

### Midnight Supper

Elena cursed Samantha countless times for getting her into this predicament.

Lucas nudged the food trolley and ordered. "Eat it."

"Huh?" Elena was confused.

But when she realized the meaning of his words, she became infuriated.

"You think I poisoned the food?" She gritted her teeth.

Lucas shrugged, his answer obvious.

Since he was suspicious, Elena wanted to ask him why he was still living in the mansion.

Despite having a long day, she had prepared supper for him at this late hour; yet this man dared to question her motives.

Did she look that free to him?

With a sharp inhale, Elena grabbed the spoon.

Glaring at him, she scooped up a mouthful of food and shoved it into her mouth, her jaw working furiously as she chewed.

She savored every bite to show him she had eaten.

After swallowing, she slammed the spoon back onto the table with a forceful clatter. "There, are you satisfied now?"

Just when Elena thought he would let her go, she saw him shake his head. "No."



Lucas moved closer till her back hit the wall.

Elena took a step back but found there was no room to move.

Suddenly, the room appeared compressed, as she was trapped between him and the wall.

Feeling the heat radiating from his body, Elena's heart pounded in her chest.

"Why are you avoiding me?" The man asked, his voice low and intense.

Elena's eyelashes fluttered as Lucas pressed closer. "I wasn't."

However, Lucas refused to back down and lifted her chin.

"I missed you," he suddenly confessed. "What have you done to me, little one? Ever since that night, I can't stop thinking about you. You've always been on my mind."

Ba - dump!

Elena's heart trembled at his unexpected flirtation.

Before she could respond, Lucas reached out and brushed a lock of hair away from her face.

The coolness of his touch caused her to flinch, and she turned her face away.

"What about you? Did you miss me?" he asked.

His voice was so soft that Elena felt her legs turned to jelly.

Ever since Lucas left the family, he never visited the Auburn Hills again.



Except for that one time when Thomas was gravely ill.

Even then, Lucas had only stayed for a few hours before rushing back to the hotel.

This was the first time when he had stayed over.

While Andrew and Samantha were on pins and needles, Thomas was over the moon, thinking that his grandson had finally relented.

But Elena knew that was not the case.

She had tried her best to avoid him, yet here she was, trapped in his arms.

Raising her eyes, she met his fiery gaze that looked like they wanted to burn her and swallowed. "No."

No matter what, she couldn't admit it.

Couldn't admit that, like him, the memories of that fateful night also haunted her.

There was a flicker in Lucas' eyes as he asked again. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. Very sure."

Lucas drew near, closing the distance between them until there was barely any space left, and Elena felt her resolve waver.

She knew she should push him away, should stand firm in her denial.

Yet a part of her longed to surrender to the tension that cracked between them.

Suddenly, without a warning, Lucas' lips crashed against hers.



Elena's mind exploded, and she wanted to push him away, only for him to deepen the kiss.

His actions were a little rough, as though he were punishing her.

Elena could not keep up with his pace and melted into his embrace, her fingers digging into his shoulder.

At that moment, all her doubts and hesitations melted her way, replaced by a rush of desire that consumed her.

As they parted from the kiss, a moment of breathless silence formed between them.

Lucas looked down at her swollen lips, and a small smile appeared on his face.

"Your body seems more honest than your little mouth," he chuckled.

Elena lowered her eyes, feeling a flush of warmth spread across her cheek.

"It's the hormones." She murmured, her voice above a whisper.

Suddenly, the sound of the engine was heard in the distance, startling Elena.

Frightened, she pushed Lucas away and ran out of the room, her footsteps echoing in the corridor.

As she reached the end of the hallway, Elena paused, her chest heaving as she struggled to catch her breath.

Leaning against the wall for support, her thoughts raced as she tried to



make sense of whatever happened just now.

Shame, confusion, and a deep-seated longing that she couldn't quite shake.

After Elena left, the air around Lucas turned somber.

With a wave, he swept his hand across the table, sending the cutlery to the ground.

Crash!

The sharp sound of breaking glass shattered the heavy silence, echoing through the room.

With an indifferent expression, Lucas called the maid over. "Clean it up."

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Elliot Group, inside the director's office.

Sitting behind the marble desk, Andrew was lost in thought when there was a sharp knock on the door.

The door creaked open, and his assistant, Peter stepped inside.

"Sir, you wanted to see me?" Peter asked as he approached the desk.

"What is the meaning of this?" Andrew threw an envelope across the desk in anger.

Peter's eyes widened as he scanned the letter and his heart sank.

"I-I'm sorry, sir. I...I didn't know they would still proceed despite the warning."



"You didn't know?" Andrew flew into a rage, his eyes blazing with fury. "I instructed them to cease all proceedings. How could they disregard my orders?"

The assistant was so terrified that sweat formed on his brows. "I-I don't know, sir. I...I'll look into it immediately."

"If you can't fix it, just resign!" Andrew roared angrily.

Peter nodded frantically.

"Yes, sir. I'll handle it right away."

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Soon, it was the day of the court trial.

Elena adjusted her jacket as she stepped inside the courtroom.

The air crackled with tension, and the solemn atmosphere was occasionally interrupted by the sound of shuffling papers.

Since the Elliot's were a prestigious family in Auburn Hills, the trial was held privately.

Other than the plaintiff and defendant, only their respective lawyers and the jury could attend the trial.

Elena took her seat and waited for the proceedings to begin.

This was it, the moment she had been dreading and anticipating all at once.

Soon Andrew strode into the courtroom with his lawyer in tow.

After they entered, Elena's face turned cold when she noticed a figure trailing behind Andrew.

Their eyes met and Elena's grip on the bench tightened until her knuckles turned white.

Chloe Baker.

What was she doing here?

A smug smirk played on her lips as Chloe sat beside Andrew.

The judge entered, and the court came to order.

Elena glanced nervously at Mr. Brown, who gave her a reassuring nod before rising to address the court.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are here today to address the dissolution of a marriage marred by betrayal and deceit." Mr. Brown began.

"My client, Ms. Elena Walker, is seeking a divorce from her husband, Andrew Elliot, on the grounds of infidelity. We ask that the court grant my client's request to dissolve this marriage and a fair settlement."

A murmur rippled through the courtroom as everyone saw Mr. Brown produce a stack of documents, each one a damning piece of evidence against Andrew's infidelity.

There were photographs of Andrew and Chloe, text messages, hotel receipts—all laid bare for the judge to see.

Mr. Brown pointed at the screen. "These are irrefutable proof of Mr. Elliot's betrayal."

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

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As the evidence of Andrew's betrayal was exposed, Elena felt like she was in a daze.

"And now, Your Honor," Mr. Brown proclaimed, "We ask that you grant Ms. Walker a divorce and grant her a generous alimony settlement as compensation for the pain and suffering inflicted upon her by Mr. Elliot's actions."



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