

Divorced Me 481

Chapter 481

Aveline immediately turned her head to look around. Apart from the partially constructed buildings, she saw nothing else. However, the sensation of being watched was very real. The sun blazed down, its heat making her feel a chill despite the warmth.

It was already late autumn. She tightened her beige trench coat around herself and walked briskly. This area felt unsafe, so she decided to complete her inspection and leave as quickly as possible. Several luxury cars pulled up at the construction site entrance. The foreman's face was full of flattery as he handed over a safety helmet.

"Mr. Tudor, it's dangerous here. Why did you come personally?"

Lucas, tall and poised in a black coat, exuded a chilly, noble air with every movement. His sharp features and handsome face radiated authority.

Desmond took the safety helmet and handed it to Lucas. As Lucas put it on, he replied, "Am I not allowed to come?"

The foreman was momentarily speechless. Lucas, despite his young age, had an unexpectedly peculiar temper.

Before the foreman could say more, Lucas had already started walking inside.

Desmond smiled faintly and said, "This site is DK Group's next major project. Mr. Tudor values it highly, so he came to inspect it personally. Just follow along and wait for instructions."

The foreman nodded. "Understood."

A large group followed Lucas. The plot was vast, more than enough to develop into a commercial street. However, Lucas had planned it as a technology park. The buildings' design reflected sharp, modern lines, signaling innovation and

progress.

Aveline completed her inspection and began retracing her steps. There were no immediate changes needed; everything was being built according to her blueprints.

Unexpectedly, as she turned a corner, she ran into Lucas. He stood surrounded by people, the center of attention.

Tall, handsome, and imposing in his black coat, Lucas wore his safety helmet. without looking out of place. His striking features and deep-set eyes made him stand out even more. Aveline was puzzled. How did she end up running into him here?

Lucas also saw her. He handed the blueprints to Desmond and walked directly towards her. Aveline moved to pass by him but was stopped when he grabbed her arm. "Not even a hello when you see me?"

Aveline paused and said, "You looked busy."

Lucas replied, "It's not that you thought I was busy; you just didn't want to say hello."

Aveline looked at him. "You noticed that and still brought it up. Don't you feel

awkward?"

Lucas answered, "No."

Aveline sighed. "Do you need something?"

She had experienced his shamelessness before.

Lucas said, "Nothing much. Just saw my ex-wife and thought I'd say hi. Unlike someone who acts like I don't exist even though we know each other."

Ignoring his sarcasm, Aveline said, "If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way."

Lucas asked, "Where to? I'm heading back too."

Aveline replied, "It's not on your way."

Lucas still held her wrist. "I'm driving. There's no such thing as 'not on the way'."

Aveline sighed in exasperation. "Lucas, this is pointless."

Lucas remained unfazed. "I find it very interesting. You run, I chase. You won't get away."

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Aveline looked at him. "And the conclusion?"

Lucas stepped closer and blew the smoke directly in her face. "The conclusion is, the colder you are, the more I like you."

Aveline was momentarily speechless. She couldn't quite grasp what he was thinking anymore.

She lowered her eyes slightly, waiting for the smoke to disperse in the wind, then asked, "Lucas, is it because you liked me during that year we were

together, or did you start liking me later?"

Lucas responded, "Does it make a difference?"

Aveline replied, "Maybe not, but I just want to know."

Lucas took a drag from his cigarette, his cheeks hollowing in a way that exuded a mature sensuality. "I don't know."

Aveline said calmly, "But the person I liked was the you from that year, not the you now. The you now is really detestable."

Her expression was serene, her eyes devoid of any emotion. After saying this, she turned and walked away.

Lucas' hand trembled slightly as he held his cigarette, feeling as if a knife had pierced his chest, bleeding and painfully raw.

Detestable...

She detested him now?

Why?

Suddenly, Lucas stubbed out his cigarette and hurried after her, grabbing her wrist. He gazed deeply into her eyes. "Why do you hate me?"

Aveline was surprised he even asked. Wasn't this self-inflicted humiliation? She tried to pull away, but his grip was too strong, causing her some pain.

"I hate you because I just do, no reason!" Aveline snapped, her expression turning colder.

Lucas replied, "That's not true. Liking someone has reasons, so hating someone should have reasons too. For example, I hate today's weather because it's cold. Aveline, you say you hate me. What's the reason?"

Aveline pressed her lips together. "That's a long story."

Lucas stared at her. "You can take your time. I have all the time in the world."

Aveline felt a surge of frustration, an overwhelming sense of helplessness washing over her.

It felt as if she were trapped in an invisible net, no matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't break free. A feeling of helplessness enveloped her.

Aveline asked, "And what happens once you know the reason?"

Lucas replied, "I'll try to change so that you can like me again."

"And then?"

Lucas said, "Then we'll be together, living a happy and joyful life."

Aveline suddenly laughed.

Lucas frowned. "What's so funny?"

Aveline said, "I just find it ironic. You gave up on me so many times before, and now you say you want us to be happy together. Isn't that funny?"

Lucas pressed his lips together, feeling a sharp, needle-like pain in his throat. Tightening his grip on her wrist, he said, "I was an idiot before, Aveline. But I don't believe our relationship is beyond repair." Aveline said, "That's your opinion, not mine."

Lucas responded, "But you used to love me. I can't believe you feel nothing for me now."

Aveline looked away. "That was in the past."

She paused and said, "Besides, we're divorced now, Lucas. Let me go. Let's both move on and start new lives. Isn't that better?"

Lucas said, "What kind of new life? You want to find a younger man, marry him, have kids, sleep with him? Sorry, I can't accept that. Just thinking about it

makes me want to kill you both."

Aveline's breath hitched.

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"So, even though we're divorced, you won't consider my feelings at all, will you? 'Aveline's voice was so soft it seemed like it might be carried away by the wind.

Lucas loosened his grip on her wrist slightly. "Aveline, you can reconsider. We can remarry."

Aveline jerked her wrist free with force. "No way. I will never remarry you!"

Her eyes were icy cold as she turned and walked away quickly.

Lucas stared at his empty hand, his gaze darkening. He watched her leave, then pulled out a cigarette and took a deep drag.

Divorce? Never in this lifetime. Even in death, she would still be his!

Aveline didn't return to the studio.

In the afternoon, she met up with Selena for grilled fish. The spicy dish warmed her from the inside out.

Selena asked, "Now that you're divorced, what's your plan?"

Aveline replied, "Finish the projects I'm working on, then quit and leave Cloudflare City."

Selena's eyes lit up. "Where to? Take me with you!".

Aveline said, "I haven't decided yet. I just know I don't want to stay here."

Selena agreed, "That's the spirit. You're well off now; you can live any life you want. Why stay here and suffer?"

Aveline asked, "Are you sure you can leave?"

Selena said, "Of course. Once I'm bored, I'll move on."

Aveline nodded. "Alright, I'll let you know when I'm ready. We'll go together. First stop, the Arctic to see the Northern Lights." "Yes!" Selena cheered excitedly.

II

They enjoyed their grilled fish and then went to see a movie. Spending time with a friend was the best way to lift her spirits.

However, while they were in the theater, Aveline's phone vibrated. She pulled it out to see a photo in the dim light cast by the screen.

The image showed Bobby, severely beaten and barely conscious, lying on the floor. His eyes were fixed on the door, filled with a desperate longing for life.

Aveline's breath caught in her throat, and she tightened her grip on her phone.

Selena glanced over, frowning. "Who is that? He looks like he's about to die."

Aveline put away her phone and replied, "Someone I used to know."

Indeed, he did look like he was near death. But who sent her the photo? And why? What was their motive?

Seeing the picture, her first instinct was to save Bobby. But doing so would go against Lucas's wishes. Was this person trying to provoke a conflict between her and Lucas? That seemed unnecessary since their relationship was already strained.

She watched the movie in a distracted state.

Selena noticed her unease and asked, "Does it have to do with that person?"

Aveline nodded. "Selena, I need to head home."

Selena insisted, "I'll take you back. I don't feel safe letting you go alone like this.

With that, she firmly took Aveline by the arm and led her out of the mall.

Back at Maple Garden, Selena admired the house once more. "Big houses really are the best."

Aveline walked to the fridge, grabbed a bottle of water, and took a sip before dialing Lucas' number on her phone.

Selena stayed quiet, watching her closely.

"Hello?" The call connected, but it wasn't Lucas' voice. It was Judy's.

Aveline immediately recognized it. She tightened her grip on the phone and

calmly asked, "Where's Lucas? I need to

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Judy's voice was gentle and apologetic. "Sorry, he's in the shower. I'll let him know you called when he's done."

Aveline raised an eyebrow. "Where exactly is he showering?"

Judy was taken aback. Despite the suggestive context, Aveline kept probing.

Still, she replied, "At a hotel,"

Aveline pressed on, "What's he doing at a hotel?"

Judy was speechless.

She glanced at the phone, doubting whether it was really Aveline on the other end. Any other woman would have hung up by now, right?

Judy held her composure and said, "Miss Young, I'll let Lucas explain when he gets out."

Aveline replied, "You can use his phone, but you can't tell me what you're doing

at a hotel?"

Judy fell silent.

Selena stood nearby, covering her mouth to stifle her laughter, tears almost escaping from her eyes.

Aveline shot her a glance and then told Judy, "You don't need to hang up. Just give him the phone when he's out. Meanwhile, we can chat."

Judy was speechless once again, thinking, "Are you crazy? Who wants to chat with you?"

Judy's tone turned cold. "That's not convenient."

With that, she hung up.

Aveline scoffed.

Selena burst into laughter. "I never thought I'd see this side of you. My dear Aveline, have you come back stronger than ever?"

Aveline looked at Selena's red face from laughing so hard and said calmly, "I

figured since I had time, we might as well chat."

Selena laughed until her stomach hurt. After a moment, she managed to catch her breath and asked, "Who answered the phone? Was it Sophia?" Aveline shook her head. "No."

Selena's eyes widened in surprise. "Who was it then? Does Lucas just let anyone use his phone?"

Aveline looked at her intently for a moment and said, "I'll remember that. I'll ask him about it later."

Selena was speechless.

Seeing Aveline's face remain unchanged, Selena found herself momentarily unsure of what Aveline was thinking.

"Aveline."

"Yes?" Aveline looked at her, puzzled.

Selena rubbed her chin thoughtfully. "It seems like your attitude towards Lucas has changed."

Aveline blinked, confused. "How so?"

Selena explained, "You used to be very cold and annoyed with him, but now you seem indifferent."

Aveline lowered her gaze slightly. "Resisting him is futile. My emotions mean nothing to him. What can I do?" "What do you mean by 'resisting him is futile'?" Selena picked up on the key point.

Aveline replied, "Exactly what it sounds like."

Selena's expression stiffened. "So, even though you're divorced, he has no intention of leaving you alone?" Aveline stayed silent, sipping her water.

Selena shook her head. "That's terrifying. Being targeted by someone like him must be incredibly unlucky."

Aveline smiled slightly. "It doesn't matter anymore."

What else could she do? She had said and done everything she could. Lucas' stance was firm, and she couldn't change it.

So be it.

She decided to ignore his presence as much as possible and focus on living her own life.

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What exactly was their relationship?

Judy clenched her fingers, then said, "Lucas, you still care about Miss Young, don't you? The reason I said that was to provoke her a little. What if she still has feelings for you? Hearing something like that would surely make her jealous and upset. I'm sorry, I overstepped. It won't happen again."

In the dim light, Lucas's handsome face appeared cold and stern, his chiseled features sharp and unyielding. His eyes were devoid of warmth as he looked at Judy.

"Your actions were out of line," he said coolly, giving her no leniency.

Judy's face showed a flash of embarrassment, and she quickly said, "I promise, it won't happen again."

Lucas didn't spare her another glance. He turned to Desmond and said, "Get me a new phone."

He handed his phone to Desmond, instructing him to transfer the data and switch the SIM card. "Yes, sir."

Desmond took the phone and left.

In the private room, the suited men saw Lucas return and immediately stood to toast him.

"Mr. Tudor, this project wouldn't have succeeded without you. Here's to you!"

Lucas took the central seat, exuding an effortless aura of cold, noble elegance. He raised his glass and drank with them, but his mind lingered on Judy's words.

"If she still cares about you, hearing something like that would surely make her jealous and upset..."

Recalling Aveline's cold demeanor, a deep sense of irony flickered in Lucas' eyes.

She was heartless. How could she feel jealousy or sadness? She'd be happiest if he never appeared in her life again.

Selena emerged from the media room and saw Aveline standing on the balcony, lost in thought. Her slender figure was wrapped in a thin knit sweater, and her long hair flowed down her back, catching the breeze and adding to her sense of melancholy.

"Aveline, sweetheart," Selena called, walking over to hug her.

Aveline asked, "Finished the movie? Was it good?"

Selena grumbled, "Without you by my side, even the best movie feels like garbage."

Aveline smiled wryly and said, "It's late. Why don't you stay here tonight?"

"Sure!" Selena agreed happily!

But just then, her phone rang. She looked at the caller ID and cursed under her breath.

"Hello?" she answered.

Aaron's casual voice came through, "I reviewed the blueprints. Isn't there a design flaw in one area?"

Selena's face darkened. "Who's

with you, you've nitpicked ever the designer here, you or me? Since signing

House with all these demands?"

detail. Do you want this to look like the White

Aaron chuckled. "I'm paying you to design my house. I'm your client. Is this how you treat your clients? If you don't want to design it, fine, just pay the breach of contract fee and you'll never hear from me again."

Selena closed her eyes, trying to keep her cool. "I'm off work now. We can discuss this tomorrow."

Aaron insisted, "No, I'll forget by tomorrow."

"Great," she thought, "if only he would forget."

Selena suggested, "Then record it on your phone and send it to me tomorrow."

Aaron replied, "My phone doesn't have that feature."

Selena fumed. "What do you want from me?"

Aaron chuckled. "Come over now, and I'll tell you in person."Chapter 488

Selena gritted her teeth. "Fine, I'll be there soon!"

She hung up and put on a dramatic, mock-angry performance using her phone. Aveline watched, thoroughly amused.

When Selena finished her act, she let out a heavy sigh and said, "Aveline, I can't stay with you tonight. Will you be lonely by yourself? How about I find you a hot guy? How about Sidney?" Aveline gently pushed her head. "You can just go peacefully."

Selena pouted and cried.

Aaron's place was only a twenty-minute walk from Maple Garden.

When Selena arrived, she rang the doorbell, glaring at Aaron with a stern expression.

Aaron raised an eyebrow. "Cosplaying at this hour?"

Selena asked, "Mr. Fletcher, what exactly about the blueprints do you find problematic?"

Aaron smirked and invited her in. There were slippers ready at the door. Selena noticed them and slightly curled her lip.

She sat down on the sofa without hesitation. Noticing the fried chicken and drinks on the coffee table, she didn't hold back. If she had to work late, she might as well enjoy it!

Aaron watched her savoring the fried chicken and remarked, "You made yourself quite comfortable."

Selena replied, "Why shouldn't I enjoy some good food?"

She wasn't wearing makeup, yet her delicate face and large, star-like eyes were strikingly beautiful.

Aaron, sitting on a single chair, watched her chipmunk-like cheeks puff up as she ate, but he remained silent.

Selena didn't overindulge, stopping after a drumstick. After all, eating too much at night could lead to weight gain.

She wiped her mouth and hands, then asked, "So, what's the issue?"

Aaron responded, "If I hadn't mentioned a problem, would you have come?"

Selena paused, then looked at him with a blank expression. "So, you called me over in the middle of the night just to watch me eat? How devious! You're trying to turn a beautiful woman into a chubby one!" Aaron was speechless.

His mouth twitched slightly. Seeing her angry expression, he asked, "Selena, what goes on in that head of yours all day?"

Selena retorted, "What I think about is none of your business."

Aaron said, "Come on, let's fix the blueprints."

He gave up trying to talk sense into her and headed towards the study. Selena watched his back, pouted, and followed him.

The study was spacious, with a computer already on, displaying the blueprints Selena had given him. He pointed to a spot and said, "Isn't this supposed to be the balcony? Why is there a corner here?" Selena leaned in to take a look and began explaining.

They were very close now, and Aaron could see her bright, fluttering eyes and her long eyelashes, like the wings of a butterfly. For some reason, he felt a tickling sensation within, as if a feather were brushing against his heart.

After a long explanation, Selena looked up at him. "Did you understand?"

Aaron replied, "No, explain it again."

Selena frowned. "I just explained it in detail. What were you thinking about?"

Aaron stared deeply at her. "Guess."

Selena rolled her eyes at him. "Ridiculous!"

She turned to leave. Aaron asked, "You're not going to explain it again?"

Selena responded, "Your focus clearly isn't on the design. Explaining it is pointless. If you don't like it, I'll just change it."

Aaron followed her. "Alright then, tell me, where is my focus?"

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Selena's eyes flicked over Aaron's lower body her expression revealing a hint of something unreadable.

Without another word, she opened the door and walked out of the study.

Aaron paused, surprised by her boldness but not expecting her to be so audacious. A subtle excitement began to stir within him as he watched her retreating figure, his eyes growing darker. Selena reached the sofa, grabbed her bag, and prepared to leave, but Aaron blocked her path.

She looked at him coolly and asked, "What do you want now?"

Aaron stared at her for a long moment before asking, "Do you want to have some fun?"

In the quiet of the night, alone with him, the meaning behind his words was unmistakable.

Selena was taken aback by his directness. After their previous encounters, she thought he would have lost interest, but it seemed his curiosity had only grown.

She stepped closer, her fingers tracing down his chest, following the contours of his muscles. Her innocent face contrasted with the playful glint in her eyes.

"Mr. Fletcher, have you become addicted?"

Her fingers rested over his heart, feeling its steady beat beneath her touch.

"You said you had a woman you liked. If she found out about this, would she still want you?"

Despite her small stature compared to Aaron's tall frame, she fearlessly provoked him.

Aaron grabbed her hand, pulling her close. His usually relaxed expression was now tinged with amusement. "You're right. I am addicted. How about letting me get my fill this time?"

"Why would I sleep with you?" Selena pulled her hand away, her tone growing colder. "Your heart is with someone else, but you want to sleep with me? Mr. Fletcher, don't you find that disgusting?" A wave of irritation surged within her.

Aaron's playful demeanor faded slightly. "It's just a game for adults, a way to enjoy the moment. You said you didn't need me to be responsible, so why do you care about that?" Selena felt even more repulsed.

She looked at him with disdain and said, "If I had known you were like this, I would've preferred to sleep with a beggar on the street

With that, she headed for the door.

Aaron's cold voice followed her. "Selena, did I say you could leave?"

Selena wasn't intimidated in the slightest. "Either fire me and find another designer or drop this nonsense."

She hadn't taken their previous encounters to heart, but Aaron's behavior disgusted her. If he was going to be shameless, she saw no reason to spare his feelings. If he got insulted, it was his own fault. The door slammed shut with a resounding bang.

Aaron kicked the coffee table, frustration surging through him.

What was happening? Why was he so agitated over not getting what he wanted?

As he thought about Selena's words, his face grew even tenser.

"Heart set on another woman?" he muttered to himself.

He pulled out his phone, looking through his old chats with Snow. He used to message/ her every day, even if she only responded occasionally. But lately, he hadn't contacted her at all. Frowning deeply, Aaron wondered if he still had feelings for Snow.

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He stared at his phone, thinking about sending a message to Snow, but his fingers hovered in midair, unable to type a single word.

Frustrated, he tossed the phone aside, grabbed a bottle of liquor from the cabinet, and poured himself a drink.

The sharp taste burned down his throat, momentarily washing away his irritation. Aaron downed the entire glass in one go.

As soon as Selena left the building, she breathed a sigh of relief.

She frowned, trying to understand what had gotten into Aaron.

Just two nights together, and he seemed emotionally attached?

The thought made her shiver with disgust.

Determined to mess with him further, she pulled out her phone and logged into her

alternate account.

Snow texted, "Aaron, have you been busy lately? Check out my graduation gown. How does it look?"

She sent a picture she found online, showing only from the neck down.

Normally, he would reply instantly, but this time, even after she got home, there was no

response.

"What's going on? Is he dead?" she wondered

Thinking it was a real possibility, she took a shower and went to bed peacefully.

That weekend, Aveline and Selena planned to watch a movie together.

While at the mall, Aveline received a call from Lucas.

"Hello?" she answered.

Lucas' deep voice came through, "I found out who sent the photo. Where are you?"

Aveline's nerves tensed.

She asked bluntly, "Who sent it?"

Lucas replied, "I'll tell you in person."

Aveline insisted, "My phone works fine. I can hear you just fine."

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Lucas countered, "What if your phone is being tapped? Then our conversation would be overheard."

Aveline found the idea absurd but considered the possibility. She said, "I'm at the mall

Lucas replied, "Come to the Tudor mansion."

Then, without waiting for her response, he hung up.

Aveline sighed, feeling a bit exasperated.

"Come on, Aveline, the movie is starting!" Selena grabbed her hand and pulled her upstairs.

Aveline raised an eyebrow. Since he didn't specify a time, she figured it wouldn't hurt to finish the movie first. She put her phone on silent and entered the cinema with Selena

Two hours later, as they exited, Selena was busy typing out a complaint about how bad the movie was.

Aveline checked her phone and saw over a dozen missed calls and messages on WhatsApp.

She chuckled and said to Selena, "I have something to take care of. I need to go."

Selena hugged her tightly, abandoning her post about the movie. "Where are you going? You promised to hang out with me!"

Aveline patted her head. "It's about my personal safety. I have to go."

Hearing the seriousness in her voice, Selena let go immediately. "Alright, I won't keep you from what's important."

"Good girl." Aveline smiled and took the elevator down.

Outside the mall, as she was about to hail a cab, she heard a car horn.

Looking over, she saw Lucas' car.

"How did he know where I am?" she wondered.

Walking over, she saw the car window roll down to reveal Lucas' stern face, looking icy cold. "Aveline, are you doing this on purpose? Aveline looked innocent. "What do you mean, on purpose?"

Lucas' voice was edged with frustration. "Did you check your phone? How many times did I call you? Why didn't you answer?"

Aveline took out her phone and showed him. "It was on silent."