

Divorced Me 801

Chapter 801

Aveline said, "Go ahead and sue if you want, but before you do, just know that all this yelling in public and getting physical is more than enough reason for the police to haul you in for questioning." The middle-aged woman was stunned for a moment upon hearing this, then appeared slightly guilty.

She definitely didn't want to end up at the police station!

Her eyes darted around as she quickly retorted, "Forget about that for now. Since my daughter is in there, why not let me in to see her? Something serious happened, and she didn't even tell us. We're worried about her!" Worried? Aveline could hardly see any concern in her demeanor!

Aveline replied, "With the way you all were acting just now like you were ready to tear her apart the moment you saw her, how could I possibly let you in? She still needs to rest. You should leave."

"You!" The woman bristled. "How dare you try to send us away? I'm Annie's mother, we're her family! No matter what you say, you're just an outsider. Even if the police come, you have no right to stop me from seeing my daughter. Move aside, move aside!" With that, she tried to push Aveline out of the way.

Aveline sidestepped, avoiding her touch.

But the reality was clear-she couldn't keep blocking them from seeing Annie forever.

So, what should she do now?

Give them money?

Absolutely not.

Aveline's expression grew colder as the middle-aged woman reached out to push her again.

Just then, the door to the hospital room opened.

Annie stepped out.

The woman's eyes lit up when she saw her. "You little wretch, you finally came out! Go on, keep hiding! How dare you lie and deceive us? Do you know how hard it's been for us without the money you've been sending? I gave birth to you, so you should be supporting me!"

As she spoke, she reached out to grab Annie by the neck.

Annie winced in pain, her face paling slightly. Fear flickered in her eyes—a fear born from her own family—but she still mustered the courage to say, "Don't try to extort Aveline. It was me who bumped into her. My broken arm has nothing to do with her!" "Nothing to do with her?" the woman retorted sharply.

"She admitted it herself—she

knocked into you! You've only got one arm left, and now that's broken too. How are you supposed to earn money and help with the bills? What about your brother's school fees? How are we supposed to survive? You're nothing but an ungrateful,

useless burden!"

The middle-aged woman, ignoring everything else, continued to hurl insults and reached out again to grab Annie by the neck.

Aveline quickly stepped in, blocking her path.

She frowned and said, "Will behaving like this solve anything? She's a patient and needs to recover. If you continue this nonsense, I'll show you no mercy!"

"Oh, really? What can you do? I'd like to see what you'll do to me. You want to hit me? Go on, hit me! Right here, come on!"

The woman turned to Aveline and marched toward her, pointing at her own face with a shameless and provocative grin. Aveline felt a wave of frustration and helplessness wash over her.

There was no reasoning with someone like this!

Seeing Aveline's face turning red with anger but unable to utter a word, the woman let out a triumphant sneer.

However, before she could continue, a sudden force struck her from behind, sending her sprawling face-first onto the floor! "Ouch!"

She cried out in pain, lying flat on the ground and making no attempt to get up. "Who? Who kicked me? Oh, my back, my back is broken! It hurts so much, oh, it hurts so much! Call a doctor quickly! Check if my back is broken! I'm telling you, whoever broke my back must pay me two hundred thousand dollars, or you can get ready to go to jail!"

Chapter 802

Everyone turned in shock to look at the person who had struck out.

The man was wearing a dark gray coat over a black suit, his tie perfectly knotted, and his straight shoulders made him look even broader and more imposing.

His handsome, slightly wicked face carried a coldness, and his eyes seemed to hold a glimmer of frost that chilled to the bone.

"Who saw me kick you?" Lucas asked calmly, his voice deep and magnetic, with a casual tone that still made one's heart skip a beat.

The middle-aged man, hearing this, immediately pointed around the room. "Everyone here saw it! You think you can deny it?"

"Uh, what did I come out here for again?"

"I need to get some water."

"I haven't finished my notes; I should get back to that."

"I still have rounds to make."

"Wait for me, I'll come along."

Within a minute, the crowd dispersed, each person finding an excuse to leave as if they hadn't witnessed anything at all.

In the blink of an eye, only Lucas, Aveline, Annie, and the two middle-aged troublemakers remained in the hallway.

Aveline's mouth twitched slightly as she turned to Annie. "Does it still hurt?"

Annie, still dazed, shook her head. "No, it doesn't."

"You... you all..." The middle-aged man looked around in disbelief, his face twisted with rage.

Seeing Lucas's distinguished and aloof demeanor, it was clear he wasn't an ordinary person.

"So, you're just throwing your weight around, huh? Even if everyone here pretends they didn't see it, there are still security cameras. The footage will show everything you just did." Either you pay me two hundred thousand dollars or get ready to go to jail!"

The man's expression was fierce and threatening.

At that moment, a nurse behind the reception desk suddenly said, "Oh, looks like the cameras are broken. Better call someone to fix them."

Lucas raised his eyebrows slightly

as he glanced at the man. "No

cameras, no witnesses. I could

accuse you of intentional exto could

and fraud. If that happens, you could be detained for over fifteen days. Should I call the police?"

"You... you people are just too much!" The middle-aged woman, seeing such a big sum of money slip from her grasp, was so furious she felt like she was about to explode. But they were just ordinary folks.

Faced with someone of high status, they had no room to resist.

With one last, venomous glare at Annie, the middle-aged couple turned and slunk away, humiliated.

Aveline reached out and gently patted Annie's shoulder. "Don't be afraid, they're gone now."

Annie's eyes instantly filled with tears. "Thank you, Aveline. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have known what to do."

Aveline gave her a small smile. "I'll

arrange for you to be transferred to another hospital, somewhere they won't be able to find you. Unti you've recovered, it's best not to see them again."

Annie looked at Aveline with gratitude, feeling incredibly lucky to have met her.

Lucas' cool voice cut through the air. "I had no idea you were running a charity now."

Annie immediately turned to look at Lucas. The sight of his handsome, dangerously alluring face made her heart skip a beat. She quickly averted her gaze, nervously hiding behind Aveline. Aveline frowned and replied, "Didn't you hear? I was the one who hit her, causing her arm to break. Of course, I have to take full responsibility."

Annie murmured softly, "No, it was me who ran into you. It has nothing to do with you."

Aveline sighed. "At this point, it doesn't matter who bumped into whom. What's important now is getting you transferred."

Chapter 803

Annie asked, "Won't that cause trouble for you?"

Aveline shook her head. "No, it won't."

Lucas spoke up, "In all of Cloudflare City, the hospital with the best privacy and security is the one owned by the Tudor family. Why not consider moving her there?" Aveline glanced at him, meeting his dark, inscrutable eyes. She knew he wouldn't offer anything without expecting something in return.

But on second thought, he did have a point.

If Annie were transferred to a hospital under the Tudors, her parents wouldn't be able to find her, and she could recover in peace.

Aveline pressed her lips together and nodded. "Alright."

Lucas raised an eyebrow. "Alright, is it?"

The implication was clear.

Aveline's tone grew firmer. "Yes, alright!"

"Good, I'll make the arrangements."

A faint smile tugged at Lucas' lips as he pulled out his phone and began making a call.

Annie looked at Lucas nervously and whispered, "Aveline, who is he?"

Aveline replied coolly, "Just a stranger."

Annie blinked but said nothing.

She stared at Aveline suspiciously. Did Aveline think she was three years old? The way Lucas looked at her was definitely not one would look at a stranger. Their relationship was definitely close and probably complicated.

Maybe he was Aveline's boyfriend.

Thinking this, Annie blurted out, "Is he your boyfriend? Are you two fighting?"

Aveline said, "Let's go inside."

Seeing that Aveline didn't deny it, Annie became more certain of her guess.

Once they were back in the hospital room, Annie continued, "He might

seem but if it wasn't for him,

you would've been hit just now. He's actually pretty nice, Aveline

Aveline made a noncommittal sound, clearly not interested in discussing Lucas any further.

Annie's curiosity was hard to contain, and she hesitated, debating whether to keep asking questions. Who could resist a bit of gossip, after all?

But before she could decide, Lucas walked back in, his dark eyes immediately locking onto Aveline's face.

"Someone will be here soon to take her over," he said. "Do you want to go along and make sure everything's okay?"

Annie quickly chimed in, "Aveline, please come with me. I'm a little scared."

"Alright," Aveline agreed with a nod.

The transfer team arrived promptly, and within five minutes, the paperwork was completed.

Annie was swiftly moved to the hospital under the Tudor family's ownership.

The new hospital had far better conditions and surroundings, and Annie found herself in a cozy private suite. Her eyes widened in surprise, quickly followed by a growing sense of unease.

"This place must be so expensive," she murmured. "Aveline, maybe we should go back. This is too much."

Aveline gave her a reassuring smile. "Don't worry. You won't be staying here long anyway."

Annie bit her lip, then looked at Aveline with sincere gratitude. "Thank you, Aveline. I'll never forget your kindness!"

Aveline chuckled at her earnest expression.

"And I just did such a big favor, and not even a word of thanks?"

Lucas' calm voice suddenly cut through, carrying an inexplicable chill that made Annie shrink back behind Aveline. She looked at him with wide eyes filled with a mix of fear and curiosity.

"Thank you... Aveline's boyfriend."

At her words, Lucas raised an eyebrow, and the coldness in his expression melted away, replaced by a deeper smile playing at his lips.

"Not bad, you know how to show gratitude. Rest well here, and if you need anything, just look for Aveline."

As he spoke, his gaze lingered on Aveline's face, a hint of amusement in his eyes.

Chapter 804

Aveline's brow furrowed slightly as she glanced at Annie, who gave her a playful wink.

"You two talk; I'll step out for a bit."

Seeing they needed privacy, Lucas turned and left the room.

Once he was gone, Aveline said, "He's not my boyfriend."

Annie burst into a smile, her cheeks dimpling with two small, charming dimples. "I know. You're upset with him right now. I've seen lots of couples act like that when they're fighting. I won't say it again." Aveline sighed.

There was no explaining this away.

Besides, there was no need to burden Annie with the details of her pending divorce from Lucas.

It would be over soon enough, so there wasn't much to discuss.

Changing the subject, Aveline said, "While you're staying here, you can go for a walk when you're feeling up to it. The environment here is quite nice. If you need anything, just ask the nurse, and if you feel unwell, call me right away." Annie nodded, her eyes filled with gratitude. "I will, Aveline. Thank you so much."

Aveline smiled gently. "The most important thing is that you get better."

Annie suddenly moved forward and hugged her, her voice thick with emotion. "I wish we were real sisters."

Having a sister like Aveline would have made her so happy.

A pang of sadness tugged at Aveline's heart, but she didn't say much more.

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Inside the exclusive VIP ward, the faint scent of antiseptic hung in the air.

The nurse moved about quietly, her work meticulous and unobtrusive. Lucas pushed open the door and entered. At the sight of him, the nurse greeted respectfully, "Mr. Tudor." Lucas walked in, his gaze falling on the bed in the inner room, where Frederick lay.

The man before him looked nothing like his former self. His face was gaunt and hollow, his body frail and shrunken, a mere shadow of the commanding figure he used to be.

Due to a stroke, Frederick's mouth

was crooked, and his eyes were unfocused. When he saw Lucas enter, he immediately became agitated, emitting a series of muffled, incoherent sounds.

Drool trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Lucas picked up a tissue and wiped the drool from Frederick's mouth. His expression was cold, and his tone even colder.

"You're something else, aren't you? Falling apart like this before Leo even makes it back. I'm worried you won't hold on until the day he returns." "Ugh... ah..."

Frederick grew more agitated, struggling to speak, his body convulsing.

Lucas tossed the tissue into the trash and looked down at him, his eyes sharp and emotionless.

"Since you're sick, focus on getting

better. Don't waste your time on pointless thoughts. But one thing you can rest assured of-Tudor Enterprises will only thrive under my control."

After all, he had fought tooth and nail to take it. He would, of course, treasure what he had claimed.

Without a trace of warmth or compassion for the man he called father, Lucas turned and left the room.

...

Annie had fallen asleep, so Aveline slipped out quietly.

As she reached the ground floor, she spotted Lucas' tall, commanding figure standing at the entrance. His

back was to her, but she could see the smoke curling around him.

She approached him and said, "Thank you."

Lucas saw her coming, stubbed out his cigarette, and looked at her delicate face. "Thank me? Wasn't this just a fair trade between us?"

Aveline refused to meet his gaze and walked past him without a word.

Lucas let out a low chuckle and followed behind her. "I asked, and you agreed. Are you thinking of backing out now?"

Did she dare?

If she showed the slightest hint of regret, he wouldn't hesitate to throw Annie out of the hospital.

And there was no doubt-he absolutely would do it.

Chapter 805

Aveline let out a soft sigh, her breath forming a white mist that quickly disappeared into the cold air.

Was she getting entangled with him again?

She had wanted to keep her distance, but somehow, the ties between them kept growing, getting more and more complicated... It frustrated her to no end.

All she hoped for now was that after the divorce, there would be no more drama.

She just wanted a quiet, simple life.

Aveline got into the car, and Lucas immediately followed, sliding into the passenger seat. She didn't say a word, simply started the engine, and drove towards Maple Gardens.

By the time they got back, it was already nine o'clock at night.

Aveline had been running around all day and felt exhausted.

She yawned, glancing at him with tired eyes. "Can we do this another day? I'm really tired tonight."

Lucas' voice was low as he replied, "You don't have to do anything. I'll handle it myself."

Aveline was silent, her expression unreadable, as she opened the door.

Lucas' tall frame moved closer, but she pushed him away. "Go take a shower."

He grabbed her chin and gave her a firm kiss on the lips. "Fine, wait here."

With that, he turned and headed toward the guest bathroom.

Aveline returned to the master bedroom, took a shower herself, and by the time she came out, he still hadn't returned. She slipped under the covers and lay down on the bed. When Lucas finally walked in, he found her already asleep.

The soft glow of the wall lamp cast a dim light across the room. She lay on her side, her face nestled against the pillow, breathing peacefully in a deep and undisturbed sleep. He raised an eyebrow, moving closer with the intention of waking her, but his hand stopped midway.

Forget it.

She was so tired. He'd let her be this time.

He lifted the blanket and climbed into bed, stretching out his arm to pull her into his embrace.

Aveline shifted slightly, finding a more comfortable position, and drifted back into a deep sleep.

Lucas held her close, staring up at the ceiling, unable to put his feelings into words. Suddenly, he found himself reflecting on his past. What had he been doing all this time? Wouldn't it have been better just to live a good life with her, holding her in his arms every night?

The more he thought about it, the more regret he felt.

Tightening his arm around her, he turned his head and kissed the top of her head, finally allowing himself to drift off to sleep.

The next morning.

Aveline opened her eyes and found herself wrapped around Lucas!

Worse, one of her hands had slipped inside his robe and was resting right on his chest.

Uh...

She slowly pulled her hand back and tried to get up, but before she could, his arm tightened around her waist, and his heavy body pinned her down.

"Trying to seduce me?" Lucas' voice came, still husky with sleep.

"I wasn't..." Aveline instinctively denied.

Lucas fixed his gaze on her. "Then

why were you touching me? Are you upset that I didn't satisfy you last night? Should I make it up to you now?"

UM

"No..." Aveline began to protest, but her words were cut off as his lips met hers. Her mind went blank.

"Mmm... I haven't brushed my teeth..." she mumbled, struggling to push him away. But Lucas didn't care. He kissed her deeply, thoroughly, like a man on a mission.

The morning passed in a heady, breathless blur.

Both of them were left panting for breath.

Lucas went to take a shower, while Aveline lay in bed, trying to calm her racing heartbeat.

Only six more days left.

She just needed to endure a little longer!

Two days later, Aveline was at the vineyard, studying blueprints and making adjustments on-site when

her phone rang unexpectedly

It was Desmond.

"Mrs. Tudor, could you come to the office right away? Mr. Tudor has been injured!" Desmond's voice was urgent.

Chapter 806

Aveline's brows furrowed as she asked, "How did he get hurt?"

Desmond's tone was heavy with concern. "This morning, out of nowhere, a group of people surrounded Mr. Tudor's car. He wasn't prepared and got hit in the head. He's already been taken to the hospital, and those who caused the trouble have been arrested. "But after looking into it, I found that they were just ordinary folks who admitted to what they did, so they wouldn't face any serious consequences. Mr. Tudor had to get stitches on his head, yet he insisted on coming to work. I'm worried his condition might worsen. Mrs. Tudor, please come over. He'll listen to you."

A group of people suddenly attacking Lucas?

Aveline knew his skills well-who could manage to hurt him unless he hadn't been on guard?

"Alright, I'll come over right away," she replied, pushing aside the strange feeling gnawing at her heart.

She couldn't help but think, at a critical time like this, the last thing they needed was for something to happen to Lucas.

What about their divorce if he ended up in serious trouble?

When Aveline arrived at Tudor Enterprises, she noticed an increased security presence at the building entrance. People were rushing in and out as if afraid someone might suddenly attack them.

Desmond was waiting for her in the lobby.

The moment he saw her, he quickly approached. "This way, please, Mrs. Tudor."

He pressed the button for the private elevator and said, "I'm so glad you agreed to come. If you can convince Mr. Tudor to go back and rest, he'll definitely listen to you."

Aveline's expression remained cold. "I doubt I have that much influence."

Desmond shook his head. "You're mistaken, ma'am. Your words carry a lot of weight with him. He remembers everything you've ever said. I know he's done things in the past that hurt you, but he had his reasons. You've seen firsthand what he's been through, and, truthfully, I hope you two can reconcile."

Desmond's words seemed sincere, but Aveline knew his real motivation-if things went well between Lucas and her, his year-end bonus would be much more generous.

Aveline glanced at him and replied coolly, "I hadn't realized Mr. Desmond was so good with words."

Desmond offered a polite smile. "As.

Mr. Tudor's assistant, there are many times I need to represent him in various meetings. A certain level

of skill is required font

Aveline nodded slightly. "Not bad."

Desmond watched her carefully, trying to gauge her thoughts. Was she considering what he had said, or was she just paying him a simple compliment?

Her expression was too calm, giving nothing away.

Fortunately, the elevator soon reached the executive office floor.

As the doors slid open, Desmond and Aveline stepped out.

A loud noise erupted from within the office, and Desmond immediately glanced at Aveline, whispering, "Mrs. Tudor, Mr. Tudor has been in a terrible mood because of what happened today. Please be careful when you go in."

Aveline gave a small nod and walked straight ahead.

As she pushed the door open, someone emerged from inside a man in a suit, clearly a senior executive.

His forehead was covered in cold sweat.

He paused for a moment when he saw her, gave a faint nod, and quickly passed by her on his way out. Aveline stepped into the office to find a chair overturned on the floor.

Lucas stood by the large floor-to-ceiling window, hands on his hips, a cold aura surrounding him. His head was wrapped in a bandage of white gauze.

Chapter 807

Aveline walked over and set the overturned chair upright.

The noise made Lucas frown.

Without turning around, he snapped, "Get out!"

"Oh," Aveline replied, calmly setting the chair in place and turning to leave.

The sound of her voice made Lucas whip around.

Seeing her about to walk out, he quickly strode over and grabbed her wrist.

"I didn't know it was you. I'm sorry," he said.

When he saw her, the sharp lines of his face softened with surprise, and the frost in his dark eyes melted away inch by inch. Now, his gaze was filled with a nervous concern, as if he feared she might be upset. Aveline glanced at him and asked, "Is your injury serious?"

Lucas' eyes brightened a little, and a small smile tugged at his lips. "Are you worried about me?"

Aveline replied in a neutral tone, "I'm just concerned that if you're seriously hurt, it could delay..."

But before she could finish, Lucas suddenly pulled her into his arms, holding her tightly.

"I knew it you care about me," he murmured in a deep, magnetic voice, a hint of amusement lacing his tone.

Aveline sighed inwardly.

Could he not even let her finish a sentence? Why was he always so infuriating?

He held her so tightly, it felt like he was trying to fuse her to his body. Her brow furrowed as she said, "Let me go. It's uncomfortable."

"Okay."

He immediately loosened his grip but didn't release her hand.

Instead, he led her to a small sitting area and gently seated her on the sofa.

"Are you cold?" he asked, holding both of her hands between his large, warm ones to warm them up.

Her fingertips were cold, and the warmth of his hands made her instinctively pull away.

"Have you found out who those people were?" she asked.

Lucas replied, "They were from a nearby village. We checked their accounts; there were large deposits made in the last couple of days. Someone hired them." Aveline frowned. "They were after you?"

Lucas sat down beside her, a faint coldness flickering in his eyes.

"I'm afraid they were after both of

us," he said. "The people they interacted with weren't the ones. behind this, so the trail has likely gone cold for now. But I suspect this won't be the end of it."

Aveline's expression darkened. Why did something like this have to happen right now? Would she and Lucas still be able to finalize their divorce in a few days? "Don't worry," Lucas said, as if reading her thoughts. "Just a few more days. I won't go back on my word."

Aveline remained silent.

The office fell into an awkward silence. She felt increasingly uncomfortable; she had only come to check on his condition. Now that she knew he was fine, she had no reason to stay any longer.

She stood up. "Since you're okay, I'll be leaving now."

Lucas looked at her, hesitated for a moment, and asked, "What if I say I'm not okay?"

Aveline's lips twitched slightly.

He reached for her hand again, pulling her back down to the sofa.

"Stay with me, just for this

afternoon. You don't have to do anything just being here is enough. It'll make me feel better." His sharp eyes held hers, his words effortlessly persuasive.

Something in her heart twinged, but she kept her expression cool. "I have things to do."

Chapter 808

Lucas said, "I know you still need to review the blueprints. I have a computer here; you can continue with your work." Aveline's brow furrowed with resistance.

But Lucas, watching her closely, added, "Aveline, stay with me. We're about to get divorced. After that, you'd never agree to a request like this. Consider it... fulfilling our last obligations as a married couple?" His voice was low and gentle, softening his tone to its most persuasive.

His dark eyes were earnest, filled with an intensity that revealed his longing for her to stay.

Something in her heart stirred again.

Almost against her better judgment, she agreed. "Alright."

Lucas' eyes brightened instantly.

He walked over and opened the door, calling Desmond in.

"Mr. Tudor, any instructions?" Desmond asked, noticing the softened expression on Lucas' face and feeling he had made the right decision by calling Aveline in.

Lucas pulled out his phone. "I need you to go somewhere and follow these instructions for some purchases."

Desmond blinked. "Huh?"

Lucas shot him a look. "What do you mean, 'huh'? Didn't you understand?"

Desmond quickly nodded. "Oh, got it."

Lucas sent him a flurry of messages. As Desmond read through them, the corners of his mouth twitched. Was he... treating Mrs. Tudor like a child?

A squeaky chicken toy? Really?

"Hurry up!" Lucas frowned and gave him a light push when he saw Desmond still standing there. Desmond quickly turned and left.

As he closed the office door, he turned to find Aveline looking over with a suspicious expression.

Lucas smiled and said, "I just sent him to take care of something. He'll be back soon."

"Oh." Aveline didn't think much of it and let it go.

She asked, "Where's the computer?"

Lucas went to the lounge and brought out a laptop, handing it to her.

"Thanks," Aveline said as she took the laptop, opened it, downloaded the necessary software, and logged into her account. All her blueprints were stored there.

The coffee table was a bit low, so

she sat in the space between the table and the sofa. She took off her coat and set her scarf aside, revealing a red knitted dress

beneath, which contrasted net

vividly

against her fair skin. Her longhair cascaded over her shoulders and chest, giving her an air of gentle elegance.

Lucas' gaze darkened slightly as he watched her.

Forty minutes later, a soft knock sounded on the office door.

Lucas walked over to open it and found Desmond standing there, carrying several bags.

"Keep it down," Lucas whispered.

He then quietly began placing the items on the coffee table next to Aveline. Her attention shifted from the laptop, and she finally noticed the array of things—small cakes, spicy snacks, potato chips, wafer rolls, ice cream, fruit tea, plush toys, and even a squeaky chicken...

"What are you doing?" She looked up at him, suspicion in her eyes.

Lucas placed the last dessert down and said, "I thought I might not have enough to convince you to stay, so I decided to tempt you with some treats."

He picked up a small cake and held it out to her. "Is it working?"

Aveline was momentarily speechless.

Her fingers curled slightly as if holding back some reaction. Her gaze settled on the small cake—a blueberry mille crepe, one of her favorites. She took it and replied lightly, "Barely."

The smile at the corner of Lucas' mouth grew a little wider, but he didn't disturb her further. He returned to his work, allowing her to focus on hers.

However, every time he looked up

from his files, the cold, harsh letters seemed to dissolve in the warmth of her serene and graceful face, and his heart swelled with a sweet, unfamiliar feeling.

Chapter 809

As Aveline continued to adjust the blueprints and snack on the treats, the afternoon slipped away unnoticed.

The sky outside had grown dark, and the office lights were now aglow, snapping her back to reality.

She realized she had been there much longer than intended.

Logging out of her account, she shut down the laptop and stood up, glancing over at Lucas.

He was still engrossed in his work, his fingers holding a pen as he reviewed each page with a cold, focused expression.

Occasionally, he made notes in the margins.

Not wanting to disturb him, Aveline stretched her arms after sitting for so long, then quietly walked over to the floor-to-ceiling window to admire the night view outside.

The Tudor Group's location was undoubtedly the best, perched high enough to overlook most of the city.

Below, a sea of twinkling lights gathered like a river of stars-a breathtaking view.

And now, snowflakes were drifting down, creating a dreamlike scene.

Aveline's eyes softened, her mood feeling surprisingly light and relaxed.

Lucas looked up and saw her slender but graceful silhouette.

His gaze grew even darker, more intense.

Her figure was perfectly proportioned, with a small frame, balanced bone structure, and a straight back. Her waist curved in naturally before flowing into her hips, and her long legs extended beneath her small leather shoes. She looked beautiful and poised. Unable to resist, Lucas set his pen down and walked over, wrapping his arms around her.

Aveline's body stiffened.

He crossed his hands in front of her, pulling her close against his chest, his chin resting on her shoulder. His voice was low and soft. "Aveline, I just wanted to hold you."

He spoke his thoughts directly,

letting her know his feelings. It was better than hiding behind half-truths and making things worse. He no longer wanted to think about the past every memory made him wish he could punch himself.

Aveline's tense body slowly began to relax. Her tone was calm as she replied Lucas, this isn't good for either of us. The more you want, the more unwilling and resentful you might feel in the end."

She was speaking to herself as much as to him.

She was so close to achieving the resolution she'd been holding onto all this time, yet here she was, finding herself drawn back by the slightest hint of warmth. What had all her previous resolve been for, then? What about all the pain she had endured?

Hearing her words, Lucas' breath caught slightly, and then he suddenly asked, "Aveline, you're wavering too, aren't you?"

Aveline's lashes trembled just a bit.

Lucas continued, "Deep down, you still have feelings for me, don't you? It's just that I was such an idiot before, made you lose all hope in me, so you decided to give up on us." Aveline closed her eyes briefly and replied, "There's no point in saying these things now."

Lucas let out a bitter laugh. "I guess I was a fool, wasn't I? Everything was going so well-why did I ever bring up divorce?"

What was the point of digging up the past now?

Not wanting to continue down this path, Aveline said, "I'm tired. I'd like to go home and rest."

Lucas nodded. "I'll drive you."

She was about to decline, but he had already turned, picked up her coat, and handed it to her, then put on his own coat.

He left her with no room to refuse.

Aveline took the coat, considered for a moment, then decided not to argue further.

She could only hope these next few days would pass quietly, and that they could finalize their divorce without any more complications.

Chapter 810

The next day, a video quietly began circulating across major online platforms, and within just three hours, it had skyrocketed to the top of the trending list.

Early that morning, Desmond contacted Lucas, his tone grave. "Mr. Tudor, there's trouble. A video of you hitting someone at the hospital has been uploaded online, and it's already gaining a lot of attention." As he spoke, he sent Lucas the trending search term.

Lucas had just finished his morning workout and was wiping sweat from his forehead and neck with a towel. He opened his messaging app and saw the trending topic Desmond had sent.

"Tudor Group Chairman Assaults Someone in Hospital."

He clicked on the link and was immediately met with countless videos, all showing the same scene from the hospital corridor's surveillance footage: a few seconds of him kicking a middle-aged woman to the ground. No context, no follow-up-just that brief, explosive moment.

But he wasn't just anyone; he was the newly appointed Chairman of Tudor Group, already the subject of swirling rumors about his divorce that had created a public frenzy.

Now, this video surfaced before he even had a chance to fully settle into his new position, bringing significant negative attention both to him and to Tudor Group.

The Tudor Group was involved in various industries-real estate, new media, entertainment, and more.

Seeing the Chairman behave violently, netizens would undoubtedly boycott all products under the Tudor brand. Potential partners who were considering collaborations might also adopt a wait-and-see approach, distancing themselves from the controversy. In short, the widespread circulation of this video was bound to cause extensive damage to their reputation.

"Mr. Tudor, some of the senior executives and shareholders have already been informed and are on their way to the office. There were a few who were unhappy with your sudden rise to the position, and they're likely going to seize this opportunity to make things difficult for you," Desmond's serious voice came through.

"Got it," Lucas responded coolly, his tone indifferent.

Desmond, feeling anxious, continued, "Mr. Tudor, I've already instructed the PR department to do their best to control the narrative. I've also asked Maria to help investigate who leaked the video and stirred up the situation. But for now, you need to come to the office quickly and steady this group of senior board members."

"What's there to fear?" Lucas replied,

catching the tension in Desmond's voice. His tone was calm, unhurried as if he weren't about to face a brewing storm.

Desmond's anxious mood suddenly calmed after hearing Lucas' even tone.

Yeah. What was there to fear?

After all these years by Lucas' side, Desmond had witnessed all kinds of situations. They had weathered countless schemes and plots together.

Now, Lucas had risen to become the Chairman of Tudor Group.

So really, there was nothing to be afraid of!

Desmond spoke again, his tone noticeably lighter, "Mr. Tudor, you have to understand-I might just be running on too much stress. My

hormones are probably all out met

balance, which is why I get so

nervous. How about giving me some time off? Maybe if I get myself a date or something, it'll help balance my hormones."

Lucas replied, "Once this matter is dealt with, I'll give you some annual leave."

"Deal!" Desmond's voice was a few notches higher, filled with excitement.

He couldn't have been happier-his boss was still the best!

...

Aveline, half-asleep, answered her phone groggily.

"Hello?" she mumbled, her voice still heavy with sleep, her eyes not even fully open.

Selena's voice was practically bursting with excitement. "My dear, stop sleeping! Get up and check the trending topics-Lucas, that jerk, is all over them, and he's getting roasted alive!"