

Divorced Me 511

Chapter 511

He wore a gray tracksuit, a large patch of sweat soaking his chest, and his short, coarse hair was damp. His sharp eyes remained as piercing as ever.

Aveline glanced at him briefly before turning away and heading to the dining room to eat.

Lucas gave her a long look.

He had barely slept the night before. Despite feeling her warm, soft body in his arms, he couldn't do anything to her. If he tried, she would definitely freak out. Lately, her mood changed faster than the weather! Bringing her back was just the first step; he needed to proceed gradually. He believed she would eventually return to him on her own accord.

Lucas turned his gaze away and went upstairs to take a shower.

When Aveline was almost finished eating, Lucas emerged, dressed in a sleek silver-gray suit. His aura was cool and elegant as he walked over, adjusting his cufflinks.

Aveline looked at him and asked, "Do you have a more modest car?"

Lucas pulled out a chair and sat down, asking, "How modest?"

Aveline replied, "A car under ten thousand dollars."

Lucas snorted lightly, "You call that a car?"

Aveline was speechless as she thought, "Fine. I know you're rich!"

She realized she needed to buy a car for herself. She had gotten her driver's license long ago but hadn't bought a car due to lack of money. Later, when she had the funds, she became too busy to think about it.

Now things were different. She was busy every day and really needed a car for convenience.

Lucas said, "You can pick any car from my garage."

Aveline responded, "Not now. Maybe later."

She remembered her decision to keep things private for now.

After speaking, Aveline got up and left, maintaining a cold and composed demeanor. She treated him like a colleague-no, even less than that. At least with colleagues, she would sometimes smile. With him, she didn't even want to say an extra word.

Lucas' face darkened.

Aveline first went to the car dealership, bought a car on the spot, and drove it off before heading to work.

At noon, she arrived at the restaurant, gave her name, and the waiter escorted her to the second floor. Pushing open the private room door, she saw a girl with light makeup but exceptionally beautiful features. Her clothes were all custom-made, exuding a noble aura and displaying impeccable manners and grace.

"Hello, Miss Winter."

Aveline walked over and shook hands with Sasha.

Sasha looked at her and smiled. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Mrs. Tudor."

Aveline corrected her, "Just call me Aveline. Lucas and I are divorced."

Sasha got straight to the point. "Actually, I'm curious. Why did you divorce Lucas? Considering you saved his life, he wouldn't agree to a divorce no matter what."

As they sat down, they dove right into the main topic.

Aveline replied, "Sophia even lost a leg saving him, and he still left her without a second thought. Men are simply unreliable."

Sasha was taken aback but smiled even more. "You're right. Trusting a man is like expecting pigs to fly."

Aveline smiled warmly.

She felt a sense of kindred spirit with Sasha. Even though they met because of a common enemy, there was a natural familiarity between them, devoid of the usual awkwardness and formality of meeting a

stranger.

Without wasting time, Aveline took out some documents and shared her plan with Sasha.

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Sophia was eager to prove herself. After securing this piece of land, she poured all her efforts and funds into the project.

Once the construction was complete and the nearby subway station was operational, the project would yield immense profits for her. This would also solidify her position within the Winter family.

As Sasha listened to Aveline's plan, her eyes lit up. "You really are something, Mrs. Tudor."

Aveline smiled faintly. "I don't start trouble, but if someone crosses me, I make sure they regret it."

Sasha nodded. "With you being so open to me, I won't disappoint you. Leave these parts to me," she said, pointing to specific items in the documents.

Aveline nodded. "Alright."

In the private room next door, Aaron walked in and looked at Lucas. "Guess who I saw?"

Lucas, flipping through some documents, replied coldly, "Who?"

Aaron grinned. "Come on, take a guess."

"Shut up if you're not going to say," Lucas retorted.

Aaron clicked his tongue. "You're no fun. I saw Aveline. She's right next door."

Hearing this, Lucas immediately put down his documents.

Aaron teased, "What's the matter? Planning to go see her? But she's got company. She probably doesn't want to see you right now."

Lucas's expression darkened. "Company? Who is she meeting?"

Aaron shrugged. "I don't know. I just saw her go up."

Lucas stood up to leave.

"Hey, don't go. You're being too impulsive. Why rush over just because you heard she's meeting someone? Didn't you say she couldn't control you? If you rush over there, isn't that exactly what she's doing?" Aaron said, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle.

Lucas ignored Aaron completely, pulling the door open and seeing Aveline just as she was leaving the room next door. She paused in surprise at the sight of him, then quickly averted her gaze and walked past him as if he were a stranger.

Lucas was speechless.

He glanced at the private room she had come from, wondering who she was dining with. Just a few steps would reveal the answer, but if Aveline found out, she might get angry. Lucas suppressed his emotions, turned, and headed towards the restroom.

Aveline was washing her hands and touching up her makeup at the mirror when Lucas stood beside her. His hands were under the faucet, and the water automatically flowed down, washing over them. Aveline glanced at his hands and couldn't resist looking at them again.

His hands were indeed beautiful, with long fingers and distinct joints. He casually washed them and then grabbed a paper towel to dry them. Aveline looked away and started to leave.

"Done looking?" His clear, pleasant voice, tinged with a faint smile, stopped her in her tracks.

Aveline paused, pressed her lips together, and said, "I wasn't looking."

"Oh." Lucas drew out the sound, stepping in front of her and holding his hand up to her eyes, his gaze playful. "Do you like these hands?"

Aveline shifted her gaze from his hand to his face. "Yes, I like them. Would you cut them off for me?" Lucas raised his eyebrows, genuinely surprised by her words. He hadn't expected her to say something like that.

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He casually rotated his wrist as he said in his deep, magnetic voice, "But if you do that, it loses its finesse and purpose. These hands are capable of so much."

Watching him continuously showing off his hands, Aveline gradually calmed down.

Right. She felt that Lucas was just flaunting his hands in front of her.

She looked at him with a complex expression, unsure of what he was trying to achieve.

Lucas looked at her calmly and asked, "Do you want to see what they can really do?"

Aveline immediately became wary and pushed him away, saying, "Sorry, we're not that familiar."

With that, she left the restroom.

Lucas' lips curved into a faint smile. She really got into character quickly.

Back in the private room.

Aaron glanced at him and clicked his tongue. "Lucas, you're really losing your cool. You rush over the moment she makes a move. What happened to your aloof persona? Weren't you indifferent to her before?"

Lucas sat opposite him, ignoring his words, and said, "It's pretty much confirmed that Yvonne met with Darren. Their relationship is not simple."

Aaron added, "There's one more thing. Darren was the one who kidnapped you and Leo years ago."

Lucas' expression darkened immediately.

Years ago, Frederick's two young sons were kidnapped. The kidnappers were ruthless, using various methods to incite the brothers to kill each other.

However, Leo, determined to protect Lucas, never followed the kidnappers' instructions and was severely beaten as a result.

On the seventh day of their captivity, police sirens suddenly sounded outside. In a panic, the kidnappers set the place on fire. At the critical moment, Leo pushed Lucas to safety and stayed behind in the blaze. The kidnappers were caught, but at the time, Lucas was consumed by grief over Leo's death and didn't follow

up on the case.

By the time he started looking into the matter, all information about the kidnapper had been completely erased, leaving no trace whatsoever. He never expected that Darren was the one! Darren had slipped under his radar countless times before!

Lucas' cold aura grew even more intense. "Find him at any cost!"

Aaron's expression also turned serious. "I've had people searching for him since I learned his identity, but he's really sly. We have no idea where he's hiding now.

Lucas sneered. "Since he has a close relationship with Yvonne, we'll start with her. I want to see what they're up to!"

In the evening.

After work, Aveline walked to her car in the underground parking lot. The sound of her footsteps echoed in the empty space. She took out her car keys to unlock the door and got in.

Just as she was about to lock the door, a shadowy figure suddenly dashed out, yanked her car door open, and jumped in!

Startled, Aveline quickly got out and pulled a knife from her bag. After the previous incidents, she started carrying some self-defense weapons in her bag.

She backed away, keeping a wary eye on the person who emerged from her car. The individual wore a hat and mask, obscuring his features.

"Who are you?" Aveline asked, trying to stay calm.

The person raised his head slightly, revealing a pair of sinister eyes under the brim of his hat. "Someone who wants your life."

With that, he lunged at Aveline!

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"Ah!" Aveline screamed and turned to run.

Even though she had a knife, she didn't dare to confront the man directly. What if he took the knife and used it against her?

She ran as fast as she could, shouting for help. Her cries echoed through the empty underground parking lot. The sound of footsteps behind her felt like they were pounding on her heart. Terror

gripped her, making her feel like her heart was about to burst out of her chest. She clutched the knife tightly, trembling all over.

Suddenly, a figure rushed out from the side, tackling the man chasing her.

Both of them fell to the ground.

"Aveline, run!" a frantic voice called out behind her.

She turned and saw Sidney wrestling with the man. Sidney's face quickly bore signs of the struggle. The assailant pulled out a knife and aimed it at Sidney's chest.

"No!" Aveline cried out, rushing over to help. Sidney blocked the attack with his arm, blood flowing from the wound. The intense pain drained the color from his face.

Aveline swung her bag at the attacker, the chains hitting his face and neck, leaving bloody marks. Sidney pushed the man away with all his strength.

"You shouldn't have come back, Aveline!" Sidney said, shielding her and glaring at the attacker.

Aveline took out her phone to call the police. The man glared at her one last time before fleeing.

The police arrived quickly. They found the parking lot's security cameras had been tampered with, and the security guard was unconscious. It was clear the attack had been premeditated.

Sidney's arm was still bleeding, so Aveline rushed him to the hospital. Fortunately, the wound wasn't deep, and after some bandaging, he was fine.

"Thank you," Aveline said as they left the hospital, looking at him with deep gratitude. Without him, who knows what might have happened tonight? She, a lone woman, surely wouldn't have outrun that man. Sidney shook his head. "It's nothing. As long as you're okay, this little injury doesn't matter"

Aveline was still shaken, her face pale.

Sidney asked, "Aveline, who was that guy? He looked like he wanted to kill you."

He had seen the man's fierce, almost vengeful eyes.

Aveline shook her head. "I don't know him."

But she was sure it wasn't Darren. She had seen Darren twice and remembered his eyes somewhat.

Then who was this man? Could it be someone sent by Sophia to harm her? Was she desperate enough to resort to this?

Sidney said, "Where do you live? I'll take you home. It's not safe for you to go alone."

Aveline replied, "I'm fine. The place I live has good security. You should go home and rest since you're injured."

Sidney insisted, "No, I can't let you go alone. What if something happens again and no one's around to help?" Aveline couldn't turn him down. After all, Sidney had just saved her life. Acting distant and cold would be ungrateful. "Alright then," she agreed, and they got into the car together.

Aveline gave him the address of Maple Garden.

Sidney was surprised. "You live here? This neighborhood does have good security."

Aveline nodded. "Yes, I feel safer living here."

Noticing how pale she still was, Sidney asked, "After going through something this serious, aren't you going to tell your husband?"

Aveline paused and then said, "He's very busy. I'll tell him when he gets home tonight."

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Sidney frowned and said, "What could be more important than his wife's life?"

Aveline didn't want to dwell on this topic, so she changed the subject. "Be careful not to wet your wound. When you get home, try to eat light foods to avoid infection." Sidney gave her a long look, understanding she was trying to change the subject. He didn't press further.

The car soon arrived at the entrance of Maple Garden.

After getting out, Sidney followed Aveline inside.

Aveline said, "This is far enough. You should go home and rest."

Sidney insisted, "No, I'll feel better once I see you to your door."

His concern was evident, making it hard for Aveline to refuse.

She nodded and led the way.

As they stepped out of the elevator, Aveline said, "Thank you for walking me back. Would you like to come in for a cup of tea?"

Since he had accompanied her all the way to her door, it was only polite to offer.

Sidney shook his head. "No, thanks. Now that you're home safely, I'll head back."

Aveline stood by the elevator. "Thank you so much for today. I'll treat you to dinner sometime."

Sidney nodded. "Alright."

Just as the elevator doors were about to close, Sidney suddenly collapsed!

Aveline's eyes widened in shock. She rushed forward to catch him, anxiously asking, "Sidney, what's wrong?"

Sidney's brow furrowed tightly. "I'm dizzy..."

Aveline helped him out of the elevator and into her apartment, settling him on the sofa. "Are you feeling very dizzy? Is there anywhere else you're in pain?"

Had the attacker injured him somewhere else? She regretted not insisting on a full medical checkup

earlier.

Sidney didn't speak, his face visibly growing paler, as if he didn't have the strength to talk.

Aveline panicked, pulling out her phone to call emergency services.

Seeing her, Sidney struggled to say, "I'm fine. I just need to rest."

Aveline's expression was serious. "Are you sure? Don't scare me like that."

Sidney managed a weak smile. "Really, it's just sudden dizziness, probably because of low blood sugar."

Aveline, seeing his insistence, decided against calling an ambulance and opted to observe him for a while instead.

She went into the kitchen and made some honey water, bringing it to his lips. "Drink a little; it might make you feel better."

Sidney took the cup. "Thank you."

Aveline got up and entered the kitchen to start cooking. Hearing the sounds of her preparations, Sidney turned to look and saw her busy with an apron on. A fleeting shadow crossed his eyes, but he quickly masked it, returning to his weak appearance.

Aveline prepared four dishes and a soup. When she returned to the living room, Sidney's condition seemed much improved; his face wasn't as pale.

"Are you feeling better?" Aveline asked with concern.

Sidney nodded. "Yes, much better."

Aveline sighed in relief. "I've made dinner. Come and eat."

Sidney looked at her in surprise. "You can cook?"

Aveline nodded. "I usually cook for myself. I don't trust the hygiene of restaurant food."

Sidney agreed, "That's true. A lot of them don't meet hygiene standards."

He followed her to the dining room. Seeing the delicious-looking dishes, his eyes lit up.

Aveline served him some pasta and placed it in front of him. "Try it and see if it suits your taste."

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Sidney commented, "It looks really good,"

He took a bite, and his eyes lit up. "Delicious!"

Aveline smiled slightly. "Everyone who's tried my cooking says that."

She wasn't trying to boast, but the truth was, everyone who tasted her food had praised it.

Sidney said, "With your cooking skills, you could open a restaurant. It would be a hit."

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Aveline nodded. "Sure, maybe when I retire, I'll open a small restaurant. I'll open it whenever I feel like it and close it whenever I don't. Just for fun." Sidney laughed.

They ate quietly, and the atmosphere was quite pleasant.

However, with his injured right hand, Sidney had some trouble eating and had to take his time.

Aveline served him a bowl of soup and placed it by his side. "Try this."

"Okay," Sidney agreed.

But he didn't hold the bowl securely, and it spilled all over his clothes and pants!

Aveline was startled. "Did you get burned?"

Sidney said, "No, I'm fine, but I might need to use your bathroom."

Aveline nodded. "Go ahead, make sure you're not hurt."

Sidney went into the bathroom, and soon the sound of running water could be heard.

Aveline cleaned up the mess in the dining room, and just then, there was a knock at the door.

She paused. Who could it be at this hour?

She walked over and peered through the peephole, immediately recognizing Lucas by his tall frame and stern expression.

Aveline opened the door and asked curiously, "What are you doing here?"

Lucas looked her up and down and said, "You didn't come back, so I had to come find you. What if you changed your mind?"

Aveline rolled her eyes and replied, "I just wanted to come home."

Lucas smelled the aroma of the food. "Just finished cooking?"

He pushed past her and walked in as if he owned the place, making himself right at home.

Aveline frowned. "Hey, I didn't invite you in."

Lucas shrugged off his coat, tossed it onto the sofa, and headed straight for the dining room. When he saw the two sets of dishes on the table, his expression darkened immediately. "Who's here?"

Aveline replied coolly, "None of your business."

She had no intention of telling him about Sidney being there and wanted to get rid of him as quickly as possible. "I'm not going back tonight. You should leave

Lucas turned to look at her, his collar slightly open, exuding a casual air. But his handsome face was still cloaked in an icy chill, his eyes dark and cold, radiating a palpable frostiness. "Aveline, who's here?"

Aveline frowned. "A friend. Why?"

Lucas countered, "Your only friend is Selena, and she wouldn't be here right now."

His tone was confident. Aveline's face turned cold upon hearing this. "Lucas, we are just business partners. This is my personal matter."

Lucas approached her, struggling to contain the emotions roiling within him.

Personal matter?

In his presence, she had no personal matters.

They weren't even divorced!

For a moment, he almost wanted to tell her everything.

"Aveline, I didn't get burned. You don't have to worry about me," Sidney's gentle voice interrupted, breaking the tense atmosphere between them.

Lucas' eyes narrowed as he turned to face Sidney, his expression growing even darker.

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The tense atmosphere dissolved, giving way to a bone-chilling cold.

Both Lucas and Aveline turned to see Sidney emerging from the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist. His short hair was damp, and though his frame was slender, it was covered with a thin layer of muscle, giving him a youthful yet powerful appearance.

Lucas suddenly grabbed Aveline by her wrist and yanked her forward roughly. His icy voice cut through the air, "Aveline, what are you doing, hmm? Hiding a man in your home?"

Lucas radiated danger, his piercing eyes fixed on Aveline as if he wanted to bore a hole through her. Rage surged within him, spreading throughout his chest.

She had brought a man home!

If he hadn't come over tonight, would they have ended up in bed together?

And she had even cooked a whole meal for him!

Ha!

Lucas realized he had been far too lenient with her.

Aveline winced in pain, her face paling as she struggled to free her wrist. But Lucas' grip was too strong, and the pressure only hurt her more.

"What's wrong with you? He saved me today, I—"

Lucas cut her off coldly, "Why did he save you? What happened? Why didn't you tell me you were in trouble?"

His overwhelming presence and the dangerous aura he exuded made Aveline tremble. Deep down, she still feared him. Because he was a madman! If pushed too far, he was capable of anything! Sidney stepped forward, his tone serious. "Mr. Tudor, let her go. Can't you see you're hurting her?"

Lucas kicked Sidney without hesitation, sending him stumbling back several steps, his face turning pale.

"Sidney!"

De forcefully yanked her hand free from Lucas and rushed to support

Aveline's eyes widened in shock. She Sidney. "Are you alright?"

Sidney, pale and sweating from pain, shook his head weakly. "I'm... I'm fine." pain

But it was clear he was in significant pain, with sweat beading on his forehead.

Sidney said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cause any misunderstanding. I noticed you have a Sidney said apologetically, "I dryer in the bathroom, so I washed my clothes and put them in to dry. They should be ready soon."

Aveline reassured him, "No need to explain. I understand."

"Come here, Aveline!" Lucas's furious voice echoed, making the room feel even colder.

Aveline shuddered, then looked at Lucas, calming herself before speaking. "It's not what you think."

Someone tried to hurt me after work today, and he saved me. He even got injured in the process. I just wanted to thank him by inviting him over for dinner."

As she spoke, a feeling of injustice welled up inside her, her eyes turning red. He had accused her without hearing her out! She was so exhausted!

Lucas' expression remained grim. "Get over here. Don't make me repeat myself a third time!"

Seeing her standing so close to Sidney annoyed him even more.

Aveline didn't move. Instead, she helped Sidney up. "How are you feeling? Are you okay?" Sidney shook his head. "I'm fine."

He looked at Aveline with a focused gaze, a look that only a man would understand.

Lucas noticed this, his expression darkening further. He said coldly, "Very well, ignoring me, huh?"

His gaze turned even more sinister. "If you don't want him dead, get over here!"

Aveline trembled and was forced to let go of Sidney.

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Sidney grabbed her arm, his eyes wary as he faced Lucas. "Mr. Tudor, there's nothing going on between Aveline and me. Don't hurt her!"

He stood protectively, but his face was pale, and he occasionally coughed, clutching his stomach where Lucas had kicked him.

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Aveline's concern grew as she looked at Sidney.

She couldn't let him stay here any longer.

She turned and went to the bathroom to retrieve his half-dried clothes.

"Sidney, put on your clothes and leave now!" she urged, standing between Sidney and Lucas, facing Sidney, and frantically signaling for him to leave.

If he stayed, it would only get worse for everyone.

Lucas' anger would spell trouble for them both.

Sidney saw the urgency in her eyes, hesitated for a moment, then nodded. "Alright."

He quickly dressed and said, "I'll send you a message in an hour. If you don't reply, I'll call the police."

Aveline responded, "I'll be fine. Just go!"

Lucas' face was growing darker by the second. If this dragged on, things could turn deadly.

Sidney left, and as the door closed behind him, Aveline let out a deep breath.

In the next instant, Lucas hoisted her over his shoulder, making her head spin. She instinctively struggled.

"Lucas, what are you doing? Let me go!"

Lucas slapped her on the butt, his voice icy. "Aveline, I've been too lenient with you. You seem to have forgotten who I am!"

With that, he carried her into the bedroom and tossed her onto the bed, his large frame pressing down on

her.

Aveline bounced slightly on the soft mattress, and before she could react, he was on top of her, his fresh scent overwhelming her. He grabbed her by the neck and kissed her forcefully. It wasn't a kiss-it was more like biting.

Her lips hurt from the pressure. She winced and struggled harder, pushing against him.

"No... I don't want this!"

Lucas easily pinned her wrists with one hand, his weight pressing her down. His narrow, dark eyes were filled with a menacing storm.

"Is it because of him that you don't want me to touch you anymore? Do you want him to touch you, hmm?"

Lucas' deep voice was laced with chilling coldness.

"You're being ridiculous! I told you, there's nothing between us!" Aveline's chest heaved with anger, her

eyes blazing with fury as she struggled to catch her breath.

Lucas looked at her with mockery. "Why is he here after saving you? Why didn't he go home? Does he not have a home, so you need to provide one for him?"

His voice was dangerously low, his expression dark and filled with overwhelming rage. With a rough movement, he tore her clothes.

"Aveline, you are mine. I don't care where your heart is; you will always be mine!"

His eyes were bloodshot, filled with violent anger, possessing her without any tenderness.

"It hurts!" Aveline's face turned pale from the pain, cold sweat breaking out on her forehead, her body trembling uncontrollably. She had never imagined that something so intimate could be so painful. "The pain will teach you a lesson. Stay away from him. If I ever find you together again, I'll kill him and then slowly torture you!"

Chapter 519

Lucas' gaze was dark and menacing, his presence radiating an icy chill. His movements were forceful and rough, devoid of any gentleness. Aveline felt like she was dying on the bed-truly dying.

At first, she tried to endure the pain, but soon it became unbearable, and she began to cry out in agony.

"Lucas, let me go, it hurts... it hurts so much..."

Her struggles were weak because she had no strength left.

Lucas, however, kissed away her tears without an ounce of compassion.

Aveline lay sprawled on the bed, blood spots staining the sheets. Her entire body trembled with pain, her fingers clutching the sheets tightly.

"It hurts... it hurts..." she whimpered faintly.

Lucas looked at her, seeing her battered like a ragdoll, her pale skin marked everywhere by him. He scooped her up and carried her to the bathroom.

The moment he touched her, Aveline shivered uncontrollably, a deep-rooted fear shaking her to her core.

Sensing her change, Lucas' expression darkened further. His jaw tightened, and his lips pressed into a

hard line.

Just then, her phone rang. Aveline's heart jumped-had Sidney really messaged her?

Seeing her reaction, Lucas sneered. "He wants you to tell him you're safe."

He got up, fetched her phone, and handed it to her. "Go ahead."

Aveline instinctively clutched the phone, her eyes red and swollen from crying, as she looked at Lucas'

cold face.

Lucas' voice was icy. "What are you staring at? He's so worried about you. If you don't reassure him, he'll call the police. Do you want the police to come and find us like this?" Aveline shook with anger. She had no choice but to message Sidney.

Her fingers trembled as she typed. Lucas reached over and deleted what she had written, then pressed the voice message button. "Typing is too slow. This is much better." Aveline opened her mouth to speak, "I... ah..." But before she could finish, Lucas roughly squeezed her, causing her to gasp in pain, her voice changing tone. Lucas released the button, and the message was sent.

Aveline's eyes widened in shock. She tried to retract the message, but Lucas ordered, "Keep going!"

"Lucas, you're insane!" Aveline trembled, trying to push him away, but she was too weak from his torment.

Lucas coldly said, "You're not done talking. Continue."

Aveline didn't move, glaring at him in anger.

Seeing her defiance, Lucas suddenly tossed her phone onto the nearby cabinet, grabbed her chin, and kissed her fiercely, as if he wanted to devour her whole. "Mmph!" Aveline resisted, but Lucas dominated her forcefully.

The water in the bathtub rippled as Lucas held her firmly, making any escape impossible. It felt like an endless battle, leaving Aveline utterly exhausted.

She vaguely heard her phone ringing again, but her consciousness was slipping away.

As she drifted into a heavy sleep, she felt a cool sensation in certain areas, similar to the feeling of applying medicine. At least it alleviated the burning pain. Finally, she managed to sleep more peacefully.

The next day, she opened her eyes. Her vision was blurry, and her eyes were swollen and sore.

Chapter 520

She tried to get up, but the pain coursing through her body forced her back onto the bed. Her face turned ghostly pale.

Bastard!

Thinking about what Lucas had done made Aveline's eyes well up with tears, but she fought them back, knowing that crying wouldn't help.

She had brought this upon herself. She should never have agreed to his demands! Pretending to play along had led her to this. She would be better off dead, ending it all!

Aveline pulled the blanket over herself, trying to calm down. After some time, she finally stabilized her emotions and got up, dragging her sore legs to wash up.

When she emerged, she saw Lucas sitting on the sofa in the living room, exuding a cold aura. Without glancing at him, she walked straight past.

Lucas withdrew his gaze and spoke into the phone. "Extract the footage from Aveline's car's dashcam."

She mentioned being attacked last night. Since the underground parking lot had no surveillance, he had no idea what really happened.

"Yes," Desmond replied.

Lucas added, "Also, investigate Sidney's background."

"Understood," Desmond answered.

Lucas ended the call, pinched the bridge of his nose, then grabbed his coat and left.

Aveline arrived at her studio, not in the best shape. To hide her exhaustion, she applied makeup, making

her look much better.

Sidney was already there, sitting at his workstation, awkwardly using the mouse with his left hand.

Aveline asked, "Why aren't you resting?"

His right hand was injured; he could take time off.

When Sidney saw her, he remembered the voice message he received last night, and his expression turned awkward.

"I didn't have much else to do, so I came in," he said.

Aveline, also recalling the events of the previous night, pressed her lips together and returned to her workstation. The atmosphere between them was slightly tense. When Maria arrived and saw Sidney's injury, she immediately asked, "What happened?"

Sidney replied, "I got hurt by accident:"

Maria said, "You should go home and rest. Don't come to work until you're fully recovered."

Sidney shook his head. "I'm fine. I can do some light tasks."

Maria insisted, "You need your hand to draw. I don't want you to end up regretting not taking good care of your health. Go home and rest."

With Maria's firm stance, Sidney couldn't stay. He cast a long look at Aveline before turning to leave.

Maria then approached Aveline to discuss the client's requirements. Noticing her tired expression, she asked, "What's wrong with you?" Aveline said, "I didn't sleep well."

Maria gave her a knowing smile. "Married life sure is different but staying up late isn't good for you."

Aveline forced a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

In the following days, Aveline didn't go to Lucas' residence, nor did he appear before her. The incident that night felt like a nightmare, though the lingering pain reminded her it was all too real. A week later, Aveline received a message from Sasha.

Sophia had taken the bait!

The land development project required purchasing a large amount of building materials. If there were issues with these materials or if there were manipulations in the contracts, given Sophia's hasty and ambitious nature, she wouldn't notice until it was too late.