

After the CEO Divorced Me, He Wants Me Back

chapter 46-50

Lucas sat behind her, watching her obediently drink water. A gentle look flashed in his eyes, but it disappeared quickly.

After drinking the water, Aveline didn't lie down again. She leaned against the headboard and checked her phone. Many people had sent her messages, mostly colleagues asking about her condition and a few. She called Selena.

"Ave, did everything work out?" Selena answered quickly, her sweet voice coming through.

Aveline replied, "Yes, it did. You were a big help. Have you decided what you want to eat?"

Selena responded, "In that case, I'll make my request."

Aveline said, "No problem."

Selena chuckled. "I haven't had your cooking in a long time. Can you make me something? I'll eat whatever you cook."

"Sure," Aveline agreed. Selena had helped her so much; she deserved anything she wanted.

Selena continued, "Hey, your voice sounds a bit off. Are you okay?"

Aveline replied, "I caught a cold, and I-"

Before she could finish, someone snatched her phone away, ending the call abruptly. Lucas put the phone in his pocket.

"Lucas, what are you doing?" Aveline glared at him.

"You need to rest now," Lucas said firmly.

Aveline retorted, "But at least let me finish my sentence! Am I about to die or something? Can't I even finish a sentence?"

Lucas looked at her coldly. "If you want to die right now, I can make that happen."

Aveline was speechless.

She cursed him a hundred times in her head but didn't dare say a

word out loud.

How infuriating! He was so overbearing!

Where was that gentle puppy from before? Give him back to her!

Fuming, Aveline turned her head away and ignored him.

Lucas stared at her profile, his eyes dark and brooding. "You did well this time. Securing the partnership with Brighton means the department head position is yours."

His deep voice echoed in the room, met with only silence.

"Say something!"

Aveline retorted, "Are you crazy? You're the one who told me to rest, and now you want me to talk."

Lucas frowned, looking at her pale face, and said nothing. He just closed his eyes.

Aveline gritted her teeth and eventually gave up.

After a long while, her voice broke the silence in the room.

"Lucas, why didn't you come to help me last night?"

Lucas' breath hitched, seemingly not expecting her to ask so directly.

Aveline continued, "Didn't expect me to ask, did you? But why shouldn't I? You're my husband, the person I've always relied on, the one I... once loved the most. In that situation, you should have stepped up to help me."

As she spoke, a faint, bitter smile appeared on her face. "But you acted like an outsider, watching my misery."

Lucas' eyes were fixed on her. "What do you mean by 'once loved. the most? Do you not love me anymore? How can you be so fickle?"

Aveline looked him straight in the eye. "Why don't you ask yourself why it's 'once'?"

Lucas's lips pressed into a tight line, and the atmosphere around him became even more intense, making the room feel several degrees colder.

Aveline, exhausted, said, "Stop tormenting this patient."

He paused, his gaze unreadable, but a fire seemed to burn within his chest, leaving him deeply unsettled.

Did she really prefer the version of him who lost his memory?

The room finally fell into a prolonged silence.

Aveline drifted back to sleep, and when she woke up, the IV drip was finished. Daylight streamed through the window, and she saw her phone on the bedside table. When she opened it, she saw a message from Lucas on WhatsApp.

C 47

"You can take a day off and come back to work tomorrow."

Ha!

Aveline let out a bitter laugh, her eyes devoid of any emotion.

Last night, she had gathered all her courage to say those things. She wanted a response, an explanation from him.

Even a perfunctory answer would have sufficed.

But his attention didn't seem to be on her words. When did he stop caring about her?

It made her feel that asking him that question last night was incredibly foolish.

A self-inflicted humiliation.

Aveline composed herself, completed the discharge procedures, and went home. There, she saw the file folder on the cabinet. Opening it, she found the property deed, a check, and a key inside. Maple Garden.

A prime location in Cloudflare City, with top-tier greenery, 25 floors, and 500 square meters.

Wow, it was even larger than expected.

Did he think this would make her grateful?

Aveline's eyes remained emotionless as she took out the check. The amount of six million dollars was clearly printed on it, along with Lucas' strong signature at the bottom.

Aveline held the check, lost in thought for a long time.

She had grown up in an orphanage, but it closed down when she was

in high school. She worked part-time jobs while studying, right up until she graduated from college.

Her biggest dream had always been to buy her own house in Cloudflare City and become wealthy.

If her past self had known that divorce could easily bring her these things, she would have been overjoyed.

But now, all she felt was pain, a heartache that spread through her entire body, making her soul tremble. These things belonged to her now, but Lucas didn't.

Aveline took a deep breath, placed the check and the property deed together, and put them back into the file folder.

She had become a wealthy woman.

She no longer needed to work.

She could have a cute guy on one arm and a young hottie on the other.

She could...

Could she really?

She slowly sat on the sofa. The two-bedroom apartment was small, and even a little extra stuff would make it feel crowded. When he

came along, she made room for his things.

She hadn't noticed before, but now, without his things, the apartment felt soulless.

Everywhere she looked was empty.

Sadness took root in her heart, growing deeper with every pang of pain.

How pathetic.

How could she still long for such a lousy man?

Aveline got up and went to the bathroom, washed her face, and then called Selena.

"Ave, what happened last night? Was that jerk with you?" Selena asked as soon as she answered.

Aveline responded, "Yes, he was. I'm free today. Come over, and I'll cook for you."

Selena replied, "Alright, I'll be there. Wait for me."

After hanging

up, Aveline went out to buy groceries. She bought all of Selena's favorite foods. As she crossed the street, she caught a glimpse of a familiar car out of the corner of her eye. When she turned to look, the car was "Watch the road while crossing, miss."

Someone reminded her, and she quickly looked back, hurrying across the crosswalk.

"Thank you."

She thanked the passerby and then carried her groceries back home.

At the corner.

A silver-gray Maybach stopped, its windshield adorned with dappled patterns from the shadows of trees. Inside, Lucas sat,

frustration evident as he tugged at his tie while gripping the steering wheel with one hand.

Why couldn't he bring himself to approach her?

C 48

He gave her what she wanted; she should be happy. But just now, her expression didn't seem pleased. Why?

Lucas grew more irritated the more he thought about it. Just then, his phone rang. It was Desmond. "Mr. Tudor, Mr. Hang has arrived."

"Okay, I'll be back right away." Lucas replied coldly, then hung up. He cast a long look in the direction of Aveline's house before turning the car around and leaving.

In the evening, when Selena arrived, Aveline had already prepared four dishes, with two more and a soup still cooking.

As

"Ave, there's so much food!" Selena exclaimed excitedly, hugging her and rubbing against her.

Aveline said, "It's alright. Go wait outside; it'll be ready soon."

Selena replied, "Okay, I brought some alcohol."

Aveline sighed, "I can't drink it; I took cold medicine."

Selena was surprised. "You're sick? But you look fine."

Aveline answered, "You'll see why I look fine in a bit."

Selena went outside, and soon after, Aveline brought out two plates of food. The soup was also ready. After washing her hands, she handed a file folder to Selena. "Here, take a look at this." "What's this?" Selena opened it, took out the contents, and her eyes widened in disbelief.

"This... Ave, did you just hit a jackpot?"

Aveline replied, "Sort of. After the divorce, I became a wealthy woman. Can you blame me for looking good?"

Upon hearing this, Selena set the items down and cupped Aveline's face in her hands. "Is that really how it is? You must be so sad."

Aveline was taken aback, staring at Selena for a moment before bursting into laughter.

"What's the use of being sad? Can love put food on the table? Money is more reliable. I'm planning to pick a good day to move and then quit my job. Do you have any plans coming up? If not, let's go on a world Aveline laid out her plans.

Selena couldn't laugh. Knowing Aveline well, she understood that her optimism was just on the surface. Aveline had once been so fond of Lucas.

Now, with the divorce settlement in hand, their marriage was truly over. All that was left was the divorce certificate, severing their ties completely.

Aveline sighed. "I'm fine, so why are you looking like that? I'm sharing my joy with you. Didn't you always encourage me to dump the jerk and embrace the future? That's what I'm doing now."

Selena said, "But you must be hurting, Ave. If you're sad, just cry it out. It's okay, I promise I won't record or take pictures."

Aveline laughed. "Alright, let's eat before the food gets cold."

"Okay, let's eat!"

Selena nodded, opening the bottle of alcohol. "You can't drink, so just watch me. Cheers!"

She clinked her glass against Aveline's glass and took a big gulp. Aveline was speechless.

If she'd known Selena would react this way, she wouldn't have told her.

After the meal, Aveline was fine, but Selena drank until she passed out. Aveline made some ginger tea for her and helped her to the guest room to rest.

Coming out of the room, ready to wash up and go to bed, her phone rang. She picked it up and saw that it was Lucas calling.

It was already 10 PM. Why was he calling her?

"Hello?"

She answered, her tone indifferent.

"Desmond."

The man's hoarse voice came through the phone, cold to the extreme.

Aveline was taken aback. Did he dial the wrong number?

"This is Aveline."

There was a brief silence before she spoke.

www

But all she heard was his heavy breathing. After a moment, his voice came through again.

After the CEO Divorced Me, He Wants Me Back

"Bring me some medicine, something's wrong with me."

With that, the call abruptly ended. Aveline stared at her phone, puzzled by the sudden disconnection, her brows furrowing.

Did he really dial the wrong number?

Didn't he hear her speak?

Aveline pressed her lips together and called Desmond.

"Hello, Miss Young."

The call connected quickly, and she could hear a faint background noise on his end.

"Mr. Blake, Mr. Tudor called me by mistake just now. He asked for you to bring him some medicine. Can you go to him?"

"I'm afraid that's not possible," Desmond replied directly. "I'm on a business trip and already at the airport. Miss Young, could you deliver the medicine for me? I can tell you the name of the medication; you can get it from any pharmacy."

Aveline's brows knit tighter. "You're on a business trip?"

"Yes," Desmond confirmed, and she could faintly hear airport announcements in the background.

"Miss Young, I'll send you the name of the medicine. Mr. Tudor's condition is quite distressing when it flares up. Please help me deliver it. Thanks."

With that, he hung up.

"Hello?"

Aveline was stunned, standing up instinctively.

VÍS BONUS

Soon, a message with the medicine's name came through.

Feeling perplexed, she couldn't shake the strange feeling inside her. She stared at the medicine name for a while before finally turning around, putting on her coat, and heading out.

Oh well.

He had given her money and a house so quickly; she couldn't just leave him in trouble.

Arriving at the Tudor residence, Aveline's phone vibrated just as she reached the door. It was a message from Desmond with the entry code. It seemed almost as if he knew she would arrive at this moment, for the strange feeling in her heart intensified.

But since she was already there, Aveline decided not to overthink it.

She entered the code and walked into the large villa's courtyard. The surroundings were quiet, and the lights cast long shadows.

Entering the villa, she found it completely empty.

Previously, when she had been here, there were many servants and housekeepers around. Did they all go off duty at night?

"Lucas?"

She called his name from the living room, but only a faint echo responded.

After waiting for a moment, she carried the bag upstairs. She

remembered where his master bedroom was. The door was slightly ajar, with dim light spilling out. Pushing the door open, she saw him lying on the bed.

He was shirtless, with the blanket only covering him from the waist down. Sweat covered his body, and his brows were tightly furrowed.

as if he was enduring immense pain.

Aveline was startled. What was wrong with him?

He had never had this problem before.

She walked over and gently shook him. "Lucas?"

The man didn't react, his brows still furrowed, and his breathing heavy.

Aveline opened the medicine and checked the instructions, then. mixed a cup of the solution. She pinched Lucas's nose to make him breathe through his mouth.

Struggling for air, he suddenly opened his eyes.

Those eyes were clouded, looking at her without recognition.

Aveline was startled. "You're awake? Take this medicine first, and then you can go back to sleep."

Lucas's dark gaze bore into her, making her feel uneasy, like prey under a predator's watchful eye.

She offered him the cup. "Drink the medicine?"

But in the next moment, he grabbed the cup and threw it across the room. It landed on the carpet without a sound. Grabbing her wrist, he pulled her onto the bed, his burning body pressing down on her, and his scorching breath claimed her lips.

C 50

Aveline was stunned! What was going on with him? Was he not fully conscious?

She began to struggle violently, but the disparity in strength between them became evident. Her struggles only seemed to provoke him further. He grabbed both of her wrists with one hand and pinned them above her head.

His scorching breath trailed down from her lips, sending a chill across her chest, quickly followed by heat and wetness.

Aveline's eyes widened. "Lucas, what are you doing?"

Wasn't he supposed to be sick? Yet, he seemed so full of energy. Or did he mistake her for another woman?

Sophia?

The thought pierced her heart, and she fiercely kneed him.

All of Lucas's movements stopped, his heavy body collapsing on top of her.

"Get up!" Aveline twisted uncomfortably beneath him.

In response, Lucas bit down angrily on her collarbone. "Aveline, do you want to live as a widow?"!

So, he knew who she was? But...

"Are you mistaken? We're about to get divorced. How could I be a widow?" Aveline's breathing was erratic.

"Get up!" she repeated.

Her kneeing him hadn't been forceful, just an attempt to snap him out of it.

Lucas didn't move, still looming over her heavily.

"Why are you here?" After a long pause, his husky, low voice reached her ears. Aveline replied, "You should ask yourself why you called me instead of Mr. Blake." The silence grew heavier.

Feeling uncomfortable with her hands restrained, Aveline shifted. "Let go of me."

"Let you go, so you can run away?" he suddenly said, leaving her bewildered.

"Lucas, are you awake or confused?" Aveline asked, puzzled. Wasn't he supposed to be divorcing her? Wasn't he supposed to be with Sophia? Why was he saying such ambiguous things? Did he even know what he was saying?

Lucas lifted his head, and Aveline saw it clearly this time. His eyes were still clouded, lacking any clarity. He wasn't fully conscious.

"What's wrong with you?" Aveline's brows knitted in concern.

"I feel terrible," he said suddenly, his voice deeper.

Then, he slowly leaned closer, as if testing the waters, and kissed the corner of her mouth.

"Help me?" he murmured.

Aveline was startled, her heart racing.

As she was caught off guard, he kissed the corner of her mouth again.

"Hmm?"

He kept kissing her, repeatedly asking, insisting on an answer.

Aveline should have refused. She should have steeled herself and walked away. But....

They weren't divorced yet.

Doing what married couples do wasn't against the law.

Aveline's long eyelashes trembled as he leaned in to kiss her again. She slightly turned her head, offering her tender lips to him.

Taking this as a response, this time Lucas didn't pull away. Instead, he deepened the kiss.

The air grew hotter, and the room's temperature rose.

Aveline closed her eyes, thinking this was probably the last time she would indulge with him. She decided to let herself go completely, at least for tonight, ha

was hers.

The next day.

Aveline opened her eyes at dawn. Memories of the previous night flooded her mind, and she pressed her lips into a thin line.

Glancing at the still-sleeping Lucas, she quietly lifted the blanket and got out of bed, intending to leave.

But in the next second, an arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her back.

