

After the CEO Divorced Me, He Wants Me Back chapter 51-55

"Ave, sleep a little longer," a familiar, affectionate voice sounded behind her. The man's chin gently nuzzled the top of her head.

Aveline froze.

This was how they used to be.

When she woke up early in the morning, Lu would be like this gentle and clingy, saying such things.

Aveline lay there in a daze, unable to distinguish the past from the present.

How could she tell them apart?

Because whether it was the past or now, the one saying these words was always Lu.

Her heart ached with bitterness, but she bit her finger and didn't get

1. up.

She still craved this embrace.

She craved his warmth, his scent, everything about him.

She wished time could freeze at this moment-no divorce, no Sophia, no Tudor family drama...

Just them, as they used to be.

When she woke up again, Aveline immediately met Lucas's playful gaze.

Her expression stiffened. "Why are you staring at me like that?"

It was early in the morning and quite unsettling.

Lucas's voice was deep. "Why are you here?"

Aveline looked at his face. "You don't remember?"

Lucas raised an eyebrow. "Remember what?"

Aveline sat up and calmly recounted the events of the previous night.

Lucas glanced at his phone and said, "So you're saying I called yo by mistake?"

"That's right."

But Lucas handed her his phone. "I called Desmond's number."

Aveline frowned and looked at his phone screen, where Desmond' name was at the top of the call log.

"How is that possible?"

Aveline's eyes widened slightly, reaching out to grab his phone for a closer look. But Lucas pulled it back.

"So, why are you here?" His eyes glanced at the bed.

Aveline felt a lump in her chest, unable to swallow it or spit it out. It was suffocating!

"So, you think I came here in the middle of the night because I missed you so much?"

Lucas' handsome face actually showed a bit of contemplation. After a moment, he nodded. "It's not entirely out of the question."

"Haha, you are truly self-absorbed."

Aveline laughed coldly without holding back. She grabbed her phone, intending to show him her call history, only to find it completely empty! "Did you mess with my phone?"

She looked at him immediately, disbelief in her eyes.

"No," Lucas denied directly. "Aveline, there's nothing wrong with admitting it. We're still married. It's normal for you to come to me if you have needs,"

Haha!

He definitely deleted the call history!

Absolutely!

Aveline gripped her phone, her face expressionless. "Fine, since you care so much, I won't come to you next time if I have needs."

After saying this, Aveline got out of bed to leave.

Lucas's expression darkened. He grabbed her wrist, pinning her beneath him. "Then who are you going to?"

Aveline struggled but couldn't break free, so she lay still and looked at him mockingly. "We're getting divorced. Whoever I go to has nothing to do with you, ex-husband."

The nonchalance in Lucas' eyes gradually disappeared. Seeing her provocative gaze, a surge of anger ignited in his chest.

She was planning to go to another man.

That couldn't happen.

Lucas suddenly leaned down and kissed her, the kiss fierce and demanding.

Aveline didn't resist. She looked at him calmly, letting him kiss her as he pleased.

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Lucas suddenly stopped, her gaze making him uncomfortable.

"I really don't understand what you're thinking," Aveline asked softly. "Are we getting divorced or not?"

Lucas's lips tightened abruptly. He got up from the bed and headed straight to the bathroom.

Aveline closed her eyes and let out a long sigh.

Let's not do this.

If they were going to divorce, it should be straightforward.

It would be easier for both of them.

When Lucas came out, Aveline was gone. She hadn't even stayed for breakfast.

She had only sent him a message on WhatsApp, "I'll be waiting for you at the lawyer's office."

Lucas's face looked as if it was covered in frost, his entire demeanor icy and intimidating.

The housekeeper came out, looked around, and asked in confusion, " Mr. Lucas, did Miss Young leave?"

The housekeeper knew Aveline had come last night but had been informed not to disturb them. He had expected to see her this morning but found no one.

Lucas put away his phone, his expression even colder. "Do you have nothing better to do?"

Feeling the icy chill emanating from Lucas, the housekeeper quickly shut his mouth.

It didn't seem to be going well.

Aveline hailed a taxi, and as soon as she got in, her phone rang. She looked at it and saw that Selena was calling.

"Hello?"

Selena's sleepy voice came through. "Babe, where are you?"

Aveline replied, "I went out. If you're still sleepy, go back to bed."

Selena said, "I have to work today, so I won't sleep anymore."

Aveline continued, "Heat up the food yourself. Once I'm done with today's matters, come over in the evening. There's too much food for me to eat alone. Then we can check out the new house together. "Sounds good," Selena agreed cheerfully.

After hanging up, Aveline looked out the window. The Tudor residence was getting farther and farther away, but her heart still felt heavy.

This is the last time, Aveline thought. She would not allow herself to indulge again. Today, after filing for a divorce, she would resign. from her job, and from then on, they would have no further ties. When she arrived, she stood at the lawyer's office. There were many people around the waiting area.

As Aveline looked at the busy office setting, she felt a moment of daze, as she remembered the day she married Lucas. They had been so happy and excited, full of anticipation for a blissful future. Aveline pressed her lips together and checked the time. It was already 9:30 AM.

Lucas still hadn't shown up.

What did he mean by this?

She called him directly, but he didn't answer, and the call eventually disconnected on its own.

What's going on?

Aveline's brow furrowed, growing more impatient. Dragging out a divorce like this wasn't manly!

At 10:30 PM, Lucas finally responded. When she saw the message, she nearly spat blood in anger.

Ser

Lucas replied, "I have to go on an unexpected business trip. I'll be back in about a week."

Aveline took several deep breaths, trying to calm herself. Don't get angry, don't get angry, getting sick from anger won't help!

But this jerk was infuriating! Why did he have to go on a business trip now?

No, this divorce had to happen!

She immediately called Desmond.

"Miss Young," Desmond answered quickly, his tone polite and distant.

"Where did Mr. Tudor go on his business trip?" Aveline asked.

Desmond replied, "Is there something you need?"

Aveline said softly, "It's a matter of life and death. Do you really need to keep asking?"

Desmond's eyes widened slightly. Was it the life and death he was thinking of?

If so, then he could tell her.

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"Mr. Tudor went to Labor City for his business trip."

Aveline responded, "Send me his detailed itinerary."

"Alright, no problem."

Desmond agreed and hung up. Shortly after, he sent Lucas' work schedule to Aveline.

Aveline glanced at it and immediately booked a flight. Without hesitation, she headed straight to the airport.

It only took three hours to fly from Cloudflare City to Labor City.

Once she found Lucas, they could find another lawyer to handle the divorce proceedings and then return, without wasting much time. The two cities were

close, with similar climates. After landing, Aveline to This jerk wasn't answering her calls.

Ha!

Did he think he could avoid her by going on a business trip?

Impossible!

Aveline waited for a long time. The sky outside darkened before Lucas' tall figure finally appeared at the entrance.

Her eyelids felt heavy, but when she saw him, she was momentarily. dazed. After blinking to make sure it was him, she stood up and walked toward him.

"Lucas."

She called his name before even getting close.

Lucas paused and looked over. The moment his eyes landed on her, his gaze darkened.

She had actually come here.

"Mr. Tudor, who is this?" the man next to him asked in confusion.

A helpless yet doting smile appeared on Lucas' handsome and stern face.

"My wife," he said directly.

The other man laughed upon hearing this. "It looks like Mrs. Tudor has come to surprise you. I'll leave you two alone then. See you at the dinner later."

Lucas nodded slightly. "Take care, Mr. Summer.

H

Aveline stood behind him, listening to their conversation. Her brows. furrowed, and her face was tense with emotion.

Lucas turned his gaze back to her, "Why are you here?"

Aveline, with a blank expression, said, "To surprise you. Let's go. We can still find a lawyer here and file for a divorce. Are you surprised?"

The gentle smile on Lucas' face gradually disappeared. His eyes. fixed on her, and after a moment, he said, "Did you hear what I just told Mr. Summer?"

Aveline nodded. "Yes, but what does that have to do with me?"

He was the one who introduced her that way.

Did he get her consent?

What did he mean by this now?

Lucas laughed in exasperation at her indifferent attitude. "I just told Mr. Summer that you are my wife and agreed to bring you to the dinner tonight. If we go get a divorce now, it will leave a bad impression on him and could affect this deal."

"Oh."

Aveline remained indifferent. "So what?"

Lucas looked at her steadily. "So, you need to attend the dinner with me. We'll talk about the divorce when we get back."

With that, he walked past her toward the elevator.

Aveline blinked. Did she agree to this?

"Wait a minute."

She turned and hurried after him. "I didn't agree to attend the dinner."

The elevator doors opened just in time, and they both stepped in, one after the other.

Lucas said calmly, "I just want to rest now."

Aveline's face darkened.

If she didn't attend the dinner, he wouldn't proceed with the divorce.

What was he thinking?

The atmosphere in the elevator was heavy. Aveline reached out and pressed the button for the 7th floor, where she had booked a room.

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Lucas' room was on the 9th floor. Just as the elevator was about to reach the 7th floor, he suddenly canceled the 7th-floor command.

"What are you doing?" Aveline frowned, asking immediately.

Lucas replied, "Everyone here knows we're married. It wouldn't be appropriate to sleep in separate rooms."

Aveline retorted, "I doubt anyone cares about your private life."

Lucas said, "Just in case."

By the time Aveline reached for the 7th-floor button, it was too late; the elevator had already stopped on the 9th floor. Her expression darkened.

Lucas walked out of the elevator and went far ahead before Aveline finally stepped out. However, she didn't follow him. Instead, she headed toward the stairwell.

Seeing this, Lucas tugged at his tie and called out, "Aveline."

She paused. "What?"

She didn't turn around, so she didn't see the deep, dark look in his eyes.

Lucas sighed almost imperceptibly and said, "There's no major conflict between us. Can't we just get along peacefully?"

Aveline's hand clenched into a fist.

Now he wanted to talk about getting along peacefully?

That was what she had wanted before, but how did he treat her?

Because she initially refused to divorce, he treated her coldly and harshly.

#15 BONUS

She almost thought he had been possessed by someone else!

And now, he wanted to get along peacefully.

Aveline chuckled lightly. "Fine, attending the dinner will cost you two hundred thousand dollars."

Lucas paused. "That's quite the price hike."

Aveline turned to look at him. "It's your reputation at stake, not mine. After we divorce, no one will care who I am."

She acted as if she didn't care at all.

If he wanted peace, he would have to pay for it.

Lucas stared at her mocking eyes, his breath heavy. She really dared to raise the price on him.

Seeing his silence, Aveline walked over with her arms crossed and a half-smile on her face. "Or... we don't get divorced. I'll do my part as Mrs. Tudor, and you act like a proper husband. Then you can forget about any

repayment." "One million, and you move over," Lucas said coldly. He then turned, pulled out his room card, and entered his room without another word.

Aveline's smile had barely formed before her expression turned bitter.

Ha...

Was it that as soon as something involved Sophia, he would immediately compromise?

She wanted to ask him, "Do you like Miss Winter that much? Then why not just divorce me quickly?"

+15 BONU

The doorbell rang.

Lucas opened the door to find Aveline standing there, her expression indifferent.

"Where's your luggage?"

"Didn't bring any," Aveline replied, stepping inside and glancing around the room.

It was a presidential suite with three rooms: two bedrooms and a study. The living room was spacious, with a soft leather sofa.

Aveline walked straight to the side bedroom. "I'll stay in this one."

Lucas's deep, magnetic voice said, "Stay with me."

Aveline looked at him. "Do your business partners really care if we sleep in separate rooms or together? Isn't that a bit intrusive?"

Meeting her mocking gaze, Lucas felt an inexplicable irritation but said, "I can pay more."

"In your dreams!" Aveline's smile faded as she shook her phone. "Transfer the one million now. As for anything else, don't even think about it!"

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She wondered if Sophia knew how much of a jerk he was.

No, he wouldn't be like this around Sophia. He cherished her too much to ever wrong her.

But to Aveline....

She was nothing.

Lucas stared at the closed door, the frustration in his chest growing.

He took a large gulp of water as if it could ease his irritation.

She used to be different.

Why couldn't they just get along as they did before, since they weren't divorced yet?

An hour passed.

There was a knock on Aveline's door.

Groggily, she got up and opened it, seeing Lucas already dressed in a suit, looking at her with a calm expression. "It's time to head to the dinner."

Her hair was down, and her delicate features looked fresh and soft, with a touch of confusion. The sharpness seemed to have faded, leaving a gentler side.

It reminded him of how she used to be, and his heart softened unexpectedly.

"I don't have a dress," Aveline said with a yawn.

She was truly exhausted. She had traveled non-stop from Cloudflare City to Labor City and spent

the entire afternoon waiting in the hotel lobby. She was afraid to close her eyes, worried she might miss him. As a result, she had only managed to sleep for an hour, which was far from enough to relieve her fatigue,

Lucas replied, "It's already been delivered."

Aveline promptly closed the door.

Lucas frowned. "Aveline?"

What was she up to now?

But soon, she reopened the door, her face slightly damp, indicating she had just washed up.

Aveline ignored him and left the room, spotting the black dress on the sofa. She picked it up and returned to her room.

The dress was modest yet elegant, either too flashy in showcasing her figure nor so conservative as to feel suffocating. It had a V-

neck design and was cinched perfectly at the waist, highlighting her slender frame.

However, the zipper was at the back, and she couldn't reach it.

After several failed attempts, she opened the door and, without expression, looked at him. "Help me with the zipper."

She turned around, sweeping her hair over one shoulder.

Lucas stood up and walked over, his gaze falling on her pale back. She was slender, her shoulder blades beautifully shaped. His kisses from last night still lingered in his memory. His fingers brushed her delicate skin, and the softness made his fingertips tremble slightly.

His eyes darkened at

Tabby.

However, he quickly zipped up the dress.

Aveline fixed her hair, took out her bag, and applied light makeup. before looking at him. "Alright, let's go."

She looked very simple and elegant, without any jewelry, like a gentle breeze-pleasant but not easily memorable.

Lucas frowned as he looked at her. He pulled out his phone, made a call, gave a few instructions, and then looked back at her. "Wait a moment."

Aveline nodded and sat on the sofa, pulling out her phone to pass. the time.

True to his word, he had transferred one million dollars into her account.

Ha, ha, ha, she was rich!

Suddenly, she thought maybe delaying the divorce wasn't such a bad idea.

If he had more demands, she could ask for another one million each time. Life would be sweet!

After about an hour, there was a knock on the hotel room door.

Lucas walked over and opened it. A bodyguard stood there, respectfully handing him a bag.

Lucas returned, took out a jewelry box from the bag, and opened it to reveal a set of dazzling diamond jewelry.