

## Divorced Me 221

### Chapter 221

Lucas' expression remained calm and indifferent as he spoke, Continue to refine the report. I'll conduct the assessments myself."

"Understood." Steve nodded repeatedly. "Mr. Tudor, you have to stay in Arthur Town for a few more days to experience our local culture and hospitality."

At that moment, the door to the private room opened, and Larry entered with a grave expression, whispering something into Steve's

ear.

Steve's expression shifted, but with Lucas present, he restrained himself from reacting too strongly. Just as he was about to give instructions, the door suddenly burst open, and someone stumbled inside! Five minutes earlier, in the neighboring private room.

Mike advanced towards Aveline a step at a time, his eyes filled with lust as he eyed her tightly buttoned shirt, itching to tear it off.

"Stay away from me! If you lay a finger on me, I'll make sure your life becomes a living hell!" Aveline's face paled as she desperately searched for something to defend herself with,

Mike laughed arrogantly, dismissing her threats, "Go ahead and try. Here in Arthur Town, I'm untouchable!"

He couldn't wait any longer and lunged at Aveline.

"Ah!" Aveline screamed and dodged.

Just then, there was a knock on the private room door.

Mike's face darkened with anger as he roared, "Get lost!"

However, the door opened, and Larry stood there with a serious expression. "Mr. Mike, please don't cause trouble here. Mr. Steve is entertaining investors from Cloudflare City."

"Get the hell out! Who told you to come in?" Mike's rage intensified as Larry entered the room instead of leaving. Knowing Mike's temper, Larry realized that reasoning with him was futile. He quickly turned to seek out Steve.

Seeing Larry leave, Mike redirected his focus back to Aveline.

Sensing an opportunity, Aveline dashed out of the room, heading straight for the neighboring one.

She knew she couldn't leave Celestial Heights tonight; Mike was indeed

untouchable in Arthur Town.

As long as she stayed in the town, he would find her wherever she went. However, since there were important investors from Cloudflare -City next door, barging in there seemed like her safest option. "Damn it, you wretched woman, how dare you run!" Mike's angry curses followed behind her, his footsteps growing louder and closer.

Aveline gritted her teeth and burst through the door of the adjacent private room, charging inside.

Mike, still cursing, followed closely behind. Seeing the people inside, he quickly said, "Dad, this is my girlfriend. She's just throwing a tantrum. I'll take her out, and you can continue with your meal." He started walking towards Aveline.

The moment she entered, her eyes locked onto the handsome man sitting at the head of the table, and her eyes widened in shock.

It was him!

But there was no time to think; Mike was already approaching her.

What should she do?

Ask Lucas for help?

He was a scoundrel, and if she sought his help, who knows what the

price would be?

Aveline glanced at Lucas briefly before turning to Steve and saying, " Sir, I don't even know him. He's trying to rape me!" Lucas' face darkened instantly.

He was seated right here, yet she was asking someone else for help. Did she think he didn't exist? The atmosphere in the room grew inexplicably cold, an invisible pressure weighing on everyone. Steve nervously glanced at Lucas. Seeing his displeasure, cold sweat started to bead on his forehead.

He turned to Mike. "You brat, get out of here! Don't you see I'm working? How dare you cause trouble?"

Mike, unwilling to give up, glared viciously at Aveline. "Come here. I was wrong before. I'll apologize. Can't we make up?" Aveline immediately hid behind Steve, determined not to go anywhere

near Mike.

"Hah!"

Suddenly, a cold laugh echoed through the room, sending a shiver down everyone's spine.

They all turned towards the source of the sound.

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Steve cautiously glanced at Lucas and asked, "Mr. Tudor, is there something wrong?"

He shot a warning look at Mike, signaling him not to cause any trouble in front of Lucas. If they offended the investor, Mike would become Arthur Town's public enemy, and not even Steve could protect him. Mike understood the gravity of the situation.

Despite wanting to drag Aveline away, he dared not act recklessly. The imposing presence of the man in the main seat created an oppressive atmosphere, making it hard for Mike to breathe.

Lucas' icy, piercing gaze settled on Mike. "You said she's your girlfriend?"

Mike was momentarily taken aback but quickly nodded. "Yes."

With those words, the chill in the room intensified.

Everyone could feel the creeping coldness.

Aveline's eyes flickered, and she pressed her lips together tightly.

What did he mean by this? Was he planning to intervene in her situation?

She did not want him to be involved in her affairs and was reluctant to be entangled with him.

"Not bad," Lucas said coldly, his eyes shifting away from Aveline's face.

He uttered the word indifferently before standing and leaving the

room.

Everyone in the room looked at each other in confusion.

"What does Mr. Tudor mean by that?"

"No idea."

"Is Mr. Tudor interested in that girl?"

The others were baffled, unable to understand the situation.

Steve pointed at Mike, his frustration barely contained. "Go home and stop embarrassing us!"

Mike and Lucas were the same age, yet Lucas was already a CEO of a listed company, while his own son was a useless playboy.

The comparison infuriated Steve.

Mike instinctively asked, "Dad, what about her...?"

Steve barked, "Get out! If you mess this up, I'll break your legs!"

Mike flinched, shot a glance at Aveline, and reluctantly left.

Aveline let out a sigh of relief.

She looked at Steve and said, "Thank you. I hope your son won't bother me again. If his actions jeopardize Arthur Town's future, it will bring a significant loss to the development of this town." She turned to leave.

"Wait," Steve said, his voice cold and commanding, stopping her in her tracks.

Aveline frowned and turned back. "Is there anything else, Mr. Portal?"

His eyes scrutinized her for a moment before he composed himself. "If you help me find out Mr. Tudor's stance, I'll make sure Mike never bothers you again. Deal?"

Aveline's expression turned icy. "I'm not interested in this deal. It's your duty to discipline your son, not leverage it to make deals with me. Besides, I doubt I could extract any information from Mr. Tudor. "Mr. Portal, for Arthur Town's future development, it's better to focus

on using real efforts rather than resorting to underhanded tactics."

With that, she walked away.

Steve's face flushed with embarrassment, but with so many people around, he restrained himself from reacting further.

This girl had quite a sharp tongue!

Aveline left the private room and hurried towards the exit of Celestial Heights, pulling out her phone to call Hilda.

As she passed another private room, a strong grip seized her wrist, yanking her inside.

"Ah!" she screamed, her face paling instantly.

Was it Mike again?

She struggled frantically, but in the next moment, the attacker wrapped his arm tightly around her waist, pinning her against the wall, while he clamped a hand firmly over her mouth. Despair engulfed her heart.

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"Don't scream," a deep, magnetic voice commanded, and Aveline's struggles ceased abruptly.

It was Lucas.

Strangely, her fear began to dissipate.

She stopped struggling, though her breathing remained rapid, and her body continued to tremble slightly from the residual fear.

Lucas released his hand from her mouth, his sharp, handsome features cold in the dim light.  
"Aveline, did I give you permission to resign? This counts as absenteeism!"

Aveline's eyelids fluttered briefly.

"Then just dock my pay," she replied.

Lucas' face twisted in anger. He gripped her neck, forcing her to look, directly at him. "Why did you sell the house?"

Aveline didn't like this position.

She tried to push him away, but he was too strong. "The house is mine. I can do whatever I want with it. What does it have to do with you?"

Her clear, indifferent gaze irritated Lucas even more, igniting a fiery rage within him. He had been trying to contact her, but she blocked him.

Now, she wouldn't even look at him properly.

How dare she!

He tightened his grip slightly. "Aveline, we're not divorced yet. You can't dispose of marital property without my consent!"

Aveline's anger flared.

She started hitting and kicking him wildly. "Lucas, are you insane?"

Since you know we're not divorced, should I hold you accountable for openly cheating on me? Did you think about our marriage when you announced you'd marry Sophia right in front of me? You're the worst kind of scumbag, and I-

Before she could finish, Lucas crashed his lips onto hers.

His hot breath enveloped her, and his cool scent invaded her senses. He used his tall frame to pin her against the wall, making it impossible for her to resist.

"Mmph!"

Aveline struggled, shaking her head to avoid his kiss, but Lucas tightened his grip on the back of her head, deepening the kiss with fierce intensity. It was as if her taste had driven him wild, turning him into a beast. Their breaths became erratic, and her vision blurred as she struggled to breathe.

After what felt like an eternity, Lucas finally ended the storm-like kiss. His touch softened as he gently traced the contours of her lips, savoring her breath and how it stirred his emotions.

"Stay with me these few days when I'm here. No one will dare bully you," Lucas said in a hoarse voice, his other hand already around her waist, pulling her close as if he wanted to merge her with his very being.

"Get lost!"

Seizing the moment of his lowered guard, Aveline pushed him away and slapped him hard across the face.

"I don't want to be anywhere near someone who kisses so poorly!"

Without waiting for his reaction, she hurried away, her steps unsteady. As the cold wind hit her outside, Aveline realized what she had done, her hands trembling slightly. But deep down, she felt a satisfying sense of relief.

## Chapter 224

Lucas appeared like he was about to lose his mind, and Aveline wasn't going to stick around for it!

She quickly got into a taxi and headed back to her hotel.

Inside Celestial Heights, under the dim lighting, Lucas stood tall and imposing, his expression still frozen in a slight smirk, a chilling aura radiating from him. He touched his face lightly, a low chuckle escaping him as if he had just seen a different side of Aveline—one that

intrigued him even more.



Just then, his phone rang. He answered, "Hello?"

Sophia's gentle voice came through. "Lucas, why didn't you tell me you were going on a business trip?"

Lucas' tone was cold. "Why should I inform you about my trips?"

Sophia panicked slightly. "Lucas, I didn't mean to pry into your schedule. I'm just scared when you're not around."

Lucas pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and took a drag, the smoke swirling around him. His voice turned even colder. "Sophia, I don't like anyone meddling in my affairs. You understood this two years ago, didn't you?"

Sophia's heart sank. "Lucas, what's wrong? Did I do something to upset you?"

Lucas listened to her cautious tone, his handsome, sharp features remaining impassive. "I just suddenly thought that your attempt to force me to marry you by jumping off a building was rather dull." With that, he hung up the phone.

"Hello? Lucas?" Sophia was stunned, wanting to ask what he meant, but the call had ended. She gripped her phone tightly, her hands trembling slightly.

What did he mean? Didn't he want to marry her anymore? How could he do this?

Sophia, her face contorted with anger, dialed another number. "I need to know where Lucas is right now!"

Lucas took a drag on his cigarette, the tip glowing faintly in the darkness. He looked at Desmond and said, "Find someone to deal with that reckless fool."

Desmond nodded. "Yes, sir!"

As night deepened, Mike was furious about not getting his hands on Aveline. He and a few friends drank and plotted their next move to capture her. But suddenly, a group of men in black burst in, grabbed Mike, and dragged him out.

Mike struggled desperately. "Who are you? Let go! Do you know who I am? You'd better let go, or you'll regret it!"

The men ignored his threats and dragged him into a secluded alley. Soon, his screams echoed through the night.

Before passing out, Mike managed to call Steve, but his cries were cut short as he lost consciousness.

At the hospital, Steve stared at Mike, who was wrapped in bandages like a mummy. His face turned livid with rage. "Who did this to you?"

Mike shook his head; he had no idea who had beaten him so badly. His ribs were broken in several places, and his leg was fractured. He wouldn't be able to leave the hospital for at least a month. "Find out who did this I want them brought to me. How dare they

touch my son? They must have a death wish!"

Steve's face was dark with fury as he issued the orders, eager to hunt down and punish the culprits.

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Aveline returned to the hotel, still shaken.

Lucas was in Arthur Town!

And from the looks of it, he planned to stay for a while.

She couldn't remain there if he did.

Frowning, she pondered for a moment before dialing Hilda's number.

However, Hilda didn't answer, and Aveline's expression darkened. They had repeatedly targeted her- did they really think she was an easy target?

She called another number and then headed to take a shower before going to bed.

The next morning, Hilda was in high spirits, thinking about the

previous night. She was sure Aveline hadn't escaped this time because Mike had been fixated on her for a while.

Hilda planned to check on the children but was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Who is it? Coming, coming!"

She hurried to the door and opened it to find several police officers standing there.

Startled, she asked, "What's the matter?"

The lead officer flashed his badge and said firmly, "We've received reports of your involvement in child trafficking and forced prostitution. You'll need to come with us." Hilda was stunned. "No, I haven't done anything like that! I'm the director of an orphanage. I would never!"

The officer replied, "You can explain everything at the station."

Hilda was taken away by the police.

Aveline found out about it when Zachary called her.

She was having breakfast at the hotel. Hearing the concern in

Zachary's voice, she responded calmly, "Do you know where I was last night?"

Zachary was taken aback. "Aveline, where were you last night?"

Aveline chuckled softly and said, "Last night, she asked me to dine at Celestial Heights and sold me to Mike."

Zachary was utterly shocked. "How is that possible? Is there some misunderstanding?"

Aveline replied, "Five years ago, she sold me once before. I managed to escape by hitting Mike and fleeing amidst the chaos. After I ran away, what did she tell you all?" Zachary was so shocked he couldn't speak!

In his memory, Hilda was a bad-tempered woman with significant flaws, but she had a good heart. After all, how else could she have shouldered the entire orphanage on her own?

He remembered the time when Hilda returned in a fury, cursing and calling Aveline an ingrate who had run away without showing any gratitude for being raised. Everyone believed her back then.

They couldn't understand why Aveline would run away after being raised by Hilda.

It turned out there were deeper reasons behind it all!

Zachary's voice was a bit hoarse as he asked, "Aveline, about last night

are you alright?"

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"I'm fine."

Aveline's tone was calm. "Since she raised me, I won't hold a grudge over what happened five years ago. But after that night, I considered my debt to her repaid. This time, I won't let her off the hook. She has to face the consequences of her actions. If she's innocent, she'll be released."

Zachary remained silent.

Aveline took out a tissue and wiped the corner of her mouth. "Zachary, I advise you to leave Arthur Town and explore opportunities elsewhere. You're still young, staying here will only hold you back." Zachary replied, "I understand. I'll think about it."

After hanging up, Aveline returned to the hotel, planning to visit the police station a few days later to inquire about her background.

Hilda needed to suffer a bit.

To avoid Lucas, Aveline hadn't left her room for several days.

That particular morning, she received a call from Russell.

"Aveline, you haven't forgotten your promise to me, have you?" Russell's light-hearted voice came through.

Aveline paused, her movements stilled as confusion flickered in her eyes.

Seeing her silence, Russell sighed. "There's a banquet tonight. You promised to accompany me. Did you really forget?"

Aveline felt a wave of embarrassment. She had indeed forgotten!

"Russ, I'm sorry. I'll book a ticket right now. I should be able to make it in time for the banquet."

As she spoke, she opened the booking app.

Russell sighed again. "There's still time. You don't have to rush, just send me your flight details, and I'll pick you up and take you to the banquet." "Okay," Aveline agreed.

After hanging up, she quickly changed clothes, grabbed her suitcase, and left the hotel, heading straight to the station.

The journey from Arthur Town to the city took two hours, followed by a three-hour flight. She would just make it in time.

Once on the plane, Aveline sent her flight information to Russell, who replied with an "OK."

Aveline relaxed and looked out the window. She hoped that by the time she returned, Lucas would be gone.

Celestial Heights.

In the luxurious presidential suite, Desmond walked in and said, "Mr. Tudor, the Johnson family patriarch has sent you an invitation for his birthday celebration."

The Johnson family of Cloudflare City was known for their scholarly reputation. Wilbert Johnson's calligraphy and paintings were

renowned, with one landscape painting selling for a staggering forty million dollars.

This birthday celebration was set to invite almost all of Cloudflare City's elite, as well as some dignitaries from other cities.

As one of Cloudflare City's prominent families, the Tudors had to attend.

Lucas closed the file he was reviewing, glanced at his watch, and said, Book the tickets."

"Yes, sir." Desmond nodded and took out his phone to start booking

Suddenly, Lucas asked, "Did you find out which hotel she's staying at?"

Desmond was initially puzzled.

She? Who?

Then, noticing the cold glint in Lucas' eyes, Desmond realized Lucas was referring to Aveline."

Desmond replied, "Yes, we found out. Miss Young is staying at a small hotel, but she hasn't left her room for the past few days."

Lucas lowered his gaze, hiding his emotions, though a hint of mockery flashed in his eyes.

She must be afraid of running into him, so she hasn't dared to leave.

She had the guts to resign, to block him, to run away, but no courage to face him!

He was curious to see how long she could keep hiding.

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Lucas ordered coldly, "Tell her to come see me when I return."

Desmond replied, "Yes, sir."

As Aveline exited the airport, she immediately spotted a strikingly handsome man with short, purple-gray hair.

A smile spread across her face. "Russ."

Russell naturally took her luggage and asked, "Are you tired? There's

still some time left. If you're tired, you can rest a bit."

Aveline shook her head. "I'm fine. I slept on the plane."

Russell opened the car door for her. "Then let's go. We'll get you changed first."

Aveline nodded and got into the car.

Once they arrived, Russell handed her over to the stylist and waited in the lounge.

Sitting in front of the mirror, Aveline said, "I don't want anything too glamorous, just something simple and elegant will do."

The stylist, initially eager to showcase her skills, had to rein in her creativity upon hearing Aveline's request.

An hour and a half later, everything was ready.

Hearing movement, Russell looked up to see Aveline gracefully descending the stairs, holding the railing for support.

She wore a champagne-colored sequined gown with a halter neck. design. Delicate pearl chains draped over her shoulders and tiny pearls were scattered across the dress, giving it an elegant yet noble look. Her long hair was styled in an updo, and her delicate face had light,

refined makeup, making her look like a celestial maiden.

Russell's eyes flashed with admiration.

He stood up and said, "You look stunning!"

Aveline smiled slightly. "Sorry to keep you waiting "

Russell took out his phone and asked, "Can I take a photo?"

Aveline was puzzled. "Why?"

Russell smiled. "I just want to capture this beautiful moment of you."

A strange feeling brushed through Aveline's heart, and she said, "Let's skip it. It's getting late, and we should head out."

Russell shrugged regretfully. "Alright then."

The birthday banquet was held at the seven-star hotel in Cloudflare. City, with attendants welcoming guests on either side of the red carpet.



Aveline, holding Russell's arm, walked in. Many eyes followed them as they made their way inside.

Aveline still felt somewhat uneasy in such settings. This was only her second time attending such a grand event.

Russell's gentle voice whispered in her ear, "Don't be nervous, just relax."

Aveline let out an almost imperceptible sigh of relief.

As they entered the hotel lobby, a luxurious Rolls-Royce Phantom arrived at the end of the red carpet.

A valet respectfully opened the car door, and Lucas, dressed in a black suit, stepped out. His tall, handsome figure exuded an aura of cold elegance.

He raised his eyes, and his gaze fell ahead, where a hint of surprise flickered in his eyes.

It seemed like he saw Aveline.

But how could she possibly be here?

Lucas strode inside, but by the time he entered the lobby, the familiar figure had already disappeared.

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The banquet hall was on the 7th floor. As the elevator doors opened, Russell and Aveline stepped out.

Because of Russell's recent reunion with the Skyler family, many

people recognized him and came over to greet him, engaging in polite conversation.

Aveline stood quietly beside him, playing the role of an accessory.

Suddenly, she felt a cold presence enveloping her. Her expression froze, and she instinctively turned to look.

Her eyes widened when she saw the person not far away.

Lucas!

What was he doing here?

Aveline instinctively grabbed Russell's arm.

Russell looked at her and leaned in slightly, asking, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Aveline replied, her eyelids trembling as she tried to compose herself.

Noticing her unease, Russell said, "If you're uncomfortable, you can go over there. That's the self-service area, and it has everything."

Aveline smiled and shook her head. "No need, I'll stay by your side."

Hearing this, Russell's smile widened. "Alright, then stay close to me."

Aveline, distracted and anxious, didn't notice the look in Russell's eyes.

Not far away, Lucas held a champagne glass in his hand. Though people around him were flattering and engaging in small talk, his gaze was fixed on those two figures.

He hadn't been mistaken. It was indeed Aveline!

It seemed she was Russell's date for the night.

And just now, Russell had leaned in so close to her, and she hadn't pulled away!

Lucas raised his glass and downed the champagne in one gulp, then strode directly towards Russell and Aveline.

Just then, someone stepped in front of Lucas, smiling as they said, " Mr. Tudor, Mr. Wilbert requests your presence."

Lucas' expression softened slightly as he nodded. "Alright."

Following the person, his cold gaze finally shifted away from Aveline.

Feeling Lucas was no longer staring coldly at her, Aveline let out a sigh of relief.

She hadn't anticipated Lucas being here.

She had originally come to avoid him, but things hadn't gone as planned. She went to Arthur Town, and he went there on a business trip. She returned to Cloudflare City for the banquet, and he was invited as well.

What a cursed fate.

Russell noticed her distracted state and asked, "Aveline, are you feeling unwell?"

Aveline shook her head. "No, I'm just not used to these kinds of events.

Russell smiled slightly, his eyes shimmering. "Then I'll bring you to more of these events in the future. You'll get used to it after a few times."

Aveline almost wanted to cry. "Russ, please have mercy."

Russell laughed at her reaction and, skipping further small talk, led her to the self-service area.

"The food at this banquet is quite good, all prepared by five-star chefs. You must be hungry after all this time," Russell said to her.

Aveline nodded. "Alright, I'll see what I'd like to eat."

Russell stayed by her side, watching as she picked out her favorite foods, a smile lingering on his handsome face.

Upstairs, by the railing, Wilbert stood with his hands behind his back, looking at Lucas. "You rascal, you've come back and didn't even think to visit me. Have you forgotten who I am?"

Lucas's expression softened, and he smiled faintly. "Mr. Wilbert, a wise man like you surely knows I lost my memory for a while."

Wilbert snorted. "I heard you got married? Why didn't you bring your wife along?"

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Lucas' gaze swept downward, and he immediately spotted the pair in the self-service area.

The girl held a plate, taking small bites, and had accidentally smeared her cheek. The man beside her gently wiped it away with a tissue. The scene was harmonious and beautiful as if they were a couple. A cold glint flashed in Lucas' eyes.

His tone grew even colder. "I didn't want to bring someone I'm bound to divorce to avoid being a laughingstock."

Wilbert's face darkened. "Can you stop acting like your irresponsible father?"

Lucas lowered his gaze slightly and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Wilbert."

Without waiting for Wilbert's response, he turned and walked downstairs.

Aveline got cream on her dress and asked worriedly, "Russ, do you think this stain will ruin the dress?"

Ruining such a delicate and beautiful gown would be a shame!

Russell replied, "Let's go over there to clean it up. Don't worry, it's fine."

Aveline followed him behind a screen where there were fewer people, ensuring they wouldn't attract attention while cleaning the stain.

Russell took out a wet wipe and leaned in closely to wipe the cream off carefully.

Aveline frowned and reached for the tissue. "I can do it myself."

This close proximity felt unsafe. If someone saw them, it could easily lead to misunderstandings, which would be problematic.

Russell didn't let go. "It'll be done in a second. Just stay still."

As Lucas approached, he saw them standing close together, their hands touching, looking especially intimate.

His handsome face darkened immediately.

"Isn't this place a bit inappropriate for such intimacy? Perhaps you should continue this at the hotel," Lucas said coolly, his eyes glinting with a sharp, icy edge as he looked at them. Did they really not care about his presence at all?

How could they act so intimately at someone else's birthday banquet?

Startled, Aveline quickly pulled her hand back.

However, upon hearing Lucas' words, her expression turned icy. Lucas, stop talking nonsense. My dress got dirty, and Russ was just helping me clean it."

Lucas glared at her coldly. "You can't clean it yourself?"

"You..."

Aveline realized that no matter how good her mood was, encountering Lucas would always ruin it. Even if she were to say something nice to him, he would twist her words and make it sound unpleasant. Russell carefully finished cleaning the cream off her dress, then threw the tissue into the trash.

He turned to Lucas and said, "Mr. Tudor, why would you come over just to maliciously insult your own wife? You got me quite curious. If you dislike her so much, why not divorce her?"

Standing behind him, Aveline felt her heart tighten at his words. Memories of Lucas defending Sophia flashed in her mind. She lowered her gaze slightly, a faint mockery flickering in her clear eyes. Lucas' eyes remained cold as he looked at Russell. "I'm glad you know she's my wife."

Russell raised an eyebrow, his purp charm and rebellion. "So what? You later."

Behind the screen, the two men's gaz seeming to ignite between them.

Aveline walked over and said, "Russ,

Lucas' face darkened further. "You're

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Aveline replied calmly, "I'm his date. It's only natural that I go with him."

Lucas' expression darkened considerably.

This woman had no sense of danger!

"Aveline, come here!" he commanded, his deep, magnetic voice cold and laced with an icy edge.

Aveline remained unmoved.

Who did he think he was? Did he expect her to just obey?

Lucas' eyes fixed on her with a frosty gaze. "If you come over now, I'll overlook what happened before."

Aveline chuckled softly and looked at him. "I'll come over if we divorce,

The air around them seemed to freeze instantly.

She really had no hesitation about mentioning divorce, even in front of others, and with such calm..

Rage burned within Lucas as he stared at her as if trying to bore a hole. through her with his gaze.

Aveline felt a twinge of fear, knowing there would be no good outcome. from angering him, but stubbornly, she refused to back down.

Why should she yield when he treated her so poorly?

Russell watched with great interest from the side.

Both of them were equally stubborn.

How could they possibly live harmoniously together?

They might as well divorce and are each other the torment.

He spoke up at the perfect moment, "Mr. Tudor, even an outsider like me knows about your promises to Miss Winter. Why not sign the divorce papers tonight and get the marriage certificate tomorrow morning? That way, you can be responsible to Miss Winter."

Hearing this, Aveline's heart twisted painfully. She lowered her gaze slightly, clutching her dress tightly.

Seeing Russell's amused expression, a murderous glint flashed in Lucas

eyes. He suddenly strode towards Aveline.

Before she could react, he grabbed the back of her head and kissed her fiercely!

Their lips tangled passionately, battling for dominance!

Aveline's eyes widened in shock, and she instinctively pushed him

away.

Lucas quickly released her, his intense gaze fixed on her as a wicked smirk played on his thin lips. "You want to divorce and be with him? Aveline, you can count on that happening over my dead body." Aveline trembled with rage.

Lucas grabbed her wrist, intending to drag her away.

Russell, however, held onto her other hand, a cold glint flashing in eyes. "Mr. Tudor, tonight, she is my date."

Lucas' gaze bore into Aveline's face, dark and brooding.

Aveline composed herself, then calmly withdrew her hand from Lucas' grasp.

"Russ, let's go," she said coolly.

Russell smiled as he watched her.

Lucas' face darkened completely.

"Aveline!" he called her name through gritted teeth.

Aveline acted as if she hadn't heard, walking away with Russell from behind the screen.

Lucas' expression turned utterly grim, his eyes filled with icy anger.



He laughed bitterly in his fury, pulling out his phone to make a call.

"Inform the Skyler family that Russell seems too idle lately. Find something to keep him busy, or I'll find something for the Skylers to deal with!"

He hung up, enveloped in a chilling aura, and walked away.

Russell looked at Aveline, noticing her low spirits. He said, "If you want to go back to him, I don't mind."

Aveline shook her head immediately. "No, I'm just worried that angering him might cause trouble for you. I don't want to drag you into this." Russell's eyes gleamed briefly as he responded with a leisurely smile, "So, you do care about me after all."