

## Divorced Me 811

Chapter 811

"Huh?"

Aveline was momentarily stunned and asked in confusion, "Why is he trending? Why is he being criticized?"

Selena replied, "Oh, it's a long story-I can't explain it in just a few words. You need to check it out for yourself!" Aveline frowned tightly.

What was going on?

She had only been away for one night, and suddenly, this was happening?

Without ending the call, she exited the screen and opened the app. The top trending topic was about Lucas.

She clicked on it, and when she saw the content of the video, she immediately sat up.

"Did you see it? Hahaha, that jerk is finally getting what he deserves! He's being slammed across the internet-it feels so good!" Selena's voice came through, her laughter wild and unrestrained.

The video clip only showed the moment Lucas kicked the middle-aged woman, without any context before or after, and Aveline wasn't visible in the footage. No one knew Lucas had acted to protect her. Aveline pressed her lips together, scrolling through the comments below...

"Damn, did he really kick her that hard? That woman was knocked right to the ground!"

-"This guy looks terrifying. And he's the Chairman of Tudor Group? I'm never buying anything from Tudor again!"

"Apologize! Just because you have power and money doesn't mean you're above the law. No matter how rich you are, you still have to face justice!"

- "Apologize!"

- "Bullying the weak and helpless-why don't you just drop dead?"

The curses below grew even more vicious, and Aveline stopped scrolling.

Her feelings were a tangled mess.

She closed her eyes for a moment and said, "Selena, he hit that person to protect me."

"What?"

Selena's excited, peculiar laughter abruptly stopped. "Wait, what? What else happened that I don't know about?"

Aveline then told her what had happened at the hospital the day before.

After hearing this, Selena was silent for a moment, then hesitantly said, "So... I blamed the wrong person? He actually did something decent for once? That's... surprising!" Aveline replied, "I'll give him a call to find out what's going on."

"Alright, go ahead and ask him," Selena said, not wanting to waste any more of Aveline's time.

Aveline immediately dialed Lucas's number, but it was constantly busy.

No matter how many times she tried, the call never went through.

Feeling restless, Aveline went to the studio, but Maria wasn't there.

Instead, Sidney noticed the concern on her face and hesitated before asking, "Is it because of what's trending online?"

Aveline looked at him in surprise. "You know about it too?"

Sidney nodded. "It's not just me.

Anyone with a phone knows about it

by now The buzz isn't dying

down in fact, it's getting worse.

Someone's clearly fanning the

flames behind the scenes.

He paused, then added, "Still, there's no excuse for hitting someone out of the blue. That's on him."

Thinking about Lucas' cold demeanor toward Aveline, Sidney couldn't help but ask, "He hasn't... hit you, has he?" Aveline felt a wave of discomfort and quickly explained, "He only acted to protect me. And no, he's never hit me."

Sidney watched her instinctively

defend Lucas and remained silent

for a moment. After a long pause, he finally said, "Aveline, maybe you haven't even realized how worked

you are about him right now

Aveline froze at his words.

He was right...

She was genuinely worried about Lucas. Ever since she'd heard the news, she'd been unable to focus, her mind constantly drifting back to him. Sitting in front of her computer, she'd lost count of how many times she had zoned out, unable to concentrate on a single word.

## Chapter 812

Aveline pressed her lips together slightly, unwilling to admit it but knowing she had to her heart was wavering because of Lucas. Images of the recent events flashed through her mind.

She lowered her gaze, a complex look in her eyes.

How could she not waver?

He had changed significantly.

He had become much gentler, more respectful of her thoughts and opinions.

He was slowly becoming the Lu she had once loved.

And she had no defenses against Lu.

She closed her eyes briefly, trying to pull herself out of those emotions, without giving any further explanation.

"Let's just get back to work," she said, refocusing her attention on her computer.

...

At Tudor Group.

In the boardroom, the atmosphere was heavy.

Lucas sat at the head of the table, dressed in a silver-gray suit, his tie undone and the top two buttons of his shirt left open. One hand rested on the table as he twirled a pen between fingers. His sharp, handsome face remained expressionless. The shareholders had all arrived.

On one side, a few of them were silent, their faces revealing little emotion.

On the other side, several shareholders looked clearly displeased.

"Lucas, we know you have the ability, and we've seen your sharp business acumen and strategies," one of them began, "but causing a scandal like this so soon after taking office doesn't look good, does it?"

"Exactly," another chimed in. "The Tudor Group is a vast enterprise, but it can't withstand any instability.

"You're the Chairman, the leader. If

you get into trouble, the whole company suffers. Just now, our stock price has already started to drop. In my opinion, you should hold

a press conference, publicly apologize, and announce your

resignation as Chairman

"We can appoint a temporary replacement to manage things until this blows over. Then, you can return once the storm has passed."

As soon as the words were spoken, the atmosphere in the room grew even heavier, a cold tension spreading through the air.

"Oh?" Lucas's gaze settled on the shareholder who had spoken. "Mr. Lewis, it sounds like you already have someone in mind for the position?" Mark Lewis leaned back in his chair.

He was around the same age as Frederick and clearly didn't regard Lucas, a much younger man, with much seriousness.

He replied with a faint smile, "During

your father's tenure, the Tudor

Group was well-organized and disciplined. Now, with you in charge, we've already seen a scandal that's tarnished the Group's reputation.

"I'm not denying your abilities, but you're still young and lack the steadiness needed in such

situations. In my view, it would be better to have Madam Yvonne temporarily take your place. She's your father's legal wife and holds shares in the Group. It would only be a temporary arrangement, and no one would have any objections."

He turned to the others. "What do you think?"

Someone from the opposite side immediately spoke up, "But Madam Yvonne has never handled any of the Group's affairs. To have her suddenly step in as acting CEO and Chairman wouldn't sit well with many." Mark chuckled. "It's just a title. We old-timers will still be here to manage things. But since the young man has made a mess, we old-timers have no choice but to come forward and clean it up."

His words were blunt, nearly crossing the line into openly insulting Lucas.

""Ridiculous!"

Another shareholder slammed his hand on the table, anger evident in his voice. "It's obvious that someone deliberately leaked that video to create a scandal and damage the Tudor Group. "It's just a few seconds of footage! Instead of finding out the truth, you're here blaming Mr. Tudor and even suggesting he be removed from his position. What's your real motive?"

Chapter 813

Mark's face darkened, his eyes narrowing as he replied, "Are you questioning me? What motives could I possibly have? I'm doing this for the good of the Tudor Group! Regardless of the circumstances leading up to this, the public has already been misled by that video. "Clarifying it now will do no good-they only believe what they see. If we make a sincere apology and show genuine remorse, we can calm things down. After that, we can release the full investigation results. That's the most effective way to handle this!" His tone was charged with emotion as he turned to Lucas. "What do you think, Lucas?"

"Well said," Lucas replied, his lips curving into a faint smile. He raised a hand and said, "Since you want Madam Yvonne to come in, why don't you call her right now and see if she'll agree?"

His demeanor showed no sign of tension; his expression remained completely unchanged.

The trending topic continued to spiral out of control, and the shareholders were in a heated argument, yet Lucas, the one at the center of it all, seemed entirely unperturbed.

For a moment, Mark couldn't quite read what was going on in Lucas' mind.

Lucas might have been young, but he was undoubtedly shrewd.

The fact that he had managed to quietly take control of Tudor Group already demonstrated his skills and strategic thinking.

But this time... if Lucas refused to apologize, how could he possibly resolve the situation?

With the public outraged and the stock price plummeting, any further attack from a rival company could make Tudor Group's position dangerously precarious.

Mark glanced at his assistant and said, "Contact Madam Yvonne."

"Yes, sir." The assistant promptly nodded and began making the call.

Mark then turned back to Lucas, his tone becoming more conciliatory. "Lucas, I truly believe in your capabilities. Once this storm passes, you can return and lead Tudor Group to new heights. I know you're capable of that." Lucas replied, "So you've come up with this plan without even discussing it with Madam Yvonne first?"

Mark paused, caught off guard. "It was a solution I came up with just now."

"Is that so?" Lucas maintained his calm demeanor, fingers idly spinning his pen as if he had all the time in the world.

At that moment, Desmond walked in and handed his phone to Lucas.

Lucas glanced at the screen and noticed several missed calls-all from Aveline.

Instantly, the frost in his dark eyes seemed to melt away, replaced by a hint of a smile.

He immediately dialed her back.

"Hello?"

After a few rings, the call connected.

"What's so urgent?" Lucas asked.

The other shareholders turned to look at him, surprised to see that the man who had been so calm and aloof just moments ago now had a gentle, almost amused smile as he spoke into his phone, seemingly oblivious to the tense atmosphere in the room.

The expressions around the table grew increasingly complex.

Ignoring the stares, Lucas continued chatting with Aveline.

Her soft voice came through, "I saw the trending news. Are you alright?"

Lucas replied quietly, "Not really. They're saying such nasty things. I don't feel good about it."

The shareholders were speechless.

Uh, what?

Was he... playing the sympathy card now?



Desmond's face remained

impassive, but he couldn't help sneering inwardly at the

shareholders. Were they really so shocked by such a minor display?

Aveline responded, "Then stop reading those comments. How are you planning to handle this?"

Lucas sighed. "But since I arrived at

the office

they've all been giving me

strange looks, Aveline. I feel like

they're isolating me like they're

bullying me."

Chapter 814

Desmond was speechless.

His usually composed expression was starting to crack.

Shareholders were equally at a loss for words.

"What on earth? Do you even hear yourself right now?" they thought.

Their expressions were a sight to behold, all eyes on Lucas, waiting to see what else he might say.

On the other end of the line, Aveline fell silent.

Did she hear him right? Did he just say he was being bullied?

Wasn't he usually the one doing the bullying?

With a calm tone, she replied, "It seems like you're fine, so I'm going to hang up now."

"There is something, really!" Lucas quickly insisted, trying to keep her on the line. "After this incident, the executives at Tudor Group are holding a board meeting. They want to remove me from my position and send me packing. I'm about to be unemployed!" Shareholders were speechless.

This was getting more and more ridiculous.

Aveline paused for a moment and said, "This process sounds oddly familiar."

Wasn't this exactly how things went with DK Group?

And what happened then?

Then he went and pulled a major move, seizing control of Tudor Group right from under their noses.

Lucas replied, "This time it's different from last time. I'm actually out of a job. How about you take care of me?"

Aveline said, "I can't afford to."

Lucas responded, "You can. I'm very low maintenance."

Shareholders really didn't know what to say.

This was too much to bear. They couldn't listen to this any longer.

What on earth was going on?

Noticing their stares, Lucas slowly turned his gaze toward them, giving them a sweeping look.

He asked in a cool, languid tone, "What are you looking at? Don't any of you have wives to call you?"

Aveline was speechless.

The shareholders fell silent again.

When Aveline realized that Lucas was still in the middle of a meeting, yet wasting time whispering sweet nonsense to her, her cheeks grew warm.

She quickly hung up the phone.

Lucas stared at his phone, his brows knitting together in a slight frown, clearly displeased. His gaze shifted back to the shareholders, now carrying a colder edge. "Continue," he said curtly, his tone now filled with obvious irritation.

A stark contrast to his earlier demeanor.

Desmond glanced at Lucas' stern expression, unable to help but think that if the shareholders hadn't been staring at him while he was on the phone, his mood might have been much better.

After all, it was a call from his wife, and she was concerned about him!

Even though they were about to get divorced... Lucas seemed determined to win her back.

The conference room fell silent for a moment. Finally, Mark broke the quiet, saying, "It seems that you and your wife are very close, Lucas."

Lucas' expression remained cold. "Of course. My wife cares about me deeply, unlike yours, who's run off more times than anyone can count." "You...!"

Mark's face immediately darkened.

He had a reputation for flings, even

at his age, always falling for a new

one, leading to a string of ex-wives.

Lucas comment had clearly hit a

Lucas

nerve, coming off as nothing short

of a retaliatory strike.

Mark looked over at his assistant, his eyes questioning.

The assistant, nervous, leaned over and whispered, "Mr. Lewis, Madam Yvonne declined your invitation."

"What?"

Mark's face shifted, glancing back at Lucas, trying to control his emotions.

He lowered his voice, "Did she give a reason for refusing?"

The assistant replied, "Madam Yvonne said she needs to take care of the former chairman and is unwilling to leave his side. She also mentioned she doesn't have the energy or the interest to manage the Group's affairs."

Mark's expression grew more serious.

## Chapter 815

This was the perfect moment to strip Lucas of his power.

If they couldn't find someone to replace him now, Lucas would only grow stronger, leaving the shareholders with no room to maneuver in the future.

"Not coming, is she?"

Just then, Lucas' voice broke the tension, calm and unhurried, with a hint of amusement, as if he had expected this outcome all along.

Mark glanced at him, his expression stern. "Madam Yvonne has deep feelings for the former chairman. With him bedridden, she insists on staying by his side to care for him. It seems we'll need to look for another suitable candidate."

He cast his gaze around the room.

One of the shareholders suddenly spoke up, "If we're talking about experience and capability, Mr. Lewis is the only one truly qualified to take over as Chairman and CEO of Tudor Group. We've all seen his dedication to the Group over the years. I vote in favor of Mr. Lewis temporarily assuming the position of Chairman!"

"I agree!"

"So do I!"

Several shareholders on Mark's side quickly voiced their support.

Across the table, however, some shareholders frowned, while others maintained a neutral stance.

Two shareholders sitting closest to Lucas spoke up directly, "Mark, aren't you a bit too old for this? You're almost at retirement age-why involve yourself in all this? If this proposal passes, it should only be a temporary appointment.

"Anyone could fill in. I think Lucas' assistant would be a good choice-he's capable, and courageous, and has worked closely with Lucas for years. He knows his methods inside and out. I believe if he temporarily steps in as Chairman and CEO, there won't be any chaos in the short term."

Desmond's expression grew more serious at these words. He nodded slightly at the shareholder, smiling as he said, "Thank you for your confidence, Mr. Burgess."

Tobias Burgess then turned to Lucas, "Lucas, what do you think?"

Lucas replied, "Your suggestions are all quite reasonable. However... I have no intention of resigning."

Mark immediately looked at him, frowning. "What do you mean? After such a significant incident, you intend to stay on as Chairman?"

Aren't you worried about being net

boycotted by the public, causing irreparable damage to the Group?"

Lucas' dark eyes fixed on Mark. "If, whenever something goes wrong, you push the person in charge out to take the heat and shift the blame

then what exactly is the point of having all you old-timers around?"

"You!"

Mark's face immediately darkened. "Lucas, I'm still your elder. When I was managing the Tudor Group alongside your father, you were still wearing diapers. Is this how you speak to me?"

Lucas' gaze turned cold. "Oh? Using your status as an elder to pressure me now? Even my father wouldn't dare speak to me like that. Who do you think you are, criticizing me?"

"Let me make myself clear-I am not

resigning, and there's no need for any further discussion on this

matter. You all can get back to doing whatever it is you do. If you're really dissatisfied, fine, sell your shares to me and go retire."

With that, he stood up and walked out of the boardroom, his attitude downright arrogant.

He had the absolute confidence to speak this way.

He held the largest share of the company, and he had garnered the most support among the executives and employees.

Removing him from his position as Chairman and CEO of the Tudor Group was no easy task.

At least, trying to achieve it with this incident alone was far from enough.

"Outrageous!"

Mark's face turned livid with anger.

Chapter 816

Mark had dedicated his entire life to the Tudor Group and was considered a key contributor to its success. Even Frederick had to show him respect, so who did Lucas think he was to speak to him like that?

Tobias stood up, noting the displeased expression on Mark's face.

With a faint smile, he said, "Mark, it's best to do what's appropriate for your age and stop concerning yourself with things that don't matter. You're still a shareholder of the Tudor Group; you can enjoy your retirement comfortably. But if you lose those shares, what will you

do then?"

With that, he walked out of the room.

The other attendees gradually left the boardroom, leaving Mark and a few of his supporters behind. The expressions on their faces were far from pleasant. Mark's eyes were dark and fixed straight ahead, his hands clenched tightly into fists.

Just then, his phone rang. He glanced at the screen-it was an unfamiliar number. He wasn't planning to answer it, but then a text message arrived. Upon reading the message, his expression shifted, and he answered the call.

"Hello? Are you really...?"

"Yes, it's me."

...

CEO's Office.

Desmond looked at Lucas' sharp and striking face, hesitating before speaking, "Mr. Tudor, offending Mr. Lewis like this... he won't let this go easily."

Lucas replied coolly, "He's just an old parasite. What good is he?"

Desmond remained silent for a moment, knowing that once Lucas made a decision, there was no point in arguing.

He decided to move on to another matter. "We've traced the accounts that contacted the various marketing agencies. It turns out to be a foreign company, but it's quite mysterious. Officially, they claim to be in the jewelry business and have a jewelry brand, but it's very niche."

Lucas' eyes darkened. "A foreign jewelry company? Why would they interfere in Tudor's affairs?"

Desmond replied, "I suspect it's just a front, a shell company hiding other industries behind it."

Lucas nodded. "Keep digging. Also, have Baron and Braden ensure Aveline's safety. Nothing must happen to her!"



"Yes!"

Desmond responded promptly, then asked, "So, Mr. Tudor, how do we handle the video situation?"

Lucas replied, "Hold a press conference. Also, make a trip to the hospital."

"Understood."

...

The online discussion was in an uproar.

Within just a few hours, news about Lucas' altercation had climbed into the top three trending topics across various platforms, surpassing even the buzz around celebrity gossip.

Aveline frequently checked her phone, feeling a growing sense of unease. The uproar had not died down yet, and she had no idea what

Lucas' current situation was

Sidney handed her a cup of coffee and said, "You don't look well. Maybe this will help wake you up a bit?"

"Thank you."

Aveline looked at him and thanked him.

Sidney responded, "No need to be so formal with me."

Aveline took a sip of the coffee, the bitter taste spreading through her mouth, drawing her attention back

hat.

Just then, her phone rang. When she looked at the screen, she saw it was Gernard calling.

"Hello, Mr. Cooper."

Aveline answered, her tone neutral.

Gernard's gentle voice came through, "Do you have some time right now? Can we meet?"

Aveline asked, "Is there something you need, Mr. Cooper?"

Gernard replied, "To be honest, I'm reaching out to you about Lucas."

Aveline's gaze lowered slightly.

Could it be that he still wanted to persuade her to divorce Lucas?

Chapter 817

Aveline thought this over and spoke directly, "If it's about the situation between him and me, you don't need to say more. I can handle my own affairs." Gernard fell silent.

He had indeed come for that reason.

With the uproar surrounding Lucas' altercation, he had intended to persuade Aveline once more. But hearing her distant tone, he felt a faint, inexplicable discomfort. A sense of unease that he couldn't quite understand. Seeing his silence, Aveline continued, "If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now. I'm at work."

Gernard replied, "Alright, as long as you know what you're doing. I was just thinking, you were so eager to divorce before but couldn't find a way, and now there's an opportunity right in front of you. I just wanted to help. But it's your decision. I won't disturb you any further. Goodbye.'

He hung up the phone.

A faint trace of mockery flashed in Aveline's eyes.

To help Juliet, Gernard really could say anything. Anyone who didn't know better might have thought he was genuinely concerned for her.

Aveline put her phone down, refocusing her attention on her computer. She tried to immerse herself in her work, and by the time she finished, it was already the end of the day.

After packing her things, she left the building and immediately saw a handsome man leaning against his car.

He wore a black coat over a royal blue suit, his tie impeccably neat. His tall, elegant figure radiated a distinctive aura.

Aveline quickened her pace, a bit puzzled as she asked, "Why are you here?"

Lucas replied, "To pick you up from work."

Suppressing the emotions brewing in her heart, Aveline asked, "Weren't you being bullied? You seem to be doing just fine."

Lucas raised an eyebrow slightly. "So, if I were being bullied, would I need to shed some tears for you to believe it?"

Aveline responded, "Not necessarily."

As Lucas spoke, he opened the passenger door. "If you think I need to cry to prove I've been bullied, I wouldn't mind shedding a few tears for you." Aveline responded, "...No need."

She got into the passenger seat and fastened her seatbelt.

Lucas climbed in as well. The car was warm, and his eyes stayed fixed on her. He didn't start the car immediately.

"What's wrong?"

Aveline noticed his gaze and asked, puzzled.

Lucas replied, "You called me so

many times; you must be very

concerned about my situation net

giving you a good look so you can see I'm fine."

Aveline blinked. "You're quite good at creating drama for yourself."

Lucas smirked. "I guessed your thoughts correctly. You don't need to feel strange about it."

Aveline countered, "You're overthinking. I'm just worried something might happen to you that would delay the divorce."

"In any case, you're still worried

about me afraid something might happen, Lucas quickly dismissed the latter part of her sentence, pretending not to hear it.

Aveline fell silent.

Great. There's no arguing with him he always has his own way of reasoning. Lucas stopped teasing her, started the car, and asked, "What do you want to eat?" Aveline replied, "I want to go home. I don't want to have dinner with you."

Lucas, however, said, "I was bullied today, criticized, and called into

countless meetings. Arend

going to comfort my wounded soul, even a little?"

Aveline answered, "No."

She was so ruthless, so cold.

But he loved it.

Chapter 818

Maple Garden.

Aveline stepped into the elevator when her phone pinged-it was a message from Selena inviting her to dinner that evening. She felt drained all day and didn't have the energy to go out, but she also didn't feel like cooking for herself once she got home. She quickly replied, asking where they would eat.

Selena's call came almost immediately.

"How about some barbecue? I think I've been working out too much lately. I've dropped a few pounds and need to make up for it," Selena said.

Aveline raised an eyebrow. "What kind of workouts have you been doing?"

Selena laughed and replied with a wink, "The bedroom kind."

Aveline sighed. "... Forget I asked."

She said, "Where are we eating? Send me the location."

"Got it."

After hanging up, Aveline pressed the elevator's ground floor button.

Beside her, Lucas also received a call.

Seeing her press the button for the first floor, he glanced over and asked, "Got something going on?"

Aveline replied with a nod, not offering further explanation.

She didn't feel it was necessary to tell him where she was going.

Lucas' eyes lingered on her, a faintly amused smile playing on his lips.

Feeling a bit uneasy under his gaze, Aveline asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Lucas grinned, "Just admiring your beauty... makes me want to kiss you."

Aveline fought the urge to roll her eyes and silently put more distance between them.

Lucas let out a low chuckle but didn't press further.

The elevator was empty, and they reached the ground floor quickly. One after the other, they exited. Aveline, not in the mood to drive, headed straight for the subway station. Lucas, meanwhile, went to get his car, soon driving past her and gradually disappearing from view.

Her expression remained calm, but a mix of unspoken emotions stirred quietly within her.

The barbecue restaurant was warm and inviting; the aroma of grilled meat filled the air as soon as Aveline stepped inside.

"Over here!"

Selena's voice called out, and

Aveline followed the sound, spotting

her waving from a table. As she walked over, she took off

Selena eyed her curiously. "What's wrong? Tough day?"

Surf.

Aveline's face looked a bit pale, her eyes showing signs of fatigue.

She nodded. "Busy all day."

Selena gave her a knowing look. "I thought you'd be too worried about Lucas to eat or sleep properly."

Aveline's tone remained calm. "You're overthinking."

"Really?" Selena persisted, "Ave, have you not noticed that your attitude toward Lucas has softened quite a bit lately?"

Aveline paused and replied, "We

talked. He agreed to the divorce. We're getting along for now, and I've thought it over... there's no major grudge between us."

Selena's smile grew even more knowing.

Aveline sighed. "If you can't smile properly, I'd suggest you stop trying."

Selena let out a playful huff. "I bet you've already wavered in your heart, even if you do get divorced."

Aveline didn't take the bait, focusing on her phone to scan the menu and order.

At that moment, there was a commotion at the entrance.

From her seat, Aveline had a clear view of the doorway. She looked up instinctively and saw a group of men entering-Lucas, Aaron, and Lance.

Aveline's finger paused for a moment on the screen, but she quickly composed herself and continued ordering.

"Would you like to sit over here?"

Moments later, the server's voice reached them. To her surprise, the server was leading them to the table right next to theirs!

Chapter 819

Selena turned her head and immediately saw Aaron.

She looked back at Aveline with a blank expression. "Suddenly, I'm not that interested in barbecue anymore. What about you?"

Aveline chuckled at her comment.

Aaron, on the other hand, raised an eyebrow slightly and walked over, pinching Selena's cheek to make her look up. "What's that supposed to mean? You don't want to see me?" Selena slapped his hand away. "Do you really need me to spell it out for you?"

Aaron's eyes narrowed dangerously. "No, but why don't you explain it to me in detail?"

Selena scoffed. "Don't bother us while we're eating. Go away, you annoying man!"

Aaron's lips curved into a smile. He leaned down close to her ear and whispered, "Wait for me tonight."

With that, he straightened up and returned to his table.



Aveline pretended not to notice anything.

Lance then chimed in, "From a professional perspective, it seems the lady clearly doesn't want to see you."

Selena shot him a look. "Oh, really? Are you a psychologist or something?"

Lance nodded. "Yes, I am."

Selena immediately covered her face. "Does that mean you can tell exactly what I'm thinking?"

Lance remained expressionless, his tone calm, "I'm not a psychic, just a doctor."

Selena breathed a sigh of relief. "Whew, you scared me. For a second, I thought I'd have no secrets in front of you."

Lance, enjoying the banter, looked at Aaron and said, "She has secrets about you."

Selena rolled her eyes. "Seriously, did I do something to offend you?"

Lance glanced at her. "Do I even know you?"

Selena's mouth twitched. What's wrong with this guy's head?

Aaron chimed in, "If you don't know her, why do you keep staring at her?"

Lance replied matter-of-factly, "Appreciating beauty is a human instinct." Selena immediately burst into laughter, "Hi, nice to meet you, I'm Selena Quin." Lance politely extended his hand, "Lance Summer."

Selena took out her phone, "Dr. Lance, would you mind adding me on WhatsApp? Just in case I have any psychological issues in the future, can I reach out to you directly?"

Lance was about to take out his phone

voice cut through, "You two, enough. Am I invisible?"

When Aaron's net

Lance replied calmly, "She's just looking for convenience, why not?"

"That's enough." Aaron's gaze turned dangerous as he looked at Lance.

Lance's expression remained mostly neutral, but there was a hint of something deeper as he said, "Looks like you're getting a bit too involved."

Selena blinked her big eyes. "What? What are you talking about?"

Aaron pushed her face back toward her food. "Eat your barbecue."

He then shot Lance a warning glance, clearly telling him to stay silent. Lance smiled subtly but said nothing more.

Aveline watched their lively exchange, a faint, almost imperceptible smile tugging at her lips.

At that moment, she felt a deep, affectionate gaze fall upon her. She didn't need to look to know it was Lucas.

The server approached, asking if they had finished ordering.

Aveline replied, "We've already ordered."

The server smiled and asked, "Would you like something to drink?"

Selena chimed in, "Beer, please. Cold!"

Lucas interjected, "She can't have anything cold."

Selena glanced at him, then stretched her words playfully, "Oh... I see."

Aveline's eyelid twitched. "Juice is fine, thank you."

Chapter 820

"Alright.

The server nodded and turned away.

Selena glanced between Lucas and Aveline, resting her chin on one hand. "I have a rather bold suspicion right now."

Aveline looked at her, puzzled. "What is it?"

Selena replied, "They did this on purpose."

Aveline blinked, but quickly realized what she meant by "on purpose."

Both of them had arrived at the restaurant just moments before the men showed up. It was hard to believe it wasn't deliberate. Besides, why would they choose a barbecue place for their gathering? There were countless high-end restaurants, private dining spots, and star-rated hotels they could have chosen.

Aveline thought it over but didn't say much.

Selena sighed softly. "Great, now they're right next to us. We can't talk freely anymore."

Aveline replied, "Since when did you start talking behind people's backs? Weren't you always the type to say it directly to their faces?"

Selena widened her eyes slightly. "Is it the same now? With the Tudor Group at the center of controversy, if Lucas decides to push you out there, you'll become everyone's target. Don't doubt it; he would definitely do something like that."

As soon as she finished speaking, she felt the temperature around them drop several degrees. She glanced over at the next table, indifferent, and curled her lips. "There are too many people online these days in poor mental states. What if someone gets emotional and decides to cause trouble for you?"

Aveline sighed slightly. "Your worries are unnecessary. The Tudor Group will undoubtedly come up with a perfect solution for this situation."

Selena shrugged. "Let's hope so."

Aveline responded calmly, "If things were really spiraling out of control, he wouldn't be here."

Selena looked at her and blinked, "Wow, you know him so well."

Aveline kept quiet.

Lucas interjected, "We are married, so of course, we know each other well. Stop trying to stir things up and watch your mouth-unless you want to end up in hell."

Aaron chimed in, "Why are you butting in while the ladies are talking?"

Selena gave Lucas a disdainful look and snorted, "Get it straight-I'm her family. If you talk to me like that, be careful. I might curse you behind your back." Lucas looked at Aaron. "Anything else you want to add?"

Aaron glanced at Selena and replied, "No need to insult him behind his back; you could just do it to his face."

Lucas was speechless.

Selena immediately lifted her chin in a challenging manner, as if daring him to react.

For a moment, the sharp and

handsome features of Lucas's face went blank, then he turned to Aveline, his deep voice carrying a hint of grievance, "Did you see that? They're bullying me."

Aaron's mouth twitched.

Selena's eyes widened. "Wait, what are you doing? Playing the innocent victim? That's so low of you!"

Lance sipped his tea calmly, clearly amused by the unfolding drama.

Aveline's eyelashes fluttered slightly as she spoke, "I'm really hungry. Why hasn't the food arrived yet?"

She decided to stay out of it entirely, distancing herself from the commotion.

As if on cue, the server arrived with a cart full of dishes and meats they had ordered. The charcoal grill was set up, and the server began to grill the meat.

Aveline took a sip of her juice, staring at the grill, though her thoughts were elsewhere.

Perhaps, there was some truth to her suspicion. The video incident hadn't impacted Lucas as much as she initially feared. Realizing this, she felt a small weight lift of her heart.