she dialed Selena's number, but it kept going unanswered.

They had just parted ways not long ago, so why would she go to Moonlight Tower?

Recalling what she had said earlier, Aveline's breathing grew heavy. Confronting Lucas was definitely something she would do.

Not daring to overthink, she hurried out and hailed a taxi to Moonlight Tower.

Entering quickly, she found the lobby in disarray, shattered glass everywhere, as if there had just been a robbery.

"Where's Selena?"

Aveline grabbed a waiter, asking urgently.

The waiter pointed to a private room down the corridor. "In there."

Aveline hurried over and pushed open the door, finding Selena being held by two bodyguards, her face flushed with anger.

"Let go of me!"

She was still struggling incessantly.

On the sofa, Lucas's expression was grim, his white shirt stained with blood, and his dark eyes staring lifelessly at Selena.

His right sleeve was rolled up to his elbow, revealing a wound on his arm, while Sophia sat beside him, tending to it.

Aveline widened her eyes as she rushed over and pushed the bodyguards away. "Let her go!"

Everyone looked over.

Lucas's expression grew even darker upon seeing her.

Selena said, "Ave, why are you here?"

Aveline asked, "What on earth happened?"

Selena pursed her lips and didn't speak, her eyes like daggers at Lucas. If looks could kill, Lucas would have been torn to pieces by now.

Aveline took a deep breath and looked at Lucas. "Can you tell me what happened?"

Lucas's voice was cold. "You should ask her that."

"Hey, you mute, what's your attitude?" Selena's anger flared up immediately. "Oh, you're not mute anymore, and you've forgotten how Ave treated you, you ungrateful bastard!"

She scolded him ruthlessly, showing no restraint. Then she turned to Aveline. "I warned you long ago not to take in just any man. Now look, he's regained his memory, can talk, and has gone home to inherit the things with his old flame, making you look like the mistress."

Aveline remained silent.

After three months, Selena's fighting spirit than ever.

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"Hold her down," came Lucas's cold, magnetic voice.

The two bodyguards immediately moved to restrain Selena.

Seeing this, Aveline intervened, "No, you can't touch her."

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But the bodyguards only listened to Lucas.

Selena was pinned down again. This time the bodyguards were determined to make her kneel.

Aveline turned to Lucas, her gaze landing on the wound on his arm, and she spoke with a trembling breath, "Lucas, no matter what Selena did, it was for me. If you're angry, take it out on me." Lucas's eyes darkened as he stared at her. "She did everything. Why should I take it out on you?"

Aveline choked up and said, "What will it take for you to let her go?"

Lucas replied, "Make her apologize. She tried to hurt Sophia."

Selena gritted her teeth. "I will never apologize to her. Who does she think she is? Does she deserve an apology from me?"

Lucas signaled the bodyguards.

The bodyguards applied more force, and Selena cried out in pain, her face turning pale.

"I'm sorry, Miss Winter!" Aveline said directly to Sophia.

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"Selena is impulsive. If she did something to hurt you, I hope you won't hold it against her. I promise she won't do it again."

Selena's eyes turned red instantly. "Ave, why are you. apologizing? This has nothing to do with you!"

Aveline ignored her and looked at Lucas. "Is this enough now?"

Her face was slightly pale, and there was a shattered light in her eyes.

Wasn't it just forcing her to comply?

Why wasn't he satisfied when she had already complied with his wishes?

She was truly blind.

Why didn't she listen to Selena?

The taste of reaping what one sows was truly unpleasant.

Lucas looked deeply at her, feeling a wave of irritation. What did this matter have to do with her?

A cold, harsh aura enveloped him.

Sophia spoke up at this moment, "I'm fine, but Lucas is injured. I understand that Miss Quin is angry, but hurting someone is against the law. I hope Miss Quin won't do this again in the future." She looked at the two bodyguards. "Let go of Miss Quin."

The two bodyguards immediately released Selena.

Ave..."

Selena looked at Aveline.

Aveline said, "If there's nothing else, we'll leave now. We won't disturb you any longer."

Selena began to panic and quickly followed.

Lucas stared coldly at the two bodyguards. "Whose men are you?"

The two bodyguards were stunned. "We are your men, Mr. Tudor.

"So, you do know." Lucas's tone grew even colder. "Get out of here, and don't let me see you again."

The two bodyguards were immediately terrified and wanted to say something, but under Lucas's cold gaze, they shivered and left with their heads down.

Sophia was slightly taken aback by the situation.

What did he mean by this?

Was he displeased that the bodyguards listened to her?

"Lucas, your injury has been treated. Be careful not to get it wet," she said softly, suppressing the strange feeling in her heart.

Lucas took out a cigarette, lit it, and half-closed his eyes. The smoke enveloped his face, making it hard to discern his expression.

Sophia looked at him. "Lucas, are you still worried about Miss Young's injury? She seems to have recovered."

"No," Lucas replied coldly.

Sophia's eyes flickered. Really?

If he wasn't worried, then why did he deal with Paul and his gang so harshly?

The protestors came to the construction site to cause a disturbance before, and he never personally intervened. But when Aveline got hurt, he sent those people straight to prison.

They just wanted fair compensation. Wasn't this too severe?

"I'll have someone take you home."

Lucas stood up and left the private room.

Sophia watched his tall back and suddenly asked, "Do you like her? If you do, I won't say anything. After all, saving you was my one-sided decision. Even though I lost a leg, I've gotten used to it over the past two years."!

"Don't overthink it."

Lucas looked at her. "Go home and rest well. She and I will get divorced soon."

He opened the door, and Desmond was already waiting outside.

Lucas gave a brief instruction and then left quickly.

Desmond looked at Sophia. "Miss Winter, please."

Sophia lowered her eyes, hiding her emotions.

"Ave, wait for me."

Selena caught up with Aveline, seeing her pale face and feeling a surge of guilt. "I'm sorry, I didn't expect him to be so ruthless now."

Aveline took a deep breath and said, "Why are you apologizing? You did it for me. But promise me, don't go to him alone again. We can't afford to provoke him."

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Selena said, "I'm just so angry."

Aveline sighed softly. "Your anger only brings suffering for both of us."

Selena choked, a few traces of guilt appearing on her delicate face. "I know I was wrong."

"Alright, weren't we going to have dinner together? This meal is on you," Aveline said.

"No problem!"

-Selena cheerfully agreed, linking her arm with Aveline's as they walked to the roadside.

By the time they finished their meal, it was already evening.

Selena wanted to go home with Aveline, but Aveline refused.

"You've been taking care of me in the hospital for so long. Go home and rest well, or else you won't be pretty anymore," Aveline said.

Selena immediately covered her face. "Really? Am I not pretty anymore? That's unacceptable. I need to go home and take care of myself. Bye, Ave darling."

Watching her leave, Aveline's smile carried a touch of helplessness.

Returning directly to her apartment in the Waterfront District, she went upstairs. The light on her floor had gone out at some point, leaving the hallway shrouded in darkness.

She took out her key to unlock the door. As she entered and tried

to close the door behind her, a force prevented her from doing so.

"Who?"

Aveline exclaimed in surprise and turned around to see Lucas' handsome face.

He had been hiding somewhere, seemingly waiting for a long time, as his body carried a slight chill.

Aveline pushed him. "Get out. You're not welcome in my house."

She remembered the humiliation he caused her today. What did he want now?

Lucas grabbed her wrist firmly, his voice low. "A luxurious apartment, six million. Don't you want it anymore?"

Aveline paused. "You can send the deed and the check directly to me. There's no need for you to trouble yourself."

Lucas tightened his grip on her wrist.

Aveline took a deep breath. "What are you going crazy for?"

Lucas walked in, closing the door behind him.

He turned on the lights, and the room was suddenly bright.

Aveline pressed her lips together, looking at him. She pulled her hand away, her clear eyes filled with a hint of mockery. "What? Was my apology today not sincere enough? Should I apologize again? Tell me, h "Aveline," Lucas interrupted her, "why do you have to be so sarcastic?"

Aveline almost laughed in anger. "Listen to yourself. Is that how a person talks? Wasn't it you who made things difficult for me first?"

As soon as she voiced her accusation, her eyes turned red. She immediately turned her head and took a deep breath. "Lucas, what happened today made me feel like I did something wrong you. But the truth is Her voice trembled slightly.

She tried hard to control her emotions, but his presence made it difficult. When he wasn't around, it was easier to keep

everything in check, but once he appeared, her emotions broke free.

How could he treat her like that?

She hadn't done anything wrong. Neither had Selena. Everything happened because they were perceived as a threat to Sophia's safety.

She gave a bitter smile. "We have nothing more to say. Bring the deed and the check, and we'll file for divorce immediately."

She didn't want to stay in this marriage for another day.

Lucas looked deeply at her, his lips pressed into a line, a heavy atmosphere surrounding him. He walked over to the sofa and sat down.

"Ave, my wound hurts," he said in a hoarse voice.

Aveline was really infuriated to the point of laughter.

"Lucas, do you have no shame?"

How could he say his wound hurt after everything she just said, without even a change in his expression?

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"Six million and the house, don't you want them anymore?"

Lucas looked at her with an emotion in his eyes that Aveline couldn't decipher.

Aveline clenched her fists, staring at him, and suddenly felt deflated.

She did want them.

With money and a house, she wouldn't have to work anymore. She could leave this city, go far away, and make sure he could never find her.

Oh... how naive of her. As if he would ever look for her.

Keeping a cold face, she found the first aid kit, sat down beside him, opened it, and began disinfecting his wound.

"It hurts," he said softly.

His deep, magnetic voice, slightly hoarse, carried his unique roughness, making it a real temptation to Aveline.

Her breathing became slightly erratic, and instead of being gentle, her movements became more forceful.

This time, Lucas didn't say anything.

He just watched her quietly. Her expression was indifferent, her delicate features stunningly beautiful. Though she usually didn't wear makeup, she

had a touch of purity about her. Two completely different temperaments blended well within her. "It's done."

Her cold voice broke his thoughts,

As Aveline packed up the first aid kit, she said, Mr. Tudor, please keep your word. I want to see the check and the deed by tomorrow morning. Then I'll go with you to file a divorce. She closed the first aid kit with a snap and turned to look at him.

"If you were to back out, then we wouldn't get divorced. We can just drag this out. It won't be my loss anyway."

With that, she picked up the first aid kit, put it away, and went straight into the bedroom.

Lucas stared at the beautiful bow on his arm, his eyes darkening.

After taking a shower, Aveline wore only a camisole nightdress. She planned to have a glass of water before going to bed, assuming he had left. But when she opened the door, she saw him still sitting on the sofa. He was staring at his injured arm, lost in thought.

Aveline paused for a moment before casually walking towards the water dispenser.

With her back to him, she couldn't see his expression.

After drinking half a glass of water and just setting the cup down, a strong arm encircled her waist.

Startled, Aveline immediately began to struggle. "Lucas, what are you doing? Let go of me!"

Soft kisses fell on her shoulder and neck, his hot breath caressing her delicate skin, causing her to shiver.

In their half-year of marriage, she knew how to provoke his nerves, and he knew how to do the same.

After just a few teasing touches, Aveline's face turned red.

He turned her around, his dominant presence overwhelming as he kissed her lips.

Smack!

Aveline suddenly raised her hand and slapped him across the face.

"Lucas, you bastard!"

Her eyes reddened at the corners. "We're getting divorced. What do you think you're doing?"

Lucas pressed his tongue against his cheek, his eyes fixed on her. "But we're not divorced yet. And this is the second time you've slapped me."

Aveline trembled with anger. "What? Are you going to hit me back?"

Lucas suddenly grabbed her wrist. "I can't just let it go unpunished."

Before she could react, his domineering kiss descended, seizing her breath and locking her firmly in his embrace.

"Mmph!"

Aveline struggled, their teeth clashing, the taste of blood spreading in their mouths.

But Lucas didn't let go. He gripped her waist, lifting her up, and then hooked her legs around his waist.

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Bastard! This big bastard!

Aveline's body went limp, but she still struggled.

Helping Sophia during the day and then coming to her at night. What was this about? Couldn't Sophia satisfy him?

Sweat beaded on Lucas's forehead as he kept her pinned beneath him, his movements forceful and intense. "Ave, be good, or it will be unpleasant for both of us." Aveline's eyes were red. "Get out! Get out!"

She pounded on him. "Don't you have someone to take care of? Go find her! Go!"

Lucas didn't want to hear another word and kissed her again.

In the room, muffled cries intertwined and gradually shattered as the temperature rose. The struggle continued.

Late into the night, everything fell silent.

Aveline lay with her back to him. "Add another two million to the divorce settlement."

Lucas's breath grew heavier, but he didn't say anything.

Aveline closed her eyes, her long eyelashes trembling. The closer she got to him, the more it hurt.

The pain was cold and piercing, making her curl up involuntarily.

Just then, a strong arm wrapped around her waist.

Aveline stiffened. "What are you doing?"

Lucas said, "I feel like I'm losing out."

So what?

Was he going to continue?

Aveline gritted her teeth. "Lucas, If I had known you were this awful, I wouldn't have taken you in even if you were starving on the street."

As soon as she finished speaking, she cried out in pain.

This man was he a beast?

He actually bit her shoulder!

She struggled, but the next second, she felt a wetness where he had bitten her-he was gently soothing the spot.

"You can't undo the past," he said with a steady voice.

There were no what-ifs.

Aveline was furious. "So, please, let me go. I've already agreed to the divorce. What are you trying to do now?" She let out a cold laugh. "Lucas, don't tell me you want to take responsibility for Sophia and still not divorce me?" Lucas replied, "Go to sleep."

Aveline, however, was no longer sleepy. She turned over and looked at his face in the darkness. "Answer me!" Lucas's deep voice came softly, "It seems you're not tired yet."

Aveline was speechless.

Damn him!

She cursed him silently but didn't dare to act out anymore. Lucas really could be ruthless, and she was afraid she wouldn't get any sleep tonight.

Soon, the sound of steady breathing came from beside her. Lucas turned his gaze to her.

In the darkness, he couldn't see her face clearly, but he knew her features were relaxed and soft, tinged with a bit of tranquility.

In the past, she would snuggle in his arms and sleep soundly.

But now, his arms were empty.

After a long while, the faint sound of the bedcovers rustling came. Lucas pulled the soft woman into his arms. In that instant, his unsettled heart seemed to find its place again. The next day.

Aveline woke up in Lucas's arms.

For a moment, she felt disoriented, as if none of those things had ever happened, and he was still her Lu.

He was still asleep, his handsome face deep and captivating, with long eyelashes. She used to marvel at how his eyelashes, for a man, were longer than a girl's.

Aveline instinctively reached out to touch him, but suddenly, her wrist was grabbed, and Lucas's eyes snapped open. He flipped over, pinning her beneath him. "Ave, good morning."

Aveline didn't struggle; she just looked at him calmly.

Lucas slowly leaned in, but just as his lips were about to touch.

hers, she said, "What if we don't get divorced?"