

Divorced Me 371

Chapter 371

Aveline's body stiffened. She tried to dodge, but his hand clamped around her like a vice, preventing

any escape.

Lucas' kiss grew deeper and more intense, as if he wanted to devour her whole.

Aveline couldn't take it anymore and pinched his waist, only to feel solid muscle beneath her fingers.

Lucas released her and chuckled softly. "Can't handle it already?"

His thumb brushed across her lips, his eyes dark and unfathomable.

Aveline's breathing quickened. "I'm hungry. I want to eat."

"Okay."

Lucas laughed quietly and said, "Wait for me a moment."

He went upstairs and returned about ten minutes later, now dressed in light-colored loungewear, looking more relaxed and less aloof.

They sat in the dining room.

The table was filled with all of Aveline's favorite dishes.

He had anticipated her arrival and had everything she liked prepared in advance.

Aveline's expression didn't change when she saw the food.

Lucas said, "Welcome back, my dear Mrs. Tudor."

Aveline's eyelashes fluttered, but she remained silent

Lucas stared at her overly calm face and suddenly pinched her chin, his eyes narrowing dangerously. Aveline, you know you have to honor the bet, right?" Aveline looked at him. "I know, that's why I'm here."

Lucas' grip on her chin tightened slightly. "But what's with this indifferent attitude? Are you dissatisfied? Or do you still want a divorce?"

Aveline pursed her lips and pulled his fingers away. "Let's eat."

Lucas said, "Let's clear things up first."

Aveline looked at him. "I'm afraid if I do, you won't feel like eating."

Lucas' previously joyful mood turned cold.

"Aveline, you agreed to the bet, and you set the conditions. Now that you've lost, why are you giving me this attitude? Do you really think you're irreplaceable to me?"

Lucas glared at her, his eyes cold as ice. He hadn't brought her back just to give him the cold shoulder!

How did she used to treat him?

She smiled at him every day, her eyes full of tenderness, as if he was her entire world!

But now?

All he saw in her eyes was indifference.

It seemed like she had stopped loving him a long time ago!

Ha! How could she fall out of love so easily?

Aveline clutched her fork and said, "Lucas, you're asking for too much. You only told me not to bring up divorce, so I haven't. You wanted me to be Mrs. Tudor, and I'm doing my best. But you didn't lay down any other rules. I'm keeping my end of the deal- can you stick to yours?"

The atmosphere in the dining room grew unbearably tense.

Lucas suddenly let out a cold laugh. "Are you deliberately trying to annoy

Aveline remained silent.

me?"

When she decided to come back, she couldn't help but wonder if being cold toward him would make him grow tired of her faster. If that happened, he might be the one to bring up divorce, even if she didn't. It seemed she had already achieved half of her goal.

Without warning, Lucas yanked her chair around, making it screech against the floor. He gripped the chair with one hand, leaning on the table with the other, and loomed over her. "So, you've changed tactics, huh? You think this will make me ask for a divorce? Keep dreaming, Aveline."

A cold smirk played on his lips. "Being my wife isn't some part-time gig you can quit whenever you feel like it."

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Aveline's eyelashes trembled. "What do you mean?"

Lucas touched her face lightly, then turned and walked away.

Aveline instinctively stood up. "Lucas, what do you mean? Explain yourself!"

But Lucas had already gone upstairs, leaving her without any explanation.

Aveline couldn't understand his intentions, and her heart sank.

What did he want? She had already stopped mentioning divorce. What more did he want from her?

She gripped her utensil tightly, her fingers trembling slightly from the effort.

After a long while, she calmed down and sat back down to eat. She had to eat well; no one would take care of her, so she had to take care of herself. After finishing a bowl of cereal, she stood up to leave.

The butler blocked her path. "Mrs. Tudor, Mr. Tudor has instructed that from today, you will be living here."

Aveline pursed her lips slightly.

As his wife, she indeed should live by his side.

"I need to go back and pack my things," she said.

The butler nodded slightly and did not stop her.

Aveline returned to Selena's house, packed her belongings, and cleaned the house. She even bought a new sofa, throwing out the old one.

By the time she finished everything, it was completely dark outside.

She returned to the Tudor residence.

The butler sent servants to help move her things, which only consisted of a few boxes, up to the bedroom.

The bedroom had a cold color scheme, with dark gray sheets and duvet covers, exuding a strong sense of restraint.

Aveline lowered her eyes slightly and went into the bathroom to take a shower.

Lying on the bed, she still felt somewhat surreal.

She had actually moved in just like that. Thinking about Lucas' previous words made Aveline inexplicably agitated.

She soon understood what he meant.

The next day, she was woken up by the ringing of her phone. She answered, "Hello?"

Selena's voice came through, "Ave, you're still sleeping? Haven't you seen the news? That scumbag Lucas hooked up with a celebrity!"

Aveline's eyes snapped open. "What did you say?"

Selena was furious. "Check today's top trending topic!"

Without hanging up, Aveline opened the app, and the top trending topic was about Lucas and the celebrity.

The headline was eye-catching. She clicked on it and saw a pixelated video posted by the informant. Opening the video, she saw a shaky camera capturing Lucas and a woman wearing a hat and mask entering a hotel together.

After spending the night, they left the hotel together, behaving intimately.

A sharp pain stabbed at Aveline's heart.

She gripped her phone tightly.

"Ave, can you believe this guy? He's a total jerk. What a loser, not doing anything worthwhile all day. It's bad enough he's messing around, but why can't he just leave you alone? He won't give you a divorce - is he trying to make you sick of him on purpose?" Selena's voice was dripping with disgust.

Aveline closed her eyes. She might have understood what Lucas meant by his words last night.

He could let her return to his side as Mrs. Tudor.

But she didn't have the ability to make him the Lu she once knew.

He was Lucas Tudor.

As the CEO of DK Group, he could have anything he wanted.

Making her feel what it meant to be heartbroken was just as easy.

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Aveline said, "Selena, I don't love him anymore."

Selena, who was about to continue ranting about Lucas, suddenly

fell silent.

"Ave...

Aveline smiled indifferently. "Since I don't love him anymore,

whatever he does outside and whoever he's with has nothing to do with me."

Selena's voice became cautious. "Ave, do you really not love him anymore?"

Back then, the first time she saw Lucas, she couldn't miss the look of deep love in Aveline's eyes. Whenever Aveline looked at Lucas, her eyes lit up with happiness. But later, after Lucas got his memory back, that sparkle in Aveline's eyes vanished for good.

Aveline responded, "I'm going to get up and wash now."

"Okay," Selena said, her voice now dry.

After hanging up the phone, Aveline lay on the bed, staring quietly at the ceiling for a while.

Suddenly, she took out her phone and called Russell.

"Hello, Aveline."

The call was quickly answered, and Russell's voice came through, tinged with a cheerful tone.

Aveline asked, "Russ, do you know any reliable private investigators?"

Russell, aware of the situation between Lucas and the celebrity,

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raised an eyebrow at her question, "Yes, I'll have someone contact you."

"Thanks," Aveline said.

Russell chuckled. "No need to thank me. I'm glad you could reach out to me."

Aveline smiled silently. "When will you be back?"

Russell replied, "Not sure yet. There's a lot going on here, but I'm almost fully recovered. Don't worry."

"That's good."

After a brief chat, Aveline hung up the phone. She got up, washed, and changed her clothes before going downstairs.

The butler happened to come out of the kitchen and said, "Mrs Tudor, breakfast is ready."

"Okay," Aveline responded softly and went into the dining room to

eat.

At that moment, there were some noises outside.

A servant's voice came through, "Mr. Tudor, you're back."

"Mm," Lucas responded coldly. His tall and handsome figure soon appeared in the dining room.

Seeing Aveline holding a bowl and eating cereal, his eyes darkened.

He casually pulled out a chair and sat down, his eyes fixed on her without blinking.

"What is it?" Aveline tried to ignore him, but his gaze was too

intense, sending a chill down her spine.

Lucas' voice was cold and heavy. "Don't you have anything to say to me?"

Aveline shook her head in confusion, "No, nothing."

Lucas let out a cold laugh, reaching up to loosen his tie, revealing a lipstick stain on the collar of his shirt.

Aveline noticed it, her eyes pausing briefly, her fingers tightening around the spoon.

A sharp pain spread through her heart, like countless needles pricking her. It wasn't excruciating, but it was torturous.

Aveline looked away and continued eating her cereal. The side dishes were quite good today.

Seeing her calm face, Lucas's expression grew uglier. He suddenly stood up and headed upstairs.

He stripped off his clothes and threw them all into the trash can.

Taking out his phone, he called Aaron. "What kind of lousy idea did you give me?"

Aaron, still half-asleep, was suddenly jolted awake by the shouting. What's going on? Even after all that, Aveline still didn't react?"

"Tsk tsk... I gotta say, Lucas, maybe Aveline really doesn't love you anymore," Aaron replied, sounding as if he pitied him greatly.

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Lucas' tone was icy. "Who else would she love besides me?"

Aaron paused, silently praising Lucas' baseless confidence.

He didn't want to hurt his friend's ego any more, worried it might come back to bite him. So, he said, "You're right, she's only ever loved you. But watch out, she might stop loving you. Whether she loves you or not is her call, not yours."

Lucas' expression darkened. He didn't want to listen to Aaron's convoluted reasoning and hung up the phone.

Ha!

Aveline didn't love him? Impossible. Those memories constantly reminded him that she loved him!

After breakfast, Aveline left the house.

By the time Lucas came downstairs, having changed into a fresh set of clothes, the dining room was empty. He looked at the butler and asked coldly, "Where is she?"

The butler replied, "Mrs. Tudor left after finishing breakfast."

Lucas' handsome face grew even colder.

Just then, his phone rang. He glanced at the screen and saw it was Yvonne calling.

His eyes turned colder, but he still answered the call. "Hello, Mom."

Yvonne's gentle voice came through, "Lucas, your grandmother's birthday is coming up. Do you have any plans for the celebration?"

Lucas replied, "Whatever we've done in previous years, we'll do the same this year.

Yvonne agreed, "That works. Don't forget to bring Aveline back with you. Your grandmother loves her the most,"

"I know," Lucas responded curtly and then hung up.

Barbara's birthday celebration was in two weeks.

Lucas held his phone, pondering for a long time, before finally setting it down and leaving.

Aveline arrived at Maria's studio and knocked on the door. Maria was talking to someone but turned around when she heard the -knock. Upon seeing Aveline, she smiled in surprise. "Aveline!" Aveline smiled slightly. "I've made up my mind. I want a spacious and bright office."

Maria was delighted. "I've saved a spot for you. Come on, let me show you!"

Aveline nodded and followed Maria inside. As they walked, Maria explained the salary and benefits of working there. As an architectural designer, most of the earnings came from project commissions; whether one could make money depended entirely on

their own skills.

After understanding the details, Aveline said, "Boss, please take care of me from now on."

Maria immediately pulled out a contract. "I thought you would need more time to consider. Didn't expect it to be so quick."

Aveline replied, "Something came up, so I'm not leaving for now."

Maria said, "If you need any help, just let me know."

Aveline smiled slightly. "Boss, you've invested a lot to keep me. I'll definitely work hard and help you achieve financial freedom as soon as possible!"

Maria nodded. "Alright, my happiness in the latter half of my life depends on you!"

They both shared a smile.

Aveline started working right away. The studio was already

equipped with everything she needed, so she simply turned on the computer and began.

In her previous company, she had built up a significant network, especially after completing the Brighton Enterprises project.

Many people sought her for design work, but she hadn't been taking any jobs lately. Now she reached out to them, and many companies expressed their willingness to collaborate, but she needed to produce initial drafts first.

Aveline became busy.

Maria, sitting in her own office, watched Aveline working diligently. She sneakily took a photo and sent it to Lucas.

"Boss, your wife looks so charming when she's focused. I'm starting to fall for her myself."

Lucas replied, "Photo received. You can retract the rest of the message."

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Maria replied, "I won't."

Then she set down her phone and rested her chin on her hand, watching Aveline work.

"A beautiful woman indeed," Maria thought, shaking her head in admiration. After a while, she picked up her phone to order takeout.

Aveline had been trying to decide what to have for lunch, but right as her break started, the food delivery showed up.

Maria came out of her office, smiling. "Lunch is on me. It's a tradition here for the boss to treat new employees for three days."

Aveline sighed lightly. "If your studio grows into a publicly listed company, you'll spend a lot on treating people!"

Maria shrugged. "We'll cross that bridge when we get there. For now, it's our tradition!"

"Yeah, the boss is really nice!"

"This tradition should be kept forever!"

Three new people had recently started at the studio. One was another architect like Aveline, one was in charge of keeping projects on track, and the third was a fresh college grad interning in architecture, still figuring out her specialty.

Maria had kept her on, giving her three months to decide which direction she wanted to go.

Maria appeared to have no idea about the industry, running the studio as if it were her hobby, coming up with these offbeat ideas.

Aveline simply nodded. "Thank you, boss."

Maria swung her hips playfully. "No need to rush your lunch. Take it easy afterwards. I'm off."

"Okay," everyone responded.

Aveline opened her takeout box and started eating.

Another architectural designer, Charlotte Rogers, walked over with her own takeout box. "How are you settling in?" she asked. Aveline nodded. "Pretty well."

Charlotte said, "Maybe it's because the studio is new, but we haven't had any projects. I've been idling for two days." Aveline looked at her and said, "You can reach out for projects yourself. It's common for new studios."

Charlotte replied, "Yeah, I'll start looking. What about you? Any plans?"

Charlotte paused and asked, "Why did you leave DK?"

Aveline's expression remained calm. "Sorry, I have my personal reason."

Charlotte pouted and said, "So what if you came from DK? It's not a big deal."

Muttering under her breath, she returned to his desk.

Aveline didn't take her words to heart. After finishing her meal, she got back to work. Designing required inspiration, and sometimes she'd delete sketches she wasn't satisfied with.

As she planned to draft some preliminary sketches before leaving, Maria approached. "Time to clock out. Our studio doesn't encourage overtime. Go home and rest."

"Alright, we're leaving," the others said as they stood up.

Seeing that Aveline wasn't planning to leave, Maria walked over and blocked her computer. "Work never ends. Take it easy."

Aveline looked at her. "You don't seem worried at all."

Typically, new studios were eager to sign deals and generate

revenue to sustain development.

Maria smiled. "Like I said, work can't be finished in a day. If I made you work 24 hours, would you be able to complete the designs?" Aveline raised an eyebrow. "That's true."

Maria added, "Alright, go home. I have a date."

Aveline nodded and shut down her computer.

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Maria watched Aveline leave and breathed a sigh of relief. She couldn't afford to have the boss' wife working overtime-Lucas would kill her!

Aveline returned to the Tudor residence and was surprised to find Lucas there. He sat on the sofa, his handsome, sharp features exuding a calm, detached aura.

Aveline lowered her eyes and went upstairs without showing any emotion.

Footsteps followed behind her.

As she opened the bedroom door, Lucas' arm encircled her waist. He pulled her close, his hot breath brushing her lips.

Aveline's eyes widened, and she pushed him away. "What are you doing!"

Lucas' expression grew colder. "Getting close with my wife. Can't you tell?" Aveline said coldly, "I'm not in the mood."

Lucas stepped forward, grabbing her. "It doesn't matter if you're not; I am."

He clasped the back of her neck and kissed her forcefully.

Aveline kept dodging, refusing to let him kiss her.

Feeling annoyed, Lucas tightened his grip on her neck, rendering her unable to move, allowing him to kiss her.

Aveline trembled all over, struggling and hitting him.

Both of them were highly emotional

Lucas' dark eyes flashed with a hint of red as he pressed her onto the sofa. "Why are you dodging, huh?"

Aveline's lips were swollen from his kisses. She panted and said, "Lucas, I told you I'm not in the mood. You can't force me!" Lucas stroked her face, toying with her. "Is it really that you're not in the mood, or are you just disgusted?"

Aveline's eyes trembled fiercely.

Lucas saw through her emotions and chuckled softly. "Why deny it? Are you jealous?"

Aveline stared at him for a moment and suddenly asked, "Lucas, what exactly do you want?"

She had given him everything he wanted. What more could he be dissatisfied with? Why did he need to humiliate her like this?

Lucas' expression turned colder as he stared at her. "I want you to treat me like you used to."

"I can't," Aveline said almost without hesitation.

Lucas said, "Really?"

His tone was light as he leaned in to kiss her face. "Then don't resist. Let's be a normal couple and not expect anything more from each

other."

Aveline's long eyelashes trembled. She understood what he meant.

He wanted something she couldn't give.

So, she shouldn't expect his fidelity.

But why?

He was the one who insisted she come back.

He was the one who refused to divorce.

If he liked to play around, why not divorce and enjoy his freedom?

Did he really enjoy the drama of maintaining appearances at home while fooling around outside?

It was truly disgusting.

Aveline didn't move, her body stiff with tension.

Lucas felt it but didn't care.

His fingers deftly unbuttoned her shirt. He knew her sensitive spots and a slight touch would make her go soft.

And it did.

Feeling the changes in her body, Aveline bit her lip in anger and struggled again.

"Get off me! Don't touch me!"

But Lucas held her down forcefully. "Today, I'll make you feel good, okay?"

Aveline resisted. "No, don't touch me!"

Lucas ignored her protests. Watching her succumb to his touch, seeing her completely surrender to desire, fascinated him.

Aveline was furious, but her body loved the way he touched her, and she couldn't hide it from him.

Her body was weak against his teasing and caresses.

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Lucas kissed her face, and her lips, his hot breath enveloping her like it wanted to melt her.

Aveline's body trembled uncontrollably. Suddenly, she bit his shoulder hard enough to make his muscles tense.

"Just let it out. We're married; there's no need to feel shy."

Lucas saw through her thoughts, his deep voice whispering in her ear.

Aveline waited for the feeling to subside before letting go, her breath ragged as her flushed eyes glared coldly at him.

Lucas raised an eyebrow at her. "What? You want to use me and then not take responsibility?"

He lifted her and carried her toward the bed.

He knew she was weak now and couldn't resist, easily pinning her beneath him.

Hovering over her, his eyes seemed like a bottomless abyss, threatening to swallow her whole.

Aveline resisted, pushing him away. "If you need someone, go find a celebrity, an influencer, or a model. Just don't come to me!"

Lucas paused, looking at her intently. "Are you jealous?"

Aveline snapped, "I am not!"

Jealous of a man like him? Did he mistake her to be a masochist?

Lucas continued to stare at her, refusing to let her rise, keeping her trapped beneath him. "You are jealous, no need to deny it."

Aveline calmed down. "Lucas, I don't like you anymore. Why would I be jealous?"

She paused, then suddenly smiled. Do you think my body's reaction. means I like you? You're really good in bed. Any woman would want to sleep with you, but that doesn't mean they like you." It was just a physical response.

Lucas' face darkened suddenly. Not giving her a chance to breathe, he forcefully entered her.

Aveline tensed. She had been completely relaxed earlier, making her vulnerable and yielding, and he didn't have to try hard at all.

"You..."

Aveline's eyes widened slightly, wanting to accuse him.

But he gripped her waist, leaned down, and kissed her fiercely and aggressively.

He didn't give her a chance to speak! Even if she could, her words would come out in broken syllables, completely unintelligible.

Aveline felt a surge of fear as she gradually lost the ability to cope. Was he mad?

He was truly mad!

Throughout the night, every time she was about to pass out from exhaustion, he would wake her up.

He had no intention of letting her sleep!

It wasn't until the first light of dawn appeared that Aveline lay trembling in his arms, her eyelids heavy with fatigue.

Lucas finally released her, his eyes still clouded, his tone colder. Aveline, I don't want to hear those words again. If I were to hear them again, I'd make things worse for you."

He let go of her and walked into the bathroom.

Aveline had no time to think and drifted into a deep sleep.

When she woke up again, the sun was high in the sky.

She rolled over, her body aching as if she'd been run over by a truck, completely drained of energy.

That bastard!

She cursed under her breath, realizing she was late and hadn't informed Maria. She hurriedly grabbed her phone to send a message.

To her surprise, Maria had texted her.

"The building is undergoing electrical maintenance. Everyone have to work from home today and make sure to complete your tasks!"

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Aveline sighed with relief. Working from home was a blessing in disguise, being late on her second day would have been a disaster. However, she wasn't to blame-this was all Lucas's fault!

The way he acted last night, it was as if he hadn't slept with a woman in ages!

But that couldn't be true. He had just spent the night with a celebrity...

The thought made Aveline feel nauseous. She jumped out of bed and stumbled into the bathroom, where she started to vomit.

Lucas walked in just as she was stumbling. Hearing her retching, his face darkened, and he quickly went to her, placing a hand on her back. "What's wrong?" "Don't touch me!" Aveline shoved him away.

Tears welled up in the corners of her eyes from the vomiting, and come began to gather, ready to fall. Her expression was one of pure disgust as if he were something filthy. Lucas face turned even darker. "Do you think I'm dirty?"

Aveline didn't reply and continued to retch until there was nothing left to throw up. She felt a bit better after rinsing her mouth and exhaled a shaky breath. "Lucas, I want a divorce."

She couldn't convince herself. She couldn't accept sharing a man with other women!

He was tainted!

She didn't want him anymore!

Lucas stared at her intensely. Her pale face and trembling, fragile body showed just how unwell she was.

"Because I spent the night with another woman?"

"Yes!"

Aveline looked at him, nodding. "If we continue like this, neither of us will be happy. We should just divorce."

Lucas stared at her and suddenly said, "Yet you said you're not jealous."

Aveline pressed her lips together.

Lucas continued, "I didn't spend the night with another woman."

His deep, magnetic voice was calm and unhurried as he explained, "That night, we just happened to be staying at the same hotel. I was in the presidential suite. Without my permission, no one can go up there, except you, my wife."

He walked over and held her. "Aveline, I haven't touched another

woman."

Aveline's body tensed, and she quickly turned away. "So what? I don't love you anymore. Continuing this marriage is pointless."

Lucas' mood darkened instantly as he stared at her back.

"Don't even think about it," he said coldly before leaving the bathroom.

Aveline felt completely drained as she sat on the bathroom floor, tears streaming uncontrollably down her face.

How pathetic she felt. She actually believed him after just a simple explanation!

If this continued, her resolute decision would definitely waver.

What should she do?

What was she supposed to do?

After a long time, she finally composed herself and came out of the bathroom. She changed her clothes and went downstairs to eat, finding that Lucas had already left. Just then, her phone rang. It was Selena calling.

"Hello?"

Selena's voice was anxious. "Ave, my house was robbed!"

Aveline frowned. "What happened?"

Selena said, "I just got home and found the door open. Everything inside is a mess. I'm checking to see if anything's missing."

Aveline said, "I'm coming over right now."

"Okay."

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Aveline hurriedly ate a few bites of her meal before heading to Selena's place.

As she reached the floor, she saw Selena's apartment door open with two police officers standing at the entrance. Selena was talking to them.

"Selena," Aveline called out as she walked over.

Selena looked at her and immediately asked, "Ave, when you were staying here, did anyone come in? Were you hurt?"

The two officers also turned their attention to her.

Aveline replied, "No one came in while I was staying here."

Selena said, "Then it must have happened after you moved out."

Aveline nodded. "It should have been last night. I was here the day before to pack my things."

The police checked the surveillance around the building but found nothing suspicious.

In the end, the matter had to be dropped.

Selena pulled Aveline inside. "This is such bad luck. I guess I'll have to move."

Aveline said, "I rented an apartment before, but I'm not staying there now. You can move in."

Selena asked curiously, "Why did you rent a place?"

Aveline explained the situation to her.

After listening, Selena touched her chin, her face showing a contemplative expression.

"You mean, someone deliberately sent Mr. Zane photos of his son being abused, but they didn't put his son in jail."

"Yes, I've been puzzled about that. I've thought about it a lot but can't figure out why. Aveline nodded.

Selena said, "It is strange. If they didn't intend to release Mr. Zane's son, why send those photos?"

Aveline sighed. "Well, it's no use overthinking it. The matter is done, and Mr. Zane made his choice. As an outsider, I shouldn't say much.

"Yeah..."

Selena sighed too.

Then she asked, "What's going on with you?"

Aveline didn't answer and instead asked, "Were you hurt? Are you okay now?"

Selena nodded. "I'm fine now. Look what I brought for you-a

protective charm. Keep it in your bag, and you won't encounter those troubling things anymore."

She handed Aveline a beautifully packaged charm.

Aveline accepted it. "Thanks, babe."

Selena waved it off. "No need to thank me. Do you have plans today? If not, let's go out for a meal. I haven't eaten since I got back this morning!" "Sure, let's go eat," Aveline agreed with a nod.

The two of them tidied up a bit and then headed out.

Seeing a mall, Selena pulled Aveline inside.

Eating could wait-shopping was more important! After being in the

hospital for so long, she hadn't had a proper outing and was itching to shop.

Selena's mood lifted significantly just being around Aveline.

They entered a clothing store, and Selena immediately spotted a dress. She picked it up and held it against Aveline.

"Ave, this would look amazing on you. Try it on."

Aveline glanced at the dress and then nodded, reaching to take it.

But a hand suddenly reached out and snatched the dress away.

"Moon, you should try this on. It would look stunning on you."

Seeing someone take the dress away, Selena's face darkened. She stepped forward and snapped, "Hey, have some decency! How could you just snatch things from others like that?"

A woman sat on the sofa, bundled up in a hat, mask, and sunglasses. The girl who had taken the dress wore a hat as well and initially looked at the woman with a fawning expression. Hearing Selena's words, she glared at her fiercely. "This dress is so expensive. Can you even afford it?"

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The girl's attitude was extremely arrogant.

Selena's fiery temper flared up. "Whether I can afford it or not is

none of your business. But seeing how you just snatched something from me like that, you seem to lack manners."

The girl was taken aback, immediately turning with a pitiful look. toward the woman addressed as Moon.

Moon Chew sat on the sofa, arms crossed, her sunglasses fixed on Aveline. She said, "I'll pay double. I want that dress."

Selena sneered. "So, you think having money makes you superior? Ever think about the store clerk? Overpaying messes up the market. Are you buying the dress or your dignity?"

Moon's face, hidden under her mask, turned cold.

"The dress is in our hands now. We want it. What are you going to do about it?" she said arrogantly.

Selena's anger flared even more. "Acting tough, huh? If you're so bold, why are you hiding behind a hat and mask? Afraid of being recognized for something shameful? Oh, she called you Moon. Aren't you that notorious actress who is also a mistress?"

The girl immediately retorted, "What nonsense are you spouting? Be careful, we can sue you for slander!"

Moon responded, "The real mistress is the one he doesn't love."

"How shameless!" Selena took out her phone and started recording. She then lunged forward, yanking off Moon's sunglasses and hat. "I'll expose your disgusting face today. Let's see if your fans still like you after seeing you brazenly ruin someone's marriage and snatch clothes!"

"Ah! What are you doing?"

The girl dropped the dress and rushed over to stop Selena.

With surprising strength, Selena shoved the girl aside and started recording Moon's face up close.

Moon panicked. "Are you crazy?"

Selena sneered. "Weren't you acting all high and mighty just now? What happened? Scared now? If you're afraid, then don't do things. that only despicable people do!" "Ah! Help!"

Moon frantically covered her face, preventing Selena from

recording, too afraid to run outside for fear of being recognized by the crowd.

At that moment, a group of people passed by the store and saw the commotion.

Seeing the man leading the group, Moon immediately rushed over, crying. "Mr. Tudor, help me! This woman is crazy!"

She hid behind Lucas, looking pitiful and delicate.

Selena aimed her phone at Lucas' face. "Ha! I never expected to run into a pair of adulterers today. When I post this video, your fans will tear you apart!"

Selena's dislike for Lucas had reached its peak, and seeing him now. made her even bolder.

Aveline, sensing the chill emanating from Lucas, quickly went to Selena's side. "Enough, stop recording."

But Selena grabbed her hand. "Don't be afraid. I'll keep this as evidence for you. You can file for divorce. There are plenty of men

out there better than him!"

The coldness in the air grew more intense, a powerful presence sweeping through the room.

Aveline felt a shiver down her spine!

"Selena, please, stop recording." Her expression was serious as she noticed Lucas' face darken.

He was angry.

And he wasn't the type to let such an insult slide easily.