

After the CEO Divorced Me, He Wants Me Back chapter 36-40

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Aveline tried to get up, but he pulled her back down.

"What are you-mmph..."

Before she could finish, his fierce kiss silenced her. Aveline tried to push him away, but he grabbed her hands and pinned them. above her head.

The kiss grew more intense, spreading to her neck, her collarbone...

Their breathing became erratic.

Staring at the intricate ceiling, Aveline's eyes filled with tears. Lucas, I'm not your tool for venting your emotions. If you still appreciate that I saved you once, please let me go."

Please stop this. It was really painful for her. He was supposed to take responsibility for another woman, yet he kept entangling with her over and over. What was the point? Wasn't he the one who wanted a div

Couldn't he be decisive about it?

Lucas' breath on her collarbone grew heavier, but finally, he let her go and got out of bed, heading to the bathroom.

Aveline slowly lowered her hands, closed her eyes, and exhaled a deep breath, feeling a wave of disappointment wash over her. She wished he would say they wouldn't get divorced and that they could continu

Ha! How foolish.

When Lucas came out, Aveline had already composed herself.

"Let's go to the lawyer's office now," she said.

Lucas's expression turned colder. "Let's eat first."

Aveline started to protest, "No," but her stomach betrayed her with a loud growl.

Her eyes

flickered with embarrassment. "Fine," she mumbled, her voice barely above a whisper.

For some inexplicable reason, the frustration in Lucas' heart eased a bit. He left the bedroom without a word.

Aveline sighed in resignation and followed him. When she opened the door, a servant stood nearby, handing her a bag. Hello, these are the toiletries Mr. Lucas prepared for you."

"Oh, thank you." Aveline took the bag and went back inside to freshen up.

When she emerged from the bedroom, she realized she was in a villa. The bedroom was on

the second floor, with a view of the living room from the railing. The whole villa had a cold, monochromatic color scheme of black, white, and gray.

The servants moved about efficiently and silently.

Aveline descended the stairs and saw Lucas in the dining room. She walked over and sat down without a word, starting to eat.

A fork holding a piece of bacon strip appeared in front of her, placing it on her plate.

"You like bacon," Lucas said in a deep, magnetic voice.

Aveline stared at the bacon for a moment before returning it to his plate. "I don't like it anymore.

.15 BONUS

Lucas frowned. "Why don't you like it anymore?"

Aveline replied, "I just don't. Do I need a reason? Do I have to wait until it says it wants to be with someone else before I stop liking it?"

Lucas was speechless.

Aveline drank her milk and ate her fried egg. She wiped her

mouth with a napkin and looked at him, about to say something when she noticed some items in a nearby cabinet.

Why did they look so familiar?

They seemed like things she had thrown away.

Aveline pointed at the items and asked, "Did you pick up the things I threw away?"

The air around them grew noticeably colder. Lucas' tone turned even icier. "Those are things I bought. What does it have to do with you? Do you really think I would pick up what you discarded and keep it?" Aveline blinked. Weren't those the things she threw away?

Why did they look so much like them?

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"Let's go," Lucas said as he stood up, blocking her view.

Aveline looked at him. "Huh?"

Lucas looked down at her. "Aren't we going to the lawyer's office?"

Aveline lowered her eyes and didn't say anything. She got up and followed him out of the Tudor residence.

As she glanced back at the expansive and luxurious villa, she couldn't help but say, "What a shame, I won't be able to come here anymore."

She did like this place.

"You can still come," Lucas suddenly said.

Aveline looked at him, meeting his dark, intense eyes. She smiled and replied, "No thanks. It would be awkward if I ran into you and Miss Winter getting cozy."

Lucas's brow furrowed, and his demeanor grew colder.

He stopped looking at her and got into the car.

Aveline took the front passenger seat, but the driver didn't start the car.

She blinked in confusion. "What's the hold-up? Let's go."

The driver was sweating nervously. "Could you please sit in the back?"

Aveline turned to look at Lucas. Sure enough, he looked even more displeased than before. She found it amusing. "You told me

to sit in the front before, and now you don't want me to. Why are you so fickle after regaining your memory?"

Lucas just stared at her coldly.

Without his command, the driver didn't dare to start the car.

Aveline rolled her eyes and moved to the back seat. "You're really hard to please. Good thing we're getting divorced."

Otherwise, living with him would be such a headache.

Her words made the car's atmosphere even more tense. The driver glanced nervously in the rearview mirror before finally starting the car. Aveline took out her phone and noticed it was off. When she turned it on, countless messages flooded in, taking a while to stop.

Most of the messages were from Selena, so she called her right away.

"Ave, where are you? Are you safe? If you've been kidnapped, just cough once, and I'll call the police!" Selena's anxious voice came through. Aveline couldn't help but laugh. "I'm not some important

person. Who would kidnap me? I'm fine. I called to let you know so you wouldn't worry."

Selena sighed in relief. "Thank goodness you're okay. I would've hated myself if anything happened to you."

Aveline asked, "Why do you say that?"

Selena replied, "I couldn't stop that jerk from taking you. If it weren't for him, you'd be off having fun with some cute guy by now!"

Hearing this, Aveline's eyelashes fluttered, and she glanced at the man beside her. Lucas had his eyes closed, his profile sharp and defined, exuding a tense aura. Covering the phone with her hand, she whispered, "Yeah, he really messed things up."

As soon as she said that, a cold gaze fell on her.

Aveline cleared her throat. "Alright, there's nothing to worry about, I'll hang up now."

"Okay."

After ending the call, she turned to Lucas. "What are you staring at?"

Lucas's deep, dark eyes were unreadable, making it impossible to tell what he was thinking.

At that moment, Aveline's phone rang again. She picked it up and saw it was her department manager, William Foster, calling. Hello, Mr. Foster."

"Aveline, where are you? Get back here right away. There's a problem with the project you're in charge of!"

Aveline's expression immediately turned serious. "What happened?"

William replied, "I can't explain over the phone. You need to come back now."

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Aveline hung up the phone and turned to Lucas. "I need to go. back to the office."

Lucas's expression was cold. "No, we'll file for divorce first."

Aveline felt a pang in her chest but responded, "I can divorce you anytime, but I can't lose my job. You know I rely on this job to make a living."

Lucas' dark eyes stared at her for a long moment before he finally said, "Go to the office."

The driver immediately changed direction.

As soon as they got out of the car, Aveline hurried towards the elevator. She got in just as it arrived and pressed the close button without waiting for Lucas. But just before the doors closed, a hand reached in, tr doors.

Aveline sighed. Couldn't he have taken the other elevator?

Lucas's tall figure entered, making the elevator feel even smaller. Aveline stood in the corner, opening the project files on her phone to review all the details and ensure she was prepared to discuss them with he When the elevator doors opened, Aveline walked out without looking back.

Lucas watched her slender figure disappear, some of the darkness in his eyes fading.

As soon as Aveline entered the office, she noticed the unusual atmosphere. Everyone looked serious, and William was pacing

back and forth, looking extremely stressed.

"Mr. Foster, what's going on?" Aveline asked.

Seeing her, the manager immediately said, "The design plans for the Shenton project were leaked. Someone used them to negotiate with Brighton Enterprises first.

"Brighton Enterprises just called me to say they're reconsidering the collaboration. Miss Young, you were in charge of the Shenton project. During this time, did you ever take any materials out of the office?" Aveline's expression turned serious. "Mr. Foster, are you accusing me of leaking the plans?"

William replied, "I just checked with everyone else, and they have no suspicions. But you've been coming in early and leaving late,

and you've even missed a few days of work. Miss Young, I know you're capable, but it's hard not to suspect you."

Aveline responded, "I was in the hospital for a work injury. Are you counting that against me too?"

At that moment, a woman's voice interrupted, "Isn't it easy to do something like this while you're in the hospital?"

The woman was Zoe Fox, who had previously competed with Aveline for the Shenton project, which Aveline ultimately secured.

Aveline replied, "Did you see me leaking the plans?"

Zoe paused. "Of course not."

"Then why are you talking nonsense?" Aveline retorted.

Zoe's expression darkened.

William waved his hand. "Now is not the time for arguments. The most important thing right now is to salvage our collaboration with Brighton Enterprises. You all know what this deal means. If we succeed, it will He then turned to Aveline. "Miss Young, you are the main person responsible for this project. What do you think?"

Aveline lowered her gaze and, after a moment of contemplation, said, "I will work to recover the losses and get Brighton Enterprises to collaborate with us again."

Zoe scoffed. "You're so full of yourself."

Aveline looked at her, her clear eyes filled with coldness.

Zoe muttered a curse and walked away.

William said, "Alright, we're counting on you. Everyone else, stay focused and don't neglect your tasks."

Aveline returned to her desk, stared at her computer in deep thought for a while, then took out her phone to send a message to Selena.

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Aveline texted, "Selena, can you find out Brighton Enterprises' CEO's schedule?"

Selena replied, "I'll try!"

Aveline turned off her phone and waited quietly.

In the CEO's office, Desmond explained the situation to Lucas and then asked, "Mr. Tudor, should we arrange a meeting with Brighton Enterprises?"

Lucas replied, "No need."

Desmond was taken aback. "But if this isn't handled well, Miss Young might lose her job."

Since the incident happened under her watch, if she couldn't manage it and find the leaker, she would take the fall. Getting fired would be the least of her worries. If rumors spread that she leaked company secrets, Lucas looked at the documents on his desk, his expression calm and distant. "She can handle it."

His tone was confident as if he knew her very well.

And he did.

With her personality, she wouldn't take the blame quietly.

Desmond looked at him, feeling conflicted. They were about to divorce, yet Lucas still seemed so proud of her.

Around noon, Selena messaged Aveline.

Selena texted, "I found it! In two days, the Skyler family's precious princess is hosting a birthday party and has invited all the elites of Cloudflare City, including Brighton Enterprises' boss."

"I'll send you the time and place, but babe, I can't get you an invitation."

Aveline replied, "Knowing this is enough. I'll treat you to dinner another day!"

Selena texted back, "Great, I want spicy chicken!"

Aveline replied, "No problem!"

The Skyler family's heiress, Jennifer Skyler, was hosting her birthday party on a yacht. Aveline started monitoring the event early and found out they were hiring part-time servers. She signed up immediately.

After two days of training, the yacht party began that evening.

Aveline took her bag and went to the changing room to change. After most people had arrived, she went back to the changing room and took out the evening gown she had prepared earlier.

She was there just to find someone, so she kept it simple. With light makeup and a black evening gown that was understated yet elegant, she finished her look with a touch of lipstick and stepped out.

By this time, the yacht was sailing into the middle of the sea. The eight-deck yacht was brightly lit, and the deck was filled with elegantly dressed guests, mingling and enjoying the event.

Aveline took a glass of champagne from a waiter and began searching for Brighton Enterprises' CEO, Henry Brighton. However, the yacht was enormous, and she found herself wandering around the deck like she couldn't afford to miss this opportunity, but where was he?

As she looked around, she suddenly bumped into someone.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." Aveline quickly apologized. When she turned to see who she had bumped into, the person looked somewhat familiar.

The man in front of her had neatly styled gray hair and a casual, roguish smile. His black suit was slightly unbuttoned at the collar, giving him a carefree, charming look.

Russell recognized Aveline and a look of surprise flashed in his eyes. Seeing the confusion in her eyes, he chuckled. "What? You don't remember me?"

Aveline hesitated. "Have we met?"

Russell replied, "That night, you took my earpiece and insisted we drink together..."

Aveline suddenly remembered, her face showing a bit of

embarrassment. "I'm really sorry about that. I drank too much and didn't mean to offend you."

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Russell looked at her in surprise, thinking she was completely different from how she acted at the bar that night, drinking like crazy and unstoppable.

"It's fine," Russell said, glancing at his clothes before adding, "Was-this also an accident?"

Aveline felt even more embarrassed. "This really was an accident. How about you give me your jacket, and I'll clean it for you?"

Russell chuckled. "Here? Now?"

Aveline frowned. "I'm Aveline Young from DK Group's

Cloudflare City branch. You can send the jacket to my office, and I'll have it cleaned and returned to you."

Her sense of boundaries and distance was well executed.

"Aveline..." Russell silently repeated her name, then said, " Alright, I'll remember you."

With that, he turned and walked away.

Aveline sighed in relief. Thankfully, he didn't pursue the matter. She really didn't want any more trouble.

On the second floor, near the railing, Sophia watched below with a look of surprise.

Aveline was here too?

How did she get in?

Seeing that Aveline was alone and dressed plainly without any jewelry, Sophia narrowed her eyes.

BONUS

She guessed that Aveline probably didn't have an invitation.

At such an event, anyone caught sneaking in would be thrown into the sea. Ha!

Aveline resumed her search for Henry. Finally, on another deck, she spotted him chatting happily with a group of people.

Surrounded by many, she couldn't approach him directly. So, she stood at a distance, quietly waiting for an opportunity.

The night grew darker, the sea beyond the railing a pitch-

black expanse with the faint sound of waves gently brushing against the yacht. At that moment, Henry moved, walking with a few others towards the opposite side of the deck.

He was leaving!

Aveline's heart tightened, and she immediately followed him.

"Mr. Brighton, hello. I'm Aveline Young from DK Group's Cloudflare City branch and the lead on the Shenton project. I'd like to discuss the design concepts and ideas for the Shenton project with you. I believe n She blocked Henry's path, saying all this in one breath, then waited for his response.

The smile on Henry's face faded slightly. "But I've already received better design plans. I'm not interested in yours."

Aveline replied, "What you received is my design plan..."

Henry Brighton cut her off, "That's your issue. Please don't waste my time."

At the same time, two servers approached. "Do you have an invitation?"

Aveline's expression froze.

Henry walked away. Instinctively, she wanted to follow, but the servers blocked her. "Stop. Please show your invitation."

Their voices were loud, drawing the attention of those around them.

"I..." Aveline began to speak, but then she saw two people not far away.

Lucas and Sophia.

They stood together like a perfect couple-Lucas tall and handsome, Sophia gentle and graceful.

Aveline suddenly felt deeply embarrassed, like a joke being scrutinized by everyone, and Lucas happened to see it.

Would he mock her for overestimating herself?

Aveline's fingers clenched tightly.

The server's tone grew more aggressive, "Please show your invitation. If you can't, we'll have to throw you into the sea as per the rules!"

Not far away, Lucas downed his champagne in one gulp and started walking towards Aveline.