

Divorced Me 691

Chapter 691

"Leo, every extra day you stay in Cloudflare City increases the risk of exposure," the voice on the phone warned.

Leo replied calmly, "Relax, I know what I'm doing. Besides, the game has only just begun. I need to enjoy it thoroughly before I leave."

With that, he ended the call. The night grew darker, and his figure melted into the shadows of the alley, soon disappearing completely.

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Back at Maple Garden, the two of them had taken a shower and were now curled up in the media room watching a movie.

Selena sipped on her juice and asked, "Ave, aren't you even a bit curious about who this Leo guy is? It seems like he's always popping up wherever you are."

Aveline, keeping her eyes on the screen, replied, "I've noticed. That's why I said there's no need to get to know him."

After all that she had been through, how could she not have developed a sense of caution?

Leo's identity was too much of a mystery. First, he claimed amnesia, and now he said he had recovered some of his memories. But these were just his words-how much of it was true?

She wasn't in the mood to guess. The construction at the villa was nearing completion, and all that was left was for Lucas to inspect it.

Once the inspection was done, this project would be finished, and then she could hand in her resignation and leave Cloudflare City. Yes, before leaving, she would finalize the divorce.

She had her own plan, and she would not allow any unforeseen events to interfere.

Selena glanced at her. "Ave, you've really toughened up because of that scumbag Lucas."

Aveline looked at her, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

Selena grinned. "You've built up an immunity to Leo's looks. After all, with Lucas as the diamond before, Leo's just a common stone."

Aveline's mouth twitched slightly. "Why is your attention focused on that?"

Selena chuckled. "What else should I focus on? Everything is on hold right now, so even if I wanted to focus on something else, there's nothing to focus on."

"That made sense," Aveline thought.

She asked, "Is Aaron still bothering you?"

Selena's gaze shifted to the screen ahead. "Let's watch the movie first."

Her relationship with Aaron was... complicated, to say the least. She still hadn't given him a definite answer.

But Aaron was like a persistent

shadow, always appearing in front of

her, driving her to frustration. She kept pondering how to sever ties with him, but a good solution remained elusive.

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Aveline went to the construction site again. After conducting a thorough inspection and confirming there were no issues, she removed Lucas' number from her blocked list and dialed his number.

"Hello, Madam."

To her surprise, it was Desmond who answered.

Aveline asked, "Where is Lucas?"

Desmond replied, "Mr. Tudor is currently in a meeting. If you have any business, you might want to call back later."

Aveline asked, "How long will it take?"

Desmond hesitated for a moment. "Uh... I'm not quite sure. Maybe you should wait for Mr. Tudor to call you back?" "Okay," Aveline agreed before hanging up. She left the construction site and headed straight back to her studio.

At the hospital, Desmond cautiously returned the phone to Lucas.

Lucas, flipping through some documents with a stern expression, merely said, "Just leave it there." "Yes, sir."

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Desmond set the phone down, hesitated for a moment, and then spoke, "Mr. Tudor, if you keep deceiving Madam like this, what if she finds out..."

Lucas' cold gaze shifted to him. "If you don't say anything, how would she find out?" Hearing this, Desmond immediately swore, "I swear, I won't say a word to anyone!"

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Lucas withdrew his cold gaze and said, "Get back to work."

Desmond hesitated for a moment and then spoke, "Mr. Tudor, there's a message from the main house. Madam Barbara wants to see you." Lucas remained indifferent. "Okay."

He only gave a curt acknowledgment without indicating whether he would go or not.

Desmond carefully continued, "Mr. Tudor, no matter what Madam Barbara has done, she's getting on in years, and her health isn't what it used to be. She just wants to see you... Perhaps you should consider-" Lucas glanced at him. "You're so diligent. Should I give you a raise?"

Desmond was taken aback at first, then chuckled awkwardly. "Actually, there's no need for that trouble. A bit more in the year-end bonus would do."

"You've got some nerve," Lucas said coolly.

Desmond grinned. "Mr. Tudor, I'm just saying. You don't have to take it seriously. I've got things to do, so I'll be going now."

Before Lucas had a chance to get angry, Desmond made a quick exit!

Lucas' eyes returned to the document in front of him, but no matter how long he stared, he couldn't seem to focus on a single word.

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Aveline had been busy all afternoon, and just before the end of the day, she called Lucas again.

This time, he answered.

Aveline said, "I'm done with the villa. When will you send someone for the inspection?"

Lucas replied, "I'm not feeling well. Maybe in a little while."

Aveline suggested, "You could send someone to do it."

Lucas responded, "I don't trust anyone else. I have to inspect it myself."

Aveline was speechless.

She paused briefly, ready to hang up.

Lucas suddenly said, "Grandma wants to see us."

Aveline hesitated. Remembering Barbara's hostility toward her, she replied, "You should go. I wouldn't want to ruin her mood."

Lucas replied, "She doesn't have much time left. Seeing her now might be the last chance."

Aveline fell silent and wondered, "Who talks about their grandmother like that?"

Well, Lucas had always been like this completely lacking in tact.

Aveline glanced at the time and asked, "When?"

Lucas replied, "I'll send someone to pick you up."

"Alright," Aveline agreed and waited quietly.

About half an hour later, Lucas messaged her to say the car had arrived downstairs. She gathered her things and headed out. As she stepped out, she saw Sidney coming out of the elevator.

"Why are you back?" Aveline asked, puzzled.

Seeing her, Sidney let out a sigh of relief. "I heard there were a few incidents here earlier. Knowing you hadn't left yet, I wanted to come up and check if you were still busy was worried something might have happened to you."

His face was filled with concern.

Aveline recalled the earlier incidents and frowned slightly, glancing down the hallway. "Is the surveillance on this floor still not fixed?" Sidney replied, "I'm not sure. So, from now on, it's better to leave on time. If you have work, just do it at home."

"Alright." Aveline nodded.

The two of them went downstairs together and exited the building.

Not far away, a Rolls-Royce was parked by the roadside, its luxurious design and sleek body drawing the attention of many onlookers.

The car door opened, and Desmond

stepped out. He walked to the rear

of the vehicle, opened the door and smiled at Aveline. "Mrs. Tudor, please."

He seemed to put extra emphasis on the way he addressed her.

Sidney's expression changed slightly.

"Aveline, aren't you divorced?" he asked.

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Desmond heard Sidney's words and shot him a cold look. "Whatever's between Mr. Tudor and his wife is none of your business." Sidney paused and replied, "As Aveline's friend, I think it's perfectly fine for me to say something."

Desmond countered, "You did say you're Mrs. Tudor's friend. If that's the case, you should understand the importance of boundaries." Sidney's brow furrowed.

At that moment, Aveline spoke up, "The divorce will be finalized soon; we're just waiting for the court date."

Her words were both an answer to Sidney and a slap in Desmond's face.

Sidney's tense expression relaxed into a smile. "I'm sure you'll succeed."

"Yeah." Aveline smiled back at him briefly, then bent down and got into the car.

Desmond's face darkened slightly. He shot Sidney a cold glare before shutting the car door and moving to the driver's seat.

As Aveline entered the car, she noticed Lucas sitting in the back.

She paused for a moment, gave him a once-over, and said, "So you can move around just fine. Let's go inspect the villa tomorrow."

Lucas had a laptop resting on his knees. At her words, his fingers paused over the keyboard, and he looked at her. "Which eye of yours saw me moving around just fine?" Aveline was speechless.

She sensed a sudden chill in the air.

Deciding not to engage further, she turned her gaze out the window.

Barbara was still at the same nursing home. The car drove in and parked in a designated spot. Desmond took out a wheelchair, placing it by the door, and then carefully helped Lucas into it.

Aveline watched, a bit surprised. She remembered his injury-his back was hit, and his ribs were fractured.

His legs seemed fine... so why was

he in a wheelchair?

Desmond noticed her confusion and explained, "It's the doctor's advice. Mr. Tudor shouldn't be walking or moving too soon."

Aveline gave him a flat look. "Oh."

Her expression was indifferent, and her demeanor toward Lucas was colder than ever.

Desmond fell silent.

He pushed the wheelchair into the nursing home room. The housekeeper, who was taking care of Barbara, saw them arrive and quickly went in to inform her.

At this moment, Barbara was sitting

on the bed. Her face looked even

more aged, and she appeared much thinner than before. Her gaze was fixed steadily on Lucas.

"Grandma," Lucas greeted, his voice calm and indifferent.

Aveline also spoke up, "Grandma, how have you been feeling lately?"

Barbara gave her a complicated look and replied, "Lately, I've been remembering things... things that seem to have happened after I fell ill."

Those memories were often chaotic, tangled in her mind. It took a lot of effort for her to make sense of them.

Upon hearing this, Lucas said, "You remember how well you used to treat her?"

Barbara sighed softly. "Aveline, I'm sorry for what happened before."

Aveline was taken aback and then quickly shook her head. "You don't have to apologize; I didn't take it to heart."

Barbara turned to Lucas, "Lu, I've been dreaming a lot about you and Leo when you were kids."

Lucas' expression remained neutral, waiting for her to continue.

Barbara's gaze wandered to the window. "Maybe my time is nearing its end. I keep remembering so many things from the past... You were always so mischievous, and Leo was always right there with y you.

The two of you were always up to some kind of mischief. Whenever you got into trouble, Leo would bring you to me, and that way, your father couldn't punish you."

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As she spoke, a smile appeared on Barbara's face, as if she could see those days all over again.

Lucas' expression remained indifferent. "Did you call me here just to reminisce?"

Barbara looked at him again. "Lu, you're the last of the Tudor family now. I don't have many requests just that you take care of the family. After all, you and your father are still bound by blood. Even if he made mistakes in the past, the Tudor Group is under your control now. Can't you find it in you to show him some mercy?"

It seemed she had called Lucas here to plead on Frederick's behalf.

Barbara seemed to know Lucas' rebellious and stubborn nature all too well. As she spoke, her expression was soft and loving, like an elder giving their final instructions.

Aveline stood quietly by, feeling a twinge of sadness. There was a time when Barbara treated her well. She had always remembered that kindness and never complained about the sudden change in Barbara's attitude.

If Barbara didn't like her, she simply stayed away.

Lucas gazed at Barbara coolly. "Is that your only wish?"

Barbara chuckled. "Of course not. I also hope that while I'm still alive, I can see my great-grandchild's birth. So, when do you two plan to make that happen?"

This time, Lucas smiled and turned to Aveline. "Did you hear that? Grandma wants a great-grandchild."

Aveline was speechless.

What did that have to do with her?

She could see right through it. Barbara was just saying things Lucas wanted to hear.

Once upon a time, he respected and adored his grandmother so much that he would take her word as law. But now, even Barbara had to tread carefully around him. "Aveline."

Barbara suddenly called her name.

Aveline looked at her. "Yes, Grandma?"

Barbara beckoned her closer. "Come here."

Aveline felt a bit puzzled but walked over and asked, "Grandma, what is it?"

Barbara took Aveline's hand and then slipped the diamond bracelet from her wrist onto Aveline's. "This was given to me by my

mother-in-law years ago. I had

intended to pass it on to Lunet

mother, but circumstances changed, and it remained with me. Now, I'm giving it to you. You must take good care of it."

This was a cherished heirloom, a symbol of a woman's place in the Tudor family.

Once Aveline accepted it, returning it would be difficult.

She quickly protested, "Grandma, this is too valuable. I can't accept it."

She attempted to slip the bracelet back onto Barbara's wrist, but Barbara held her hand firmly.

"It's not about the value, Aveline. You're a smart girl; you know what I'm getting at. I've seen you and Lu come a long way together. When you really think about it, is there any obstacle between you two that can't be overcome? Any reason you have to go your separate ways?"

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Her eyes were filled with a gentle kindness. "I know I've been wrong before, focusing too much on the past and ignoring the bond between and Lu. But now I understand. I won't interfere in your affairs anymore. Still, as an elder, I feel the need to offer some advice. After all you've been through together, are you truly willing to part so easily?"

Her aged voice was slow and steady, and when she finished speaking, the room fell into a long, contemplative silence.

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Barbara released Aveline's hand, her face showing signs of fatigue as she said, "I've talked enough; I'm getting tired now. You both should head back."

Lucas suddenly spoke up, "Grandma, if I remember right, you wanted to see me, didn't you? So why, now that I'm here, are you barely speaking to me and just holding her hand?" Barbara sighed with a touch of exasperation. "Are you really going to fuss over such a trivial matter? No wonder Aveline doesn't want you anymore-you're too petty!" Lucas was speechless.

Aveline chuckled and said, "I'm a bit thirsty. I'm going to step out and get a drink."

She turned to Barbara. "Would you like something, Grandma?"

Barbara's eyes brightened. "Oh, yes, I'd love an orange soda."

Aveline nodded. "Alright."

With that, she turned and left the room. As the door closed behind her, the light-hearted atmosphere that had just been there grew cold and tense.

Lucas' sharp eyes narrowed as he looked at Barbara. "Grandma, you're doing all this just to protect your son. Deep down, you've never really approved of Aveline, have you?"

To save Frederick, she had even given Aveline the family heirloom. What else was he supposed to think?

Barbara met his gaze. "Lu, he is still your father."

"Is he?"

Lucas suddenly stood up, his tall figure casting a shadow. He walked over to the window, staring out at the bleak scenery. "Because to me, he doesn't deserve that title."

He had witnessed his mother's death as a child and watched her fall from a building while his so-called father embraced his new lover, showing nothing but disdain.

His father had never cared for him, only seeing value in profits and his half-brother, Leo.

From a young age, Lucas had always harbored a question deep in his heart.

If Frederick didn't love his mother, why did he marry her?

Why did he have him?

Frederick had an older son, his firstborn with his original wife. But at that time, Frederick's position was unstable, and he had many enemies. When his eldest son was just three

years old, he was kidnapped.

To protect the older son, Frederick's first wife went with him. Later, when Frederick drove the kidnappers out to sea, they threw his wife and son overboard. Only the second son, just a month old at the time-Leo-was left.

Later, Frederick married Lucas' mother, gained certain resources, and began his swift ascent. Once the Tudor family had solidified its power Frederick took over his mother's family business and began indulging in a life of excess.

Lucas' mother couldn't stand it. They argued several times, and Frederick began to neglect her. She was a fragile woman and couldn't handle it. In the end, she jumped to her death. Lucas was only four years old then.

Lucas closed his eyes, cold fury radiating from him. "Grandma, just enjoy your twilight years here. Don't worry about things beyond your control. Everyone has their fate." Barbara shut her eyes, realizing that Lucas had no intention of forgiving Frederick.

They were both a father and son and yet, they had come to this.

After a long silence, Barbara finally said, "Alright, I won't worry about it anymore. You should go. I'm tired now."

Lucas returned to his wheelchair, looking at Barbara's deeply wrinkled, aged face. A fleeting, complex emotion crossed his eyes.

He maneuvered the wheelchair out of the room, and as he exited the elevator, he saw Aveline standing a short distance away, gazing at the scenery outside.

The landscape of the nursing home

was quite lovely. The gardens had

been designed by a renowned landscape artist. Even though it was already autumn, and a sense of desolation hung in the air, there was a unique beauty that only autumn could bring.

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The setting sun cast a faint halo as the deep blue sky gradually enveloped everything, her figure shrouded and stretched out by the fading light.

Lucas stood there, silently watching her for a long time as if trying to see straight into her heart.

Sensing a gaze on her, Aveline turned and met his intense eyes. She blinked. "When did you come out?"

Judging by his expression, he'd been there for a while.

She walked over to him and handed him the orange soda she held. "Do you want a drink?"

Barbara was too old, and her body couldn't handle it, but Aveline had bought it anyway-she liked orange soda herself.

Lucas took the drink and asked, "What do you want for dinner?"

Aveline replied, "I'm eating at home."

Lucas responded, "Can I come too?"

His dark eyes were fixed on her, his voice low and pleasant, his tone soft as he made his request.

Aveline shook her head. "No, you can't."

She had only come to see Barbara; if he wanted her cooking, he could keep dreaming.

She took off the diamond bracelet from her wrist and handed it to him. "We're getting divorced soon. It's not appropriate for me to wear this. You should keep it and give it to your future wife." Lucas took the bracelet, feeling the warmth still lingering on its smooth, clear surface.

"Aveline, is there really no way for us to work things out? Do we have to get divorced?"

Aveline looked at him and replied, "Maybe you don't understand, but divorcing you has become my obsession."

Even if he risked his life to save her, deep down, she still wanted a divorce. It felt like ending their marriage was her path to a fresh start.

Seeing the earnest longing in her eyes, Lucas pressed his lips together, and after a long pause, he finally said, "Alright, I promise you."

In the calmness of the twilight, the breeze blew gently, carrying a faint chill.

He had finally agreed.

To divorce her.

Aveline looked at him in disbelief, her eyes wide. "Are you serious?"

"Yes."

Lucas nodded, his gaze steady. "I can't keep holding onto you forever. If I did, you'd only drift further away." Aveline smiled. "Then let's go tomorrow and get divorce."

After that, she would withdraw the lawsuit, She didn't want the divorce to be public knowledge; after all, it was just between the two of them.

"Alright," Lucas agreed.

Aveline turned and walked away, and even though they hadn't gotten the divorce yet, she felt a sense of relief rising within her. It was probably because of Lucas'

attitude-his willingness to

cooperate determined how Ovel.net

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smoothly things would go.

On the way back, a faint smile lingered on her lips.

Lucas glanced at her from time to time, his gaze repeatedly drawn to her smile.

It had been a long time since he had seen her smile like this.

There was a hint of longing in his eyes, a desire to reach out, to capture that moment, to keep her by his side. But he held back.

Twilight quickly faded into night. When Aveline returned home, she headed straight into the kitchen to cook even humming a tune as she worked.

Selena walked in and, seeing this, asked in confusion, "What's going on?"

Aveline replied, "I'm in a good mood."

Selena's expression turned curious. "What's made you so happy? Did you win twenty million dollars in the lottery or something?" Aveline glanced at her. "Even better than winning twenty million dolalrs."

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"Really!" Selena's curiosity grew. "So, what is it?"

Aveline gave a playful smile. "That's a secret for now. I'll tell you once it's done."

"Hmph, even keeping it from me." Selena huffed and turned away.

Aveline continued humming as she prepared dinner.

When the delicious dishes were finally served, Selena eagerly came back over.

Just then, Aveline's phone rang. She looked at the screen and saw it was a call from Zachary.

"Hello, Zach," Aveline answered, her voice carrying a hint of a smile.

Zachary's gentle voice came through. "Aveline, how have you been lately?"

Aveline smiled. "Pretty good. How about you? Is the orphanage running smoothly?"

Zachary replied, "It's going okay. Not as difficult as I imagined, but not easy either. I'm in Cloudflare City now, but I'm heading back tomorrow. Are you free to meet up for a meal?" Surprised, Aveline quickly suggested, "If you don't mind, why not come over to my place for dinner? You can try my cooking."

Zachary agreed, "Sounds great."

After giving him her address, Aveline returned to the kitchen to prepare a couple more dishes.

Selena asked, "Who was that?"

Aveline replied, "A friend from the orphanage where I grew up. His name is Zachary Wills. He's in Cloudflare City."

"Oh." Selena nodded. "I'll get some fruit ready then."

The two of them busied themselves in the kitchen.

Half an hour later, the doorbell rang.

Aveline went over to open the door and greeted Zachary with a warm smile. "Welcome! Come on in."

Zachary was already surprised when he arrived, not expecting Aveline to live in such a high-end neighborhood. Seeing her home only deepened his astonishment.

It was incredibly luxurious!

To own such a large home in this area, Aveline's life must be going exceptionally well.

Zachary couldn't help but smile. "Here I was, asking if you were doing okay. I must have sounded rather foolish."

Aveline sighed softly. "Oh, come on. Everyone has their troubles, no matter who they are. I'm no exception." "That's true," Zachary agreed.

He set down the things he had brought with him and said, "I'm in Cloudflare City to pick up some supplies. Even though Arthur Town is being developed, the economic conditions are still far behind, + want to provide a better life for the kids at the orphanage."

Aveline nodded. "That's a great idea. Growing up in a better environment will also make it easier for them to get adopted in the future."

Zachary nodded in agreement

before adding, "By the way, I recently developed a family search app. It has a database with information from parents who have lost their children and are searching for them. I've already registered my details there, hoping to find my birth parents. Have you ever thought about doing the same?"

Aveline paused at his words.

Zachary smiled gently and continued, "You can think about it. If you ever decide you want to search for them, just let me know, and I'll help you register your information." "Alright," Aveline agreed with a nod.

Back in Arthur Town, Hilda had once

hinted at some information about her birth parents, but there wasn't much to go on. Before she could ask for more details, Hilda had disappeared.

Remembering this, Aveline asked, "Have you seen or heard from Hilda at all?"

Zachary shook his head. "No, it's like she vanished into thin air. But you'll never guess who did come back." Aveline looked at him curiously. "Who?"

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"Juliet," Zachary replied, naming someone from their past. "After her biological parents found her, she never came back. I didn't expect her to return this time, but she did. She even brought a lot of things and told me she plans to make regular donations to the orphanage." Aveline's expression shifted slightly. Her memories of Juliet were already a bit blurred, but she vaguely remembered that Juliet had always been a favorite of Hilda's. Hilda would always give Juliet the best of everything she had.

Back then, the orphanage's conditions weren't great. Most of the children wore patched-up clothes, but Juliet always had new clothes and always looked clean and beautiful.

Aveline had been a quiet child, always keeping to herself in the corner.

Zachary sighed. "I never thought she'd come back. Now she's the cherished heiress of the prestigious Cooper family in Larbor City, living a life of luxury."

The Cooper family?

Aveline's eyes widened slightly. Was it the same Cooper family she knew of?

Zachary noticed her reaction. "What is it?"

Aveline shook her head. "Oh, nothing. You mentioned the Coopers, and I recently met someone from the Cooper family in Larbor City. I wonder if they're related." Zachary asked, "Was it the eldest heir, Gernard Cooper?"

Aveline nodded. "Yes, that's him."

Zachary chuckled. "He's Juliet's older brother."

What a coincidence.

Zachary added, "I didn't expect you to know Juliet's brother already. That's quite a connection."

Aveline nodded. "Yes, it is quite a coincidence."

"Alright, enough talking. Let's eat," Aveline invited with a smile.

"Sure," Zachary agreed, following Aveline into the dining room.

Selena brought over the plates and utensils, grinning. "Sit down and enjoy. These are Aveline's specialties, and she's an amazing cook!"

Zachary laughed. "Well, I'll have to taste and see for myself."

They sat down, and the atmosphere at the table was relaxed.

Since it had been a while since they last met, their conversation naturally revolved around the orphanage.

Zachary was juggling two

roles-taking online orders while managing the orphanage-leaving him little time for himself, but he seemed to enjoy every minute of it. Selena, with her naturally friendly demeanor, quickly struck up a conversation with him.

After dinner, Zachary mentioned that he needed to leave.

"In such a hurry?" Aveline asked, surprised.

Zachary replied, "I had planned to come and go on the same day. I can't stay away from the orphanage for too long." Aveline asked, "What time is your bus?"

Zachary told her the time, still three hours away.

Aveline grabbed her car keys and said, "There's still plenty of time. Let's go to the supermarket. I want to buy some stuff for you to take back to the kids."

Zachary didn't refuse. "As the director, I'll thank you on behalf of the children."

Aveline smiled. "No need for thanks between us. If the orphanage ever needs anything, just let me know."

"Alright," Zachary agreed.

The group headed to the supermarket to shop.

Aveline had a good idea of what the

children at the orphanage needed. The three of them, each pushing a

shopping cart, went straight to their targets.

An hour later, they emerged from the supermarket, and the staff came over to help load the items into the car.

"I'll arrange for a courier to deliver all this to Arthur Town tomorrow," Aveline said.

Zachary nodded. "Sounds good."

Checking the time, he said, "I've got to go now. Once the development in Arthur Town is complete, you should come back often to visit."

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"Alright." Aveline nodded, watching as Zachary got into his car and drove away.

Selena, standing beside her, couldn't help but comment, "You know, he's a nice guy. Why don't you consider him?"

Aveline looked at her with exasperation. "I'm not considering anyone. How about I consider you instead?"

"What? Really? You'd actually consider me? You finally noticed me? Oh, I'm so moved!" Selena, ever the drama queen, put on a show of mock surprise, her eyes welling up dramatically. Aveline's mouth twitched, and she quickly opened the car door and got in.

Selena immediately followed. "Hey, wait for me! Were you serious just now? Are you really considering me, Aveline, my beauty? Say something!"

Aveline was speechless.

That was a mistake.

Back home, Aveline took a shower and lay down on her bed, feeling unusually excited about going with Lucas to get a divorce the next day.

She had been waiting for this day for so long, and now that it was about to happen, it felt almost unreal.

She tossed and turned in bed for hours before she finally managed to fall asleep in the early morning hours. But her sleep was restless; she spent the whole night having nightmares. When she woke up the next day, there were noticeable dark circles under her eyes. Looking at herself in the mirror, she felt that getting a divorce deserved a bit of ceremony, so she decided to put on some makeup.

The makeup accentuated her features even more, and Aveline chose a long dress, layering it with a cashmere coat, and picked out her favorite perfume.

As she came out of her bedroom, she saw Selena sitting in the living room. Selena blinked in surprise when she saw her. "Wait, are you going on a date?"

Aveline twirled around in front of her. "What do you think? Do I look pretty today?"

Selena stood up. "So, you really are going on a date? With who?"

Aveline gave a mysterious smile. "I told you, it's a secret. I'll tell you once it's done." Selena immediately felt a surge of curiosity. What on earth was going on?

But seeing the look on Aveline's face, it was clear she wasn't going to say anything. Defeated, Selena grabbed a piece of bread and

started munching on it, puffing out her cheeks in frustration.

Aveline left the house and arranged for the courier to come pick up the items, then headed out to the lawyer's office.

However, the traffic that day was terrible. She'd been stuck on the road for nearly an hour, barely moving.

All around her, drivers were honking their horns in frustration, adding to the growing anxiety in her heart.

She glanced at the clock-it was already ten in the morning.

Just then, her phone rang. She glanced at the screen and saw it was Lucas calling.

"Hello?" she answered, her heart suddenly tightening.

Was he going to back out?

But instead, his deep, pleasant voice came through, "Why aren't you here yet?"

Aveline paused for a moment. "I'm stuck in traffic, but I should be there soon." So, he wasn't calling to back out he was already there. That was quite a surprise.

Lucas' tone grew a bit colder. "I'll wait for you for one more hour. If you're not here by then, maybe it's a sign from the universe that we shouldn't divorce. I'd suggest you reconsider." en

Aveline's grip on her phone tightened. "I'll be there within an hour, for sure." Without another word, Lucas hung up.

Fortunately, less than five minutes

after the call ended, the traffic finally started to move. She crossed a

traffic light, and after the next turn, she would be at the lawyer's office.

A spark of hope brightened Aveline's eyes.

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"Bang!"

Suddenly, her car was hit with a violent jolt, forcing her body to lurch forward. Fortunately, her seatbelt held her back; otherwise, she would have slammed into the steering wheel. "Knock, knock, knock!"

Before she could even react, someone was banging aggressively on her window.

Aveline frowned and turned to see a burly man standing outside, his face full of impatience.

She rolled down the window and asked, frowning. "What do you want?"

Seeing that it was a woman behind the wheel, the man grew even more arrogant. He pointed a finger at her and shouted, "Do you even know how to drive? The light turned green, and you didn't notice? What are your eyes for? If you can't drive, don't come out here and embarrass yourself!"

Aveline's expression turned colder. She pulled out her phone and said, "You rear-ended me, and now you're blaming me? Where's your sense of shame?"

Seeing this, the man rolled up his sleeves and barked, "Hey, watch how you talk, lady! What do you mean by blaming you? I'm giving you a lesson! With your lousy driving, you're a menace on the road. Whoever runs into you is out of luck!"

Ignoring the man, Aveline rolled up the window. The traffic police soon arrived to handle the situation.

Aveline called her insurance company and explained the damage to her car.

Meanwhile, the man continued to rant and rave.

When the police arrived, Aveline got out of the car to check the damage at the back.

The man was still shouting.

Aveline turned to him and said, "This wasn't a big deal at first-we could have settled it through insurance. But from the moment it happened, you've been verbally abusing me and I've

making personal attacks. me and

decided not to go through insurance. You'll be paying for all my damages."

She was the victim, and he was at fault for rear-ending her. The blame lay entirely with him.

The man's face darkened. "What do you mean? Trying to scam me, are you? How can you be so wicked? I could say I suspect you stopped here on purpose to extort me!"

Aveline turned to the traffic police.

"Officer, I was just about to start

moving when he hit me. He's

completely at fault. He's been insulting me since then, causing me significant emotional distress, Im requesting compensation for the emotional damage. The exact amount will depend on a psychological evaluation at the

hospital."

Seeing her firm stance, the man's expression turned even uglier. He had assumed his intimidating appearance would scare her into backing down or maybe even paying him for his troubles. But he had miscalculated!

Now, if he continued to argue, it would only make him look worse. His face darkened as he waved a hand dismissively and said, "Fine, it's all my fault. Let's just go through the insurance."

With that, he turned and walked away, no longer wanting to engage with Aveline.

Aveline shot him a cold glance before cooperating with the police to complete some paperwork.

Today, her priority was to get a divorce; otherwise, she would have fought this man to the end, ensuring she got every penny of compensation she was owed!

By the time the tow truck from the

repair shop arrived, 40 minutes had already slipped by. She had less than twenty minutes left of the hour Lucas had given her. Thankfully, the lawyer's office was just around the next corner.

Grabbing her belongings, Aveline hurriedly crossed the street.

Her pace quickened, but just as she crossed the road, someone suddenly ran straight toward her and collided with her.