

## Divorced Me 361

### Chapter 361

When Aveline returned home, she immediately received a call from Selena.

"My beautiful Ave, I'm almost back. Is there anything you want to eat? The food here is quite good."

Selena's cheerful voice came through.

Aveline had been worried about Selena's injury, but hearing her lively voice put her at ease.

"Just bring whatever you think is good. I'm fine with anything," Aveline replied with a smile.

Selena said, "Alright, I'll pick out your favorites."

"Okay," Aveline agreed, sitting on the sofa with a water cup, and putting the call on speaker. "Is your injury fully healed?"

"Mm-hmm," Selena responded. "Of course, I've had my fun and need to get back to you. Otherwise, what if someone else takes my place?" Aveline laughed. "No way, you're my one and only."

"Really? Can I tell Lucas that? Will he kill me if I do?" Selena teased.

Aveline replied, "He wouldn't dare."

Selena continued, "Wow, listen to you. It sounds like you've got him wrapped around your finger. Tell me what happened while I was gone." Aveline's expression turned more subdued. "Nothing much, really. We're getting divorced soon."

"Seriously?" Selena's voice shot up, "He agreed to the divorce?"

"I made a bet with him. If I win, we divorce," Aveline explained.

Selena exclaimed, "Sweetie, aren't you afraid of losing?"

"I won't," Aveline's tone was confident. She firmly believed in Zane's integrity. Even if you put a mountain of gold in front of him, he wouldn't waver!

Selena added, "But I don't think it's that simple. There's no way that scumbag would agree to such a bet easily. Are you sure he doesn't have something up his sleeve?" Hearing this, Aveline frowned.

What if Lucas had kidnapped Lily to threaten Zane?

It was the kind of thing he would do to get his way!

"Ave?"

Selena called out when Aveline didn't respond for a while.

Aveline said, "You've reminded me. I'll call him now."

"Ave, the bet is already in place. What good will calling him do now?" Selena sighed helplessly.

Aveline felt a pang of worry. Lucas could easily manipulate her by creating this game. She feared that this attempt at divorce might also fail.

Pressing her lips together, Aveline said, "I still need to ask him."

Selena replied, "Alright, go ahead."

"Okay," Aveline said, then hung up and immediately dialed Lucas' number.

"Hello?" Lucas' tone was surprisingly pleasant, as he hadn't expected her to call him.

Aveline got straight to the point, "Lucas, regarding our bet, I don't want anyone else involved."

At her words, the pleasant tone in Lucas' voice vanished instantly.

He let out a slight chuckle. "Aveline, if you're going to play this game with me, you need to follow the rules. The game has already started, and now you want to add new conditions? Isn't that a bit inappropriate?"

He avoided directly answering her question, which only fueled her suspicion that he had indeed involved Lily. The only thinne

that could force Zane to comply were Bobby and his wife.

Aveline's tone turned colder. "Lucas, the bet is between the three of us and has nothing to do with anyone else. If you're using Madam Lily to threaten Zane into leaving Cloudflare City, then the terms of the bet are null and void!"

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Upon hearing this, Lucas expression turned icy.

She thought he would use others to coerce Zane into compliance?

In her mind, was he really that kind of person?

Lucas' tone became even colder. "Aveline, you always say I don't trust you. What about you?"

"What?" Aveline was stunned, but Lucas didn't give her an answer and hung up the phone.

Aveline stared at the disconnected call, blinking unconsciously.

What did he mean by that?

Was he saying she didn't trust him?

Aveline pressed her lips together, refusing to believe she was wrong.

When had he ever done anything to earn her trust?

She smirked sarcastically and decided not to dwell on it any longer.

As the sky gradually darkened, the lights in the CEO's office were bright as day, but Lucas' expression

was extremely grim.

His phone rang, and although he initially didn't want to answer, a thought crossed his mind, making his eyes flicker.

However, when he saw the caller ID was Frederick, his expression darkened again.

"Hello, Dad."

Frederick's tone was cold. "Lucas, what do you mean by this? Why haven't you dealt with that thief yet? Having someone whip him every day isn't enough."

Lucas replied, "Since you entrusted him to me, let me handle it my way.

Frederick sneered. "I think you're just hesitating because of Aveline, not wanting to harm that thief.

right?"

Lucas' tone grew colder. "If you don't trust my handling, you can take him back."

Frederick's voice became even icier. "Lucas, I'm your father. Is this how you talk to me?"

Lucas replied indifferently, "So what?"

"You...!"

Frederick was furious. 'Lucas, do you still want to join the Tudor Group?"

Lucas scoffed, "I'm your only son. If I don't join, who will you give it to?"

"Heh!" Frederick sneered. "Once your stepmom gets pregnant, there will be no place for you in the Tudor family, Lucas. You'd better not defy me again, or I'll throw you out of the family!"

With that, he hung up the phone.

Lucas tossed his phone aside, a look of mockery spreading across his handsome, stern face.

This was his father.

Always using his position to suppress him.

Did he ever act like a father?

Lucas closed his eyes briefly, his expression quickly returning to cold indifference.

Aaron walked in, seeing Lucas' icy demeanor, and asked, "Want to grab a drink?"

Lucas glanced at him. "Got a lot of free time, huh?"

Aaron sat across from him. "My underlings handle all my matters. Do you expect me to investigate personally?"

Lucas gave him a cool look and stood up. "Let's go."

Aaron followed suit, asking, "What exactly did Sophia tell you?"

Lucas' voice was cold. "She claimed to have information about Leo."

"Really?" Aaron's eyes widened. "She actually has something?"

Lucas' aura grew even colder. "She said if I marry her, she'll tell me."

Aaron sneered. "First, she tried to leverage gratitude to marry you, and when that failed, she targeted what you care about most. But I'm curious, how did she get information about Leo? Who gave it to her?" The two men stepped into the elevator.

Lucas looked at him. "I'm curious too. Why don't you ask her?"

Aaron shook his head. "No way. She's nothing but trouble.

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Thinking about how Sophia immediately brought up the car accident from two years ago when she saw Lucas, using it as leverage, made him feel disgusted

Was this how a savior should act?

Moreover, the exact details of that car accident were still uncertain.

The two men headed straight to the Noble Color bar

On the first floor, people were reveling in the night. Lucas sat by the window, observing the lively

scene below. His fingers held a glass of wine, and he drank one after another.

Aaron watched his cold demeanor and couldn't help but click his tongue. "Why are you drinking alone? What's got you so upset?"

Lucas glanced at him and suddenly asked, "Why does Aveline insist on divorcing me?"

His gaze fell on the glass, his tone growing colder. "What's so bad about being married to me?"

He had elevated her status, given her the things she had once desperately pursued, and they perfectly compatible in bed.

He couldn't understand why she wanted a divorce.

Aaron saw his love-stricken state, hesitated for a moment, and asked, "Since you regained your memory, have you ever thought about what happened during the time you lost it?"

At those words, Lucas' face darkened immediately, "Why would I want to?"

For him, it was a significant humiliation!

As a distinguished member of the Tudor family, when had he ever been that helpless?

He couldn't even speak properly!

Aaron said, "But it seems Aveline really liked you during that time."

Lucas' expression grew even darker.

Aaron asked, "Are you in love with her?"

Lucas frowned. "I just think divorce is too troublesome. If we're already married, why bother with a

divorce?"

Marriage and love didn't necessarily have to be intertwined.

Aaron shook his head slightly. "don't quite understand you. The you who lost your memory seemed to have fallen in love with Aveline, but now that you've regained your memory, you refuse to reflect on those times. You still loved her. How can you just ignore it?"

Lucas' face became even colder, "So what if I love her, and so what if I don't?"

Things had reached this point; what meaning did love or lack of love hold anymore?

Aaron pondered for a moment before saying, "If you had acknowledged those things and your feelings for Aveline from the start, you wouldn't be in this situation now." Lucas sneered. "You sound like you know a lot."

Aaron widened his eyes slightly. "Come on, don't you know my reputation? I'm the most renowned playboy in Cloudflare City! Of course I understand love!" Lucas raised an eyebrow. "So, have you found love?"

Aaron proudly lifted his chin. "Absolutely! When the time is right, I'll introduce her to you. My judgment has always been spot-on, trust me!"

Lucas picked up his glass and clinked it with Aaron's. "Then I wish you success."

Aaron clinked glasses with him. "Success is guaranteed!"

Thinking about his conversations with Snow, that gentle and adorable girl triggered his protective instincts. Even just her words could tug at his heartstrings.

What else could that be but love?

After taking a shower and preparing for bed, Aveline heard a knock at the door.

She frowned, stayed silent, and walked over to peek through the peephole, seeing Lucas.

The hallway light was dim, and he wore a black shirt. His tall figure nearly blocked out all the light.

With the light behind him, she couldn't make out his expression.

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Recalling their unpleasant phone conversation earlier, Aveline was reluctant to open the door.

However, it was already late at night, and his demeanor suggested that he would keep knocking until

she answered.

With a sigh, she opened the door.

"What do you want now...?" she began, but her words were cut off as his tall body leaned in, his hot

hands cupping her face, and he kissed her fervently.

His weight was overwhelming, the intensity of his presence making her involuntarily retreat. Finally, her legs hit the sofa, and her knees buckled, causing her to fall onto it.

Lucas never released her the entire time.

His kisses were scorching, his breath entangling with hers as if he wanted to consume her completely.

Gradually, Aveline began to falter.

Her eyes turned red at the corners, and her body softened. She felt her nightgown being pushed up her waist, which jolted her back to awareness.

"Lucas..." she murmured his name.

He reeked of alcohol, his breath hot and searing against her skin. Her body trembled involuntarily in

response.

"Hmm?" Lucas responded, guiding her small hand to his belt.

The cold metal buckle made her fingertips curl

"I don't want to... I don't want to do this," she resisted, not wanting to engage in such an act, especially considering their current situation. Lucas pressed closer, his scorching breath burning her skin, his voice deep and magnetic. "Let me see if your body really wants it or not."

Before she could react, his hand moved.

"No..." Aveline gasped.

He chuckled softly near her ear. "But Ave, your body says it wants this."

Aveline instinctively bit her lip, feeling ashamed by her body's response. She pushed against him, trying to prevent him from going further.

Lucas paused and kissed her cheek. "Why not listen to your body? Holding back like this isn't good for

you."

Aveline felt even more ashamed!

Despite their earlier unpleasant exchange, how could he say such things so nonchalantly?

"Lucas, I'm not in the mood. I don't want to," Aveline said firmly.

Even though her body was betraying her, she was resolute in her refusal. He knew exactly how to manipulate her body, and she was powerless against him. Lucas' breathing was heavy, and he finally asked, "Then help me out. If you do, I won't push for more."

Aveline's lips trembled slightly.

This man was infuriating!

"Go take a shower!" Aveline pushed him away, not wanting to assist him in any way.

Lucas' weight pressed down on her, one of his knees already between her legs. He sighed softly. Aveline, you're being a bit heartless. I'm in this state, and you won't help me?"

Such words would never come from a sober Lucas.

Aveline didn't want to answer him and continued pushing him, trying to get up.

But Lucas was too heavy, his tall frame completely enveloping her, making her feel like a trapped prey, her eyes reddening with frustration.

"Lucas, get up!"

Her voice, softened by their earlier struggle, was now weak and trembling.

Lucas, however, held her tightly. "If you don't help me, I won't get up."

He acted like a rogue, rubbing his nose against her cheek in a manner that was far too intimate.

Aveline froze. This kind of gesture was something only Lu would do.

Since regaining his memory, Lucas had always been domineering and overbearing. When would he ever behave like this?

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Aveline struggled more fiercely, not wanting to stay in this position or be so close to him.

He wasn't Lu!

The moment he regained his memories, Lu was gone!

Her eyes grew hot, and her voice trembled. "Lucas, get up.

Lucas sensed something was off in her tone. He raised his head to look at her, his fingers brushing her tears away gently.

"Ave, you're crying."

His voice was deep and gentle, making Aveline momentarily feel as if they were back six months ago.

Just that one sentence shattered the hard walls she had built around her heart, and her emotions surged forth, tears streaming uncontrollably.

Lucas visibly panicked, bending down to kiss away each tear with extreme tenderness.

Taking advantage of the moment, Aveline shoved him away and dashed to the bedroom!

She locked the door, her heartbeat thundering in her ears!

Leaning against the door, she panted heavily, tears still falling. She quickly went to the bathroom to splash her face with cold water, trying to calm herself down.

She had to stay calm.

He wasn't Lu.

He had killed her Lu.

The sound of knocking came, and Lucas' pleasant voice followed, "Ave, open the door."

Aveline didn't respond, her emotions now steady.

"Ave."

Lucas called her name repeatedly, his deep, magnetic voice tender and lingering.

Aveline exhaled a shaky breath and said, "Lucas, the bet isn't over yet. Whatever you do now is useless."

The knocking stopped, and he didn't call her name again.

Outside, she heard the sound of lighter flicking.

Separated by a door, neither could see the other's expression.

After a moment of silence, Aveline said, "Lucas, go. I need to rest."

There was still no response from Lucas.

Aveline ignored it, got into bed, and drifted off to sleep, exhausted.

It seemed that Lucas had stirred something in her today, causing Aveline to dream.

She dreamt of the moment she found Lu.

He was wearing light-colored loungewear, looking bewildered and lost, somewhat thin but still stood tall by the roadside, not knowing which way to go,

She had originally walked past him.

But seeing his handsome, confused face, her heart felt as if it had been struck. She turned back to him and smiled, asking. "Do you need help?"

He looked at her with a dazed expression. Those eyes, which should have been sharp and intimidating, were instead pure and innocent, like those of a newborn baby. Aveline's heart was struck once again.

The police station was nearby, and she intended to take him there, but when they reached the entrance, he refused to go inside. Later, she asked him why he didn't want to enter the police station. He looked confused and shook his head, saying he didn't know. Perhaps she was the only one who had spoken to him kindly and offered him help, so he followed her, even going home with her.

It was then that she realized he couldn't speak and had lost his memory, only remembering how to write his name.

The beautiful memories played out like a movie in her dream, from strangers to familiarity, every little detail merging into her very being. Aveline suddenly opened her eyes, her face wet with tears.

She lay there in a daze for a long time, then glanced at the clock. It was two in the morning.

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Feeling thirsty, Aveline got up to get some water.

When she opened the door, she noticed the living room light was still on, and Lucas was stretched out on the sofa. His arm was draped over his eyes, covering half his face. Aveline paused. He hadn't left?

The sofa was a small three-seater, and his height made it impossible for him to lie comfortably. He looked like he might roll off if he wasn't careful.

She poured a glass of water, drinking as she watched him.

Apparently hearing her, Lucas lowered his arm and looked at her with half-closed eyes.

Setting the glass down, Aveline suddenly asked, "Lucas, you've been avoiding our past, but tonight you showed a side of yourself from before. Are you trying to make me give up on the bet and the idea of divorce?"

Lucas sat up, his shirt now creased. Adjusting to the light, he stared straight at her.

Aveline's heart sank a little more.

Lucas' lips curled into a faint smile, "You fall for it, don't you?"

So that was it!

He would do anything to avoid the divorce!

Anger flared in Aveline's eyes.

Lucas lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply. His cheeks hollowed slightly, exuding a masculine allure.

Blowing out smoke rings, his voice was low and magnetic. "If you can't let go, then stop thinking about divorce. You liked Lu, right? I can try to be like him again. What do you think?"

He leaned back, surrounded by an air of cool elegance, his eyes watching her playfully, as if confident she would agree.

Feeling infuriated, Aveline marched over to slap him, but he caught her wrist and pulled her onto the

sofa.

He stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray, then gripped her waist, narrowing his eyes dangerously," Aveline, what's wrong with my suggestion? Why are you so angry?" Aveline's lips trembled with rage. How could he say such things without a hint of shame?

Try to be Lu again?

He wasn't Lu anymore!

No matter what he did, he would never be Lu!

Aveline struggled. "I think it's a terrible idea!"

Lucas let out a light scoff. "Is that so? It seems you prefer me as I am now, don't you?"

With that, he began to kiss her, his movements tender and lingering, gradually tormenting her nerves.

Aveline's body trembled involuntarily.

"You're so sensitive." Lucas' low laugh echoed in her ear. "After we get divorced, who else besides me could satisfy you?"

Aveline glared at him in shame and anger. This detestable man!

Lucas, enjoying her reaction, kissed her more deeply,

Their lips and tongues intertwined, stealing her breath away.

Aveline didn't hesitate to bite his lip, the taste of blood quickly spreading in their mouths.

Lucas narrowed his eyes. "Seems you like it rough. Coincidentally, so do I."

With those words, he kissed her again, tearing her nightgown with a swift motion.

"Mm

Aveline tried to speak, but he didn't give her the chance.

His hot hands roamed her body, familiar with her sensitive spots, teasing her nerves one by one. Her body, sensitive and fragile, couldn't withstand his teasing, soon trembling under his touch. Lucas grasped her struggling hands, placing them directly on his belt buckle.

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Lucas' breathing grew heavier. "Shall we finish what we started?"

Aveline's body had already turned weak, yet she glared at him, still resisting.

If she was reluctant, it wouldn't be enjoyable for either of them. This kind of thing required mutual consent for ultimate satisfaction.

Feeling displeased, Lucas caressed her face. "Aveline, don't force me, okay?"

Aveline felt a cold shiver envelop her. She lightly bit her lip and turned her head away, her resistance

still evident.

Seeing the blush on her cheek, Lucas felt a surge of desire. He leaned in and kissed her, releasing her hands and unbuckling his belt.

The sound of the belt buckle made Aveline's breath hitch. He was going to use force!

Fear tightened every muscle in her body.

But soon, she heard his low breaths in her ear, and he occasionally kissed her earlobe and cheek.

His eyes resembled a predator eyeing its prey.

Realizing what he was doing, Aveline blushed even more.

Women would get aroused too, especially after some foreplay. Her body was already weak, and

those sounds and feeling his breath near her ear made her instinctively squeeze her legs

hearing together.

Lucas chuckled at her reaction. "Want it? Just say the word, and it's yours."

His deep, raspy voice was coaxing.

Aveline shut her eyes tightly, trying to endure the discomfort.

Lucas kissed her cheek again, then moved to the corner of her lips, teasingly brushing them.

Unable to take it anymore, Aveline asked, "Since you can handle it yourself, can you let me go now?"

Lucas replied, "If I let you go, I can't handle it."

As he spoke, his hot breath caressed her ear, sending electric tingles through the sensitive flesh and down her neck, making her shiver again. Lucas kept his eyes on her. "Are you sure you don't want it?"

Aveline remained unmoved.

Lucas' gaze grew darker. After what felt like an eternity, he suddenly kissed her fiercely. The heat of it made Aveline shudder uncontrollably. The kiss began wild, like a predator savoring its prey, but gradually softened. He finished with a gentle

stroke of her chin and smirked. "Aveline, you have some strong willpower.

Aveline kept her eyes closed, her eyelids trembling.

Ignoring her silence, Lucas got up and went to the bathroom in the bedroom to take a shower.

Aveline lay limp on the sofa, motionless for a long time.

The sound of running water continued. She forced herself to get up and, glancing down, saw the marks on her body.

Her face burned with heat, but more than anything, she felt a deep sense of shame.

He was deliberately tormenting her, using a method that left her feeling humiliated and unable to express herself. She had underestimated Lucas' shamelessness!

Aveline returned to the bedroom, discarded the torn nightgown into the trash, and changed into different clothes.

By the time Lucas came out of the shower, she was already in bed, seemingly asleep.

Lucas gave her a long look, then unceremoniously lifted the blanket and slid in beside her, pulling her into his arms. As he felt her warmth, he chuckled softly. "Going to sleep without fully satisfying yourself? Isn't that uncomfortable?"

Aveline, who had almost drifted off, was jolted awake by his actions.

Feeling irritated, she kicked at him. "If you're not going to sleep, then get out!"

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Lucas grabbed her leg and casually gave it a squeeze, his breathing growing heavier.

Aveline's body tensed up but soon relaxed as he made no further moves.

She was really tired.

It was impossible to chase him away now, and he wouldn't leave easily. Causing too much commotion would just cause problems for the neighbors.

Forget-it.

Let's just sleep.

For several days, Zane didn't contact Aveline.

Lucas also became busy. When she wanted to ask him about Bobby, he hung up as soon as he heard

her mention it..

Clearly, he didn't want to continue the conversation.

At this moment, Maria called.

Aveline answered, "Hello, Miss Maria."

Maria's cheerful voice came through, "Miss Young, are you free today? Let's have a meal together."

Aveline thought for a moment and agreed, "Sure."

Maria smiled. "I'll send you the location, just come directly."

"Alright."

Maria chose a steak restaurant.

When Aveline arrived, she saw Maria already there, standing at the entrance with a relaxed demeanor. Upon seeing her, Maria smiled.

"You got here quickly," Maria said.

Aveline replied, "I was nearby, and this steakhouse is really good."

Maria blinked. "I'm glad you like it."

The two entered the restaurant.

They went straight to a private room upstairs. The waiter brought a tablet, and Maria handed it to Aveline. "You probably come here often, so you order!!

Aveline asked, "Is there anything you don't eat?"

Maria replied, "I'm fine with anything."

Aveline nodded and started ordering.

Once she finished, she handed the tablet to the waiter, and the private room door closed.

Maria stared at her and suddenly asked, "Didn't sleep well? You don't look too good."

Aveline smiled and shook her head. "It's fine, just had some nightmares."

Maria nodded knowingly, then asked, "Have you thought about what we talked about earlier? I guess you're not in a hurry to leave Cloudflare City. If so, why not come to my place for a while? Whenever you want to leave, just let me know. Don't worry, I won't withhold your salary."

She extended the invitation again, looking at her sincerely.

Aveline hesitated, then said, "I'll think about it."

Maria smiled. "No problem. Call me anytime you decide. The biggest and brightest office in my studio is reserved for you!"

Aveline chuckled. "With you saying that, it seems I have no choice but to join."

Maria raised an eyebrow, "Well, I really hope you join my team."

Aveline replied, "Once I handle my affairs, and if I don't want to leave, I'll contact you."

She still needed a job and wanted to achieve a certain level of success.

That's what makes life meaningful, right?

The food arrived quickly and they started eating, chatting about various topics, creating a relaxed atmosphere.

However, midway through the meal, Aveline's phone rang. She saw it was Zane calling.

She stood up and said, "Excuse me, I need to take this call."

Maria nodded slightly.

Aveline stepped out of the private room with her phone and answered, "Hello, Mr. Zane."

Zane's voice was hesitant. He sighed heavily and said, "Aveline, I'm sorry about Bobby. Since we can't see him for now, maybe we should just let it go."

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Aveline's face darkened upon hearing this. She asked, "Mr. Zane, where are you

you now?"

Zane replied, "I'm heading back to Arthur Town. I have left many matters unattended for too long, I need to check on the situation back at home."

Aveline closed her eyes briefly and said, "Til take you there."

Zane tried to dissuade her, "No need, I didn't bring much with me. Don't trouble yourself.

But Aveline insisted, "Mr. Zane, it's my fault we haven't found Bobby. If you're leaving, I must see you

off."

In the end, Zane agreed,

Aveline hung up and returned to the private room. She said to Maria, "Miss María, I need to leave for

now."

Maria stood up, is it urgent? Let me give you a ride."

"No need, I can get a taxi. I'll manage." Aveline smiled politely, declining her offer.

Maria nodded. "Alright then, take care on the way."

"Thanks"

Aveline left the restaurant and took a taxi to her recently rented apartment.

When she got out of the elevator, she saw Zane had already opened the door, clearly waiting for her.

Mr. Zane."

Aveline walked over and saw that Zane had packed his things, ready to leave.

Zane smiled. "Aveline, thanks for taking care of me these past few days. When you come to Arthur Town make you some barbecue."

Aveline pursed her lips slightly and asked, "Did someone come to see you?"

Zane was taken aback and instinctively waved his hand. "No... no one."

Seeing his reaction, Aveline understood what was going on.

Lucas must have offered conditions that Zane couldn't refuse.

She couldn't fathom what Lucas had offered to make Zane give up on his own son.

Aveline felt very conflicted and didn't know what to say.

Noticing her silence, Zane said, "Aveline, I probably won't return to Cloudflare City. If you ever crave my barbecue, just come visit me. I'll always be there."

Aveline replied, "Mr. Zane, what if Bobby comes home and finds out his parents abandoned him? What then?"

Zane's body trembled, his eyes turning red. "It's his own fault!"

His emotions suddenly flared up. "He stole from his employers and sold their belongings to pay off his gambling debts. Do you know how much he owed? Forty million dollars! I've never seen that much money in my life. How could he do that? How could he?"

Zane sat on the couch, covering his face with his hands.

Aveline was stunned. Bobby had been gambling?

But in her memory, Bobby was honest, loyal, and without any bad habits. How could he have gotten involved in gambling?

"Mr. Zane, is this true?" Aveline couldn't believe it. "Could there be some misunderstanding?"

Zane sighed heavily and said, "That Desmond sent me surveillance videos of Bobby gambling. I saw it all. To repay his debts, he stole from his employers. He sold those things for forty million dollars. I heard those items were very important to them, likely the belongings of someone deceased, so.

Zane choked up. "They didn't send Bobby to jail because they thought that would be too light of a punishment."

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Aveline still felt something was off.

She paused for a moment, then looked at Zane and asked, "What if one day you find out that Bobby

was innocent? Will you regret your decision today?"

Zane remained silent.

The atmosphere in the room grew heavy.

Aveline exhaled softly and said, "Mr. Zane, let me take you to the station."

Without a word, Zane stood up, grabbed his things, and walked out.

His attitude was clear. He would no longer care about Bobby.

Aveline couldn't quite understand her feelings.

Was it really unforgivable if one's child made a mistake?

She didn't understand.

At that moment, even her belief in family bonds wavered.

After seeing Zane off, her phone rang. She took it out and saw that it was Lucas calling.

Aveline pursed her lips and answered, "Hello?"

Lucas' deep, magnetic voice came through with a hint of joy, "Aveline, let's have dinner tonight at the Tudor House."

His tone was confident as if he knew she wouldn't refuse.

Of course, she wouldn't refuse.

She had lost, and because of that, she had to keep her promise.

She wouldn't mention divorce again and would continue being his wife.

Standing outside the station, Aveline looked up at the sky, noticing it had turned gloomy, much like her mood at that moment.

"Okay," she replied softly before hanging up.

Instead of taking a taxi, she walked aimlessly down the street.

Her eyes lowered slightly, her thoughts in turmoil.

It seemed like everything was coming to an end.

But was Bobby's situation really as it seemed?

Why didn't Lucas let her see Bobby?

What puzzled her the most was why the photo of Bobby, beaten and bloodied, appeared on Zane's

phone.

If the Tudor family didn't intend to let Bobby go, there was no need to inform Zane of this.

What was the point of all this?

However, since Zane decided not to pursue the matter further, she, as an outsider, couldn't say anything about his decision.

Aveline sighed and got into the car, leaving the place.

In the evening, Aveline arrived at the gates of the Tudor House.

The servants, already informed of her visit, opened the door promptly.

"Mrs. Tudor."

Hearing this title felt unfamiliar to Aveline.

Even though she and Lucas had never divorced, the title didn't seem to genuinely belong to her. She still felt like the old Aveline. But...

Starting today, everything would be different.

She had to adapt to a life completely unlike her past.

She had to accept this identity.

Even grow accustomed to it.

"Okay," Aveline responded softly as she walked through the corridor and entered the villa.

The butler saw her arrival and approached with a smile. "Mrs. Tudor, please wait a moment. Mr. Tudor

will be back soon."

\*Alright."

Aveline nodded and sat down on the sofa.

She had been here twice before and knew the opulence of this place. Even standing here now, she still felt out of place.

She didn't belong here.

Aveline lowered her eyes slightly, her demeanor very quiet.

A servant quietly brought over some snacks and juice before leaving.

After about half an hour, there was some noise at the door.

Aveline instinctively turned her head and saw Lucas, dressed in a black suit, walking in.

As he walked in, he loosened his tie, strode over to her, and, holding the back of her neck, kissed her deeply.