

Divorced Me 271

Chapter 271

Aveline didn't dare think too much about it. She had been disappointed too many times before.

"I don't feel safe in Arthur Town. I want to leave now," she said.

Lucas frowned at her wor leave Arthur Town?"

"Do you think you'll be safe once you

Aveline looked up at him. "I have a rough idea of who's targeting me. If I can get out of their reach, they'll have a harder time finding me."

Lucas replied, "You're being naive, Aveline. The circles of power are all about connections. You think leaving Arthur Town will make you safe, but how do you know the city you go to won't have people closely connected to those here?"

Aveline's brow furrowed as she looked at him. "What do you mean?"

Lucas' eyes stared deeply into hers. "Stay here. I'll protect you."

Aveline pressed her pale lips into a thin line. She didn't want to stay, but he was right. She couldn't ensure her safety on her own. Following him might be the best option. Yet, deep down, she was reluctant to follow through with that idea.

She had believed things couldn't get worse, but then....

A sudden thought flashed through her mind, and she glanced up at

Lucas.

Seeing that her hand had stopped bleeding, Lucas let go and noticed her gaze. "What is it?"

Reluctantly, Aveline asked, "Lucas, tell me the truth. Those two who kidnapped me, could they have been arranged by you?"

Lucas' expression darkened immediately. He stood up, looking down at her. "Do you think I would go to such lengths to kidnap you and then play the hero just to make you stay?"

"Isn't that the case?" she almost said but held back.

Lucas let out a cold laugh. He leaned down, gripping her chin, and examined her still-pale face closely.

"Aveline, you're not worth jeopardizing a multi-million dollar project to orchestrate such a scheme."

With that, he turned and left, a cold aura surrounding him.

Aveline let out a sharp breath, her face even paler than before.

What had she been thinking?

She had actually deluded herself into believing he would go to such lengths to make her stay.

How foolish of her.

His final words had cut through her long-guarded heart, stirring a pang of pain. She shut her eyes tightly, struggling to suppress the unfamiliar emotions.

Lucas, emanating an icy aura, walked out and headed straight for the elevator. As the doors opened, Desmond and Brian stepped out.

They ran into each other.

Desmond asked, "Mr. Tudor, how is Miss Young?"

Lucas replied coldly, "Can't you see for yourself?"

Desmond was baffled.

He couldn't make sense of it. Lucas had been so concerned earlier, but now he seemed genuinely angry.

Desmond glanced at Brian, who maintained his usual stoic expression, clearly unable to understand Lucas' sudden change in attitude. Desmond then pulled Brian aside as Lucas walked into the elevator.

"What's going on here?" Desmond muttered, then headed towards Aveline's room.

As he pushed open the door, he saw Aveline getting out of bed.

"Miss Young, you're awake?" Desmond said with a smile.

Aveline nodded and, noticing Brian following behind him, her brow furrowed immediately.

Chapter 272

Desmond remarked, "This was really a close call. Thank goodness Mr. Tudor had the foresight to assign Brian to protect you discreetly.

Otherwise, you would have been in serious trouble."

Aveline was stunned to hear this.

Lucas had assigned Brian to protect her?

Wasn't he afraid Brian would kill her outright? She still hadn't forgotten how Brian had forced her to kneel to Sophia last time!

Brian, unable to meet Aveline's eyes, stood to the side with his head lowered, like a child who had done something wrong.

Desmond, ever perceptive, immediately noticed the tension and changed the subject. "Miss Young, I'll take you back. Rest assured, Mr. Tudor will definitely find out who is behind this and give you an explanation."

Aveline nodded slightly, feeling a mix of emotions she couldn't quite identify.

Desmond escorted Aveline back to Celestial Heights.

After leaving the hospital, Brian disappeared into the shadows, presumably to continue protecting her.

Aveline felt indifferent about it.

Back at Celestial Heights, Desmond walked her to her suite door before taking his leave. As he left, he said, "Miss Young, I've arranged for the hotel to send dinner up to your room. Please don't go to sleep yet."

"Okay, thank you," Aveline nodded at Desmond.

Desmond smiled. "Miss Young, there's no need to be so polite with me. If you need anything, just let me know."

"Alright."

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How much do you save him?"

"One million dollars," Selena replied

Aveline sighed in relief. "I'll transfer it to you. Pay him back and get out of there. I don't want you to be swept away by the sandstorms before I even return."

Selena was so touched she almost cried. "You're the best, Ave! I swear, in this life, no, in my next life, I'll repay your kindness tenfold."

Aveline laughed. "But how did you end up owing him so much money?"

Chapter 273

Selena sighed heavily. "After I went back to work, I organized an event. Aaron, as the sponsor, sent an item for display, which I accidentally broke. That item was worth one million dollars, and my company, fearing liability, fired me. So now I have to sell myself... but not in the way you're thinking!"

Listening to her, Aveline sensed a conspiracy. She asked, "Did you keep the broken item?"

Selena replied, "No, his men took it away immediately."

Aveline sighed, rubbing her forehead in frustration. Any lingering doubts vanished; she was now sure that Aaron had framed Selena,

Aveline asked, "Selena, are you still using a dummy account to interact with Aaron?"

"Of course I am. He's causing me trouble, so I might as well get something out of it!"

Aveline breathed a sigh of relief. "Good. I'll transfer the money to you now. Pay him back and get out of there as soon as possible."

"Got it. Thanks, darling! Love you!" Selena smothered her phone with kisses.

Aveline ended the call and transferred one million dollars to Selena. Despite her suspicions that Aaron had orchestrated the whole thing, they had no evidence since he had taken it away immediately. They had no choice but to comply.

What puzzled her was why Aaron would go to such lengths to trap Selena.

She pondered over it but couldn't find an answer.

Selena received Aveline's transfer and immediately sought out Aaron.

In the desert, the wind and sand seemed to merge everything into one color. Selena was wrapped up tightly, with only her eyes visible, as she approached Aaron's tent. She called out from outside. "Aaron, I'm coming in!"

With that, she lifted the flap and walked in.

In the next second, her eyes widened in shock.. Aaron was taking a shower! He wore only shorts, revealing lean but muscular upper body. His short hair was wet, and he was holding a towel, drying himself off. Selena quickly dropped the flap and stepped back outside.

She thought, "It's still early! What's he doing taking a shower now? Is He crazy?"

Inside the tent, Aaron had barely time to react before Selena stepped out. Through the gap in the tent flap, he glimpsed her slender silhouette standing outside.

Aaron chuckled lightly but then felt the sand against his skin, and his brows furrowed. If not for Lucas' request, he would never have come to this godforsaken place. After getting dressed, he picked up a bottle of water, took a sip, and then called out, "Come in."

Selena re-entered, unwrapping the scarf from her head to reveal her bright, exquisite face. "Give me your account number. I'll transfer the money right now!"

Aaron raised an eyebrow slightly. "Weren't you broke?" Selena replied, "I have money now. Is that a problem?" Aaron said, "That vase was worth one million dollars."

Selena lifted her chin defiantly. "Account number!"

Her proud demeanor seemed to say, "I have the money!"

Aaron's eyes glinted briefly. "But I didn't mention the interest. It's been a week since the vase was broken. The interest for that period... let's double it. The total is two million dollars. My account number is..."

"Are you robbing me?" Selena exclaimed, her eyes wide in disbelief. "Are you running a loan shark operation? Even loan sharks wouldn't dare charge such interest! Doubling it in just seven days? Aaron, tell me the truth, did you set this up to mess with me?"

Chapter 274

Aaron was amused by her flustered reaction and nodded. "You're right.

"You!" Selena pointed a finger at him. "What did I ever do to you to deserve this kind of treatment?"

Aaron replied, "Getting hit on the head with a fire extinguisher really hurt. Did you think I'd be so forgiving? That a few days of care would be enough for me to let it go?"

He got up and approached her. "Back then, Lucas asked, so I obliged out of respect. But now that you've broken my vase as well-adding new grievances to old ones-do you really think I'll let you off?"

As he approached, his shirt, partially unbuttoned, shifted with his movement, revealing glimpses of his chest.

Selena couldn't help but stare.

Even though she had seen him shirtless earlier, she inexplicably felt her face flush at the sight of his partially revealed chest.

Was he trying to seduce her?

Selena glared at him and said, "I never thought you'd be so petty. Is this how you want to play it?"

Aaron stopped in front of her, noticing the anger in her eyes. Her chest heaved with emotion, and her eyes had a hint of red, making her look even more alluring.

Her usual vibrant and striking appearance was now tinged with a touch of seduction.

A strange feeling stirred within Aaron, but he dismissed it.

Selena took a deep breath. "So, what's it going to take for you to let this go?"

Aaron furrowed his brow, interpreting her question as though he were facing imminent death.

"Depends on my mood," he replied, raising an eyebrow.

Selena stared at him, expressionless, before letting out a cold laugh. "I'm done with this. Go ahead and sue me. I'd rather go to jail than play along with your games!" With that, she turned and walked away.

Aaron frowned.

Was she really this gusty?

Staring at her retreating back, he said, "And what about Aveline? If you go to jail, who will take care of her?"

Selena whirled around, seized his collar, and thrust him against a pillar. "Aaron, listen up. Don't you dare go after Aveline. If you do, I'll take you on with everything I've got!"

Aaron looked at the fiery woman, with a blend of amusement and a hint of something more profound in his gaze. "If you end up in jail, I'll have to settle your debts with her. But, in deference to Lucas, I won't add interest."

Selena gripped his shirt tightly for a moment before gritting her teeth and saying, "Fine, you win."

She released him, stepped back a couple of steps, and said, "I'll stay until you're satisfied."

Aaron casually adjusted his shirt. "Then go and do what an assistant is supposed to do."

Selena swallowed her anger and turned to leave.

Once outside the tent, she let out a heavy sigh, her eyes reflecting a sense of resigned detachment. She pulled out her phone to log into her dummy account, only to find there was no signal.

What a stupid place this was!

Rebecca had anticipated her men to bring Aveline to her, but instead, she was confronted with the sight of two severed hands delivered by her subordinates!

She screamed in horror, her face turning pale. "What happened? What on earth happened?"

The bodyguard who brought back the severed hands said, "Miss, they failed. Mr. Tudor ordered us to bring these back and said you must personally apologize to Aveline, or he will not let you off."

Chapter 275

"Ah!" Rebecca screamed, smashing everything in the room.

Only after the room was a complete mess did she begin to calm down.

However, her eyes were still full of resentment and hatred.

How could this happen?

Lucas wanted her to apologize to that woman! That bitch!

Rebecca forced herself to calm down and then dialed Reynold's number, tearfully recounting the events, though she framed the kidnapping as inviting Aveline over for a visit.

Reynold listened silently for a while before saying, "Rebecca Thompson, I told you not to mess with that woman. Why didn't you listen?"

Rebecca thought she was hearing things.

Her father, who loved her the most, had never spoken to her so sternly. He was even addressing her by her full name!

Feeling even more aggrieved, Rebecca cried, "Dad, this time Lucas bullied me. Why aren't you helping me? Why are you scolding me?"

On the other end of the line, Reynold pinched the bridge of his nose. He had always believed in raising his daughter lavishly, pampering her from the moment she was born. He truly adored her and indulged her every whim.

In the past, he thought that was how daughters should be treated.

But now, seeing just how much trouble she had caused, he began to reflect on whether he had spoiled Rebecca too much.

He said, "Lucas is already doing me a favor by asking you to Just go and apologize, and this matter will be over."

apologize.

"No!" Rebecca shouted. "Those bloody severed hands are still here!

Why should I apologize to him? He should be the one apologizing!"

"Rebecca!" Reynold's tone grew even more severe.

Rebecca said, "Dad, no matter what, I will never apologize to that bitch. Even if I die, I won't do it!"

With that, she hung up the phone and smashed it in anger.

This was unbearable! Everyone seemed to be siding with that bitch! What was so special about her anyway?

Rebecca clenched her fists in jealousy, her features twisting in rage.

In the evening, Aveline received Selena's transfer. She tried calling her, but the signal was poor. They couldn't exchange a single word and had to hang up in frustration. Perhaps something went wrong on Aaron's end.

Aveline couldn't help but worry,

She pondered all afternoon and could only think of one possibility: Lucas had instructed Aaron to do this.

Maybe he overheard their conversation.

After all, Selena always made a fuss about her getting a divorce.

Lucas had been displeased with her for a long time because of it. Aveline sighed.

At that moment, the door opened, and Lucas walked in.

Instinctively, Aveline looked over at him. His handsome, sharp

features were icy, and his presence radiated coldness.

She wondered whether she should ask him about the situation, but the incident at the hospital made her hesitant.

What if it wasn't him?

She would be misinterpreting him once more, overestimating her own worth.

Aveline averted her gaze and remained silent.

Chapter 276

Lucas walked in, removing his suit jacket and loosening his tie as he approached her. Aveline caught a glimpse of him coming closer and

looked at him with confusion, but in the next moment, he grabbed the back of her neck and kissed her forcefully.

His breath reeked of alcohol.

"Mmph!"

Aveline was stunned and instinctively began to struggle. But Lucas held her tightly, and she couldn't break free. In her struggle, she felt his erection which made her blush even more.

Lucas pushed her down onto the sofa, using his leg to pin her down as he unbuckled his belt. The sound of the buckle snapping open was clear and loud, giving Aveline a moment to gasp for air. "Lucas, you can't do this!"

Lucas kissed her ear and cheek, murmuring, "Why not?"

Aveline tried to push him away, but his body was as heavy as a mountain, and she couldn't budge him.

"Lucas, no! We're getting a divorce."

Aveline's breath was ragged as she tried to stay clear-headed.

"But have we divorced yet?"

Lucas hated hearing her talk like this.

He had drunk a bit tonight, and with her soft body in his arms, his desire was intense, and his gaze was fiery.

Aveline's lips were swollen from his kisses, and her clear eyes showed her anger. "We will get divorced!"

"So, we haven't gotten a divorce yet. Aveline, have you forgotten what you once said?"

He continued kissing her, lowering his head to bite open the buttons of her shirt, the contact of his breath making her feel like she was melting. "We're married. If I want you, you have to give yourself to me."

Aveline's body trembled violently.

She had indeed said those words before.

At that time, she didn't believe Lucas would fall out of love with her or love another woman.

But reality had slapped her in the face time and time again.

Was it too late to regret now?

Lucas held her tightly, his eyes glinting as he saw the redness at the corners of her eyes. He suddenly let out a low laugh. "Aveline, your body is much more honest than your mouth." With those words, his fingers traced down to her waist.

Aveline's body had already softened under his touch. He knew every inch of her, just as she knew every inch of him.

The room grew hotter as Lucas asserted his dominance, feeling her resistance. He grew impatient, biting her earlobe softly as he whispered, "You wanted this. Don't cry and plead with me later."

"Lucas!"

Aveline gasped, but it was too late.

Everything spun around her until she felt like she was falling apart, eventually passing out.

When Lucas emerged from the bathroom, his eyes still held a satisfied glint. He looked at Aveline lying on the bed, her smooth, beautiful back covered in marks of their passion. His eyes grew colder. He recalled her words at the hospital.

Ha!

He had protected her, saved her, and yet she thought he had schemed against her!

This ungrateful woman!

Lucas threw aside the towel he was using to dry his hair and yanked the blanket off her.

"No..."

Aveline murmured, but her voice was soft and gentle, not sounding like a refusal but more like a coquettish plea, making his blood boil.

When Aveline opened her eyes, it was already noon.

She tried to move her fingers but felt weak and powerless.

She closed her eyes again.

How did things end up like this again?

Chapter 277

"Awake?"

At that moment, a deep, pleasant male voice resonated.

Aveline pursed her lips and turned her head to see Lucas sitting on a chair, a laptop in front of him.

He wasn't in his usual formal attire but was instead wearing a white bathrobe, sitting casually on the sofa. The robe's collar was slightly open, revealing a hint of his chest muscles, marked with a few clear scratch lines.

"Lucas, do you find this amusing?" Aveline asked.

Lucas chuckled softly at her words. "Amusing? Yes, it's incredibly amusing."

He stood up and walked over to her, bending down to stroke her face, his eyes filled with a playful glint. "Having a woman to sleep with, feeling this good-how could I not find that amusing?"

Aveline looked at him coldly, not getting triggered by his provocation, She slowly sat up, allowing the blanket to slide off, exposing the marks on her skin.

Lucas' eyes darkened as he looked at her.

Aveline smirked. "Well, if that's the case, I also find it rather amusing. Sleeping with you doesn't cost a dime, unlike hiring a gigolo."

She tried to get out of bed, but Lucas pushed her back onto it.

"If you find it so amusing, then sleeping with me a few more times shouldn't be an issue, right?" Lucas said, staring down at her before leaning in for another kiss. Aveline's lashes fluttered as she spoke softly, "Lucas, since neither of us can stand each other, why not get a divorce?"

Their constant bickering was exhausting.

Lucas, however, continued to caress her face, replying harshly, " Seeing you unhappy brings me joy."

Aveline was momentarily stunned, not expecting such a response.

"I must be incredibly unlucky to have met you," she retorted with a mocking smile.

This time, there was no hysterical confrontation.

On the bed where they had intertwined the night before, they simply gazed quietly at each other.

Lucas' expression suddenly darkened. He stood up and left the bedroom without a word. The door slammed shut with a deafening sound.

Aveline closed her eyes and let out a heavy sigh.

Despite Lucas having cleaned her up, Aveline still rose to wash herself. She felt utterly drained, knowing that after a night of turmoil, recovery wouldn't come easily.

She dressed and walked out of the bedroom.

Lucas was nowhere to be seen in the suite.

She glanced around and noticed food on the dining table. She sat down to eat and fill her stomach before returning to the guest room to

continue sleeping.

When she woke up again, it was already evening.

The room was pitch black, and Aveline felt an overwhelming sense of being abandoned by the entire world.

Oh...

She had always been alone, hadn't she?

Reaching out, she turned on the light

Just then, her phone rang.

She picked it up and saw that it was a call from Desmond.

"Hello?" she answered in a calm tone.

Desmond sounded anxious. "Miss Young, could you come over? Mr. Tudor is drunk, and no one can persuade him to stop drinking. If he keeps drinking like this, it will harm his health." Aveline replied, "If he wants to drink, let him."

Desmond was momentarily at a loss for words, then pleaded, "Miss Young, please, you're the only one who can get through to him. Can you come and talk to Mr. Tudor?"

Aveline remained silent.

Chapter 278

Desmond continued, "Please, just consider it as a favor for Mr. Tudor, who saved you."

Aveline closed her eyes and said, "Alright."

Desmond breathed a sigh of relief. Great, I'll send you the address."

He hung up the phone immediately.

As Aveline glanced at her phone, she couldn't shake the thought that Lucas would likely use having saved her as leverage whenever she needed something from her. But then again, hadn't it always been because of him that she found herself in trouble?

She changed her clothes and headed out to the bar.

Even in the dim light, she immediately spotted Lucas on the second floor. His distinguished and cold aura was impossible to ignore.

However, there was a woman sitting next to him-Sophia.

She had come to Arthur Town.

Aveline watched them silently.

She saw Sophia talking to Lucas, and he wasn't drinking anymore.

Who said she was the only one who could persuade him?

Clearly, Sophia could do that too.

As she saw Lucas reach out to Sophia, Aveline averted her gaze turned to leave.

and

Desmond felt like crying. He couldn't fathom why Sophia was in Arthur Town and what brought her here at this moment.

Standing aside, he looked at Sophia sitting on the sofa, then glanced at his phone.

Oh no!

Who could save him now?

Desmond had just called Aveline. He had hoped to ease the tension between Lucas and Aveline, but now it was all ruined.

He saw that Aveline had already left. She must have seen Sophia. This was a disaster!

Sophia looked at Lucas with a gentle expression, waiting for his touch..

Lucas' hand stopped midway, his handsome, sharp face still showing a trace of drunkenness.

He looked at her with half-closed eyes. "Who are you?"

Sophia was stunned and grabbed his hand. "Lucas, it's me, Sophia."

Lucas immediately withdrew his hand and rubbed his forehead. "What are you doing here?"

His tone was a bit clearer now.

Sophia looked at her empty hand and said softly, "You haven't been back for a long time. I missed you, so I asked your father where you were, and I came to surprise you. Lucas, aren't you happy to see me here?"

Lucas' tone grew colder. "You shouldn't have come here."

Sophia's face turned pale, and tears welled up in her eyes. "Is it because Miss Young is here? Did you come here for her?"

Lucas responded, "The environment here isn't as nice as Cloudflare. City. You might not feel comfortable here."

Sophia felt a sense of relief and said, "It's okay. I'll be wherever you are."

Lucas said, "It's getting late. I'll have someone take you to a hotel."

Sophia asked, "Lucas, where are you staying? Can I stay at the same hotel? I'm not familiar with this place, and I'm a bit scared."

Lucas lowered his hand and gave her a deep look. "Let's go."

Sophia's eyes sparkled with joy, and she moved forward to support him. "Lucas, you're drunk. Let me help you."

But Lucas called out, "Desmond, come over!"

"Yes, sir!" Desmond immediately came to support him.

Sophia had to retract her outstretched hand.

As they left the bar, Sophia tried to sit with Lucas in the back seat, but he refused.

He looked at her and said, "You sit in the front. I've been drinking, and the smell might bother you."

Sophia smiled. "It's okay, Lucas. Let me take care of you."

Chapter 279

"Sit in the front passenger seat," Lucas commanded, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Sophia had no choice but to comply. "Okay."

Back at Celestial Heights, Sophia followed Lucas to the entrance of the presidential suite. Desmond took out a key card, his heart pounding.

Once inside, Sophia said, "There are so many rooms here. Let me stay. It'll be easier to take care of you, okay?"

Lucas' cheeks were still flushed. He looked around the suite, but there was no sign of Aveline. He sat on the sofa and closed his eyes, then told Desmond, "Instruct the manager to open another room." "Yes, sir." Desmond nodded, then turned to Sophia. "Miss Winter, please come with me."

Sophia looked at Lucas. "Lucas, let me stay here. I promise I won't disturb you. I can cook for you and take care of you. Please?"

Lucas responded, "It's not appropriate."

Sophia's expression faltered.

Lucas had made his stance clear, and pushing further would only annoy him, especially since he had already told her their marriage talk was off the table.

Maintaining her composure, Sophia said, "Alright, call me if you need anything."

"Okay," Lucas replied.

Sophia left with Desmond.

Lucas immediately stood up and opened the door to the guest bedroom. It was empty. Aveline had left.

His expression darkened as he took out his phone and dialed her

number.

"Hello?" Aveline's voice came through.

"Where did you go?" Lucas asked, his voice low and stern.

Aveline replied, "Didn't you have someone following me? Just ask them."

Lucas' tone grew colder, "I want you to tell me!"

Aveline said, "Oh, well, I don't want to tell you."

"Aveline!" Lucas' chest filled with intense irritation. "Did I give you permission to leave? Come back right now!"

Aveline laughed at his words. "My legs are my own. I can go wherever I want. Why do I need your permission?"

The veins on Lucas' forehead bulged as he tried to keep his temper in check. "Aveline, you know it's not safe outside. Come back now, and I won't hold it against you for leaving without permission." "Heh!" Aveline chuckled and then hung up the phone.

Lucas was so infuriated he nearly threw his phone!

Where had things gone wrong? Why did she leave?

Wait a minute... Sophia!

Lucas messaged Desmond and, upon seeing his reply, his face turned icy cold.

Aveline had seen Sophia.

No wonder she left so suddenly.

Lucas immediately called Brian. "Protect her!"

Brian replied solemnly, "Don't worry, Mr. Tudor. I'll guard Miss Young with my life!"

Lucas hung up and sat on the sofa, pressing his hand against his

chest. He felt a sharp pain in his chest, a pain he had never felt before. So, when Anunt a aududfadless she didn't bans for seglumun with m iz, sigurng hot no me quit Jet Bat

Chapter 280

She reached out and touched her chest, feeling a faint, lingering pain within.

She closed her eyes, her mind replaying the memories of the past days.

Since Lucas regained his memory, this was the first time they had spent such a peaceful period together.

Initially, she had been avoiding him, but fate had brought them back together.

This time felt stolen-filled with arguments, sweetness, and heart-pounding moments. She thought that these memories would likely stay with her for a long time.

Brian stood in a concealed spot, looking at the rundown motel, and dialed Desmond's number.

"What's up?" Desmond asked.

"Miss Young is staying at a motel," Brian replied, glancing at Lucas, who was in a meeting, and lowered his voice. "Okay, I understand. Just make sure she's safe."

Hanging up, Desmond waited for an opportunity to inform Lucas about the situation. The meeting was wrapping up, and people began to file

out.

Lucas, seated at the head of the table, rubbed his temples and said, Desmond, order lunch."

"Yes, sir," Desmond replied, reaching for his phone to call the hotel.

At that moment, Sophia walked in with a lunchbox, her face adorned with a gentle smile. "No need, Mr. Blake. I've already prepared lunch."

Desmond glanced at Lucas for guidance.

Laicas said, "You don't need to do these things."

Sophia approached and began setting out the food from the lunchbox in front of him. "Lucas, I just want to do something for you, I may not understand business, but I can handle small tasks like

cooking." She sat beside him, gazing at him tenderly, "Lucas, two years ago, you told me you really enjoyed my cooking."

Lucas' sharp, handsome face remained impassive as his gaze fell on the lunchbox. Seeing the food inside, he furrowed his brows.

Sophia noticed his expression and immediately asked, "What's wrong? Is the food not to your liking? If you don't like it, I can make something else."

"Sophia." Lucas's gaze shifted from the lunchbox to her face, his eyes dark and intense.

Sophia's fingers instinctively curled a little. "Lucas, what's wrong? Why so serious all of a sudden?"

Lucas said, "Have you seriously considered what I mentioned over the phone before?"

The smile on Sophia's face began to falter. She lowered her head slightly and asked softly, "Lucas, you promised me this two years ago,"

Her voice carried a hint of grievance as if she had been wronged.

Lucas replied, "Two years ago, it was just a casual question, and you turned me down, didn't you?"

Sophia's body stiffened.

He was telling the truth.

Back then, when she and Lucas were dating, one day during a meal, he suddenly asked her if she wanted to get married.

She was stunned at the time.

Lucas wanted to marry her?

She felt he wasn't being sincere as if marriage was not a significant matter to him. She got a bit angry and didn't agree to his proposal, hoping he would propose to her properly.

Of course, it wasn't just about wanting a proper proposal-there were other considerations as well. As a girl, being asked about marriage so nonchalantly would make anyone unhappy. He never mentioned it again.

Then, that incident happened.