

Divorced Me 331

Chapter 331

Just as Aveline was about to give up, Lucas suddenly averted his gaze and walked towards Bluewater Bay Villa.

"Follow me," he commanded coldly without looking back.

He

e wasn't worried about her running away.

She had no power or influence and couldn't escape his grasp.

Aveline clenched her fists and had no choice but to follow.

However, instead of entering the beautiful villa, Lucas walked towards the garden.

Suspicion flashed in Aveline's eyes.

Why were they going this way? What was he planning?

Her questions were quickly answered.

At the far end of the garden stood a two-story building, guarded by several bodyguards at the entrance.

"Mr. Tudor," they greeted respectfully upon seeing Lucas.

"Open the door," he ordered coldly.

One of the bodyguards took out a key and opened the door. Aveline, standing a bit farther away, frowned as she peered inside. The small building was pitch dark, but she could see someone sitting on a chair.

The sudden light made the person inside raise a hand to shield their eyes. As they adjusted to the light, they quickly stood and tried to escape, but the bodyguards intercepted them.

This time, Aveline could see who it was clearly-it was Sophia inside!

Lucas had locked her up!

Wasn't Sophia supposed to be his benefactor? How could he treat her like this?

After being confined for two days, Sophia looked pale and frail, as if a mere gust of wind could topple

her.

"Lucas, you actually locked me up!" Sophia's eyes were red as she spoke to Lucas, her voice trembling.

Lucas's expression remained indifferent. "Is this fun for you?"

Sophia trembled with rage. "How can you treat me like this? Even if you don't like me, if it weren't for me, you would've died in that accident. I saved your life! How can you do this to me?"

She looked at him hysterically, unable to believe the man who once wanted to divorce Aveline for her was now locking her up. For two whole days, she had been in complete darkness, feeling like she was in hell. She had shouted for help repeatedly, but no one responded.

Sophia, looking weak and unsteady, stood out even more with her prosthetic leg.

Lucas glanced at her prosthetic and said, "I found the doctor who treated you after the accident. You didn't have to use a prosthetic. Why did you give up your leg?"

Sophia's body shook at his words. How could he have found that doctor?

With a pale face, she replied, "I don't know what you're talking about. We were both unconscious after the accident. How could I have chosen to give up my leg?"

"Lucas, are you saying this because you don't want to be in debt to me? How can you say something like that? We were together for two years, about to get married! I never did anything to wrong you. Why are you treating me like this?"

As Sophia's cries echoed, Aveline felt a sudden sense of déjà vu. She had said similar things once. Her complex gaze shifted to Lucas.

Was he really such a heartless person?

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Lucas noticed her gaze and suddenly looked over at her. "What are you looking at me like that?"

Aveline's eyelashes fluttered.

Sophia also saw her at that moment and suddenly said, "Aveline, you see it now, don't you? You should never have saved him! I lost a leg for him, and now he treats me like this. You took him in and even married him, but how does he treat you? He doesn't deserve your love at all

Aveline frowned. Was Sophia out of her mind? Saying such things in front of Lucas, wasn't she afraid he'd kill her on the spot?

As expected, Lucas' face darkened, his eyes filled with murderous intent as he glanced at Sophia's prosthetic leg. "One prosthetic leg is quite an eyesore. How about I replace your other leg with a fake one too?"

Sophia looked at him in disbelief. "You... Lucas, are you insane? How dare you treat me like this!"

A surge of anger flickered in Lucas's eyes, but he suppressed it with great effort. "If both your legs are useless, I'll make sure you're taken care of for the rest of your life."

"No, no!" Sophia backed away in terror, looking at Lucas as if he were a monster.

He was a monster!

Treating his savior without gratitude, being so heartless and ungrateful!

Lucas' tone suddenly turned cold. "Do you not know why I locked you up?"

Sophia's face turned even paler. "I... I don't know what you're talking about."

Lucas fad her with a cold stare. "Everything you said that night at the Tudor family mansion was true, wasn't it?"

Sophia trembled, an overwhelming chill enveloping her. She knew that if she lied, Lucas might actually cripple her other leg. She had already sacrificed one leg to achieve her goal and couldn't afford to lose the other. How would she face him then?

Sophia swallowed hard and suddenly burst into tears, looking delicate and pitiful. "Lucas, it's my all

my fault. I was just jealous of her. Why could she marry you and stay by your side, when two years ago, it was me who was talking about marriage with you?" my fault,

She sobbed, tears streaming down her face. "But now, I feel like an intruder, as if I'm the third party, when it shouldn't be this way!"

She covered her face and cried bitterly, appearing extremely sorrowful and distressed, Lucas only looked at her coldly.

Aveline stood not far away, watching him. So, he brought her here to make Sophia confess the

"Enough crying. Apologize to her," Lucas said.

"uth?

Sophia cried for a while longer, not showing any signs of stopping, her body even swaying as if she

might collapse.

Lucas' impatient voice cut through her sobs.

Sophia's crying halted as she looked at him. "Apologize for what?"

Lucas replied irritably, "You twisted the truth and made me misunderstand her. Don't you think you owe her an apology?"

Sophia bit her lip. When had things changed? He hadn't treated her this way before!

With a pale face, Sophia looked at Aveline. "Miss Young, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have said those things. I was just reluctant to accept it..."

"That's enough," Lucas interrupted, losing patience with her continued rambling. He turned to Aveline, seeing no change in her expression, and frowned "Aveline, she intentionally made me misunderstand you," he said, walking up to her and speaking in a low voice.

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Aveline met his eyes with a calm gaze, but her tone had a hint of coldness. "Lucas, the real issue is that you don't trust me."

Lucas' brows furrowed tightly.

Aveline spoke gently, "I could reveal the truth to you this time. But what if someone frames me again and I can't prove my innocence? Will you just assume I'm guilty?"

Lucas pressed his lips into a straight line. He really couldn't guarantee he would believe her.

He closed his eyes, and suddenly, certain images flashed in his mind-a woman holding a toy to amuse him, he happily took it, but the moment he held it, it exploded. His hand was left bloodied and

torn...

Such incidents had happened countless times.

Aveline said, "So, to avoid such misunderstandings, how about we get a divorce?"

If they divorced, anything that happened to him would have nothing to do with her. She wouldn't have to feel hurt and sad over his actions anymore.

Lucas stared at her coldly. "After all that talk, your goal is divorce. Aveline, you can forget about it!"

Aveline pressed her lips together. She had failed again.

Sigh...

"Miss Winter?" A bodyguard's hesitant voice broke the silence at that moment.

Aveline looked over and saw Sophia had fainted.

Lucas saw it too and simply said coldly, "Take her to the hospital."

"Yes, sir."

The bodyguard immediately picked up Sophia and took her to the hospital. They had to keep this matter from Frederick, or things would get complicated.

Aveline turned and started to leave. Lucas watched her retreating figure, feeling extremely frustrated.

Aveline left Bluewater Bay Villa and called for a taxi, standing by the roadside to wait. She lowered her eyes slightly, unable to shake off Sophia's words from her mind. When Lucas had first regained his memory, he didn't treat Sophia like this; he even wanted to divorce her for Sophia.

So, what had changed? Why had he spoken to Sophia so cruelly now? Was there something she didn't

know about?

As Aveline pondered, a car pulled up, and she looked up to see Lucas' cold, devilishly handsome through the lowered window.

She didn't move.

face

"Get in. I'll take you," Lucas said.

"No need. I've called for a taxi," Aveline replied, still refusing.

Lucas grew more irritated and was about to get out of the car when another car approached.

Aveline's phone rang, and she answered, "Hello?"

"Hello, are you the passenger with the phone digits ending with 6965?" the driver asked.

Aveline nodded and looked at the car, seeing the license plate matched the one she had called.

She walked towards it:

Behind her, Lucas' cold gaze followed her until she got into the taxi, and then he couldn't see her anymore.

His eyes darkened with frustration.

"Get out," he ordered the driver coldly.

The driver quickly exited the car.

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Lucas slid into the driver's seat, started the car, and sped away like a bolt of lightning. Aveline's eyelashes fluttered as she saw the luxury car zoom past her.

Aveline thought Lucas must be crazy to drive so fast in the city.

When she got home and stepped out of the car, she walked a short distance before hearing a voice behind her.

"Miss, wait a moment!"

Aveline turned around, puzzled, and saw the ride-hailing driver approaching with something in his hand. He was tall and wore a mask that covered the lower half of his face. However, Aveline could tell he was smiling through his eyes.

"Miss, is this yours?" he asked.

Aveline looked and saw it was her keychain.

Indeed, it was hers.

"Thank you," Aveline said as she took the keychain from him.

The driver waved it off. "No problem. Just leave a five-star rating."

"Sure." Aveline nodded, then turned and went inside.

After all the fuss, she wasn't hungry anymore. She pulled out her phone and saw a message from Russell.

"The breakfast was great. Did Lucas blow up in anger?"

Aveline couldn't help but smile and replied, "No worries. As long as you liked it."

Russell texted, "You don't need to bring me lunch. Take a good rest."

Avelin replied, "Alright, I'll drop by in the evening."

Russell probably had something to do at noon, which gave her a chance to rest and think about what she should do next. She couldn't sit idle for long. Although she had enough money to live comfortably for the rest of her life, living like that would make life lose its meaning. She wanted to make more money! Browsing through job listings, Aveline didn't find anything suitable, so she decided to call Selena.

Selena was already up and about, though she had to avoid strenuous activities because her shoulder still hurt.

"What kind of job are you looking for?" Selena asked, puzzled.

"I'm not really sure. I looked through some job listings, but none of them seemed right," Aveline replied.

Selena said, "Oh, didn't the CEO of Brighton Enterprises appreciate you a lot before? Why don't you try sending them your resume?"

Aveline paused for a moment. "Alright, I'll consider it."

Brighton Enterprises could be a good option. They knew her capabilities, so it shouldn't be too difficult.

"Miss Quin, it's time to change your dressing," a voice said in the background.

Aveline immediately straightened up. "Selena, what happened to you?"

Selena sighed, not expecting the nurse to come at this moment. "Don't worry, I just got a little hurt. I'm at the hospital for a dressing change. I'll be fine in a couple of days."

Aveline spoke in a serious tone, "Send me your location. I'm coming to see you. Why didn't you tell me you were hurt?"

Selena was startled and quickly replied, "Really, there's no need. I'm almost better. Aren't you busy cooking for Mr. Skyler? If you come to see me, you won't be able to cook for him." Aveline frowned, feeling that Selena was definitely hiding something from her.

Selena chuckled. "I'm really fine. Don't make a fuss, okay?"

Aveline sighed. "Selena, if something's wrong, you have to tell me. Don't keep anything from me."

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"Alright," Selena agreed without hesitation.

"You should get your dressing changed. If you feel uncomfortable there, come back, and I'll take care of you. I'll cook delicious meals for you every day! Aveline said.

Selena laughed. "You're making my mouth water already. I'll come back as soon as I can. Wait for me!"

"Okay."

After hanging up, Aveline was still worried. Selena had been with Aaron recently. Did he know she was

hurt? However, she didn't have Aaron's number.

After some thought, she dialed Lucas' number.

In the cool-toned office, the atmosphere was tense. When Aaron walked in, he saw Lucas' sour expression, as if someone owed him millions of dollars.

"What's wrong with you? Feeling frustrated again?" Aaron pulled out a chair and sat across from him,

unceremoniously asking.

Lucas tossed a document at him. "Take a look yourself."

Aaron picked it up and saw that a project DK Group had been working on was snatched away by the Tudor family.

Frederick stole a project from his own son?

Aaron raised an eyebrow in surprise. "What is the old man thinking? Isn't he afraid that if he pushes you too hard, everything will end up in someone else's hands?"

Lucas sneered. "He still believes Leo is alive."

"Impossible!"

Aaron put down the document. "We all saw Leo's corpse. How could he think he's still alive?"

"Because of a few words," Lucas replied. "He insists Leo wrote to them recently and wants me to find him quickly."

Aaron was speechless. "Where are you supposed to find him? The underworld?"

He was frustrated. "I just don't get it. You're both his sons, but he only thinks about Leo. Has he ever considered what you've been through all these years?" Lucas' expression was cold. "If he cared, I wouldn't have gone through all that."

"True enough," Aaron agreed.

Aaron sighed helplessly. "Favoritism shouldn't be this blatant."

Lucas said, "Regardless of whether it's true or not, we need to investigate. If we don't, DK Group might

be destroyed before it even gets off the ground."

Frederick would think it was because Lucas didn't want Leo to come back.

The atmosphere in the office was heavy.

Just then, Lucas' phone rang.

He glanced at it, his eyes pausing for a moment. He answered it coldly, "What is it?"

Aveline's soft voice came through. "Give me Mr. Fletcher's number,"

Aaron, overhearing the conversation, immediately asked, "Why do you need my number?"

Aveline was surprised.

Aaron and Lucas were together?

That worked out perfectly. She said, "Give the phone to Mr. Fletcher."

Lucas' expression darkened, but he handed the phone to Aaron.

Aaron took the phone and asked, "What do you need from me?"

Aveline asked, "Mr. Fletcher, have you been with Selena? Do you know she's injured?"

Aaron's expression changed. "She's injured? When did this happen?"

Aveline frowned. "You don't know?"

Aaron replied, "Miss Young, your tone makes it sound like I caused her injury."

"No, I'm just asking," Aveline said. "When did you two last see each other?*

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Aaron said, "I don't remember.

Aveline's confusion deepened, though she struggled to identify its source.

"Alright, I understand," she replied, then promptly hung up.

Aaron looked at his phone, handed it back to Lucas, and sneered. "She didn't mention you at all."

Lucas' expression grew darker. "Do you have nothing better to do?"

Aaron nodded. "Indeed."

Lucas narrowed his eyes dangerously, a chilling aura directed at Aaron as if he wanted to kill him.

Aaron stood up and said, "Your wife didn't mention you. Why are you glaring at me? If you have the guts, go settle it with her."

With that, he turned and left.

Lucas leaned back, tugging at his tie in frustration.

She called just to talk to Aaron?

When did she start seeking Aaron for help?

It seemed he couldn't let Aaron stay idle.

Nor could he let Aveline stay too free.

He took out his phone and made a call, "I'll give you some money. Register a company and hire Aveline."

The voice on the other end was lazy. "Boss, I'm on vacation..

"I decide whether you get a vacation or not," Lucas replied coldly.

The other party was speechless.

Aveline clutched her phone, feeling uneasy, but she didn't know where Selena was and could only sigh helplessly.

Just then, her phone rang. She picked it up, surprised to see it was the buyer of her house.

"Hello, Miss Cooper.

Maria's cheerful voice came through, "Miss Young? I hope I'm not overstepping, but I can't shake the feeling we clicked. Do you have time for a cup of coffee?"

Aveline was taken aback. She and Maria were strangers. Why this sudden invitation for coffee?

"Miss Cooper, I'm not one to beat around the bush. What can I help you with?" Aveline asked.

Maria sighed helplessly. "I want to open a studio and I'm looking for a location, but I'm not familiar with Cloudflare City. I was hoping you could help me look at some sites."

She paused, then added, "Don't worry, I won't let you do it for nothing. I'll treat

Aveline relaxed. So that was it.

to a meal!"

"Alright, but I'm not from Cloudflare City either. I might not be much help. Aveline warned.

"Why don't we give it a shot first?" Maria replied.

Aveline agreed, and they arranged a meeting place before hanging up.

She wasn't afraid Maria would harm her. She knew Brian was still secretly following her. Otherwise, how could Lucas know her whereabouts so clearly?

After tidying up a bit, Aveline set off.

Fifteen minutes later, she arrived at the base of an office building and spotted Maria from afar. She was beautiful, her curly hair cascading over her shoulders, her demeanor lazy like a pedigreed cat.

"Miss Cooper," Aveline greeted with a smile as she walked over.

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Maria handed her a cup of tea. "Tea is better; coffee is so bitter."

Aveline accepted it. "Thank you."

Maria continued, "Let's go inside first. There are two spots in this building that the agent said are great, but I couldn't tell for sure. I thought you could help me decide." Aveline replied, "I might not be an expert in this either. By the way, what kind of studio are you planning to open?"

"A studio for architectural design," Maria said.

Aveline's eyes flickered at the mention. She was an architectural designer herself.

Maria seemed to recall something and looked at her. "I checked your profile. Aren't you an architectural designer? Where are you working now?"

"I'm not working at the moment," Aveline said.

Maria's eyes lit up. "Would you consider joining my studio? I can offer better pay than your previous job, flexible hours, and I won't interfere with your ideas. Think about it?"

Aveline didn't expect the invitation and smiled, politely declining, "Thank you, but I'm not looking to work right now. I might leave the city soon.

Maria was momentarily stunned, her eyes flickering. "Leave Cloudflare City? Where are you planning to go?"

Aveline lowered her gaze slightly. "Let's take a look at the office first."

"Alright," Maria agreed, understanding that Aveline didn't want to continue the conversation. She realized she had been a bit too eager and that her direct questioning could be off-putting.

As they stepped out of the elevator, they saw several studios with people busily working inside. Maria walked to a door, pushed it open, and said, "Here it is."

Aveline entered. The space was spacious, with office desks and chairs left by the previous company, all neatly arranged. She walked to the window and looked outside.

"How is it?" Maria asked.

Aveline turned to her. "It's quite standard. What's your budget?"

Maria smiled. "No budget. If it feels comfortable, 11-stay."

Aveline raised an eyebrow. "Then why did you ask me to come along?"

Maria said, "There's another one upstairs. Let's go check it out."

"Alright," Aveline replied.

Following Maria, they spent the entire day visiting several rental studios. In the end, Marla decided on one in a different office building. Aveline had just accompanied her the whole time.

After signing the contract, Marla said, "Thanks for your help. Let me treat you to a meal."

Aveline glanced at the time and said, "I'm afraid I can't today. I have something to do tonight.*

Maria raised an eyebrow. "What's more important than having a meal?"

Aveline smiled slightly. "It's very important, maybe another day."

Maria sighed helplessly. "Alright, but thank you for spending so much time with me. Where are you headed? I'll give you a ride."

She jingled her car keys. This time, Aveline didn't refuse because she believed reciprocity helped to maintain relationships.

Once in the car, Aveline mentioned the name of her neighborhood.

Maria asked, "Did you move?"

Aveline nodded. "Since I sold my house to you, I had to move."

"True enough." Maria smiled.

The car soon stopped at the entrance of the neighborhood. Aveline said, "I'll head in now. Thank you for the ride."

Maria replied, "No problem. Call me anytime, we still need to have that meal."

"Okay," Aveline agreed, turning to walk into the neighborhood.

Watching her disappear, Maria leisurely dialed Lucas' number.

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"Hello?" The man's voice was deep and magnetic but his tone was cold.

Maria replied leisurely, "Boss, Aveline is planning to leave Cloudflare City. If you want to do something, you better hurry."

Lucas' face darkened at her words. "Did she tell you that herself?"

"Mm-hmm."

"Did she mention where she plans to go?" Lucas asked.

Maria responded, "I've only known her for two days. I was surprised she even agreed to meet me. How could she tell me something so personal?"

Lucas' voice turned icy, "Then you better work hard, or I'll dock your year-end bonus."

With that, he hung up.

Maria glared at her phone.

Such a wicked capitalist!

Always exploiting the weak, helpless, and pitiful like them! She cursed him to never get to reconcile

with his wife!

Back at home, Aveline started cooking and then sent a message to Russell.

"Russ, is it convenient to visit tonight?"

Russell replied, "Yes, it's convenient."

She put her phone away, packed the cooked meal and headed to the hospital.

When she opened the door to the ward, she saw Russell slowly making his way to the bed. The room was empty, and he seemed to be struggling to walk. Aveline hurried over to support him.

"Russ, why are you out of bed?"

It takes a hundred days to heal from bone injuries. Getting up so soon was not good for his recovery.

Russell smiled slightly. "Lying down all the time is making my limbs atrophy. I need some exercise."

Noticing the concern on her face, he remarked, "Lucas must be filled with regret by now."

Aveline paused, helping him sit on the bed before releasing her hold. "Let's see if you like tonight's dinner," she said, changing the topic.

There was no need to continue the previous conversation.

Russell's eyes flickered slightly, then he nodded. "Alright."

Aveline set up the small table, opened the food container, and arranged the dishes inside.

Fortunately, no one else showed up unexpectedly today. Russell managed to have a peaceful dinner. Aveline sat by his side, occasionally playing on her phone. Suddenly, Russell spoke, "Aveline, your don't

need to come tomorrow."

"Hmm?" Aveline looked up at him in confusion. "Why?"

Russell said, "I have to go abroad. I don't know when I'll be back. If I could, I would want to your cooking. veen eating

As he spoke, his gaze was fixed intently on her. They were both adults; some things didn't need to be said out loud. Aveline's eyelashes fluttered slightly. "That's really unfortunate but take care of yourself while you're abroad." Russell looked at her steadily, noting her calm expression. He lowered his gaze slightly. "I will."

Aveline smiled faintly. "Then I'll be going now."

Russell said, "Why the rush? Let's chat a bit." +

What could they talk about? Aveline felt there wasn't much to discuss with him. However, since he suggested it, it wouldn't be polite to refuse. After all, they were friends now.

Russell looked at h

and asked, "Has that person come looking for you recently?"

and asked, "Has that p

Hearing this, Aveline was momentarily stunned, then she shook her head. "No."

It seemed she hadn't encountered Darren again.

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Thinking of Darren's fierce and menacing appearance, Aveline couldn't help but furrow her brows. Russell handed her a document. "I had someone Investigate him. Take a look at his file."

Aveline took it and began to read. Darren, in his forties, had just been released from prison after serving ten years for manslaughter.

Russell looked at her and slowly said, "Do you know who he killed?"

Aveline shook her head.

"It was Lucas' second brother, Leo Tudor," Russell said.

The name was unfamiliar to Aveline.

Russell continued, "But I couldn't understand why he wants to kill you. After my investigation, I found out that he kidnapped two Tudor brothers back then. Someone reported him, and in a fit of rage, he set fire and killed Leo, while the other one got rescued."

He looked at her and asked, "I suspect that the person who reported him might have been you. Aveline, do you really not remember any of this?"

Aveline's face showed confusion.

"Report him? Kidnap?" She tried to recall, but her mind had no memories of these events.

"No, I never did anything like that," Aveline said.

Russell frowned. "But if that's the case, why is he so determined to kill you?"

Aveline was equally puzzled. If she had indeed reported Darren's kidnapping, it would make sense for him to hate her. But she had no memory of doing such a thing. She hadn't even heard about the kidnapping.

Russell said, "Maybe I'm mistaken, but you need to protect yourself. He's still at large, which is a significant threat."

"I will, Russ. Thank you." Aveline nodded.

Russell smiled faintly. "No need to be so formal with me. It's getting late. You should go home and

rest."

Before she knew it, the sky outside had already darkened.

Aveline responded with a nod and stood up. "I'll be going now."

Russell watched her leave, his eyes narrowing.

Why wasn't she curious about which one of the Tudor brothers got rescued?

Or did she simply not care about Lucas anymore?

On her way home, Aveline couldn't stop thinking about what Russell had told her,

When she unlocked the door, she didn't notice someone suddenly standing up from the stairs above.

As she entered, the person followed her inside.

"You..."

Aveline was startled, but when she saw it was Lucas, her heart settled, though her brows furrowed in annoyance. "What are you doing here again?"

Lucas stared at her intensely, then suddenly stepped forward and pulled her into his arms. His breath, hot and fervent, descended on her as he kissed her with a hint of wildness. "Mmph!"

Aveline was shocked and struggled immediately. But his strength was overwhelming, holding her tightly as if he wanted to fuse her with him. She felt like her mouth wasn't her own anymore! After what seemed like an eternity, Lucas finally released her. His eyes glowed with a cold intensity." What do you have to talk about with him, hmm?"

Aveline pushed him away forcefully. "What does it have to do with you?"

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Lucas narrowed his eyes dangerously. "I'll show you right now if it has anything to do with me!"

He forcefully grabbed her and pushed her onto the sofa. Before she could react, his tall, heavy body pressed down on her.

"No!" Aveline exclaimed, kicking wildly.

Lucas easily subdued her, his hot breath close to her face. "What's the problem? Don't forget, we are

married."

Aveline gritted her teeth. "He told me about Darren"

Lucas paused at her words, staring into her slightly reddened eyes before slowly getting up.

Aveline stood, adjusting her clothes. "He saved me before and has been trying to find Darren, but the man is cunning and keeps hiding."

Lucas was irritated. The thought of Darren finding Aveline as soon as he got out of prison, and the fact that Russell had saved her, made him even more agitated.

Aveline headed to the kitchen and took out the food from the pot. She hadn't had dinner yet.

Lucas watched her intently and suddenly followed her.

This time, Aveline didn't offer him any food. "I only made enough for myself. If you eat it, I'll go hungry."

Hearing this, Lucas paused in his attempt to grab a bowl and utensils. "Then make some more."

Aveline frowned, "No."

Lucas pulled out a chair and sat down. "Fine, if you don't cook more, I won't leave."

"You!" Aveline glared at him, angry.

She didn't rush to cook but started eating her dinner. She was very hungry.

Lucas wasn't in a rush either. He simply watched her eat, his eyes darkening. For some reason, observing her brought him a peculiar sense of satisfaction.

Aveline resisted the urge to slap him. After finishing her meal, she got up and began cooking pasta.

She added a couple of green vegetables as garnish and then placed the plate in front of him. "Eat!"

Lucas looked at the plain bowl of pasta, his expression unreadable.

Aveline lifted her chin. "Don't like it? Then don't eat."

She moved to take the plate away, but Lucas blocked her hand and picked up the fork to eat, though he appeared displeased.

He thought about how she made elaborate meals for Russell, but for him, it was just a plain plate of

pasta.

Aveline, you're something else!

Aveline stood aside, arms crossed, watching him with an impassive face.

Even while eating pasta, Lucas' movements were graceful and silent.

His handsome, sharp features and noble demeanor were a sight to behold.

When he finally put down the fork, Aveline spoke up. "Lucas, what will it take for you to agree to a

divorce?"

Lucas' face darkened instantly. His eyes glared coldly at her. "Aveline, are you looking for trouble?" Aveline remained calm. "I'm serious. Haven't you ever considered that we're not suitable for each

other?"

Lucas sneered. "I think we're very suitable."

Aveline frowned. "In what way?"

*Lucas smirked. "In bed."

Aveline pressed her lips together and turned to leave. She realized that whenever she brought up divorce, Lucas always found a way to shut her down.