

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 1

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Night fell. The sky was dark, spangled with stars.

"Honey, I'll move out tomorrow. How's that?"
Ashlyn hugged the man from behind, resting her gorgeous face on his broad back.

"It's okay. I'm planning to give Whitland Villa to you." Lucas' voice was cold and placid.

Ashlyn's lips quirked up. In a well-behaved and obedient manner, she said, "Honey, it was agreed that I would leave this marriage of four years with nothing. Isn't it great that we can stay out of each other's lives now?"

Lucas couldn't see her expression at this moment, but he could tell that the woman wasn't sad at all.

Is she that desperate to get a divorce?

For some reason, he felt inexplicably uncomfortable.

"Don't you love money?"

"Desired wealth must be acquired uprightly. Besides, it's not a good thing to receive an alimony." Ashlyn let go of her hands that were embracing the man's waist. "I'm gonna go take a shower."

The woman had just turned around when she was abruptly tugged by the arm. The man's thin lips inched closer. She smiled delicately and covered her mouth, gazing at him with her pair of bright eyes. "We're gonna divorce soon."

"So long as we haven't made it official, you're still my wife," Lucas said with a slight frown.

Lucas had always liked her obedience and gentleness.

"Honey, I just wanna take a bath and sleep now..." Ashlyn said coquettishly, her eyes seductive and soft as she caressed the man's chest. "Pretty please?"

"No."

The night was like a dream.

After four years of marriage, Lucas couldn't bear to part with Ashlyn.

Ashlyn lifted her head to look at the man before her eyes.

Lucas Nolan was the prized prince of Nolan Group and the first captain of South Star Airlines. Women and daughters of wealthy families swooned over him and stewardesses and ground staff were crazy about him. He was known as the walking ten thousand fans generator.

Of course, she was excluded from these people.

She had known her role all long in this marriage.

And now, this four-year marriage was finally coming to an end.

The next morning, Lucas was already up when Ashlyn awoke and was washing up in the bathroom.

"Morning." Ashlyn slowly sat up. The man was so aggressive last night that her body felt sore.

Lucas had put on a black shirt with a pair of black pants underneath.

Ashlyn got out of bed and found a black dress to put on.

It was Charles' funeral today.

Naturally, she had to attend as his nominal granddaughter-in-law.

Lucas glanced at her and said, "You don't have to go if you don't want to. We can drop the act now since we're getting a divorce."

Ashlyn's hands, which were just about to put her clothes on, froze. "Grandpa was nice to me. I want to see him one last time and send him off."

"All right then, I'll get Spencer to send you there," Lucas said flatly.

"Great!" Ashlyn smiled.

Does that mean he doesn't want to expose me? During the four years of marriage, the public had only known that the president of Nolan Group, Lucas Nolan, had a young wife in a secret marriage, but no one had ever actually seen her face.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 2

She was the woman who lived in the rumors.

Now that they were about to get a divorce, it was even more unnecessary to let the public know what she looked like.

And she understood that.

Lucas stared absentmindedly at Ashlyn.

He had always known that the marriage between the two of them differed from others. They had signed a contract when they got married in which they wouldn't meddle in each other's lives during the contract period.

Ashlyn would live as his rich wife and pretend to be his lover in front of his grandfather, and in return, he would gift her with bags, clothes, jewelry, or anything that money could buy.

He had met this woman in front of the hospital, standing expressionlessly in the pouring rain, screaming, "Is there anyone who wants to marry me?"

All the passersby had thought she was a psycho.

He didn't know why she did that and wasn't interested to know.

But he knew she needed a wife at that time and that she had a pleasant look.

Little did he expect this marriage to last for four years until his grandfather passed away last week. After four years of acting, the play finally ended.

The death of his grandfather hit him so hard that he took a week to recollect himself before the funeral. Even now, he could still feel a dull pain in his chest whenever he thought of Charles' gentle voice and happy countenance.

In the past four years, there was no difference between them and an ordinary couple. He was always on the go and would usually spend the night at Whitland Villa only during weekends.

Ashlyn had always waited for him obediently, and would never complain about his coming and going.

Before Lucas left the house, Ashlyn stood on tiptoes and kissed his cheek. "Bye-bye, honey."

The man lowered his head to kiss her lips. "Be good at the funeral later."

"Okay, I will." Ashlyn nodded and watched as he left.

The two of them interacted like an extremely affectionate old married couple. It didn't look like they were about to divorce at all.

Seeing that the man had got into the black Bentley, Ashlyn turned around and closed the door.

The obedience and gentleness on her stunning face were immediately replaced with an unprecedented coldness, as if it were blanketed with a layer of frost, creating a sharp contrast to her soft and lovely appearance before.

It was as if she was a different person.

Expressionlessly tidying herself up, she departed as well.

At some point, it started drizzling.

Northern Cemetery.

The grass was green and soft to the touch. The entire North Mountain was enveloped by a curtain of rain, making it look hazy and surreal.

Charles' grave was chosen here, where it was beautiful and peaceful.

The funeral was minimalistic, almost too simple. Most of the people who came were the Nolan family's friends and relatives, and some business partners.

Under the rain, the white lilies that were placed around the tombstone appeared spotlessly white.

Ashlyn got down from the car and walked toward the crowd holding a black umbrella.

She looked at Lucas. The man was in a black suit, his posture was straight and his lips were set in a hard line.

He was standing quietly at the front; his handsome face full of sadness and his eyes red.

She knew he was single-handedly brought up by Charles and that he was extremely attached to him.

Ashlyn went over and bowed in respect. Looking at Charles' picture on the tombstone, she drew in a deep breath and gently put the lilies in her hand in front of the tombstone.

And so, a man's life ended.

She hated this place, and she hated the atmosphere. Most of all, she hated it when someone walked away from her life.

A trace of helplessness and sorrow surfaced

from the depth of her eyes. Charles had been really good to her when he was alive, doting on her as if she were his own granddaughter.

She flung herself against the cold tombstone and kneeled under the pouring rain, bowing to the old man with her face to the earth.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 3

There's no way I can show my respect to you anymore, Grandpa. And there's no way in this lifetime that I can repay your love for me.
Rest in peace, Grandpa.

Everyone looked at Ashlyn in astonishment.

Who's this eye-catching woman? What's her relationship with the Nolan family?

Why did she... No one else from the Nolan family got down on their knees besides Lucas Nolan!

Lucas' deep, dark eyes flickered with a tinge of surprise.

This woman... I didn't know she has such deep feelings for Grandpa.

Ashlyn didn't stay too long. She got up and left after the prayers, just as mysteriously as she came.

"Who is she?"

"She is quite the beauty."

"Hey, I've heard that Lucas Nolan has a secret wife? Why didn't he allow her to come to such an occasion today?"

"She's probably not favored in the family. I heard that Lucas Nolan is filing for divorce."

Ashlyn walked down the mountain while holding an umbrella, listening to the gossip of several noblewomen who were going down the mountain together behind her.

These people have nothing else better to do than gossiping about the gentry.

Those comments were like water off a duck's back to Ashlyn. If only these women knew that the young wife they were talking about was standing in front of them, their eyes would probably pop out.

"Wait up, Ms. Berry!"

Suddenly, an ear-piercing voice came from behind.

Ashlyn squinted.

Following the sound of footsteps, a teenager about one meter eight intercepted Ashlyn; his handsome face flushed with rage. "Let's see how long you can stay proud without Grandpa to cover you in the future, Ashlyn."

"So you came all the way over here just to tell me that?" Ashlyn said casually. The

teenager standing in front of her was Blair Nolan, the second son of the Nolan family and Lucas' half-brother, who was still a freshman in college this year.

"I'm warning you. Don't even think about getting a single penny of the Nolan family's assets!" Blair shot daggers at Ashlyn.

This woman is really good at pretending to be meek in front of Lucas. She's clearly a different person once she turns around. Is Lucas blind or something?

No, I can't let this woman deceive my brother again, no matter what.

Only the three Nolan siblings and Charles knew about her secret marriage to Lucas.

The Nolan family's youngest, Naomi, had been abroad and should be back today to attend the funeral of the old man.

Sure enough, just as Ashlyn reached the foot of the mountain, she ran into Naomi, who was getting down from the car in a hurry. The girl was uniquely dressed and had a few strands of dreadlocks hanging down her left shoulder, looking wild and unrestrained.

On her feet were a pair of Dr. Martens

boots, and on her face, she was wearing dramatic smoky eye makeup, with exaggerated large circle earrings hanging from her ears.

To put it bluntly, she simply looked unconventional.

"You'd better divorce my brother immediately, Ashlyn," Naomi started with a hint of disdain in her voice. "My brother is handsome, and he's a good man. There are plenty of women who would fight to marry him. So you'd better know your place."

"You need to do something about those lines. You won't get to Hollywood with them."

Ashlyn shrugged her off, looking askance at her.

She got into the car straight away and took off.

Damn it! Naomi stamped her foot in anger.

Did that woman just disregard me again? She is just as snobbish as ever!

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In a café.

"Ms. Berry, this is the divorce agreement. Just sign and you will be divorced from Mr. Nolan."

Lucas' assistant Spencer put a document in front of Ashlyn.

"Sure." Ashlyn flipped to the last page and signed straight away without even reading through the document.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 4

Spencer looked stunned. He was all set as to how he should reply, and how to handle it if Ashlyn proposed any conditions.

Little did he expect Ashlyn to be so cool about it, making him feel somewhat awkward.

He had been following Lucas for many years. He was one of the few who knew about Lucas' marriage, and he usually had a pretty good impression of Ashlyn.

He also thought that Ashlyn and Lucas were a perfect match and was reluctant to see his boss divorce Ashlyn. However, as an outsider, he naturally had no right to put in his two cents.

"Ms. Berry, I'm sure you remember about the prenuptial agreement that you'd signed when you got married to Mr. Nolan, right?"

"Of course. His fortune has nothing to do with me, and I won't get any money from divorcing him." Ashlyn smiled, for she understood Spencer's meaning. "Don't worry. I'm not the kind of woman who's fond for such earthly things~"

When they first got married, they were merely taking what they needed. It was an unspoken exchange of favors.

So, it was only right that they part ways now.

Besides, she wasn't the kind of woman who couldn't live without Lucas.

After leaving the café, Ashlyn went back straight to Bayview Villa that Jared had prepared for her. It was a bit far from the city and was located close to the river.

When several men clad in black in the villa saw her, they bent down instantly and greeted in respect.

Ashlyn nodded in return before stepping inside.

"Boss," Jared greeted at once upon seeing her.

"I'm divorced." Ashlyn grinned, her cool and stunning face making hearts flutter.

She sat on the couch, opened the laptop on the coffee table, and started typing away, hacking into the traffic system to delete all traces of her journey from the traffic surveillance video.

Once she was finished, she raised her eyes and discovered that Jared was staring at her with a bemused look.

"What are you doing?" she asked, her brows slightly creased.

"Nothing. I mean, boss, are you really divorced?" Jared felt a little woozy.

From her tone, why does a divorce sounds as simple as eating and drinking water? Is marriage a child's play?

"It's not like you don't know why I got

married." Ashlyn beckoned to him. "Hurry up and give me the sales report for the new quarter."

Jared was a tall, handsome-looking man. He and Lucas had very different temperaments; one was cold and devious, and the other warm and righteous.

For many years, he had been Ashlyn's right-hand man.

Ashlyn didn't have to wait for long as Jared placed a document in front of her a few minutes later.

She looked down and started flipping through the document.

Jared was still in shock. "I mean, boss, your husband is Lucas Nolan, the heartthrob Captain of South Star Airlines, and the president of Nolan Group. He's the man of every woman's dream. Are you really willing to let go of such a dashing and invincible man?"

Ashlyn looked up and gave Jared a sharp look. "Speak any more nonsense and I'll feed you to the sharks."

The one-meter eight man immediately kept silent, as far as he knows, no one had the balls to mess with this woman.

Ten minutes later, Ashlyn returned the document to Jared. "The sales volume is ten percent higher than the previous quarter. It's five percent higher than I expected."

"All credit goes to you, boss." Jared was no longer the calm and collected president he was before.

"Oh, shut up," Ashlyn said impassively. "I need to sleep."

"You're not going back?" Jared asked, dumbfounded.

"What for? I've already signed the divorce agreement." Ashlyn looked down at Jared condescendingly from the stairs, as if she were regarding a fool.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 5

"Right..." Jared muttered to himself.

After Ashlyn returned to her room, she was just about to take a shower when her phone rang.

It was Lucas.

"Hello?"

"Where did you go?" the man asked coldly, his voice laced with a hint of displeasure. "Why aren't you back at this hour?"

Ashlyn froze. "Aren't we divorced?"

Why is he still calling me?

And he's urging me to go home?

It's not even the weekends today. Why is he over at Whitland Villa?

"I haven't signed it yet, so it's not valid."

Lucas couldn't help but frown when he remembered what Spencer had told him.

How can this woman be so straightforward and nonchalant?

He had come back here right after work without a second thought, only to see the lights that were usually on for his return weren't lit.

Pushing open the door, he saw that the house

was empty, and that Ashlyn was gone.

She had simply taken off.

With an effort, Ashlyn reined back her impatience. Trying to sound as gentle as possible, she said petulantly, "I've already signed the divorce agreement, honey. You were the one who filed for the divorce."

If I were to flip out directly, who knows if this temperamental man would change his mind on the spot and refuse to divorce?

By then, I'll have to go through the trouble of finding a way to divorce again.

I'm very busy. I have no time to play games with him.

"Be a good girl and come home first, okay?" Lucas said, standing by the window and looking out at the lights of the city, like a good husband urging his wife to come home early.

Ashlyn took a deep breath. "Okay! Give me thirty minutes."

She went down the stairs, her face

appallingly cold as her whole body radiated an unwelcoming aura that repelled whoever came near her.

The men downstairs broke out in a cold sweat at the grim expression on her face. They steeled their hearts, asking, "Boss, w-where are you going?"

"Send me to Whitland Villa," Ashlyn said frigidly, barely keeping her temper in check.

Relax, relax... You'll get a divorce in no time.
Breathe...

Jared followed her out with glee. "I thought

you were gonna stay at home."

"Zip it!" How Ashlyn wished to blow Lucas' brain out. But as of now, she could only take it out on Jared. "Go to the training room and practice target shooting for a hundred rounds. Don't sleep until you finished!"

"Boss—" Jared let out a wail.

Yet, the svelte woman slammed the door of the Land Rover and left in a huff.

The Land Rover simply whizzed along the highway.

The two men in black sitting in the backseat were so frightened by the speed that their faces turned white. "B-Boss—"

"Argh!"

"S-Slow down!"

It was at this moment that they finally understood why it was said that a coward should never ride in Ashlyn's car.

Their stomachs were churning, but the woman at the driver's seat was expressionless. She was staring at the road straight ahead, skillfully controlling the

steering wheel as she stepped on the gas, overtaking cars after cars; all in one smooth motion.

Even if they were about to throw up, they had to admit that their boss looked really cool driving like this.

It simply took Ashlyn thirty minutes to arrive when it was originally an hour journey.

When the Land Rover stopped nearby Whitland Villa, the two men rushed out at once and vomited on the flowerbed by the roadside until their faces went red.

"Weak! Is that all you can take? If I were to go full steam ahead, you'll probably be dead by now," Ashlyn reamed them out for failing to live up to her expectations. "Go back and keep training!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 6

Without sparing these one meter eight men another glance, she stepped into the neighborhood in her high heels.

Whitland Villa District was a notoriously high-class residential area, and the people who lived here were either rich or powerful.

A villa here was worth ten million.

But to Ashlyn, there was nothing appealing about this place, and she really didn't want to come back.

Placing her finger on the fingerprint lock to verify herself, she entered the house and saw Lucas sitting on the couch with a laptop on his lap.

Upon hearing a click on the door, the man looked up at her. "Where did you go?"

"Oh, uh, I went house-hunting today," Ashlyn lied. We're gonna divorced, anyway. This man has never cared about where I was going or what I was going to do. It's probably less likely that he'll know in the future.

"You really don't want to consider keeping this villa?" Lucas closed the laptop and beckoned her to come forward.

Ashlyn blinked, putting on a gentle and lovely face, and walked up to him.

The man straightaway pulled her to sit on his

lap before she could speak, holding her in his arms.

Ashlyn wrapped her arms around the man's neck, looking at him fondly and replied bluntly, "Nope."

"Aren't you looking for a house?" The man gently stroked her hair. "Just keep this house and you can save the trouble."

"I'm lazy and this house is too big. I can't afford to hire a maid." Ashlyn smiled, her eyes forming a rather adorable crescent moon shape.

Lucas gazed at her pleasant smile and couldn't help but say, "Don't you think it's a bit of a loss that you don't want anything?"

"We've never quarreled in the past for years and you've never mistreated me. I got the best of everything," Ashlyn said, her eyes glowing. "So, what am I losing?"

Regardless of any festive seasons, the man would present her with rare and resplendent gifts, like the ancient kings doting on their concubines.

Even though there was no love between the two, they had treated each other with respect.

"Do you really not have any feelings for me?" Lucas hugged Ashlyn. "Whatever you want is at your fingertips if you stay with me."

Ashlyn was unambitious. Married for four years, she had never asked him for cars, houses or money like any other women.

In response to Lucas' intimate approach, Ashlyn softly nestled in his arms, half-squinting her eyes like a lazy kitten.

This marriage was a lifesaver to her.

It had saved her for four years, and now it was time for it to end. She wasn't one of those women who sought money and love. All she wanted was to live.

As Lucas said, since they were getting a divorce, they might as well cherish the time that they had left.

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The air was fresh with a hint of coolness in the late autumn morning.

Ashlyn was awakened by a man clasping her hand, whose deep black eyes shone with a deadly allure.

The man had a remarkable look. He had a prominent nose and a pair of beguiling eyes that exuded an innate nobility.

"But I still want to sleep," she mumbled.

The man chuckled softly.

It was already one in the afternoon when she woke up again.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 7

Ashlyn got up with a stretch, her stomach rumbling.

She was just about to get out of bed when she heard the bathroom door being pulled open with a clatter.

The man came out with a white towel wrapping around his waist, exposing his eight packs that were shaped like a bar of chocolate.

This man was so perfect that one could find

nothing to cavil about, even his body.

"Aren't you flying today?" She blinked at him wonderingly.

"I'm flying tonight," Lucas said, ruffling his wet hair with a towel. "Take your time to find a house. There's no rush to move out."

Ashlyn regretted lying about finding a house last night.

There was no easy way out now.

She could only nod with a smile. "My husband is still the best."

The man handed her the towel and sat down in front of her. She naturally took it and started drying the man's hair gently.

Then she tossed the towel aside and dried his hair with the hairdryer.

Lucas squinted his eyes to the warm wind and the whirring of the hairdryer, like a lazy lion.

Ashlyn groaned inwardly once again.

We really look like an ordinary loving young couple!

How does this even look like we're about to divorce?

"All done." Ashlyn put the hairdryer away.

"How's pasta for breakfast?"

Lucas lay on his side on the bed and propped up his jaw, staring into the woman's eyes.

"Can I get a pancake, too?"

"Sure." Ashlyn smiled, bending over to kiss

the man's lips. "You'll like it; I assure you."

But the man suddenly reached out and pulled her into his arms. "The thought of not being able to eat Mrs. Nolan's food from now on is a little upsetting."

"The cook here is no worse at it than I am." Ashlyn nudged him and said coyly, "Let me go. I'm starving!"

Seeing Ashlyn putting on an apron and entering the kitchen, Louis, the butler, was all smiles. "The ingredients have been replenished in the refrigerator, Mrs. Nolan."

"Okay." Ashlyn smiled in return.

Louis had been serving Lucas for many years. He knew the man's appetite best, and that he was a foodie and a picky eater, which was a headache to all the cooks and nannies of the Nolan family.

He would always complain that it was either too salty or too sweet; or too spicy or too sour.

Eastern food was too troublesome, and Western food was too bland...

Regardless of the cuisine, he wasn't

interested at all.

He was simply ridiculously strict about what he ate.

However, it was also such a man who insisted that he wasn't a picky eater in the slightest.

He would always reply "Whatever" calmly whenever the chef and nanny asked for his preference.

His irascible and cold temper, when it came to meals, made the servants want to send him to outer space and leave him to fend for himself.

Even though his answer was "Whatever", once the food was served, it was almost certain that a plate or a bowl would be broken on that day and he would say, "How dare you feed me this rubbish?"

Thus, it wasn't easy to satisfy Lucas' stomach.

Louis was always worried about getting Lucas to eat more.

As a picky eater who made people's blood boil, he tended to fall sick easily. Stomach pains in the middle of the night were a common

occurrence until he got married four years ago.

Not only did Ashlyn have a gentle personality, but her cooking skills were also comparable to a Michelin chef. No, she was better than a Michelin chef.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 8

No matter how simple it was, whether it was just pasta or pancakes, Lucas would always eat with gusto as long as Ashlyn made it.

Louis was gratified for the past few years. Since Lucas got married, his cold and

irascible temper had become mellow, and he had become much gentler, especially when Ashlyn was with him.

Now that there were about to get a divorce, Louis was very reluctant to see it come to pass.

What would happen to Lucas' stomach after the divorce?

Ashlyn moved very nimbly. She first put the cooked pancakes into the oven, then boiled water before she started cooking the

noodles.

Her series of movements were as graceful and elegant as flowing water, as though she wasn't making pasta but some artwork.

Lucas stood at the entrance of the kitchen, looking at the woman's slender back. He didn't know why, but he didn't feel good when he thought that he would never see her cooking again.

Habit was a terrible thing.

As if she could sense his presence, Ashlyn looked back and flashed a sweet smile at him. "I'll be done soon."

Being a natural beauty she was, her smile when she looked back was all the more alluring.

Lucas' Adam's apple bobbed in his throat, his eyes turning dark. Seized with a sudden impulse, he walked up to her and hugged her gently from behind.

Feeling the man's obvious changes, Ashlyn couldn't help but roll her eyes at his restlessness.

But her tone was so gentle that one couldn't hear anything unusual as she said, "The noodle is gonna get soggy. Go away!"

Putting the finished pasta on a plate, she went back to fetch the pancakes from the oven.

Lucas naturally and habitually carried out the pasta before turning around to take the plate of pancakes from her hands. "Be careful. It's hot."

Looking at this heartwarming scene, Louis lamented silently.

Why do they want to divorce when they obviously have such a good relationship? Isn't it good to have children and let me take care of them?

It must be because they don't have a baby that they're getting a divorce.

"Louis, come join us," Ashlyn invited him to join them at the table.

"I've already eaten, Mrs. Nolan," Louis quickly said.

See, where can you find a woman as nice as Mrs. Nolan? She's always polite to the servants.

Sigh...

This is such a waste. They shouldn't get divorced.

Lucas had just taken a bite when the doorbell rang.

Louis got up to answer the door and upon seeing the visitor, he said with a straight face, "May I know who you are looking for?"

"Is Mr. Nolan in?" asked the woman in a light yellow dress.

Lucas came over to the door with a frown, giving the woman a once-over. "What are you doing here, Cindy?"

Cindy, a rising starlet, was a contracted artist under Nolan Entertainment, whose popularity soared after taking part in a romantic web drama.

Recently, she had gotten into a scandal with Lucas, stating that she was single-handedly made famous by him and that her resources

were all given by him to support her as the number one celebrity of Nolan Entertainment.

Rumors had stated that she wanted to be a homewrecker, to take over Ashlyn's place as the legitimate Mrs. Nolan.

Ashlyn sat unmoving as she continued eating.

"Mr. Nolan, it's my birthday party next Saturday. It's my first birthday party and I'm a bit nervous, so I'd like to invite you to attend. Is that okay?" Cindy stood at the door and took out an invitation card from her Ctene purse.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 9

Chapter 9 Did She Actually Order Lucas
Nolan To Do The Dishes

Cindy held the invitation card in her hands, staring at Lucas unwaveringly. If Lucas agreed to attend her birthday party, her status at Nolan Entertainment would definitely take another qualitative leap.

"Take it." Lucas somehow agreed after looking back at the woman who was eating peacefully.

Louis accepted the invitation card. But deep down, he was feeling a little unhappy.

This woman looks petty, unlike Mrs. Nolan, who looks bright and generous. How could Mr. Nolan get involved with such a woman?

This woman's ulterior motive cannot be any more obvious.

"Thank you, Mr. Nolan. I'll see you there."

Cindy swept her eyes over to the shoe cabinet at the entrance. There were several pairs of branded lady shoes placed there.

Rumor says that Mr. Nolan has a secret wife. It seems to be true. But is she not home? I've been standing here for so long. If she's at home, then why didn't she come out?

If any woman were to be Mr. Nolan's wife, they probably won't be able to stay calm upon hearing that a woman is looking for him.

However, she was wrong.

Ashlyn was simply too calm and collected. She had already eaten a piece of pancake and

finished the pasta on her plate.

Turning around and putting the plate in the kitchen, she went straight upstairs after instructing, "Honey, remember to wash the plates."

Cindy couldn't help but crane her neck upon hearing the woman's mellifluous voice. She only saw a slim figure and that the woman was tall and wearing silk pajamas. It was merely her back that she saw, but she found it beautiful and charming. But what was even more frightening—

Did she actually order Mr. Nolan to do the dishes?

Mr. Nolan's a lofty and cold-blood president in the eyes of the public.

I can't believe he would do such homely and humble things at home.

Just as Cindy was still in a daze, she heard the handsome man before her answering, "Okay, honey."

Then he looked up at Cindy and said, "I'm sorry. I need to go and do the dishes. Is there something else?"

Cindy's eyes widened in disbelief.

"N-Nothing."

Lucas rolled up his sleeves with his well-defined fingers and turned toward the kitchen, the sound of water streaming coming shortly after.

Cindy had no clue how she walked out of Whitland Villa.

Lucas Nolan is actually doing the dishes at home... A woman who can order Lucas Nolan to do the dishes is really so enviable!

Cindy got into the car and upon seeing her disoriented look, her manager asked anxiously, "How did it go?"

"He accepted it," Cindy sighed.

"They why do you look so down?" The manager blinked.

"He..." Cindy shook her head.

Forget it. No one will probably believe me if I say it. Even I still can't believe my ears. Does a man like him really know how to wash dishes?

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After washing the dishes, the remaining uneaten pasta on Lucas' plate had already stuck together. But he didn't mind at all as he finished his plate of pasta and had two pieces of pancakes before going upstairs.

He glanced at the clock and saw that it was already past three o'clock in the afternoon.

Lucas went up and changed his clothes. "Fly with me tonight."

Ashlyn was lost for words.

But looking at the man's face, she immediately flashed a gentle smile. "Okay! So long as it is to accompany you, I'll happily oblige. Anything for you, honey, even if it means climbing a mountain of swords or plunging into a sea of flames."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 10

"You've never been on my flight since we got married." Lucas reached out to hug her slender waist from behind and rested his chin on her shoulder, suddenly feeling the urge to do many things that they had never done together before.

In the four years of marriage, they had

never traveled together before, never ate out together before, nor did they go shopping or watch movies like an ordinary couple.

The place where they hung out the most was this villa and...

"So I'll fly with you tonight." Ashlyn put down her phone and nudged him. "Let me pick out a dress. Say honey, what should I wear?"

"My wife looks good in anything. Whatever you like, honey," Lucas said without thinking

as he buttoned his shirt.

Those weren't flattering words. Ashlyn had a nice figure and was beautiful, much more beautiful than the air stewardesses of South Star Airlines and more dazzling than the celebrities of Nolan Entertainment.

"Where are you flying tonight?" Ashlyn asked, suddenly remembering that Cindy was wearing a light yellow dress when she saw her from the stairs just now, so when she saw a light yellow dress in her wardrobe, her hands stiffened. Then she heard the man say, "London."

London...

"Which means you're only flying back tomorrow night?" Ashlyn took out the light yellow dress.

Lucas nodded. "Yes. We'll have to stay there for one night."

Ashlyn was annoyed at the fact that she would have to take a suitcase, but she hid her emotions well.

She put the dress on her body and made a twirl, smiling brightly at Lucas. "Honey, how

do I look?"

"Great." The man bent over and gave her a kiss. "You look great, honey."

"Greater than Cindy Wynn?"

"Of course," Lucas said honestly.

Cindy was pretty, but she was soulless; there was something missing about her, unlike Ashlyn, who was perfect in every way.

The light yellow dress, in particular, accentuated her perfect figure to the fullest, setting off her snowy white skin.

Ashlyn couldn't help chuckling.

"Are you jealous of Cindy?" Lucas smirked. Over the past four years, Ashlyn would neither make a fuss nor be jealous, no matter the women who showed up by his side. She was very accommodating, which was also what he liked about her.

"Well, if Ms. Wynn is interested in you, I think it's not too bad. Once we get a divorce, you can easily take her as your wife."

Lucas' hands on the buttons froze.

This woman is still so accommodating and sensible.

Saying that, Ashlyn turned around and started packing.

She really didn't want to go to London, but she had to go. The man had yet to sign the divorce agreement. If she pisses him off and he refused to sign, she will have to rack her brain for ideas to make the divorce happen.

After she was done packing, she heard him

say, "Put my daily necessities in too."

"Okay," Ashlyn said, trying to govern her temper.

How she wished to smash these things in front of her.

After packing up, she turned around and saw that the man had already put on the captain's uniform. Compared to the man's usual cold appearance, he looked a little more austere and solemn, especially with the four bars on his shoulders.

The two went out together and got into the

car. Lucas sat beside her and habitually held her hand. "I'll be in the conference room later."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 11

Ashlyn recalled her duty as a wife and forced out a smile. "Sure. Don't worry about me."

"Spencer will take the flight with you," Lucas told her lightly.

"Okay." Ashlyn nodded.

Deep down, she was extremely reluctant because she was really busy. There was no need for him to act as if they were in love right before their divorce!

However, to get an amicable divorce, she had to stay calm and bear with his actions for a couple more days.

Both of them stayed silent after that. Ashlyn whipped out her phone and sent a few texts to Jared Quickton on WhatsApp.

She told Jared she was boarding the plane later and would be back in the country by tomorrow night. Jared would have to take care of everything himself for now.

Jared: I thought you're getting a divorce?
Why are you going to London with him?

Ashlyn: I have no choice. I don't want to cause any conflict and fall out with him. You know how much I hate conflicts.

Jared: Yeah, got it 😞

Ashlyn turned off her phone without sending a reply, utterly irritated.

The car reached South Star Airlines half an hour later.

Spencer remained with Ashlyn as she waved to Lucas. "Bye, honey!"

Lucas nodded and left.

In the conference room at South Star Airlines, Lucas sat at the head of the table after going through the pre-flight physical inspection.

He flipped through the weather report,

which his co-pilot had handed him earlier.

The purser started going through the pre-flight briefing with the other flight attendants.

Jenny Holt—one of the flight attendants—kept stealing glances at Lucas.

The purser on this flight, Nancy Jesson, couldn't help but frown. What's wrong with Jenny? Captain Nolan had already announced that he got married. Why won't she give up?

In the airport lounge, Spencer handed a ticket to Ashlyn. "Mr. Nolan told me to

reserve your ticket two days ago. We're sitting next to each other. You're getting the window seat."

He reserved the ticket two days ago? Why did he inform me right before the flight, then? Ashlyn mused.

She took the ticket with a winning smile. "London must be gorgeous in this season."

Right then, Spencer glanced at his watch and got to his feet. "Mrs. Nolan, please come with me."

Ashlyn didn't know what he wanted to do.

"Where are we going?"

Spencer whipped out a pair of binoculars from his briefcase and gave it to her. "Mrs. Nolan, look south. You'll see Mr. Nolan there."

Oh, he wants me to look at Lucas? What is there to see? He might be hot, but I've gotten bored with his looks after four years, Ashlyn thought in resignation.

Nevertheless, she picked up the binoculars and looked at the south side of the airport.

A tall figure in an immaculately pressed captain uniform appeared in her sight.

Lucas seemed strict and serious. Even when his wife was on his flight, he didn't request any special arrangements. Well, he doesn't love me, anyway. There's no way he'll make special arrangements for me, she thought. I have to wait at the terminal and board the plane just like every other passenger.

After the pre-flight inspection, a sweet voice rang from the speakers, informing everyone to board the plane as soon as possible and to take note regarding the necessary precautions.

Spencer and Ashlyn headed to the boarding gate.

In the cockpit, Lucas was checking all the controls and flight software himself.

"Altimeter, set. Directional gyro, set.

Variometer, check."

He sat in the cockpit and started going through the details with his co-pilot.

Fred Langsley—the co-pilot—had only been working in this position for six months. He was two years younger than Lucas and had been working alongside Lucas ever since his promotion. Even though he had seen Lucas at work so many times, he couldn't help but feel amazed at how hot he was.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 12

No wonder the flight attendants were so upset when they heard he got married, Fred thought.

Lucas continued down the checklist.

"Standard instrument departure?"

"Set up done."

"Visual meteorological conditions?"

"Clear."

"Visibility?"

"14.8km flight visibility; clear of clouds; ceiling at 5700 feet AGL."

After going through the checklist, Nancy came to the cockpit and reported, "Captain Nolan, all passengers have boarded. Here's the list."

Nancy had flown with Lucas enough to know he was very particular about the details. She

handed him the passenger list she had confirmed earlier.

Many pilots wouldn't even bother checking the passenger list, but Lucas insisted on doing so to minimize the possibility of unwanted accidents.

"Do the passengers look healthy?" Lucas flipped through the passenger list idly. When he spotted Ashlyn's name, his lips curved up in a faint smile.

Finally, the plane was cleared on the runway for takeoff.

Lucas steered the plane onto the runway and sped up. The plane eventually lifted off and climbed steeply into the sky.

Right then, Ashlyn rested her chin on her palm and stared out the window at the clouds. After a while, her eyelids started to droop.

It's so boring here. Why did he insist on asking me to come?

The cockpit was right ahead of her seat.

She imagined how Lucas was steering the

plane in the cockpit with quick yet steady hands. Hmm, that sounds cool, she thought as her heart skipped a beat.

The plane had reached its cruising altitude, so the cabin crew relaxed and started chattering. The flight attendants had flown with Lucas a few times and knew Spencer was his assistant.

"Hey, is that Mr. White's girlfriend?"

"She's quite pretty. When they both boarded the plane, Mr. White waited on her carefully. He even asked me for a blanket so he could place it on her lap."

"Is Mr. White that thoughtful and gentle?
Wow, I wonder if Captain Nolan is this soft
when he's with his wife."

"Well, you can ask him. He's in the cockpit."

"Of course not. Captain Nolan is too stern."

The other flight attendants immediately
cracked up.z

Jenny came over and spotted the others
laughing merrily. "Why are you guys
laughing?" she inquired.

"Hey, Jenny. I dare you to ask Captain Nolan something." The flight attendant inched nearer to her.

"What is it?"

"Nothing. They were fooling around." Nancy nudged that flight attendant and glared at her.

Everyone here knew Jenny was infatuated with Captain Nolan for years.

Realization dawned on the flight attendant who hurriedly added, "We were talking about Mr. White's girlfriend. We wanted to ask if

Captain Nolan knows about his girlfriend, but we don't have the guts to do so."

"Oh, I see." Jenny smiled and said nothing else.

At that moment, the captain's voice rang through the speakers.

Lucas' familiar voice was broadcasted over the system. It was a deep, husky, and masculine voice.

After English, he repeated his announcement in French once again. This was the first time Ashlyn had ever heard him speak in French.

His pronunciation was perfect and fluent.

Ashlyn leaned on the window and looked out at the starry night sky as she listened to his announcement.

Strangely, her heart fluttered as she imagined him working as Captain Nolan.

She couldn't help but recall how sexy and husky his voice sounded in her ears when they used to spend passionate nights together. Her ears heated and reddened at that thought.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 13

Around her, some Frenchmen started praising his pronunciation.

"This captain speaks French fluently."

"Très bien!"

"I love hearing him speak in English, too."

Ashlyn heard them praising Lucas in their native language clearly.

Spencer puffed his chest up proudly. "Mrs. Nolan, he did a good job, right?"

"Yes, my husband is great. He did well!"

Ashlyn smiled and lavished praises on him generously because she knew Spencer would report everything she said to Lucas later.

When they finally arrived in London, it was eleven at night.

The moment Ashlyn stepped off the plane, she let out a sneeze.

She was clad in a yellow dress and a khaki coat, but the night breeze was too much for her. So, she couldn't help but shiver at the sudden chill.

Spencer stood by her side as they waited for Lucas together.

After handling the landing procedures, Lucas walked out with the purser and the other flight attendants behind him.

They looked so good-looking in their uniforms that they immediately became the center of attraction in the airport.

Especially Lucas, whose captain's uniform accentuated his masculine sexiness.

Ashlyn shot him a sweet smile before she remembered they were getting a divorce soon. Naturally, she shouldn't do anything strange in front of his colleagues.

She stood silently beside Spencer.

"Captain Nolan, see you tomorrow."

"Bye, Captain Nolan."

Nancy and the other flight attendants bade goodbye to Lucas before they left separately.

"Did you see how fair Mr. White's complexion was? He even brought his girlfriend on a business trip."

"But why do I have a hunch that she's Captain Nolan's wife?"

"That young woman seems around 20? Captain Nolan is 26 this year. He wouldn't have married such a young wife."

"Captain Nolan has an impeccable taste. He won't be interested in that young girl," Jenny snorted and arched her brow.

Once she spoke, the other flight attendants fell silent. After a short pause, they changed the topic and started chatting about something else.

*

The car Lucas and Ashlyn were in headed toward the hotel slowly.

Once Lucas got into the car, he immediately

held Ashlyn's hands. "Why are your hands so cold?"

"The weather is slightly cooler at night. I'm fine." Ashlyn rested her head on his shoulder.

If they weren't about to get a divorce, they might seem like an old married couple.

When they reached the hotel, Ashlyn took a shower and climbed straight into bed as her head felt groggy.

By the time Lucas exited the bathroom, she had already fallen asleep. He lay by her side and was about to switch off the lights when

he realized her body was scalding hot.

"Ashlyn?"

The woman's eyes were shut tight as she had fallen into a deep sleep.

He reached out to touch her forehead and frowned at the heat he felt. "You're burning up."

As there were two unnatural red spots burning on her cheekbones, Lucas called the reception immediately. "Can I get a doctor? A female doctor, if possible."

Ten minutes later, the doctor arrived with her kit in hand.

She took Ashlyn's temperature and found she was running a temperature at 39 degrees Celsius.

"She has a fever. Sir, can you help me take off her clothes?" The blonde doctor clad in her blue uniform asked Lucas politely. "I need to give her a shot."

Something gleamed across Lucas' aloof gaze as he helped the doctor to take off Ashlyn's clothes.

After giving Ashlyn a shot, the doctor prescribed some medicine for her before leaving the hotel room.

For the rest of the night, Lucas kept reaching out to feel the woman's body temperature. He didn't know why her fever wouldn't go down.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 14

Ashlyn was half asleep when she suddenly felt her body burning. Even her breath was heated.

She shifted uncomfortably and opened her

eyes. At once, she met the man's dark gaze.

Ashlyn propped herself up and touched her forehead. "What time is it?"

"Four in the morning."

"Why aren't you asleep?" She stared at Lucas curiously.

"Since you're awake, take the meds." He got off the bed and got her a glass of water. He then removed the packaging of the pills and gave them to her.

"Meds?" Ashlyn gazed at the pills resting on her palm blankly.

She wasn't used to taking meds when she was sick.

Lucas furrowed his brows. "Didn't you realize you have a fever? I shouldn't have brought you here. You must've caught a fever because of me."

"No wonder my body is aching so badly."
Ashlyn didn't like taking medicine, but since

Lucas was staring at her, she had no choice but to swallow the pills.

After taking the pills, she snuggled into his embrace. Her voice was weak as she thanked him, "Thank you, honey."

Lucas must've summoned the doctor as he realized I had a fever.

Well, for the past four years, he did his duty as a husband.

The thing is, we don't love each other.

Lucas wrapped his arm around her waist upon hearing the affection in her voice. "Seducing me again?"

Ashlyn giggled coyly. "I feel much more refreshed after sleeping. I also feel more energetic now."

"You're naughty even when you're sick," the man chided and patted her head.

"You don't want it?" Ashlyn shot a seductive look at Lucas. She glanced around the room which was obviously decorated romantically like a honeymoon suite. "Let's not waste the

room's decoration."

Lucas couldn't resist her advances. At once, unveiled desire flashed in his eyes. "You asked for it."

Ashlyn only woke up when the afternoon rolled around the next day.

When she opened her eyes, Lucas handed her a beautifully wrapped box. "Put this on later."

"I brought clothes with me." Ashlyn blinked in surprise at the man's sudden concern. He even prepared thick clothing for me? she wondered.

"It's raining out there," the man replied, rather overbearingly.

Ashlyn said nothing after that. As a dutiful wife, she had to go along with her husband's arrangements.

She opened the box to reveal a trench coat from Ctene's latest collection.

There was also a pair of trousers in the box.

After washing up, she changed into her new clothes.

She came to the window and stared at the drizzle raining on the city. "What a pity we can't go sightseeing."

"Your fever has just subsided. We can go shopping at the nearby mall. No other sightseeing activities allowed," Lucas scrolled through his phone and replied coolly.

Ashlyn opened the window and stretched her hand out to touch the drizzling rain. It felt cool to her touch. "Honey, look. Even the gods know we're getting a divorce. The only vacation we have can't even be perfect."

Some things were meant to be regrettable.

For the first time, Lucas snapped at Ashlyn irritably, "Can you stop mentioning the divorce?"

Ashlyn closed the window and turned around, stunned. "You were the one who wanted a divorce."

"I'll sign the papers when we return." Lucas retorted and strode into the bathroom.

Ashlyn couldn't help but roll her eyes behind him. What was that? Did he change his mind? she thought in exasperation.

Meanwhile, Lucas lit a cigarette and took a huge puff of it. He let out a swirl of smoke as if he were releasing his oppressed emotions with it.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 15

Isn't getting a divorce the best choice? But why do I feel agitated when she talks about our divorce?

For the past four years, he had rarely been this agitated.

His mania symptoms had abated, so he thought it was because he took his meds

regularly.

When Lucas finally exited the bathroom, he had regained his composure.

Ashlyn was playing games on her phone on the sofa. "If you refuse to take Whitland Villa, I'll buy the entire Mossy Lake residential area and put it under your name."

"What?" Ashlyn's nimble fingers froze at his words. She couldn't even focus on her game, causing her opponent's attack to land on her. Her character immediately lost.

The man stood before the French windows with his back facing her. The light shone on him and highlighted his broad shoulders, long legs, and tall figure.

"All three hundred units within the ten blocks in Mossy Lake will be yours. You can have your pick."

The entire Mossy Lake residential area was developed by a property development division under Nolan Group. It was rumored to be opened for sale on the first day of the next

month.

Why is it mine now before its opening?
Ashlyn was confused.

"No, no. Captain Nolan, even if you're rich, you can't spend your money like this." Ashlyn wasn't about to accept his offer.

"I bought it with my own money. It has nothing to do with Nolan Group." Lucas' reply was nonchalant like he had just bought vegetables in the market instead of buying the entire residential area.

Indeed, Nolan Group belonged to him, but it

wasn't appropriate to allocate the group's assets to her.

Moreover, he paid 10% more than the original price for the residential area.

Nolan Group had definitely earned a profit.

The only one who suffered losses was him.

Ashlyn thought he was being crazy. "Honey, we're getting a divorce. We've signed a prenup, so your assets have nothing to do with me."

"2.8 billion is nothing to me," Lucas replied coolly. The agitation in his heart had faded away.

Ashlyn thought that gift of his was nothing but a hot potato.

If she accepted the Mossy Lake residential area, then their divorce would be a mess.

Damn, that's irritating.

Lucas, however, came to her. "Since we can't go out, why don't we do something fun?"

"No!" Ashlyn refused instinctively.

*

At seven in the evening, they boarded the flight back home.

Ashlyn sat next to Spencer like before. She was so exhausted she felt like falling apart on the spot.

As she had a fever earlier, her entire body felt uncomfortable right now.

A childish thought occurred to her. Why didn't Lucas get infected by me?

When the flight attendant distributed their supper, Ashlyn didn't have any appetite.

"You should eat some. If Mr. Nolan finds out you refuse to eat, I..." Spencer trailed off, seemingly stumped.

Hence, Ashlyn forced herself to take a few bites of the food.

After she had finished eating, Spencer gave her a glass of water. "Take your meds."

"Did he order you to do so?" Ashlyn had enough of the medicine. She never took them

whenever she was sick. All she did was hold up for two days and she'd recover soon after.

However, she took them to avoid unnecessary trouble.

She had no idea Spencer was this naggy.

When Lucas walked out of the cockpit, he saw Ashlyn glaring at Spencer angrily.

How dramatic of her, he thought.

"Did you take the meds?" The man towered above her.

"Yes, she did," Spencer answered on behalf of her. "I don't think she wants to drink water, though."

"You need to hydrate," Lucas reminded her calmly. As he was in his captain's uniform, many female passengers were looking in his direction.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 16

Ashlyn had no choice but to give in.

Did he come out from the cockpit just to ask if I have taken my meds?

Spencer had already forced me to drink two glasses of water! It's troublesome to keep going to the toilet, okay?

Jenny who was standing not far away heard them talking about 'water' and 'meds'. She furrowed her brows instantly.

Her instincts told her that girl wasn't Spencer's girlfriend.

Instead, she seemed more intimate with Captain Nolan.

Lucas pulled Ashlyn's blanket up in an oppressing but elegant manner. "Cover up."

He turned to Jenny and ordered, "Bring her another blanket."

Jenny bit her lip and left to get another blanket. When she returned, she handed it to Ashlyn, but Lucas took it from her. He spread the blanket and placed it on Ashlyn gently. "It's cold at night."

Jenny's eyes widened as she stared at the

couple in disbelief.

Did I just see the notoriously indifferent Captain Nolan being a softie by putting the blanket on that girl?

What is going on?

Isn't she Spencer's girlfriend?

Jenny's thoughts were in a whirl.

"Got it," Ashlyn mumbled. "Why aren't you

going back? Who's flying the plane?"

"The co-pilot is taking my place now," Lucas' reply was crisp. A tinge of displeasure entered his voice. "Do you want me to leave?"

Ashlyn hurriedly flattered him in return. "No, I'm just worried about your job. Over 100 lives on this plane are in your hands."

Lucas laughed at her reply. "Mm!"

He turned and headed to the cockpit.

Ashlyn smirked. She knew all men would fall for flattery easily. When she looked up, she

realized the flight attendant was still standing in front of her.

Ashlyn shot the pretty flight attendant a smile. "Anything I can help you with?"

Jenny snapped back to reality upon hearing her question. "Oh, I just wanted to ask if you need anything else?"

"No," Ashlyn said and shook her head. Looks like she has been charmed by Lucas as well. Otherwise, she wouldn't look so dejected.

Jenny's heart thumped almost uncontrollably. I saw it with my own eyes. Captain Nolan's

nickname is literally Iceberg. But why did he smile at that girl so warmly? She couldn't hide the jealousy within her as she wondered who that girl was.

When she returned, she heard the other flight attendants talking about that incident.

"Oh, my. Captain Nolan really put a blanket on her!"

"Is she Mrs. Nolan?"

"But I thought they got married four years ago? Is Mrs. Nolan that young?"

"Yeah, I don't think she's his wife."

When they saw Jenny coming over, they immediately stopped chattering.

Jenny's feelings were in turmoil as she poured herself a cup of water and gulped it down.

Who on earth is that girl?

It was already four in the morning when the plane finally landed.

The day was breaking.

As the chilly breeze hit Ashlyn, she felt her body gradually getting cold.

She tightened the Ctene trench coat around her as she thanked Lucas silently for his foresight.

"Mr. White, I have a question," Ashlyn said as she and Spencer walked to the shuttle bus waiting for them.

"Yes?"

"When will Lucas sign the papers?" She looked up at the sky. "Will he sign it

tomorrow?"

"Mrs. Nolan, I have no right to interfere in Mr. Nolan's business," Spencer responded cautiously. What's that supposed to mean? She couldn't help but think.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 17

After leaving the airport, Ashlyn and Spencer got into their car.

They waited for over 10 minutes before Lucas arrived.

Ashlyn knew he must be exhausted after the

long flight.

As an understanding wife, I have to please him so he will agree to sign the divorce papers, she decided.

Immediately, she reached out to massage his shoulders. "Do you feel comfortable?"

The man took her hands. "Let me hold you for a while."

He pulled her into his arms and closed his eyes to rest.

When the car finally reached the garage, Ashlyn realized Lucas was sound asleep on her shoulder.

Even when he was asleep, he looked astoundingly handsome.

His long, curly eyelashes were, of course, envied by many.

He had thrown his captain's cap on the seat carelessly, but the uniform he had on complimented his figure perfectly.

Spencer was about to wake Lucas up, but Ashlyn stopped him by putting her finger at her lips. He got off the car quietly and left them both alone.

Ashlyn's shoulder was aching as the man was leaning on it. However, she couldn't bear to wake him up. Her eyes closed.

Being a pilot might seem like a dignified job, yet in reality, it was laborious.

After the plane took off, the pilots had to

focus intently on their task so nothing would go wrong.

A slight mistake might lead to dire consequences.

Hey, I'm no saint. Why am I worried for him?

Ashlyn smiled wryly.

Am I contributing my last bit of duty as a wife right before our divorce?

*

Lucas was staring at the divorce agreement on his table in his office at Nolan Group.

When he wasn't flying planes, he'd come to Nolan Group to handle some affairs.

South Star Airlines belonged to his grandmother, Wendy Webber's family. None of the Webbers wanted to take over the family business.

The previous successor had two daughters, but one ended up being an artist while the other worked as a photographer.

Their jobs had nothing to do with the

aviation industry.

In the end, they had to pass the business to Wendy. Her dying wish was that her family business would get passed down to the next generation.

A few years ago, Lucas took over South Star Airlines and promised his grandmother he'd take care of the Webber daughters for the rest of their lives. He had also promised South Star Airlines would flourish under him.

Lucas had his own plan, of course. He had taken over South Star Airlines, but years later, if the Webber daughters managed to produce an heir and brought him up well, he'd

return the company to the Webbers.

To take over an airline company, he had to get to know the industry himself.

He was a responsible man. Once he decided to take on the task, he would do his best.

The same thing applied to his marriage. Since he had decided to get a divorce, he shouldn't drag it out.

Lucas tightened his grip on the pen before he signed on the agreement.

After penning his signature, he summoned

Spencer. "Give one copy to Ashlyn."

"Mr. Nolan, did you really sign it?" Spencer gasped in horror. Their divorce was the last thing he wanted to happen.

"Why? You're upset that I agreed to the divorce?" Lucas raised his brows.

Spencer took a deep breath before he answered, "No. I'll give it to Ms. Berry now."

Sigh, she's no longer Mrs. Nolan, he thought sadly.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn was in Whitland Villa,

typing on her laptop nimbly when someone knocked on the door.

She immediately slammed her laptop shut.

Spencer walked in. "Mr. Nolan has signed the divorce papers."

"Great!" Ashlyn took the divorce agreement and let out a relieved smile. "Mr. White, please tell Lucas to be at the Registry Office at three in the afternoon. I'll be waiting for him there."

With that, she picked up her packed luggage and left the villa.

Spencer immediately called Lucas and repeated her words to him.

"Is she that eager to proceed with the divorce?" There was a lump in Lucas' throat as he choked out unhappily.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 18

Lucas had married Ashlyn four years ago because of his grandpa. Now that his grandpa had passed away, he should proceed with the divorce procedures.

There was no need to drag it out.

Without waiting for Spencer's reply, he continued, "No need to wait till then. Tell her I'll head there now."

Ashlyn hadn't even walked out from the villa's courtyard when she heard Spencer yelling her name. She stopped and saw him running over to stop her in a huff. "Ms. Berry!"

"What?"

Did Lucas change his mind?

"Mr. Nolan said he can head to the Registry Office now. He told me to give you a ride there."

"Great! Thank you, Mr. White."

At the Registry Office, there was no one there at the divorce division late that afternoon.

The whole hall seemed empty and desolate.

After a few minutes, Lucas and Ashlyn walked out with their Certificate of Divorce.

Ashlyn looked up at the unusually blue sky and took in a deep breath of the exceptionally fresh air.

Finally, they had gotten a divorce, ending their marriage, which lasted for four years.

"Where are you going? I can give you a ride."
Lucas' deep voice rang above her.

Ashlyn shot him a smile. "No need."

She waved at a Land Rover parked across the street, which immediately zoomed over to them. The car door opened, and a familiar face appeared in their sight.

"Mr. Quickton?" Lucas' expression darkened. He didn't even know Ashlyn and Jared Quickton knew each other. Jared Quickton—the president of Centennial Healthcare—was currently single. At that thought, a trace of displeasure flashed across Lucas' heart.

"Mr. Nolan, long time no see. Thank you for taking care of Ashlyn all this while." Jared's mouth quirked in a warm smile as he picked up Ashlyn's luggage and threw it in the car.

Frowning, Lucas watched as Ashlyn climbed into the passenger seat. No wonder she was so eager to proceed with the divorce. Turns out she has found another man!

Is Jared Quickton hotter than me? Is he richer than me? She... Wait, damn it. Why am I comparing myself to Jared Quickton? There's nothing to compare!

Strangely, he felt thoroughly upset.

"Mr. Nolan, see you never!" Ashlyn waved at him and grinned brightly.

She will never call me Honey anymore. For the past four years, she was gentle and warm, but I've never seen her smile this brightly.

Lucas was stunned by that sight.

Suddenly, he had a hollow, empty feeling in his heart as if something important had just left his life.

As the Land Rover drove away, Spencer came to Lucas carefully and said, "Mr. Nolan, we should leave now."

Lucas' handsome face was grim as he got into

his car silently and banged the door shut.

*

Ashlyn didn't return to Bayview Villa immediately. Instead, she headed to Northern Cemetery.

She knelt in front of Charles Nolan's grave and touched his photo on the gravestone gently. The old man in the photo was gazing at her kindly. It was as if he had never left in the first place.

"Grandpa, I'm sorry. Lucas and I had gotten a divorce. I hope you won't blame me for that.

I'll come to visit you next time."

When she spun around to leave, a tall figure appeared in her sight. The said figure, dressed in a matte black suit, was gazing at her intently.

They met again after a brief separation.

Fancy running into him here, she thought. But since we're divorced now, I don't have to smile at him.

She rose to her feet. When she brushed against his shoulder on her way out, he grabbed her arm. "Why are you here?"

"I'm here to visit Grandpa," she replied indifferently.

Ashlyn's usual gentle demeanor was long gone. Right now, even though she remained expressionless, her presence was intimidating and oppressive as if she were his equal match!

This Ashlyn who was dressed in a black dress seemed utterly unfamiliar to Lucas. She was entirely different now.

"Mr. Nolan, please let me go," Ashlyn parted her lips and uttered coolly.

At her words, Lucas released his grip. She immediately headed for the exit, her high heels clicking loudly against the ground. Each step she took felt like a stab to Lucas' heart.

It was right at this moment when he finally realized she was no longer his wife. Their divorce had been finalized, so they were now as good as strangers to each other.

After paying his respects to his grandfather, Lucas had just gotten into his car when he received a call from Spencer. "Mr. Nolan, Cindy Wynn sustained injuries while she was shooting a stunt scene which involved wire-flying. She broke her leg and was sent

to First Hospital."

Lucas started his car and switched on his Bluetooth headset. "Why was she that careless?"

"How should we deal with this matter? Nolan Entertainment hasn't released a statement yet. The management is waiting for you to make a decision."

"I'm going to First Hospital now. Wait for me there," Lucas ordered and hung up.

Spencer arrived at First Hospital ahead of his boss and waited for him anxiously at the

car park. When he finally spotted Lucas' car, he immediately went up to him. "Cindy has been transferred from the ER to the operating theater. She's currently undergoing surgery."

"Let me find out her current situation first." With that, Lucas headed to the entrance. However, Spencer stopped him from doing so. "Mr. Nolan, the paparazzi is swarming the entrance right now. You should take the fire escape."

If the paparazzi spot Mr. Nolan, they'll make up wild stories like, 'President of Nolan Group Visits Cindy Wynn!' he thought.

Lucas stopped in his tracks and headed for the fire escape.

The operating theater was on the fifth floor.

Lucas exited the fire escape and looked up as a group of people who had just exited the elevator approached him.

The leader of the group was a female doctor in a white coat. Her long hair was tied up in a simple bun, exposing her swanlike long neck. She strode forward swiftly and flipped through the patient's record professionally.

There were over ten doctors and nurses

trailing behind her, listening to her every word intently.

When the strikingly beautiful woman's face appeared in his sight, Lucas' cold and indifferent expression cracked abruptly.

"Ashlyn?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 19

Someone tell me why my ex-wife is here? I thought she's unemployed and depends on me to survive? Anyone? Why is she in a doctor's coat? Lucas's mind was blown by the sight that greeted him.

The woman stopped three feet away from him, so the surgical team stopped abruptly, too.

Silence ensued in the hallway.

"Mr. Nolan," Ashlyn greeted him politely.

"Why are you here?" Lucas had snapped back to reality, but he couldn't stop himself from glaring at Ashlyn.

He had to admit the woman would look gorgeous even if she had a sack on. The doctor's coat she had on gave her an air of aloofness.

Lucas couldn't help but imagine her long legs wrapping around his waist.

He gulped abruptly as his lips went dry.

"Dr. Berry, we're ready for the surgery."
Right then, a young nurse ran out from the operating theater and reported to Ashlyn as a look of admiration lit up her face.

"Mr. Nolan, I have to get back to work." With that, Ashlyn turned and headed into the operating theater. As she walked in, she announced to her surgical team sternly, "Everyone, let's do it. Don't get distracted halfway!"

"Yes!" The surgical team replied respectfully like she was some kind of queen to them.

Spencer rubbed his eyes and inched closer to Lucas. "Mr. Nolan, was that Ms. Berry?"

"Yes," Lucas gritted out through clenched teeth.

Did she really get bad grades as she claimed?
She even told me she's unemployed because
she didn't graduate from college!

Damn it, she didn't even tell me she's a
doctor!

He was all riled up as he thought all this while
she didn't even get to graduate college due to
her bad grades. Marrying him was the only
chance for her to survive.

Right now, his head throbbed painfully,

reminding him how much of a fool he was.

"About Cindy..." Spencer reminded him.

"I'll leave it to you to handle the matter. Quash the story ASAP. I don't care what you do as long as you don't involve me in the issue. Also, release the truth in that statement." Lucas had no time for Cindy or Mindy, whoever that woman was.

For the first time in his life, he acted recklessly by stopping a nurse who happened to walk past him. "Is that Dr. Ashlyn Berry?" he inquired.

Even though he was good-looking, the nurse was terrified by his grim expression and answered timidly, "Dr. Berry? Yes. She's a skillful surgeon. She has always been my idol."

In a daze, Lucas muttered, "Skillful?"

The young nurse grew excited at the talk of her idol. "She's the best surgeon in our hospital. Don't you know her? S-She's so famous that many influential men came to our hospital to get treated by her. But she only performs one surgery every month, so it's quite hard to see her in action. Oh, and she's the top scorer in the national exams! She even graduated with a double degree! How amazing is that? I'm her junior in college. She

was so popular back on campus. Because of her, I decided to study medicine. I'm no doctor, but I'm happy enough to be a nurse who can save lives."

Both Lucas and Spencer were dumbfounded.

They knew about the best surgeon in First Hospital who was rumored to be a young woman. She had created countless miracles in the operating theater.

Never in a million years did they think that doctor was Ashlyn!

Just now, Ashlyn's icy and indifferent

expression was so different from the gentle demeanor she had put up at home. That was the very reason Lucas found it hard to accept the reality.

Was that her true self? Did she put up an act for all these years?

In the operating theater, Ashlyn barked out orders professionally.

"Forceps."

"Hemostat."

"Heart rate."

"BP."

The patient was a 95-year-old man. He fell down on his back and injured his spine. As he was old and it was high-risk to operate on him, no one dared to perform the surgery.

The hospital director had no choice but to ask Ashlyn to take up the surgery.

The surgery went on for seven hours.

Sweat beaded on Ashlyn's forehead. Even her legs felt numb after standing that long.

Finally, after sewing the last stitch, she exhaled deeply. "Done," she announced.

She left the operating table and informed a doctor in his forties who was behind her all the while. "Dr. Hendrickson, finish up the rest."

"Yes, of course, Dr. Berry," Dr. Hendrickson replied politely. "Don't worry. You can nap in peace."

Ashlyn left the operating theater and removed her surgical gloves tiredly.

She plopped down on the ground and rested

for a while. Then, she took off the surgical gown and washed her hands thoroughly.

After she finally cleaned herself up, the rest of the surgical team had already finished up and walked out from the operating theater.

Ashlyn informed them regarding some important matters before leaving the operating theater.

The moment she stepped out, she saw Lucas waiting outside the exit.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 20

Anger flashed across the man's face. "I didn't know you're a doctor. Why have you never told me about that?"

Ashlyn looked at him like he had gone crazy. "Excuse me. I'm busy."

The nurses and doctors exited the operating theater right then. "Dr. Berry, I have a question regarding this procedure."

"Dr. Berry, remember the arteries? You avoided them so deftly. I nearly gasped in shock when I saw you make that cut right

next to the arteries."

"Dr. Berry, was there really a lesion? I didn't see anything wrong back then."

Lucas watched as the woman answered the questions from her surgical team in a low voice. She looked dazzling and charming in her element and was no longer gentle and coy.

Instead, she treated him like a stranger indifferently. It was as if they were miles apart from each other despite being so physically close.

Just what kind of person she was?

In the ward, Cindy Wynn lay on her bed and whined, "Terry, what's going on? Why isn't Mr. Nolan here yet? Did you tell him I got seriously wounded?"

"Don't worry. He'll be here soon," Terry Peters, her manager, assured her.

"It's all your fault for coming up with this horrible idea. You said I wouldn't get hurt, but I twisted an ankle!" Cindy stared at her bandaged ankle which was hurting a lot.

"Darling, you're lucky enough you needn't get operated on," Terry replied and glanced at the door. He made sure no one was near the room before he declared, "I lied to Lucas and told him you're in surgery. I even informed the paparazzi to wait at the entrance for him. When he arrives, I guarantee he make the headlines."

"But will he come?" Cindy sighed. "I've waited since noon. It's near midnight now."

Right then, a knock sounded at the door.

Both Cindy and Terry brightened up at once. Cindy put on a weak look before she called faintly, "Come in."

"What are you doing here?"

Upon seeing Spencer behind the door, Cindy couldn't help but demand shrilly, "Where's Mr. Nolan?"

"Mr. Nolan is busy. He told me to visit you." Spencer immediately understood Cindy's intention. Lucas was indeed, irresistible to most women. "How are you feeling? Please let me know if you require anything."

"I think I won't be able to walk for the time being." Cindy was dismayed. Why did Lucas send his assistant instead of coming himself? Damn it!

"Well, have a good rest. We'll help you reschedule your filming schedule with the production team," Spencer announced and left right after.

He had just shut the door when endless sounds of things smashing to the ground rang from the room.

Shaking his head wryly, he thought, You want to be Mrs. Nolan? With that attitude of yours? Dream on!

"Damn it!" Cindy knocked everything off the table with one large sweep of her arm.

All her stuff clattered to the ground noisily.

"Cindy, calm down. I think the matter isn't as bad as you imagine."

Her manager hurriedly consoled her while picking up the stuff from the ground.

"Mr. Nolan sent his assistant. That means he cares for you. If he doesn't feel anything for you, he wouldn't even send his assistant here!"

Cindy's face twisted with anger as her cheeks gradually turned crimson. "Why did I pretend to get hurt? For him! But in the end, I got hurt for real, and Mr. Nolan didn't even show up! My plan had backfired!"

"Rumor has it that they are going to get a divorce soon. You'll get him in no time," Terry revealed this piece of news to Cindy. "I heard Mrs. Nolan has already moved out from their current home."

"Who did you hear this from?" Cindy recalled what she saw in Lucas' house that day.

The woman even ordered Lucas to wash the dishes. Would she step away from him easily?

Impossible. She wouldn't, Cindy decided.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 21

"Look," Terry showed her a post posted by an entertainment fan page which often released unproven rumors.

"There's only a vague sentence. There are no pictures, too." Cindy pursed her lips.

Nevertheless, she felt a lot better after reading that post.

Back then, Lucas agreed to attend her birthday party even though he was in front of his wife. That could only mean one thing—his wife meant nothing to him.

So what if he washed the dishes as told? Perhaps it was the woman's ploy, she thought.

Inside the president's office of Nolan Entertainment, a tall figure was seated behind the mahogany desk.

Dressed in an expensive bespoke suit and a black shirt underneath, the man looked

elegant and swanky. When he stretched his hands out, his sterling silver cufflinks sparkled under the light.

The senior managers of the company were all standing in front of Lucas quietly. They were usually imposing in public, but each of them lowered their heads fearfully in Lucas' presence.

Why is Mr. Nolan here? They wondered.

As Lucas had appointed a CEO to run Nolan Entertainment, he rarely asked about the

entertainment section as he was busy enough running Nolan Group.

Oh, is he here because of Cindy? He is rumored to be linked romantically to her.

Is he here to stand up for his lover?

Lucas didn't know what the senior managers thought about him.

He couldn't bring himself to stay in his office, so he left and wandered around. He had no idea why he ended up at Nolan Entertainment.

With his head lowered, he flipped through the reports irritatedly.

He didn't even remember how he got home from the hospital last night. The only thing he could remember was that the bed was freezing, uncomfortable, annoying and unfamiliar.

The image of Ashlyn striding away in her doctor's coat kept popping up in his head.

Lucas suddenly paused as his thoughts started to wander. He wasn't interested in

the report one bit.

Best surgeon?

How could someone like Ashlyn end up being the best surgeon?

Famous doctor?

How could that be? If Lucas hadn't witnessed that scene yesterday, he wouldn't have believed it even if someone told him about it.

However, his ex-wife had just given him a massive slap in the face.

15-year-old top scorer?

I don't recall a genius top scorer a few years back.

If it's true, the media would've blown it up.

Lucas prided himself on his impeccable memory, but he had no recollection of the top scorer at all. Every year, the media would report the top scorers of the yearly national exams. Everyone would lavish praises on the intelligent top scorers.

He wouldn't have forgotten about a

15-year-old genius. The media wouldn't miss the opportunity to report about her, too.

But then, the nurse needn't lie to him.

The senior managers started sweating profusely as he had been reading the report for over half an hour.

Is there something wrong with the report?

Why did he stop at that page for so long?

Lucas looked up at the CEO icily. "Have you heard of a 15-year-old genius top scorer in the national exams?"

"Ah? What?" The CEO's mind went blank and he failed to react in time.

The other senior managers were taken aback at their boss' sudden question.

They were in the entertainment division, not the education division!

"Looks like you've never heard of that, too."

Lucas' dignified expression wavered slightly.

"Help me find out the youngest top scorers in the national exams in recent years."

I must get to the bottom of this, he decided.

"Er, yes. Yes." The CEO wiped off the sweat on his brows and hurriedly relayed Lucas' order.

Ten minutes later, the head secretary walked in with a file and handed it to the CEO.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 22

The atmosphere in the office was too heavy, so the secretary did not dare to stay a moment longer and left.

Oh my gosh! The big boss has arrived! Scary!

"Mr. Nolan, this is the data you requested about the top scorer of the national exams,"
The CEO reported and passed the report to Lucas.

The man started flipping through the document with his long and defined fingers.

It had ten pages filled with every top scorer in the last ten years. Nolan Entertainment was especially efficient.

The company would not settle for anything less.

"Where's the top scorer for the sciences in 2013? There's only the top scorer for the arts here," Lucas demanded as he tapped the table with his finger.

"I'm not sure. There isn't a word about the top scorer for that year all over the internet. Our men can't find it either. It seems that someone has erased the data to keep him or her anonymous," The CEO answered in a tiny voice.

In 2013, Ashlyn was fifteen. Now that it was

2020, she was but twenty-two years old.

She had married Lucas when she was eighteen.

Four years had passed in the blink of an eye.

In H Nation, as long as you were a legal adult, you could get married. Hence, it was not uncommon to see people starting families at a young age.

However, Lucas had no interest in marriage or dating.

Don't tell me the missing data is Ashlyn's?

What methods did she use to keep her information confidential? If it was confidential, then how did the nurse know?

The more Lucas thought of it, the more he was confused. He felt frustrated.

"Mr. Lowe, I have no choice! My idol has been busy with divorce and won't write me any songs!" A crisp and melodic voice interrupted the heavy mood in the room.

He could be heard even before he arrived.

A handsome young man opened the door and charged in.

Jonathan was stunned when he opened the door.

He often frequented the CEO's office, but he had never seen such a crowd before.

Neither had he seen his CEO, Wilson Lowe, standing respectfully before a man in front of his own office.

His jaw dropped and queried, "Mr. Lowe, what's going on? Why are you standing?"

Wilson was vexed. Damn it, I don't care if you usually run your mouth carelessly, but the boss is here! Can't you take a hint?

Wilson tried to give Jonathan a signal by winking at him, but it did not register.

Jonathan inquired, "Mr. Lowe, your eyes are twitching uncontrollably. Do you need to see a doctor?"

Wilson was speechless. Someone, anyone, get Jonathan out of here!

Lucas' gaze fell upon this thin young man. He was dressed casually in a white t-shirt, blue jeans, and sneakers.

He had an unforgettably handsome face as well.

Lucas knew that this man was Nolan Entertainment's pop star, Jonathan Quickton, and he had a large fanbase.

The reason for his fame was his melodic tone. It was literally a gift from the heavens.

As if that was not enough, he had a strong backer in the industry as well.

This supporter had singlehandedly written all of his songs and lyrics for him, transforming

him from a rising star to one of the top singers in the nation.

His albums sold like hot cakes and his fans were everywhere.

His songs were loved by the young and old alike and many people loved singing them. Nearly every mall used his songs as background music.

Even someone like Lucas who did not pay attention to the entertainment industry knew who he was from a single glance.

After he gained fame, Jonathan had received

countless offers for endorsements and events. His schedule was filled to the brim.

However, he had not released a single album that year.

Some people said that he had run out of tricks, while others said that he had a falling out with his backer, Snowstorm.

Suddenly, Jonathan turned to stare at the man on the seat as though he was an alien.

This man exuded such an authoritative pressure that the carefree and fearless Jonathan gulped as well. In his presence,

Jonathan felt somewhat intimidated.

However, when he recalled his aim in coming here, he greeted the man, "Good day, Mr. Nolan."

"Why are you looking for the CEO?" Lucas questioned expressionlessly.

"My idol, Snowstorm, has been busy with divorce and won't be writing me any songs for now..."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 23

"However, Snowstorm wrote me a script. This

script is awesome. I'd like to try my hand at acting instead. I want to be the male lead," Jonathan explained nervously.

"You can look for me for small matters like these!" Wilson snapped as he dragged Jonathan aside. He suppressed the urge to throw him out and roared, "Mr. Nolan is too busy to care if you'll be acting or not. Get out now! Can't you tell this is serious?"

"Mr. Lowe, you've never supported my interest in acting. Now that the boss is here, I need to take the opportunity to appeal to him." Jonathan frowned. I can't possibly rely on Snowstorm for my entire life, can I? What if Snowstorm suddenly stops

supporting me? Am I supposed to end my entire career like that? I'm still young and I graduated from Crescent School of Music and Drama! I've got good acting and singing skills!

When Lucas heard that Snowstorm was getting a divorce as well, he suddenly felt an inexplicable sense of calmness.

So I'm not the only one going for a divorce, huh? Even a talent in music like Snowstorm is getting a divorce.

Lucas felt better.

Snowstorm was renowned in the music industry. Although Snowstorm singlehandedly raised Jonathan into a superstar, the genius' whereabouts were unknown and no one had seen them before. According to Jonathan, Snowstorm is good at scriptwriting as well. What a genius. But so what? So what if Snowstorm's talented? At the end of the day, even a genius is getting a divorce, just like me.

Lucas' twisted way of thinking suddenly gave him a headache. Have I gone mad? What happened to my calmness and rationality? It must've been because I learned about

Ashlyn's true identity yesterday. That's why I can't keep my emotions in check.

He remained expressionless the entire time, so none of the executives could guess what he was thinking.

None of them would have guessed that their cool, calm, and aloof boss was completely flustered.

Jonathan carefully observed Lucas' reaction. Why did he suddenly stop after listening to me? He could not tell what this scary man

was thinking about either.

He gulped and attempted to talk, but Wilson gave him a glare and told Lucas, "Mr. Nolan, Jonathan is still young and naïve. He doesn't understand how cruel the industry is. If it turns out that his acting isn't as great as he thinks it to be, it will affect not only the company's interests but also his future."

He hinted to Jonathan that the company's main goal was to gain profit and that he would never approve of this change.

Lucas' train of thought was interrupted by that. He pulled himself together and scanned the room with his cold gaze. Then, he

commented, "It's good that the youth have their own ideas. We shouldn't limit their growth and development. The new album will consist of a mix of both Snowstorm and Jonathan's works, with emphasis on Snowstorm. Pass me the script. If it's well written, we'll let Jonathan star in it."

"But... Snowstorm is ignoring me," Jonathan whined. I want Snowstorm to continue writing me songs as well, but the guy's busy!

Although he wanted to write songs as well, he knew that the songs he wrote would never match up to Snowstorm's. He suddenly

realized that he could not rely on Snowstorm forever, which motivated him to switch to acting. Many singers were good at acting as well. Now that music albums did not sell as well, he had to forge another path for himself. He could not possibly wait to just slowly fade away.

Surprisingly, Lucas had agreed to his ideas as well.

Perfect! However, he suddenly lost confidence as well and was overwhelmed by nervousness.

None of my songs has been written by myself before! I can't be sure if this will work out!

Jonathan was conflicted.

"If he isn't free, then find a way to make him free." Lucas frowned. "Well then, that's that. Send me the script for now."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 24

He got up, buttoned the second button of his blazer, and walked out the door.

His assistant, Spencer, followed close behind him.

A bunch of executives followed suit.

The CEO heaved a sigh of relief. The boss has finally finished his inspection. He suggested, "Mr. Nolan, it's going to be noon soon. I made a lunch reservation at Imperial Hotel."

Imperial Hotel was the most premium hotel in the city.

The top floor had a revolving restaurant that was frequented by the rich.

However, it was extremely difficult to get a

reservation there.

"No need," the man replied indifferently as he walked away.

The CEO turned to Spencer for help. The boss rarely comes to Nolan Entertainment. Surely he can stay for a meal at least.

Everyone feared this important man, but at the same time, it was a great honor to have a meal together with Lucas.

They would be able to brag about it for an

entire year.

Although the employees had worked for the Nolan Group, they did not have many opportunities to meet Lucas. Even when they did, it would be in a meeting filled with other executives.

Even though Wilson was the CEO and the highest-ranking man in Nolan Entertainment, he was simply a big fish in a small pond.

He would not let such a rare opportunity slip.

This isn't just any ordinary man! He's the boss of the Nolan Group, the man in charge of South Star Airlines, as well as the first captain of South Star Airlines, Lucas Nolan! Everyone in H Nation knows him! He's so powerful and rich that even the president has to treat him with respect!

Spencer understood what the executives were thinking, but he was just an assistant. He could not affect the boss' decisions either.

However, he had to at least try. "Mr. Nolan, it's difficult to get a reservation at Imperial Hotel. I'm sure Mr. Lowe has put in a lot of effort into this."

Lucas stepped out of the elevator and walked out in a commanding aura. His calm and aloof eyes were especially frightening and struck fear into the hearts of others.

Many female employees and stars stole quick glances at him but did not dare to stare.

He's scary! Of course, everyone's afraid of him, he's the boss! Ah, he's so handsome! What a waste though, I heard he's married. I wonder if Mrs. Nolan is scared of him as well?

All of them had an innate fear of Lucas.

Hence, they felt that Mrs. Nolan must have been the same way. Mrs. Nolan is probably on her knees all the time at home. Kneeling while walking, kneeling while cooking, and kneeling while scrubbing the floor... Then again, with the wealth and status of the Nolan family, it's probably worth it!

Lucas strode out of the lobby. The sun was unbearably hot and on days like these, his house would stock up on cold drinks and ice-cream made by chefs from Imperial Hotel. Only the best ingredients from the top chefs from Imperial Hotel would be used.

Ashlyn loved such desserts and would often

invite him to join in as well.

When she left, the home became nothing more than a house.

Suddenly, Lucas stopped and replied, "Imperial Hotel."

The boss agreed?

The CEO, who was worried up till a moment ago, was overjoyed and instructed the executives behind him, "What are you guys waiting for? Let's go!"

The executives had already lost hope and did

not expect Lucas to change his mind.

They were nearly brought to tears by this. We must really be lucky today! We managed to get a chance to have lunch with Mr. Nolan!

A few luxury cars, led by a Bentley, headed for Imperial Hotel.

At Imperial Hotel's revolving restaurant.

It was extremely difficult to get a reservation there. The restaurant was decorated in a refined and extravagant manner and had a good ambience. It felt like it was a different realm altogether.

The entire restaurant was filled with a peaceful and romantic atmosphere.

A woman in a light, purple-colored round-neck knee-length dress was seated in a corner of the restaurant.

She had a cream-colored cardigan over the dress, making her look graceful and pure.

Her silky black hair had been tied into a bun and she did not wear any accessories other than two ruby-adorned earrings. The earrings had tassels attached, so when she looked down or turned around, the earrings would

gently brush against her face.

Almost all eyes turned towards her beautiful face.

She was outstandingly beautiful.

In fact, she was more beautiful than any other woman they had seen before.

Jared rushed over, drenched in sweat. When he took a seat opposite Ashlyn, his worried expression contrasted with her beautiful poise.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 25

He took a napkin from the table and wiped his sweat while grumbling, "What a hot day. I just came from the office and I'm already drenched in sweat."

Ashlyn glanced at him with an aloof gaze. She had a naturally intimidating presence.

"You shouldn't have worn something so suffocating," she teased.

"I'm the CEO of your Centennial Healthcare. I can't possibly show up at work in casual

wear," Jared groaned. His breath was taken away when he saw Ashlyn. The boss looks great in whatever she's wearing. Ah, it makes me feel so ashamed.

"I've ordered everything you like here," Ashlyn changed the subject and gestured for a waiter. The waiter inquired, "Ms. Berry, is there anything I can help you with?"

Ashlyn ordered, "You may serve the main course now."

"Sure, in a minute."

"Boss, what do you plan to do after the

divorce?" Jared asked as he took a sip of red wine.

"Oh, I've found a job," Ashlyn replied coolly.

"Pfft!" Jared spat a mouthful of wine out.

Thankfully, Ashlyn had good reflexes and avoided it.

She glared at Jared, "Hey, Mr. CEO, shouldn't you upkeep your image in public?"

"Excuse me. I mean, aren't you busy enough as it is? You've found a job? What job is it?"

Jared wiped his mouth as he called for a waiter to help clean up the mess he made.

"I'll tell you about it later," Ashlyn answered. She had lost her appetite thanks to Jared and instructed, "Pass me the proposal for the partnership."

Jared should consider himself lucky that the food hasn't been served yet. Otherwise, I'll kill him.

For convenience, Jared took a seat beside Ashlyn as they discussed the details.

When Lucas and his men entered the restaurant, they saw Jared and Ashlyn engrossed in a discussion side by side.

Lucas' face fell and the temperature in the restaurant dropped by at least ten degrees.

When the executives saw their boss' expression, they started to panic.

What's up with the boss? Does he hate Imperial Hotel? Oh my gosh, he's like a walking air-conditioner now. Scary!

Everyone cast a pitiful gaze toward Spencer. It must be tough being his assistant.

Spencer was speechless.

They took a seat at a rectangular table with Lucas sitting at one end and the executives sitting on either side.

Everyone was worried and wondered what the boss was thinking.

When Spencer noticed Ashlyn from afar, he suddenly realized what was going on. No wonder he's so angry. We ran into Mrs. Nolan!

Ashlyn was especially sensitive to people looking at her and could identify Lucas' cold glare almost immediately. She looked up and locked eyes with him.

Lucas' gaze darkened and his handsome face exuded a harsh chill.

Ashlyn raised an eyebrow. We really run into each other everywhere, don't we? We're already divorced, but we still run into each other during lunch.

Jared noticed that Ashlyn was not responding to him and followed her gaze to

see Lucas. He sneered and headed toward Lucas, greeting him, "Well, well, well, if it isn't Mr. Nolan."

Although Centennial Healthcare had been progressing well in recent years and both of them were the people in charge of their respective organizations, Jared still had cold feet in front of Lucas.

He was smiling on the outside but cursing his luck internally.

Does this man even have facial muscles? How can he look so grumpy all the time? How did the boss survive four years of being married to him? No wonder she wants a divorce.

"Mr. Quickton, are you here for a meal with your girlfriend? Want to join us?" Lucas offered. He remained as expressionless as ever, but his words were shocking nonetheless.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 26

Wait, I didn't know Centennial Healthcare and Nolan Group do business together. Why is the boss inviting Jared for lunch? Is this in preparation for some future collaboration? But the boss doesn't look happy to see Jared at all!

Only one man understood the situation-

Spencer.

Mr. Nolan is too awkward when it comes to these matters. What's the point of doing it in such a roundabout manner? Just invite Ashlyn over directly!

As Lucas' official interpreter and S-tier support unit, Spencer got up and intended to invite Ashlyn over himself.

Lucas' cold gaze swept over him and queried, "Where do you think you're going?"

Spencer's face flushed red and glanced at Lucas. I'm going to get Ashlyn over, that's what! However, what came out was, "I'd like to use the washroom."

And thus, the support unit left the room.

Jared then asked for Ashlyn's opinion before bringing her to Lucas' table. He replied, "Thanks for the invitation, Mr. Nolan. We'll join you for lunch, then."

Jared was sharp and knew that he could not afford to refuse the invitation in front of so

many executives.

Ashlyn headed to a seat at the opposite end of the table, far away from Lucas.

However, a certain stone-faced individual spoke, "It's too cold there. Take a seat beside me."

Oh my gosh, what did I just hear? The boss invited Jared's partner to sit with him? What on earth is going on? Isn't the boss married?

Wilson and the other executives turned their eyes to Ashlyn.

She's a top-class beauty! None of the people I've seen before are as pretty as she is, and I'm working in an entertainment company! None of the girls in Nolan Entertainment can match up to her! Especially that aloof look in her eyes. Where have I seen that look before? That's right, it's the same cold glare as the boss'!

"I appreciate the sentiment, Mr. Nolan."
Ashlyn turned around to look at Lucas.

As she turned around, her hair brushed past her face, accentuating her defined features.

The tassels on her earrings danced in the wind.

There was a lively expression in her eyes, as though she was a fairy living in the forest.

Lucas demanded, "Aren't you going to come over?"

He could not disguise the impatience and helplessness in his tone. Sure, we're divorced, but we don't have to be married to sit next to each other, right? Must you really coddle up to Jared the moment we get divorced?

Earlier, when Lucas mentioned that she was Jared's girlfriend, Jared had not denied it.

Lucas held a grudge and was frustrated when she took a seat with Jared.

Even if they were divorced, he would not allow any other men to set their sights on Ashlyn, at least not for now.

The crowd got excited, as though something big was going to happen.

They were all screaming internally. Oh my goodness! I can't believe that there's a woman in this world who can resist the boss'

charm! The boss had to ask twice!

Ashlyn responded, "This seat is fine."

"The honey chicken drumlets are over here."
Lucas casually gestured at the tempting plate of chicken drumlets right in front of him.

Ashlyn was a good cook and a gourmet.

Hence, she would not be able to resist good food.

After four years of marriage, Lucas naturally knew what her favorite food was.

Everyone was speechless.

The boss even knows what this lady's favorite food is! What on earth is their relationship? Didn't the boss just say she is Jared's girlfriend?

Some of them had already started imagining a love triangle plot on par with some third-rated romance novels.

Spencer, who had returned from his forced pilgrimage to the restroom, came back in time to hear Lucas say that.

Tsk, tsk. Mr. Nolan, why haven't you invited her back to your side yet? You're not getting anywhere at this rate!

Just as Spencer was grumbling about Lucas' inefficiency, Ashlyn got up and took a seat beside Lucas.

That seat was supposed to be Spencer's. Spencer continued walking to Ashlyn's original seat as though he had sat there since the very beginning.

The executives' thoughts started to wander. Is Jared really ok about this? His girlfriend just took a seat beside the boss! Doesn't he feel his pride being hurt at all?

Jared simply smirked. I'm not important enough to influence my boss' decisions!

However, he felt uncomfortable watching Ashlyn leave all the same. Why am I feeling this way? In the past, they were legally wedded, so there's nothing I can say about that. Now that they're divorced, why is Lucas clinging to my boss like this? When will it be my turn to get some attention? Argh!

Lucas then shot a taunting look toward Jared.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 27

However, Ashlyn caught that look in his eye. What a childish man! Why have I never noticed that such a rational and powerful man acts like such a child sometimes? I can't believe this.

Even the simplest actions such as eating were done so gracefully by Ashlyn that she looked like a goddess.

All of the executives, and even the other nearby patrons, found themselves captivated by her.

Lucas' triumphant expression turned to one of annoyance.

Ever since his divorce, his temper had become unpredictable.

He had known that Ashlyn was beautiful this entire time.

However, in the past, Ashlyn had acted like a doll. She was pretty to look at, but she did not look lifelike and attractive.

However, after the divorce, Ashlyn was a master seductress!

Lucas had known this entire time that Ashlyn had not shown him her true self and had been putting on a façade for the entire four years of their marriage.

Now that they had divorced, she simply felt no need to continue putting up an act.

Am I a failure of a husband, or is Ashlyn too good of an actress?

Ashlyn raised her fair hand elegantly and signaled for a waiter to come over. She ordered, "I'd like a banana split."

Lucas suddenly whispered into her ear, "You shouldn't be having that on your period."

Ashlyn was caught off-guard and bowed her head down low to hide her embarrassment.

She shot back with her face flushed, "I didn't know you can count the days of the month so well, Mr. Nolan."

We're already divorced! Why does he still remember when I'm on my period? What exactly is this man up to? He's a pervert!

Lucas then straightened up and replied in his aloof demeanor, "I happen to be good at mathematics."

The banana split was Imperial Hotel's signature ice-cream. It was delicious and had an exquisite appearance.

Once the ice-cream was served, before Ashlyn could dig in, Lucas ordered the waiter to remove it off the table.

"I-I'm terribly sorry, M-Mr. Nolan," the waiter stammered. "I can't take this away. Ms. Berry ordered this."

"We're the ones paying here," Wilson quipped.

Oh my gosh, Imperial Hotel sure is something. How dare they refuse the boss like that!

"Sir, it doesn't matter who's paying here. We only take orders from Ms. Berry." The waiter bowed and left.

What do you mean by that?

Ashlyn smiled. "Never mind, I'm done here. Jared, let's go."

What? This woman speaks so casually to the CEO of Centennial Healthcare? It's as though she's ordering her pet around!

The scariest part was when Jared wiped his mouth and got up, following behind her like he was actually her dog. He offered, "I'll get your bag."

Just like that, the woman passed her bag to Jared and strutted off as though she was the queen.

To their complete shock, when this woman got up, all of the staff in the restaurant, including the manager, got up to send her off at the elevator and chimed in unison, "Have a

great day, Ms. Berry!"

This loud gesture attracted everyone's gazes.

Even the boss didn't receive such treatment!

Meanwhile, Lucas had a grim expression. Darn it! This woman... I really want to pin her down and screw her over now! We've only been divorced for a few days and she's already fawning all over Jared and going everywhere with him!

No one dared to say anything to Lucas for fear of incurring his wrath.

They had been looking forward to this meal, but now, all they wanted to do was leave.

When the meal had finally ended, all of them heaved a sigh of relief.

The moment Lucas stepped into the elevator, a few executives headed to the washroom.

One of the younger men was curious and asked a passing waiter, "Why do all of you act so courteously toward Ms. Berry?"

The moment Ashlyn was mentioned, the waiter's face lit up with a smile filled with respect.

"We're all used to treating Ms. Berry this way."

"But why?" the executive inquired.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 28

Imperial Hotel's boss' identity has been kept secret all this while. Some say that he's a man in his fifties, while others say that he's a rich young man. Don't tell me Ms. Berry is the boss' lover?

"Life's great because of her!" The waiter explained and walked away in a good mood.

He looked truly happy when Ashlyn was mentioned.

However, this only made the executive more confused. He turned to his colleagues and inquired, "What's the deal with Ms. Berry? If she really is the lover of the boss here, the employees won't be this happy to see her, right?"

"He might as well as not have answered your question!" Another executive chimed in. "Ms. Berry sure is beautiful though. If I weren't

married, I'd like to court her as well."

"Alright, that's enough. Careful not to let the boss hear you."

Ashlyn left the restaurant and got into Jared's car.

"Where to?" Jared queried.

Ashlyn blinked slowly and replied, "Send me home."

Jared frowned. "Aren't you going to work?"
She did say that she got a new job, didn't she?

Ashlyn raised an eyebrow and glanced at her phone, "I'm working from home."

Five minutes ago, she had received a message.

Half an hour later, Ashlyn headed into her own room. Although Jared was curious as to what she was working as, he knew that it was impossible to find out if Ashlyn did not want to tell him.

He drove back to the office.

Ashlyn took a bath, changed into loungewear, brought her laptop to the soft rug, and sat down.

She then linked her phone to the computer network.

Naturally, she had not used her phone number to contact the other party, but a specially encrypted method.

She activated a voice altering software and

made a voice call.

This resulted in her speaking in a cold male voice, "What's the case about?"

"Zero, the other party is offering half a million for this. Will you accept?" A middle-aged male voice replied. It was Ashlyn's partner, Quiet Forest. Ashlyn had worked with this organization for four years and they trusted each other with their lives.

"Sure, why not," Ashlyn chuckled. "Who put up this request? Send me his details as well as the details of the job."

"Alright, Zero," Quiet Forest replied. After a brief pause, he continued, "The other party has kept his details confidential."

"Oh, is that so? Looks like he doesn't want us to find out who he is." Ashlyn's eyes narrowed. Well, it couldn't be easier for me to find out.

She did not think too deeply into this and responded, "Send me the case then."

"This is a tricky case that requires your IP tracking skills. Zero, if you're willing to help, thousands of people will benefit from it."

"You flatter me," Ashlyn replied. "Tell the other party that I'll be done with it in three days."

After that, she hung up.

Two minutes later, she received a data file.

It was a simple case that required her to investigate the driver of a hit-and-run accident. However, he was no ordinary man. He was a property developer and had fled before his project was completed.

His employees had quit because they did not receive their pay on time. The construction

workers had worked hard but were not paid a single cent.

Ashlyn took a deep breath. The other party has given me this man's basic information and requested me to catch this man using my skills. Quiet Forest wasn't exaggerating when he said that I'd be able to help thousands of people.

Ashlyn sighed. Since I took up this case, I'll see it through and make sure these workers get their hard-earned money.

It was a dark night.

The pitch-black street was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

A shady man quietly popped his head out of a dustbin.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 29

He smelled rancid. It was the tenth day since he had fled to Eastern Europe.

These ten days, he had remained in contact with the local mafia boss and asked him to keep an eye out for houses nearby.

After hiding for ten days, he heaved a sigh

of relief. Looks like there isn't anyone looking for me after all.

He prepared to look for an unpopular motel to take a bath and spend the night.

Ever since he fled the country, he escaped to Singapore, then to Thailand, before finally arriving in Eastern Europe.

Half a year has passed since then. Surely my trail has gone cold. Looks like my patience in hiding has paid off.

As the man thought of this, he dusted his clothes and looked for a small motel using his phone's map.

After taking a shower, he phoned the local mafia boss, "How's the search for a house? I want a villa and it must have at least a pool, a garage, and a garden."

"Yes, money is not an issue."

"At least three floors in the main building."

"Alright, I'll be waiting for your good news

then."

The man had not slept this well in a long time. So what if I knocked over someone? I already offered to pay, but the family insisted on suing me and sending me to prison. The worst part is that although that family is poor, their son has graduated from some police academy. Now, I have no choice but to flee the country. Thank goodness I haven't completed the project at hand yet. Now, I have all the money I'll ever need to live a luxurious life.

As he thought of this, the man slowly drifted off to sleep.

Unbeknownst to him, there was a woman tracking him using highly advanced hacking skills.

*

Ashlyn worked through the night and only turned off her laptop when the sun was up.

She rubbed her dry eyes and leaped into her large and comfortable bed.

Before she could get much sleep, her phone rang.

Ashlyn suppressed her irritation and answered, "Hello?"

"Are you Blair's sister-in-law?" A casual voice called out from the other end of the phone.

Ashlyn jumped out of bed. She was not in a good mood after being awoken from her sleep.

"What's happened to him?"

"Blair beat my brother up. How do you think I should deal with him?" The man demanded in a furious tone.

“What about it?”

Ashlyn scoffed. How should you deal with him? I can't be bothered, honestly, but I won't let you off for disturbing my rest!

She had a terrible mood after being woken up, especially since she had just hit the bed after working through the night.

In fact, she was in a trigger-happy state and would shoot anyone who dared to disturb her.

“Do you know who I am? No one can afford to offend the Jaquin family!” Winsor Jaquin

spat haughtily. He had heard that Lucas was married, but he kept his wife secret from the rest of the world.

He was determined to get Lucas' wife in his bed.

Since Blair dared to beat up my brother, he'll have to pay the price. If he can't pay the price, well, I'll just have to settle for his sister-in-law.

Blair was tied up and pinned onto the ground. He roared at Winsor, "Who told you to call that woman? She's not my sister-in-law!"

"Is that so? Why is she saved as 'My Sister-in-law' on your phone then? What, is that your pet name for your lover?" Winsor laughed at his own joke and stamped on Blair's fingers.

Blair felt excruciating pain, but he would die before he yelled in pain in front of the Jaquin family.

"The Jaquin family is despicable! Your brother Tinsor has been bullying his classmates and your family is covering up for him!"

"Winsor, don't waste your breath with him. If you ask me, we should beat him up and send

him to the Nolan family to shame Lucas Nolan," Tinsor spat, his face still bruised from Blair beating him up.

Ch: 30

The Jaquin and Nolan families had been at odds for a long time. The former started out as a triad and had whitewashed themselves to become a successful enterprise, resulting in the Jaquin Group.

Both families had fought over many matters such as vying over resources, capital, and land.

So, it wasn't surprising that Blair and Tinsor never got along as classmates.

*

The Land Rover drove all the way to the Jaquin residence.

Ashlyn got off.

At this point, several cars that had been left in the dust finally caught up with her and dozens of burly men dressed in black got off.

She was still wearing a pair of red slippers

she usually wore indoors.

Ashlyn's subordinate, Anderson could not help but inquire, "Boss, what are you going to do?"

The boss said nothing and sped all the way here from the villa! Something's got to be up!

"Ah, nothing much. I just thought I'd deliver some punishment to a man who disturbed my sleep," Ashlyn growled as she glared at the overcast sky.

The grip on her whip tightened.

Then, she strode into the Jaquin Residence.

Anderson stared at her and could not make head or tail of what was going on.

He nudged Harrison and queried, "Hey Harrison, is this Jaquin family full of nutcases or something? How did they offend the boss?"

"Anderson, the boss looks livid. She hates being woken from her sleep," Harrison smirked.

Anderson and Harrison were twins and had worked for Ashlyn the entire time.

In the four years the boss was married, she had lived in the Nolan family, so they had not seen her in action for a long time.

Both of them were itching to see some action.

"Where's Winsor?" Ashlyn demanded.

The Jaquin family was influential and not many people dared to call out Winsor's name right off the bat.

Winsor and Tinsor were the only members of the Jaquin family for their generation and Winsor was head of the family.

He had four older brothers and sisters, but all of them had died young due to illnesses or gang wars.

Only he and Tinsor were left.

Most people knew that the Jaquin family had a mafia background and would address him respectfully as 'Master Winsor' or 'Mr. Jaquin'.

The guard was stunned to hear Ashlyn call Winsor by his name and inquired, "Ma'am, do you have an appointment?"

"Looks like you're strict with visitors, huh?" Ashlyn scoffed. "Get your ass there and tell Winsor I'm here for Blair."

"Y-You're Blair's sister-in-law?" the security guard asked in shock.

So the rumors are true then? Lucas really has a wife he hides from the public eye? Aren't rich ladies supposed to wear branded goods and high heels? Mrs. Nolan is... unique? She's wearing flip-flops and cartoon-themed loungewear! She's married into a rich family,

but she sure doesn't act like it.

The security guard hurriedly dialed the intercom and reported, "Sir, Blair's sister-in-law is here."

He could not be sure that this woman was indeed Mrs. Nolan, so he could only call her as 'Blair's sister-in-law'.

"You may enter."

Ashlyn nodded. "Thank you."

The security guard was flattered. This rich lady is different from the rest after all. She

even thanked me!

Just as Harrison and Anderson were about to enter, the security guard stopped them.

"Master Winsor has only allowed her in."

"Aw, looks like we'll miss the show this time," Anderson whined.

"Too bad. Better luck next time." Harrison shook his head.

By then, Ashlyn had arrived in the living room.

The Jaquin family was rich and spared no

expense when it came to decor.

There was a young man tied up in the middle of the living room floor.

The man was around twenty years of age. His forehead was injured and blood was seeping out of his lips.

However, that had not affected his looks in any way. His eyes were sharp and his nose was defined. He glared at Ashlyn impatiently.

"What did you come here for? Are you here to laugh at me?" Blair snapped.

Ashlyn had lived a good life after marrying his brother. Blair had seen enough of such materialistic women and were sickened by them.

"I'm not here to save you, at the very least," Ashlyn scoffed.

Blair choked, "Then what are you here for?"

He looked up and met Ashlyn's cold gaze.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 31

This woman came in cartoon-themed loungewear and red slippers?

He had seen Ashlyn in the Nolan residence multiple times. Every time, she was dolled up and dressed to the nines with the latest branded goods. Her outfits always screamed 'I'm rich!'.

Why has she dressed this way today? She even has an eerily calm expression...

"Woman, don't think you're a big deal just because you're married to my brother!" Blair declared in a fit of rage.

Ashlyn stared at him coldly as though he was a stranger.

Blair felt an inexplicably strange feeling. It's like Ashlyn's a different woman from when she was at the Nolan residence. I've mocked her countless times, but she's done nothing but smiled in return. Why the sudden change now?

"Mrs. Nolan, I presume?" Winsor queried indignantly. He did not appreciate the fact that he had been ignored.

He was a burly man with a ferocious expression. Although he was not ugly, he did not look like a nice person.

"I'm not Mrs. Nolan. Were you the one who called me earlier?" Ashlyn asked Winsor expressionlessly.

"I called Blair's sister-in-law. You're his sister-in-law, but you're not Mrs. Nolan?" Winsor demanded. He felt that this woman was toying with him.

Crack!

Ashlyn's whip struck the ground beneath Winsor's feet.

Winsor retreated intuitively.

This woman and her moves...

Winsor's arrogant expression was replaced with one of anger.

Blair was completely taken aback as well. Is this really the Ashlyn I knew? I always thought Ashlyn is someone who wouldn't fight back even when bullied!

"You'll have to pay the price for disturbing my rest." Ashlyn's eyes widened and turned into a cold glare.

It struck fear into one's heart but was charming at the same time.

Winsor was stunned.

He was a powerful man in Lake City and his bodyguards were all intimidating.

When he left home, everyone who met him treated him like a king.

Only a few important men in Lake City did not

fear him.

Who dares to assault me with a whip? No one in Lake City has the guts to do so! Who is this woman? She has no respect for the Jaquin family at all!

Winsor got up and stood at his full height of a hundred and eighty-five centimeters. He glowered at Ashlyn.

This woman is young, has a sharp gaze, and defined features. Even if she is in loungewear, she is extremely beautiful. What a waste that she has such a bad temper for a pretty face!

"Winsor, you've got to teach Blair a good lesson! Ouch, my mouth!" An arrogant voice sounded from the second floor. A man around the same age as Blair had walked down the staircase while rubbing his jaw.

However, the moment he came down, he was stunned.

What's going on?

"So you started this, didn't you?" Ashlyn snapped at Tinsor.

She showed no change in expression as she

raised a hand and whipped him.

The whip struck Tinsor's calf, bringing him down to his knees and shrieking in pain. "You wench, how dare you hit me?"

"If you didn't fight with Blair, I wouldn't have been disturbed from my sleep!" Ashlyn explained angrily.

Blair was taken aback and squirmed backwards. However, that was not enough to avoid Ashlyn's whip. Snap!

Ashlyn had stricken Blair's back.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 32

Blair scowled. "I'll definitely get my brother to divorce you!"

Winsor was fuming and watched as both of them were hit by Ashlyn's whip.

Blair was one thing; he was tied up and could not dodge. However, Tinsor had learned martial arts before. He was skilled enough to capture Blair!

Yet, Tinsor did not manage to avoid the whip

as well.

He screamed, "Winsor, help me!"

Winsor charged towards Ashlyn and grabbed her whip.

Ashlyn simply smirked and deflected his attack.

Winsor was dumbfounded.

I used fifty percent of my strength back

there! An ordinary woman would have broken down in tears with twenty percent! This woman managed to deflect my attack like it was nothing!

Winsor lunged forward again, but Ashlyn was faster. She struck Winsor with her palm, sending him crashing against the coffee table.

The marble coffee table crumbled upon impact.

Ashlyn dusted the non-existent debris off her hands and threatened, "I hope the three of you will learn your lesson today. Don't disturb my rest in the future."

She then turned to leave.

As she reached the door, she glanced at Blair, who was lying on the floor. "Aren't you going to leave as well?"

Blair was taken aback. He swallowed, scrambled to a standing position, and hopped after Ashlyn.

She hit me! Even Lucas hasn't hit me before... But, she's taking me away as well... What on earth is going on?

Blair was still shocked at the turn of events.

Ashlyn knows how to fight with a whip and managed to send someone like Winsor flying with a single hit! Is this a stunt double?

His brain could not process what was going on.

Tinsor hurriedly got up and helped Winsor up. When the security guards heard the commotion in the living room, they rushed to their aid.

"Master Winsor!"

"What happened?"

"Winsor, are you alright?" Tinsor asked. He had not expected his brother, whom he thought was the strongest in the world, to be defeated by a woman in a single strike.

He still felt giddy. Looks like I didn't lose in vain after all. Even my brother lost! I'm no match for her!

"I'm fine," Winsor replied. How could I, the heir to the mafia family of the Jaquins, have lost to a woman? I grew up getting into fights! Just who is she? She's saved as a

'sister-in-law' in Blair's contacts but she said that she's not Mrs. Nolan and not his sister-in-law either. Interesting...

His waist had gone numb from the impact.

However, that was of secondary importance. Who on earth is that woman?

"Winsor, are we just going to let them off like that?" Tinsor stared at the door. He could hear Blair screaming from the gate, "Hey, untie me!"

This was followed by a female voice mocking him, "Mr. Blair Nolan, since you're so great at

getting into fights, surely a few ropes won't be able to hold you down."

The sound of Blair hopping then filled the entire corridor.

When Tinsor heard that, his mood improved significantly.

"Let them go," Winsor instructed the guards.
"No need to hold them back."

After all, he could not possibly admit to his men that he lost to a woman and had to get them to gang up on her.

Even if they did not despise him for that, he would look down upon himself.

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As Blair hopped behind Ashlyn, his newfound fondness towards her had disappeared without a trace. This damn woman won't untie me!

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 33

Blair hopped behind Ashlyn in a sorry state.
Argh, she'll be the death of me!

Ashlyn quickly strode out of the Jaquin

Residence.

"How are you?"

"Are you alright?"

Anderson and Harrison quickly asked her out of concern.

"Of course she's fine. I'm the one who's suffering!" Blair whined softly.

Ashlyn ignored them and instructed the

twins, "Let's go."

The moment she said that, Blair yelled,
"Lucas! Lucas!"

He had never felt like seeing Lucas so much
in his life.

A Bentley slowly pulled over at the Jaquin
residence.

A tall man got off the car and glared icily at
Blair, then at Ashlyn.

The sunshine spilling on her fair skin gave her a natural glow.

She was unbelievably stunning!

"Ah, so that's Lucas."

"He looks better than in the photos."

"Well, he looks cold and scary. Good thing the boss divorced him."

"That's right."

The twins had been gossiping in what they thought were hushed whispers, but even the security guard could hear them.

These two idiots!

Ashlyn glared at them and signaled for them to shut up.

This gesture had attracted Lucas' attention. He scrutinized the two men with similar looks and bright expressions.

They somewhat resembled Jared.

First Jared, now these two?

Lucas was filled with an uncontrollable rage.

Does this woman like these types of men?
Those who can't keep their mouths shut? Tell
me she has better taste than that.

"Lucas, help untie me!" Blair squealed
worriedly. Why is Lucas staring at that
wretched woman and ignoring me?

Lucas did not even give Blair a second glance
and demanded, "Stop whining! You picked this
fight!"

Spencer was about to untie Blair but stopped in his tracks. Mr. Blair, you heard him.

Blair was astounded. Lucas and I have never been close and I've always lived in fear of him. It's impossible to live happily under the shadow of this genius. I look like a complete moron compared to him!

"Why are you here?" Lucas questioned Ashlyn. He scrutinized Ashlyn and realized that she was wearing red flip-flops and cartoon-themed pajamas.

In the past, she would only wear silk pajamas

in front of him. He had never seen her in such cheap attire before.

In the past, she would only wear branded slippers.

Lucas glared at the Jaquin residence. There was a ruckus inside and the door was left wide open.

Within minutes, he saw Winsor being supported into the car by two security guards.

What's going on? How did Ashlyn bring Blair out from Winsor's clutches in one piece?

Impossible!

Lucas refused to believe the circumstantial evidence.

Just as he was about to ask what happened, Ashlyn grumbled, "Lucas, we're already divorced, so please get your brother to delete my contact number from his phone."

"Did Winsor do anything to you?" Lucas ignored the question. This woman has been stirring up a lot of trouble in just a few days after the divorce.

He was frustrated.

At this point, Winsor's car drove out of the villa. He wound down the window to see Ashlyn and Lucas side by side.

"I'll remember this!" Winsor spat at Ashlyn. This chick is beautiful alright. Even when standing beside someone as handsome as Lucas, she doesn't look inferior in any way. To hell with this couple!

Lucas thought Winsor was going to talk to him, but to his surprise, his words were directed at Ashlyn.

Ashlyn smirked. "I'm sure you've experienced

something unforgettable today."

Winsor choked and could not find the words to respond.

Lucas' face fell and bellowed, "Mr. Jaquin, how should I settle the score with you for abducting my brother?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 34

"Mr. Nolan, my brother has been severely injured by this woman and I have to send him to the hospital!" Winsor refused to admit that he lost to a woman.

"Severely injured by who?" Lucas gasped. This woman used to be too weak to open a bottlecap on her own! How could she beat Tinsor up?

"Mr. Jaquin, please come up with a more believable excuse next time."

"Lucas... He isn't lying. I was hit too. Lucas, Ashlyn is too much, she whipped me so hard it hurts!" Blair protested in his pseudo-sushi-roll state.

He felt pain everywhere.

Thus, he had hoped for his brother to divorce that woman.

Tinsor was completely taken in by the way Ashlyn beat up Winsor and kept playing the scene back in his mind.

He had become Ashlyn's fan.

When he heard Lucas express his disbelief at Ashlyn's feats, he stuck his head out of the window and shouted, "That's right! Mr. Nolan, my brother was beaten to a pulp by her! She

was like, bam, then she sent my brother crashing into the coffee table with one hit! And then, boom, my marble coffee table worth hundreds of thousands just shattered like glass!"

Winsor felt like burying his head inside a hole.

I'm finished! Argh, my reputation has been ruined by this dumb brother of mine! Can I get a refund for a younger brother?

His pride was shattered in front of Lucas.

Even though he tried to cover up the fact,

his own brother announced it to the entire world at a voice eight times louder than his, as though he wanted everyone in the world to know.

Can I sacrifice my brother in the name of justice?

Ashlyn? Beat Winsor up?

Lucas shuddered to imagine the scene.

"You..." Lucas struggled to find his voice. "You beat up Tinsor, Winsor, and Blair?"

Blair aside, the Jaquin brothers were involved in the underworld and hence skilled fighters.

"Why do you ask? Do you want to get revenge for them?" Ashlyn queried as she blinked.

Winsor was captivated when she saw her beautiful eyelids moving so gracefully. His anger vanished into thin air.

Maybe, just maybe, it isn't such a bad thing to be beaten up by a beautiful woman like her after all. No other woman in this world would dare to hit me. She's Ashlyn, right? That's

what Lucas called her, right? Ashlyn, Ashlyn,
what a nice name!

Lucas emanated a strong chill as he stood
there.

His expression was as bleak as the winter
frost.

"Ashlyn, how much are you keeping hidden
from me?"

"Mr. Nolan, you sound like a man who has just
been dumped," Ashlyn chuckled as she
brushed her hair aside. It was an
unintentional action, but it looked nothing

short of stunning.

"Hahaha!"

"Hack! Cough!"

Anderson could not hold back his laughter and Harrison quickly held him back. As a result, Anderson started choking on his own laughter and forcibly stopped laughing.

Looks like the boss hasn't lost her touch at all! She dealt with three of them alone! Well, that's what you get for disturbing her beauty sleep!

Winsor was astounded. This woman... She's not afraid of Lucas? How could she taunt him like that?

Winsor felt much better after hearing that.

Compared to watching Lucas get attacked by his own wife, his injuries were nothing.

Now I've really seen it all.

Winsor smirked and his previous frustration and embarrassment had vanished without a trace. He raised an eyebrow at Lucas and sneered, "Well then, Mr. Nolan, I'll be taking my leave."

"Tomorrow, the price of Jaquin Group's shares will drop by three percent," Lucas retorted, although he still did not take his eyes off Ashlyn.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 35

"Mr. Nolan, empty threats won't work on me," Winsor snorted and instructed the driver to leave.

Tinsor swept his fringe aside like a model in a shampoo advertisement and winked at Ashlyn.
"We'll meet again, my goddess."

This was followed by a bam!

Winsor had grabbed Tinsor back into the car and slammed the door shut. He ordered, "Drive!"

Tinsor yelled in pain, "Argh! Winsor, it hurts..."

Ring... A familiar ringtone sounded.

When Ashlyn checked the caller ID, her gaze turned cold as ice. She said, "Mr. Nolan, I have urgent matters to do. Farewell."

Then, she headed to the Land Rover.
Anderson took the driver's seat while
Harrison pulled the door open for her in a
gentlemanly manner.

Lucas' face fell. Damn it! What is their
relationship with her?

"Hello?" Ashlyn finally picked up the phone
after the caller called thrice.

"Ashlyn, your grandmother misses you a lot.
Will you come back to visit her?" Horace

Berry, Ashlyn's father, inquired. Although he was asking her nicely, she could tell that he would not stop pestering her until she agreed.

"I'll think about it." Ashlyn dismissed him.

"Your grandma has always doted on you since young. Are you really not going to come back?" Horace attacked her soft spot for her grandmother.

If it were not for the fact that he must meet Ashlyn this time, he would not have bothered calling his temperamental daughter.

"The one who loves me is Grandma, not you. Don't use her as an excuse, got it?" Ashlyn snapped in an intimidating tone.

Horace suppressed his anger and pleaded, "Ashlyn, I know you hate me, but your grandma has really fallen ill this time. Are you not going to visit her even when she's sick?"

"You've used that excuse countless times already. I'm afraid you're the only excuse of a man in this world who would curse his own mother like that," Ashlyn sneered.

Horace felt like smashing his phone when he heard this, but he continued, "I'm not lying this time, your grandma really is ill. She's getting old and she has a poor constitution."

"Alright, I'll go back right now." Ashlyn hung up. She did not want to continue talking to this shameless man.

"Boss, are you really going to go?" Anderson inquired.

"I'll go alone. Pull over," Ashlyn ordered. She got off and took a cab to the Berry residence.

Horace ran a renovation company. It was not large in scale, but it earned a lot of revenue all the same.

The Berry family was not one of the top-class families, but it was decently rich.

Back when Ashlyn's parents were first married, both of them were poor as paupers. Ashlyn's mother had eloped with Horace and brought her secret stash of savings with her.

With that sum of money, the newlywed couple started a small business and slowly built it into a large firm.

However, when Ashlyn turned eight, her mother died in a car crash.

She was unable to meet her mother one last time before her death.

That became her greatest regret.

Soon after her passing, Horace married Mary Canter and took in her child, Penelope Canter, as well. Now, she was known as Penelope Berry.

Penelope, who was one year older than Ashlyn, was now the official heiress to the Berry family!

Ashlyn always felt that her mother's death was not as simple as it seemed. However, after investigating for many years, she was unable to find any leads.

Now that many years had passed, the chances of finding evidence was slim.

However, she would not give up as long as there was a glimmer of hope.

Her mother's death had left a great impact on her.

She would not be able to sleep soundly at

night if she didn't find out the truth.

Mary acted like a kind and gentle stepmother in front of Horace, but when he was not around, she would reveal her true colors. Ashlyn had been screamed at and abused countless times by her.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 36

Since young, everything Ashlyn owned had been hand-me-downs from Penelope, even though she was the rightful heiress to the Berry family.

Back when she was younger, whenever

Penelope got into trouble by breaking vases, destroying the garden, or smashing antiques, Ashlyn would take the rap for her. She would be blamed for anything Penelope caused.

No matter how she explained herself to Horace, he would only ever believe Mary and Penelope.

Thanks to the two of them, she had been hit by Horace many times.

Once, when her grandma visited them in the city, Ashlyn was beaten up by Horace and was

down with a fever.

No one cared about her except for her grandma, who sent her to the hospital and took her back to her home in a rural village.

Only then did her days improve.

Although she lived a poor and simple life with her grandma, it was heartwarming and peaceful.

It was only when she became the top scorer for the national exams that Horace

remembered that he had a daughter called Ashlyn.

He brought both Ashlyn and her grandma back into the city to live together with them.

However, her grandma had gotten old and her body was deteriorating rapidly.

Ashlyn could not put up with the Berry family and had no choice but to marry someone.

I can't believe that I had no choice but to marry or die.

Ashlyn sighed deeply and took a look out of

the window.

Argh, why must these unlucky things happen to me one after another? It's like I'm the main character in some third-rate novel!

The Berry Residence was located in a normal district in Lake City. The front of the district was filled with high-rise buildings and bungalows while the back was filled with villas.

The property prices were rather high. The fact that Horace owned a villa there made

him feel arrogant and he would act as though he owned the entire street.

He felt that he was superior to those who lived in the high-rise apartments and bungalows in front.

Ashlyn got off the cab and walked into the district.

She had not visited in nearly a year, but everything was still fresh in her mind.

However, the only feelings she had for this place were hatred and disgust.

In the living room of the Berry Residence.

Susan was wearing a fresh set of clothes and waiting by the sofa.

In a silk dress, Mary questioned Susan haughtily, "When Ashlyn comes over, you know what to say, right?"

Susan looked at her feet and did not respond.

She looked frail and was slightly pale.

Her eyes that had once seen the world seemed like they were glowing dimly.

"Hey! I'm talking to you! Did you hear me?"
Mary snapped at Susan.

She was nearly screaming at this point.

"I heard you," Susan muttered.

Unsure of what Susan was thinking, Mary glared viciously at her.

As she felt her malicious intent, Susan shuddered and repeated, "I heard you, Mary."

"Is that so?" Mary raised an eyebrow and

grabbed Susan's arm.

Susan trembled and turned toward Mary. She tried to retract her arm but Mary had gripped it tightly and sneered, "Next time, respond the first time I talk to you, got it?"

Susan mumbled, "I'm getting old, so I'm hard of hearing."

"Looks like I'll have to raise my voice in the future then." Mary smiled. "Susan, we're all one family. Now that Horace is in trouble, you're the only one who can help him. He's your son, so you'll definitely help him, right?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 37

"Right," Susan replied. Mary's fake smile was so sickening that it sent shivers down her spine. She nodded reluctantly. "I understand everything you just told me."

At this juncture, the housekeeper walked over with a plate of strawberries.

Mary picked one up with a fork and offered it to Susan. "Here, these strawberries are freshly imported from France. I got them especially for Ashlyn. Won't you have one as well?"

Susan shook her head. "T-Thanks, but I'll pass."

"Surely you're happy that I'm being nice to Ashlyn?" Mary scoffed as she stuffed the strawberry into Susan's hands. "If you don't eat it, I'll get angry again."

The housekeeper called out, "Madam, Ms. Ashlyn has returned."

A glint appeared in Susan's eyes. She immediately got up and turned toward the door. "Ashlyn, you're back!"

She rushed forward and took a good look at her granddaughter.

Ashlyn was in slippers anyway, so she did not change her shoes and simply walked into the living room.

Only then did Ashlyn notice that she was still in pajamas. She passed Susan a box of strawberries she had bought on the way here. "Grandma, this is for you."

Susan held the box of strawberries as

though it was her greatest treasure. She smiled brightly. "Ashlyn, I'm glad to see you."

"Ashlyn, don't blame me for saying this, but aren't you dressed a little too casually?" Mary scrutinized Ashlyn's casualwear and slippers with contempt.

Ashlyn was beautiful, so she would look stunning even if she were dressed in rags.

Mary continued spitefully, "You look so unkempt! If your dad's business partners see you in this state, they'd think the Berry family is full of beggars! I'm saying this for your sake as well."

"Oh, shut up!" Ashlyn spat at Mary.

Mary nearly burst into a rage but kept her cool when she remembered what she needed Ashlyn to do.

Her face was turning purple from the anger.

Ashlyn turned to Susan and said, "Grandma, how have you been? Dad said that you're ill."

"I caught a cold a few days ago but I'm fine

now," Susan assured her. She showed Ashlyn some needle marks on the back of her hand and said, "Look, your father brought me to see a doctor and I had an IV drip."

"If there's anything you need, just let me know. Don't forget that I'm a doctor. My skills are much better than your average doctor," Ashlyn instructed Susan kindly.

Mary, unable to join in the conversation, was furious, especially after seeing Susan hold the strawberries Ashlyn gave her so dearly.

She kept signaling toward Susan, but the latter simply ignored her.

That damn hag! She promised to talk to Ashlyn about that matter, but she's not saying anything now. All she talks about are the useless things.

She forced herself to put on an endearing smile and inquired, "Ashlyn, how are things at work?"

"Not bad," Ashlyn replied casually.

"Ashlyn is back?" Horace enquired. He was called downstairs by the housekeeper. Horace was a fit and decent-looking middle-aged man. Even at his age, he had not

put on weight and one could still see the shadow of a handsome young man in him.

"Dad," Ashlyn called out monotonously. She crossed her arms and declared, "Well then, I'm a busy woman. Quit beating around the bush and tell me why you called me over."

While she took Susan's hand earlier, she had checked her pulse and noticed that Susan was healthy, other than the fact that her respiratory functions had deteriorated with age.

She heaved a sigh of relief. As long as grandma is alright, nothing else matters.

"Ashlyn, both your grandma and I have missed you! Why must you make us sound so heartless?" Horace acted as though he was a kind father.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 38

You sure were heartless when you hit me so hard that I couldn't show my bruised face for a week! I don't recall you missing me when you beat me up even though it was Penelope who was in the wrong, and you made me kneel outside the house on a winter night! You have no right to talk to me like that!

"Dad, state your business," Ashlyn scoffed.

She had no time to play nice with Horace.

Horace glanced at Susan for help but she simply averted her gaze.

Horace was livid. Hey, we've been through this before! Why are you keeping quiet now? Do I really have to say it myself?

He then stared at Mary.

Mary felt indignant but she had no choice but to come into the picture. I'll make sure this hag doesn't get away with this later!

Ashlyn caught their interactions and commented, "If that's all, I'll be taking my leave then. Grandma's health is alright."

"Wait, don't leave!" Horace called her back. He took on a negotiating tone and began, "Ashlyn, my company has met with some trouble lately. In the renovation trade, we need to give our workers a portion of their pay before starting work. However, the client will often try to stall for payment..."

"Cut to the chase," Ashlyn snapped.

"Some time ago, we received a job to renovate the Haddock Group's new hotel. The Haddock Group is a major company, and I spent a lot of time and effort getting this job. However, due to sheer misfortune, one of the workers met with an accident during work and fell from the ladder. Now, the Haddock Group wants to stop working with us and wants us to pay them double the amount as a penalty. The worker's family members aren't understanding either and keep causing trouble for us in front of the office building."

Horace then requested, "Ashlyn, I know you're a doctor and a rather famous one at that. I heard that Arthur Haddock has

contracted a rather severe disease. Would you mind taking a look at him? If you manage to treat him, perhaps Dixon won't pursue this matter any further."

Horace had finally told her what he needed. However, given his personality, it was unlikely that he was telling the truth.

After all, he had not mentioned the injured worker at all.

Ashlyn knew that things were not as simple as they seemed and queried, "How's the worker? Is his injury severe?"

"Don't even talk about him! He's staying in the ICU now! He's done nothing but cause losses for the company. I've already compensated a hundred thousand!" Horace grumbled. If this worker weren't so careless, I wouldn't have to deal with this mess.

Ashlyn raised her eyebrow in a mocking manner. If he's really in the ICU, the hundred thousand won't last him a week!

"How long has this been going on for?"

"A week," Horace replied in trepidation.

Ashlyn had been a very obedient girl when she was young, but she has become temperamental as she grew older. To top things off, she's so smart! I really can't get a handle on her. I have to use my mother as bait to meet her. Otherwise, she doesn't care about me at all!

Every time he met Ashlyn, he would be furious, but he could not explode because he needed her help.

Ashlyn smirked. "You're only telling me this after a week?"

"Your dad just doesn't want to trouble you! We've really asked a lot of people for help. If

your grandma weren't ill, your dad wouldn't have turned to you for help," Mary explained.

Argh, this woman will be the death of me! Penelope is working at the First Hospital as well, but she is only an ordinary surgeon. On the other hand, so many rich men support Ashlyn! I get angry just thinking about this! Also, what does she mean by only doing one surgery a month? Stop acting so high and mighty! You must've slept with some rich men to get this status! You'll lose everything sooner or later!

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 39

"Alright, I got it," Ashlyn replied. She took

Susan's hand and said, "Grandma, see me off, alright?"

Horace did not dare to refuse since she needed a favor from her. All he could do was complain, "Alright, we all know you love your grandma the most."

Susan took Ashlyn's hand and the two of them left the villa together.

Ashlyn came in a rush, so she had not brought much cash with her. She did not want to inconvenience her grandmother by bringing

her to the ATM. Susan did not have any money saved up for retirement and hence did not have a lot to spend. Every time Ashlyn came, she would give Susan some money to spend.

She sent Anderson a text: You have ten minutes. Bring twenty thousand in cash to the Berry Residence.

Anderson replied in confusion: Huh? What for, boss?

Ashlyn responded: Just do it. I need it urgently.

When Anderson saw the reply, he hurriedly went to withdraw money.

Ashlyn placed her phone back in her pocket and brought Susan to take a seat on a chair. She inquired, "Grandma, has Mary been making life difficult for you?"

An uneasy look flashed across Susan's eyes. She smiled. "She is my daughter-in-law after all. She won't give me trouble!"

As though she was hiding something, she changed the subject, "Ashlyn, how are you

doing now? You haven't been back in a long time. I'm worried for you. I know it isn't easy for a girl to strike it out on her own."

Her eyes turned red and she started sobbing, "It's all my fault. If I were a little more capable, you wouldn't have had to move out of home at such a tender age."

Susan was the only one who would still treat Ashlyn like a child.

She lived in a rural area, so she was uneducated. Her husband had died early and she had raised Horace alone. Horace did not disappoint and managed to get into a university.

After that, he got together with Ashlyn's mother.

In Ashlyn's memory, her mother and Susan had had a good relationship with each other. Back then, even though Ashlyn was young, she had the impression that they had gotten along well.

However, it was a different story when it came to Mary.

Argh!

Ashlyn took Susan's hand and replied, "Grandma, I'm living pretty well, so don't worry about me. Just give me a call if anything crops up. You can call me if you miss me as well. I was a little busy of late, so I didn't come back. Don't worry about it, I won't let myself get bullied by others."

In the meantime, Anderson had rushed over with a black plastic bag.

He passed the bag to Ashlyn while struggling to catch his breath. "Here."

Ashlyn took the bag and passed it to Susan,

"Here, grandma, here's some money for you to spend. When you've finished spending that, I'll give you some more."

"Ashlyn, I haven't finished spending the money you gave me last time!" Susan protested. I can't take this child's hard-earned money!

"It's fine, I'm rich. Just keep the twenty thousand. It's not a lot. Keep it well and make sure they don't see it," Ashlyn nagged as she placed the bag inside Susan's pockets.

Susan reluctantly accepted it. She knew that Ashlyn was nice to her and if she did not accept it, it would only make her worry.

Susan smiled at Anderson and commented,
"This kid looks like a good person."

"You flatter me, grandma," Anderson replied.

"Alright, I'll be taking my leave, grandma. I still have matters to settle in the afternoon."
Ashlyn hugged her and left with Anderson.

Susan stood by the door and watched them leave. She spent some time there before turning back.

Then, she trudged back inside with her back hunched.

She dragged this on for over ten minutes before returning home.

"Mom, what did I tell you before! After telling you time and again, how could you go back on your word?" Horace bellowed.

Susan stood there with her head bowed low as though she was a child being rebuked.

"Do you want to see your son dead?" Horace roared. "Do you know how much I'll have to pay if this matter isn't settled? When I become bankrupt and lose the house, you'll have to sleep on the streets! If I haven't

been providing for you, you'd still be planting vegetables in the countryside!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 40

Susan stood by the door and did not respond. She had scrimped and saved to raise this son, but he had long forgotten about that.

Mary glared at her from behind Horace and grumbled, "Mom, the company is really doing badly now and we'll have to compensate at least twenty million. Horace can't eat or sleep well and is worried about the company. If Ashlyn doesn't help us and get the Haddock family to let us off, we'll all be sleeping on the streets. What's up with you today? As

long as you ask, Ashlyn will surely agree."

"Ashlyn said that she's got it," Susan retorted. Ashlyn is but a little girl. Do you people really think she's a god? If even my son can't solve this mess, why do you expect my granddaughter to do it? You two are just trying to sabotage Ashlyn!

"She acknowledged it, but she didn't make any promises. What's the point? I won't be fooled so easily. These tricks will only work on people like you. Your granddaughter thinks she's so great now and even left her father to die!" Horace spat.

"What's that in your pocket?" Mary spotted a bulge in Susan's pocket and grabbed it.

"Nothing!" Susan tried to hide it, but Mary was younger and easily outwrestled her. She removed a black plastic bag and took a look. Then she screamed, "Oh my gosh, so you were the one who stole the twenty thousand I couldn't find a few days ago!"

"No! Ashlyn gave this to me," Susan explained. "You can't frame me like that!"

"Honey, you know I lost some money a few days ago." Mary lashed out as she slapped

Susan with the wads of bills. "We provide for you and let you stay here for free! How dare you steal from us!"

Mary was infuriated and continued hitting Susan even though Susan's hand was already swollen. She yelled, "Since when have I ill-treated you? Have I deprived you of food or shelter? I've been looking all over the place for this money only to find out that you stole it!"

"Alright, Mom might be getting forgetful because she's old. Don't pick a fight with an old lady." Horace held Mary back impatiently.

"Horace, Mary, this really was given to me by Ashlyn," Susan insisted between tears. She was indignant and protested, "Even if I were about to starve, I won't steal a single cent. I've never seen your money before. I don't even go to your room!"

Susan shared her room with the housekeeper.

There were guest rooms available in the house, but Mary felt that she was old and dirty and refused to let her stay there.

Susan knew that her daughter-in-law loathed her and avoided her as much as possible. She

would almost never go anywhere besides the servant's room, the dining room, and the living room, much less head over to Mary's room to steal.

"Will you just shut up for once? Do you really want this family to fall apart?" Horace shouted and shoved Susan. She was caught off guard and slammed heavily against the reinforced door behind her.

She had knocked against the back of her head.

Susan felt the world spinning around her and slid onto the floor.

"Quit faking it! I just pushed you a little. Don't tell me you can't get up from that! I'll make sure you apologize to Mary today," Horace bellowed as he kicked Susan. "You live off me and now you're even stealing from me! You're nothing but a disgrace!"

Susan's eyes blurred and her head hurt. She was getting old, so she felt giddy after such a large impact.

Struggling, she tried to get up, but to no avail.

When Horace kicked her, she slumped onto the ground and groaned in pain.

Soon, she was drenched in cold sweat.

Ouch... my head hurts...

Mary picked her up by the collar and pinched her on her arm. Susan shrieked in pain and grimaced. "I really didn't steal money from you. I don't ever steal."

"When Ashlyn came, she was empty-handed and wearing pajamas! She didn't even have any pockets. How could she give you

anything? Think before you lie!" Mary scowled.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 41

"Alright, alright, now that we've found the money, let's leave it at that," Horace consoled Mary. "What can I do? She's my mother."

"I don't care; I don't want to see her anymore!" Mary threw Susan back onto the ground and sat on the sofa. She turned to Horace. "If it weren't for me, this family would've been finished!"

Mary's only useful skill was attracting

investors. Over the years, she had brought Horace quite a few investors for his company.

Horace had spoiled her a lot, so in his book, it was alright for her to act unreasonably. On the other hand, he shot Susan a look of despise. Why is my mother such a piece of trash? She's stealing, and she won't even admit it when she has been caught!

"You'll be sleeping in the storeroom."

"But sir, the storeroom is in a mess and it's filthy! It's summer now, so how could you let

Old Mrs. Berry stay there without air-conditioning?" Aunt Sally, the housekeeper, pointed out.

She felt bad seeing Susan in such a state.

However, she was just a housekeeper and did not have a say in their matters. She took her pay from Horace and Mary, so she could not protest much either.

"She's so old, surely warm air is better than the cold. Hurry up and pack it up. Enough with the nonsense," Mary spat and continued

bawling on the sofa.

"Argh, my life is terrible! When I was raising my child, my mother-in-law wasn't here to help out and just stayed in the countryside. She wouldn't even come and take a look at her own grandchild! Now that she's gotten old, I've got to take care of her. Alright, fine, that's my duty. How did I get a thief to be my mother-in-law though? It's just my bad luck!"

Horace pacified Mary and hugged her. "I've already punished her, haven't I? She's getting old, so don't make things difficult for her. While you were giving birth to Xavier, she was taking care of Ashlyn in the

countryside. She couldn't leave."

"Ashlyn is her granddaughter, but Xavier is her grandson as well! She's biased!" Mary continued crying for a while. Good, at least I've achieved my aim. Now that this hag is going to stay in that stuffy storeroom, hopefully, she'll die of heatstroke soon.

Susan staggered up the stairs. The Berry Residence had three floors. The housekeeper's room was on the first floor. The Berry family lived on the second floor, with Horace and Mary sharing a room while Penelope and Xavier had their own rooms.

On the third floor, there was a piano room

for Penelope and a room storing Xavier's toys.

Above that was an attic which served as a storeroom.

The storeroom was filled with a cluttered mess. Aunt Sally brought Susan's belongings upstairs and set up a foldable bed.

She then made the bed for Susan.

Taking a seat, she suggested, "Old Mrs. Berry, if Ms. Ashlyn is capable of supporting you, I think it's best for her to take you away

to live with her. You can't possibly stay in a place like this."

"Ashlyn is just a doctor. She doesn't have the money to buy a house! I don't want to cause trouble to the child anymore. She lost her mother at a young age and had a tough life with me in the countryside. I don't have much time left. I'll survive for as long as I can."

Susan wiped her tears. She felt terrible to lose her granddaughter's money like that.

After all, she knew that Ashlyn did not have an easy time earning money and assumed that she had saved up for a long time before giving her the twenty thousand as allowance.

Yet, she allowed Mary to take it away so effortlessly.

The more she thought of it, the worse she felt and her tears started flowing uncontrollably.

Aunt Sally consoled her as she started rearranging the mess in the attic, "I don't think Ms. Ashlyn is a pushover. I think we should consult her about this."

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chapter 42

Old Mrs. Berry has had it tough in the Berry Residence. I wish I could tell Ms. Ashlyn that Old Mrs. Berry wasn't sick at all! Horace had pierced his mother's hand using a needle to make it look that way. Horace and Mary have been abusing her and now they've even accused her of stealing! Old Mrs. Berry is living worse than me right now, and I'm a servant! I'm already sweating after staying for a few minutes in this storeroom. Who knows what will happen if I let such an old woman stay here!

"Forget it," Susan mumbled. Her head still hurt, so she lay on her bed and stared blankly at the ceiling.

I can't forgive myself. Ashlyn's mother's death doesn't seem natural no matter how you slice it. It must've been that son of mine! After Ashlyn's finally escaped from the Berry family's clutches, I can't possibly drag her down any further!

Meanwhile, in the South Star Airlines meeting room.

Lucas was engaged in a pre-departure briefing.

Everyone present could tell that he was in a foul mood.

The man's cool and aloof expression was much sterner than usual.

Every word that escaped his lips had an icy and threatening tone. Finally, he ended the meeting with, "Dismissed. Prepare for departure."

As Lucas stood up, his captain's uniform was bulging and highlighted his muscular build.

Lucas adjusted his cap and left.

The co-pilot and the purser, Nancy, followed behind him.

Then, the flight attendants followed suit as well.

The entire group made their way to the plane.

One of the flight attendants whispered to Jenny, "Is it just me, or is Captain Nolan in a bad mood?"

"Doesn't he look more charming this way?"
Jenny smiled as she stared dreamily at the tall figure walking in front.

When she considered the possibility that he was in a bad mood because he had a tiff with his wife, she was overjoyed.

After all the routine checks, Lucas prepared for takeoff as per usual.

He recalled the last time he flew a plane. Back then, Ashlyn was with him and they had

not divorced yet. In the four years of their marriage, she had only accompanied him once. "Captain, all systems go," the co-pilot reported.

Lucas pulled himself together and nodded.

Before take-off, he did a routine check on the passenger list.

When he saw Ashlyn's name, he frowned and stared at the name for a long time before returning the list to Nancy. His eyes narrowed as he instructed, "Keep an eye on her and the passengers around her."

Nancy was taken aback. Ashlyn Berry? Is there anything special about her?

When she took a look outside, she understood what was going on. Isn't she the girlfriend Mr. White brought last time?

She was in a light purple dress which made her skin look even fairer. Her defined features were beautiful and captivating.

Just by leaning against the window, she was a sight for sore eyes.

There were countless beautiful flight attendants working for South Star Airlines

and Nancy was a beauty herself. However, she had to admit that they all paled in comparison to this woman.

Everything was normal with the flight and the clouds shone with a pale glow.

Soon, Nancy walked in and reported, "Ms. Berry took a quick nap but woke up because her male neighbor dropped his earbuds on her seat. She picked them up and returned them to him."

Lucas frowned. That's got to be intentional!

"That man dropped his portable charger while

fumbling for it in his bag and Ms. Berry picked it up for him again."

Shortly after, Nancy entered the cockpit again.

Before she could speak, Lucas sneered, "What did that man drop this time?"

"This time, he didn't drop anything, but he offered to help Ms. Berry stow away her luggage."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 43

"Yakov, from Russia, huh?" Lucas read out the

male passenger's name.

His eyes narrowed and his expression became stern.

The co-pilot felt the pressure in the cockpit increasing after every one of Nancy's reports.

He felt crushed by the pressure.

"Captain Nolan, your memory is astonishing! Did you remember the names of every passenger?" Nancy exclaimed in shock. "Well,

Ms. Berry declined his offer. She..."

Nancy looked troubled.

"What did she do?" Lucas demanded.

Nancy covered her mouth as she recalled that heart-pounding scene that happened earlier. I've never thought that the word 'cool' could fit a woman so well!

"She lifted her luggage with one hand, and like, bam, she just tossed it to the overhead stowage! It was so cool! She did this so

gracefully like the luggage was weightless! If Ms. Berry were a basketball player, she would be famous!" Nancy automatically thought of her as a national athlete.

She had been a flight attendant for many years and seen many types of passengers, but she had never seen such a suave man before, let alone a woman!

"Oh, right, she did the same to Yakov's luggage as well," Nancy sniggered. You should've seen the look on his face!

Lucas' face had remained stern until he heard that last sentence.

His lips then formed a smirk.

A woman who can take down a six-foot-tall goliath like Winsor Jaquin probably has a trick or two up her sleeve, but I didn't expect her to put Yakov to shame like that.

When Nancy noticed Lucas' sudden change in expression, she wondered how this woman was related to him.

I've never seen Captain Nolan so concerned about someone else before.

"Ask her if she'd like strawberry juice,"
Lucas instructed indifferently.

"Sure," Nancy replied.

It was not time for the in-flight meal yet.

Back when they were married, Ashlyn loved
to make her own strawberry juice.

She would often offer Lucas a glass as well.

After Nancy left, the co-pilot, Fred Langsley,
teased, "Captain, can I have some too?"

Lucas refused him immediately, "Denied."

He had prepared the strawberry juice specially for Ashlyn.

The co-pilot was speechless.

In the business class cabin, Ashlyn closed her eyes to rest after flinging her luggage overhead.

She had completely ignored the shocked expression from Yakov and the other passengers.

Nancy walked over and inquired softly, "Miss, would you like a glass of freshly-squeezed strawberry juice?"

Ashlyn opened her eyes and scanned her surroundings. It's still a little early, isn't it?

She frowned. "No need. I don't like strawberry juice."

When Lucas heard that from Nancy, his gleeful expression faded. She doesn't like it? Then why does she drink it all the time back then? Just how many lies has this woman told me?

Anger welled up within him.

He checked the time and instructed, "When it's time for the in-flight meal, pass her all of my fish and chicken wings."

Soon, it was time for the in-flight meal.

Nancy prepared this behind Jenny's back.

When Yakov saw this, he asked in broken English, "Why she have prawn, have fish, me only chicken?"

Nancy gave a professional smile. "I'm sorry, this is a special service prepared for this

lady only."

It's special alright. The captain's only left with rice and vegetables now!

Ashlyn stared at her food in doubt but accepted it in silence.

When Nancy returned, Lucas enquired, "Has she eaten it?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 44

"She already ate," Nancy answered quietly.

Lucas gave a satisfied smile after hearing this.

Seeing the purser coming out from the cockpit, Jenny got curious and asked, "Nancy, what are you up to? You've been in and out of the cockpit a few times!"

Jenny examined her expression closely, wondering if Nancy also had a thing for Captain Nolan.

She put up her guard instantly.

Nancy was speechless. She was not interested in getting into any drama. "A few planes crashed in other countries recently, so Captain Nolan has been asking for frequent updates on how the passengers are doing."

"Don't you think it's unnecessary to report back to him so frequently?" Jenny felt something was a little off.

"You know the captain takes his work seriously. Do you think I enjoy running in and out so many times?" Nancy replied, stretching her limbs after she finally got to sit down.

The flight was crossing into Italian airspace.

Lucas immediately reached out to the local air traffic control, requesting a lower altitude so the flight could be more stable.

It had been five to six hours since they took off. The co-pilot said to Lucas, "Captain Nolan, let's switch."

Lucas nodded and got up.

The co-pilot quickly moved over.

By the time Lucas opened the cockpit's door and stepped outside, the sky over the horizon was already dark.

The cabin was dimly lit. Some passengers were sound asleep, while others had their headphones on listening to music.

Lucas could hear a few people snoring away.

Ashlyn was in the third last row. She had bought tickets for the whole row of seats, so there was no one next to her.

Right now, she was resting her head against the seat with her eyes closed.

Across the aisle, Lucas spotted Yakov. His blond hair fell loosely on his forehead, making his skin look particularly fair. His glasses elegantly rested on his prominent nose bridge, but to Lucas, he was still not the best-looking guy.

He walked down the aisle, sat down beside Ashlyn, and took a good look at her.

Ashlyn was alerted. Sensing a warm presence, she reflexively opened her eyes.

The light was faint. But she could still vaguely see Lucas' refined and flawless features.

She found herself lost in his mesmerizing eyes until his sturdy voice called her name.

"Ms. Berry," Lucas called softly. "Welcome onboard, I'm your pilot, Captain Lucas Nolan."

She did not realize Lucas was the pilot when Nancy asked her about the strawberry juice. It was not until the meal was served just now that she found out that he was indeed the pilot—and that he even knew she was on this flight.

But she did not expect Lucas to come over to the cabin and look for her.

Since we have decided to go our separate ways, why not just treat each other as strangers? Ashlyn wondered.

"Captain Nolan, I'm resting. Please stop bothering me," she said indifferently.

"I want to rest too," he replied, giving her a determined look.

Ashlyn could not do anything with him. "Well, then go back to your own seat."

"I like this seat," Lucas replied wittily.

"Mr. Nolan, I already bought this seat," she retaliated.

"Well, why not you kiss me? And I will leave immediately," he said cheekily. He gently took a strand of her hair and started playing with it.

Ashlyn pushed his hand away. But Lucas continued making fun of her, saying, "The guy over there, do you think he's handsome?"

Ashlyn really thought Lucas was the most

childish man ever. She knew who he was referring to. Looking at Lucas for a few seconds, she went back to sleep. She did not have the energy to deal with him.

"I will take it as you think I am more handsome then," Lucas whispered in her ears.

His breath tickled her ears and she could not help but tilt her head a little.

Snippets of memories came flooding back. This man used to come up close and whisper all sorts of nonsense in her ears. Those were the days.

She shook off the thought. Seriously, what is he doing here? He should be working instead of babbling nonsense here.

"Honey, you are always so nice to other people. You even helped him with his luggage. But you're always so cold to me." There was a hint of jealousy in Lucas' voice.

"Oh, is that what you want? Can I throw you into the overhead compartment too? Do you want to try?" Ashlyn replied impatiently.

"Don't you used to like strawberry juice? Oh, and you used to like me biting your ears too, which is just what I'm about to do." Lucas made his voice deep and sexy, throwing a

provocative glance at her ears. He opened his mouth slightly. Biting her earlobe, he gave it a little tug, and smiled.

Is he for real?

He must be crazy!

Feeling his lips on her ears, Ashlyn became slightly disconcerted. She almost let out a moan.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 45

They were married for four years. He knew just right where to touch.

"I don't like strawberry juice anymore. It's better to let go of things when you have already outgrown them," Ashlyn said coldly. But this was exactly why Lucas found her attractive.

A shade of pink lingered on her fair cheeks. The faint lighting made her all the more desirable.

Her almond-shaped eyes glistened in the dark.

He had not slept with anyone after they divorced, and this woman in front of him suddenly became more irresistible.

Never had he realized that this woman had such powers over him.

Just a look from her could make him want her there and then.

Ashlyn could sense his pent-up frustration, and it was suffocating.

He locked his gaze on her face.

She finally pushed him away and said, "Go back to your seat and rest."

"I'll just rest here." Before she could even react, Lucas grabbed her waist and scooped her up, putting her on his lap.

For a moment, Lucas felt he finally found the missing piece of his life. His heart was full.

He did not like being alone in an empty room. I don't like it at all.

Everything now felt so familiar. The woman in his arms, her scent, her body. She made his

heart pound.

Ashlyn struggled to break free from him. But Lucas was not letting her go.

"Stop it. Just stay here or you'll have to clear up more mess," Lucas warned her.

Ashlyn understood what he meant. She sat still at last.

She could not do anything but her face was crimson red from anger and embarrassment.

Fine! We were married for four years anyway, so it's not like this is anything new!

I'll just take it as a random handsome man hitting on me.

She glared at him and closed her eyes.

After some time, Lucas opened his eyes and gazed at her. Just as he was slowly moving toward her, a shout broke the suspense.

"Gosh! Just let me sleep in peace, will you?"
An angry passenger shouted, slamming the magazine in his hand on the floor.

Lucas opened his eyes, looked at Ashlyn, and located where the voice came from.

The vexed passenger was a man in his 20s.

The commotion startled the other man sitting beside him, who was also now awake. He turned toward the first man and said, "Come on man, what is the fuss about? I need to sleep!"

The noise had awoken many other passengers.

"What the heck? You're the one who has been disturbing my sleep! You've been snoring all

night through, and now you're saying I'm being noisy?" The irritated first man shouted.

The situation quickly escalated into a heated fight.

A few flight attendants quickly came out to appease the two.

Nancy handled the situation professionally. "I am the purser here. Let's settle this calmly, shall we?" she said to the two men.

"Settle this? What do you know? All you know is 'tea or coffee!' I want to see your captain!"

the second man ridiculed.

"Get out of the way! Do you own this plane?"
the first guy pushed Nancy away.

This was not something new— flight attendants were never treated with much respect.

Nancy was taken aback. She tried to hold her anger in and said slowly, "Please calm down. We need to make sure no one's safety is affected here, okay?"

Just as the two men were about to start a fight again, a severe and commanding voice

came from behind.

"I am the captain. If you continue to disrespect my cabin crew, I will order an emergency landing."

A tall and imposing man in uniform appeared before them. The air around him was intimidating and solemn.

Anyone could tell he was not in his best mood. But they did not know it was because someone just interrupted his kiss. Lucas would make sure these people pay up.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 46

Everyone was dazed. They had never seen such a fine young man before.

His enchanting and attractive aura amazed the passengers.

How can a captain be this good-looking? They wondered.

Lucas' entrance shocked the two men who were previously fighting. Disconcerted, they stuttered accusations at one another. "He started it," the second man said, pointing at

the first man, who retaliated by saying, "He was the one who started snoring and disturbing me!"

The whole business class cabin quickly became unsettled. Passengers craned their necks trying to see what just happened; some of them gathered around trying to understand what was going on—but no one failed to notice the handsome captain standing in the middle of the two angry passengers.

This man was like a magnet. He attracted all the attention.

Ashlyn was peeved. Rude passengers like

these just had to ruin her peaceful journey.

"You guys want to fight? I can land the plane right now," Lucas stated curtly. "I can also send you to the police station if you like," he added.

Some passengers started fearing the worst and whispered among themselves, "What... It's already so late at night! It's dangerous to land now!"

"I know right? Where are we now again?"

Ashlyn decided to put a stop to all this fuss. "Alright, why not Captain Nolan give each of them a parachute and push them off?" she interjected.

Her eyelashes flapped gently against her beautiful eyes as she blinked hard, trying to elicit a response from Lucas.

That crisp and melodious voice of hers turned many curious heads.

Everyone was in awe.

They could not believe they actually overlooked such a beautiful woman on their flight.

A heather-purple dress adorned her glowing skin and slim body. Her pair of beautiful eyes, plump red lips, and pink cheeks grew so perfectly on her exquisite face.

Jenny was bewildered. She did not expect to see Ashlyn here.

Why is she on board? Why didn't I even realize she is here?

Lucas was mesmerized. Ashlyn's voice sent a

chill up his body.

It had been a long time since he heard her talk like that. She had always been so cold to him after they divorced.

Her suggestive voice echoed in his ears, reminding him of the times when they were still married—especially when they were doing those things in their bedroom. She would beg him to stop every time they were in bed. But her tantalizing and sensuous moans only made him wanted to go deeper and faster.

Lucas drew in a breath slightly before he collected himself and looked at the crowd. He

realized the male passengers were looking at Ashlyn and he was irritated. He shouted at the two men, "Hand me your passports!"

"Why? You're not a cop!" the first man reacted.

"I am the captain in charge here and I'm responsible for everyone's safety. Your unruly behavior is disrupting the flight and therefore I have the right to ask for your passports. One more word and you'll be out!" Lucas was at the tip of exploding.

He wanted to dig out all the eyeballs glued to Ashlyn right now.

If these two scums are not gonna stop, I'll seriously throw them out!

The two passengers had no choice but to take out their passports.

Nancy quickly came over and took their passports. "An American and a Frenchman," she reported.

"I will be keeping your passports until the end of the flight." Lucas glared at them from the side of his eyes. Before any of them could say anything, Lucas continued bombarding them. "According to our country's

Civil Aviation Law, the pilot's responsibility includes taking necessary and appropriate actions against anyone who damages the aircraft, disrupts order within the aircraft, endangers any personnel or property within the aircraft and poses a threat against flight safety. So if you want to sue me, go ahead. Just be ready to lose."

After the harangue, Lucas took a glance across the passengers, warning, "If anyone would like to follow suit, feel free to do so. This is what will happen to you."

"But you can't..." Before the first man could even finish his sentence, Lucas shot him a fierce glare and he shut up.

Lucas then asked Nancy to keep an eye out for the passengers before he went back to Ashlyn.

Jenny was upset. Why does he even sit beside her?

Why do they look so intimate?

Over at Ashlyn's side, Lucas finally got to sit down after the whole ordeal. He was in a foul mood.

"Do you think I look cool back there?" Lucas knew Ashlyn was not asleep. He purposely

went close to her and asked in a low voice.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 47

Ashlyn did not open her eyes.

"Don't you think your hubby is the hero?"
Lucas probed.

But Ashlyn remained unperturbed and only
rolled her eyes in her mind.

Is he crazy? He was so stern and cold back

there; now he's so childish and impudent.
What is he trying to do? Ashlyn clearly saw
the way those women looked at him just now.

They should really see how childish this man
is right now.

Lucas was thinking about that kiss before the
fight broke out.

Silence resumed in the cabin and the lights
became dim again.

He felt restless and thirsty.

Bending over, he wanted to plant a kiss on Ashlyn's lips.

Ashlyn did not move. Lucas smiled slyly, moved closer, and was ready to kiss her.

But before he could reach her lips, Ashlyn nimbly tilted her head and he missed.

The kiss landed on her neck.

Her scent intoxicated Lucas and he kissed her hard.

He did not get to kiss her lips, but he got to kiss her neck. That was enough for him.

Ashlyn was not expecting this.

His warm and gentle breath spread across her body. It felt familiar and exciting.

But she quickly pulled away from Lucas and said, "We are already divorced."

Lucas peered at her in the dark.

He shrugged and feigned nonchalance, saying, "I only kissed your neck, not your lips."

He advertently licked his lips and asked, "Don't you miss me?"

Ashlyn laughed and said, "Lucas, please stop being a joke. You are the one who wanted a divorce."

What do you take me for, Lucas? You want me here when you need me, and you want me gone when you're tired of me.

You wanted a divorce, and now you want to mess with me again?

Don't tell me you like playing hard to get.

Lucas was speechless. He realized Ashlyn knew just how to make him speechless.

"Please leave me alone, right now," Ashlyn demanded.

"I just want to stay with you," Lucas said, recalling what she did earlier on when she asked him to throw the two passengers off. She looked so naughty and cute.

But she was giving him the cold shoulder now and he did not like it.

Lucas badly wanted to find out what business she had in Italy.

But he knew she would not tell him.

"Whatever," Ashlyn said. She did not want to talk to him anymore. Then, she curled up like a ball as if she were protecting herself against a lunatic.

Lucas looked at her long and fair neck. A kiss on the neck is not that bad after all.

But of course, the best would be her lips.

He was really tired after such a long haul.

So, he eventually fell asleep beside her.

Meanwhile, Jenny had been looking at them for quite a while already.

She could not believe what she saw.

Her jaw dropped looking at Ashlyn seducing Lucas.

What a cheap woman. How dare she seduces Lucas?

Lucas is a stern and severe man, and all this flirtatious woman does is sway him.

How dare both of them do all these nasty things over at the back!

Jenny was furious. She woke Nancy up and asked, "Tell me, this woman is the reason why you went into the cockpit so many times right?"

Nancy finally got to have some much-needed sleep. She was not happy at all to be woken up by Jenny over such a trivial matter.

"Jenny Holt, what do you want? What woman are you talking about?"

"That woman on the third row from the back. I saw them doing all sorts of stupid things at the back!" She was so pissed tears started rolling down her eyes.

The loud noises woke the other flight attendants up.

Everyone looked at her groggily. "What's happening, purser?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 48

"What's the matter?"

"Come on, what's happening? We really need to rest!"

"Why are you crying, Jenny? I didn't even say anything to upset you!" Nancy clearly did not want to bear the blame for waking everyone up.

"I saw Captain Nolan kissing that woman just now!" Jenny was infuriated. She had waited for Lucas for so long, and it was not like she did not come from a good family. She gave up her executive job in her family business, took up the cabin crew assessment, and even used some connections just to get on the same

flight as Lucas.

She had invested so much time and effort in him, but what did she get in return?

Lucas did not even spare her a look. He only had eyes for that b*tch.

She was treated like a princess at home, but she was willing to go through all hardships just for this man.

When she found out that Lucas got married, she refused to believe it because technically, no one had ever seen his wife. So she stubbornly believed that he was still single.

But after what she had been through because of him, this was what she got. She saw them kissing!

"Which woman are you talking about?" Nancy acted as if she did not know Ashlyn was on board.

"That woman on the third last row!" Jenny replied angrily, wiping her tears away.

"Oh, you mean that woman? Isn't she Mr. White's girlfriend?"

Nancy tried acting like she did not know anything. She looked at Jenny and thought hard. This woman must be out of her mind. Captain Nolan has been married for years! Is she still dreaming about becoming his wife?

Although Nancy was not sure herself if Ms. Berry was Captain Nolan's wife, judging from their interaction, it must be true that she was his wife.

And if she had to choose between Jenny and the captain, she would definitely stand by the

captain.

Jenny was a spoiled girl. Many among them did not like her haughty attitude when she was talking to other flight attendants.

Everyone was simply trying to be polite; no one actually treated her as a real friend.

"I saw what I saw! I saw him kissing her!" The scene kept replaying in Jenny's mind. It was driving her crazy. "What's wrong with Captain Nolan? She is not even that pretty! What does he even see in her?" she berated.

This quickly became a personal attack against

Ms. Berry. Everyone was in a tight spot because they did not know if they should join the conversation.

What if Captain Nolan really liked her? What if she was really his wife?

Besides, Captain Nolan was South Star Airlines' boss. Back when South Star Airlines was falling apart, Captain Nolan came in and reformed the whole company. He even took up the captain's role and revived the company.

Because he became the captain himself, South Star Airlines' business had been growing exponentially.

Who would want to cross a boss like him?

"Jenny, we don't know what kind of a person she is. I'm pretty sure we made it clear during your pre-job training that we should always be polite to our customers. I hope this is the last time I'm hearing remarks like this from you," Nancy said after much thought. I am the purser here anyway, so even a princess like you will have to listen to me. This is my territory.

Nancy had to do her job. It was time to set things straight and let everyone know she was in charge here.

Talking bad about people behind their back was way too distasteful to Nancy.

On top of that, Ashlyn really had nothing to do with this. She was not even aware that Jenny liked Lucas, and she did nothing to harm Jenny. It doesn't mean that you have all the reason to talk bad about Ashlyn just because Lucas kissed her.

Nancy's blood boiled thinking about the way Jenny looked at the situation. To her, Jenny was simply being unreasonable. Lucas is not even your husband; your feelings for him are purely one-sided.

Who are you to throw such a tantrum?

*

Lucas was woken up by a sudden turbulence.

Being with Ashlyn made his sleep sweet and sound. He woke up refreshed and in a better mood.

Opening his eyes slowly, he saw the passengers were still relaxed.

But it did not take long before the flight shook violently because of the turbulence.

Ashlyn frowned.

Lucas got up in a hurry and took a look at the woman beside him. From his angle, he could clearly see her long lashes and her frown.

He bent over and gently whispered, "I'll go over to the cockpit."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 49

"Okay," Ashlyn mumbled without opening her eyes.

Just as she was about to continue her good rest, Nancy's voice came from the broadcast

speaker.

Nancy assured the passengers that they were going through turbulence but everything was under control.

Just as everyone thought things would be okay, the jittering intensified.

The flight attendants returned to their seats and fastened their seatbelts. The shaking became more serious.

"What is happening?"

"We have the right to know what is happening!"

"It's getting worse! I thought you said it would be fine?"

"Tell us what is happening!"

The passengers were getting anxious. They started questioning what was going on.

Yakov looked up and asked Ashlyn, "Are you

afraid? I hope everything will be okay."

"Everything will be fine," Ashlyn replied shortly.

"Are you sure? We are high up in the sky! Geez, do they even know how to fly a plane? It takes more than just a handsome face to fly one!" Yakov teased sarcastically.

The person in front heard Yakov and readily agreed. "Yeah! No doubt he's handsome, but God knows if he can fly a plane!" the man grumbled.

Ashlyn was irritated. She rolled her eyes and refuted, "Hey guys! He is South Star Airlines' president, and he is also the best pilot here!"

"The company's president flying the plane himself? Are you for real? What a joke!" Yakov scoffed.

He was dismayed and doubtful.

The plane shook fiercely again.

"Oh, I might really die here!" Yakov complained.

"If the pilot were a little more experienced, this probably wouldn't be happening. This captain has no skills at all!"

When it came to Lucas' competence and professionalism, Ashlyn never once doubted him. They were married for four years, so she saw how much work he put into physical training and his company. He was second to none.

Although they were already divorced, Ashlyn would still readily defend him. What more when these foreigners were questioning her fellow countryman?

She knew where her loyalty lay and she would

not just watch them question Lucas.

She smiled confidently and challenged him, saying, "If you doubt him, why not you go and do it?"

These people only knew how to criticize people.

No one dared to answer. But they were still dissatisfied and scared.

This was a matter of life and death.

Everyone was fearful—some of them began to prattle on about what was happening,

others were lambasting the cabin crew, asking for an explanation.

Nancy went into the cockpit and reported, "Captain Nolan, the passengers are all nervous and agitated. Ms. Berry even got into a fight with Yakov because of you."

Lucas had no time to reply her. He fixed his eyes on the radar image.

Outside, Ashlyn was busy thinking. The shaking was just too serious; this was no normal turbulence.

She looked outside towards the immense

darkness enveloping the plane and squinted.

Just as she was trying to make sense of what was happening, the plane shook wildly.

It was serious this time. Jenny reflexively held on to the seat handle.

Meanwhile, Nancy just got out of the cockpit, but the intense shaking threw her to the ground and she rolled towards the cockpit door until her head knocked against it.

She let out a cry and shriveled up in pain. Holding her head, she groaned as her vision became blurry.

"Purser!"

The nearest flight attendant crawled toward her carefully as she went to check on Nancy.

The bags and luggage in the overhead compartment slammed against each other as if they would fall out anytime.

Hearing Nancy's shriek, Ashlyn stood up without losing a moment and walked toward the cockpit.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 50

"Please remain seated, you shouldn't be moving around right now! You're putting yourself in danger!" A flight attendant quickly stopped Ashlyn. Ashlyn did not heed her advice.

She continued walking forward quickly as she held on to the handles. Jenny shouted, "What are you doing? It's dangerous!"

Ashlyn disregarded her and finally reached Nancy. Those flight attendants could not even stay as calm as Ashlyn.

She knelt down on one knee and helped the other flight attendant to get Nancy up.

The cabin was in a total mess. Kids started crying and some passengers even started shouting loudly.

"I don't want to die!"

"Mommy!"

"Don't tell me we are going to die!"

A few flight attendants tried comforting and assuring them, but to no avail.

"Please fasten your seatbelt, pull down the oxygen mask, and remain in your seat! Please be cooperative and trust our captain!"

The turbulence raged on. Everyone was tensed up and worried.

Even the flight attendants stuck to their seats and fastened their seatbelts.

The chaos behind her rolled on as Ashlyn checked if Nancy was okay. Nancy looked pale and she was sweating furiously.

"I am Ashlyn, a doctor in Riverdale First Hospital. Your body is very weak now, so please breathe slowly."

She held her and sat her in the purser's seat. "Take a rest," she said softly.

An excruciating pain pierced through Nancy's head. It was so painful she could not even speak.

She thought she would die as she sat on her seat disoriented and disheveled. "Thanks..."

Thanks..." She struggled to say something.

Her whole body was in extreme pain.

The cabin crew was all shocked. Although they had been on countless flights, they had never encountered anything like this before. A flight attendant who had only been flying for half a year was so afraid she started crying.

But she quickly collected herself.

She saw a kid before her and reached out to him, saying, "It's okay, it's okay, everything will be okay."

The whole cabin was in disarray.

Fear got the best of everyone and they kept crying and scolding the pilot.

The flight attendants could do nothing to calm them down.

Suddenly a voice came from the broadcast speaker.

"Dear passengers, I'm the flight captain's... wife, Ashlyn Berry. My husband, Lucas, is a professionally trained pilot. When I married him four years ago, he brought South Star

Airlines back from the ashes. To make the company better, he worked hard for his pilot's certificate. I was with him all the way—from when he was a trainee pilot to when he was a co-pilot—and until he became the captain today. I saw the hard work he put in, and I know he is capable. Please trust him. Since his wife is on this flight, he will make sure I am safe, and he will make sure all of you are safe. He will not desert us. He will bring us to safety."

Ashlyn stood in front of the cockpit door and held the speaker in her hand, like a brave soldier cheering her comrades on. There was determination in her eyes, and there was assurance in her voice.

Her voice reached every corner of the cabin, and everyone heard her loud and clear.

Everyone finally quietened down and listened to her.

Suddenly, all became calm.

Her soothing voice brought tranquility to the passengers, and they felt comforted.

Seeing that everyone was more composed now, Ashlyn continued, "I'd like each of you to cooperate with us as we bring you to safety. Please remain seated, fasten your seatbelt, and wear the oxygen mask. Cabin

crew, do your best to assist and reassure the passengers. South Star Airlines invested so much in training all of you so that you can stay professional and step up in times like this!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 51

Meanwhile, in the cockpit of the aircraft, trouble was brewing.

Lucas Nolan was in his captain's uniform, and his big hands were focused on maneuvering the plane.

His handsome face was stern and strict,

while his gaze was fully focused on the front view of his cockpit.

There was a strong echo displayed on the radar, which appeared as a huge red blip on the large map. Only a small portion of the area on the map was shown in yellow, and there was hardly any area shown in green.

The airborne radar was showing signs of a thunderstorm ahead. In terms of weather variance, a thunderstorm of this magnitude was possibly the most dangerous situation that any pilot could face.

On the radar, the red represented an area affected by a thunderstorm. Yellow indicated an area that one could fly through, albeit cautiously, while green signified a safe zone.

This time, unfortunately, almost all the blips on the radar were displayed in red.

Lucas knew that this approaching thunderstorm covered a very vast area.

"Damn! Captain Nolan, what should we do now?" His co-pilot Fred was feeling nervous.

His forehead was drenched with cold sweat.

He had been flying with Lucas for a long time and had never encountered such a situation before.

How did Captain Nolan manage to face such dangers without even a change in his expression? One wrong move, one wrong decision, and the entire plane full of passengers would be in great jeopardy!

"We must go around!"

Lucas' face was unflinching and solemn, filled with decisive determination.

His gaze was sharp, staring head-on without a trace of panic as though what was in front of him was not a matter of life or death, but rather just another ordinary flight day.

"If we fly around, the rapid airflow outside would be unimaginable! The intense pressure may even damage the plane!" Fred's voice sounded flustered.

"We must chart a course with a wider distance around to avoid the thunderstorm." Lucas scanned the readings on the control

screen, for he had turned off the autopilot earlier.

Fred calmed his mind and began contacting the air control for permission to fly around. The distance charted would be extremely long, much longer than the normal flight path.

Indeed, weather changes were simply too unpredictable.

Furthermore, thunderstorms could cause dangerous air torrents that would cripple an aircraft flying through, especially for airplanes that were already experiencing violent turbulence.

Perhaps Lucas' carefully thought-out decision was correct after all.

He began to expand the scope of the radar.

However, at that moment, the air traffic control radioed in and informed them, "Your 558X does not have enough distance and safe clearance to fly around."

Lucas immediately commanded Fred, "Begin the ascent."

The air traffic control echoed his decision, "You may ascent. Please choose your height

of ascent."

Lucas' voice was cool and decisive over the radio. "Applying for 2000 feet!"

Upon receiving confirmation from the air control, Lucas guided the plane up for the ascent.

The plane began its detour ascent to avoid the storm. Five minutes later, the turbulence gradually eased. At long last, after the plane had been ascending for ten minutes, the flight became stable with no further turbulence.

Fred heaved a sigh of relief, "Captain, I almost peed my pants." All signs of tension seemed to dissipate from his expression.

Just then, a flight attendant entered the cockpit and asked, "Captain Nolan, how's the situation?"

"The plane is now flying normally. Everything is under control." Fred wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead. As they were working hard to get the plane under control, Fred and Captain Nolan hardly paid any heed to the surroundings of the cabin.

Realizing that the stewardess who had entered earlier was not Nancy, he asked,

"Where is the chief attendant? How is the situation in the cabin?"

The flight attendant appeared spooked and answered, "Nancy was knocked over by the turbulence and had bumped into a door earlier. She's currently injured."

"She's injured?" Fred stood up with concern. "Let me go over and have a look. The bad turbulence must have caused the passengers to be scared witless as well."

"It was really scary. Even I was frightened. However... Mrs. Nolan managed to make calm of the situation."

As the flight attendant relayed the previous events, her eyes appeared star-struck, as a hint of envy and admiration laced her tone.

"You must've been unaware. Mrs. Nolan was so cool earlier! More so than I, who has been an air stewardess for so many years! She was more professional and experienced than anyone else, especially when it came to reassuring the passengers of their safety!"

Lucas' unflinching, good-looking face relaxed upon hearing that.

As his icy demeanor seemed to have melted, Lucas' charmingly baritone voice asked incredulously, " Did you just say... My wife?"

"Yes! Captain Nolan! Why didn't you introduce your outstanding wife to us earlier?" The flight attendant, seeing that the plane was safely on its way, cast aside her worries as she excitedly chattered on. The atmosphere grew lighter and increasingly cheerful.

Right after that, she turned around and left. "I'm going to announce the good news, now that we're safe."

Soon, the voice of the flight attendant reverberated throughout the cabin's intercom.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 52

The plane had returned to normal as the turbulence had passed.

The passengers, who had been nervous all this while, heaved a long sigh of relief almost simultaneously, joyful that they were now safe.

"Great! It's finally over!"

"I'd thought that we might've died today."

"Mom! Isn't Mrs. Nolan cool? Captain Nolan is awesome too!"

"Yes, agreed!"

"Mrs. Nolan is so calm and collected. She's so awesome!"

Some passengers even started cheering and jumping for joy.

The air stewardesses quickly stopped them, as they requested for them to quiet down.

The one who was feeling the most downcast was probably Yakov. My goodness! I didn't expect such a magnificent and good-looking lady to be already married.

Right at this juncture, a captivating baritone voice broadcasted from the intercom, "Hello everyone. This is your captain of this flight speaking. I'm Captain Lucas Nolan. The airplane was affected by a nearby thunderstorm earlier, causing severe turbulence. On behalf of South Star Airlines and all the crew members, I sincerely apologize to everyone. Thank you for your understanding and cooperation, and for your trust in me and my crew. Finally, I wish to thank my wife for calming everyone down

during such an ordeal. Thank you to all the members of the cabin crew for your efforts. Our plane will be arriving safely in Italy in fifteen minutes. Lastly, I wish you all a pleasant journey and thank you for choosing South Star Airlines."

The pilot spoke in English first before repeating the broadcast in French.

"Oh my goodness!"

"This Captain Nolan is so perfect! Not only is he handsome, but rather, his voice is irresistible as well!"

"His piloting skills must be top-notch!"

"Awesome! I will only travel with South Star Airlines in the future!"

"Mrs. Nolan has such a kind heart. She has a beautiful look to match it too!"

"What a perfect pair made in heaven!"

Ashlyn had just returned to her seat when she heard Lucas' voice over the broadcast. She felt reminiscent all of a sudden.

The passengers around her kept thanking her as she smiled at them.

Meanwhile, Jenny's head was buzzing. Is it true... That she is really Mrs. Nolan?

Lucas Nolan's legal wife?

The bombshell revelation was too much for her to handle. She was dealt a devastating blow.

Meanwhile, Nancy sat on her seat with a headache. Upon hearing that the plane was finally safe, the adrenaline rush that was

holding her together subsided. Her eyes went dark as she blacked out.

A flight attendant who was standing nearby took notice of this and asked, "Chief attendant, what's the matter with you?"

Ashlyn got up and walked over, touching Nancy's nose to check her breathing. Soon, she flipped Nancy's eyelids open to observe her pupils. She checked Nancy's body again and felt relieved to sense her steady breathing and strong pulse.

Fortunately, it was not serious. She had merely fainted from the pain. It was just a minor trauma.

Jenny exclaimed irritably with an aggressive tone, "What are you doing?"

"She's just passed out temporarily. It's nothing serious," Ashlyn told the annoyed flight attendant. "In addition to that, she'd suffered from extreme mental pressure earlier. Let her rest to regain her strength, and she'll wake up after a while."

"Excuse me! Are there any doctors around? Doctors?" Suddenly, a nervous-looking young man who was sweating profusely rushed over from the economy class section of the cabin.

Ashlyn handed Nancy over to the nearby flight attendant and said, "Take good care of her."

Immediately after that, she rushed towards the young man. "I'm a doctor. What is wrong with your mother?"

"You're a doctor? Great!" The young man could not care less about Ashlyn's youthful appearance. He grabbed her by her arm. "My mother has mild high blood pressure. She had it under control all this while. However, when the plane shook wildly, she panicked. She is now gasping and experiencing difficulty in breathing. The oxygen mask doesn't seem to help at all!"

The young man ranted on, as Ashlyn followed him to his seat. She saw a plainly dressed middle-aged woman sitting there, her face deathly pale, her lips drained of color, and her chest constantly rising and falling as she gasped for air.

She exhaled more breaths than she inhaled.

"She is showing obvious symptoms of anxiety, panic, dizziness, and mental fatigue. Does she carry any oral antihypertensive medication on her? The type she usually takes at home?"

Ashlyn asked as she held the middle-aged woman's wrist and checked her pulse. As she did not have her stethoscope with her, she

had no way of performing any auscultation on the woman, and could only rely on visual observation of the woman's breathing pattern.

"Ever since my mother's high blood pressure had dipped some time ago, she hadn't had any medication. That's why she's here now. She'd wanted to fly abroad to relax. She had never been overseas her whole life. I can't believe such a disaster had happened on her very first flight!" The young man lamented bitterly.

He seemed as though he was a very filial son.

"Don't cry," Ashlyn tried to comfort him. "I'd

noticed some middle-aged passengers present on this flight. Now go and ask them one by one whether any one of them has medicine for lowering blood pressure. Your mother is nervous, and that's why her blood pressure had spiked so suddenly."

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The young man wiped away his tears as he started going around to ask others.

Ashlyn clasped the middle-aged woman's hand and soothingly assured her, "Madam, hear me out. Our flight is very safe. My husband is the captain of this flight. He's Lucas Nolan, and I am his wife. Don't be afraid. Being on the same flight as him, my husband definitely wouldn't want me to die. He will certainly

prioritize our safe arrival in Italy."

The middle-aged woman shook her head weakly, her breathing still unstable.

"You must be strong. Once we get off the plane, you will be sent to the hospital immediately. You have a filial son so you must hold on for his sake. Do you understand?"
Ashlyn continued to comfort the woman.

"Thank goodness! Someone had brought along some antihypertensive pills!" exclaimed the young man excitedly.

"Give it to your mother. And come over here to comfort her. If you continue to cry, who is going to take care of your mother?" Ashlyn commanded.

The other passengers in the cabin observed Ashlyn silently. Not only was she beautiful, but she was also confident and her presence radiated a certain comforting assurance to all who were around her.

Ashlyn stayed beside the middle-aged woman all the way until the airplane had landed smoothly.

Several ambulances were already waiting, along with the medical staff. The passengers alighted from the plane in an orderly fashion one after another as directed by the air stewardesses.

From afar, the doctors and nurses came rushing over and carried away the middle-aged woman, as well as Nancy in stretchers before loading them up into the ambulances. Soon, the ambulances sped away from the scene with sirens wailing.

The passengers who alighted the plane did not immediately leave.

Instead, they waited patiently at the airport tarmac for a long while.

They had waited for all the cabin crew members to disembark until they had finally seen Lucas. Without a word, they all applauded in unison.

Standing at the door of the cabin, Lucas appeared tall and slender. His captain's uniform fitted him perfectly, carrying with it a certain confidence-inspiring aura.

His handsome face was stoic and serious, as his expression was capable of making others shudder.

However, everyone there felt awed and assured by his presence, for he was the hero who had piloted the plane, landing it safely.

He ordered the air stewardesses to return the passports that were previously confiscated from the dark and light-skinned duo.

The duo looked at him excitedly and proclaimed, "You are the best pilot. We are honored to be your passengers."

This was followed by another burst of applause from the crowd.

Lucas bowed and thanked the crowd. The co-pilot and the stewardesses behind him did the same. "Thank you all for your understanding and trust!"

"Captain Nolan! Thank you!"

At this moment, the airport ground crew began to usher them away from the tarmac. "Please don't disrupt our normal workflow. We understand everyone's desire to linger around. However, there will soon be other

planes landing, hence it will be dangerous for everyone to stay here."

Lucas motioned for the crowd to disperse and make their leave.

The passengers pushed their luggage away reluctantly.

Ashlyn pulled her own suitcase along and walked, with the departing crowd.

Suddenly, a big hand reached out and grabbed her arm, "Mrs. Nolan, may I know where you are headed to?"

"Excuse me, Lucas Nolan. I referred to myself as Mrs. Nolan on the plane to calm and comfort the passengers. Coincidentally, at that time, your chief stewardess was injured and couldn't do anything. I simply didn't want the cabin crew to panic and get out of control. After all, I don't plan on dying just yet. Especially not while I'm still in the sky."

Ashlyn looked up to see Lucas, who was holding his captain's cap in his hand, peering down at her.

Their eyes met, and an icy gleam flashed in her eyes.

Lucas replied with annoyance, "Ashlyn, I'm

just here to tell you that the title of Mrs. Nolan can only be used once."

He had thought that Ashlyn had some form of sentimental nostalgia for that name, so he took the initiative during the flight to call her by that title.

As a result, this ungrateful woman had actually wounded him with her snide remarks.

Ashlyn coldly smiled, "Captain Nolan, I do intend to only do so once. This time, it was merely an accident. Don't worry, I won't cling to you."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 54

Having said that, she turned and walked away.

Lucas stood there helplessly, as he watched her leave, closing his eyes in annoyance.

Evidently, he had not intended to say such a thing upon chasing after her. However, when he heard her words of sarcasm, he could not control himself and blurted those hurtful words out instead.

After leaving Ashlyn, his temper had gotten worse.

He quickly took out his mood stabilizer medication from his pocket and popped two pills. If he allowed his temper to worsen, the consequences would be disastrous...

Several young stewardesses noticed the exchange and whispered amongst themselves. "Is Captain Nolan arguing with her?"

Jenny could not hide her glee. "I think that she is definitely not Mrs. Nolan. Why wouldn't they walk together otherwise?"

"However, it was Captain Nolan himself who'd stated that she was Mrs. Nolan!"

"I guess that it was merely an act to calm the passengers down? After all, back then, our chief stewardess was injured, and the rest of us were terrified. No one stood up to take charge except for her."

"I think that she is really cool! Although she appears young, she is full of courage!"

The few of them ignored Jenny and continued their lively chattering. "Also, when she'd saved that madam... Woah! I'd loved her look of pure confidence!"

"Yes, that's agreed! She didn't seem to panic at all from the beginning!"

"Truth be told, although I am also a girl, I am slightly attracted by her bravado."

Jenny stared at them with a distorted look.
"Can we all work together nicely? Don't just ignore me."

"Dorine, have you forgotten about the Armani lipstick that I'd given you?"

"And you Sterwina, what about the YSL cushion foundation that I'd gifted you?"

She almost screamed as she called them out, one by one.

Her expression was filled with jealousy and viciousness.

She was so jealous of Ashlyn that she felt like tearing her hair out.

"It was you who had said that these brands were not suited for you. You threw them at us like trash. I, for one, didn't feel a single ounce of sincerity from your gifts."

"Me neither. So, Jenny, we are your colleagues. Even though our families are not as rich as yours, we are not your servants and we have no obligation to serve you."

Dorine and Sterwina retorted this softly, emptying the thoughts that they had long kept inside.

A mere mention of Ashlyn makes her mad. Now, these colleagues are doing the same.

Jenny was so angry, to the point where she felt like fainting. She vehemently walked away alone, pressing down her high heels as

though the floor beneath her feet was
Ashlyn's face.

*

As Ashlyn emerged from the airport doors,
there were already people waiting for her.
Upon seeing her, they greeted her
respectfully.

"Boss!"

"Let's return to the safe house."

Ashlyn calmly gave the order.

"Aye!"

Her car brought her to a luxurious manor in the span of half an hour.

The manor was extremely marvelous, surrounded by a garden of lavenders. Whenever a light breeze blew by, the air would be filled with a faint fragrance of the flowers.

Two rows of men in black lined the gate to the manor. Upon seeing the car rolling up and stopping at the gate of the main building, everyone immediately bowed in salutation and

shouted, "Boss!"

As the car door opened, a beautiful, fair, and delicate hand appeared, followed by a pair of white flats that came into view. A pair of slender legs stepped out of the door, and a lady in a creamy purple dress emerged, before everyone.

The lady's face was exquisite; her glittering eyes were calm like water, almost as if nothing in this world could disturb them.

"Well, come in."

Ashlyn spoke and stepped into the living room

with confident strides.

The inside of the manor was decorated luxuriously, filled with priceless ornaments.

Sitting down on a white, genuine leather sofa, Ashlyn waited, as a dozen henchmen lined up, standing in attention before her.

"Status update?"

"Boss! The Blackhand Mafia has tried to control our territory. They had deliberately set fire to our cargoes the night before!" A man in his thirties, Luigi, had been in charge of the Italian branch of the business all this

while.

With eyes full of mockery, Ashlyn sneered, "So someone has the guts to insult me. Let's make them pay the equivalent price. Grabbing my territory? Very well."

"Boss, they are simply too arrogant! The other gangs have been swallowing their anger all this while. However, the Blackhand Mafia had kept up their turf-grabbing antics, causing so much havoc that even the Interpol in charge of this jurisdiction had to get involved. Hals and Dmitri have discussed this and have decided to settle things with a one-on-one boxing showdown." Luigi anxiously informed.

Dmitri was a deputy in the Blackhand Mafia, who was managing their turf.

"They've decided to duke it out in the ring? What kind of a game is this?" Ashlyn took a sip of tea and narrowed her eyes dangerously.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 55

Luigi and the others were angry. "Boss, please! You must take this matter seriously! You can't let our turf be snatched, under our very own noses!"

"I'm very serious." Ashlyn blinked her clear, round eyes.

Luigi was about to collapse from desperation. You had always seemed to be vacationing! How was I able to trust you?

"Boss! Are you aware of it? Dmitri has employed a strong boxer under him. That man has dominated the boxing ring for two years. No one can defeat him. He is strong, well-built, and extremely muscular! Boss, there is no one who can really beat him. We have no chance of winning this time."

"Agreed, boss! We have a lot of skilled fighters, but against this one-on-one boxing champion, we are simply outmatched." The others echoed the same sentiment.

"Boss, why are you here alone this time? Where's Harrison and Anderson?"

"Boss, please think of a way!"

Henchmen like Luigi were all formerly under the previous don. When the previous don had passed on his position over to Ashlyn, many of the mafia crews were left unconvinced.

Although the Shadow Way had always been an underground organization, it had never been involved in any illegal businesses. It had always followed the right path, unlike the other mafias, such as the Blackhand.

The old don took Ashlyn in as his adopted daughter. Before his death, everyone had thought that Luigi or some other veterans would succeed the don.

Unexpectedly, the position was instead passed on to Ashlyn, the inexperienced brat.

Ashlyn was only at the age of nineteen when she was chosen as the successor. How could one so young convince the mafia family and the underlings of one's leadership?

However, after she took over, she managed the affairs of the family in an orderly manner. Gradually, all dissenting voices died down. After all, the family had prospered, and money had always bound everyone together. As long as there's enough profit for everyone.

Now, they were faced with this kind of turf war.

Those who were dissatisfied with Ashlyn before were immediately enraged.

The seeds of doubt and distrust towards Ashlyn sprouted, and displeasure broke out almost instantly amongst the ranks.

The Shadow Way mafia had branches all over the world, and the Italian branch was placed under the command of Luigi.

Seeing Ashlyn's apathetic attitude in this matter, their impatience soared.

Some had already broken their silence and

muttered, "If you're not going to care, then, you might as well leave it to someone else who is more capable."

"After all, we've been treated like a small branch anyway, one that is incomparable to the main headquarters."

"Our turf has been taken, and we've got to survive on leftover crumbs now."

Ashlyn scanned the faces of desperation around her, as she gently lowered her cup in her hand, and commanded, "Send me the information on the boxing champion. Also, I've been flying the whole. I'm feeling tired now and I need a rest."

Having said that, she got up and walked towards her room.

"Look at her attitude!"

"What was the don thinking? He'd actually passed the position over to her."

"She's merely a lady. What else can she do?"

"She can't even handle anything properly. She is only aware of how to dress up nicely."

Luigi looked on worriedly, stressed beyond

comprehension as he felt his hair graying by the minutes. "Let it be. We'll find our own way."

They originally thought that the two siblings, Harrison and Anderson, would tag along. They, at least, would be more helpful.

Instead, Ashlyn personally arrived, and all of Luigi's hopes were dashed.

*

Hospital.

In a certain quiet office.

Lucas sat, with a blank expression facing Sinclair, who was wearing a white coat. His expression was as per usual. It was cold as his icy, baritone voice spoke, "I want to request for an increase in the dosage or change to a more effective alternative."

"What's the matter?" Sinclair raised his eyebrows and gazed at his long-time friend.

Though Lucas' face was expressionless, his emotions were slightly tense. It took him a while before he could reveal the truth, "I'm divorced."

"Huh?" Sinclair could not control his astonishment. "Divorced? Why? Didn't you tell me that your lives had been peaceful all this while? Why would you go for a divorce?"

"I..." Lucas sighed.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 56

Stretching out his slender fingers, he furrowed his brows. He initially felt that since it was a loveless marriage, it would be better for them to move on to a different life.

What's more, I'd gotten married in the first

place because grandpa was impatient.

However, he is now gone. Hence this farce of a marriage need not continue.

But!

Everything had changed unexpectedly after the divorce.

He had grown accustomed to having Ashlyn by his side, adjusting his likes to the food that she had cooked.

As long as Ashlyn was around, he felt calm

and peaceful.

After his divorce, his mania symptoms exacerbated, and years of symptom control through medication had failed. He had regressed back to his original state.

Upon listening to Lucas' story, Sinclair solemnly announced, "Friend, you do have to understand that the reason that you're suffering from mania is due to psychological reasons. Drugs and medication are simply the means to assist you, they are not means to an end. You really have to deeply consider this... Is your wife merely a partner you live with? Do you really have no other feelings for her?"

Sinclair paused before continuing, "Lucas, you are a smart man. You should understand what I mean."

Lucas understood the logic. Yet, when he thought of Ashlyn's cold attitude, he could not figure out what she was thinking.

Ashlyn's temperament had always been unpredictable.

"During the four years of our marriage, she was gentle and friendly. She was almost the perfect wife material. After the divorce, I

found out that she seemed to be hiding another side of her. It seems as though she was in a role-playing game. That was not the real her at all. I'd never known that she was a surgeon, much less her martial arts prowess." Lucas felt helpless for the first time in his life.

"Lucas, you'd ignored her for too long. You never tried to approach or understand her. She could be concealing her real identity on purpose? This is an interesting perspective worth pondering on." Sinclair rubbed his chin. "Unfortunately, I am not a relationship expert. I don't know what is going on between you and her, as a pair of husband and wife."

Lucas was slightly remorseful.

Indeed, he had never taken the initiative to understand Ashlyn. Neither had he tried to be involved in her world.

In the past, he had merely regarded her as a wife-by-contract, and both of them did not intrude into each other's life much. Ashlyn had always been tactful, and she had hardly asked him for anything.

If he had given, she would gladly receive. If he hadn't, she wouldn't have asked for it.

They treated each another as though they were mere acquaintances.

They had never quarreled either. Looking back at it now, they were basically two strangers, living under one roof.

Except occasionally, when their bodies were in need of some physical connections...

Lucas sighed.

His mind was in a mess.

"Sinclair, right now I just want to know this. If my symptoms worsen, would it affect my flying? You should be aware that for someone who is mentally ill or psychologically unstable, you wouldn't be able to pass the flight test. Instead, you will be forced to be grounded." Sinclair prescribed him some medication and instructed, "Take these first. Although I can't exactly say that I understand what your situation is, I'd still suggest that you reconsider your marriage carefully."

When all was said and done, Lucas walked out of Sinclair's office.

He drove to a less prosperous commercial boulevard, in search of a particular shop.

Soon, he found it, as the shop was the only one on the secluded street.

Without hesitation, he pulled up beside the entrance, into this plush doll shop, which was about three hundred square meters in size.

The shop was full of colorful and cute plushies.

As he alighted the car, a burly man stopped him. "Mister, ticket please."

Lucas took out a black card from his coat and placed it on the counter. "Swipe it."

The fierce-looking man looked him up, from head-to-toe, swiped his card, handed him a ticket, before saying, "Go in and turn left at the end."

Lucas did not say anything. He merely followed the man's directions. He stepped through the hidden door located far inside the doll shop.

Upon entering the door, there was a narrow corridor.

There were dim, yellow lamps hanging along both sides of the corridor. When he turned at the corner, he could hear shouts of excitement and frenzy from below.

"Go! Go!"

"Beat him up!"

"I've bet two million on you! Get up now!"

"Damn! You are weak! Weak!"

The deafening shouts were endless, and the scene was violent and bloody.

He would have never set foot in here if it weren't for the fact that he was feeling so vexed. He had needed a place to release his

pent-up frustration.

He had not walked into an underground boxing ring for four years.

Hearing these bloodthirsty shouts had calmed his vexation slightly.

He wanted to let loose, to yell! He wanted to release his primal thirst just like the rest of them.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 57

Lucas stepped out of the corridor, through a rusty iron door. The area in front of him was

vast and spacious.

The area could easily accommodate thousands of people; the floor was tiled, and in the center stood a huge colosseum-like ring.

The area around the boxing ring itself was empty, except for some spectators who stood below, shouting. The seats around the arena, meanwhile, were very crowded until there were almost no seats left. Everyone was in a worked-up frenzy, yelling, cheering, and booing...

There were a few VIP spectator boxes built around the second floor of the arena.

Compared to the distinguished guests seated in the boxes on the second floor, the bets placed by the ordinary crowd were not worth mentioning.

The VIPs were the real gamblers, spending tens of millions every match.

During this time, in the ring surrounded by the iron fencing, two muscular, half-naked men were fighting for their lives.

Illicit places like this underground boxing

arena required all of their boxers to sign off a life disclaimer agreement.

Their fighting styles were also extremely bloody. It was basically a no-holds-barred brawl filled with violence and desperation.

There was a bar on the westernmost side of the underground boxing arena. There were dozens of seats in front of the counter. A few men sat there. Many were foreigners and there were some dark-skinned men as well. All who were mentioned were currently facing the ring while drinking and shouting excitedly.

A man dressed in all black stepped into the boxing ring and immediately attracted a lot of attention.

With his oriental-looking face, and with a height not shorter than the typical European or American man, he carried an air of nobility and indifference. A truly stunning presence! He was like a nobleman who had descended from the ancient noble families. His presence stood out, in stark contrast to this noisy, rowdy, and bloodthirsty atmosphere.

His built figure and toned legs, coupled with an extraordinarily handsome appearance, exuded his uncaring and aristocratic attitude.

His presence caused the lavishly dressed female audiences seated in the boxes above to glue their eyes on him.

His icy aura of indifference caused others to keep their distance from him.

Lucas walked over to the bar and ordered a glass of whiskey without any intention to drink it.

He still had to pilot a plane tomorrow, and he was not allowed to drink.

A bearded bartender took the whiskey bottle from the shelf and poured Lucas a glass.

He was familiar with the types of people who had usually visited the underground boxing ring. However, this was his first time seeing this handsome man. In fact, Lucas seemed to be the type who should be sitting in the VIP private room on the second floor comfortably, instead of being here. There was something admirable about this man.

Hence the bartender gleefully asked Lucas, "Are you here to spectate the final match?"

"Final match? What do you mean?" Lucas was expressionless as his fingers fiddled with his whiskey glass.

"Woah, geez! There are actually people who aren't aware!" The bartender excitedly filled him in. "Do you know the Blackhand Mafia? They are fighting for territories and had stepped on too many toes. My brother, you are lucky to be here today. The final match features the reigning boxing champion, Henry. Whoever can defeat him will gain the rights to his turf. The Blackhand Mafia has been very aggressive recently, and even though other gangs have tried to retaliate, it is said that no one can win against Henry!"

Lucas did not expect to spectate such an exciting match as soon as he arrived.

The Blackhand Mafia had a long history of violent acts, for the aggressive expansion of their turfs.

He had also heard about this boxing champion, Henry. He had vanquished strong boxers around the world in the past few years, and he reigned undefeated.

The bartender sighed. "There are four mob families currently fighting over the turfs. We had three matches yesterday and Henry had won them all. Today is the final match. Have you heard of the Shadow Way clan?"

the bartender asked. "I'd heard that after the don of Shadow Way passed away, the clan has been in slow decline. Just a few years ago, it was standing toe-to-toe with the Blackhand Mafia. Unfortunately, after the death of the don, the Shadow Way has always been defeated by the Blackhand."

"Hasn't Shadow Way clan just installed a new leader? Lucas frowned.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 58

The headquarter of the Shadow Way was said to be located in the H Nation. Most of its members arose from there as well.

"The new boss of Shadow Way doesn't come by Italy much. From what I've heard, she is a lady! What can a woman do these days anyway!" The bartender smirked with arrogance.

His words were filled with disdain and contempt for women.

Lucas sat quietly in his seat, not saying a word. He was more interested in what was going on inside the ring.

"Gimme a beer!" a customer yelled.

"I'll be right there!" The bartender hurriedly filled up a pint glass from the keg.

There was a big screen next to the ring. Right at this moment, a picture of Henry, the boxing champion, as well as his personal information suddenly appeared on the screen.

Henry - twenty-four years old. Height of 1.88 meters. Weight of 105 kilograms. His stats were amazing!

At the age of thirteen, he entered the

boxing training camp conducted by the Blackhand Mafia. All the proteges trained in this camp were ruthless - The perfect killing machines without mercy or emotion; relentless fighters in the ring!

Henry had been competing in the ring since he was twenty years old and had gone through more than 500 bouts with a win rate of 97%.

In the past three years, he had remained undefeated.

Almost everyone in the arena was looking forward to the identity of the fighter chosen to represent Shadow Way.

Shadow Way may have had many skillful warriors, but there were none, who possessed the caliber and strength like Henry.

Meanwhile, in the Shadow Way private room on the second floor, Luigi was in a bind. His nervousness was felt by his anxious subordinates. "Luigi! The match will start soon! Let me be the challenger!"

"No, let me! I'm not afraid of death!"

"Forget it. None of you are as good as I am.

I'll personally handle this." Luigi took off his coat and opened the room's door.

A group of his subordinates shouted in unison, "No Luigi! You can't!"

At this moment, an announcement rang out, "Now, we will like to invite our two fighters on stage!"

"If I don't go now, we'll have to forfeit," Luigi angrily retorted. "That woman has no care for anyone, other than herself. How can I stand by and watch our turf get taken away right under my own nose? Without our territory, what will you all live off on?"

With a spirited roar, Luigi slammed the door and left!

He walked towards the arena. Every step he took felt like walking towards his doom. His trepidation drowned out the shouts and noise from the audience in the arena. With a steely determination to face his death today, he stared contemptuously at Henry, who was already standing on the stage.

Right away, the large screen on the other side of the ring displayed the picture and information of the Shadow Way fighter.

"Oh, my god! I must be dreaming!"

"What is going on?"

"Shadow Way must have gone all out and poured all their money into him!"

"My god! It's none other than Kris!"

"I thought Kris disappeared? Someone had even told me that he was dead!"

"Maybe he's an imposter?"

"Oh, my god. Kris was the famous uncrowned

king of the ring. Henry had just debuted when Kris was already at the peak of his fame."

"Woah! Kris is my idol! I still remember the impression he made on me back then!"

"I felt like crying! I never thought that I'd be able to see Kris again in this life!"

"Me too!"

A bolt of lightning had seemingly struck Luigi, out of nowhere. He was already standing at the bottom of the stage.

Kris? How could such a legend be helping their Shadow Way clan?

Am I dreaming? I must be! The spectators around him in the whole arena were going into a wild frenzy.

Everyone present was chanting Kris' name, as though they were worshipping a god.

All of his hatred, anger, and contempt towards Ashlyn, had now been turned into doubt.

Could this have been Ashlyn's arrangement from the very beginning? What is her

relationship with Kris? No, it's impossible!
How would she have known Kris?

Kris is simply a god to all!

After recovering from their initial elation, as sudden realization set in, some of the members of the crowd began to wail,
"Ahhhhhh! I've already placed all of my bets on Henry!"

"I have also bet it all on Henry."

"What should I do? What should I do?"

"I don't care anymore. I'm going to bet on

Kris."

"No don't do that. Kris has disappeared from the scene for many years after all. Who knows if his strength has regressed?"

"Say no more! We don't even know if he is the real one. Kris used to enter fights wearing a mask. I have never seen him take it off."

"I feel as though this Kris is an imposter."

"I feel the same. This must be some sort of a ploy."

Lucas sat glued, on his seat at the bar,

drinking all the commotion in while feeling somewhat surprised at the turn of events.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 59

Kris emerged suddenly, with no one knowing where 'he' came from. 'He' appeared all of a sudden, before disappearing into thin air in the next moment.

Staying at the underground boxing club for merely a year, 'he' had never lost a single fight. Although Henry was strong too, he had suffered a lot of defeats since his first debut.

He had only watched one of Kris' competitions in the past. 'He' was simply a scrawny teenager, unable to take a single punch. He had never imagined the skinny teenager to have such a huge burst of energy.

'He' was unlike a muscular man like Henry.

Hence, Henry remembered Kris very vividly.

In fact, anyone who had seen Kris before would have had 'him' etched in their memory.

Kris had an extremely huge fanbase. 'His' fans were all very impressive, some of which included millionaires from all around the world.

Kris' income was the highest amongst all the boxers, second to none! Even though 'he' only fought in the matches for a year, other boxers still could not surpass his income till now.

"Kris!"

"Kris!"

"Kris!"

Everyone yelled Kris' name loudly.

Even the esteemed guests in the second-floor VIP suite stepped out and stood by the railings at the corridor. To witness Kris in action, some even dashed to the bottom of the boxing ring. However, there were already no seats left as the place was overflowing with people.

Everyone howled and yelled like madmen.

They were like a pack of wild beasts, waiting for their king!

The king had returned!

Bang! With a loud sound, the door that linked the backstage to the boxing ring was thrown open.

The cheers in the venue died down into strange silence. Everyone's gazes locked onto the door.

A lean and tall figure strode out slowly. With a mask on the person's face, only a pair of

dark eyes were revealed. The eyes were as sharp as an eagle's. They were so cold that others had felt suffocated.

She wore a black costume, paired with a pair of black tactical boots. Her hair was tied into a high ponytail, revealing her slender and long neck that made her look like an elegant black swan.

This... This isn't that teenage boy from years ago!

She's obviously a woman!

"Oh my God, is my idol a woman?"

"No, she's definitely not Kris."

"She's fake!"

"Yeah, get lost!"

"Don't impersonate our idol!"

"You're insulting Kris!"

"Get lost right away!"

The enraged audience started to curse at her frantically. A woman is standing on the boxing

ring and impersonating Kris. What kind of joke is this?

When Lucas raised his head, his heart skipped a beat.

Damn it!

Is this woman crazy?

Why is she in the boxing ring?

Lucas was on the verge of a breakdown. What else do I not know about my ex-wife?

I've slept with her on the same bed for four years. Even if she's wearing a mask, even if she has disintegrated into ashes, I can still recognize her.

Ashlyn! Is fighting at the underground boxing club your purpose of coming to Italy?

Does she know how dangerous this is? Does she even know who Henry is? Henry is the reigning boxing champion. He can send her flying, or even smash her skull in, with a single punch!

Lucas frantically made his way through the crowd and dashed towards the boxing ring rapidly.

The boxing venue was extremely crowded.

Many of Kris' fans had rushed over, after hearing that Kris had re-emerged from 'his' disappearance. They swarmed into the boxing club like locusts.

Lucas made his way forward with much difficulty.

A lot of the audience complained in annoyance, "Why did I even come to this crowded place? She's a fake!"

"Yeah, she's a fake. I came here for nothing!"

The enraged audience yelled at Henry, "Kill her! Kill this woman!"

"She's committed an unforgivable sin by impersonating my idol!"

"She deserves to die!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 60

When Luigi and the rest saw Ashlyn standing on the boxing ring, they could not help but feel faint.

As Luigi was standing the closest to her, he yelled with all his might, "Come down now! Do you want to die?"

Doesn't she know the consequences of this?

How can she impersonate Kris and lie?

Why did I get involved with such a foolish head of the sect?

In nicer terms, she's sacrificing herself for the sect. However, to be brutally honest, she's overestimating herself. She's so crazy

that she's biting off more than she can chew!

"Come down quickly!" The other men started yelling too, feeling extremely flustered.

Although they did not like Ashlyn, they did not want to see her send herself to her death!

Ashlyn stood before Henry with her back straight. It seemed like everything beyond the boxing ring had nothing to do with her.

Regardless of the insults, commotion, and

jeers, she stood there quietly like an oak tree—straight and emotionless.

Although she was skinny, her aura was very intimidating!

On the other hand, the audience in the crowded underground boxing club, who initially wanted to see Kris, now wished to see Henry beat the woman to death.

There were a lot of millionaires around the globe who could not make it in person to see Kris. Hence, when they heard that Kris had reappeared, they spent a lot of money to ask the underground boxing club for a live stream.

The boxing club started the live stream immediately.

Some of Kris' biggest fans started to comment on the chat, "I think that she's Kris. After all, Kris was very skinny back then. I've always suspected that he's actually a woman."

"But he's too powerful. How can a woman be so strong?"

"I believe that she's Kris!"

"No one has the guts to impersonate Kris! Don't forget that Kris had fought at this boxing club four years ago. Do you think that the owner of the boxing club is so foolish as to let an impersonator up onto the ring?"

"Have some brains! She's Kris!"

For such a phenomenal fight, the bets were not as low as tens of millions or even hundreds of millions.

Kris' fans were distributed across the globe, with many of them being big-shots from various industries.

Their bets had started from a minimum of hundreds of millions.

Hence, at this moment, the bets were sky-rocketing. The numbers were so shockingly high that some could not even count them properly.

On the large LED screen beside the boxing ring, the amount of the total bet kept changing madly.

Although fights like these were bloody, they were shockingly profitable.

When the clock showed that it was already

nine in the night, the audience erupted into cheers and both fighters started to move!

Like a beast, Henry pounced at Ashlyn.

When Lucas saw Henry aim his punch, he was on the verge of breaking down.

Gritting his teeth, he yelled, "No!"

He wanted to dash into the boxing ring, but it was already too late. Everything was too late!
Ashlyn!

No!

He wished for nothing more than to fly to the boxing ring right away. He was only a few meters away from the boxing ring, but the huge crowd had already blocked him from entering.

Pushing the bodies in the crowd away, he tried to find an opening. However, everyone was tightly packed together, unable to accommodate any gaps at all.

As light as a sparrow, the woman in the boxing ring moved agilely and swiftly.

Her aura changed drastically, making her

seem like a cold, ruthless, sharp sword.

Just when everyone thought that she would be sent flying by Henry's punch, she spun around, leaped into the air, and slammed her knee on Henry's right cheek.

Henry staggered backward and spat out a mouthful of blood.

The blood had awoken Henry's beastly instincts as he pounced at Ashlyn again.

The woman's slender waist looked even thinner under the black costume. However, all of her attacks were charged with immense

strength.

Suddenly, she bent down and weaved under Henry's arm. Before he could react, she had already climbed onto his back and locked her arms tightly around his neck.

Yelling loudly, Henry tried to shake her off his back.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 61

Ashlyn landed on the ground gently before resuming the fight with Henry.

Henry launched a barrage of attacks at her, but none of them managed to reach her.

On the other hand, Ashlyn was left completely unscathed.

Like everyone in the audience, Henry thought that he could defeat this woman with a single punch.

Now, he had no choice but to admit that this woman was strong.

Extremely strong!

I must win! I cannot lose!

It's too humiliating to lose to a woman.

He leaped into the air all of a sudden and gripped Ashlyn's waist tightly, trying to slam her against the ground.

However, Ashlyn grabbed his neck calmly and domineeringly.

As if her hands were made of steel, she

gripped his neck tightly, making him feel as though he was going to suffocate.

He widened his eyes in fear. Without any doubt, he knew that this woman would break his neck at any given moment.

His strong will to live made him howl like a despaired beast, as he mustered all of his strength to fling Ashlyn's body away.

The woman's thin body landed heavily on the boxing ring.

However, as if she could not feel any pain, she jumped into the air immediately. Her actions were extremely fluid and skilled, causing the audience to feel amazed.

They felt like they were watching a martial arts blockbuster!

Having broken free from her restraint, Henry panted heavily. Before he could react, the woman had already sent him flying with a kick.

The 1.88-meter tall man, who was like a 110-kilogram rock, was kicked off the boxing ring like a sack of corn. The crowd surrounding the boxing ring tried to dodge

frantically, afraid that they would be hit.

Henry's body flew in the air, following a trajectory before landing on the ground. He fainted on the spot, with blood dribbling out of his mouth uncontrollably.

The medical team rushed over instantly, helped him up, and started to treat him urgently.

Lucas' eyes were locked onto that familiar, slender figure on the boxing ring.

His heart kept pounding rapidly, threatening to leap out of his chest.

If it were not because of his young age, he might have had a heart attack, dying on the spot.

Who are you, Ashlyn?

How many secrets do you have?

Why would you know how to fight in such a fatal manner?

Everyone erupted into thunderous cheers!

"Kris! Kris!"

"She's really Kris. Oh my God!"

"She's actually defeated Henry!"

"Did you see that? The way she kicked him off the boxing ring was so cool!"

"She's so cool. I can't take it. I'm going to cry! Her actions were so fluid, just like a female warrior in the movies."

"I can't believe that Kris is a woman. Indeed, my idol is the most unique!"

Many of Kris' fans started bawling, while some even bowed at her in apology.

They were apologizing for doubting and misunderstanding her, and for being so blind that they could not recognize her.

On the other hand, the big-shots watching the live stream started to send money over frantically.

They knew that the money that they had sent would be distributed to their idol too.

Hence, they spent so much money as if their lives depended on it.

"If I can watch Kris fight again, I'll have no regrets when I die!"

"Kris, I want to propose to you. Please accept my love!"

"I want to have a child with you."

"Marry me, Kris!"

"Kris, accept my love! I have money and power. I'll give you whatever you want, and I'll protect you well."

"Kris, can you take off your mask and let me see your face?"

The big-shots were going crazy.

They wished for nothing more than to abandon everything to rush over to meet Kris.

The LED screen beside the boxing ring kept displaying the rapidly changing comments in the chat box.

The judge had already declared that Kris had won.

Luigi, his subordinates, and the audience were stunned.

However, the reason why Luigi and his men were stunned was different from the audience.

Instead, they were wondering if the head of the sect would kill them, as they now had knowledge of such a huge secret.

The head of the sect is Kris, whom so many big-shots had admired?

Will she kill us and give us up as an offering?

I'm terrified...

When Ashlyn was about to leave the boxing ring, the door linking the boxing ring and the backstage was suddenly flung open!

A tall and handsome European man rushed out rapidly, stretching an arm out and pulling the thin woman into his arms.

Overcome with excitement, he yelled, "Kris!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 62

"Kris!"

"Kris!"

"It's you. It's really you, Kris! You're not dead!"

"It's great that you're not dead."

"Kris, it's really you!"

"Kris!"

The audience recognized him instantly. He

was none other than Wilson, the owner of the underground boxing club. He was the typical Italian, with a burly figure, brown hair, and a pair of dark and deep-set eyes. His face was extremely handsome.

Not only was he the boss here, but rather, he was also the leader of the Blackhand Mafia.

Lucas glared at Wilson as he hugged Ashlyn, having recognized the man. Why is the leader of the Blackhand Mafia acting so intimately with Ashlyn? He even dares to hug Ashlyn in public! Even I haven't hugged her in front of so many people like that! Why does this

woman keep attracting men wherever she goes?

Taking in a deep breath, he felt a sense of frustration overwhelm him. When he recalled the fear and worry he had felt earlier, he found it hilarious.

He wished for nothing more than to cut Wilson's hands, feeding them to the dogs!

However, the audience was absolutely astonished again.

It's Wilson! He was one of the most powerful men in Italy. With him confirming Kris'

identity personally, no one dared to doubt her anymore.

Furthermore, Wilson seemed to have shared a very good relationship with Kris.

The people who had doubted Kris' identity were cruelly proven wrong when Ashlyn had won.

Now, they felt increasingly humiliated.

Everyone stared at the boxing ring fixedly, looking at the legendary Kris. Some people

started to take pictures of her frantically as they did not know when she would reappear. A big-shot like her would not fight every day like Henry. If not to protect her turf, she would probably not have appeared.

Huh?

This means that Kris is from Shadow Way?
Is she related to Shadow Way?

Wilson was hugging Ashlyn so tightly that she felt very uncomfortable. After all, she was still not used to acting so intimately with other men.

"Let go of me first, Wilson," demanded Ashlyn coldly. Wilson withdrew his muscular arms quickly.

His face was filled with excitement. "Oh Lord, my subordinates reported to me that you had arrived. I- I can't believe it. I thought that I was dreaming! Kris, how have you been? Where did you go? If you're alive, why didn't you return to look for me?"

"Wilson, I'm doing fine," replied Ashlyn calmly. "If it were not for Blackhand Mafia trying to coerce Shadow Way, I wouldn't have appeared. According to the rules created by Blackhand Mafia, the allocation of the territories will be determined by Shadow

Way."

"Kris, if I knew that you're related to Shadow Way, I wouldn't have tried to snatch the territories away from Shadow out of my respect for you!" explained Henry with an appeasing smile. "Kris, I'm telling you the truth. You don't even have to act personally. You could've just called me to settle this problem with a short chat, but you'd insisted on taking action yourself. Did Henry hurt you? If he did, I'll punish him severely."

"Him? He's still too weak to hurt me." Ashlyn smirked. The confidence in her eyes was almost blinding, making everyone tempted to rip off her mask to see how gorgeous she

was.

Naturally, no one dared to.

Luigi was already discussing the details of the territories with the other men from Blackhand Mafia.

On the other hand, Wilson invited Ashlyn to the break room.

The audience was reluctant to leave. They stayed at the boxing club, discussing the matter regarding Kris and Wilson.

"I've never seen the mighty leader treat

someone so nicely."

"Oh my God! Did you see what happened earlier? Wilson was acting like a bellboy. He was bowing and stretching his hand out, inviting Kris to enter."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 63

"Yeah, my impression of Wilson is gone now! My idol, Kris, is even more powerful than him!"

"I bet that Wilson's acting so deferentially because Kris has beaten him up before."

"Haha! Oh, right. How much did you lose just now?"

"F***! I lost a lot because I didn't believe that she was Kris."

Suddenly, a burst of frantic laughter erupted in the crowd. "I've won the jackpot! I'd betted on Kris and won a hundred million! From now on, I can afford a house and a car. My wife and children can lead happy lives now!"

After laughing, the man started to bawl. In the direction of the meeting room Ashlyn was in, he fell onto his knees and kowtowed.

"Kris, thank you!"

Although some people were overjoyed, some were despairing. Around 90% of the audience had lost the bet.

On the other hand, the big-shots watching the live streams did not care if they had won or lost. All they cared about was whether their idol, Kris, was doing well!

Lucas wanted to know exactly how many secrets Ashlyn was hiding from him.

Why did she know how to fight so... deadly?

When she was fighting Henry, it was like she had changed completely—ruthless, fierce, and cold, like a lone wolf in the forest.

What has she experienced in her life to become like this?

He dared not imagine.

When he closed his eyes, the scene of Ashlyn risking her life and charging forward kept filling his mind.

His heart ached so badly that he could hardly breathe.

The gentle woman from the four years of his marriage seemed even more distant from him.

It was like she had only appeared in his dreams.

He was even doubting whether he had

actually married Ashlyn.

Is the woman, who could not even open a bottle of water and needed my help to kill a chicken, the woman who defeated the reigning champion of the boxing club so easily?

Are they really the same person?

Isn't she the gentle and cute woman who would welcome me home with a bright smile?

Isn't she the best surgeon in First Hospital? Why can't she remain a doctor? Why did she become Kris?

Why did she suddenly become an untamed lone wolf? Why...

A thousand unsolvable questions surfaced in Lucas' mind.

He kept waiting outside the meeting room, wanting to seek the answers from Ashlyn herself.

After half an hour, a tall and slender woman stepped out of the meeting room, surrounded by a large crowd of people.

She was still wearing a mask, only revealing

her scarlet lips and sharp, clear eyes that looked like a pristine lake.

"Stop right there." Suddenly, a hoarse and familiar voice sounded from a corner.

Ashlyn looked over in surprise. She saw a tall, familiar figure standing in the shadows a short distance away from the meeting room.

Lucas?

Why is he here?

Did... he see everything that happened just now?

Why? We are already divorced.

For some reason, Ashlyn felt guilty, as if she had been caught doing something bad.

However, when she thought about it again, she realized that there was nothing for her to be scared of. He was just her ex-husband. She did not think that Lucas would be so blind that he would not recognize her. Hence, this man was probably there because he was prepared to confront her after recognizing who she was.

Smirking, her scarlet lips curved into a

dazzling smile. "Mr. Nolan, what's the matter?"

Although Lucas could not see her expression under her mask, he could not help but feel very frustrated. "Why are you here?"

"Oh, I'm here to steal territories! Well, as you've seen, I've succeeded," replied Ashlyn nonchalantly, as if they were having a casual chat about something insignificant.

She did not look like she had just experienced a deadly battle.

"Do you know what you're doing? If Henry

managed to hurt you, have you ever thought that you might die?" Gazing at this indifferent woman, Lucas wanted to pull her into his arms and smack her butt, so that she could be taught a lesson.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 64

"Are you concerned about me, Mr. Nolan?" asked Ashlyn as she raised her eyebrow.

She was a bit annoyed by how Lucas, her ex-husband, kept appearing in front of her.

We're already divorced. What is he doing?

She did not believe that this man was still clinging to their previous relationship.

She knew how heartless he was. If he still cannot forget me, we should've already fallen in love with each other four years ago. After four years of marriage, both of us never developed any feelings for each other. How is it possible for him to fall for me right after our divorce?

Who is he trying to bluff?

"I just wanted to warn you against putting yourself in danger all the time." Lucas was at a loss for words on how to answer Ashlyn's question. This was not the first time, ever since they had divorced.

"Mr. Nolan, this is Blackhand Mafia's territory. Kris is my esteemed guest and my good friend. Please be more polite to her." Naturally, Wilson recognized this handsome man. He was Lucas Nolan, the president of the famous Nolan group in H Nation.

Wilson had heard that the Nolan Group was wealthier than entire nations.

Lucas' cold and furious gaze fell onto Wilson's face. This bastard hugged Ashlyn just now.

"I share a more intimate relationship with her than you do!" snapped Lucas in annoyance, feeling very jealous.

His words sounded childish and irritated as if he was a child competing for attention.

He wanted Ashlyn's gaze to stay on himself forever, instead of being snatched away by others.

I'm crazy.

I must be crazy!

Ashlyn glanced at Lucas like he was a madman. Wasn't he always so cold and distant in the past? He'd acted like a dignified noble.

I've never seen him so frustrated before. Wasn't he also so high and mighty, forever calm and dignified? How could he say something so childish? I can't believe that there are times when he is riled up.

After our divorce, Lucas seems... a little different from his past self.

At least, he's becoming easily irritated. In the past, he was as cold as ice—gentle on the surface and distant on the inside. He didn't seem to have a temper. It was as if nothing could ever stir his emotions.

Right, just like a paper cut-out.

Wilson glared at Lucas. "Kris and I have gone through life-or-death situations before. We treasure each other a lot."

How dare a man, who only knows how to earn money, try to compete with me for Kris' attention?

To Wilson, Kris was not only his goddess but rather, she was also his idol.

He would never allow his idol to be spoken to with such a disrespectful tone.

They locked eyes, exchanging menacing glares with one another.

It was as if there was an electric current surging between the two men, with neither of them willing to budge.

Until—

“Sir, Kris has already left.”

Unable to withstand it any longer, Wilson's subordinate reminded him softly.

Only then did the two men realize that Ashlyn, the main character, had already left the underground boxing club.

Lucas dashed out furiously. However, by the time he reached the entrance of the plush doll shop, he saw Ashlyn getting into a Land Rover.

The imposing Land Rover started its engine. With a few luxurious cars following behind it, it took off in a grandiose and intimidating manner.

Damn it!

Lucas cursed under his breath. It's all Wilson's fault.

He got into his car quickly and chased after her.

After a mad chase, he realized that the luxurious cars' destination was the airport.

Ashlyn, who had already taken off her mask, got out of the Land Rover, while a man in black helped her pulled her luggage respectfully.

"Thank you for this time, Boss."

"Not only did Blackhand Mafia allocate the largest territory for us, but they were also exceptionally polite to our men because of you."

"Yeah! They'd even promised to give us a lot of profits and collaborate with us."

"Boss, you don't know how impressive you were! Look at the way you beat Henry up!"

"Boss, can you teach me your amazing fighting skills?"

With Luigi taking the lead, the men kept complimenting Ashlyn in a thousand different ways. How blind were they to have treated such a beautiful and strong boss as a weakling?

They wanted to slap themselves hard.

"Stop flattering me." Ashlyn scratched her ears. "If anything happens, call me. Luigi will

be in charge of the collaboration with Wilson. After the contract is drafted, send it to me for a review. Wilson is not a bad guy, it's just that he's a bit petty sometimes. As for Dmitri, he's merely a sidekick. There's nothing to fear about him. Okay, it's time for me to board the plane."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 65

If Dmitri knew that a deputy like himself was being called a sidekick, he might have bawled his eyes out.

Grabbing the luggage, Ashlyn strode towards the waiting hall.

The men waved at her reluctantly. It was an amazing feeling to be protected by their boss, so they were sad to see her go. Indeed, the don had such a good judgment!

"Boss, you must come to Italy often!"

"Okay."

After speaking, Ashlyn left swiftly.

Lucas glared at her slender back resentfully. Damn it! She's leaving Italy now, instead of together with my flight, which is scheduled for tomorrow!

Is she unhappy that we had faced turbulence when I was flying the plane yesterday?

Or am I not handsome enough when I'm flying the plane?

How dare she board someone else's flight?

I'm not allowing this to happen!

Striding over confidently, he chased after Ashlyn.

At that moment, a police car skidded on the road and stopped outside of the airport with an ear-piercing screech.

A man from H Nation stepped out of the police car. Wearing a police uniform, he walked domineeringly and intimidatingly.

He heard that Kris, that bastard—no, that

brat—had reappeared!

Only today did he discover that Kris was a woman.

When the men from Shadow Way entered their car, they widened their eyes in shock. "Oh my God! Isn't he Jackson Bush, the highest-ranking commander of Interpol? As the most impressive detective in H Nation, he was promoted to the highest-ranking commander of Interpol within a few years. He's one of the most outstanding personnel in H Nation!"

These organizations often looked down on foreigners.

However, Jackson managed to become the highest-ranking commander in Interpol. Rumor had it that many people were not willing to acknowledge Jackson and their commander. They challenged him but ended up getting overwhelmingly defeated.

"I guess that he's here for Boss."

"I think so too. Our boss is so amazing. After all, she's Kris!"

"Do you think that Wilson knows that Kris is actually the new head of the Shadow Way?"

"I'm not sure. It looks like he only knows that Kris is affiliated with Shadow Way."

They started to look forward eagerly to Wilson's reaction when he discovered who the head of Shadow Way was.

"Alright, stop being so nosy. Let's return now," hurried Luigi as he smiled.

In the waiting hall, Ashlyn was about to find a seat when a warm palm grabbed her from behind, pulling her away.

Subconsciously, she struck the person. However, instead of releasing his grip, he

deflected her attack swiftly.

Ashlyn was at a loss for words.

It was rare for her to meet someone who could rival her.

A boxing champion like Henry could only exchange a dozen blows with her. Yet, this man could deflect her attack immediately?

When she raised her head in surprise, a familiar handsome face appeared in her line of vision.

"Lucas? What are you doing?"

She was about to withdraw her hand, but the man tightened his grip further. Wanting to break free from his restraint, she gathered that their actions had already attracted a lot of attention from the passers-by.

She did not want to argue with him here.

As this man was gripping her so tightly, she would definitely need to fight him in order to break free.

Furthermore, he looked like he was ready to fight if she dared to attack him.

"Why aren't you taking my flight tomorrow?"
When the man spoke, he sounded extremely
jealous.

"Lucas, did you chase after me just to ask me
that?"

Ashlyn felt like he was absolutely bonkers
and childish.

How did he pretend to be so cold and distant
in the past?

Poor Mr. Nolan! He had to keep up the act for
four years.

In reality, he's just an immature man, who is easily irritated.

"I want to bring you home. You must take my flight home tomorrow. Do other people fly planes better than I do? You'd said that I'm the best at it. Do other pilots fly as safely as me?" Lucas' dark eyes were filled with a domineering look. My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 66

If she took another flight, the pilot would definitely not be able to handle a situation if what happened yesterday were to occur once more.

What if something happened to her?

He would only feel relieved if she remained in his line of vision.

"You're so unreasonable." Ashlyn took a deep breath.

From the corners of her eyes, she spotted a familiar figure appear at the entrance of the waiting room. Why is he here?

Before Lucas could react, Ashlyn narrowed her eyes, tiptoed, and kissed the man's sexy lips abruptly.

Lucas was stunned.

We were fighting earlier, but she's kissing me all of a sudden?

A woman's heart sure is incomprehensible.

Men seemed to have a natural instinct to take control when it came to things like this. Grabbing Ashlyn's slender waist in a domineering manner, he deepened the kiss further.

Wilson said that Kris had gone to the airport directly.

Jackson's gaze swept across all the travelers in the waiting hall, trying to search for the familiar teenager in his memories.

Yet, despite combing through the entire airport, he could not find the person.

He even spotted a couple kissing in a public place like this!

Instantly, he felt contemptuous and

disgusted.

After searching the airport again and still being unable to find his target, Jackson felt slightly disappointed.

When he exited the waiting hall gloomily, he met Wilson, who had also rushed over. "Why? Didn't you find her?"

"Yeah." It was obvious that Jackson was feeling slightly down.

"Forget it. If she wants to see you, she'll naturally appear." Wilson patted Jackson's shoulder in pity.

Glancing at him coldly, Jackson slapped his hand away. "Wilson, don't be happy so soon. One day, I'll find evidence of your crime and lock you up."

"Hey, can you have more conscience? Is everyone at H Nation so boring and rule-abiding like you? Although we are the Blackhand Mafia, we do legal businesses. Commander Bush, don't think that you can threaten me just because you're from the same country as Kris," uttered Wilson in contempt.

"Hmph!" grunted Jackson coldly. "How is she doing? Is she okay?"

"Yeah. What happened that year almost killed her. I'd always thought that she'd died." A flash of hurt appeared in Wilson's beautiful brown eyes. He did not want to recall that memory again.

"Luckily, Heaven was kind on us. After knowing that she's fine, I'm relieved. I wonder how she'd managed to endure these four years." A hint of agony appeared on Jackson's face.

"I want to know too, but she won't tell me." Wilson spread his hands.

Jackson remained silent. He walked to the police car directly, pulled the door open, and entered the car.

At the waiting hall, Ashlyn pushed Lucas away forcefully after Jackson left.

Lucas was still immersed in her familiar scent and sensation of her lips.

Because of this brief kiss, all the frustration and resentment he felt seemed to have disappeared in an instant.

The people around them kept staring at them.

They were similarly good-looking, with a similarly powerful aura. Yet, they seemed so harmonious together, attracting everyone's attention.

The man's face was as cold as ice. He had such a dignified aura that he seemed like a nobleman right out of the Renaissance era. "Why did you push me away?"

Ashlyn glanced at him. "I'm sorry, I exploited you just now. Someone is trying to capture me, so I did that."

Does he have a bipolar personality? He was so furious earlier. Why did he suddenly become so noble and elegant in an instant? How can

he switch between these two personalities so naturally?

Now, Ashlyn felt that getting a divorce was an extremely wise decision.

In her haste to hide from Jackson, she had no choice but to force a kiss on Lucas.

"Am I just a tool to you?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 67

After hearing Ashlyn's explanation, Lucas, who had just resumed his calm composure,

felt slightly annoyed again.

At least I'm a tool, not just a useless man.

He was actually glad that she did not use another man as a tool.

"I'm sorry," apologized Ashlyn sincerely. She suddenly felt that it was a bit despicable to exploit him just like that.

Jackson was part of the police, while she was a criminal.

How could she let Jackson see her?

She spread her arms out. "I don't like to owe others favors, so I'll agree to take your flight home tomorrow. How about that?"

This was to return Lucas' favor to her.

Although Ashlyn said it in a very cold and straightforward manner, Lucas felt an inexplicable sense of emotions.

Lifting his lips up into a smile, his eyes could not help but light up at the thought of it.

"Stay at my hotel tonight."

"I already have a place." Ashlyn frowned, thinking that he was pushing his luck.

"Then, I'll treat your kiss earlier as your lingering love for me. You took the initiative to kiss me because you want to remarry," whispered Lucas in a seductive voice as he raised his eyebrows and bent down closer to Ashlyn.

Ashlyn was speechless.

She had shot herself in the foot.

It was quite inappropriate to return to Luigi's place as she had already bid them farewell.

Forget it, I'll just stay at his hotel.

Lucas and the flight crew were staying at a five-star hotel near the airport.

South Star Airlines was famous for having good employee benefits. As Lucas did not want to downgrade himself, all crew members, regardless of which flight they

were responsible for, stayed in five-star hotels.

Coincidentally, when Ashlyn wanted to book another room, the woman at the concierge told her with a sweet smile that there were no available rooms left.

But there are no events in Italy now. How can the hotel be fully booked?

Ashlyn felt slightly suspicious.

Lucas was helping Ashlyn pull her luggage. He pressed the lift button and chirped, "The service at this hotel is quite good. Hence, the

rooms normally need to be reserved beforehand. If you'd tried to book a room on the spot, it would've been difficult to do so."

"Oh, really?" Frowning, Ashlyn thought that something was amiss.

Lucas smirked, his pretty eyes filled with delight. As long as Ashlyn was by his side, he felt exceptionally at ease.

Both of them entered Lucas' presidential suite directly. "My room is very big and has two bedrooms. Don't worry, I won't do anything to you."

After placing the luggage at the side, he walked over to the bar table. "Do you want a drink?"

Ashlyn sat on the sofa in a daze. The presidential suite had a design identical to the Whitland Villa.

Even the furniture, the bar table, and the wine displayed on the shelves were the same.

She felt like she had returned to the 'home', in which she had spent four years with Lucas.

This made her feel uncomfortable.

Extremely uncomfortable.

She would be a fool if she still did not understand what had happened.

This five-star hotel was definitely owned by the Nolan Group. Just shooting a look at the staff, the president could prevent her from booking an available room.

This presidential suite was definitely Lucas' personal suite. Normally, it would definitely not be occupied by any guests.

However, she could not understand why Lucas wanted to decorate it in the same way as his

house.

Is he a pervert?

"Lucas, is it fun to lie to me?" Ashlyn took the glass of red wine that Lucas was passing to her, suddenly feeling slightly helpless.

Why have I never noticed that this man has so many tricks up his sleeve?

Oh, right. How is it possible for a man, who could become the president of a corporation, to be a naive person?

Naturally, he had his own tricks, which he

had used on me.

"I wanted to ask you the exact same thing too. Is it fun to lie to me?" Lucas sat down beside her, knowing that she had already guessed why she could not book a hotel room.

He inspected her carefully with an unreadable gaze, his eyes filled with confusion. "What's your relationship with Shadow Way? Why are you Kris?"

"Why did you go to the underground boxing club?" Instead of answering him, Ashlyn shot a question back.

"Don't evade my question. Well, I was simply there just to watch. Can't I do that?" Lucas crossed his legs elegantly, while his lean fingers held the wine glass and swayed it.

"Ashlyn, how many secrets do you have? How many things do I not know about you?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 68

"Lucas, we are already divorced. Stop being so curious about me. I have no obligation to answer your question." Ashlyn finished her wine in a single gulp. Placing the glass down, she stood up and announced, "I'm going back to my room."

The door to the other bedroom slammed shut.

Lucas frowned slightly, his expression unreadable.

After two minutes, he heard the sound of water flowing from the bedroom.

She was bathing.

When he imagined the image of her alluring body and fair skin, he found that he had become erect.

The sounds of the water flowing stopped after ten minutes.

However, Lucas felt extremely warm and his throat became parched.

Ashlyn's influence on him was more significant and stronger than he had ever imagined.

He missed her deeply and urgently.

Taking a deep breath, he tossed his phone onto the sofa and decided to take a cold shower.

After bathing, Ashlyn felt a little hungry. She dried her hair and opened the door, preparing to find something to eat in the kitchen.

Suddenly, she heard a mobile phone ringing on the sofa.

When she walked over to take a look, she realized that it was from Lucas' phone.

The screen showed an incoming call from Ms. Chapman.

She grabbed the phone and knocked on Lucas' door. However, no one answered.

Listening carefully, she could hear the sound of water flowing and thought that Lucas was probably bathing.

Hence, she tossed the phone back onto the sofa and headed towards the kitchen.

There were a few eggs, some tomatoes, and a little bit of meat in the fridge. As they

looked quite fresh, the staff must have just placed them in the fridge according to Lucas' schedule.

The man was a picky eater. He would rather cook than eat Italian food.

However, his cooking was horrendous. Ashlyn did not know how he found the courage to swallow the food which he cooked.

It was actually quite amusing to think that a 1.85-meter tall man was still a picky eater.

The hotel staff in charge of preparing the food probably prepared simple ingredients,

because they knew that Lucas only knew how to cook simple dishes.

Ashlyn took the meat from the fridge and began to cut them into thin slices. Then, she took out the spinach and tomatoes as well.

However, Lucas' phone kept frantically ringing in the living room, showing no signs of stopping.

Ashlyn had no choice but to walk over again. Again, the screen showed an incoming call from Ms. Chapman.

Ms. Chapman is so persistent.

Holding the phone, she knocked on Lucas' door. A masculine and hoarse voice sounded, "Come in."

He's done so soon?

Without thinking much about it, she pushed the door open to see Lucas wiping his hair. His upper body was naked, with only a white towel wrapped around his torso.

His sexy six-pack abs were as clearly defined as a bar of chocolate. A few drops of water dripped from his hair, flowing down his chest all the way to the towel around his waist.

Ashlyn could not help but feel her cheeks heat up. "Your phone keeps ringing. It's so noisy."

"Oh, I see. My hands are still wet, so you can help me accept the call first," responded Lucas, holding a towel in his hands. His hair was wet and disheveled, but it did not affect his handsomeness at all. Instead, it caused him to look even wilder.

Spinning around quickly, Ashlyn accepted the call. "Hello?"

The other person was obviously stunned.

Then, a cute-sounding, yet interrogative voice sounded, "Isn't this Lucas' phone?"

"Yeah. As he has just finished bathing, he can't really pick up the call. I can help you pass the message to him," replied Ashlyn calmly.

"Who are you?" asked Ms. Chapman again, sounding a bit unhappy. "Why are you together with Lucas?"

"Did you call just to ask these questions? Seems like you don't have anything important to tell Mr. Nolan. I'll hang up now." Ashlyn hung up the call directly and tossed the phone over to Lucas.

"Ms. Chapman seems very upset about me answering the call."

She was very irritated by Ms. Chapman, who kept interrogating her.

Before Lucas could respond, she continued, "I wanted to prepare two bowls of noodles. But I'll only prepare one now."

When she whirled around and left, she heard Lucas' phone ring again.

A mocking smile appeared on her lips as she headed directly to the kitchen.

Lucas accepted the call impatiently. "Hello?"

When Hera heard his voice, she started to complain in a nasal tone, "Lucas, who's that woman? She's so fierce!"

"It's none of your business. What's the matter?" snapped Lucas coldly, with an emotionless expression on his face.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 69

Hera was stunned. It was already nighttime in Italy. What else could a man and woman do

alone at night?

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. Didn't Lucas get a divorce? Did his wife follow him to Italy? Or did Lucas take a liking to another woman behind her back?

After all, Lucas is handsome and wealthy. There are rumors everywhere, saying that he's already married.

Hera had also requested a few times to meet the rumored Mrs. Nolan. However, Lucas had

rejected all of her requests.

She became furious when she thought of it, and her tone sounded increasingly indignant, "Well, I saw on the news that you'd met a thunderstorm yesterday during your flight. I'm a bit worried about you."

"I'm fine." Lucas' voice became gentler. "I'm still busy, so I'll end the call now."

"Wait, Lucas, don't hang up yet! I have something to say," uttered Hera quickly when she heard that he was going to end the call.

"Yes?" As Lucas was famished, he wanted to

quickly look for Ashlyn to ask her to cook another bowl of noodles for him. He did not have the time to chat with Hera.

"Lucas, you'd promised me that you'll get me Ms. Saunders' number. I'm about to enter the piano competition. If I don't get a good ranking, Grandpa will give up on me." Hera's pitiful-sounding voice was cute and soft.

She sounded like she would burst into tears if Lucas did not agree.

He replied, "Okay, I'll do it when I get back.

I'm hanging up now."

After speaking, he hung up the call and walked towards the kitchen.

Glaring at her phone, Hera gritted her teeth in fury.

Lucas' attitude was not like this earlier! Why is his change so drastic?

Previously, he'd even said that I was the girl whom he'd been searching for, for ten years. He promised that he'd stay by my side.

Why did he become so cold after a few days?

When Lucas met her, she thought that she was the luckiest girl in the world.

No woman could resist Lucas' charisma.

That woman must have seduced Lucas.

Hera was so furious that she wanted to smash her phone into smithereens.

In the kitchen, Ashlyn fried the meat skillfully before plating it. Then, she started

to boil the noodles.

Her actions were very fluid. She even managed to make cooking noodles look so elegant and pretty.

Standing at the entrance of the kitchen, Lucas gazed at Ashlyn's slender back. She was wearing pink, cartoon pajamas, while her long, slightly damp hair was casually scattered across her shoulders.

Since a long time ago, he found it extremely enjoyable to watch Ashlyn cook.

Not only was she beautiful, but her food was

extremely delicious too.

After their divorce, he had never seen her cook anymore.

He gazed at her with his dark eyes.

When Ashlyn spun around and saw Lucas' lean figure, she rolled her eyes coldly and walked out with the noodles.

When the aroma of the noodles wafted into Lucas' nose, he felt extremely hungry. His Adam's apple bobbed as he stared at the bowl of noodles.

"Did you really not cook any for me?"

Lucas grabbed her arm.

"Mr. Nolan, I'm just your ex-wife." Ashlyn chuckled and thought, Tell Mrs. Chapman to cook it for you.

"There's nothing between us. She's just my childhood playmate." Lucas followed her out of the kitchen. "She saved my life when we were younger."

Lucas had never explained anything to anyone. He did not know why he was explaining to Ashlyn who Hera was.

Ever since his divorce, he became increasingly strange.

Taking a bite of her noodles, Ashlyn could not help but think, How yummy!

Without lifting her head, she continued slurping her noodles. "Oh, your savior."

"She just wanted me to help her. Because she saved my life when we were young, I can't possibly refuse her," explained Lucas. Indeed, he was becoming increasingly strange—he was explaining himself repeatedly, with even greater detail.

"Oh, no wonder you were so eager to divorce me. So there's someone else waiting to take my place." Ashlyn glanced at Lucas with a smile.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 70

Her lustrous lips appeared extremely moist and tempting.

Lucas felt that his throat was becoming drier. Taking a deep breath, he suppressed the heat rising from his lower body.

"No one is replacing you."

"Do you think that you're lying to a three-year-old child?" Ashlyn laughed coldly.

All men are the same! They always think the grass is greener on the other side when it comes to women. After looking at me for four years, it was time for him to change his woman into someone cute like Ms. Chapman.

Very well, then.

"She's just a playmate." Lucas raised an eyebrow and looked at Ashlyn carefully. "Are

you feeling sour out of jealousy?"

"Well, I did add a little vinegar to my noodles." Ashlyn pretended that she did not understand him. After stretching lazily, she took the bowls and washed them.

Looking at the clean kitchen, Lucas felt famished. "I'm really hungry."

"Okay." Ashlyn nodded. What's that got to do with me?

"I was used as a tool at the airport,"

continued Lucas.

Ashlyn spun around and looked at him calmly.
"I already agreed to stay with you here."

"I didn't eat for lunch." Lucas clutched his stomach, which was hurting.

Ashlyn knew very well how picky he was when it came to food. Hence, his stomach was always in a bad state.

Glancing at Ashlyn, Lucas walked to his luggage. He opened it, dug out a bottle of

pills for gastric pain, and held it in his hands.

"Although I don't have anything to eat, I have my pills."

Ashlyn's eyes shone with a cold glint. Whirling around, she slammed her bedroom door shut.

He's trying to trick me again, right?

I'll definitely not fall for it his time.

Lucas was at a loss for words.

In the past, he had a hot meal waiting for him when he returned home. Now, he seemed so pathetic and miserable in comparison.

When Ashlyn returned to her room, she took out her laptop immediately and started tracking.

The deadline of three days was about to arrive.

She needed to complete her mission on time.

Time ticked slowly and one hour passed. Unknowingly, two hours had passed.

It was already nighttime. A cool gust of wind blew across the dark sky, causing the thin curtains to flutter in the air.

Ashlyn sent the results of the investigation to Quiet Forest.

When she turned her laptop off, she heard a thud outside.

Frowning, Ashlyn opened the door secretly. However, she spotted a tall figure curled up into a ball on the carpet in front of the living room's sofa.

Did the sound come from Lucas falling down

from the sofa?

Ashlyn walked over suspiciously. She discovered that Lucas' forehead was covered in sweat, while he clutched his stomach tightly with his hands.

The image of the normally cold and domineering man curled up in a ball on the carpet was inexplicably satisfying.

Ashlyn had to admit that she was not an extremely compassionate person. However, when she remembered that Lucas had never treated her poorly in their four years of marriage, she still helped him to the sofa and laid him down.

After pressing his stomach and taking his pulse, she determined that there was nothing serious with him.

He had just fainted because his hunger had triggered his gastric pain.

What a useless piece of trash! Can't he cook some food for himself if I refused to cook for him?

Would he rather faint because of his hunger?

He's such a picky eater that it's so infuriating!

After washing her hands, Ashlyn went to the kitchen, prepared the ingredients, and started cooking the noodles.

After ten minutes, a piping hot bowl of spinach noodles was served. As he had gastric pain, he could only eat something light on the stomach. Hence, she did not include any meat in his noodles.

She walked to the sofa with the noodles, bent down, and patted Lucas' face. "Wake up! Wake up!"

With his eyes still closed, Lucas did not

respond.

Ashlyn started to pinch him. After all, he had to eat something.

Otherwise, his gastric pain would become more severe.

After a few minutes, Lucas opened his eyes slowly, his gaze meeting another pair of bright eyes. He moaned softly, "Mm—"

When he smelled the fragrance of food, his eyes lit up.

"Did you cook?"

Ashlyn kicked his leg. "Get up now and eat!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 71

Lucas had an inkling that he was never going to get the gentle and playful Ashlyn back, ever again.

His heart ached terribly as he thought of how aloof and distant she had become.

However, he then recalled how much he had enjoyed Ashlyn's cooking so he dragged himself up and walked over to the dining

table.

When he took a sip of the chicken noodle soup, an inexplicable sense of contentment started to spread through him.

Though it was not very obvious, one could tell that he was feeling moved, based on the crack in his expression.

He had long gotten used to Ashlyn over the past few years, whether it be her cooking or her body.

He could even vividly recall the fragrance of her skincare products.

Finishing the bowl of noodle soup, he stood up to wash the dishes. To which soon after, he grabbed himself some medication for his tummy.

He then turned in for the night, only to end up tossing and turning; no sleep came to him.

His burning anxiety grew deep, along with the night.

Ashlyn had always been a light sleeper.

Hence, she was laying wide awake, the moment a dark figure opened the door to her room. She stayed perfectly still, laying turned on her side.

Though the person was moving very lightly, Ashlyn could easily tell from the sound of the familiar footsteps that it was Lucas.

It's the middle of the night. What's he doing in my room?

Also, I'm very sure that I'd locked my door!

Nonetheless, this was Lucas' usual modus operandi; there was likely no point in locking the door.

The man stood by the bed and gazed at the sleeping woman. She had turned on a night light, and her face was bathed in the warm orange light.

She looked cold and distant during the day, but now, she looked as harmless as an infant.

Lucas leaned closer to her. He couldn't stop himself and pressed his lips onto the pair

that he had been dreaming of for so long.

They still felt as soft and as full as he had remembered, and immediately, a familiar sense of frenzy was ignited.

He gradually deepened the kiss. It was as if he were a man who had stumbled onto an oasis in the desert. That was how much he had thirsted for her lips, for her everything. The kiss became more urgent and desperate.

Ashlyn couldn't believe what was happening.

He stared at me for so long just so he could sneak a kiss?

She instinctively wanted to push Lucas away, but suddenly, a familiar feeling started blossoming from her tailbone.

And soon enough, it had spread throughout every cell in her body.

Not again!

It's been four years! Why is it that every time this man is somehow involved, it just starts stirring?

Just what charm does this man have?

Has it not been fed enough, all these years while being with him?

She hadn't had any palpitations at all this past year.

That was why she had so readily agreed to end the marriage.

However, she had been too naïve and had greatly underestimated the potency of the Spirogyra.

When she had kissed Lucas during the day, the curse had likely already detected his presence.

Now that he was in close vicinity, it had awoken again.

Ashlyn could feel every part of her body growing warmer, and it was becoming unbearable.

Very, very unbearable.

Lucas astutely sensed Ashlyn's change in behavior. He pulled away from her lips but kept his gaze on her.

He saw her slowly open her eyes, and he noticed that they were coated with a layer of

desire. Her cheeks were tinged pink; she looked so breathtakingly beautiful.

"You're awake?" asked Lucas in a raspy voice.

Ashlyn stared at him dazedly. She wanted to give a response, but when she opened her mouth, the only sound that came out was a soft moan.

On the other side of the window, a gentle, warm breeze was blowing. There wasn't a star in the sky either. It was as if they had all shyly hidden behind the clouds.

Morning rays shone into the room and gently

caressed the two intertwined bodies lying on the big, soft bed.

The woman's long lashes fluttered. It seemed as if the sunlight was too glaring, so she lazily lifted an arm and covered her eyes.

After a while, she put her arm down and finally opened her eyes.

Her whole body was very sore as if she had just run two marathons in a row.

There was an arm draped across her waist. She glowered at the arm, then picked it up and threw it to the side.

The images from last night flooded her,
flashing across her eyes, scene by scene.

She couldn't believe her lack of control.

Stupid Spirogyra! Can't you be without a man
for even one day?

Gah!

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 72

The Spirogyra hasn't acted up in a whole

year. So why did it suddenly awaken last night? And it was completely out of control too!

She recalled how she had been so eager last night, as well as all the embarrassing things that she had initiated, and she wanted nothing more than to disappear from the face of the earth. Ahhh! I'll never live this down!

She yearned to rid of the Spirogyra from her body. However, it had been four years and she still hadn't found a way to do so.

The only thing she could do was suppress and mitigate it.

She had honestly believed that she had successfully gotten control over it these past four years and that it wouldn't awaken again.

Ashlyn buried her face in her hands.

Now that I'm divorced, how am I supposed to deal with it the next time it acts up?

No... Nothing has happened in the past year, so I'm sure everything will be okay going forward. Last night must've just been an

anomaly.

Yes, that has to be it.

After spending some time convincing herself, Ashlyn then readied herself to get out of bed to wash up.

However, the moment she sat up, she was startled by a pair of eyes staring at her.

Lucas was already awake! He was lying on his side with his head propped against his left arm, and his deep-set eyes were focused on

her.

"You're awake?" Ashlyn tried hard to hide her awkwardness and made her face look as expressionless as possible.

Sleeping with the ex-husband sounded ridiculous, no matter how it was spun.

Lucas' hair fell lazily into his eyes, and he squinted his eyes habitually. "We went at it for most of the night, Ashlyn. That's some energy you have."

Ashlyn's face stiffened. The soreness in her body was nothing compared to how awkward things were right then.

If she had resolutely pushed him away, then Lucas absolutely wouldn't have had the chance to try anything.

Yet, the curse was too strong and it had completely taken her over. What else could she have done?

The man absentmindedly took a lock of her hair and twirled it around his fingers. Then, he leaned in and buried his head in the crook of her neck. With a thick voice, he uttered, "You were so passionate last night."

It had been quite a long time since he had experienced such an unbridled passion.

There was something about Ashlyn whenever she was in bed that had always mesmerized him, pulling him deeper and deeper.

While they were married, he had always loved her body. Even now, he still found himself addicted to it.

Ashlyn's gaze flickered towards him as her expression remained blank.

The passionate one wasn't me. It really

wasn't. It was the damn Spirogyra!

That's right! I was under its control, so I have nothing to be self-conscious about!

Lucas shifted his body and rested his head on a pillow. His face looked like a carefully carved piece of artwork, as did the upper half of his body that was exposed and uncovered by the sheets. His limbs were carelessly spread out, taking up most of the bed.

Ashlyn wanted to at least try to keep her dignity intact. "I don't remember anything, so I don't understand a word that you're saying."

The sunlight was a little too strong, so Lucas got up and pulled the curtains shut.

He then walked back and rested his gaze on the woman still in bed.

Her lips were pursed tightly as if she was trying to push down her emotions. Oh? So she's going to play dumb?

Lucas tilted his head slightly, and the sunlight that was peeking through the curtains shone right onto his head, giving him a halo effect.

Ashlyn didn't have time to enjoy the man's gorgeous looks. Though his figure — with his chiseled chest and six-pack abs — really was so good that it would cause women everywhere to swoon and faint. However, there were also visible marks on his body, scratches that she had left behind last night. As of right now, she couldn't bear to look at them.

Because all of that only suggested one thing — that she was really very enthusiastic last night.

I thought that he had gastric pains! Yet he still had the strength to do all of that last night! Gastric pain my butt!

By the time Ashlyn got up and finished washing up, it was already around eleven in the morning.

She opened the fridge and saw that it had been restocked.

"I want to have a lamb shank with mashed potatoes, salmon with a red wine sauce, and some kind of salad..." listed Lucas as he walked over. He was only wearing a loose robe, so his chest peeked out from underneath every time he moved.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 73

Ashlyn's hands stopped midway while putting on the apron. "Do you think that you're at a restaurant?"

"Someone wanted to go again and again last night, so I need to replenish my energy. After all, I have a flight later at four," announced Lucas very sincerely.

Ashlyn's face blushed bright pink. As unabashed as she usually was, at the end of the day, she was still just a twenty-two-year-old girl.

She hurriedly averted her gaze and focused on the ingredients. It looked like Lucas had gotten someone to get everything that he needed. She pointed to a pot and huffed, "Go boil the potatoes."

Previously, whenever Lucas had time, he would help out with the cooking too. So, he was familiar with handling tasks like these.

He strode over to the sink, washed the potatoes, and started peeling them.

Ashlyn stole a glance at him.

His side profile looked very alluring and would probably mesmerize anyone who looked at him for too long.

Even when he was just peeling potatoes, there was something graceful and artistic about his movements.

God really put in extra effort when making him.

Ashlyn allowed herself one last glance before starting to prepare the other ingredients.

An hour later, all of the dishes Lucas ordered were plated and placed on the dining table. He had also set the table without having to be asked.

They sat down across from each other.

There was a hint of a smile on Lucas' face. He really enjoyed this kind of lifestyle.

Everything felt very warm and wholesome, and it was a feeling that only Ashlyn could give him.

He gracefully carved the meat off the lamb shank, then placed a chunk in his mouth. "It tastes good," he admitted contently.

Ashlyn had actually cooked enough for four people. So when it didn't look like Lucas was going to slow down anytime soon, she quickly spoke up.

"As a doctor, I should remind you that overeating is going to do even more damage to your stomach."

"Are you concerned about me?" Lucas' head was facing towards her, yet his gaze seemed to be unfocused.

Clearly he was full. But for some reason, he wanted to continue to eat.

Aren't big shot presidents supposed to be fancy and elegant and only partake in fine dining with those tiny, tiny portions?

So why's the one in front of me such a big eater? He's nearly finished everything on the table by himself.

Serves him right for having stomach pains!

Ashlyn really had never seen him eat so much before. Not even while they were married.

"I'm a doctor. It's part of my job," retorted Ashlyn as she lowered her gaze and continued with her meal.

Lucas' lips curled upwards. He still hadn't gotten used to the idea of being divorced. It was likely the same way for Ashlyn, despite how aloof and distant she had been acting.

This thought made him feel quite happy.

The images from last night popped into his mind. The way they threw away their inhibitions, the way she moaned into his ear, the way her arms wrapped themselves around

his neck...

Now that he had satisfied his physical hunger, he wanted nothing more than to satiate his 'other' hunger...

Lucas' eyes lingered on Ashlyn's flawless skin. The cute pajamas that she had been wearing last night had gotten shredded during the process, so at that moment, she was wearing a black nightgown. The contrast of the black against her skin only made her look even fairer, and all he could think about was running his fingers up and down her body.

Her bright dewy eyes were the worst of all. They looked emotionless most of the time,

but whenever he locked eyes with them, the fire and urge in him would instantly be ignited.

Just like in this very second.

He stared at her like a predator stalking its prey, with passion and hunger dripping from his eyes.

Ashlyn astutely sensed the change in atmosphere and lifted her eyes. She was met with a pair of ravenous-looking eyes.

Having spent four years with him, she was naturally very familiar with that look in his

eyes. Furrowing her brows slightly, she asked hesitantly, "Lucas?"

Suddenly, the man in front of her threw down his fork, went around the table, and picked her up bridal style.

He then strode over to the couch, threw her onto it, before soon pressing his body down onto hers.

Huh?

Ashlyn wanted to get out from beneath him. Last night had been a mistake. She couldn't allow this kind of thing to happen again and

again.

They were divorced. People who were divorced needed to have a clean break instead of indulging in these boundary-blurring activities.

She tried to use her strength to fight back. She lifted her leg and tried to land a kick on the man's back, but it was as if he had eyes behind the back of his head. He reached his hand out and wrapped it precisely around her calf.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 74

Ashlyn wasn't going to give in so easily. She tried again, but no matter what she tried, Lucas would always be able to deflect her 'attacks.'

He was also able to sneak kisses along her neck and on her face...

Things were getting pretty heated.

Ashlyn's body grew increasingly warm.

The Spirogyra, which had been dormant for half a month, was awakening again with a

vengeance.

She realized that her body was completely unable to resist Lucas.

If it were anyone else, she could have easily bashed his head in.

But this was Lucas...

With the Spirogyra in her, there was nothing that she could do to resist.

At that very moment, she really hated the blasted body of hers.

Lucas grabbed her waist tightly and pressed her body against his. He then leaned in and kissed her on her lips.

Time slowly ticked by.

Lucas carried Ashlyn to the bathroom to clean up before placing her back on the bed.

He lowered his head to look at Ashlyn who was tucked beside him. He put his hand on her waist and pulled her closer.

After having tired herself out, the woman had already fallen asleep.

There was a nice, fresh scent to her, likely from the body wash used earlier. Her long hair was scattered around Lucas' neck and chest. She appeared to be in deep sleep.

Lucas used his finger to gently brush the hair away from her face. He used an arm to prop his head up, before staring at the beauty in front of him.

She is so beautiful. As beautiful as a

goddess.

Lucas subconsciously relaxed his habitually creased brows.

Even though the atmosphere felt easy and relaxed, there was something about her — maybe it was her breathing or something — that still felt inexplicably distant and subdued.

One of these days, I'm going to peel back those layers and learn everything about her!

The man caressed her face gently. His body tingled at the soft, silky touch.

He took a deep breath then pulled his hand back. Finally, he lay back down next to her and hugged her tightly in his arms.

By the time they woke up, two hours had already passed.

Ashlyn had felt slightly exasperated with herself. She had found herself in this awkward position twice that day already. Even her breathing was filled with awkwardness.

When Lucas felt her movements, he too opened his eyes. There was a barely

detectable hint of affection in his eyes.

Their eyes met for a few seconds, and immediately, the atmosphere turned awkward.

Out of nowhere, Lucas' arm snaked around to the back of her head as he pulled her towards him.

He pressed his lips against hers as his tongue gently traced her lips.

Ashlyn slowly closed her eyes. All her senses were flooded with him.

The kiss didn't last too long. When Lucas pulled away, there was even a hint of reluctance in her eyes.

She had finally come to accept that her body very likely couldn't do without Lucas.

Because every time Lucas got close to her, she would immediately melt into a puddle of water.

Darn it!

Outside the room, a brisk wind was blowing. The sound of raindrops hitting the windows could also be heard.

Apparently it had started to drizzle.

"Will the rain affect your flight?" frowned Ashlyn slightly.

Lucas took hold of her slightly cold hands and tried to warm them up in his. "I'll only know later during the meeting. Come on, let's get up. We need to get ready to go to the airport."

"Okay," nodded Ashlyn.

Ten minutes later, they were both properly dressed and ready to go.

Lucas was dressed in his captain's uniform and had his pilot's cap in one hand. He looked dashing and even had an imposing air about him. Those long legs of his were especially mouthwatering. In fact, he looked so stunning that it was as if he had walked straight out of a magazine.

Ashlyn, on the other hand, was wearing a pair of tight-fitting jeans. The fabric clung to her, showing off the lines of her toned legs. She also had on a beige-colored coat, paired with a pair of sneakers. Her whole ensemble made her look especially youthful.

Both man and woman were outrageously

good-looking.

They stepped out of the hotel and were immediately enveloped by cold air and raindrops.

Lucas personally drove them to the airport.

Ashlyn would take a glance at the scenery every so often during the ride.

After they arrived at the airport, Lucas finally handed a plane ticket to her.

She perked an eyebrow up, as she reached for the ticket. Then she heard the

magnetic-sounding voice say, "I'll head to the meeting first."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 75

Ashlyn nodded, then watched as the man walked off.

There was still some time left before they could start boarding. She rubbed her temples helplessly.

Why couldn't I have just resisted him?

She had to admit that Lucas was very good-looking, and he certainly knew what he was doing in bed.

However, she couldn't very well turn into a puddle every time he touched her, now could she?

No! That's too much!

I won't allow him the chance again!

No, wait! We're divorced! Why's he even rolling around in the sack with me?

We might as well not have gotten divorced in the first place! It's like I got demoted from wife to just friends with benefits!

Now it just feels like I'm on the losing end here.

Nancy and a few other stewardesses were walking past when they had caught sight of Ashlyn. They all stopped in their tracks in surprise.

However, they all did just survive a traumatic experience, and Ashlyn was Captain Nolan's wife, so they decided to walk up and say

hello.

Nancy was the first to give her a smile. "Mrs. Nolan, aren't you going to stay in Italy for a few more days?"

"Are you doing better? Are you able to fly?" asked Ashlyn in return.

Nancy was someone who had classy and delicate features, the exact opposite of Ashlyn's more sensual and bold beauty.

Even Nancy's presence itself felt gentle.

"I'm feeling better after resting for a whole day. I did hit my head, but it's all good now." Nancy vividly remembered how Ashlyn had helped her. "Thank you for your assistance that day, Mrs. Nolan, or things would've become much more chaotic than they were."

"That's right. Mrs. Nolan even gave Nancy a quick check-up. Personally, I was too freaked out to do anything," chimed another stewardess.

"You were so amazing that day, Mrs. Nolan. How were you not afraid or even nervous?"

"It was probably because of Lucas," smiled Ashlyn.

"We need to go. We've got a meeting to get to!"

An irritated voice abruptly interrupted the conversation.

Nancy could immediately tell that it was Jenny who had interrupted her. She pushed her annoyance down and turned to Ashlyn.

"Please excuse us, Mrs. Nolan. We need to get to our meeting. We'll catch up with you again."

Each time Ashlyn heard the word 'Mrs. Nolan,' her skin would crawl. So, she couldn't stop herself from bringing it up. "Lucas prefers to not have everyone know about our relationship, so... if everyone could..."

"Captain Nolan has already informed us of this," smiled Nancy. "We've also notified all the passengers on that flight. So don't worry, everyone knows to keep the secret."

"Mrs. Nolan, you and Captain Nolan look amazing together. Why are you keeping your relationship on the down-low?" asked one of the stewardesses.

"He probably just wants to protect me,"

winked Ashlyn playfully. "You guys get it. He's a walking chick magnet."

The stewardesses all burst into giggles. They realized that Mrs. Nolan wasn't only just pretty and kind-hearted, but rather, she also had a playful sense of humor.

When the stewardesses finally walked away, Ashlyn let out a sigh of relief and arranged her face back into her usual expressionless look.

Being playful and cute was not one of her strong suits.

However unbeknownst to them, a 'Mrs. Nolan trend' was sweeping across the country at that very moment.

As it turned out, Yakov had already excitedly uploaded the video of Ashlyn onto his social media.

He had more or less relocated to H Nation for a while now and was working as a freelance photographer. So, the moment he saw Ashlyn speak into the PA system, he couldn't help but start filming it.

However, he still knew there would be privacy issues if he blatantly uploaded a video of someone else, so he was careful enough to

blur out Ashlyn's face.

The short clip started exactly when Ashlyn stepped in to take over Nancy's Purser responsibilities, helping to calm the passengers down.

Her authoritative and steady voice could be heard very clearly.

"Good day, everyone. I am Ashlyn Berry, the wife of the captain of this flight. My husband, Captain Lucas Nolan, has undergone years of professional training. When I'd married him four years ago, he had just taken over South Star Airlines. In order to better expand the airlines, he went and got

himself a pilot certification."

"I've seen how much blood, sweat, and tears he's put in, to get from a trainee to a co-pilot, and to the captain that he is today. I know very well how capable he is, so believe me when I say that you can put your trust in him. His wife is on this flight; he will do everything that he can to ensure his wife's safety, as well as every one of yours. I know that he won't let anyone of us down. He will land the plane safely."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 76

People who watched the videos could only see a slender woman wearing a lilac-colored

dress. But the presence the woman gave off was powerful and authoritative.

The short clip was quickly shared by countless people, and pretty soon, it racked up plenty of 'likes' too.

"Oh my gosh!"

"Mrs. Nolan is amazing!"

"So there really is a Mrs. Nolan. I kept wondering if Lucas Nolan's marriage was just fake news."

"Who knew that Mrs. Nolan would be so charismatic."

"I know right? She's totally won me over. Oh no, she makes me want to bat for the other team!"

"Think about it. The situation must have been terrifying at the time. The Purser was injured and the other cabin crew members were probably scared out of their wits, but Mrs. Nolan bravely stood up to take control of the scene."

"The way she was able to calm everyone down was just brilliant."

"Captain Nolan is one lucky man."

"What I want to know is whether Mrs. Nolan is on all of Captain Nolan's flights. If so, doesn't that sound super romantic?"

The comments section under the video was blowing up, and social media users even managed to get 'Mrs. Nolan soothes flight passengers' to trend.

A certain online shopping website even

released a "Mrs. Nolan's lilac dress" which instantly became a best-seller, going out of stock not long after.

Even the white pumps Ashlyn was wearing at the time became must-have items.

There were also plenty of people who flocked to Lucas' social media account, begging him for Ashlyn's account handle.

"Does Mrs. Nolan not have a Twitter account?"

"Mr. Nolan. Captain Nolan. I promise I'll only fly on your flights from now on. Please tell us what Mrs. Nolan's account handle is!"

"Captain Nolan, do you know how cool your wife is?"

"Where can I get myself a Mrs. Nolan?"

Of course, there were also a bunch of Lucas' admirers — mainly socialites and influencers — that veered in a vastly different direction.

Their comments were nothing but bitter and vicious.

"Ha! She looks like such a sl*t. Has Mr. Nolan gone blind?"

"I bet she's a fraud."

"That's despicable. How dare she take on the Purser's role? Surely that's against some kind of law?"

"Exactly! I'm sure that what she's doing is illegal! Both she and the Purser should be punished! Absolutely unprofessional!"

"Let's not forget about the unprofessional cabin crew either. I wouldn't want to be a passenger on any of their flights!"

"How can they let a non-crew member be in charge during such a crucial time? Just what is South Star Airlines playing at?"

"I bet this is all just to get attention!"

When Hera saw the trending topic, she immediately blew a gasket.

Now, she was increasingly certain that it was Lucas' ex-wife who had answered the phone.

What the hell? They're divorced and she still goes around calling herself 'Mrs. Nolan'? How shameless can she be? The nerve of that

woman!

Without even thinking, she went on to her alternate account and posted, "Mr. and Mrs. Nolan have supposedly gotten divorced, so it's better not to waste any time shipping them together."

She even went to Yakov's social media and spammed the same comment under countless other comments. I refuse to let this shameless woman get away with this! How dare she still try to win brownie points by claiming that she's Mrs. Nolan?

I won't stand for it!

She then turned on her computer and sent out an email.

Not long after, she received a reply with just the word 'OK.'

Mrs. Nolan my ass. Let's see how long your smugness will last. I'm going to make you remember you're nothing but an unwanted ex!

She stared coldly at the computer screen as a sneer played on her lips. Soon, the topic 'Lucas Nolan is divorced' became a trending topic, placing just below 'Mrs. Nolan soothes flight passengers.'

It looked especially ironic for the two trending topics to be placed, one after the other.

The 'Lucas Nolan is divorced' topic was flooded with people yelling at Ashlyn.

"They're divorced, yet she's still using him to grab attention?"

"Still calling herself Mrs. Nolan? How ridiculous!"

"What kind of shameless woman is she? Give me back my Lucas Nolan!"

"Why on earth did Mr. Nolan marry such an attention-seeking woman in the first place?"

"I bet she did all that just so that she would become famous." My one in a million wife
[Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 77

However, those that had seen the video clip of Ashlyn quickly emerged to defend her.

"Mrs. Nolan is a ray of sunshine, and you're all just jealous of her!"

"Stop spreading rumors! Mrs. Nolan was on Captain Nolan's flight. They're very much in love."

"Besides, even if they were divorced, it's not like any of you would stand a chance with Captain Nolan anyway."

"Ha! I'm standing behind you, Mrs. Nolan!"

Then, there were also the requisite conspiracy theorists. "I bet that this was all just a marketing tactic by South Star Airlines; a publicity stunt to get people to notice them."

"Marketing? Publicity stunt? Excuse me? It

was a fact that the plane was met with ghastly weather. It was a fact that Captain Nolan did everything that he could to land the plane safely. It was a fact that the Purser was injured. Lastly, it was a fact that Mrs. Nolan soothed the passengers. So tell me, did South Star Airlines plan all of that, including the bad weather? Moreover, how stupid do you think the airline is, to risk hundreds of lives just for a publicity stunt?"

"I agree with the comment above! That was clearly an instinctual reaction on Mrs. Nolan's part. No one knew that she was Mrs. Nolan prior to this. Not the passengers, and not the cabin crew. She was merely responding to the crisis on hand. Captain Nolan was amazingly skilled, and Mrs. Nolan was great under

pressure."

"Exactly! Both were amazing! Just think about it! If it weren't for Captain Nolan's above-average capabilities, then we wouldn't be talking about him and Mrs. Nolan right now, but a freaking plane crash! A! Freaking! Plane! Crash! That would undeniably be a detrimental blow to South Star Airlines. So unless they're both the biggest idiots in the world, do you think that either of them would even consider doing something like this just for a 'publicity stunt'?"

In the meantime, in a small country in

Eastern Europe.

A middle-aged man was leisurely sitting in front of a swimming pool in his luxury three-story mansion. He basked in the warm sunlight as he lazily swirled his glass of red wine.

Every now and then, he would take a sip of the wine while servants wandered around, tending to both the mansion and him.

Suddenly, a loud crash sounded from the entrance of the mansion.

The middle-aged man jumped up in fright. A

few of the servants ran over to him, blabbering frantically in their native language.

"Go look!" ordered the man.

A young woman headed towards the door.

A group of uniformed police barged in, each holding a gun pointed straight at the man.

The man's eyes flew wide open in alarm. I've already escaped all the way here. How could the police have found me?

No, no! That's impossible!

However, as if right on cue, the policeman standing in the forefront whipped out an arrest warrant. "Nigel Bask, you're under arrest for breaking H Nation's laws. This includes a hit and run, owing farmers their salaries, and various counts of embezzlements. You will now be extradited back to H Nation. From now on, everything that you say can and will be used against you in the court of law."

"No! You've got the wrong person! I didn't do any of that!" yelled the man.

He had spent so much money to hire people to cover his tracks. He had also detoured through so many countries, finally ending up in this tiny, unknown country. How on earth did the police from H Nation even find him?

"Grab him!" The policeman put the warrant away while others walked up and cuffed Nigel.

Nigel's face turned sheet-white. The glass in his hand crashed to the floor, smashing into smithereens.

There were no longer any traces of the relaxed expression that he had on earlier.

A few thousand miles away, a plane flew straight through the night. It was four o'clock in the morning when it had safely landed in Lake City International Airport in H Nation.

Ashlyn saw Jared's car the moment she stepped off the plane, and she jumped in without any hesitation.

By the time Lucas ran out, he only managed to catch a glimpse of the Land Rover speeding off into the darkness.

The air was especially crisp that morning.

Jenny was scrolling through her social media when she walked up to Lucas.

She shoved her phone at him and huffed,
"Captain Nolan, look!"

"What?" asked the man absentmindedly as he stared into the distance.

"It seems like Mrs. Nolan just wants to bring attention to herself." Jenny couldn't hide the smugness in her eyes. "I never would've guessed that Mrs. Nolan was such an attention-seeker."

"Bring attention to herself?" Lucas finally shifted his icy gaze onto Jenny.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 78

Jenny was so excited that her fingers were trembling. He is looking at me, he is finally willing to take a good look at me. I wonder if my makeup is flawless today. I wonder...

When her thoughts were still running wild, she heard a calm man's voice, "Who did you say pulled a publicity stunt?"

"Oh Captain Nolan, look over here," Jenny,

who was psyched out initially, immediately felt like a deflated balloon.

However, she still felt happy as long as she could speak with Lucas.

She directed her phone screen to Lucas, "It's gone frenzy on the Internet. Mrs. Nolan's video clip and another topic also went viral..."

Lucas' expression changed. With his eyebrows squinted, he stared at the screen, checking out the top search on the Internet.

Jenny has been observing Lucas' facial expression and was actually delighted that he was upset at Ashlyn. She could not wait for Lucas to blow a fuse at Ashlyn.

Feeling elated, she said, "Captain Nolan, that's too much! How could Mrs. Nolan create such hype so easily without thinking it through? You need to teach her a lesson as she's discrediting our Southern Star Airlines and affecting our reputation."

Lucas' squinted eyes became incisive suddenly and he started to get intimidating, "Do you know my wife personally? As a professional

flight attendant, what were you doing when she was consoling the passenger?"

His cold words sent a shiver down Jenny's spine and it was hard for her to bear his sarcasm and rebuke.

"Captain Nolan, what she did was clearly against the protocol as she wasn't a member of the cabin crew. You'll be punished for that.. us too..." Jenny's eyes widened in disbelief.

How did it end up like this? Was he not upset with Ashlyn? Or was it because of what I said? If so, why me?

She could not contain her anger, "Captain Nolan, are you taking her side?"

"She saved more than a hundred lives," Lucas smirked and walked away as he said, "It would truly be discrediting South Star Airlines if any punishment was imposed on her."

Jenny was almost suffocated by her own rage. She quickly went after Lucas, "Captain Nolan, you're covering up for her. The fact remains that she's broken the rules!"

The man stopped and threw a terrifying glance as he said sternly, "I'm the president of South Star Airlines, and no one is allowed to question the decision I make."

She looked intently at his icy cold gaze with tears streaming down her face, "Captain Nolan, I'm just trying to protect the good name of South Star Airlines."

Lucas' face turned ashen with rage, his aura was so strong that it became very disturbing. He paused and then questioned Jenny, "Who are you? Why are you doing this for South Star Airlines?"

Jenny stood in place as if there was a bucket

of ice water pouring down from the top of her head. Emptiness seeped through her bones and coldness filled her soul.

Staring blankly at Lucas' broad figure, she was completely taken aback by the question posed to her and did not know how to react.

In order to get transferred to Lucas' team, she had invested quite a bit of resources and even used the power of her family name as a stepping stone.

She was born with a silver spoon but has since gone through many hardships to be near him. She had to wait on passengers and handle their challenging demands. She did all

these for him.

How could he ask who I am? Does he not know me after being colleagues for such a long time?

Her tears could not stop rolling down her cheeks. There was no other channel for her to vent her tension and bitterness.

After hearing the entire conversation, Nancy beamed with joy as she looked at Jenny from afar.

This woman does not give up, does she?
Everyone adores Ashlyn's personality, talent,

and beauty. She seems so perfect in every way.

Nancy had just called a classmate from First Hospital and the other party had talked about her injuries as well as how Ashlyn gave her first aid.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 79

She would never ever forget how loudly her classmate cheered after hearing about the incident, "Oh my heart! Nancy, you're damn lucky. Dr. Berry is like a celebrity doctor at the First Hospital and she only does one surgery per month. Many could not even

schedule her for operations and you were on the same flight with her?! I'm so jealous of you. I'd kill to have Dr. Berry touch my hand, you know?!"

At a very young age, Ashlyn had earned the reputation of being the best doctor in a renowned hospital in Lake City. Her future was immeasurably bright.

Luckily, Nancy did not reveal to her classmate that Dr. Berry was actually Mrs. Nolan, otherwise...

Nancy sighed while walking towards Jenny, "As a kind reminder, please be mindful that Captain Nolan is married. He seems to have a very good relationship with his wife, so you'd better give up."

"Tell me, how do I give it all up? I've loved him all these years and given my everything to be near him but he hasn't even noticed me," Jenny lamented as she wailed loudly.

Her makeup had smudged all over her face, looking really pathetic. Nancy felt sorry for her and yet she said helplessly, "Whatever it is, he doesn't love you and neither does he know that you love him."

"I don't care. I love him and I must win him over!" Jenny exclaimed and then left furiously.

Nancy shook her head and let out another long sigh.

The Land Rover shuttled in the midst of heavy traffic.

Jared made a remark while driving, "Boss, you're famous now. You appeared to be in the hottest search topic, did you know?"

"What? I'm not a celebrity, why would my name be in one of the most popular searches?" Ashlyn was resting with her eyes closed but when she heard Jared, she slowly opened her eyes with doubt.

"Well, somebody posted a video clip of your heroic act when you appeased the passengers," Jared giggled as he thought about the praises for Ashlyn that he had read online, all complimenting how cool she was.

This was nothing! Jared really wanted to leave a comment too, to tell all netizens that his boss had way cooler moments than this.

"Jared Quickton, why are you here for?"

Ashlyn did a quick search on the Internet and then threw her phone aside and gazed seriously at Jared with her arms folded.

The good looking man was puzzled, "Huh?"

Did I say something wrong?

"Must I spell it out for you?" Ashlyn was losing her patience, "Act now and withdraw the search topic."

She certainly did not want to attract any

attention.

"Well, didn't they anonymize the face already? What is there to worry about?" Jared felt that it was not a big deal.

"Nevertheless, I do not want to appear in the hot search. You must get this sorted out before noon."

Although the clip had blurred her face, those who knew her would still be able to recognize her right away. For example, her colleagues at the hospital.

Moreover, she now had more time after her

divorce and had since committed to two surgeries each month at the hospital.

She was going to withdraw the trending topic on the Internet herself if Jared was not going to do it.

"Sure... you're the boss, whatever you say," Jared sulked. His boss was close to perfection except for one; she liked to stay low profile. "I heard that Kris is starting to get active again, have you got any news on this?"

Ashlyn was speechless.

She closed her eyes again, "I'm sleepy, let me take a nap."

Jared raised his eyebrows and kept silent.

When passing by a convenience store, Ashlyn asked to pull over and subsequently went down to get a supply of morning-after pills.

Jared saw it accidentally and gulped. A thought crossed his mind, "Boss, you and Lucas..."

"Shut up!" Ashlyn had no intention to reminisce nor share the recent awkward experience in life.

She opened the cap of the bottle and consumed the medicine.

She was vexed. Sigh. Why did I sleep with him again?

After getting out of the airport, Lucas was picked up by Spencer.

Spencer noticed his gloomy face and asked cautiously, "How would you like to manage Ms. Berry's clip which went viral?"

"Leave it to me," Lucas said as he massaged his temple. It would not be good for them to

be seen together since they were divorced.

However, he felt somewhat reluctant to withdraw the trending topic from the Internet.

"Go and investigate who revealed the news about the divorce."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 80

"With regards to the news on your divorce, I reckon it was purposely revealed by somebody because there seems to be a pattern with all the Internet trolls and comments left by netizens," Spencer

reported what he has found out thus far. "I'll follow up further on the details."

The man gave a cold-eyed stare, "Report everything immediately and remove the divorce article. Don't worry about the other one."

Ashlyn has never appeared as Mrs. Nolan in public, who is behind all these that try to assassinate her character? Could it be an unethical tactic used by North Wind Airlines to attack South Star Airlines?

Whether they were targeting Ashlyn or South Star Airlines, he could not just sit back and watch the drama unfolds.

North Wind and South Star had always been rivals.

They originated from a single company thirty years ago, co-founded by Lucas' maternal grandfather, Daniel Webber, and Philip Cartier.

Subsequently, the two men became archenemies because of one gorgeous lady. Thereafter, Philip withdrew from the partnership and founded his very own North Wind Airlines, and gradually developed it into

the world's second-largest airline.

The third-generation owner of North Wind Airlines was the twenty-eight years old Liam Cartier who was two years Lucas' senior.

He was another influential figure in the industry, besides Lucas.

Lucas was cold and aloof whereas Liam was labeled as a playboy or womanizer. He was often seen with a model during the day and another celebrity or social media influencer at night.

He was no stranger among the city's famous socialites too.

There would often be news about him in a yacht, at a turf club, or at a hot spring tour...

He was the complete opposite of the workaholic Lucas.

However, Liam was very capable when it comes to doing business. Although his private life was vibrant, he had never let it affect his work.

Liam had always schemed to bring South Star Airlines down in various ways. Lucas suspected it was no exception this time since an opportunity had presented itself. He speculated so and did not think that there could be other possibilities.

Coincidentally at that time, another trending topic most searched by the multitudes of netizens surfaced.

#Nigel Bask, Hit And Run Driver Owing Farmers' Wages, Arrested

"This man's behavior is simply outrageous.

After hitting someone, he was afraid that the victim would sue him, so he reversed and crushed the victim to death. Initially, after the first hit, the victim was injured but very much alive."

"This is so scary. He intentionally murdered an innocent person!"

"After the hit and run, he absconded with all the cash from his real estate company, causing many farmers' wages to be in arrears.

"Pity the farmers for he has been in the run for more than half a year now."

"Precisely! Did you watch the news? There was a video clip of his arrest which features the large bungalow he lives in and the dozens of servants at his place. Such a scumbag."

"I've got insider news. Rumor has it that the police force commissioned Zero to track Nigel Bask down."

"Zero? Isn't he the legendary cyberstalker who caught a lot of top fugitives for politicians worldwide?"

"Oh my God! I heard that Zero's commission costs a fortune."

"Oh dear, I lost a hundred bucks the year before, I wonder if Zero could track it down for me."

"Get lost right away!"

"Zero is my righteous hero, my idol! Salute!"

"Unfortunately, I don't have the skills of a hacker."

Lucas registered a social media account for himself after Ashlyn was featured all over the Internet. He was casually surfing through the popular tags online and reading all sorts of trolls.

Zero? It seems like he's not been accepting any task for four years now. Why the sudden appearance? A few names emerged recently, like Kris, Zero...

Lucas had mixed emotions when he thought of Ashlyn in a fighting ring. He felt distressed, uncomfortable, and yet so proud of her.

For some reason, he felt overwhelmed by anxiety and this emotional turmoil had recurred in high frequency after the divorce.

"Do you think that Ashlyn can fight?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 81

"Impossible. How could Ms. Berry fight someone? She's the type who looks more like a victim," Spencer was stunned while driving. He really could not imagine how a gentlewoman like Ashlyn would get in a fight.

See, women are manipulative. I'm not the only one who's been deceived by her gentleness. Now, Lucas felt much better after knowing that.

At the Chapman family villa.

Hera's eyes opened wide while reading the series of controversial discussions on Mrs. Nolan's divorce, which was tweeted by various reposts.

She was enjoying her moment reading all the comments by netizens and suddenly, the posts were gone.

It disappeared...

Not one article remained...

What happened?

Hera quickly sent a message to the previous email account but ten minutes had past and there was still no response.

She was getting anxious.

One hour went by and she finally received an email from the other party stating, "Someone offered a lucrative sum to withdraw the trending topic."

"Damn it, make it viral again! I'll give you twenty thousand more," Hera replied.

"Sorry, can't mess with this one."

Glaring at her inbox, Hera gritted her teeth in fury.

She does not have a lot of cash in hand, yet she persevered, "Fifty thousand then."

"Sorry, we decline."

Hera was so mad that she smashed her laptop shut.

Alas, the Chapman family was no longer in their heyday. As a consequence, her monthly allowance was not on par with other socialites.

More importantly, it was because she was not favored in the family.

The Chapman had three girls in her generation.

The ancestors of the Chapman family were court musicians and there had been maestros in each generation, except for Hera's generation.

Mr. Chapman, a great pianist, was chronically ill and would most likely pass away soon.

In order to inherit the family business, Hera's father focused on his role as a businessman. However, he could only rely on the old Mr. Chapman's contacts to get some small projects. The scope of their business was extremely insignificant if compared to South Star Airlines, Nolan Group, or North Wind Airlines.

All three female Chapman grandchildren followed their grandfather's footsteps and majored in music.

Although the Chapman girls studied music, won numerous awards, and even had their grandfather taught them personally, none of them met the true Chapman music benchmark.

Outsiders would praise their performance but insiders would only regard their musical skills as mediocre and not worthy of showcasing internationally. Especially in the recent two years where a young talent named Madeline Saunders appeared.

Madeline was in her twenties but her piano skills were already top-notch, if not perfect. She had won first place in the world's most prestigious international piano competition,

earning many compliments and adoration.

The old Mr. Chapman fell ill because of this incident.

Other people's child could be a music prodigy overnight. How come I had three sons and three granddaughters but all possess only average skills? Where is my successor? How can I not be upset?

If he knew that Hera wanted to learn from Madeline, he would probably die of rage on the hospital bed.

The good news was he was not aware of it

yet.

Hera looked at the time and realized it was time to visit her grandfather. She had set a reminder and included hospital visits in her daily schedule.

It had always been her biggest goal to be the successor of the Chapman family. Thus, it was imperative for her to work hard on pleasing her grandfather.

She longed for the day she could be with Lucas and learn formally from Madeline, in order to bring glory and honor to her family.

Right when she was walking out of her room, she bumped into Mrs. Chapman, who then asked, "How's the development between you and Mr. Nolan?"

"Don't worry, mum, I got it," Hera tried to hide her annoyance and put on a well-behaved attitude.

"News about him having a wife is all over the Internet," Mrs. Chapman was troubled, "Our family has a good name and your grandfather has been a nobleman all of his life. Please don't ruin the family's reputation."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 82

"I know what to do, mum. He promised me he'll get a divorce. Don't worry so much. Once he's divorced, I'll make sure he announces our relationship to the public," Hera smiled.

"Fine then," Mrs. Chapman subconsciously still felt very uneasy about this matter.

How did my own daughter become the girl that Lucas had been searching for a decade?

Hera was always by my side ten years ago. When did she have a chance to develop any

relationship with Lucas?

She never understood this.

Then again, if Hera could be Mrs. Nolan, surely all the Chapman's inheritance will go to her.

With a hopeful spirit, both mother and daughter traveled together to the First Hospital.

Hera's uncle, Anthony Chapman, was sitting next to the bed, chatting with Mr. Chapman, "Dad, I heard about a great physician here named Dr. Berry. I'll enquire tomorrow in

hope that she be your doctor. They say that she only does one surgery each month."

Mr. Chapman shook his head, he did not look very well, "Forget it. This is not a minor illness but maybe if all of you upset me lesser, there might be a chance I could get well sooner."

"Dad, do you want to listen to Heidi's recital this morning?" Hera's uncle immediately took out his mobile phone and played a video clip.

Mrs. Chapman rolled her eyes when she saw

that as she entered the ward, "Anthony, why are you making dad coach Heidi when he's still so sickly and needs more rest?"

"Sisley, what are you trying to imply?"

Anthony frowned as he tried to justify his action, "I'm trying to relieve dad's boredom by playing him some video clips."

"Grandpa, are you feeling better?" Hera walked towards the bed and asked in a very caring manner.

"I'm alright. All of you go home now and let me have some peaceful moments. I won't need you here as there are nurses to assist me," Mr. Chapman got upset when the family

started arguing.

"But grandpa I just arrived..." Hera was yearning for more opportunities to get connected with her grandfather.

"I know all of you are busy people. You don't have to come visit so often," Mr. Chapman hinted while getting ready to sleep.

Mrs. Chapman signaled Hera to leave the room and she also reminded Anthony, "Let's all go back and let dad rest."

Anthony left reluctantly.

The moment Ashlyn arrived at the hospital, she was called to the director's office.

"Director, you asked for me?"

The director looked rather awkward while fidgeting his hands, "Dr. Berry, I have a favor to ask."

"Go ahead. Who is it this time that begged you to get me to do a surgery?" Ashlyn sat elegantly on the sofa, with her legs crossed, and her pair of inquisitive eyes shining with wisdom.

The director smiled, "I can never hide anything from you, can't I? Well, he didn't beg me but I'm begging you."

"Oh, is that so?" Ashlyn raised her eyebrows.

"I have an old friend whom I've known for twenty odd years. He's been very sick and he needs a bypass surgery. He often gets upset at his own children and grandchildren... you know..." the Director shook his head, "I've performed a check on him personally and I'm worried if others were to take over this surgery. Why don't you have a look?"

He passed a copy of the report to Ashlyn.

"Hypertension and diabetes? His condition may need four bypasses so I think Dr. Hendrickson can do it too," she looked exceptionally dazzling under the light, gracefully seated on the sofa.

She was wearing a white robe over an emerald, green dress, looking very attractive. Her almond-shaped eyes always made an impression.

Dr. Hendrickson already had a surgery scheduled in the morning so I'm afraid that it'll be too much for him to have another bypass surgery," the director sighed before

continuing his persuasion, "Dr. Berry, I know that you have a contract with the hospital; you are paid by commission basis only. I know how you work and I can't force you to commit to any operation. Usually, I'll reject on your behalf any additional request from any officials but this time, I really need your help. Considering that we are colleagues, could you do me this favor please?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 83

Ashlyn groaned softly and pouted her ruddy lips, "Oh come on, Director, we're no strangers so let's drop the formalities. Look, I can accept this case but in return, I need

you to transfer a patient to our hospital and sponsor all of his medical costs. His family can't afford it."

"Not a bad deal at all, Dr. Berry. Ok, I promise you. Let me introduce my old friend to you right away," the director smiled.

"It's ok, we'll meet at the operating theater anyways. You can schedule the surgery for tomorrow morning at nine. I'll email you the details of the transfer patient," Ashlyn stood up after the conversation ended.

At 2 pm, Landon Davis, the casualty from the accident at the Haddock family hotel was transferred to First Hospital.

His puzzled wife kept asking the nurse, "Do you know why we have to transfer?"

"Our hospital offers the best facility and medical standards in the city. All of your husband's medical expenses are also borne by the hospital, so rest assured that everything's ok and just stay here," the nurse explained with a smile while pushing the cart.

Cadence was Landon's wife who grew crops and took care of the children in the countryside while he worked in the city.

When Landon was injured, she handed her children over to her in-laws and came to the city to take care of him, the sole breadwinner of the family.

The cost of staying in the ICU was extremely high. Cadence had borrowed whatever she could from all of her relatives to make ends meet. Horace, the wicked boss from Landon's renovation company could not be contacted after compensating them a hundred thousand.

It cost ten thousand a day to stay in the ICU. Ten thousand vanished easily in a blink of an eye...

Cadence had been crying her eyes out being worried sick about money matters and then this piece of good news came along.

All of the medical expenses are covered?

Wow, it is literally a dream come true.

Ashlyn stepped out of her office and headed towards the ICU. Upon arrival, she saw Cadence wiping her tears.

This woman is only in her thirties but she looks at least forty years old. It was obvious that she had gone through tremendous stress, which was visible on her weary freckled face.

Her clothes are made of coarse cloth but her handmade canvas shoes look neat, though worn out.

Ashlyn walked to her, "Are you Landon's wife, Cadence?"

She had gone through Landon's personal file.

"Yes, I am, and you are...?" Cadence was astounded. She had never met such a gorgeous woman in her life, she thought Ashlyn looked more stunning than any of the celebrities she had seen on television.

"I am Dr. Ashlyn Berry," she said while putting her hands in the pockets of her white robe. "I've seen your husband's medical report. I think you already know that he has blot clots in his brain that must be removed and he has also broken his right leg and arm. I'll be the doctor responsible for his craniotomy."

"Yes, the doctor from the previous hospital

told me that he'd be paralyzed for life," Cadence could not stop her tears from streaming down. This doctor is so young, is she really capable of treating my husband?

"Don't fret. All surgeries have their own risks, the same goes for craniotomy but there is a chance that everything will be fine. We can't delay his treatment anymore, he has to go for an operation two days from now," Ashlyn took time to explain to Cadence calmly.

"I see, all right Dr. Berry. Thank you," Cadence was crying even more and her eyes started to get really puffy and red. Is that why the hospital is not charging me a single

cent, so that a young doctor can practice on Landon's body?

She sat alone at the entrance of the ICU and covered her face as she bawled uncontrollably.

She could not afford any other doctor. The only way out was to accept the offer from First Hospital. Reality hit her hard.

At a romantic French restaurant.

A good-looking man in a black shirt was sitting elegantly at the VIP table, cutting and eating his steak in a very graceful manner.

Hera was coy about the love and infatuation reflected in her eyes as she raised her wine glass, "Congratulations on your safe return."

Lucas put down the fork and knife in his hands and clinked wine glass with Hera's, then took a sip of the Château Lafite 1787.

"Thank you."

"My mother would like to invite you to our house. Would you come over?" Hera took a sip of the wine and then cupped her face and looked at Lucas with a coquettish smile.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 84

A classy white dress, silver high heels, and delicate makeup; Hera deliberately hired a professional stylist to add a tasteful touch to her look for a date with Lucas.

Hera was quite a looker but if one compared her with Ashlyn, the latter would always stand out more.

Many might consider Hera a beauty but to Lucas, she was only an average beauty.

He had seen many beautiful women, especially those working under Nolan Entertainment.

"Not anytime soon," Lucas looked up and glanced at Hera.

There was disappointment in Hera's eyes but she hid it very well and quickly acted casually, "I know you're a busy man, I'll let my mother know then."

"Ring...ring!" Suddenly, Lucas' phone rang and the screen showed an unfamiliar number.

Lucas accepted the call indifferently, "Hello?"

"Mr. Nolan, I'm Cindy. You promised to attend my birthday party this evening. Are you on your way?" A sweet voice sounded over the phone.

Lucas tried hard to recall, only to realize that he accepted an invitation from a random celebrity before his divorce in order to make Ashlyn jealous.

Unfortunately, Ashlyn did not bother and now he was tasting his own medicine.

The worst part was that he had to attend the party as he was a man of his own word.

The tough steak which he had only eaten a few bites now tasted completely tasteless for he had lost his appetite.

In addition, Hera's perfume scent made him really uncomfortable.

"Send me the address and I'll be on my way," Lucas replied.

Cindy was over the moon when she heard

Lucas' response. Initially, she thought she was getting stood up.

Without any second thought, she said, "I'll send you the location right away."

"Ok."

After hanging up, he saw Hera's worried eyes, "Lucas, are you leaving now?"

"I'm going to attend a friend's birthday party, do you want to tag along?" Lucas stood up to grab his jacket and then realized that Hera was still eating, "Are you done?"

You're already standing up and getting ready to leave. It'd be so embarrassing for me to say that I'm not finished with my dinner, right?

Thereafter, Hera stood up elegantly albeit feeling rather reluctant, "Can I? Will my presence at the party inconvenient you?"

"Not at all," Lucas answered and then headed towards the exit in big steps.

Hera, who was wearing a pair of six-inch heels, had to trot all the way to catch up with Lucas' fast pace.

He's not quite a gentleman, is he?

Comparing with all of her ex-boyfriends, there was not a single one who did not revolve around her.

Hera was rather upset but she held it all in. She thought about his social status and wealth, which helped her to resist the urge of throwing a tantrum. I'm still in a better place than many others who'll never ever have this chance to be around Lucas.

Cindy's birthday party was held at a small opera house and the invited guests included her loyal fans as well as some close friends from the entertainment industry.

Compared to the top-notch birthday parties, hers was considerably small-scale.

Nonetheless, the place was cozily decorated and presented a warm atmosphere.

She had just risen to stardom recently so holding a small birthday party could show her popularity and yet not being too extravagant. After all, if she had chosen the stadium or a convention center as her party venue and only had a thousand turned up, she would make an ugly and embarrassing headline.

The opera house was perfect to house a

thousand guests. To kill two birds with one stone, it also helped to create an illusion of a full-house and consequently generate good publicity for herself. Brilliant!

Cindy was sitting backstage, looking forward to Lucas' arrival.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 85

The manager was in a discussion with the host on the best way Lucas should make his appearance on stage. "Mr. Nolan must give a speech later. Should he make his appearance during the finale or should he do it during the opening?"

"Um... Should we ask Mr. Nolan for his opinion?" The host worked with Nolan Entertainment too but this was the first time he heard about Lucas attending an event like this.

Is the rumor about Lucas and Cindy being a couple true?

Did Mr. Nolan get down from his high horse just to attend a birthday party like this?

"Alright. I'll ask Mr. Nolan when he gets here," the manager said, excited. When Mr.

Nolan comes, I must take this opportunity to hype the news of Cindy and Mr. Nolan.

I will make sure Cindy reached the apex of her career in the entertainment industry.

Half an hour later, Lucas parked his car just outside the theatre. Once Hera got down from the car, both of them entered the theatre together.

The theater was packed with fans from all over the world. All of them were here to celebrate Cindy's birthday.

Hera was somewhat envious of Cindy. When I become a popular pianist, I'll definitely have more fans than Cindy.

She's just a not-so-famous celebrity. I'm much more advantaged in terms of my family background.

The manager had been standing by the entrance to welcome Lucas. When he saw the latter, he said excitedly, "Mr. Nolan, it's an honor to have you here."

Lucas' expression was cold when he asked, "Where's Ms. Wynn?"

"She's backstage. This way, please." The manager brought Lucas backstage. He only realized a while later that a woman was with Lucas.

The manager originally thought that she was just a fan of Cindy. But now that he thought about it, he felt that something wasn't right.

Could she be the rumored Mrs. Nolan?

"And this is...?" the manager asked carefully while they made their way backstage.

"Oh. This is Ms. Hera Chapman." Lucas' expression still remained cold.

Such a simple introduction?

The manager was more confused now. He had a nagging feeling that he had heard about her surname before.

But they had already reached backstage so he didn't think much about it anymore.

Cindy got up from her seat happily upon hearing their footsteps. "Mr. Nolan, you're here!"

She quickly welcomed him with a big smile blossomed on her face.

However, she instantly froze when she saw Hera who was by Lucas' side.

Why did he bring another woman when attending my birthday party?

Her figure doesn't look like the slender figure I saw at the Nolan family home.

Mrs. Nolan is tall and slender. She's at least 170 cm tall when wearing heels.

But this woman is only about 165 cm even with her heels on!

This is obviously not Mrs. Nolan.

I knew that there are lots of women who chased after Mr. Nolan, but I didn't know it's to this extent!

Cindy suppressed the unhappiness she was feeling. She looked at Lucas with her bright eyes and said gently, "Mr. Nolan, can you please give a speech later?"

"Your foot is all healed?" Lucas questioned as he glanced at Cindy's feet that were clad in

heels.

Hadn't she went for an operation just recently? She's recovered in just a week?

"It still hurts a little. But I can endure it for my fans' sake." Cindy plastered a strong look on her face as she said, "The tickets for my birthday party have been long sold out. If I change the date, my fans will be disappointed. It'll not only affect my reputation, but also the company's reputation."

She's playing innocent and putting on a dedicated persona!

Hera was so disgusted by her act, she almost puked. "Ms. Wynn, you're such a dedicated person! I've got to hand it to you."

"Thank you, Miss." Cindy smiled slightly and added, "I'm honored to have you and Mr. Nolan attend my birthday party."

"This is Ms. Hera Chapman." The manager quickly relayed what Lucas had said earlier to Cindy.

Cindy smiled and said nothing else.

She stared at Lucas expectantly. It's my

birthday today. He must've bought me a present, right?

Even if we're just friends, it's not right to attend a birthday party without a gift, right?

But things did not turn out the way she expected.

Spencer came in right at that moment with a bouquet in hand. He walked towards Cindy and said, "Happy birthday, Ms. Wynn. This is a gift from Mr. Nolan."

A bouquet of flowers?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 86

Cindy was dumbfounded.

Mr. Nolan gave me a bouquet of flowers?
What about the gift?

The smile on Cindy's face instantly stiffened. She looked like she was about to break down soon.

"Your gift has arrived and I've already attended your party. Goodbye." The man in black stood tall and upright. He had broad

shoulders and a slim waist. Everything about him was poised and sophisticated.

However, Cindy and the manager were on the verge of tears upon hearing his cold words.

He's leaving just like that?

But what about the speech?

The host, who had been standing by the side the whole time, felt second-hand embarrassment just by watching them.

They've been desperately trying to please Mr. Nolan but he's not even batting an eye at them.

Hera was actually quite unhappy when she heard that they were on the way to a celebrity's birthday party earlier.

But she was very satisfied now that she saw Cindy being humiliated.

"Happy birthday, Ms. Wynn. This must be an unforgettable birthday party for you."

With that said, Hera purposely wraps her

arms around Lucas' arm and said coquettishly,
"Let's go, Lucas."

Lucas discreetly pulled his arm away from
Hera and kept a distance from her before
responding, "Mmm."

He felt uncomfortable whenever a woman got
too close. Scratch that. He felt extremely
uncomfortable when women got too close to
him.

Cindy knew that Hera was insinuating
something, but she couldn't act out in front

of Lucas. So she could only plaster on a stiff smile and say, "Goodbye, Mr. Nolan."

After sending Lucas off, Cindy swept everything on the makeup table onto the floor angrily. She even stomped on them just to let out her frustrations before plopping onto her seat. How dare you provoke me, Hera? Don't blame me for being merciless then!

You're not even the real Mrs. Nolan. Who do you think you are, showing off in front of me?

Ten o'clock at night.

Cindy's birthday party was the seventeenth trending topic on Twitter. It wasn't at an eye-catching place but it wasn't too inconspicuous either.

It was at a spot where it wouldn't get in the way or offend the apexes, but could still be noticed by the netizens.

Cindy had to admit that her manager was quite good at his job.

The first thing she saw when she clicked on the topic was a few pretty photos of her, and photos of her fans crowding the venue.

Below the post was a leaked photo of Lucas and a gorgeous woman attending Cindy's party.

The photo was kind of blurry but it was focused enough that Lucas and the woman's faces could be seen.

The true identity of the woman who attended the party with Lucas attracted the attention of netizens.

Everyone was also making assumptions about Lucas and Cindy's relationship.

"There was a rumor about Mr. Nolan and Cindy being a couple previously."

"I believe it now. They're really a couple."

"But what about that woman? Is that Mrs. Nolan?"

"It doesn't seem like it. Mrs. Nolan looked so tall in that video. This woman isn't as tall as Mr. Nolan's shoulders even with her heels on."

"Mrs. Nolan, your husband's cheating on you with two other women."

"I really want to know if the both of them

were angry when they saw each other. Do you guys think they fought?"

"Sigh... I've always thought that Mr. Nolan's a good man. I can't believe he's cheating on his wife with two other women."

"I'm never flying with South Star Airlines again."

There were thousands of comments on the topic such as Mr. Nolan, Mrs. Nolan has a punishment ready for you.

Mrs. Nolan, your husband's cheating on you.

Mrs. Nolan, please divorce Mr. Nolan.

To the woman who went to the birthday party, you better be kind.

Hera Chapman is a homewrecker.

Cindy had posted Lucas and Hera's photo on Twitter to punish Hera.

While her plan did kind of work, it also kind of backfired as she had also been dragged into it.

She nearly exploded in rage when she saw netizens commenting that both of them were

a bunch of shameless mistresses.

Cindy was especially furious when she saw that the topic about Mrs. Nolan had taken up three slots on the trending page. She's even more popular than me. And I'm a celebrity!

This is frustrating!

I just dug my own grave!

I've made a fool out of myself!

I made Mrs. Nolan famous but destroyed my own reputation!

This is outrageous!

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 87

When Jared arrived home, Ashlyn was reviewing some documents in the living room.

"What are you reading?" The man loosened his necktie and sat down on the rug in front of the sofa. He crossed his legs slightly as there was no room for him to rest his legs, making him look casual and relaxed.

"I have to perform two surgeries tomorrow

and the day after, so I'm making some notes." Ashlyn made her notes while reading the documents. She looked so gentle in her beige loungewear. All hints of her being a cold person were nowhere to be found.

Her fair cheeks and side profile looked perfect. She looked even more alluring as she wrote her notes with the black pen in hand.

"You're so hardworking." There was a slight stench of alcohol on Jared, but it wasn't strong enough to disgust others.

He struggled a little as he pulled out his phone. After shaking his head to clear his head up, he forced his eyes open and said, "Boss, do you know you're trending on Twitter again?"

Ashlyn was busy with her work so she didn't have time to check what was going on Twitter.

She wasn't the type to frequently check her Twitter account too. So with her eyes still fixed on her book, she replied casually, "What is it?"

"See for yourself." Jared showed her the contents on his phone.

Ashlyn took a glance at the trending page and cocked an eyebrow. Mrs. Nolan had already divorced Mr. Nolan. "What's all this frenzy about?"

"Do you want me to remove it from the trending topic?" Jared asked as he lazily swiped through his Twitter. He had gone for a round of drinks with a few rich heirs of Lake City at a famous club. One of the heirs, Mr. Watts, brought a bottle of aged wine from his family's ancestral collection. However, nobody expected the wine to be so

strong.

He was feeling really dizzy but he forced himself to sit in front of Ashlyn.

Ashlyn felt like she didn't need to know about this insignificant stuff, so she replied indifferently, "Don't bother."

As soon as she finished talking, her phone rang.

It was Lucas.

Ashlyn furrowed her brows. It's already so late, why did he call me instead of going to bed?

Something doesn't seem right.

Ashlyn muted her phone and tossed it aside before continuing with her notes.

However, the phone's screen kept on flashing with notifications. Lucas kept calling her non-stop.

"Your ex-husband is looking for you. Boss, can I post something on social media?" Jared

acted brazenly under the influence of alcohol and stared at Ashlyn with sparkling eyes.

"That's up to you. Just post whatever you want. It's none of my business anyway. Why do you need to ask for my permission if you want to post something? Do I look like a tyrant to you?" Ashlyn was so focused on her notes that she didn't realize that Jared's words meant something else. She didn't notice his guilty yet excited expression too.

"Alright. If you say so." Jared got up, secretly pleased. Then, he quietly snapped a photo of Ashlyn's side profile.

The warm light from the crystal lamps shone

on the woman and embracing her gracefully. Ashlyn had her hair tied back in a ponytail, but a strand of hair fell loose on her face. It made her look even more like an angel that had stepped out of the light.

At that moment, Ashlyn exuded a gentle aura around her.

She looked especially beautiful when she was flipping through her book with her fair, slender fingers.

It was a heavenly sight even though it was only a photo of her side profile.

Jared uploaded the photo onto his Twitter and wrote a caption that read: Happy to have someone wait up for you late night.

He even acted cute at the end by adding a smiley emoji.

He seldom posted on his Twitter. Normally, he would only post official news of Centennial Healthcare to establish a positive company image.

Jared had very few personal photos posted on his account. Besides the food photos that he posted late at night that made others jealous, a photo like this was extremely personal.

It didn't stop him from having a large number of fans though.

He wasn't as famous as the other celebrities, but he was definitely popular.

The photo he posted had suddenly become the center of everyone's attention. My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 88

His fans went into madness upon seeing his post.

Jared was tall and handsome. He was also a well-off man but he wasn't arrogant and had a

positive personality. The employees at Centennial Healthcare were also always talking about their company's president, especially on his thoughtfulness towards them and also the great benefits he gave them.

That was why lots of employees had followed their president on Twitter.

When he posted the picture, both his fans and his employees went into a frenzy.

"My God! When did Mr. Quickton get a

girlfriend?"

"Her side profile looks so pretty!"

"Ahhh! Lucas was my idol previously, but he's a married man. But right when Jared became my idol, he got himself a girlfriend..."

"I feel like dying. Ahh! What the hell? Both of my idols are taken now!"

"Mr. Quickton, please post a photo of your girlfriend's face."

"Mr. Quickton, your girl's so pretty. Are you announcing your relationship to the world?"

Ashlyn's side profile was so beautiful that she topped the trending topics on Twitter.

#Is Mr. Quickton's girlfriend or Mrs. Nolan prettier?

#Mr. Quickton's girlfriend#

#Mesmerized by the side profile of Mr. Quickton's girlfriend#

Meanwhile, at Whitland Villa, Lucas was dialing Ashlyn's number nonstop. He had called her more than ten times but Ashlyn still stubbornly refused to answer.

It was as if she had disappeared from the surface of the Earth.

He tossed his phone away furiously.

In the midst of his anger, a notification of the trending topics of Twitter popped up on his screen.

The headline of it made him even more furious. "President of Centennial Healthcare, Jared Quickton, posted a photo of a beautiful woman's side profile. The woman is suspected to be his girlfriend but Mr. Quickton has not confirmed it. Netizens are intrigued by the ambiguous relationship between them."

Jared? Girlfriend?

Seized by an impulse, Lucas tapped into the page but he came close to exploding with rage.

Great side profile, my foot!

This is obviously Ashlyn! My ex-wife!

At the same time, another netizen's post made it to the trending page.

#So Mr. Quickton lives at Bayview Villa#

Netizens started to make fun of it below the post.

"I bet he was so excited he forgot to remove his address."

"Hahaha. It's so rare that someone exposes

their own address on Twitter!"

"Mr. Quickton rarely posts on social media. But when he does, he shocked everyone."

"Mr. Quickton hasn't posted anything in a year. This post can definitely last a year now."

"Haha. I'll stop now. I'm going to corner him at Bayview Villa."

"I live at Bayview Villa too! Well... Near it anyway..."

"Ahhh!! I live at Bayview Villa. I'm going to go

look for Mr. Quickton now!"

"Wow! Only the rich live in villas!"

Lucas' eyes darkened as he stared at the address written below Jared's post. You have time to be with him but can't answer my call? And you're alone in a room with another man!

His chest heaved with fury as irritation flooded his mind.

I'll have to see for myself what this woman is up to at Bayview Villa.

Half an hour later.

A private helicopter circled above Bayview Villa. After three minutes, the helicopter finally landed on the rooftop of the high-rise apartment within Bayview Villa.

Bayview Villa had only one independent high-rise apartment. Apparently, the real estate developer believed in geomancy and had hired a geomancer to take a look at the place. The developer was advised to build an apartment with thirty-four stories. Why? The reason was simple. By doing that, the developer's fortune would continue to favor him and his buildings would be the most outstanding ones.

The intrusion of the helicopter drew the attention of those working there. Dozens of security guards with batons rushed toward it immediately.

The bright red helicopter shined brightly like raging flames even in the darkness. Its propellers whirred continuously causing the wind to howl.

The wind was so strong the security guards could barely open their eyes. The leader of the guards held a flashlight in one hand and a baton in the other as he shouted, "Who are you?"

Then, he saw a tall figure step out of the

helicopter and onto the airstair. The tall man asked with his deep voice, "Where does Jared live?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 89

Late into the night, Ashlyn stretched and closed her notebook before keeping all the medical books she had been reading earlier.

She was about to head to her bedroom to sleep, but she realized that Jared had fallen asleep.

The man's tall figure was all curled up in a ball on the rug with his head against the sofa.

Although it was a weird position to sleep in, Jared seemed to be sleeping soundly. His breathing was even and he would sometimes grind his teeth in his sleep. Somehow, he looked like a husky that was guarding the doors.

Ashlyn crouched down and slapped Jared's face a few times and said, "Wake up. Go sleep in your room."

Jared opened his drowsy, drunken eyes and mumbled, "Mm..."

Ashlyn saw that he was staggering while he got up, so she quickly steadied him. Jared was dizzy from being drunk and couldn't seem to steady himself. In the midst of it, they tugged and pulled on each other before finally falling on the sofa.

By the time Ashlyn came to her senses, she was already laying on Jared's chest.

This bastard!

She quickly slapped Jared and ordered him, "Get up now! I shouldn't have bothered with

you."

Right as Ashlyn finished her sentence, she felt the temperature in the room drop.

She had always been sensitive to her surroundings. Feeling confused, she looked up and immediately saw a man's dark expression that almost blended into the night. His body exuded a murderous aura as if he might kill someone the next second.

He moved towards her in big strides.

Spencer, who was following behind him, was sweating buckets. I didn't expect us to be

catching his ex-wife in the act when I came out with Mr. Nolan in the middle of the night!

Ms. Berry is billing and cooing Jared in the middle of the night! And they were caught by Mr. Nolan!

Ashlyn's icy cold eyes were laced with anger as she asked Lucas, "What are you doing at my home?"

Lucas was seething when he heard her mention the word 'home'.

Home? This is your home?

So she had never seen Whitland Villa as her home. It's only 'home' when Jared's there!

Lucas took a big step toward her and grabbed her wrist, "You're coming with me!"

However, Ashlyn yawned lazily as a response to Lucas' assertive words.

She easily broke free from the man's grip in the next second. Then, Ashlyn cocked her eyebrows and asked, "Lucas, you're so forceful even though you trespassed a private property."

She had already recovered from her shock and had so many questions about Lucas' sudden appearance.

She was even more confused about his jealous tone.

Ever since their divorce, Ashlyn was having a harder and harder time understanding that man.

Spencer was dumbfounded.

Ms. Berry, can't you tell that Mr. Nolan is jealous? Or that he's angry? Can't you see

that's why he's in a rush to bring you home?

He wanted so badly to become Lucas' interpreter and explain the latter's actions to Ashlyn, but he didn't have the guts to do so.

Spencer carefully sneaked a peek at Lucas but saw that there was only anger on Lucas' face. There weren't any other emotions.

You're on your own, Ms. Berry!

It was already late at night so all the workers and maids were sleeping.

Jared was still on the sofa. Ashlyn got up and

waved her hand at Lucas, who was standing in front of her. "Help me get him to his room."

Lucas took the view of her in with his darkened eyes.

How dare she ask for my help to get this despicable man to his room? Is she telling me to watch her sleep in the same bed as him?

There were hints of irritation on his cold expression as he gritted his teeth and said, "You're shameless, Ashlyn!"

Ashlyn was speechless.

How am I being shameless for asking him to help me get Jared back to his room? She was angry but found the situation ridiculous too.

Lucas got closer and hostility poured from him.

"You didn't want Whitland Villa because you wanted to live with Jared? Is it that great to be his kept woman?"

Before Ashlyn could even react, she was already in Lucas' arms. The next moment, she felt a twinge of pain on her lips.

The man had forcefully pressed his lips on

hers and was sucking and biting on her lips in anger.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 90

The man's familiar scent surrounded her completely.

Ashlyn's eyes were cold and she didn't have any reaction.

Lucas was acting just like a kid whose toy was taken from him at that moment. That toy was dispensable to him previously. But now that it was taken by someone else, he wanted it

back.

How childish and ridiculous.

Does he not know what he's doing?

We're divorced. There's no love between us.

What is he doing here, reprimanding me and looking like he's here to catch me having an affair?

Ashlyn found it ridiculous. Her eyes were

cold when she snapped back to her senses. She was about to push the childish, crazy Lucas away.

But she then realized a tingle of warmth around her sensitive neck.

Ashlyn pushed the man away, but he didn't budge.

Spencer whispered, "Mr. Nolan is asleep."

Ashlyn was rendered speechless.

She tilted her head to take a look and realized that Lucas was bear-hugging her. He's already fast asleep when I was still silently ranting about him earlier.

Lucas' breathing was slow and steady.

Two men were out like a light in the villa. One was lying unconscious on the floor, while the other was sound asleep with his face buried in Ashlyn's neck.

"Lucas?"

Ashlyn sounded helpless as she shouted,
"Wake up!"

But there wasn't any reaction from the man.

She glanced at the clock on the wall. It's
already almost midnight.

"Get your boss out of here!" Ashlyn said as
she looked at Spencer.

Spencer went to do as she said when he saw
Ashlyn's intimidating eyes. He tried to pull
Lucas away from the woman, but no matter
what he did, Lucas remained in a deep sleep.

His arms seemed to be made of steel as they were wrapped around Ashlyn's waist tightly and couldn't be budged.

How is he still so strong when he's asleep?

Ashlyn sighed.

Not only did Lucas wrap his arms around her tightly, but her own arms were also locked between their bodies. Ashlyn was like a stick at the moment, trapped in the man's bear hug.

She tried to break free but to no avail.

I can't possibly stand here like this the whole night.

"Ever since Mr. Nolan got off from his flight, he hasn't got any sleep for the next two days. That's why he's in such a deep sleep," Spencer explained softly.

"Two days?" Ashlyn gave him a skeptical look. Didn't Lucas use to have a great work-life tempo? His insomnia can't be that bad, right?

"Ms. Berry, how about I help the both of you to your bedroom?"

"Just help us to the guestroom." Ashlyn felt her head aching. Besides the living room, there was a kitchen and two guestrooms on the first floor.

Jared wasn't the only one living in the villa. Maids and workers were living on the third and fourth floor.

Ashlyn felt extremely uncomfortable with Lucas slumped on her.

Spencer had it hard too. After he helped Lucas and Ashlyn onto the bed, he had to drag Jared to the other guest room all by himself.

Spencer was tired and sleepy by the time he was done. He was out cold the moment he lay on the sofa.

Fortunately, Ms. Berry's villa is well-furnished. There's even a blanket on the sofa.

Most of them slept soundly, but one of them was so uncomfortable as she couldn't even move.

On the bed in the guestroom, Ashlyn was trapped in Lucas' arms.

Her body was stiff and she couldn't sleep well. When she woke up in the morning, she felt as if her body was run over by a truck.

What was even more agonizing was that the Spirogyra in her body would lose control and become restless whenever Ashlyn smelled the scent of Lucas.

Especially with Lucas so close to her, an electric current ran down her body whenever the man's breath blew on her ears.

The Spirogyra was getting more and more restless and Ashlyn's mouth went dry.

Her body was on fire and it was tormenting her, but she couldn't break free from Lucas' arms. So she started to twist her body unwittingly.

"I can't promise that I won't do something to you if you don't stop moving."

A low, attractive voice suddenly sounded.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 91

Lucas is awake?

Ashlyn felt relieved and asked, "You're awake?"

Lucas was pleased to see the woman with a flushed face in his arms. I wouldn't be a man if I didn't wake up with how she had been twisting her body earlier.

After two days of not sleeping, Lucas felt refreshed after sleeping for a few hours.

It feels kind of nice to be able to see her right when I open my eyes.

"Let go of me!" Ashlyn looked at Lucas with indifferent eyes. She twisted her body again

and said with irritation in her voice, "My body is about to-"

Before she could finish, Lucas pressed his lips onto hers.

The temperature in the room started to rise.

When dawn broke, the Spirogyra in Ashlyn's body was finally suppressed. She closed her eyes and lay lazily on the bed. Every part of her body was so sore, she felt like her bones had fallen apart.

The man had plenty of energy and it was a little unbearable for Ashlyn.

She also noticed that whenever the man is near her, the once quiet Spirogyra would start to go wild. It was as if he was a special drug and its effects kicked in whenever he got close.

It was tormenting. No matter how much she resisted, her body would always give in and allow the man to do whatever he wanted.

Damn it!

Lucas hugged the familiar woman in his arms

as their breaths intertwined.

A thought came to mind and he wrapped his arm around the woman's slender waist.

She had no way to resist him at all.

Ashlyn gritted her teeth and complained, "Hey ex-husband, you seem like you have endless energy."

"Yet you're still out there seducing other men." Lucas' eyes turned red as his dangerous scent domineered Ashlyn's senses.

Ashlyn's face was flushed red and charm flooded her eyes. "When did I seduce-"

There was a hint of a smile on Lucas' lips. He tightened his grip around her waist and said, "You talk too much. Seems like I have to work harder."

Ashlyn fought back and sat on his waist. She bit her lips and glared at him before she said, "Mr. Nolan, you better control yourself. It won't do you any good if you empty yourself out."

Lucas looked at the woman on top of him and

replied with a smile, "I'm very healthy."

She really has so many sides to her. She could be domineering or frosty. She can even be sexy and charming like how she is now...

No matter which side of her she showed, Lucas had a strong desire to explore more.

She was too mysterious and he couldn't help but be mesmerized.

If only I knew she was like that, I wouldn't have...

Lucas shook his head. What am I thinking?

We're already divorced yet I can't seem to leave this woman. I'm really becoming less and less like myself...

It must be the mania. Yes! That must be it!

The current situation didn't allow Lucas to think about anything else as he had more important stuff to do.

I'm going to let her know how healthy am I!

I won't be emptied out!

It was already broad daylight by the time Ashlyn woke up.

Lucas's mania was somewhat relieved after last night's pleasure.

He had woken up ten minutes before Ashlyn did. When Lucas sensed movement from the woman in his arms, satisfaction flowed in his eyes and he said, "You're up?"

Ashlyn looked up at him.

She wasn't in a great mood like him.

No one would be happy if the first thing they

saw when they were awake was their ex-husband's face.

Especially when she had slept with him with no restraint at all the previous night.

This is so awkward.

This damned Spirogyra! Why can't you just spare me?

It was like that four years ago. Four years later after their divorce, the once quiet Spirogyra was still constantly restless due to Lucas.

Ashlyn was unable to describe her feelings.

I have to find out how to calm the Spirogyra.

This won't do if it continues to be like that.

Or else what would be the point of our divorce?

I'll have to say goodbye to my freedom if I stay by Lucas' side.

I've already had enough of it after four years of a meaningless marriage.

"Excuse me. I have to perform surgery today. I need to go wash up," Ashlyn said impatiently.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 92

Lucas felt slightly dejected once he detected the displeased look the woman had. Hence, he decided to obey her.

Ten minutes later, Lucas opened the door of the guest room.

At the same time, someone opened the door of the guest room next door.

Simultaneously, two men stepped out of their respective rooms.

“Isn’t that Lucas? What on earth is the most annoying guy on earth doing here?” Jared, who had a disheveled look, muttered to himself as he stared at Lucas in disbelief.

What the hell? Where the hell am I?
Confusion was written all over his face once he detected the presence of Lucas.

He thought he must have had stepped out of

the room at the worst possible timing. Otherwise, he wouldn't have run into Lucas first thing in the morning.

Jared's mind was all over the place. He lost himself in the process of thought for quite a few seconds before striding back to the guest room.

Bam!

He closed the door immediately and surveyed the surroundings, affirming the fact he was still at home.

Does that mean I'm hallucinating?

Jared spent some time turning the idea repetitively in his mind. In the end, he pinched his thigh and felt a racking sensation.

It hurts!

Once again, he opened the door, grimacing. He was taken aback by the upcoming scene yet again because Lucas was right by Ashlyn's side, making their way to the dining hall.

He decided to tail them and followed them all the way to the dining hall with his disheveled appearance. Jordan stared at the divorced husband and wife, who had taken their seats, dining elegantly together.

Although they were a compatible pair in terms of look, the fact that they were together was unusually odd.

"A-Ashlyn, w-what's going on?" Jared's jaw dropped open, asking, pointing at the man with an intimidating presence.

He dared not address her as he always had because he was afraid Lucas would notice their actual relationship.

Ashlyn took a mouthful of the freshly served eggs benedict, pouting her crimson lips, savoring the taste of the delicacy. She raised her head and took a peek at Jared, stating, "You should check your social media account, Mr. Quickton."

My social media account?

Actually, Ashlyn had long given up on Jared, the unreliable teammate of hers.

She finally figured out the reason Lucas dropped by the moment she checked on Jared's social media account.

I wonder what brings Mr. Nolan to Bayview Villa by air in the middle of the night?

#Lucas&Jared #Lucasisjealous
#JaredIsTaken

The netizens had gone berserk since last night because the news regarding two domineering presidents, namely Lucas and Jared, went viral on social media.

Someone speculated Jared's girlfriend was one of Lucas' mistresses, whereas some of the netizens pondered the possibility of the trio engaging in a love triangle.

Some of them perceived Lucas had a thing for Jared. The former had rushed over to bring the latter back with him since he detected the presence of his so-called girlfriend.

What the hell?

Jared felt light-headed, having a hard time comprehending the messy situation he was involved in.

His heart skipped a beat the moment he saw the status he had updated regarding Ashlyn on his social media.

None of those mattered because the one that would put his life at stake was the address of Bayview Villa he had attached along with the status he had updated.

It was a miracle for him to make it out unscathed, going through his social media account in front of Ashlyn.

Jared was drenched in sweat because he accidentally picked on Ashlyn's sore spot.

She had never been a fan of being in the limelight, but Jared exposed her in front of the netizens through his social media

account.

He took a step back, assuring, "Boss, I-I'll go get myself ready!"

Once Jared finished his sentence, he fled, rushing back to his room upstairs immediately.

As the twins walked down the stairs, Anderson and Harrison ran into Jared, who behaved as though he was running for his life.

"What are you doing, Jared?"

"Are you running for your life?"

Jared paid no heed to the twins' queries. Instead, he sprinted all the way back to his room with his disheveled appearance, shutting the door tight the moment he reached his room.

The twins exchanged glances and thought Jared must have had offended Ashlyn once again.

They had come to a unanimous agreement. Therefore, they made their way down the stairs and headed towards the dining hall as usual.

"I-I'm not seeing things, right?"

"Hurry up! Pinch me in the face!"

The twins' eyes were wide opened the moment they detected the presence of those in the dining hall.

What the hell? Isn't this Lucas? What the hell is he doing in our place? Is he here for breakfast?

"Yes?" Ashlyn's raised an eyebrow, asking.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 93

"Erm..." The twins exchanged glances once again before returning to their usual seats. Once they had their servings of eggs benedict, they finally returned to their senses.

They noticed they had missed out a lot over the night and figured out Lucas might have had spent the night at their place.

Did the boss have a raunchy night with him?
Oh, God!

The twins couldn't help but allow their imaginations to run wild.

How did Lucas manage to find out our base of operation? The boss would always conceal her whereabouts by hacking the Traffic Bureau's archive.

The boss would never expose herself, right? If that's the case, it must have been Jared's doing! Ha! No wonder that brat behaved as though he was running for his life back then!

The twins' eyes gleamed excitedly as they gloated over Jared's misfortune.

On the other hand, Spencer who had spent the night on the couch was roused from sleep the moment he detected the scent of the breakfast served.

Once he woke up, a maid brought him a set of disposable bathroom amenities. "Thank you," Spencer expressed his gratitude immediately.

"You're welcome, Sir. It's part of our duty." The maid replied respectfully before taking her leave.

Once he carried out his morning routine, Spencer joined them and took his seat at the dining table.

Immediately, the observant man detected an odd ambiance in the dining hall because he thought Lucas had been cuckolded by Ashlyn.

I can't believe it! She's actually staying in the same place as Jared and the twins! Ms. Berry is such a capable woman. I wonder how she manages to balance her relationship with these men. Do they not pick on one another due to jealousy?

Spencer took a peek at Lucas and detected the grim expression the handsome man had.

He would cast a stern gaze at the twins occasionally, in an attempt to get them out of his sight.

Seriously? Two more showed up once Jared leave?

Initially, the currently irritated man was overjoyed, but he could barely contain his irritation once the twins showed up in the dining hall.

"A-Ashlyn... We have to make a trip elsewhere today..." Anderson wiped his mouth

clean once he finished his meal.

"He's right! We have to deal with the issue that has arisen yesterday." Harrison played along with his brother.

"If that's the case, both of you should get going immediately. Please be mindful and take good care of yourselves," Ashlyn took a sip of the fruit juice served and urged.

The forces from the Middle East were trying to get in their way regarding the rights over the mine in Africa.

Therefore, she had put the twins in charge

to deal with them accordingly.

On another note, the woman had a pink chiffon dress on which complemented her petite figure perfectly. Her porcelain-like skin was exposed as it was merely a knee-length dress.

She didn't have any earrings on because she would have to carry out the surgery soon, but she had a relatively simple and elegant diamond necklace on her neck that complemented her slender neck.

Lucas, who was by Ashlyn's side, could barely hold back his urge because he detected the faint fragrance coming from her occasionally.

Immediately, he put the utensils he had aside and slid his hand underneath the table in the direction of Ashlyn's hand.

Ashlyn was taken aback by the man's action as his gigantic and warm palm grabbed hers firmly.

She tried to retaliate against the man, but her effort was to no avail.

In return, she smirked in an attempt to step on Lucas' foot underneath the dining table with her high heels.

Nevertheless, Lucas behaved as though he couldn't feel it at all.

On the contrary, Anderson groaned in pain, glaring at Harrison, "Ouch! Why are you stepping on my foot?"

"I didn't!" Harrison was confused upon hearing his twin brother's words.

Ashlyn was rendered speechless by the twins' conversation because she realized she had taken things out on the wrong person.

Meanwhile, Lucas grinned viciously before setting the woman's hand free, asking, "Are

you happy now?"

Ashlyn fell silent for quite some time before replying, "Well... It feels kinda great..."

After all, she wasn't the one who felt the racking pain.

Lucas served her a piece of croissant, asserting, "Isn't this one of your favorites back in my place?"

Ashlyn moved the croissant back to Lucas' plate, stating, "Please suit yourself instead because it's not my favorite anymore."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 94

Once she finished her meal, she wiped her mouth clean with the napkin and walked out of the dining hall thereafter.

Lucas cast his utensils aside and went after Ashlyn immediately.

Similarly, Spencer went after Lucas the moment he left, grabbing another croissant on his way out of the dining hall.

A strong man in black stood in front of the Range Rover on the car porch. The moment he saw Ashlyn, he greeted, "Ms. Berry, I'll be your driver for the day."

"That won't be necessary because I'll be driving today." Ashlyn took a peek at her watch and noticed she was slightly behind her schedule as she had woken up later than usual due to Lucas.

If she couldn't make it to the hospital in time, her surgery would be delayed. Consequently, her agenda for the rest of the day would be delayed in a similar manner.

Lucas approached her in a domineering

manner, offering, "I'll give you a ride."

"You should stop wasting my precious time!"
Ashlyn replied callously, opening the door of the car as she was about to make her way into the driver's seat.

Lucas frowned and stopped her, holding on to her arm with his gigantic palm once again, asking anxiously, "Are you sure you know how to drive?"

"Why does it sound like you're shocked? Oh! I guess it makes sense that you do not know me

that well since I'm merely your ex-wife."
Ashlyn's gorgeous face glowed as the bright sun illuminated and highlighted her great features.

"Aren't you in a hurry?" Lucas asked, pointing at top of the apartment. "I have my private helicopter with me. I'm pretty sure we'll make it to your destination in time."

Ashlyn narrowed her eyes in return, but the man was aware of what she had in mind since they had been husband and wife for the span of four years in the past.

"I'll take that as a yes." Lucas held on to Ashlyn's wrist and brought her along with

him, walking towards the apartment together.

Once they reached, they walked into the elevator and made their way to the highest floor.

They saw Lucas' private helicopter the moment they walked out of the stairs leading to the highest floor.

Lucas piloted the helicopter from the apartment to the hospital.

Halfway through the journey to the hospital,

Ashlyn received a call from the hospital's director, asking, "Dr. Berry, where are you?"

"I'm five minutes away, Sir. I'll definitely show up in the operating theater on time," Ashlyn assured the hospital's director in a serious tone.

The hospital's director felt a sense of relief the moment he heard Ashlyn's words.

Immediately, the director turned around, telling Mr. Chapman, "Sir, Dr. Berry will be here soon. She's an extremely skilled surgeon. If it weren't because I have requested..."

The director didn't finish his sentence. Instead, halfway through his sentence, he shook his head, smiling.

Mr. Chapman asked in return, "Dr. Berry? Is she the youngest doctor of the hospital that everyone in town is talking about?"

"Yes!" The director replied, nodding.

"She's quite young if I'm not mistaken? Are you sure she's capable enough to carry out the surgery?" Hera's mother didn't have faith in doctors who were relatively young because she deemed them inexperienced.

"You have no idea what she's capable of. I have always wanted to procure her service to carry out dad's surgery, but dad told me it wouldn't be necessary," Hera's father rebuked his wife's statement.

As they were engaged in a conversation, a slender figure showed up in the ward.

"Dr. Berry," The director greeted Ashlyn politely.

In return, Ashlyn nodded, smiling. She was dressed in a white robe, and her glistening pair of eyes were the only feature visible to

others because she had a blue surgical mask on.

Ashlyn scanned the surroundings and stared at Mr. Chapman, asking, "Mr. Chapman, it's currently five minutes away from nine. Five minutes later, we'll commence the surgery. I'll be your attending physician. Have you signed the necessary paperwork for the surgery to take place?"

Mr. Chapman looked at Ashlyn in disbelief because he was awestruck by her glistening pair of eyes.

He found Ashlyn's pair of eyes familiar, but he couldn't recall since when had he come

across such a pair of eyes back in the day.

Ashlyn repeated her question because Mr. Chapman seemed to have lost himself in the process of thought.

Finally, Mr. Chapman returned to his senses, replying, "Yes. I have signed the required paperwork."

"Great. Have the nurse brief you about the things to take note of during the surgery?" Ashlyn tucked her hands in the pockets of her robe, asking patiently.

"Yes," Mr. Chapman replied, assuring Ashlyn.

"If that's the case, we shall commence the surgery soon." Once Ashlyn finished her sentence, a few nurses strode into the ward and brought Mr. Chapman out of the ward, heading over to the operating theater.

Ashlyn followed suit and headed out of the ward to prep herself.

Hera's mother sized Ashlyn up, stating, "Am I the only one who thinks that the doctor is arrogant?"

She couldn't help but feel unpleasant because others would behave courteously whenever

they figured out their identity being part of the Chapman family, but not Ashlyn.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 95

Ashlyn behaved as though she couldn't be bothered by their identity at all. Therefore, Hera's mother, who enjoyed being flattered by others, couldn't get used to it.

"Perhaps that's how a famous doctor behaves," Hera's father replied.

By then, the surgery commenced once Ashlyn had everything she needed in store ready.

Those from the Chaplin family gathered outside of the operating theater, including Hera.

She had the latest designer's items on, including the dress as a matching handbag she carried along with her. Hera approached her mother, asking, "How's Grandpa?"

"Don't worry. The famous doctor, Ashlyn is carrying out the surgery as we speak. I'm sure everything will be fine." Hera's mother held on to her hand, promising. "It's such a hot day. You must be tired, right?"

"I'm fine, mom." Hera took a seat by her mother's side.

Hera's mother whispered, "Is Lucas aware that your grandfather is in such a major surgery?"

Hera shook her head, but she reached for her phone and promised her mother she would get in touch with him because she didn't want to embarrass her in front of others. She behaved as though Lucas would definitely fall for her and asserted, "I'll give

him a call immediately."

All of a sudden, Hera's mother got full of herself, instructing as she tapped on her hand, "Go ahead."

Hera excused herself and made her way over to the fire escape before calling Lucas.

Once the call got through, she put on a pitiable front, sniffing, "Lucas, my grandfather is in the middle of surgery. Can you please join me at the hospital and keep me company? I'm afraid..."

The man's indifferent voice could be heard

coming from the other end of the call, asking, "Where are you?"

Hera beamed once she hung up the call. The pitiable front was merely an act.

She didn't return to the operating theater to join her family. Instead, she stood in front of the elevator, in anticipation of Lucas' arrival.

Twenty minutes later, a man with a black coat walked out of the elevator.

Lucas received Hera's call once he reached

home and got changed.

Since he was notified of Mr. Chapman's condition, he would have to drop by and pay him a visit out of courtesy.

He chose to show up in the hospital because he had to put on a show since they had been family friends all along.

Hera's eyes gleamed the moment Lucas showed up. She rushed over to welcome him, greeting, "Lucas! You're finally here!"

The man had a great build, slender pair of legs, and broad shoulders. As usual, the

outfits he had showed off his qualities, contributing to his ethereal appearance, charming his fangirls.

"Has the operation begun?" The handsome man asked in a callous tone.

"It has been an hour since the operation begins." Hera's eyes brimmed with tears all of a sudden. She put on a pitiable front, crying, "I'm afraid things may not turn out well in the end... I'm terrified, Lucas..."

"Don't worry." Lucas lowered his gaze, in an attempt to comfort the woman.

In the middle of their conversation, they had reached the operating theater.

Everyone looked at Hera in an entirely different manner because they were shocked the moment they detected Lucas' presence.

Am I seeing what I'm seeing? I can't believe Lucas actually shows up in the hospital because of someone like Hera!

Everyone from the Chapman family couldn't help but doubt the authenticity of the news that went viral on social media.

Does that mean Hera is someone else's

mistress?

Actually, Hera was annoyed since the news had gone viral online. She had become the target of the netizens' witch-hunt session. However, she had to keep a low profile because she couldn't do anything about it either.

Those from the Chapman family had been keeping Mr. Chapman in the dark because they were afraid he would be adversely impacted by the news.

Since Mr. Chapman wasn't aware of the news, no one had the guts to confront Hera either. In fact, none of them were in the position to

confront her.

Hera couldn't hold back her joy anymore once Lucas had shown up at her request.

Those from the Chapman family took over the basket of fruits Spencer brought along with him immediately.

Hera's father held on to Lucas' hand firmly in an attempt to improve his relationship with such a renowned man.

He would never allow such a great opportunity to slip by his side.

However, Lucas had no intention to entertain the middle-aged man's dull conversation. He tried to brush him off and ignored the man's query at times.

In the blink of an eye, three hours had passed.

Finally, someone opened the door of the operating theater from within.

The first person who showed up was a young woman. The diamond necklace she had on her slender neck could be seen as she had her hair tied up. "Bring the patient to the Intensive Care Unit for the time being. Keep an eye on him for the upcoming three days."

A nurse took note of the woman's instruction and worked on it immediately.

On the other hand, Lucas was shocked the moment he saw Ashlyn because he wasn't aware Ashlyn was Mr. Chapman's attending physician.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 96

Ashlyn walked past the crowd and detected the presence of a handsome and tall figure since he would steal the limelight no matter where he was due to the intimidating aura and great features he had been blessed with.

Nevertheless, Ashlyn would never expect to run into Lucas in such a place.

She thought about the news regarding him that was circulating on social media and took a peek at the innocent-looking woman who was by the man's side.

The woman seemed to be one of the mistresses the netizens were talking about lately. Hera? Does that mean Mr. Chapman is Hera's grandfather? Unbelievable. The world is such a small place.

Actually, it makes sense for an exceptional man such as Lucas to get married to the heiress of an influential family since it's going to be beneficial to him.

Ashlyn tried her best to suppress her emotion because she was slowly engulfed by an odd sensation.

Once Ashlyn removed her pair of gloves, she heard Hera's mother asking arrogantly, "Dr. Berry, how is my father doing?"

She paid no heed to the query of Hera's mother. Instead, she walked past her right

away because she had always ignored the family members of the patients of sorts should they try to get full of themselves in front of her.

Dr. Hendrickson got in the way of Hera's father and asserted, "Everything is fine with the surgery, but it took us quite a bit of time because we had to bypass a few arteries. The nurse will brief you about the things to take note of soon."

"Who the hell does she think she is? It's merely a question. Is it necessary for her to behave in such an arrogant manner? How

could she ignore me?" Hera's mother glared at Ashlyn, cussing.

"I'm so sorry, but Dr. Berry has always been such an arrogant person. If it weren't because of the director's request, perhaps she wouldn't agree to be Mr. Chapman's attending physician," Dr. Hendrickson replied nonchalantly, explaining the truth.

Hera's mother was still glaring at Ashlyn's departing figure, yelling, "She should stop getting full of herself because she's but a doctor who's poorly paid no matter how hard she works!"

Suddenly, a tall and intimidating figure

showed up in front of Hera's mother. She was taken aback by the man's presence. Once she raised her head, she came across the man's stern gaze. The man stared at her in the eyes as though he could devour her soul through his penetrating gaze.

Hera's mother's heart pounded furiously as beads of sweat streamed down her forehead. She was horrified because she thought she had been targeted by a demon. In the end, she asked, stuttering, "Y-Yes, Lucas?"

"Mrs. Chapman, if that's the case, why don't you carry out the surgery for your

father-in-law on your own? Isn't it just a piece of cake for you?" Lucas turned around and left once he finished his sarcastic remark.

Hera's mother's legs turned to jelly once the man departed. She held on to the wall to support herself as she tried to catch her breath and figure out the meaning behind his words.

Immediately, Hera rushed over to her mother's side and supported her, asking gently, "Mom, why have you gotten worked up over a doctor? You could have just ignored her."

She stared at Lucas' handsome figure as he departed and recalled the man's domineering reaction. Although she was intimidated by the man's action as well, she couldn't help adoring him due to his attractive look.

Hera brought her mother over to the bench in the corridor and told her to take a seat. Once her mother settled down, Hera went after Lucas immediately.

...

In the meantime, Ashlyn was worn out after three consecutive hours of surgery she was in. She had to be focusing intently and ensuring everything went well with the

surgery the whole time.

Since she wasn't a robot, she couldn't possibly stay focus for three consecutive hours without feeling worn out.

Apart from that, she didn't get to rest last night. In fact, she was forced to participate in a raunchy activity with Lucas in the middle of the night.

The moment she thought of Lucas, she would get extremely irritated.

She heaved a long sigh of despair and served herself a glass of water. Once she finished

the glass of water, she leaned against her chair in anticipation of a short break.

Unfortunately, a familiar figure showed up in her office as a man barged into her office brutally.

Ashlyn opened her eyes and looked at Lucas helplessly.

Can he get out of my sight? What the hell does he want?

Lucas stood in front of Ashlyn and looked down at her, but Ashlyn pretended she wasn't aware of the man's presence, lowering her

head and enjoying her glass of water.

Suddenly, the man leaned over. His hands reached out for her face.

Ashlyn frowned because the man ran his slender fingers through her hair and tucked some of her hair behind her ears naturally when he saw that they were about to fall into her glass of drink.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 97

Lucas moved his hand away from Ashlyn once he was done, but he had his eyes glued to her, behaving as if he couldn't bear to leave

her out of his sight.

He sized every inch of the woman up, enjoying her presence and every single micro-expressions produced by the woman.

Ashlyn wanted Lucas to stay away from him. Hence, she tied up her hair immediately to prevent the man from taking advantage of her once again.

Lucas' attractive voice echoed throughout her office as he broke the silence, explaining himself, "There's nothing going on between

us. We're merely childhood friends."

Ashlyn frowned in confusion because she couldn't grasp the situation nor the meaning behind the man's words.

She gave it a thought for a few seconds. In the end, she cast a skeptical gaze at the man.

"I'm talking about Hera," Lucas explained himself once again due to the confused look the woman had on her face.

"Oh... Okay... What does your relationship with her have to do with me?" Ashlyn stared at the man in the eyes, asking because she

still couldn't fathom the idea behind the man's words. In the end, she tried to chase Lucas out of her office, stating, "Can you please leave me alone? I'm really exhausted and wish to take a break."

Ashlyn had renovated her office and segregated an individual room specifically for the purpose of resting.

She went towards the room once she finished her sentence, behaving as though she couldn't be bothered by Lucas' presence anymore.

By the time she finished her sentence, the man's expression turned gloomy, and the temperature in the room seemed to fall.

It was evident the man was unhappy with Ashlyn's behavior because things were just fine between them when they enjoyed breakfast together in the morning.

In fact, he enjoyed their interaction as he got to drop her off at her workplace in a manner similar to how things used to be back in the days. However, Ashlyn paid no heed to the details at all.

Silence fell in Ashlyn's office all of a sudden.

The door of the segregated space was about to close, but a gigantic palm stopped it abruptly in the nick of time as Lucas forced his way into the confined space.

Lucas couldn't figure out the rationale behind his action either, but he had only one thing in mind.

He wanted to turn Ashlyn back to the gentle and lovable woman she used to be because he disliked the indifferent Ashlyn in front of him.

Ashlyn's eyes glinted wrathfully. If it weren't because of Spirogyra, she would have long severed ties with Lucas.

She took a deep breath, and in a callous tone with an indifferent look, she warned, "Mr. Nolan, I need to rest because I'm exhausted!"

"If that's the case, I'll keep you company." Lucas lifted Ashlyn up. She retaliated by attempting to break free. Once she raised her head, she saw the man's cold look.

However, the intimidating aura emitted by

the man could barely work against her.

"That won't be necessary because I have never once enjoyed your presence," Ashlyn replied in a serious tone.

Immediately, Lucas lowered his head and placed his frigid lips against Ashlyn's plump lips, asking, "Are you sure?"

The man's hoarse voice could be heard as he placed his lips against her lips, asking alluringly, "Are you sure you don't want me to keep you company?"

Ashlyn's pupil constricted as soon as she

detected the man's frigid lips on her lips.

Her clear eyes glinted stubbornly as a sign of retaliation although she was fighting back the urge to return the favor.

Nevertheless, she was determined to resist the urge Spirogyra had caused her. She wanted to keep the curse in check.

She avoided Lucas' passionate gaze, placing her palms in front of the man's chest in a final attempt to chase him away, "Lucas, I hope we can stay out of each other's lives. I want to live a peaceful life from now onwards."

In return, Lucas stared at Ashlyn in the eyes, devouring every inch of her with his eyes.

Ashlyn stared at Lucas indifferently, but she was on the verge of losing control over her lust once again as her body reacted intensely.

The man cast a stern gaze that would make an ordinary person shudder. However, there was a hint of affection hidden behind the stern gaze.

"Are you going to leave or not?" Eventually, Ashlyn got impatient as time went by.

She had good combat skills, but she could never outmatch Lucas so long as she couldn't get rid of Spirogyra.

In fact, she could barely pull herself together anymore as the curse had slowly gotten the better of her. Her body temperature was gradually increasing as she got weaker on her knees.

Ashlyn had a hard time catching her breath, pulling herself together because Lucas' manly scent aroused her.

She was afraid she would lose control over herself once more if she stayed in such close proximity with the man. Due to Spirogyra,

she might do something terrible to Lucas against her will.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 98

In the meantime, Hera, who had gone after Lucas, noticed the man had made his way into a doctor's office.

She got anxious because it had been ten minutes since Lucas made his way into the doctor's office, but he showed no signs of leaving at all.

Hera couldn't figure out what Lucas was up to in the doctor's office.

"Miss, do you need anything from any of the doctors?" A female doctor asked as she saw Hera pacing back and forth once she walked out of her office. She was Ashlyn's colleague next door.

"Doctor, may I know which doctor's office is this?" Hera tried beating around the bush.

"It's Dr. Berry's office. If you're here to beg Dr. Berry and procure her aid, I'm afraid that's impossible because she has never once given in to the request of any patient," The

female doctor explained, perceiving Hera to be just another patient's family member.

"Thank you so much, doctor," Hera replied, smiling.

Dr. Berry? She's the attending physician of Grandpa, right? She was the one who had carried out the surgery.

The doctors in this hospital are weird, especially when they talk about Dr. Berry. They must be kidding, right? I will never beg such a trivial doctor when I'm the heiress of

the Chapman family!

Hera smirked as she thought about it, but she got anxious when she recalled the fact that Lucas had yet to make his way out of the doctor's office.

She was curious about the relationship Lucas had with the doctor because he had spent quite some time inside.

After some hesitation, she made up her mind in the end and decided to knock on Ashlyn's door.

Suddenly, someone opened the door abruptly

from within.

Hera felt a sense of relief as soon as she detected the familiar gorgeous face of the man. Since he had his clothes on, she was certain they weren't engaged in any sorts of romantic activities inside.

She put on a surprised front, asking, "Huh? Lucas, what are you doing here?"

Lucas snorted in return, ignoring Hera's question because the woman who showed up out of nowhere and interrupted his session

with Ashlyn irritated him.

"May I know what brings you here?" Ashlyn asked.

"Oh... Dr. Berry, I have dropped by to inquire the details of my grandfather's condition." Hera stepped into Ashlyn's office, secretly sizing up the confined space. She noticed it was a well-furnished space and there were no trails of hanky-panky which she thought they were engaged in.

Once she had her gaze on the woman who took a seat behind the table, Hera stopped smiling because she was startled by the woman's gorgeous appearance.

Ashlyn was blessed with ethereal features, including a pair of glistening eyes, porcelain skin, and plump lips.

Her tied-up hair showed off her slender neck, and the white robe she wore portrayed her to be an intimidating professional, enabling her to assert dominance over others.

She stared at Hera with a poker face, and a glance from Ashlyn was all it took to daunt her.

It was evident Hera didn't expect Dr. Berry to be such an out-of-the-world beauty

because she had her surgical mask on her face previously.

Hera clenched her fists with all her might due to jealousy. She couldn't deny the fact that she wasn't a match for Ashlyn in terms of look, but she couldn't possibly admit defeat either.

"I'm merely in charge of the surgery. Please get in touch with the other doctors if you have any inquiries regarding the patient's situation," Ashlyn moved her crimson lips, replying nonchalantly.

"Ms. Chapman, please leave," She looked at the entrance of her office, instructing.

On the other hand, Hera would never expect that there would be a day she would be chased out of someone's office in such a merciless manner.

She pursed her lips and took a peek at Lucas who was nearby.

Immediately, the woman's callous voice could be heard once again, instructing, "Lucas, please leave as well!"

Suddenly, Hera's eyes widened in disbelief the moment she heard Ashlyn's words.

W-What the hell? Am I hearing things? Is she trying to chase Lucas out of her office? Isn't she aware of who he was?

He's the most influential man in Lake City. In short, no one can possibly defy his words because he reigns in Lake City.

While Hera lost herself in the process of thought, Lucas approached Ashlyn helplessly, stating, "I'll pick you up after work today."

"That won't be necessary." Ashlyn rejected the man's initiative without any hesitation.

Although Lucas had departed, Hera stood

right where she was in Ashlyn's office, casting a skeptical and confused gaze at the woman in front of her, trying to figure out the rationale behind the man's words. She was green with jealousy.

"Yes, Ms. Chapman?" Ashlyn was irritated by Hera's presence because the woman in front of her didn't seem like she was about to leave.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 99

Hera felt slightly diffident due to the woman's penetrating gaze, but she held her head high, warning, "Dr. Berry, I'm warning

you to stay away from Lucas because he's my boyfriend. We're going to get married in the future."

In return, Ashlyn stared at her quietly as though she couldn't be bothered by Hera's warning at all.

"You're such a gorgeous doctor. I'm sure you can get yourself an equally exceptional man easily. You should stop wasting your time on Lucas. He's the president of Nolan Group, the captain of South Star Airlines. He won't fall for an ordinary woman from an ordinary family like you. You don't deserve to be his wife at all!" Hera warned.

"Don't you dare to try to hit on him just because old Mr. Nolan had passed on! Things will never work out between both of you! I'm aware of the existence of women like you in Lake City. In fact, I have come across countless of them before. I will never allow any one of you to get your hands on him because I'm Lucas' only woman!" she said.

Although she tried her best to put on a confident front, her worried tone betrayed her. Obviously, she felt threatened by Ashlyn's stunning appearance.

"Are you done?" Ashlyn looked at Hera in the

eyes casually, asking.

"Huh?" Hera couldn't grasp the situation due to Ashlyn's blunt response.

"If you're done, it's time for you to leave my office." Once she finished responding, Ashlyn reached for a medical journal, occasionally highlighting some paragraphs on the book, as if taking notes for future references.

That's it?

Hera gulped and made her way out of

Ashlyn's office as instructed. Actually, her mind was all over the place because she brought up all sorts of things in front of Ashlyn, and yet the latter paid no heed to her words.

It felt as though she had completed a stand-up comedy on her own in front of Ashlyn because the latter neglected her words altogether.

In the end, she couldn't figure out the sort of relationship Ashlyn had with Lucas.

Judging by her response, perhaps they don't have any intimate relationship? If that's the case, why did Lucas spend such a long time in

her office when they're not related in any way?

Hera thought for quite some time but decided to brush it off since she couldn't link the missing pieces of the puzzle together.

Perhaps they aren't related by any means. I should forget about her for the time being because the one that matters the most is Lucas' wife! Lucas has promised me he will file for divorce with his wife as soon as possible.

In the end, Hera decided to neglect Ashlyn

for the time being. Instead, she had her eyes on Lucas' wife.

In the meantime, Lucas returned to his car right after he departed from Ashlyn's office.

Spencer went after him immediately. He ran into Hera after he walked out of the washroom previously. She seemed to be so full of herself, yet he couldn't decipher the exact emotion behind her expression.

He wanted to tell Lucas the odd expression Hera had on her face once she walked out of Ashlyn's office, but he couldn't bring himself to break the silence.

Deep down, Spencer was worried Hera would pick on Ashlyn. After all, women such as Hera had a lot of tricks up their sleeves.

They would resort to whatever plausible method to gain the man's attention. In short, Hera wasn't much different from the villainous antagonist of a soap opera because she would resort to everything at her disposal to win Lucas over.

I'm pretty sure Ms. Chapman is not a match for Ms. Berry at all! Ms. Berry has never once behaved pretentiously in front of us! She's such an exceptional woman. I can't figure out the reason Mr. Nolan decides to file for

divorce with her.

Erm... We have been sitting in the car for half an hour. What exactly is Mr. Nolan up to? Isn't it about time to get going?

Once Spencer thought about it, he broke the silence, asking, "Mr. Nolan, are we heading over to the office, or are we going home?"

"We're not going anywhere for the time being." Lucas wasn't in the mood to engage himself in anything because he was irritated since Ashlyn had chased him out of her office.

Spencer remained silent thereafter upon hearing Lucas' reply.

Does that mean we're waiting for Ms. Berry to get off work? Perhaps Mr. Nolan wants to give Ms. Chapman a ride home?

Eventually, time flew by and it had been a few hours since then.

Hera heard her bones crackling once she tried moving around because she had spent half of her day in the hospital. Initially, she wanted to prove her sincerity and be the first to show up in front of Mr. Chapman once he regained consciousness.

However, it was a futile effort because Mr. Chapman showed no signs of regaining consciousness at all. Therefore, Hera decided to leave. Once she walked out of the elevator on the first floor, she saw a Bentley parked in the parking lot nearby.

Isn't that Lucas' ride?

The overjoyed woman put on an innocent front and sprinted towards Lucas' car ostentatiously, leaning over, knocking on the window of the man's ride.

The man's gorgeous face could be seen once

he winded down the window of the car. He stared at Hera with an indifferent look.

"Lucas, are you waiting for me?" Hera leaned over and asked coquettishly.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 100

She had purposely shown off her busty figure by leaning over because the dress she had on had a very low cut in front.

Hera did a great job concealing her intention because she behaved naturally and put on a great show in front of Lucas while trying to

seduce the man with her busty figure.

Nonetheless, Lucas stared at her with a poker face.

All of a sudden, the man's eyes gleamed.

Hera was delighted and thought she had achieved the goal she had in mind. Did he see it? I knew it! No man has ever turned me down before whenever I showed them my attractive figure!

The man finally opened the door of the car

and stepped out of his ride. Consequently, his slender pair of legs could be seen.

Hera placed her hands in front of the bag she had in an anticipation of the man inviting her into his ride, but Lucas walked past her.

She turned around and looked at the man's departing figure in disbelief because the man sprinted over to another woman's side.

"Ashlyn, I'll give you a ride home." The man's hoarse voice could be heard as he invited the woman who had just made her way out of the

hospital.

"Lucas, don't you have anything else to tend to on your busy schedule?" Ashlyn knitted her eyebrows, smirking as she looked at the man in the eyes. Eventually, she turned around, casting a contemptuous gaze at Hera who was by the side of Lucas' Bentley.

Hera felt embarrassed and infuriated. In an attempt to return the favor in a similar manner, she glared at Ashlyn furiously and stopped concealing her jealousy.

"Lucas!" Hera rushed over to Lucas' side immediately. Suddenly, she staggered and fell to the ground, yelling, "Ouch!"

Lucas turned around and noticed Hera placed her hand on her ankle, pouting her lips in a pitiable manner, yelling, "Lucas, my leg hurts!"

"Lucas, it seems like your girlfriend has accidentally hurt her ankle. I'm sure she needs you..." Ashlyn found the scene hilarious and burst into laughter, stating, "I can't believe she actually resorts to such a low trick. I'm out."

Once Ashlyn finished her sentence, she walked past the woman who had collapsed in

the middle of the road.

"Dr. Berry, I think I have accidentally hurt my ankle! Can you please check on my condition?" Hera pretended she didn't hear Ashlyn's remark, asking for help in return.

"Ms. Chapman, are you sure you can afford my consultation fee?" Ashlyn stood right where she was, asking callously.

"Lucas, I..." Hera looked at Lucas with an aggrieved look on her face, pursing her lips.

Her eyes brimmed with tears, reprimanding, "Do you really consider yourself as a doctor?"

How could you leave an injured patient alone?
I don't think you deserve to be a doctor!"

Upon hearing Hera's words, Lucas recalled Ashlyn's principles as a fellow surgeon. His pupils dilated, exuding a menacing aura.

Lucas rebuked Hera's statement, "You have merely twisted your ankle, but doing that would make her go against the principles she has in life."

What the hell does that supposed to mean?
Does that mean the woman's so-called principles in life are more important as compared to my ankle?

Hera got increasingly frustrated the more she thought about it, but she dared not to throw a tantrum in front of Lucas because she didn't want to expose her true colors.

Therefore, she put on a pitiable front, begging, "Lucas, my leg hurts! Can you please bring me to the doctor?"

Lucas glanced at Spencer, who was in the car, and with a grim expression, he instructed, "Get Ms. Chapman an ambulance immediately."

Spencer was rendered speechless by Lucas' instruction because they were right in front

of the hospital.

Mr. Nolan, are you serious? We're outside of the freaking hospital. I think the doctor will take things out on me before tending to Ms. Chapman's injured leg if I get an ambulance as instructed.

Similarly, Hera's expression changed as she looked at Lucas in disbelief. I'm the childhood playmate he has been searching for over the past ten years, right? I thought I was the one who had rescued him back in the day? Is that how he's going to return the favor to me?

Although Spencer had his reservations, he

had to carry out Lucas' instruction.

Eventually, he approached Hera, suggesting, "Ms. Chapman, allow me to bring you to the doctor instead."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 101

Hera was so angry that she gritted her teeth in silence. Nevertheless, she had no choice but to continue acting innocent while saying, "Sorry for bothering you, Mr. White."

Meanwhile, Lucas got into his Bentley and drove off in a rush.

Spencer was speechless as he looked back.

Did Mr. Nolan abandon her just like that?

Ashlyn just got off the taxi and was about to step into Bayview Villa when she heard a screeching sound behind her.

A tall and mighty figure got down from the car and chased after her.

Without looking back, Ashlyn could tell who it was based on the sound of the person's footsteps.

"Lucas, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"I want to see with my own eyes whether you're actually living with another man," said Lucas as he looked at the two men standing by the entrance of the villa. When they saw Ashlyn, they quickly bowed and addressed her, "Ms. Berry!"

Even Jared's subordinates are so respectful towards her, Lucas thought to himself.

"We're divorced. I have the freedom to choose whoever I want to live with," Ashlyn

snarled at him as she stood by the main gate of the villa. "Don't you think you're being a bit too controlling?"

Right after that, the iron gate slammed shut in Lucas's face with a loud bang, and Ashlyn's silhouette gradually disappeared before his eyes.

Hostility flashed across his eyes, and his mood turned cold and irritable.

That morning, just as Ashlyn finished her breakfast and was ready to go out, Jared swayed down the stairs and appeared in front of her, then said in a flattering tone, "Boss, help me out with something."

"What is it?" Ashlyn replied. She really didn't want to see him these two days, and if she could, she'd sent him to a faraway mine in Africa just to avoid him. Nonetheless, he got his act together in front of her.

Why is he so bold all of a sudden?

"There is a charity gala going on this Friday. Could you please come with me? All my followers on social media know that you're my goddess," he said as he observed her facial expression.

"You want me to be your date for the gala?" Ashlyn snapped. "Jared Quickton, what gave you the nerve to make such a request?"

"Boss, I was drunk that night. I was so wasted that I didn't even know what stupid things I was doing. If I were sober, I wouldn't dare to post that on social media! I beg you, please help me out this time. It'd be embarrassing if I went alone!" Lucas whined miserably. In front of Ashlyn, he didn't act like a CEO of a big company at all.

"Let's see how you behave these few days," said Ashlyn, then she grabbed her handbag and left.

As she walked out, Jared started wailing behind her.

Ashlyn was going to perform surgery on Landon today.

His injuries were extremely severe, and she didn't feel at ease letting other doctors treat him.

When she reached the hospital, she headed directly to Landon's ward. His wife Cadence and two other senior citizens were also in the ward. Based on the senior citizens' decrepit appearance, it was obvious that they had

worked extremely hard in their younger years.

"Are you the doctor who is going to perform surgery on our son? Aren't you a little young to handle such an operation?" Mrs. Davis asked as she looked at Ashlyn in disdain. The wrinkles on her face were as deep as craters on the moon.

Ashlyn had been doubted like this countless times before, so she did not pay much heed to Mrs. Davis's remarks. She took a look at the consent letter signed by Cadence then passed it to the nurse before answering Mrs. Davis, "I can handle it."

"Let me warn you, I'll come after you if anything happens to my son," Mrs. Davis retorted as she held Ashlyn in contempt. This was the first time she had come across such a pretty doctor, but threatening words just flowed out of her mouth subconsciously.

Ashlyn was certain of her own capabilities, so she wasn't bothered by Mrs. Davis's snide comments.

Yesterday it was Mrs. Chapman; today it's Mrs. Davis...how exhausting dealing with such cynical old women.

She simply ignored Mrs. Davis and walked out of the ward.

When Mrs. Davis realized she was being ignored, she took out her anger on Cadence and yelled, "Don't mess around with my son's life just because you are after the free treatment. Mark my words, if he loses his life, I will come after you!"

As she spoke, she stretched out her hand and pinched Cadence's arm.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 102

Cadence grimaced and squirmed in pain. Her eyes turned red, but she lowered her head and remained silent.

I wouldn't have chosen this young doctor if it weren't for the fact that we cannot afford a better doctor.

On the other hand, if Landon doesn't see a doctor, he would just be waiting for his death to come.

Despite the thoughts that were running through Cadence's mind, she didn't dare to say anything as she was fearful of her mother-in-law.

When it was time for Landon's surgery, Ashlyn stepped into the operating theatre as usual. She was accompanied by a group of doctors and nurses. The battle that they were going to face was not an easy one.

"She's so young yet so she has so many doctors and nurses accompanying her? She must be putting on an act," Mrs. Davis said scornfully.

It was completely silent in the operating theatre, but there was a commotion brewing outside the theatre.

As time passed, Mrs. Davis became more and more grouchy.

From time to time, she would poke Candence and lament at her.

"Why is the surgery taking so long? What trash of a doctor did you find? If anything happens to my son, you can very well leave the Davis family," she nagged.

After a while, she added, "Cadence, how could you be so heartless? You jinxed my son to death!" She then grabbed Cadence by her hair and slammed her head against the wall.

Bang! Cadence's head hit the wall.

"Let go of me!" Cadence cried out in pain.

Mr. Davis, who was used to seeing such abusive episodes, just turned a blind eye.

Meanwhile, a nurse who had heard the loud bang quickly rushed over and said, "What are you guys doing? You shouldn't be making noise!"

Unwilling to let go of Cadence, Mrs. Davis pouted and said, "This is my family's affair.

It's none of your business!"

"This is a hospital. If you hit her again, I will call the police!" the nurse snapped back at Mrs. Davis while she looked at Cadence sympathetically. That very moment, Cadence's face was flushed red as she curled up in the corner miserably. Her hair was in a mess and her clothes were crumpled.

Mrs. Davis didn't say anything further but sat down next to Mr. Davis with a spiteful look on her face.

The nurse then left.

Meanwhile, Cadence wiped away her tears and didn't dare to move a single inch.

After another half an hour, the door of the operating theatre finally opened.

Ashlyn walked out while Landon was pushed out on a hospital bed by several nurses.

She was slightly surprised when she saw what Cadence looked like. How did she suddenly become so messy and disheveled after the surgery?

Nevertheless, she walked over to the family and said, "The surgery was successful. We

will monitor him closely for the next 24 hours and he should regain consciousness in about 48 hours. He will be sent to the ICU for observation right now."

"Thank you, doctor," Cadence said softly.

"You don't need to thank me," Ashlyn replied calmly, then she shifted her glance to Mrs. Davis who still had a nasty look on her face.

"Sometimes, the best way to protect ourselves is to fight back. If not, we will only be bullied by others."

Right after that, she turned and left.

When she walked past the nurses' station, the head nurse called out to her, "Dr. Berry-"

"What is it?" she said as she looked at the head nurse with her hands in her pockets.

Under Ashlyn's cold gaze, the head nurse suddenly felt defenseless, but she bit the bullet and expressed what she wanted to say.

"Erm, a few of us are having dinner together tonight. We've worked together for so long but you've never once joined us for a meal. Why don't you join us tonight?" the head nurse said.

Ashlyn never attended such gatherings with colleagues simply because she only went to the hospital once a month. Hence, she wasn't familiar with her colleagues at the hospital.

Since she didn't have any plans for the night, she agreed to join them.

These colleagues worked well with her usually, so she feared she might come off as uptight and unfriendly if she refused their invitation.

She could tell that the head nurse in particular was feeling uneasy around her.

Am I really that unapproachable? Ashlyn reflected on her usual conduct.

"Dinner will be on me tonight," she answered.

"Ah?" the head nurse responded in surprise. She had planned on hosting the gathering tonight and didn't expect Ashlyn to treat them. Immediately, she said, "No no, it's my treat tonight."

After work that night, all the doctors and nurses from the surgical department headed to Twilight Bar together.

Twilight Bar was one of Lake City's most

popular entertainment outlets.

Hence, prices there were not cheap.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 103

"Katie, are you sure you want to foot the bill tonight? Twilight Bar's prices are not cheap...why don't we go dutch?" one of the nurses asked.

"No no, it's alright. I just want everyone to have a good time tonight," Katie replied immediately.

With two young children and two elderly parents to support, she carried a huge financial burden. Moreover, her husband was just a regular salaried worker in a small company.

She would usually choose cheaper outlets when it was her turn to treat during departmental dinners, so everyone found it strange that she was so generous this time.

"How generous of you, Katie," said the nurse.

"Hopefully, your treat tonight doesn't cause

an argument between you and your husband later!" one of the doctors said jokingly.

Walking behind everyone, Ashlyn felt emotionally distant from the crowd.

As Katie led her colleagues into the bar, one of the female doctors who shared a close relationship with her whispered, "Please don't be stupid. You still have loans and mortgages to pay off. Where are you going to find the money to treat us tonight?"

"I have a benefactor to help me pay my bills.

Don't worry. Just enjoy yourself tonight,"
Katie answered softly.

"Huh? What benefactor?" her colleague
asked.

"I'll tell you another time," she muttered.
Then she turned to everyone else and said
loudly, "I've booked us a private room. Just
head right there."

The bustling crowd finally sat themselves
down at the table in the private room.

"Dr. Berry, do you have a boyfriend?"
someone asked boldly since this was the first

time she was attending a departmental gathering.

"No, I don't," she answered.

"Great news, the young male doctors in our hospital stand a chance with you then!" he answered.

"No kidding! Dr. Berry is really pretty. Who will be worthy of her?" someone else exclaimed.

"Come on, let's give Dr. Berry a toast."

Ashlyn raised her eyebrow and said, "Are you guys sure?"

"Of course, this is the first time you are joining our departmental gathering, and you are the top figure in First Hospital! It's only right if we give you the first toast!" said her colleague.

A few of them then raised their glasses and started a toast.

Ashlyn looked down and smiled. Her pretty eyes sparkled under the light, and it was as though she was an angel who had walked into

the light. She was simply beautiful beyond words.

She followed suit and raised her glass, saying, "I hope you don't regret this."

Ten minutes later, the doctors and nurses who started the toast waved their hands and said one after another, "Dr. Berry, we surrender!"

"You are the number one surgeon in our hospital, and you are also number one when it comes to drinking!"

"We really can't drink anymore!"

Ashlyn giggled and downed her drink in one go.

She then got up and said, "I need to use the washroom."

That very moment, her phone rang on the table.

One of the nurses wanted to call out to her, but she had left the room and shut the door.

Meanwhile, her phone continued ringing non-stop.

The nurse took a peek at the caller ID on her phone and was stunned. Hubby?

What?

Ashlyn has a husband?

Isn't she only 22 years old?

"How noisy!" one of the male doctors frowned and grumbled. He leaned over to look at Ashlyn's phone and intended to press the decline button, but under the influence of alcohol, he accidentally pressed the answer button instead.

All Lucas could hear was a cacophony of noises and not the usual pleasant voice he was expecting.

"Ashlyn?" he said with a strong magnetic voice.

The clamor of voices in the private room suddenly died down.

Everyone looked at each other quietly, then the male doctor who answered the call hurriedly passed the phone to the nurse. She had no choice but to say, "Dr. Berry has gone to the washroom."

"Who are you?" Lucas asked in a hostile tone.

Everyone in the room could sense how disgruntled he was through the phone.

What a scary guy. Dr. Berry's husband is really scary. The nurse trembled as she answered, "I am her colleague..."

When Ashlyn returned, everyone stared at her strangely. At the same time, they felt a hint of sympathy for her.

"What is it?" she raised her eyebrows and asked suspiciously.

"Your husband just called to check on you," the nurse replied as fear lingered in her heart. She must have a miserable life at home with such a terrifying husband.

With such gorgeous looks, it's a pity she didn't marry a better guy.

Ashlyn's expression turned cold and blank. She grabbed her phone and found Lucas's incoming call in her call history as expected.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 104

Ashlyn immediately changed the contact

name for Lucas and tossed her phone on the table angrily.

When the crowd saw her reaction, they automatically assumed that there was some ongoing conflict in her relationship.

They then resumed the party and dispersed after a while.

A few of them walked out of the bar and saw two luxury cars parked at the entrance.

One was a Bentley, and the other was a

Lamborghini.

"These kinds of luxury cars are quite an uncommon sight," said one of them.

"Yeah, let me get a second look," said another person.

When Ashlyn saw the familiar Bentley, she furrowed her brows.

That very moment, the doors of the Lamborghini and Bentley opened one after another.

Winsor stepped out with slicked-back hair and a bouquet of fresh roses in his hands. Then he walked up to Ashlyn with a self-conceited smile on his face.

"Fresh flowers for a beautiful lady. This is for you, Ms. Berry," said Winsor.

Ashlyn was caught off guard.

What the hell is wrong with Winsor?

Perhaps he enjoys being humiliated?

How can he be so out of his mind?

Ashlyn looked at him coldly and said, "Winsor, were you the one who organized tonight's gathering?"

Lucas showed up here because her colleague had revealed her location.

Winsor, on the other hand, could not have known her whereabouts unless he had a hand in tonight's gathering.

Winsor rubbed his nose and said, "I just

wanted to meet you."

He was pleased that he was able to strike up a plan to meet Ashlyn.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn's colleagues looked at each other in surprise. Dr. Berry has a husband, yet another man is courting her?

Geez, so it turns out that good-looking women can get away with anything.

The young nurse in the group was the kind of woman who worshipped money. This guy drives a Lamborghini. He must be loaded!

Lucas, who was seated in his car, became filled with anger and jealousy while his fingers clenched his phone tightly.

As he was about to get out of his car, Ashlyn walked past Winsor and hailed a taxi.

"Ms. Berry, my car is a lot more comfortable than the taxi," Winsor tried to coax her as he chased after her with the bouquet of roses.

Nevertheless, Ashlyn still got into the taxi, then she looked at Winsor and said, "If you're here to apologize, I accept your apology. If you have other intentions, just forget it."

"Apologize?" Winsor was caught off guard.

"You disrupted me a few days ago. Don't you think you should apologize for that?" said Ashlyn before she instructed the driver to drive off.

Throughout the journey, the taxi driver constantly peeked at the stunningly beautiful lady sitting in the back seat.

Not many ladies would rather ride in a taxi than in a luxury car!

She's gorgeous too!

Winsor stood where he was, gritting his teeth with a gloomy expression on his face.

Katie the head nurse walked up to him while thinking to herself, this rich guy seems pissed off. He probably wouldn't want anything to do with me.

She stammered as she said, "Mr. Jaquin, tonight's bill..."

Everyone in the group exchanged looks and suddenly realized that Katie was so generous tonight because she was backed by Winsor Jaquin!

Winsor glared at her and said angrily, "My assistant will transfer the money to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Jaquin," she said with a sigh of relief.

In the Bentley, Lucas's cold expression froze on his face. He was stunned after witnessing what just happened.

Didn't she use to like receiving roses from me? How come she didn't accept the roses from Winsor this time?

Spencer, who was trembling in the front seat

earlier, couldn't understand how Lucas's agitated mood turned calm all of a sudden. It seems that Mr. Nolan is actually...happy?

A short while later, the crowd at the entrance of Twilight Bar saw the Bentley driving towards the direction of the taxi.

"Miss, it seems that there is a car tailing us from behind..." the driver said as he saw a Bentley in his rearview mirror.

"Don't bother," Ashlyn replied while looking at her phone.

Right after she answered, the driver

suddenly hit the brakes, causing the taxi to jerk violently.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 105

The Bentley had swerved in a way that forced the taxi to stop abruptly.

The driver said apologetically, "Miss, my car is not as good as others..."

"It's alright," Ashlyn said.

The Bentley's door opened, then a man stepped out.

He had a tall and slender physique, and his eyes were particularly attractive though his expression was exceptionally grim. His shirt and black trousers outlined his well-built body and fit him perfectly as if they were custom-made for him.

The diamond ring on his finger glimmered under the light of the streetlamp as he walked.

Ashlyn was shocked to see the diamond ring.

Why is he still wearing our wedding ring?

The women's ring was a simple heart and arrow without any sophisticated design, while the men's ring was a diamond solitaire.

When they got divorced, she had left her ring in her bedroom drawer in Whitland Villa.

On the other hand, the taxi driver was shocked to see such a masculine and domineering man.

Lucas opened the taxi door then said frigidly,

"Get down."

He then stuffed a one-hundred-dollar bill in the driver's hand and said, "Keep the change."

Looking at Lucas's intimidating posture, Ashlyn figured she better get down from the taxi.

She rolled her eyes at him and got in the Bentley.

After she got out of the taxi, the driver heaved a sigh of relief and quickly drove

away.

Lucas's expression returned to normal when he saw Ashlyn sitting next to him. Glancing at her every few minutes, he was obviously in a good mood now.

So what if Winsor had roses for her?

She still got into my car in the end!

Little did he realize how immature he was at that moment. He wasn't behaving like a president of a big company at all.

"Send me home," Ashlyn said, her body

reeking of alcohol. She had had quite a lot to drink that night, and her cheeks were flushed.

"Ashlyn," Lucas called out to her in a deep tone.

He stared at her earnestly as the two syllables flowed from his lips.

In his deep black eyes were a reflection of her face and soft, long hair.

Ashlyn was taken aback for a moment, then she looked up to make eye contact with him.

There was a deep sense of mystery in the dark eyes that were gazing at her.

It seemed that she just couldn't figure out what was going on in his mind. I've made it clear that we have broken up. Why can't he let me go?

There is already no love between us...

That very second, Lucas's burning gaze made her heart skip a beat.

An unusual feeling suddenly rushed through her veins, and she furrowed her brows.

She hated this uncontrollable feeling she was experiencing.

"What is it?" she asked as she looked away.

Staring at the scenery outside the window, she felt strange about Lucas and her own emotions.

She absolutely didn't like what she feeling, and she just wanted to cut ties with Lucas completely.

Suddenly, Lucas pulled her over and held her by her chin.

He stared deep into her delicate eyes while rubbing her cheek with his thumb, slowly arousing an itching sensation in her.

There was pure silence.

He kept gazing at her while touching her smooth cheeks.

The atmosphere made Ashlyn uncomfortable, and she felt like pushing his hand away.

The next second, Lucas slid his hand into her hair, then he leaned over and pressed his forehead against hers.

He muttered in a helpless yet angry tone,
"You despicable woman..."

Ashlyn was speechless.

As he leaned against her forehead, a wild fire seemed to be burning in Lucas's heart. This inexplicable emotion grew exponentially, almost bursting out of his heart and his body.

His emotions were simply raging uncontrollably!

It was like a caged beast waiting to be set free.

Without giving it a second thought, Lucas started nibbling on Ashlyn's flushed cheeks.

"Ow! What the hell! Lucas, are you out of your mind?!" she cried out when she felt a sharp pain on her cheek.

She pushed Lucas away furiously, then she gave him a tight slap. "Lucas! You asshole!" she screamed.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 106

Covering her cheeks, Ashlyn glared at Lucas angrily while clenching her teeth.

She almost blew her top.

What happened to the once soft and gentle Lucas?

Nowadays, his temper is mercurial. He gets moody and angry unpredictably.

"Hmph, so this is what happens after you start seducing other men," Lucas exclaimed as he stared at the woman in front of him. He didn't show any signs of regret but instead continued holding onto her chin.

When he thought about the shitty men pursuing her, he couldn't control his rage, and his blood began to boil.

On the other hand, Ashlyn narrowed her eyes when she heard what he said, and her delicate lips started trembling. Who did I seduce? I'm not trying to attract anyone.

This man is absolutely crazy and immature!

He should just get lost!

She clamped her lips tightly and continued

staring at Lucas angrily.

Seeing how angry she was, Lucas couldn't help but frown and pulled away her hand that was covering her cheeks.

He then saw his teeth marks on her fair face.

That instant, his dark eyes glistened, and he gently stroked her cheeks with his palm.

Curling his lips, he thought to himself, this mark belongs to me.

This vicious woman threw away her wedding ring. Let's see if she can resist me now.

He then reached his hand downwards and tore her skirt.

"Are you crazy? What are you trying to do?" she exclaimed.

Seeing that her skirt had been ripped, Ashlyn burst out in fury. As her dark eyes filled with rage, Lucas found her even more attractive.

Her dramatic reaction was sexy to him.

Ashlyn raised her arm and started to fight with him.

"Stop moving!" Lucas bellowed.

He grabbed both her hands and held them above her head.

Unable to resist him, Ashlyn now felt helpless and vulnerable.

She looked up angrily and confronted the pair of deep black eyes that were looking at her.

Those deep black eyes exuded an insane degree of dominance and possessiveness.

As Lucas continued staring at her, she still couldn't uncover his intentions.

She turned her head away angrily with a cold and annoyed look on her face.

Sensing that Ashlyn had stopped struggling, Lucas felt somewhat satisfied.

After so many days of struggling with me, she finally let her guard down a bit.

She just wants to make me feel miserable for a while.

He glanced at her snow-white skin, then laid eyes on her well-defined collarbone.

"What are you trying to do?" Ashlyn asked as she glared at Lucas vigilantly. Is he going to bite my neck?

As Ashlyn grew uneasy, he continued eyeballing her neck while pinching her chin to prevent her from moving.

He could see her bluish-green blood vessels pulsating.

Then, he leaned down and started sucking on her neck.

Ashlyn struggled for her life as she screamed, "Lucas, you are insane!"

Pinning her down and preventing her from moving, Lucas just wanted to possess her and make her his completely!

After a while, he finally let her go. A look of satisfaction appeared on his face as he saw the purplish love bite on her neck.

It was deep and dark-colored like a blooming rose, and it reflected his strength.

Ashlyn was at a loss for words as she stared

out the window. The pain on her neck reminded her of how Lucas had just assaulted her.

This man is immature, hot-tempered, and also violent.

I should give him a taste of his own medicine and crush him!

She felt several warm fingers caressing her neck and a pair of eyes fixating a strong gaze on her.

Suddenly, she raised her eyebrows and looked at Lucas from head to toe. Does he

have rabies or what?

Some of the symptoms of rabies include irritability, aggression, and biting!

The more she thought about this possibility, the more convinced she was.

Finally, she couldn't hold back any longer. "Lucas, were you bitten by any dogs lately?" she asked.

Lucas retracted his dreamy gaze and gave Ashlyn a wary look.

He frowned and felt uneasy.

"I've never been bitten by any dogs before," he replied with a domineering voice. What is going on with this woman?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 107

Ashlyn responded with a snort. Just because he said he hasn't been bitten by any dogs before doesn't mean it's true. He really likes biting people.

"Really," Lucas said displeasingly.

"Roger that, Captain Nolan," Ashlyn said

nonchalantly.

Lucas looked into her almond eyes and found traces of disdain, displeasure, and impatience.

Yet he found her fair facial features beautiful and captivating. Every now and then, she exuded a sense of confidence and independence, attracting the gaze of people around her.

Lucas was enchanted by her, but he held himself back.

His sexy thin lips curved upwards slightly, and his dark eyes gleamed with desire.

He slid his hand into her smooth hair again and said, "Good girl."

He articulated those two words in a cold and serious tone, but there was also a hint of affection.

The corners of Ashlyn's eyes twitched.

She looked at the neurotic man who had been staring at her all this while, and the frustration and annoyance in her heart started to melt. She saw pleasure on his almost perfect face.

As she stared at the corners of Lucas's lips, she thought to herself, Damn it.

Since we got divorced, he has only been hostile and aggressive like a lunatic. Now, all of a sudden, he knows how to smile?

I'd rather call him a rabid dog!

Smiling doesn't suit him.

Despite what Ashlyn thought, her heart started to race when she saw Lucas's swelling cheeks.

I must have slapped him a little too hard just now.

Hehehe. He bit my face, and I slapped him back. Well, we're even now!

Spencer, who was driving in the front seat, found the physical altercation between the two of them thrilling.

He stopped the car steadily then said, "Mr. Nolan, we're here."

When Ashlyn was in the car, her attention had been fixed on Lucas the whole time. It was only after she got out of the car that she realized she wasn't at Bayview Villa.

Spencer had driven them to Whitland Villa instead.

What about his earlier promise to send me home?

The anger she had suppressed started to

surface again. "Lucas, what the hell are you doing?" she asked furiously.

"It's late, and Whitland Villa was closer to the bar," Lucas answered coldly. "You lived here for four years. One more night wouldn't kill, right?"

Ashlyn's expression tensed up that instant.

"You don't want to?" Lucas said with a frown as he stroked her face with his hand.

He carefully examined every trace of expression on Ashlyn's face.

Her silence made him feel slightly uneasy.

This immature lunatic really likes to lose his temper, Ashlyn thought to herself.

She really felt like slapping him on the other side of his face!

"I don't get what you're saying, Lucas,"
Ashlyn said while pursing her lips tightly.

Lucas's face darkened when he heard her answer, and he glared at her coldly.

The two of them stared at each other;
neither party was willing to yield.

That moment, Spencer shuddered and said softly, "It's already past midnight, Mr. Nolan...you have a meeting tomorrow morning."

Don't you want to rest?

I want to go home and sleep!

My heart can't handle all this drama!

Lucas looked at Ashlyn and said, "If you don't go in, I will stay outside with you for the night."

Ashlyn rolled her eyes and blurted out,
"Ughh! How annoying!"

I can't beat him this time. Fine, whatever!

She then walked into the villa without saying
a word.

As she was walking in, Lucas suddenly
scooped her up by her waist and carried her
into the villa.

Ashlyn let out a silent sigh.

Here he goes again.

We're about to start bantering again.

In the villa, Ashlyn took a shower, then sat on the bed to blow-dry her hair.

When Lucas stepped out of the bathroom, he grabbed the hairdryer from her hand and started blow-drying her hair for her.

Ashlyn was stunned. It felt like the times before they got divorced.

Back then, although Lucas was equally cold towards her, his speech and mannerisms were gentle. On the contrary, he was now always

bad-tempered, and his moods were unpredictable.

Who was faking it last time? Me or him?

She just couldn't figure out why there was such a huge difference in his character before and after their divorce.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 108

The man looked down and saw her lowering her head as well. His body heated up as he noticed the mark he'd left on her neck.

Lucas threw the hairdryer to one side,

grabbed Ashlyn by her shoulder, and pulled her into her arms.

Before she could react, her lips were already sealed by his.

Here we go again. Ashlyn sighed as she was slowly aroused by Lucas' kiss.

Ashlyn did not mind having sex with him, since they'd already done it countless times for the past four years.

What was more was that the man could last

pretty long, and his skill had improved a lot over the past four years.

To put it simply, the sex could satisfy both of them.

They were so close that they could hear each other's breath.

"Couldn't Ms. Chapman satisfy you? You're making it seem like you can't leave me," Ashlyn mocked. Even though she knew she was going to enjoy the sex, there was still a part of her that felt frustrated about the

situation.

"You shouldn't ruin the mood like this," the man replied and bit her ear which made her blush immediately. "Looks like I have to punish you for thinking about another person."

Ashlyn realized her mistake but it was too late.

Two hours passed since and Ashlyn finally begged Lucas to stop.

"So, are you still going to seduce other people after this?" Lucas asked.

Ashlyn was completely out of breath and did not answer his question.

When Ashlyn woke up the next day, Lucas had already left.

Ashlyn struggled to get up as her back ached from the night before. As she turned around, she noticed an elegant box on the bedside table. She picked it up and opened it curiously, only to find a diamond necklace shining in it.

Lucas never cheaped out on his present for her. Yet, Ashlyn only took a glance at the necklace and left it where she found it.

Lucas had given her a lot of jewelry in the past four years, but she never took one with her.

Let's leave it for Ms. Chapman. Ashlyn laughed in her head.

Little did Ashlyn know, the internet was in complete chaos as Lucas, who never posted anything online, updated his post.

'She's even pretty when she's asleep' Lucas

updated along with a photo showing a slender body covered with a blanket.

Even though the woman was completely covered from her head below, but the sheet perfectly carved out her wonderful figure as her long, black hair rested naturally on the pillow.

'Oh my God!'

'I told you Mr. Nolan is married! Damn, his wife looks pretty even from behind!'

'Is he showing off or what?'

'Noooooo!'

'What about the scandal saying he's getting a divorce because he has two mistresses?'

'Are you guys serious? You really think this is Mrs. Nolan?'

'Who else could it be? We know that one of the mistresses is blonde and the other has curly hair. The one in the picture is definitely not them.'

'So, this is Mrs. Nolan, right?'

'Perhaps it's his third mistress?'

The netizens immediately went to stalk Lucas's profile and found that he was following a single account. The ID of the account was 'Mrs. Nolan.'

People began to shift their attention towards this account but soon realized that the account was completely empty. The only post on the account was generated automatically when the account was created.

The only thing the people managed to find was that the account was created around 8 in the morning that same day.

Screenshots of 'Mrs. Nolan's' account began to spread online as people spammed the account's inbox.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 109

Ashlyn walked out of Whitland Villa and noticed that her phone was blipping non-stop. It didn't sound like a message notification nor a ringtone.

She took her phone out curiously and almost fainted from anger.

On her phone was a new social media application that she never installed.

When Ashlyn opened up the app, she found out it was already registered under the ID of 'Mrs. Nolan.'

Ashlyn took a deep breath to stop herself from venting her anger.

That childish man! What did he do while I was sleeping?

Since Ashlyn's phone was locked with a face scan, Lucas could easily unlock it while she was sleeping.

What she couldn't believe was that Lucas actually registered an account for her and made her follow his account.

He even named her account as 'Mrs. Nolan.'

Mrs. Nolan my ass! I'm your ex now! How can a man who's nearing his 30's be so childish? Why is he still doing such a thing now that we're divorced? To entertain the internet? I thought he didn't want the world to know my existence? I thought he wanted me to be a stranger? Then, what is this? Is he trying to

screw me over?

Now that Ashlyn learned that the blipping sound was from the application, she realized her inbox and comment section were almost maxed out.

Most of the messages and comments were either asking if she was really Lucas' wife or how did she and Lucas get together. Some also asked when will the divorce happen. Few of those were hate comments, cursing her to disappear from the face of the earth.

Ashlyn gritted her teeth at those hate comments while blaming Lucas in her head.

Hera was very active on social media, and naturally, she noticed the trending account as well. Evidently, she was jealous about it, especially after seeing the picture of Ashlyn.

She immediately dialed Lucas' number.

"Lucas..."

"Hera? Do you need something?" the man asked uninterestedly.

"When are you taking me to meet Ms. Saunders? It's been days since you've returned..." Hera asked in a pitiful voice.

Unfortunately for her, Lucas had completely forgotten about it.

"We'll have to make an appointment if we want to meet her."

"Even you?"

"Of course. There are rules we have to follow," Lucas replied coldly.

Hera quickly made her tone sounded as pitiful

as she could. "But, you know... I really want to participate in the competition. My grandpa will get better if I get a good score... I have to meet with Ms. Saunders as soon as possible so that my grandpa could get better..."

"Fine. I'll let you know once I make the appointment."

After hanging the call, Lucas stood in front of the window and gazed at the clear sky.

Mrs. Field, the mother of Joseph Field, who was Lucas' best friend since childhood, was very fond of concerts and was a huge fan of Madeline Saunders.

The Fields had served in politics since generations ago, and Mrs. Field was the mayoress of Riverdale. With her status, most artists would be humble towards her since having a mayoress as a fan was something worth bragging about.

Yet, as Madeline's die-hard fan, Mrs. Field never got the chance to meet the real Madeline who went to great lengths to keep her identity anonymous.

Whenever Madeline would perform on stage, she would dress in traditional clothing and hide her face behind a golden mask.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 110

The fact that Madeline played the piano on stage in a traditional dress became a huge topic once.

The most important part was that she was famous throughout the globe and had fans all around the world.

Anyone who had witnessed her live performance would be enchanted by her music. It was pure bliss.

It was something that neither recordings nor videos could replicate.

Since Hera had requested Lucas to help her meet with Madeline, Lucas turned to Mrs. Field for help, who agreed immediately to Lucas' request. Yet, Mrs. Field still warned Lucas on the hardship of winning Madeline's favor and that he had to find something she was really fond of in return.

Lucas immediately thought of traditional clothing and accessories based on Madeline's rumored preferences.

Spencer suddenly knocked on the door and entered. "Mr. Nolan, the meeting is about to

begin.

When Lucas turned around, Spencer was shocked to see the pretty face was now covered in scratches and bruises.

"Sir, I think it's better if you wear a face mask or a pair of sunglasses..."

"There's no need for that," Lucas smiled as he touched the bruise on his face.

This is the proof of happiness, not like you single people would understand.

The meeting room was relatively noisy until Lucas entered and the room turned it dead silent.

The executives dropped their jaws as they saw the bruises on Lucas' face.

Everyone had the same thought in their head. Who dared to do that to our boss? Does he have a death wish or what?

"Let's start the meeting!" Lucas ordered coldly and sat down.

Everyone regained their wits after hearing Lucas' familiar cold tone.

It was then Joseph pushed the door open and screamed when he saw Lucas' face. "Oh my God! What the hell happened? Which b*stard did this to you? Consider that person dead! How dare he hit my best friend! You better not show your face in front of my mom until it heals, or else she's going to cry."

Anger was written all over Joseph's face.

Lucas opened the file in front of him and said, "So, you're planning to kill my wife?"

"What did you say?" Joseph's eyes widened. Didn't this b*stard and his wife get a divorce?

Lucas raised his head to look at Joseph. "I've decided to send you to Africa on a business trip."

"Wait, what? Why are you suddenly sending me there? Come on, man. That place is boring! And there are no chicks either! Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"Because I just decided on it a second ago."

"Seriously?" Joseph rebuked as he could not believe Lucas would do that to him. "You.. you're mean!"

Lucas lightly laughed at Joseph's frustration. "You should leave soon. Your destination- Africa."

Joseph cried as he left and the room returned to silence once again.

Every executive tensed up as the mood turned grim.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 111

Did Mrs. Nolan really did that?

Isn't this domestic violence?

But, why does Mr. Nolan seemed excited after getting hit like that?

Could it be that one of his screws is loose or something?

Everyone was drowned in their own wild imaginations, trying to picture what really happened to Lucas.

The more they thought of how the cold and ruthless Lucas was pinned to the floor by his wife and getting hit by her, the more it felt wrong.

"What? These bruises are proofs of love. Start the meeting," Lucas said as he scanned the room.

All the executives stared at Lucas and applauded him for being such a doting person, to the point where he believed that being hit by his wife was an act of love.

It also explained Lucas's update on his social media that same morning about his wife, which the executives believed that Lucas was forced to post it by Mrs. Nolan because the photo of him with his mistresses angered her.

That was Lucas's punishment, or so everyone thought, which made sense.

The executives began to wonder what would happen if their wives found out they had a mistress and came to an agreement that they would suffer much more than Lucas did.

Just like that, a few new hashtags popped up on the internet which garnered the same attention as Mrs. Nolan's account.

#NolanDomesticViolance

#LucasBruise

#TheFierceMrsNolan

All of these happened when Lucas appeared in the company's canteen without covering his face. A few of his employees secretly took photos of him and posted them on the

internet.

From one photo to two photos, the internet was soon covered with photos of Lucas's face.

The internet was thrown into chaos once again.

'That's why Mr. Nolan tagged Mrs. Nolan's account this morning! It was all Mrs. Nolan's doing! She's asserting her dominance over his mistresses!'

'Mr. Nolan just got sh*t on by his wife for cheating on her.'

'But his pretty face...'

'Don't you think the bruises look good on him too?'

'Mrs. Nolan sure is cruel.'

'How can she bring herself to injure such a pretty face?'

'In the name of the moon, I'll punish this bitch!'

The internet was immediately divided into two different opinions. The only thing that everyone had in common was their increasing

curiosity toward Mrs. Nolan's identity.

Ashlyn scrolled through the comments furiously, cursing the man who caused the commotion.

That shameless b*stard! He's the one who used my phone to register an account, not the other way round! How is it my fault now?

The more Ashlyn thought about it, the angrier she got. To take her revenge, she took a photo of the bite mark without showing her face and posted it on her account to show that she was a victim.

Yet, to Ashlyn's surprise, Lucas immediately shared her photo and commented, 'I'm so sorry, babe. I shouldn't have bite you.'

Lucas's comment instantly pushed the show to its climax.

The netizens continued to spam the comment section.

'Mr. Nolan is a true man! He fought back by biting her!'

'I guess their fight ended peacefully?'

'Peacefully? You should say their fight ended

with both side suffering!

'W*f! How can you bring yourself to bite on such a beautiful skin?'

'Isn't this another way to show off?'

Lucas replied to two of the comments because he was in a good mood.

'This is a proof of our love.'

'I left my unique mark on her.'

Lucas returned back to the meeting after

posting the comments as if nothing had happened.

On the other hand, Ashlyn had no idea what Lucas was planning.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 112

Why is he doing this? We're divorced! A proof of love? Are you kidding me?

Ashlyn let out a deep sigh as she deeply regretted posting that photo out of impulse.

Am I going crazy just like Lucas did? Since when did I become so easily irritated?

Ashlyn threw her phone to the side and went back to sleep.

After she woke up, Ashlyn returned to Bayview Villa.

The servants had gathered around to gossip about what happened on the internet

"Don't you think Mr. Nolan and our lady is a match made in heaven?"

"Too bad they're divorced."

"But still, there must be something wrong with Mr. Nolan's judgment. Why can't he see that his mistresses are plain whores?"

"Right? Our lady could even take down a group of men on her own. How can they even compare to her?"

Ashlyn overheard the conversation as she was heading down to grab some snacks.

"You guys have nothing better to do?"

Ashlyn's expression darkened.

The servants turned around and jumped when they saw Ashlyn standing behind them.

"M'lady..."

The servants tried to keep their mouths shut, but one couldn't help but asked when she noticed the bite mark. "M'lady, should I boil an egg for you?"

"Egg?" Ashlyn questioned in an angry tone.

"My mother always told me when I was little

that rolling a warm egg on your face can reduce the swelling."

"Is that so? Get me 10 then!" Ashlyn ordered and pulled a cake out of the fridge before heading back up to her room.

When Jared returned and saw the 'love' mark on Ashlyn, he couldn't help but laugh out hard.

Ashlyn glared at him. "Shut your mouth or I'm going to tear it off your face!"

What's funny about this? You should laugh at Lucas instead!

"Looks like you two really went at each other last night!" Jared joked.

"Shut it!" Ashlyn threw the tissue box next to her at Jared.

"You should keep the mark. It looks good on you." Jared avoided.

"Get lost!"

"M'lady, please do not move." The servant who was pressing a hard-boiled egg gently on Ashlyn's face stopped her.

Ashlyn instantly stopped her movement.

Jared moved forward to take a close look at the bite mark. "That's quite deep. Will it go away before the charity gala?"

"What? Do you think I'm still going with you when you're laughing at me like this? Dream on!"

Jared was taken aback. God! Please give me the power to reverse time! I swear to never laugh at Ashlyn!

Just as they were arguing, Ashlyn received a video call.

She quickly grabbed her phone that was on the tea table and realized it was from Lucas.

Ashlyn remembered how crazy Lucas could be if she did not pick up her phone. Not only would he rush over to her place, but he might also even do something insane like driving a plane straight to her villa like last time.

Ashlyn knew that no one could stop Lucas if he went crazy, which left her no choice but to answer his call.

"What do you want?"

"I just finished showering. Have you showered yet?" Lucas was wiping his hair dry and his body half-naked, showing the perfect separation between his muscle fibers.

His dripping-wet hair only made him look even sexier.

"Are you crazy? Why do you even care? I'm hanging up!" Ashlyn scolded.

"Wait! Can you come with me to the charity gala?"

"Hell no!" Ashlyn scoffed. "This ex-wife of yours isn't suitable to be by your side. Wait..."

I can hear Ms. Chapman and Ms. Wynn calling out to you."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 113

Ashlyn hung up right after that, feeling at ease for rejecting Lucas's invitation.

This is how a divorced couple should act.

Ashlyn knew that as long as she wasn't in the same room as Lucas, her judgment would not be clouded by her desire, which did not feel good at all.

Lucas stared at his phone and threw his towel on the floor. His swollen face had no expression on it as the woman who moaned happily next to him the night before was treating him coldly.

What a heartless woman!

Ashlyn stayed in her room for the next few days until it was Friday.

Jared rushed back from his office in the noon and begged with everything he got until Ashlyn agreed to attend the charity gala with him.

Everyone knew that Jared was bringing a beautiful lady. If Ashlyn did not go with him, he would've been teased by his friends at the gala.

At 5 in the evening sharp, the professional makeup team that Jared hired arrived at Bayview Villa. The whole makeup took about two hours until it was seven.

Ashlyn opened her eyes lazily after her makeup was done and asked her maid to bring her some snacks.

After finishing her fruits and desserts, she drank a cup of fruit tea before heading down.

The members of the makeup team were staring at Ashlyn dumbfoundedly. The team had serviced a lot of A-tiered celebrities, including award-winning actors and actresses. All their clients were either the epitomes of having a perfect face or charm.

Yet, this was the first time that they'd saw a woman who had all of those qualities. She was the woman they were staring at, one that was elegant, sculptured, and powerful.

One of the male makeup artists quickly ran up to Ashlyn and helped lift the train of her dress. "Be careful on your way down, Ms. Berry."

"Thank you," Ashlyn smiled. As she turned around and noticed that Jared was standing not far from her.

When Jared saw the smile on Ashlyn's face, he gulped as it was a beautiful sight that was different from her usual coldness and without her mockery.

Jared knew that his boss could be very seductive, but he'd never imagined she would be this seductive.

It explained why Lucas still wanted her back after they were divorced because the woman's look could make a country fall.

As the president of Centennial Healthcare, Jared was always required to befriend a lot of big shots. Thus, the makeup team that he'd hired was one of the bests in the country.

Since Ashlyn hadn't looked at herself in the mirror, she'd no idea about the perfect job the team had done to her.

Jared's car arrived at Alita Grand Hotel at 8 pm sharp.

A long-red carpet extended from the hotel's entrance to the drop-off area. The interior was elegantly decorated and attendants in uniform were pacing back and forth to help the attendees.

Reporters surrounded the red carpet, ready to take photos of the guests that would be arriving.

Many dressed in suits and elegant dresses walked past the red carpet. Most of them

were well-known celebrities.

Since it was a charity gala, preparing an item to auction off was a must.

Jared looked at the celebrities and explained, "The Haddocks would host a charity gala annually. This will be the tenth year. Since the gala is widely praised all around the country, only the best of the best in the industry has the chance to attend. As for the celebrities and smaller enterprises, being able to participate is something to be proud of."

"It would be perfect if the Haddocks are as generous as you said," Ashlyn sighed.

Jared could not understand what Ashlyn meant, and she chose not to explain it.

Since Ashlyn remained silent, Jared took something out. "I've prepared an item for you to auction off as well. A jade bracelet." My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 114

Ashlyn perched her lips and said, "I already handed mine over to the auction."

"What?" Jared responded with a surprised look.

"I felt it was only appropriate of me to turn up with an item or two with values befitting the evening's banquet. We can't afford to disgrace Mr. Quickton now, can we?" Ashlyn replied as she gave him a look.

The spotlights shone brightly as it focused its attention on the red carpet.

The celebrities took turns to pose for the cameras.

But in the presence of the veterans, they knew their place and stepped aside.

The world favored capitalism.

Celebrities were nothing but mere tools for that.

Ashlyn and Jared exited from their vehicle and quickly found themselves in front of the camera lens.

The reporters were caught with their pants down but only momentarily. They sprung back into action and were frantically snapping away.

Click! Snap!

Jared's girlfriend?

Was this a joke?

He brought his girlfriend to an important charity event!

What a shocking turn of events.

Jared the old fossil really did have a

girlfriend.

"What's her story? Who is she? I have never seen her before."

"Was she an international model or starlet? How did we not know about her?"

"With that face, it was impossible she was not recognized right away!"

The whispers were hushed, and the industry gossiped. People were astonished by the exquisite beauty that stood beside Jared, and her elegance was breathtaking.

Jared was a man adored by millions, and he was also the CEO of a multinational corporation. Yet, he was overshadowed entirely by her. He was nothing more than a backdrop, and no one paid any attention to him.

Jared was in tears! I still got it, don't I?
Sob... sob... sob! Am I destined to be her bag carrier for the rest of my life?

Both of them arrived at the entrance.

As soon as they stepped in, all eyes were on Ashlyn. Anybody who was anybody dropped their conversations.

They were all speechless.

How could such beauty exist on this planet?

Her beauty was mind-blowing. In that instant, every woman present paled in comparison to her grace. The magnificent hall lost its brilliance as she strolled across it.

They quickly regained their composure as soon as they realized she was Jared's partner.

Jared sent word out through a social media post and announced that there would be a

goddess at the banquet.

He attached a side profile picture, and it created a frenzy on the internet. The narcissists and self-absorbed had a field day with it.

She looked stunning in person!

It was enough to tempt a monk to rethink his celibacy vows.

"Mr. Quickton," his name was announced.

Immediately the spotlights were focused on him.

With a long stride, Jared held Ashlyn's arms in his and whispered into her ear. "Boss, you could easily make a living off your looks, yet you chose to depend on your talents and hard work. Look at them grovel at your feet."

Ashlyn stared at him coldly. "Zip it."

Jared laughed even harder and said, "Ouch. Am I not allowed to pay you a compliment?"

Ashlyn lifted her head and replied gracefully, "What you said was the truth; thus, it did not count as a compliment."

The reporters noticed their intimate behavior, and their camera shutters started to go off frantically once again.

The distinguished guests in the hall had disappointment written all over their faces. Jared certainly pulled no punches this time.

It was bad enough they were playing catch up with Centennial Healthcare in the business world. This gorgeous beauty who walked alongside Jared was the nail in the coffin.

They could not come to terms with the situation.

Back at Nolan Group in the CEO's office.

Spencer gulped as soon as he entered the room.

Since Ms. Berry rejected Mr. Nolan, he tore up the invitation to the Haddock Group's charity gala.

However... he came across a live stream of the event on Weibo and caught a glimpse of the mysterious beauty who was rumored to be Jared's girlfriend.

Hmm...

Within seconds the internet was abuzz and netizens speculated who she was.

So...

His blood began to boil as he stared at the man who sat in the leather armchair. "Ms. Berry is Jared's partner!" he yelled in fury.

With a wounded pride, he pulled himself away from work and gnashed his teeth together. "Damn that woman!"

It seems like I went too easy on her. She forgot her place and turned to Jared!

His pupils dilated with murderous intent. The room was overwhelmed with his menacing aura.

The tension was palpable, and it made Spencer gasped for air. His body froze unwillingly as he stood there rooted to the ground. His eyes caught sight of the torn-up invitation, and despair overcame him.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 115

Oh oh oh! Mr. Nolan, your outbursts seemed to have taken a turn for the worse. Did you realized that?

Ms. Berry first used you and was abused by you. Then, she humiliated you by beating you up, and now she has gone to be with Jared.

You are already divorced. Let it go... it's over. Have you forgotten you were the one who suggested getting the divorce in the first place?

He was spiteful and furious. The rage that had built up within him was like a caged beast that was bloody thirsty for revenge.

"Ashlyn you wretched woman. How dare you

go against my orders."

"Go! Bring her to me," his voice boomed.

Spencer was taken aback by Lucas's fit of rage and replied hastily, "Alright, alright. I will head on out right now."

"Wait!" He erupted as he sprung up from his chair. His towering figure stood over with a downcast vibe. "I will do this personally!" he declared.

Shortly after, a black luxury car arrived and

took off with him in a grandiose manner!

She was not someone to be trifled with.
Spencer may not be her match!

As Lucas journeyed in his car, he shut his
rage-filled eyes.

At that moment, the charity gala had begun.
The first order of business was the typical
charity auction.

The auctioneer stood on stage and peered at
the audience below.

Dixon of the Haddock Group occupied the

front seat.

Just behind him were the seats reserved for Jared's and Jaquin's families, as well as members of the other distinguished families.

Lucas's seat was naturally positioned alongside the Huo family on the same aisle.

All eyes were on Dixon as he took his seat. He seemed lonely and withdrawn as he took his front-row seat.

Hushed whispers could be heard all around,

"Mr. Nolan isn't here."

"He did not attend the past years gala too."

"It would seem that Mr. Nolan had no interests in the charity gala whatsoever."

Winsor had already taken his seat. He arrived ahead of time. He was not interested in the gossips and idle chit-chats out in the main hall.

Due to his family background, he loathed the unnecessary formalities and red tapes that sought to control his behaviors.

Shortly after he sat down, he overheard someone striking a conversation with Jared.
"Hello, Mr. Quickton."

"Good day to you Ms. Berry."

Winsor chuckled under his breath. It was not too long ago when Jared's post with his lover caused quite the uproar. And here they are out together in the public's eye already? Who do they think they are? And who is this woman everyone's talking about?

Jared was known in the industry to be a man of integrity and morals.

At this point he could not help but turned to take a look.

Ashlyn also happened to turn her attention in the direction of Winsor, and their eyes met momentarily.

Winsor was surprised. Ashlyn? What was she doing here?

He noticed sitting next to her was none other than Jared. In an instant, a sense of pending doom overcame him. "Is she... Jared's goddess everyone's talking about?"

You have got to be kidding me!

Jared that bastard, how did he get a jump on me?

Jared was soon done with his small talks and escorted Ashlyn to their seats next to Winsor.

Tinsor was also present at the event. He saw Ashlyn and exclaimed excitedly like a doll. "My dear goddess! What are you doing here? Ahhh, the gods must be smiling down at me and, as fate brought us here together..."

He jabbered uncontrollably to the point where Winsor jabbed him in the arm and

interrupted him. "Shut up and keep quiet!"

"Brother...," Tinsor protested in a whimper. He continued to gush over Ashlyn in a milder tone and extended his arm as he said, "My dear goddess, I would be honored to shake your hand."

Ashlyn kept herself aloof as she replied coldly. "No."

Crash! Tinsor's fragile heart shattered into a million pieces.

Dixon sat in front, and he overheard the commotion between Tinsor and Ashlyn. When

she rejected Tinsor, it put a smile on his face. Tinsor's groans of disappointment were music to his ears.

So what if she was good-looking and had an attractive voice? She was only a woman who relied on another man's fortunes to get ahead in life. She was not worth his attention.

Meanwhile, over at the hotel's main entrance, bystanders stared in disbelief at the invitation that had been shredded and stuck back together. Their hearts filled with remorse.

Mr. Nolan, how much did you hate the Haddock Group that made you commit such an

act? What good came out of humiliating them?

Ripping apart the invitation and piecing it together again... damn, that was just downright despicable!

Spencer was embarrassed beyond words as he handed over the invitation card.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 116

When the manic Mr. Nolan changed his mood suddenly and unexpectedly, there is nothing anyone can do about it.

They stepped into the venue and walked towards the auction.

From a distance, Lucas saw Ashlyn sitting next to Jared. Her unparalleled face was lightly powdered and her makeup was clear and delicate. She was astonishingly beautiful.

He only had eyes for her!

At this moment Hera had just arrived and she was rather late. Seeing Lucas' back from a distance, she quickly picked up her skirt to

catch up with the man, "Lucas dear!"

The man turned a deaf ear as his mind was focused only on one thing, that is, to grab Ashlyn and bring her back!

"Ouch!" Hera wanted to hold Lucas' arm but the man walked too fast and she was wearing heels more than ten cm high. The moment she stretched out her hand, the hem of her skirt fell to the ground and she stepped on it.

Thud!

It was an embarrassing moment as she fell flat on the ground.

When the paparazzi present saw this scene, they took photos in a frenzy.

In their minds, the captions were already composed: Post Domestic Violence Mr. Nolan Avoids Third Party, Hera Falls Embarrassingly At Haddock Group Charity Gala.

Embarrassed and upset, Hera got up to her feet with the help of the waiters. Then she continued with her pursue of Lucas.

Lucas' appearance attracted the attention of many.

"Mr. Nolan didn't attend the previous galas, did he?"

"Why is he attending this one?"

"His expression on his face is terrifying... really scary!"

Jared carried a plate of strawberries in his hand and held it up to Ashlyn with puppy eyes, "They are imported from Italy. Give

them a try."

Ashlyn glanced at him, picked up the fork and put one in her mouth. Chewing gently, she said, "It tastes good."

Not to be outdone, Winsor offered a plate of cantaloupe, "Ms. Berry, this cantaloupe was shipped from Xinjiang and it is very sweet."

Ashlyn nodded and tasted one as she replied, "Thank you, it's so kind of you."

Those around were surprised!

What's the story behind this woman?

Mr. Quickton and Winsor are vying with each other to please her. Even the son of the Jaquin family is addressing her as the goddess!

Lucas was piqued seeing Ashlyn surrounded by men. He was so furious that he could explode. How he wished that he could throw these stinking men into the Pacific Ocean to feed the sharks!

He sat down bitterly.

Suppressing his anger, he said coldly and irritably, "Sit down next to me."

Ashlyn looked up as she heard the familiar raspy voice.

She saw Lucas' gloomy yet handsome face and the glint of anger in his dark eyes.

"Oh, are you talking to me?" Ashlyn lowered her brows and looked at him with an innocent expression. "I'm sorry, Mr. Nolan. Mr. Quickton invited me to come with him. You're too late."

"Fine, that's great," Lucas suppressed the fury that was inside him. Everything around him seemed to infuriate him and he wished

that he could destroy everything.

The crowd were surprised again!

Woah!

Even Lucas is vying to sit with her. Who on earth is she? We want to know! We want to know!

Even Dixon was surprised by Lucas' actions. This woman is just superb, twisting a few men around her little finger at one go. Starting with Jared, then Winsor and now Lucas. That is interesting.

At this exact moment, Hera arrived, panting because she had been running and her face was flushed.

If it were not for the presence of the glamorous, beautiful, and elegant Ashlyn, she could be considered pretty and lovable.

Nevertheless, Ashlyn was present and comparatively, she became just a face in the crowd.

This face in the crowd, Hera, deliberately reached out to wipe the sweat from her forehead, thinking that her actions were 'poetry in motion', and whispered, "Lucas dear, why are you walking so fast? I just

stumbled and my legs hurt."

As she spoke, she was about to sit down next to Lucas but he slammed his big palm on the seat and said in a cold voice, impatiently and irritably, "This is my wife's place. Please, Ms. Chapman, sit down in your own seat."

Hera blushed a deep red, "You... aren't you..."

Aren't you about to file for divorce?

However, facing the man's ferocious gaze, she did not dare to finish her question.

Her eyes filled with tears for she had never

been humiliated in this way before.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 117

It hurt especially because this was an important public function.

She felt as if her face had been battered swollen by Lucas.

Crying, she ran to the back row where the seats for the Chapman family were.

Fortunately, she was the only one from the Chapman family today for the rest were in the hospital to accompany Mr. Chapman. The reason why she came was because Mr.

Chapman had entrusted her to auction off his calligraphy works on behalf of the Chapman family. Besides Mr. Cheng's calligraphy works, there were also her own paintings.

As a celebrity one needed to have one or two talents that one must cultivate and hone.

Born into a family of pianists, Hera majored in piano and minored in painting.

Her paintings were considered good, not the topmost of inborn gifting but still acceptable as average. Nevertheless, paintings of this

standard in this circle were highly sought after.

After all, there are just a handful of painters who are gifted with rare talent!

Hera was also popular on Twitter, perhaps not like those internet stars who have gone viral but no less than sixty thousand followers

She had already contacted the internet ghostwriters and some reporters. As soon as her paintings were photographed, they would

immediately conduct publicity and hype on Twitter.

Regarding Lucas' ways, the public just observed as onlookers.

Just a few days ago on Twitter, photographs of Mr. Nolan's domestic violence had gone viral.

Apparently from his facial expression, his injuries must have healed. He remembered the pain of his injuries and therefore obediently distanced himself from the third party.

Besides making a good impression, this move had other effects.

A lot of wives of the wealthy were present and their families were plagued with mistresses who were kept secretly by husbands.

Seeing Lucas' change in behavior after being assaulted, many were envious of Mrs. Nolan.

Sadly, our own rascals will not change no matter how many times we beat them up.

The men, on the other hand, had other views. Lucas is just putting on a show. He's only keeping a distance in public. In private, he's still the same.

The host on the stage just ignored these turbulent undercurrents among the audience.

When the time arrived, the auction was announced in accordance with the order of the program agenda.

"Next, I announce that the auction has officially started. The first lot is the pearl earrings handed down by the ancestors of President Wood, head of the Wood Group."

There were many business leaders present at the function, some of whom had a good relationship with the Haddock Group, some with the Nolan Group of South Star Airlines and some of them were close with the Jaquin family.

After Dixon had greeted Lucas, he sat down on a front seat, watching the auction on the stage.

This was the tenth time the Charity Gala was being held and the items to be auctioned off were the best from the various families. If anything were less, it would be an embarrassment for the Haddock family.

Therefore, the items sent by these leaders of society who participated in the banquet had been authenticated in advance.

The auction proceeded in an orderly manner. After Mr. Chapman's calligraphy works were sold for the high price of 3 million, the host of the auction exclaimed in an emotional voice, "The following lot is a rare painting by our Ms. Hera."

After the host had finished speaking, a graceful lady brought a landscape painting up onto the stage.

"This is a painting by Ms. Hera. As we all know, Ms. Chapman was born into a family of pianists. Just now Mr. Chapman's calligraphy was sold at a price of three million. As for Ms. Chapman's painting, looking at this mountain and this waterfall, I seem to hear the sound of spring water splashing."

"Our Ms. Chapman is not only beautiful but also kind and she wants to do her part for charity. Look at the little child carrying a basket in this painting. He is a hard-working child in this mountainous area. This scene is so apt, echoing the theme of our charity dinner, which is 'Sending warmth to children in the mountains!' The starting price is eighty thousand."

Ashlyn sized up the painting, quite surprised that Hera could paint.

She watched as Hera stepped onto the stage, standing beside the host, smiling shyly and humbly, like a demure little white lotus blossom, "Thank you, everyone, for showing me your love."

Jared bent towards Ashlyn's ear and asked her, "What do you think of this painting?"

Ashlyn sneered, "Nothing special."

Those nearby, who heard her words nearly choked. Isn't this woman just too arrogant?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 118

Hera was a well-known talent in the elite circle.

At that moment, they were eagerly and impatiently waiting to catch a glimpse of Ashlyn's precious item.

"Are you not going to bid higher for your lover?" Ashlyn kicked Lucas, who was seated in front of her.

The audience cheered at her arrogance and boldness.

Among the crowd, there were people who assumed Hera to be Lucas' mistress, but not a single one of them dared to say so to his face.

Even Dixon would not dare to say so.

However, Ashlyn did!

Everyone broke out in a cold sweat as Lucas seemed agitated. His anger was not something she could deal with.

Jared and Winsor, who looked as if they were enjoying the show, were the exceptions. They did not seem to worry about the woman beside them.

Both of them had the same thought.

Ashlyn, my goddess, my big boss! Why would she need to exercise restraint?

Lucas turned around as he glared at Ashlyn with a malicious gaze. This woman just wanted to irritate and anger him!

Hera stood on the stage and thought, This woman has a really horrible temper. She dares to make a move at Lucas. He'll definitely teach her a lesson she'll never forget.

At the thought of that, she especially anticipated seeing Lucas. She hoped he would bid higher and put that reckless woman in her place.

However, the man's thin lips only slightly parted as he spat out four words, "Don't make a fuss."

Don't make a fuss?

Everyone thought they misheard.

No matter how they looked at it, those four words sounded tender. What was that about?

Ashlyn smacked her lips with disdain and retorted, "You are so boring!"

Hera was exasperated. Which planet did this woman come from?

She looked at Ashlyn with hidden hatred, but

she suddenly froze.

Isn't that Dr. Berry?

What is she doing here?

She was too focused on Lucas before and did not notice anyone else in the surroundings.

Dumbfounded, she took a second look.

Isn't she just an insignificant doctor? Why would she appear at this gathering?

Hera scrutinized the two men beside Ashlyn,

who were nodding and fawning over the latter.

How did she manage to get associated with those two big shots? They seem to know each other well.

Slut! Hera cursed in her heart.

In the end, they sold her artwork for five hundred thousand.

A big round of applause erupted from the audience.

"This piece of work is not even worth a

hundred thousand," Ashlyn spoke harshly.

Upon hearing this, Hera's expression changed into one of stubborn humiliation. As if she had been severely wronged, she said, "Ms. Berry, there is no need to speak so crudely. I really wonder what your precious item is."

Ashlyn raised her eyebrows. "You'll find out soon enough."

"Is it something that can't be shown to the public, which is why you can't present it?" Hera asked sarcastically.

"You can present something that's worth less

than a hundred thousand. Why can't I show mine?" Ashlyn said. Her ability to push someone into a corner was immaculate.

Jared and Winsor knew about this ability of hers a long time ago, and thus, they were not surprised.

Dixon, however, could not tolerate Ashlyn's arrogance. Before, he thought her methods were superlative, but now, she was just unbearably tawdry.

Hera blushed a bright red and clenched her teeth hard. She looked at Lucas for help.

"Look at what she's doing!"

Lucas kept his head bowed. Without even looking at Hera, he said, "She's right. Your grandpa's calligraphy has its achievements and can be compared to everyone else's. Do you think this insignificant piece of yours is worth displaying?"

Hera became dizzy with anger and her clenched fists trembled. She almost spat out a mouthful of blood.

She glared scornfully at Ashlyn as she returned to her seat.

Joseph Field, who sat beside Lucas, coughed

softly. "Don't you think this situation is a little odd?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 119

He secretly glanced over at Ashlyn, who sat a row behind. This woman was dazzling, but her personality was also prickly. So they fancy these kinds of roses with thorns?

"You left your wife for this woman? No matter how I look at it, she looks like she's possessed by an incapable monarch. You deserve a beating for treating Mrs. Nolan so badly."

"Shut up!" Lucas shouted, unable to tolerate Joseph's yapping.

It seemed that after flying to Africa for a few days, his memory was still as bad as ever.

Everyone nearby was eavesdropping on the conversation. Previously, they were skeptical about the rumors that Lucas was a victim of family violence. Only now did they believe it.

This was something Joseph had personally confirmed.

The legendary Mrs. Nolan intrigued them. They were especially interested in the woman who could hit Lucas.

After that, a few precious jewelry and antique books were sold. Among them, a few pieces were sold at unbelievably high prices.

Now and then, Hera would glance over and scrutinize Ashlyn.

She wanted to know what 'precious item' the latter had.

Just then, the emcee stood stunned for a moment before he said, "Up next, we will put Ms. Berry's item up for auction. It's a piece of artwork titled 'A Hundred Birds Facing Phoenix'."

"A Hundred Birds Facing Phoenix?"

"Isn't Ms. Saunders best at drawing birds? A Hundred Birds Facing Phoenix is also one of her famous pieces. Could it be her artwork?"

A man who was an expert in collecting calligraphies and paintings said, shocked.

"It can't be. How could Ashlyn have Ms. Saunders' artwork?"

"That's right! It is said that Ms. Saunders draws with her left hand and plays the piano with her right hand. Left hand, they said! Most people can't even draw well with their right hand, not to mention the left. She's one-of-a-kind!"

"Ms. Saunders is left-handed."

"But she uses her right hand to play the piano!"

Everyone was discussing the matter

excitedly.

All the ladies that accompanied the men were just props and there was no need to prepare their items.

However, since Ashlyn was there, she naturally had to be prepared. Very prepared.

At that moment, she stood up and marched toward the stage.

Seeing her slender and graceful behind, Winsor smirked, "Mr. Quickton, is Ms. Berry your girlfriend?"

Jared smiled. "You think too highly of me. I just see her as my goddess."

"She's my goddess, too," Winsor said cheekily. "Why don't we have a fair competition?"

Jared stiffened. He did not dare to woo his boss; he would die a painful death if he did. He seemed to sympathize with Winsor as he rubbed his hands and said, "Well, I wish you a smooth journey."

To be sacrificed halfway.

Winsor frowned, not understanding what

Jared meant.

The more he thought about it, the more he felt it did not sound like a good thing.

By then, Ashlyn had arrived onstage. Everyone had their gaze focused on her.

Only then did Dixon see the looks of the woman he disdained. His heart wavered.

Beautiful! How beautiful! Her beauty hurt his eyes and pricked his heart.

This woman was right to be arrogant.

Not only was she gorgeous, but she also had good connections.

And Ms. Saunders was her strongest connection.

He suddenly understood why she was surrounded by so many big shots. This woman is worth everything!

Ashlyn glanced over at the emcee. "You're not done with the introduction."

As if it was his first time seeing such a dazzling woman, he snapped out of it and

continued, "This piece of work is from the legendary Ms. Saunders. Her works are priceless. The starting bid of this piece is ten million!"

The audience instantly fell into silence.

That was indeed Ms. Saunders' artwork!

It was said that her works were incredibly difficult to acquire.

Hera stood up, incredulous. She shrieked, "That's impossible!"

Her artwork was sold for five hundred

thousand. She even arranged for it to be a trending topic beforehand.

She thought she would definitely be in the limelight today. But now, that plan backfired.

After all, the people present had all brought either jewelry or precious stones. Her painting was on a different level compared to their items!

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 120

Yet, Madeline Saunders' painting actually made an appearance.

Ms. Saunders was a person who was usually uninterested in mundane affairs. Why would she step down from her high horse and give her precious item to Ashlyn for auctioning?

"Tell us. Where did you get that painting from?" Hera questioned with gritted teeth.

"From Ms. Saunders," Ashlyn replied without sparing her a glance. "Why? Is there a need for you to question who Ms. Saunders gifts her work too?"

Hera choked up, her conceited facade

faltering as she looked at the painting.

As everyone knew, Ms. Saunders' drawings were never for sale and were only gifted to certain lucky people. As such, her works were priceless.

Joseph was astounded. "Ms. Saunders is a wonderful woman. My mother — No, my family has quite a few of her paintings, all of which were gifted to my mom. Is my mother gonna be rich since the bidding is starting at ten million?"

He knew little about art and was unaware of how high the net worth of the people in the industry was.

Lucas kept getting a nagging feeling in his chest. Something was not right.

How did he not know that Ashlyn knew Ms. Saunders?

Madeline Saunders was an unparalleled beauty with an eccentric personality. However, there were also rumors that she was incredibly ugly and thus always wore a mask.

However, her talents shocked the globe.

She had many accomplishments as a pianist and was a natural talent as a painter. Painting with her left hand and playing the piano with her right was something that was unheard of.

She was worthy to be named an incomparable genius.

That was why Joseph felt dizzy. "My mom is so lucky to be associated with Ms. Saunders."

"This painting is refreshing, painted with vibrant colors. Look at this eagle! With its

feathers colored layer upon layer and the immaculate skill presenting its raw textures! Look at how peaceful and harmonious it is! Ms. Saunders' skills for painting are indeed glorious!" the emcee rambled animatedly. It was as if he had used every vocabulary he knew of to describe the painting.

The whole painting was a stunning three meters long.

Even those who didn't appreciate art would resonate with them after seeing this painting.

"This painting has an exquisite design and flowy brush strokes. After knowing that I

wanted to participate in this charity auction, Ms. Saunders gifted this artwork to me. The true meaning behind this painting is a metaphor for the prosperity of H Nation. Under the leadership of our president, we will advance rapidly and the citizens will be harmonious and at peace," Ashlyn said indifferently. She went on, "When it comes to charitable deeds, it doesn't matter who does them. Ms. Saunders is just an ordinary person. She wants to contribute to this charity, and I simply happen to be acquainted with her."

Her words were a clear indication for them to start the bidding war.

Dixon stared at her.

Her aloofness and grace astonished him.

Ashlyn walked to her seat and said to Jared,
"Name a price."

The latter swallowed nervously. "How much?"

"Up to you," Ashlyn said as she yawned delicately. She felt that this charity gala was boring.

Winsor immediately butted in. "I'll be in charge of placing the first bid. What do you say?"

He could not let a person like Jared be in charge. He had to take advantage of this situation and perform well.

"Up to you," Ashlyn replied with the same three words.

Winsor was thrilled as he threw a glance at Jared.

"15 million." A distinct voice was heard suddenly.

The two men froze in surprise and looked at Lucas simultaneously.

You... You married man! How dare you steal a bachelor's thunder!

Winsor instantly became angry. If was any other day, I would have let it go. But how dare you try to steal my goddess!

What angered him the most was Lucas had made a big fuss over Tinsor beating Blair up and caused Jaquin Group's shares to drop by three percent as his revenge.

Windsor tried to hold back his anger and retaliated with a higher bid. "16 million."

Lucas turned around to look at Ashlyn. "How do you like my performance?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 121

Ashlyn rolled her eyes. Could he get any more childish?

"I thank you on the behalf of Ms. Saunders," she said coldly.

Everyone started to get restless.

Lucas immediately bid five million higher.

It seemed that Ms. Saunders' painting was really worth a fortune.

Thus, everyone else increased their bids.

Not long after, the bid reached twenty million, which was no small amount for a painting!

Nonetheless, Ms. Saunders was too influential.

These big shots would usually fight to purchase Ms. Saunders' painting but cannot do so.

How could they not fight for it when one was right in front of them?

Thus, they bid higher in a frenzy.

Twenty-five million!

Thirty million!

Thirty-five million!

It was still going up!

Their eyes seemed to turn red from the greed.

Joseph was speechless throughout. He desperately wanted to take down the paintings in his living room to put them up for auction!

However, he did not dare to do so; those paintings were his mom's treasures.

Even though the price skyrocketed, the higher the price, the more greedy the crowd seemed to be.

At that time, the bid had reached fifty million!

At last, a big-bellied man shouted, "100 million! 100 million! I have to have that painting for myself!"

Everyone fell quiet and had their eyes fixed on him.

This person was a known art lover. He usually liked to collect ancient paintings and

calligraphies, but he was simply missing one of Ms. Saunders'.

Hera was dumbstruck.

He's gone mad! Really mad!

A hundred million!

Ashlyn looked beyond satisfied. She stood up gracefully and strutted toward the middle-aged man and glanced at his nameplate on his seat. "Mr. Cornell Bailey, I thank you for your knowledgeable taste. I promise you that Ms. Saunders will give you another one of her newest pieces."

"Really?" Cornell went mad with admiration as he blushed bright red. Both his hands were even shaking.

"Really," Ashlyn said before she took her seat.

As Cornell filled out the cheque, he could not help but said to Ashlyn, "Thank you, thank you!"

The crowd erupted in chatter.

Buy one, get one free. What luck!

Could it be that Ashlyn was bluffing? Was she really so close to Ms. Saunders?

Ashlyn smiled as she received the cheque, and it looked like roses had bloomed. "Ms. Saunders has instructed me to donate all the earnings from this painting to Saunders Charity. We want to be transparent with you and you are welcome to check on it."

Lucas frowned and felt like there was something amiss.

Dixon's expression darkened. This woman! She was indeed arrogant, having blatantly ignored Haddock Group.

The earnings from the charity auction were supposed to be decided by Haddock Group.

It was the first time that the money earned from the charity gala was donated to another charity.

All the admiration he had for Ashlyn instantly became hatred.

She stepped down from the stage and returned to her seat.

Jared tugged on Ashlyn's sleeve anxiously.
"Are you crazy? Are you close with Ms.

Saunders? What if she rejects you? You're too impulsive!"

"She won't," Ashlyn said before she turned her attention back to the auction.

Winsor eyed Dixon whispered, "Ms. Berry, you just offended Haddock Group."

Unlike Winsor's deliberately soft tone, Ashlyn spoke with a voice that was just loud enough for the people seated in the row in front of her to hear. "Oh. I didn't think that Haddock Group was so narrow-minded and cared so much about a mere hundred million."

Dixon was speechless.

His expression noticeably stiffened, but he still turned to Ashlyn and smiled. "Ms. Berry must be joking. Of course, Haddock Group would not mind. It's all for charity; no matter what means are used, the main goal is to help the needy. It'll be fine as long as we can help them."

That statement was pretentious and grandiose but showed Haddock Group's generosity.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 122

Dixon felt that what he said was extremely fitting.

He was a cold-looking person. Even when he smiled, there was a feeling of negativity; like a viper waiting for an opportunity to pounce. It made others incredibly uncomfortable.

Though Winsor's family was involved in illegal businesses in the past, he was quite a big-hearted man.

On the other hand, Ashlyn was unimpressed by Dixon. He was handsome, yet lacking.

This level of attractiveness was not admirable.

"Thank you for that, Mr. Haddock," Ashlyn said as she nodded.

Dixon did not know why, but when she thanked him, he felt a strange sense of comfort, as if he had been rewarded.

Damn it!

It's not like I'm Ashlyn's dog!

Although he looked down on Jared and Winsor, he had lowered himself to become her lapdog.

At the same time, the hashtag "Ms. Saunders' A Hundred Birds Facing Phoenix Sold For An Insane Price" immediately overtook other searches and became the top search.

It was even weirder was that the topics that closely followed were "Ms. Saunders' Painting Sold For 100 Million" and "100 Million Donated to Saunders Charity".

"This is really something else. The auction was at the charity gala, but the money went to Saunders Charity."

"Wow. Don't you guys think that this girlfriend of Jared's is really impressive?"

"I wonder if Haddock Group will get angry."

"We won't know. It's a hundred million! I will never have that much money in my entire life."

Hera swiped through Twitter, and her anger

rose.

Originally, when she attended the charity gala and auctioned her most precious work, it was sold for half a million dollars.

She wanted to get some hype for it and round up some fans, and show that talent could come with beauty.

She wanted to please Mr. Chapman. Once he was happy, he would appoint her as his heir.

Her sale was seventh on the list of hot searches, and her fans continuously boasted in the comments.

Hera is truly a multi-talented, beautiful lady.

How I wish I could kneel before Hera's art.

I'm a fan now. I knew she could play the piano. To think that she can draw well, too!

Five hundred thousand! Impressive!

There were several new fans who were unaware of the truth.

However, ever since Ms. Saunders' search topic made its way up the list, it occupied the

top three spots.

"Hera's Painting 500k" suddenly seemed awkward and insignificant.

The official announcement of Haddock Charity read: At the charity gala at Oakleaf Hotel, Ms. Saunders' A Hundred Birds Facing Phoenix was sold for a hundred million. The money will be donated to Saunders Charity, and we hope we will have the opportunity to work with Ms. Saunders in the future.

The comments section was instantly flooded.

Poverty has restricted my imagination. A

painting at one hundred million... What kind of painting is it? It must be heavenly!

Just one painting is worth a hundred million?
Is it a scam?

Ahhh! But that money really is wired to
Saunders Charity.

These two foundations seem to get along well!

Right? Jared's girlfriend is really impressive.
She actually earned a hundred million from
Haddock Charity, and Haddock Group didn't
mind either.

Is Haddock Group letting it go on account of Mr. Quickton's behalf?

You'll never know!

As they discussed, the online comments eventually focused entirely on Ashlyn.

Human morals are getting worse with each day! The rich can earn a hundred million just from auctioning a painting!

The rich can get away with anything!

Mr. Quickton's girlfriend is really powerful! She could actually personally manipulate Ms.

Saunders' work. After today, won't Ms. Saunders' painting always be a hundred million and above?

No matter how I look at it, it feels like Jared is trying to market his own girlfriend.

Are you trying to say that the Quickton family and Haddock Group joined hands? Are you dumb? They donated the money to Saunders Charity, but Haddock Group had no say in this. This is already a difficult pill to swallow, and you're still talking about joint marketing?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 123

What a shocker! But I think Jared's girlfriend wants to enter the entertainment industry. She used Ms. Saunders' painting and took this chance to get some hype.

Right, right? I feel so too! Coincidentally, his girlfriend has become one of the top few searches!

On the surface, he was promoting the painting, but somehow his girlfriend appeared at the top searches at the same time? This strategy is really impressive.

Isn't Ms. Saunders the trending topic? What does it have to do with his girlfriend? You guys are really one to be envious. Could it be that you are fans of a certain mistress? Earlier this year, his girlfriend got scolded, but his mistress was praised. I don't understand what the commenters above are thinking.

That's right. Hera, whom everyone knows to be a mistress, actually has fans?

It's really weird. What are these people thinking to support Hera?

The comments became weirder.

Just like that, the netizens started arguing.

The more they argued, the more popular the topic became. It surged to the top of the list and stayed there.

However, this provoked some people.

Hera was on the verge of breaking down!

How did things turn out this way?

Never in a million years could she get onto the list of trending searches. This one time, she wanted to be known as a beautiful, kind-hearted and talented person so others could forget about the scandal of her being a mistress.

In the end, that matter became more clear to others, and it became a hot discussion topic.

She was fuming mad.

At the same time, in an office.

"Quick, arrange for another wave of trouble. This woman dragged me down with her. I must grab this opportunity to chide her," Cindy urged her manager, Terry.

If it weren't for Hera, she would not have been so severely attacked by netizens. Furthermore, Nolan Entertainment had put her activities on hold.

Because of this, she was blacklisted.

It was not easy for her to gain popularity, but Hera sent her hard work down the ditch.

"Hera lacks the looks, figure, and temperament. Out of sheer luck, she managed to cozy up to Lucas," Terry said. He was angry too.

Out of all the celebrities he was in charge of, only Cindy seemed to have a bright future. In the end, she, unfortunately, encountered that jinx!

Cindy had planned a birthday party to widen her fanbase. However, not only did Hera get in her way, but she also created a scandal.

Cindy was bound to lose all her reputation. It would have been fine even if she was really a mistress. However, Cindy was indignant that

Lucas never spared her a glance. What a big loss it was!

They postponed many of her projects, too.

Cindy was angry, and Terry was just as mad.

Thus, both of them discussed it and recruited a number of netizens to troll Hera to death.

Above all, a paparazzi also sold them a photo of Hera falling at a banquet.

Hera initially had bribed quite a few people to cover up the incident. However, some

would do anything to earn a little extra money.

Terry immediately used an account to leak the photo on Twitter with a comment. Look at the elegant socialites that you guys always talk about. They're really nothing much; she had such a nasty fall.

Those photos captured Hera's ugly expression.

A collage of such pictures was immediately formed.

The graceful image that she usually carried

as a socialite shattered. Her eyes and mouth widened in shock.

She quickly instructed the netizens to comment on it on the leaked photo.

Soon, the hashtag "Hera Fell So Ugly" shot up the list of trending topics, right next to "Hera's Painting 500k".

Countless netizens opened the photo to check it out and could not help but laugh at it.

Did Hera do this on purpose?

What a great topic!

How attention-grabbing!

It looks like a fake fall!

Ms. Fake Fall wins this round!

In regards to the lively chatter on Twitter, the crowd at the auction were still immersed in the bidding.

The emcee presented a highly valuable antique. "This is the kingfisher headdress set from the Ming dynasty with all fifty accessories included!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 124

It was difficult to determine the value of the headdress, especially when it was an antique.

Ashlyn could not help but suck in a breath. She fixed her burning gaze at the kingfisher headdress. She loved it so very much.

The headdress' colors were vibrant, and it was made with the most exquisite materials; in the past, only royalties were fit to wear headdresses like this.

Wealthy families would wear were the golden and silver ones.

This was the first time she had seen an antique headdress that was preserved so well.

It was magnificent.

In modern times, although some actors and actresses in plays would wear headdresses, the ones they wore were counterfeits.

Once the auctioneer announced its price of ten million, she uttered, "Twenty million."

Almost at the same time, a man's voice rang out. "Twenty million."

The crowd was stunned. Jared loves her that much?

All of them thought Jared was the one paying.

However, they were more surprised when they realized Lucas seemed to like it as well. They're so synchronized! Both called out an increment of ten million at the same time. Not one million or five million; it was ten

million.

It seemed like they were determined to get it.

When Lucas saw the headdress, he was astounded. Once he recalled that Madeline Saunders had a preference for items like this, he was tempted to get it.

The next thing he thought about was Fae's words. She had told him to cater to Madeline's liking.

If he were going to meet Madeline, he could not be stingy with his gift.

However, he had not expected Ashlyn to like it too.

He stared at the headdress with a complicated look in his eyes before he said, "Let her have it."

The crowd was silent; no one else called out a higher price.

Ashlyn turned to Jared. "The money."

Jared swiftly stood up to swipe his card when

Winsor rushed in front of him. "I'll be the one to pay!"

The auctioneer looked at both of them and uttered, "There's no need to rush. Mr. Nolan has already paid for it."

Both Jared and Winsor were dumbfounded.

Dixon looked at Lucas nonchalantly as a wicked grin grew on his feminine face. "I wonder what Mr. Nolan's collection is."

Lucas swept his gaze in Ashlyn's direction and muttered coldly, "It's just something my wife doesn't particularly like. Since she doesn't,

I'm selling it for charity."

He was furious whenever he recalled the woman throwing the present he had carefully prepared for her on the table.

Something that Mrs. Nolan doesn't like?

What is it?

The crowd was curious.

One of the staff then took out a red velvet box. When she opened it, the diamond necklace that was at least six carats gleamed brilliantly under the light.

The crowd in the hall could not help but curse under their breaths.

They could not believe that Mrs. Nolan did not like something as beautiful as that.

Then what the hell does she like?

No woman can resist the temptation of owning diamonds, right?

Desire flashed past Hera's eyes. Since she met Lucas, the only thing that he had only given her was a bouquet of flowers. Although it was a large bouquet—there were 999

flowers in it—it was incomparable to the diamond necklace.

She felt upset. How does Mrs. Nolan look like?

She's married to Lucas for four years. Do they really not have feelings for each other?

Hera had been confident earlier, thinking that she held a special place in Lucas' heart.

She was so sure that he would divorce his wife.

Her confidence fled her.

Why am I panicking?

First, it was Mrs. Nolan; now it was Ashlyn.

Only God knew how jealous she was when she heard Lucas had spent twenty million on that headdress for Ashlyn.

She could not comprehend what was going on. Isn't she just prettier? She's flits around so many men like a butterfly.

Is Lucas really blind to this?

She has both Jared and Winsor wrapped around her finger.

Ashlyn infuriated Hera.

On the other hand, Winsor was contemplating. Is Ashlyn really not Lucas' wife? That doesn't sound right. But if she is, why isn't she living with him? If she's not, why did she take Blair away from Jaquin Residence?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 125

She was confounded.

However, it did not seem like Jared would court a married woman.

Hence, Ashlyn was definitely not Mrs. Nolan.

The auctioneer at the stage had started to call out the prices. Coincidentally, the starting bid was 500 thousand.

The item that Mrs. Nolan did not want was the same price as the artwork that Hera was proud of.

The latter could sense the surrounding people staring at her with mocking eyes.

The corners of her lips twitched in barely concealed anger.

Just as the crowd was wondering what amount they should bid, Ashlyn said, "One million."

A glint was in Lucas' eyes. "You like it?"

Ashlyn glanced at him before smiling brightly. "Who doesn't like diamonds?"

Then why didn't you take it away?

Lucas gritted his teeth, furious.

Does she not like it because I was the one to give it to her?

The more Lucas thought about it, the angrier and more frustrated he got.

In other words, she's telling me she doesn't like me.

If she doesn't like me, why did she sleep with me?

Why was she so enthusiastic and passionate on the bed?

Lucas nearly ground his teeth flat.

There was a raging bonfire burning in his chest. He wanted to ignore all social pleasantries and drag this woman back to lock her up.

That way, she would not have the chance to laugh at him here.

The moment Ashlyn joined in, many of the audience started buttering Lucas up.

Soon, his diamond necklace was worth nine million.

In the end, one wealthy businessman who was interested in working with Nolan Group outbid the rest.

Without any hesitation, Lucas shoved the check into Ashlyn's hands. "Donate this to Saunders Charity. I wonder if it'll let me meet with Ms. Saunders."

Ashlyn flicked the cheque noncommittally.

"Why do you want to meet with Ms. Saunders?"

"I have a favor to ask from her," Lucas answered.

"It's true that it won't look good if she takes your money but refuses to meet you. I'll make arrangements," Ashlyn said as she kept away the cheque.

No one turned their back on money.

Everyone in the auction was staring at the two with greedy eyes.

Either of the two—nine million or the meeting with Madeline Saunders—was enough to tempt the people.

“About that, Ms. Berry, will I get to meet Ms. Saunders with nine million? I-I’ll donate nine million to the Saunders Charity. Can you make arrangements for me too?” asked Cornell, the man from earlier who was rich but brainless.

Ashlyn glanced at him. “Mr. Bailey, scarcity of an item determines its worth. There is only one meeting with Ms. Saunders, and it’s for Mr. Nolan. You’ve already received a gift from me earlier. I said I’ll ask Ms. Saunders to gift you a painting without asking anything

in return. One must not greed."

She sounded philosophical.

The others were impressed by her words.

Anyone could clearly sense the sincerity in her words by looking at her expression and hearing her tone. She was neither dismissive nor patronizing.

Hera was overjoyed. Lucas spent nine million for me.

I don't care if you're Ashlyn or Mrs. Nolan. I remain the most important in his heart.

Once again, she was filled with confidence in winning Lucas' heart.

On the other hand, the trustee of Haddock Charity was devastated that they had been ignored.

The trustee was Dixon's aunt, Sienna Oates. While Dixon was the head of the family, his relatives were in charge of certain fields in Haddock Group. As Sienna came from the currently thriving Oates family, and she was a student of managerial economics, she became the trustee for the charity among the many family members.

As she had a way with words, and her husband was bedridden, she had been the decision-maker of her family. Furthermore, she had sworn loyalty to Dixon, and he trusted her.

She could barely control the anger surging in her veins when Ashlyn and Lucas continuously humiliated the Haddock Group.

Yet, she did not dare to talk on behalf of Dixon.

Regardless, Ashlyn had now caught her attention.

After the auction was dinner.

Ashlyn elegantly sat in a corner. The soles of her feet were aching from her high-heels.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 126

She took off her shoes to look at her soles. There was a blister from the continuous friction.

Without hesitation, she burst the blister and dried the wound with a tissue.

"You only have yourself to blame for wanting to look good." A crisp voice sounded out from

above her head.

Ashlyn knew who it was without lifting her head.

"Are you indirectly admitting that I'm pretty?"

Lucas was speechless, but it was not the first time anyway.

He sat beside the woman and placed her leg on his knee. When his hand wrapped around her ankle, he paused.

He looked up to find the woman slightly narrowing her eyes.

Several strands of her hair were dangling in front of her face. She looked cute and enticing.

Ashlyn rarely did her makeup; most of the time, she went out with no makeup.

Lucas had not expected her to look breathtaking when she did her makeup.

Ashlyn was about to put her leg back then when a hand stopped her.

With one hand holding her ankle, Lucas placed his other hand on the wound as he wiped the wound with a piece of tissue.

He was gentle, and his slightly rough fingertips were brushing against her soft skin.

An electric current shot up her body from the bottom of her sole and rushed straight into her brain.

For a moment, Ashlyn forgot she could struggle.

The light from the crystal chandelier enveloped them tenderly.

In an instant, her leg heated up.

Ashlyn did not know what words could describe her feeling. It was odd, to say the least.

"Why are you staring at me?" Lucas let go of the fair ankle in his hand. Even her slender and fair legs were pretty. Her feet had

flawless toes with toenails radiating a healthy shade of pink.

Lucas found himself swallowing at the sight. He forced himself to look away and muttered, "Don't wear heels if you can't."

Ashlyn did not reply to him.

When the man spoke, Ashlyn shifted her gaze elsewhere and tucked the stray strands of hair behind her ears.

She did not know why her ears were heating up.

Even her face felt warm.

"Ms. Berry."

Abruptly, Winsor's voice traveled to her ears. The muscular man had a cup of ice cream in his hands and was walking toward her with a smile.

"This was just served. I took one for you. Try it."

The romantic tension between Lucas and Ashlyn instantly dissipated.

Ashlyn took the ice cream and stuck out her

tongue to lick it. Satisfaction emerged in her eyes, and she mumbled, "Thank you."

The coldness of Lucas' expression would have frozen the scene if it could.

Sensing the drop in temperature, she looked into Lucas' cold eyes. For a moment, she thought she saw the ice shrouding the latter.

The man's icy gaze was intense, and he looked positively murderous.

Ashlyn stuck out her tongue to lick the ice cream again. It was refreshing.

The texture was great too.

Wrath was boiling in Lucas. Is the food sent by other men that delicious?

Does she have to keep licking it?

What's so nice about it?

Lucas clenched his hands into fists and walked closer to Ashlyn.

She widened her eyes as she stared at him.
"What are trying... Ah!"

Before she could finish her words, she was in midair.

The man was carrying her in a bridal hold.

A word escaped from his thin lips. "Home!"

The natural fragrance from the woman mixed with the sweet scent of the ice cream. She was as sweet as a marshmallow.

The moment the man carried her, he kept away the murderous aura he was exuding.

Sensing the change in Lucas, Winsor held his breath and took a step closer to them to stop

him with a disdainful look. "Mr. Nolan, I don't think it's appropriate for you to force her. Don't you think so too?"

"Move aside," demanded Lucas in a low voice and a malicious look in his eyes.

"Let me down, Lucas." Ashlyn was embarrassed.

She could sense that their commotion had attracted the attention of many.

It was as if the dining hall had turned into a battlefield.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 127

Lucas and Winsor were glaring at each other, and sparks were flying.

Although Ashlyn's sole hurt, it was a minor pain to her.

She raised her hand to pinch Lucas' waist.
"Are you deaf? Put me down!"

Lucas moaned in pain as he lowered his head to see the blush on her angry face.

A sense of tenderness crept into his heart, and he placed her down gently.

The moment Ashlyn's feet reached the ground, she waved at Jared, who was chatting with several others. "Come here, Jared."

Upon hearing her, Jared flashed an apologetic smile at the middle-aged man he was talking to and rushed toward Ashlyn.

Before he could ask her anything, the woman reached out her hand and shot him a glare. "Help me."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Jared was close to calling her 'Your Highness' instead.

"I dare you to leave with him." If looks could kill, Lucas would have killed Jared three times over.

He pursed his lips in silence as he glared at Ashlyn and Jared.

Feeling helpless, Ashlyn muttered, "If I can't leave with him, am I supposed to leave with you? Mr. Nolan, what kind of relationship do we have? Think it through before you answer

me."

The man leaned down to twirl a strand of hair with his fingers. "Don't you know what relationship we have?" he repeated the question to her.

"I know, and that's why I'm leaving with him." Ashlyn reached out to send a flying kiss to Lucas. "See you never."

With her hand on Jared's arm, the two slowly walked out.

Despite the discomfort she was feeling on her soles, her steps remained graceful as if she felt no pain.

The crowd subconsciously moved aside to clear up a path for her.

Rage filled Lucas' lungs instead of air.

That disobedient woman!

Ferociously, he grabbed the whiskey on the table and downed it.

Then he strode toward the direction Ashlyn had left.

By now, Ashlyn and Jared were already out of the hotel. She was waiting for him to get his car from the parking lot.

Her hair billowed from the gust of wind, and she shivered from the cold.

Abruptly, a mighty hand grabbed her fair wrist and tugged harshly. Ashlyn fell into warm arms.

The man unbuttoned his suit jacket and wrapped it around her thin body. It felt as if the heat emanating from his chest was endless.

Ashlyn could feel the man's firm muscles through the thin shirt he was wearing. It was exceptionally obvious as he took slow breaths.

She could even hear the powerful heartbeats in his chest.

A familiar masculine scent wafted across her nose. The man's arms were like steel chains as he restrained her in his arms.

The husky voice and the man's scent crashed toward her like a tsunami wave. "Jared is worse than I."

He left you here in the cold, was what remained in his head, unsaid.

"But he listens to me." Ashlyn's voice was monotonous. "Mr. Nolan, please let go of me."

"No." Lucas' eyes were bright as if a fire were burning in them.

Ashlyn turned to see the man staring at her, unblinking.

The glint in his eyes seemed to have gotten brighter.

He never once shifted his gaze away from her.

At that, Ashlyn knitted her brows. When she saw Lucas' flushed face, a cold look emerged in her eyes.

Something's wrong. Something's off about Lucas' expression.

"What did you drink?"

There was only one thought in his mind.

Pounce on Ashlyn and eat her up.

His strong willpower seemed to have gone on a strike. That thought was the only thing on his mind.

His gaze was fixed on Ashlyn, almost burning holes through her.

In fact, there was a hint of animalistic hunger in his eyes.

"Lucas, what did you eat? What did you drink during dinner?" Ashlyn asked in a firm voice.

Lucas remained silent. All he did was to carry the woman up onto his shoulders and strode

toward his Bentley.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 128

Meanwhile, Spencer had reached the entrance of the hotel.

Lucas threw Ashlyn into the cars with burning greed in his eyes.

The engine of the car slowly started up, and when Jared drove over, he witnessed the scene.

He was at a loss for words.

Boss, I can't do anything about this kind of thing. You're on your own.

In the Bentley, the man's burning gaze would have set the entire car alight.

Ashlyn climbed to a seating position on her seat and stared at Lucas, who had an unusual expression on his face. She pursed her red lips and repeated, "Lucas, did you eat something that was spiked earlier?"

What's wrong with this man?

It's obvious that something has triggered his primitive desires.

"Ms. Berry, did something happen?" Spencer worriedly looked at Lucas.

However, Lucas stared at her with eyes that seemed to get brighter with every second.

He reached out to pull Ashlyn toward him as he snaked his other hand around her waist to pull her into his arms.

"Alcohol. I drank a glass of whiskey."

Before he came out, he had grabbed a glass of whiskey to drink because he was frustrated.

What they did not know was that two servers were trembling in fear at the dinner.

"What now? I served the spiked drink to the wrong person," one server said.

"Who did you give it to?"

"I think it was Mr. Nolan who drank it."

"Are you stupid? The drink was meant for Ms. Berry. You... What do we do now?"

"Let's run."

Right after their conversation, the two took off their server uniforms and ran off into the night.

Meanwhile, in the Bentley, Ashlyn was struggling in Lucas' arms. The heat of the man's palms shocked her.

"Don't move!" Lucas growled.

His large hand grabbed her chin and lifted her head. The woman had a tensed look as her hazel eyes glared at him.

On the other hand, the man's eyes were gleaming frighteningly, and his face was flushed.

When Ashlyn saw Lucas' face, she scoffed coldly.

It was obvious that the whiskey Lucas drank earlier was spiked.

Furthermore, from the way he was acting, it

was something potent.

"Lucas, you've been drugged," Ashlyn hissed at the man.

Lucas scowled. Despite the overwhelming desire, he didn't lose his rationality.

Upon hearing her words, his eyes dimmed, and he frowned at Ashlyn. His tightening throat made his voice hoarse. "Hot... I'm so hot."

He grabbed the woman's cold hands and covered them on his bare neck.

He sighed in relief at the cooling sensation.

The man's head was slightly tilted upward, and his Adam's apple bobbed. In other words, he looked seductive.

Moreover, his wild eyes were narrowed, his long lashes were fluttering, and his sharp nose had beads of sweat on them. The masculine energy he exuded filled every spot of the car. The very look of him sent hearts pounding.

He's too enchanting! He's too alluring!

He's the epitome of masculine beauty!

Ashlyn gulped.

Until now, she had never known that a man could be as sexy and tempting as this.

"Lucas, soon-" Before she could finish her sentence, Lucas pressed her down on the seat with a loud thud.

He was rough. She ended up knocking her head on the seat.

Hence, the strong man pounced on the defenseless Ashlyn.

A throbbing pain came from the back of her head, and Ashlyn now had a terrified look on her face.

She stared at Lucas, who was pinning her down, as the man stared back at her. His dark eyes were like those of a panther watching its prey.

“Lucas Nolan, get up this instant!” The woman bellowed with controlled fury.

Lucas, who had an indifferent look on his face but was on the verge of losing his mind, answered her by pressing his hot lips onto hers.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 129

He sucked and bit on her lips.

It was rough and greedy; it was wild and domineering.

This is not a kiss.

It's a beast venting all of its emotions.

A sharp pain was the only sensation Ashlyn

could feel from her lips.

She narrowed her eyes and moved to push Lucas off her.

However, he tore off his shirt off like a maniac—the silver buttons falling onto the car floor—and revealed his muscular chest.

His actions were feral and menacing.

Ashlyn held her breath for a moment.

"Lucas, have you gone mad? Were you spiked with aphrodisiac or a potion for beast transformation?" she howled furiously as her delicate features twisted into an ugly expression.

She had never been raped.

It was obvious that this was going to lead to a rape case.

Lucas ripped her shirt off.

Frustrated, Ashlyn grabbed his arm and bit down hard on his hand.

He groaned in pain.

Regaining some of his senses, he looked at Ashlyn dazedly. "You're a ruthless woman."

"If you keep this up, I'd think that you haven't been having any for years," Ashlyn mocked.

At the driver's seat, Spencer's face was red from witnessing Lucas' feral actions.

Sir looks indifferent and boring all the time. I never thought that he'd be as wild as this.

He nearly tore the steering wheel off when he saw Lucas ripping his shirt off.

Right then, he saw Whitland Villa's main gates. With a trembling voice, he stuttered, "M-Mr. Nolan, hold on for a little more. We're almost home."

We're finally here!

If Mr. Nolan really goes through his actions in the car, will he dig my eyes out tomorrow morning when he's back to himself?

Which idiot drugged him?

I have to get to the bottom of this.

Ms. Berry is a doctor, so it'll be fine to hand Mr. Nolan to her.

Therefore, once Spencer parked the car in the garage, he fled the scene.

Ashlyn stared at the speeding Spencer, speechless.

The two finally reached home.

The moment they entered, and she was about

to change to indoor slippers, the man grabbed her by her waist and threw her onto the sofa.

He pinned her down with his towering body.

The force made Ashlyn gasp despite herself.

"Damn it!"

The man lowered his head and opened his mouth to bite down on her neck.

Ashlyn hissed.

The pain lit the fire of fury in her again. She

raised her hand, wanting to pinch him by his waist. The man forcefully held her hands above her head.

Ashlyn had not expected a maniacal man to possess strength like this. In terms of strength, she was no match for him.

If Lucas had not lost his mind or drugged, their fight would end up in a tie.

However, all she could do now was a growl as she glared at Lucas, whose eyes were bloodshot.

The woman's delicate features twisted in

anger, and her neck was covered with bite marks.

She could burst into flames any time.

"Lucas, calm down!" She squeezed out the words past her teeth. She was feeling homicidal. The only thought she had in her mind right now was the same as what Spencer had earlier—which idiot drugged this man and made him act like this?

Then Ashlyn sneered. Whoever drugged him is dead meat.

At the same time, the two servers who had

escaped from the hotel abruptly shuddered.

In the room.

Ashlyn reached out her arm and grabbed the teapot to pour its contents onto Lucas' head.

The cold droplets dripped down from the man's now-messy hair. Yet, he still looked stunning despite his disheveled state.

For a moment, some of his rationality returned.

The droplets rolled down his cheeks, and the cooling sensation it brought lowered the

temperature of his face. He narrowed his unfocused eyes and slowly raised his head to see Ashlyn staring at him.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 130

He froze before whispering, "Honey..."

"To the bathroom!" Ashlyn commanded.

She then pushed the man's chest to distance them.

With an arm around the man's waist, Ashlyn helped Lucas to the bathroom with difficulty. The man's footsteps were unsteady, and he placed most of his weight on her.

Without hesitation, she shoved him into the bathtub and turned on the faucet.

Ashlyn watched as the towering man sat in the bathtub quietly. She only turned off the faucet when the water level went past his waist.

Lucas' wet hair made him look much wilder than he usually was.

The cold water made the blush fade on his face, but the soaked man in the tub was a seductive sight.

Splashes of water droplets dotted his chest, and he looked enticing.

With one sitting at the edge of the bathtub and another in the bathtub, the two looked at each other.

"It's hot," said the man after a long while.

His voice was hoarse, and he seemed dazed.

He knew he was sitting in a tub of cold water, but it felt as if he was in a hot spring. If he were hallucinating, he would definitely see his skin turning into lava.

The heat he felt before entering the tub returned with renewed vigor.

This time, it hit him worse than the last.

It's so uncomfortable. I feel like I'm going to explode into flames.

Lucas reached out to grab the edge of the woman's shirt. He then looked at her miserably.

"It's hot," he muttered again.

It's so hot, it's so hot. It felt as if his rationality was burning away. All he wanted to do was to wreck the woman in front of him.

Under the light, she seemed to be glowing; the sight of her was capturing his heart.

Ashlyn furrowed her brows as she looked at Lucas. She could not believe that she had just seen a tinge of helplessness in the

strong man's eyes.

I must be hallucinating.

This man doesn't even fear death. How can he be helpless now?

The heat that radiated from Lucas' fingertips nearly burnt her skin.

"You'll feel better after a while of soaking. I'll change the water for you," Ashlyn said to him before reaching to turn on the faucet.

Abruptly, the man grabbed her hand. "Honey, I'm hot..."

He held her hand in a death grip as he continuously repeated the same few words.

The heat was destroying him, and he was suffering.

There were traces of silent endurance in his eyes, and Ashlyn could see them when she looked at him.

To him, her cold hands were a respite from his suffering. He could not help but press his face into her palms.

He then grabbed Ashlyn's face and stared

into her eyes, the fire burning brightly in his own ones.

"Ashlyn... Ashlyn..." he subconsciously mumbled.

Suddenly, his large hand grabbed the back of the woman's neck and kissed her lips as his other hand pushed her body toward him by holding her waist tightly.

It was a domineering act, as per his usual style.

Yet, Lucas found that this was not enough.

He bit on her lips.

Without warning, he pushed her, and Ashlyn fell into the bathtub in a loud splash.

The man quickly held her down as he kissed and bit her lips.

The sharp pain in her lips instantly attacked her senses.

Ashlyn tried to kick him away, but the man attacked her quicker than she could defend herself.

A hair-raising animalistic look was in his eyes.

Time ticked away.

As if veiled by a blanket of ink, the night was quiet and beautiful.

The only light outside was from the dim moon.

The bedroom in the house was dark, and the scent of love filled the room.

Items were strewn across the floor of the room.

A man and a woman were entwined on the soft, large bed.

My head hurts.

The man on the bed slowly opened his eyes as his head throbbed painfully.

He turned to look at the woman breathing evenly in his arms.

To his shock, he found red marks littered across her fair body.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 131

Then, he realized that the red marks were also littered across his chest.

He froze.

Realization struck him like a bolt from the blue. He raised his head to see a beautiful face.

The woman had long lashes, a button nose, and pink lips; it was none other than Ashlyn.

In a daze, he stared at Ashlyn, who looked like she was tortured, as his face paled.

His memories returned like water escaping from a broken dam.

The images of his delirious actions from last night emerged in his mind.

Last night at the dinner, before he rushed after Ashlyn, he drank a glass of whiskey. What happened next... That whiskey! It's spiked!

If not for that whiskey, I wouldn't have acted this way and hurt her.

He stared at Ashlyn's sleeping face. The skin at the corner of her pink lips was broken. Teeth marks and hickeys scattered across her neck.

Her entire body was black and blue.

She looked like a mess.

He narrowed his dark eyes.

Then, he looked out of the window where the sky was still dark. It's probably around four or five in the morning.

Unable to hold back his urges, he carried Ashlyn to the bathroom and placed her in the tub filled with warm water.

His large hands gently massaged her waist. Surprisingly, Ashlyn, who was a light sleeper, did not wake instantly.

She remained asleep in his arms.

He must have tormented the woman badly last night; Ashlyn was someone who could send Winsor flying with a slap.

As he thought about it, a loving look crept into his eyes.

After cleaning Ashlyn up, Lucas carried her back to the bed before hugging her.

His eyes closed.

Lucas did not know whether it was because of the drug or he was exhausted after the vigorous activity.

He soon fell deep into his sleep.

By the time Lucas woke again, he found himself tied up on the bed.

The woman had worn a set of fitting black leather attire. She barely revealed an inch of her skin, but her figure was showing off in those clothes, and it made him gulp.

A soft whip was in her hands.

He struggled as a hint of rage flashed across his eyes. "Let me go!"

He had never been treated this way in the past.

The woman lifted one of her legs and stepped onto the bed. Crack!

She lashed the whip at him.

Lucas groaned in pain before frowning at Ashlyn with lustful eyes.

Although the woman was wearing conservatively, he realized that fire was crawling in his veins.

He was infuriated. The pity he felt for her earlier dissipated without a trace the moment Ashlyn whipped him.

"Ashlyn, I was drugged."

She sneered, remembering how terribly the man had tormented her last night.

Even when he was drugged, he still took the reins, and his actions had been rough.

It was as if he was a beast that was just released from his cage after years of starvation, and she was the food.

The bed nearly collapsed!

She ground her teeth whenever she thought about her aching waist, torn lips, and bite marks on her neck.

Will this man die without a woman?

I'll have to teach him a lesson today!

She swung her whip downward again and struck the man's naked chest. With a displeased voice, she hissed, "Go on, act ferocious again! How dare you be so vigorous!"

"Can I interpret this as you complimenting that I'm a man full of energy?" By now, Lucas' muscular body was covered in whip marks.

A trace of pain flashed in his eyes as he stared at the woman in front of him.

She's brutal!

Yet, while he was furious with Ashlyn's aggressive actions, he was feeling a touch of enjoyment.

I can't tear my eyes off her. She looks too amazing as a dominating woman.

Ashlyn swept her eyes across the man before she clenched the hand that was holding onto the whip. "Lucas, you only have yourself to blame for this. I'll return twice the pain you've given to me last night."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 132

Crack!

The whip landed again. The man's muscular chest was covered in red whip marks. He did not look disheveled at all; instead, he looked wild and deadly charming.

There was an air of dominance that shrouded him, and there was a crackling flame in his eyes. He hissed, "Ashlyn, you'll regret this!"

"I'm half-dead from your torment. All I'm doing now is to return you a tiny part of what

you've done to me," Ashlyn sneered.

The man started struggling vigorously against the ropes that bound his hands and legs.

He had a terrifying expression on his face as he growled.

When the whip landed again, the man jerked up from the bed.

Snap! It was a loud noise.

He had broken free of his restraints. With bloodshot eyes, he grabbed the whip before it could do anything else.

Ashlyn then fell into his stiff arms.

His divinely features twisted into a wrathful look. When the afternoon sun shone on his face, he looked irresistible.

Being tied up and whipped was an intense humiliation for Lucas.

He scowled and grabbed Ashlyn's waist tightly as if he wanted to meld her into his flesh.

I'm too lenient with her. She's acting like she's the queen of this country!

Ashlyn's hands clenched into fists.

She had not expected Lucas to be so strong. Those ropes were nylon!

She knew that this man was exceptionally strong all along. But not like this!

She could sense the fury burning in Lucas'

veins. It was burning so strong that he wanted to shred her right here and right now.

However, she was not a cowardly woman.

Just as she was about to struggle her way out, the man's lips abruptly on hers, as though he was punishing her.

Okay, I admit I was playing rough earlier, but why does it matter?

In an instant, she took control of the situation and started attacking Lucas' lips instead.

It was as if she was competing with the man.

More than an hour later, Ashlyn lay on the bed, exhausted, and fell asleep.

Lucas huffed angrily as he slapped her bottom twice.

What a disobedient girl!

How dare you do such a thing to me?

By the time Ashlyn woke again, it was already evening.

Her eyes swept across the room before realizing that Lucas was not on the bed. Instead, there were sounds of running water coming from the bathroom.

She picked up her clothes and put them on. Then she nimbly climbed over the window. Pressing down hard on the railings, she swung her legs above it and landed on the grass.

Enduring the discomfort she was feeling, she ran to the gates. After sweeping her gaze at her surroundings, she climbed up the wall and escaped the compound.

She had beaten up Lucas. That tyrannical man was barely a man at all. He had trapped her on the bed for an entire day and night, and she did not want to keep up with him.

Lucas was an energetic ox, and she was but a weak land; she could not continue to endure him endlessly ploughing her soil.

After leaving the villa, she raised her head to look at the beautiful red setting sun.

I hope he never comes for me ever again.

The clouds slowly drifted with the wind. Eventually, the sun was covered up.

The silent land made the world seem more mysterious.

Meanwhile, back in the bedroom.

A cold breeze entered the room and billowed the thin curtains.

Lucas was drying his hair and walking out of the bedroom when he froze.

He stared at the empty bed.

The woman who was supposed to be sleeping

on it had disappeared without a trace.

He furrowed his brows in displeasure as he looked around in the room.

"Ashlyn."

Yet, no one responded to him. Where did she go?

With a towel around his waist, Lucas strode out of his bedroom.

The entire house was empty and silent.

Lucas narrowed his eyes and scowled. He then took out his phone, about to call Ashlyn.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 133

However, Spencer called, and Lucas picked it up. "Do you need something?"

"Mr. Nolan, I've found out some things about last night." Spencer's voice came from the other end of the line.

"Speak," the man ordered.

Two minutes later, his cold, furious tone made sweat bead on Spencer's forehead. "Tell those assholes that I want whichever hand of theirs that spiked the drink."

It was as if the murderous aura traveled through the phone with his voice.

"Of course, Mr. Nolan." Spencer swiftly ended the call, terrified. Mr. Nolan is mad about yesterday's incident.

Unable to contain his fury, Lucas threw his phone onto the ground. Even the surrounding air dropped in temperature.

His eyes were gloomy, and his hands clenched so tightly that veins were popping on his arms.

Staring at the room that they had made love, his lips parted.

"Ashlyn, how dare you sleep with me and escape again!"

After Spencer ended the call, he brought several men to apprehend the two servers and send them to Whitland Villa.

When Spencer, huffing from the activity, saw Lucas, he was dumbfounded.

The man's broad chest was littered with red marks. It looks like... whip marks?

Spencer gulped.

"Mr. Nolan, the two culprits are downstairs."

Upon hearing his words, Lucas turned his icy gaze to Spencer. "Do you still need me to teach you what to do?"

His voice rang in the latter's mind like the devil's voice, and Spencer's heart skipped a beat. Hastily, he said, "I'll work on it right away!"

Soon, agonizing screams came from the floor below.

"Ah!"

"Ah!"

The two servers were rolling on the ground in pain.

Blood was gushing out of their wounds.

One arm from each of them had been chopped off. Moreover, the fingers of their severed arms were still wriggling on the floor.

Spencer uttered, "Are you going to tell me or not?"

One of them, who was sprawled on the ground, shrieked, "A woman! It was a woman in a mask who gave us 200 thousand."

Another howled, "We'll tell you everything! She said that we have to let Ms. Berry drink

the whiskey. After it's done, she'll give us another 200 thousand. She told us the drug is exceptionally potent. If Ms. Berry didn't get it out of her system in time, she won't be able to have sex, and she'll lose all her interest in sex for the rest of her life."

"No! We won't dare to lie to you. We really won't!"

"She gave us cash!"

Upon hearing their words, Spencer gave them a few more kicks. "Where did that woman meet up with you?"

"In the restroom. The restroom on the hotel's second floor."

Spencer ordered his men, "Take them away and check the security footage near the restrooms."

Although Lucas was in his room, he could hear the commotion downstairs.

When he heard that the original target for the drink was Ashlyn, his heart skipped a beat.

He knew how potent the drug was last night.

If Ashlyn had been the one to drink it... I'm afraid she won't be able to get through the night.

The one behind this is cruel. She aims to force Ashlyn not to have sex for the rest of her life.

In other words, Ashlyn would've lost one of her pleasures in life.

Rage swirled in his chest like lava. I have to find out who is behind this!

How dare she hurt my woman?

Instead of returning to Bayview Villa, Ashlyn went back to her apartment that was located far from the city in a remote area.

However, the remote area was in a great environment, and it was close to a lake.

Ashlyn had always liked places that were near bodies of water.

When she stood on her apartment balcony, she could see the clear lake, the little yachts on it, and the beautiful blue sky reflected on the surface of the lake. It was a sight that took her worries away.

Right now, she was on the balcony of her eighteenth-floor apartment with a glass of

red wine in one hand. Quietly, she enjoyed the calming moment.

The breeze gently blew on her face as she watched the ripples on the lake formed.

The bite marks on her neck were still visible, but it did not affect her mood.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 134

Just then, her phone rang. With a raised brow, she glanced at the unfamiliar number.

After a moment of hesitation, she picked up the call. "Hello."

"Is this Ms. Berry? Hello, I'm Sienna Oates, the trustee of Haddock Charity and Mr. Haddock's aunt," came Sienna's gentle voice from the other end of the line. There was a hint of mockery in her voice, barely detectable.

Sienna felt that she was lowering herself to call a woman like Ashlyn, who was dependent on a man for a living.

Yet, when she thought about the familiar way the latter flitted around Jared and Winsor,

Sienna told herself that she was doing this for the two prominent figures and the mysterious Madeline Saunders.

Otherwise, she would not have wasted her time on Ashlyn. She had always seen herself as a strong and independent woman, and she looked down on women who were dependent on men.

Tamping down the disdain she had for Ashlyn, she muttered, "Ms. Berry, are you there?"

Ashlyn swirled her glass half-heartedly. "Ms. Oates, do you have something you need from me?"

"Our charity will be holding an event soon. We're hoping to invite you to it. May I know if you'd be interested in it?"

"Didn't I attend the Haddock Group's charity gala a few days ago?" Ashlyn queried.

Haddock Group? Ha.

What a coincidence that I'm interested in it right now.

Therefore, Ashlyn said, "Sure. Thank you, Ms. Oates, for the invitation. I'll definitely come as promised."

Once she ended the call, Horace called. "Ashlyn, when are you going to come with me to meet Dixon? Arthur's health has been deteriorating. You're a good doctor, and I'm sure you can treat him back to good health."

A sneer grew on Ashlyn's lips. "When did I agree to meet Dixon?"

Where did he find the confidence?

"Didn't you agree to it the last time you came home?" Horace softened his tone. "My dear daughter, just save your dad. You can't possibly watch and do nothing as the Haddock family goes down in flames? My family business will be the one to provide for your grandmother."

"Don't drag my grandmother into your matters all the time." Ashlyn narrowed her eyes. "I'd suggest that you get less involved with the Haddocks' affairs."

"How can you talk to me like this? Remember that I'm your father," Horace fumed. He was upset that he had to lower himself to plead

for help from his daughter. "Penelope is way better than you. She consoles me every time she comes back. What about you? Huh? All you do is to infuriate me. Tell me now. Are you going to treat Arthur or not?"

"If I refuse, what are you going to do?"

"Then I can't guarantee your grandmother's safety. I heard things can easily happen to old people on hot days like these," Horace said coldly. "Even if you refuse to treat Arthur, I'm sure you'll want to treat your grandmother."

"Horace Berry, I never knew you can be this shameless?" Anger rose in Ashlyn's heart like

a tide. Even his mother can't escape from his schemes. How can a man like him be my biological father?

The helpless yet furious feeling she was experiencing made her on the verge of exploding into flames.

She had offered to bring her grandmother away from the Berry family, but her grandmother refused every time.

Furthermore, Ashlyn could not pressure the old woman to do things she did not want to.

Now, Horace was blackmailing her with her

grandmother.

She would not have batted an eye if it were a stranger, but her grandmother was her family.

She could never let any harm come to her.

"Ashlyn, don't blame me for this. You were the one who forced me to do this. I was kind to ask you nicely. Since you refuse to do it, I'll have to take some extreme measures."

Horace could hear the fury in Ashlyn's tone. He smugly said, "I've been nice, but you don't want it. I'll invite Dixon to our house tonight. I hope you'll be punctual."

With that said, Horace ended the call.

Infuriated by her father's words, Ashlyn gritted her teeth.

Dixon, I've yet to come for you, but you've come to my doorstep instead.

Very well.

At six in the evening, Ashlyn reached Berry Residence on time.

After momentarily staring at the evening sun,

Ashlyn turned to look at the Berry Residence gates instead.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 135

A black Mercedes-Benz was parked outside the Berry Residence. It did not take a genius to know that the car must be Dixon's.

She did not expect him to arrive early.

With a tight grip on her purse, she entered the Berry Residence and went straight to the living room.

The moment she stepped into the house, she saw a feminine-looking man sitting casually on the sofa. The man looked unruly, like a playboy.

Penelope was looking at Dixon with admiration in her eyes. Shyly, she served some custards to the man. "Dixon, I made these custards myself. Please have a try."

"Are you saying that I look like a woman?"
Dixon scowled as he glared at her.

The appeasing smile on Penelope's face froze as she mumbled, "Mr. Haddock, you've

misinterpreted me. I just wanted to show you my kitchen skills."

A scoff of disdain escaped Dixon as he ordered, "Take it away. I don't want it."

Feeling upset and aggrieved, Penelope murmured with a reddened face, "I'm sorry, Mr. Haddock."

When Ashlyn saw the scene, she nearly laughed.

It was obvious that Penelope had tried to

butter him up, but to no avail.

She wanted to show him that she was 'wife material'.

Unable to hold it back any longer, Ashlyn chuckled softly before looking at Dixon. "Mr. Haddock, we meet again."

At that moment, Dixon heard a clear, chime-like familiar voice sounding from behind him.

He turned to look at the door to find Ashlyn

looking at Penelope and him with smiling eyes.

However, she seemed amused, as if she had just witnessed the unfolding of a drama.

It's her!

The woman who knows Ms. Saunders at the charity gala.

The woman who has Jared and Winsor wrapped around her finger.

Unlike the formal attire she wore at the charity gala, Ashlyn had worn a simple white dress and shoes today. Her hair was also tied

up in a ponytail.

She did not even apply any colored tint to her lips.

Her milky skin was so fair it was almost translucent.

She was without makeup, but she looked spectacular. She's part of the Berry family? Ashlyn did not look like she fit into the Berry family. Dixon had been impressed by her, but now that he had found out she was one of the Berrys, he was disappointed.

He did not even know why he felt that way.

Dixon looked at Ashlyn gloomily, who was standing by the doorway. Penelope spotted the shock in his eyes that he could not hide away in time.

Furious, she bit down hard on her lower lip before she pitifully brought the bowl of custard back to the kitchen.

Ashlyn.

Ashlyn again!

She had finally found someone to invest in, but Ashlyn had stolen the limelight again.

Since young, Ashlyn's exquisite face had bewitched countless men.

Both of them studied at the same school. In the beginning, the boys were all buttering her up. Once they were familiar with her, they would use her to gift Ashlyn presents and love letters.

She was done with this feeling.

When Penelope reemerged from the kitchen, she had a plate of fruits in her hands.

"Ashlyn, you're back. Why don't you come in?"

"Penelope, drop that fake smile on your face. It's disgusting."

Ashlyn entered the living room and sat on the sofa opposite Dixon.

She crossed her legs, and those fair legs shone under the bright lights of the living room.

It was an alluring sight.

Penelope froze. In response to Ashlyn's harsh words, her frown deepened. "Mr. Haddock, I'm sorry. My sister's not too good with her

words."

"My mom didn't give birth to you. Don't pretend we're close to each other." Ashlyn shot her a glare, exposing her for her show again.

Penelope took in a deep breath. Mr. Haddock is here. I can't lose my temper now.

I can't fall for this b*tch's tricks.

With the perfect look of a loving sister, Penelope said, "Ashlyn, it's been a while since you were home, so you must not know about this. I'm working at the First Hospital now."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 136

"Oh? You must've only started work recently, right? Which department are you from?"

Ashlyn sized up Penelope. Her grades didn't meet the academic requirement of medical school.

Horace had to pay five hundred thousand to buy her a spot in medical school because of that.

Besides that, he must've spent a lot a fortune to secure a position for her in the city's First Hospital.

"I'm a surgeon." Penelope smiled smugly because she got into First Hospital, despite its strict admission requirements.

"Oh, I see." Ashlyn nodded in acknowledgement because she was a surgeon too.

Penelope must've stood in for me the past few days where I wasn't in the hospital.

The world really is small.

Penelope was a little disappointed because she sensed no trace of envy or jealousy from Ashlyn. She thought Ashlyn would be resentful of her once she mentioned where she worked at.

However, this is not unexpected for a two-faced woman like her. She must be feeling very jealous right now, even though she doesn't show it, Penelope thought gleefully.

At that moment, Horace and Mary came out from the kitchen with some food in their hands. Horace smiled ostentatiously and said,

"Mr. Haddock, please take a seat."

This dinner was prepared personally by Mary and himself since four in the afternoon.

"Mr. Haddock, these are all home-cooked dishes, so please enjoy it," Mary said as she signaled Penelope with a look.

The girl immediately understood what her mother meant, so she hurriedly stepped to the dining room and pulled out a chair for Dixon. "Mr. Haddock, please take a seat."

When Ashlyn saw how pretentious the family of three was, she was so revolted she felt

like puking.

Horace only noticed her when she stepped into the dining room as well. "You're back."

"Yeah," Ashlyn replied monotonously.

Dixon was present, so Horace didn't comment on her behavior. Instead, he turned to Dixon and said, "Mr. Haddock, I prepared this crab dish personally. Please try it."

Mary smiled and poured a glass of wine for Dixon. "Mr. Haddock, Horace isn't that great

in cooking, but this crab dish of his is undeniably tasty."

"I dislike crabs immensely," Dixon said in a haughty tone.

Besides that, he disliked how the family was acting too.

If Horace didn't mention that he found an amazing doctor who can help Grandpa, I definitely wouldn't have stepped in here.

During the auction in the hotel, I fired the ignorant project manager.

How can a design company as sh*tty as the Berrys deserve to cooperate with Haddock Group?

It's absolutely ridiculous!

Someone almost died from that mess.

Right now, Dixon was speculating that Horace was lying to him about the amazing doctor.

I don't see anyone else except for the Berry couple and their two daughters.

Where the heck is the doctor?

On the other hand, the Berry couple flinched on the spot out of embarrassment.

They were frustrated at how Dixon didn't even try to be polite to them, but they thought about how their family's fate was in his hands.

At that thought, Horace had no choice but to say, "Mr. Haddock, maybe you can try something else. I prepared all these dishes myself."

"This wine is pretty good." Dixon swirled the glass of wine in his hands.

Evidently, he didn't even want to have a bite of Horace's cooking.

Ashlyn observed quietly from aside as she felt her father's embarrassment.

"Horace Berry, cut to the chase. Where is the doctor you were mentioning about?"

Dixon put down his glass of wine and asked impatiently.

"Mr. Haddock, don't worry. That person is closer to you than you think."

Dixon looked at Penelope. Is Horace

completely bonkers? Penelope is a surgeon, but she doesn't look experienced at all! Besides that, she said she has just started working in the hospital. She's definitely just a novice!

Rage surged within him as his gaze turned icy. "Are you messing around with me?"

Penelope flinched as well as she stared at Horace anxiously. "Dad... I only started work a few days ago... I-I can't do it."

Post navigation

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 137

Treating a common cold is fine, but treating old Mr. Haddock is way above my abilities!

Ashlyn cocked her eyebrows. At least Penelope has some self-awareness.

Horace instantly understood that there was a misunderstanding going on, so he explained, "No, no. I was referring to my younger daughter, Ashlyn. She's really amazing! A lot of important people want her to give them a consultation!"

Penelope was so shocked she dropped her cutlery when she heard that. She shrieked, "Dad, is Ashlyn even a doctor? Did you get something mixed up?"

"Shut up!" Horace glared at her. The family had been hiding the fact that Ashlyn was working in First Hospital from Penelope because they didn't want to upset their elder daughter.

In particular, Mary knew how competitive her daughter was, so she definitely didn't want to cause distress to her. That was the reason Horace and she wanted to send Penelope to the First Hospital at all costs.

They thought if Ashlyn could get in the hospital, then Penelope would do the same.

"Horace Berry!" Dixon's icy expression at that moment was terrifying.

Fury filled every corner of his contorted face as he glared at Horace. "You really have a death wish, huh?"

This Ashlyn lady stole the limelight during the gala, toyed with Winsor and Jared, and even seduced Lucas! What a vixen!

So what if she's attractive?

She's nothing but a pretty face!

How dare she refer to herself as a famous doctor?

The Berry family really is a sh*thole filled with pieces of trash!

He pointed at Penelope and said, "At least this one works in the hospital."

He then pointed at Ashlyn and exclaimed,
"What about her? If she really is a doctor,
I'll strip naked right now!"

"Mr. Haddock, you must be mistaken. Please
hear me out!" Horace was absolutely
petrified.

However, he stood up abruptly as his tall and
imposing figure loomed over the rest of
them. "Horace, Berry Furnishings is going
bankrupt for sure."

He then left immediately, despite Horace's
desperate pleas.

The whole ordeal entertained Ashlyn as she stood up too. "I'm leaving."

When she reached the entrance, she saw Dixon's chauffeur opening the car door for him.

Besides that, she saw her father hovering around the man like a persistent fly.

Ashlyn smiled and approached the car as she said, "Mr. Haddock, I hope you will remember what you said to me today."

Even though being doubted annoyed her, she was still very pleased when she saw how

miserable Horace was.

He always tries to look for shortcuts instead of putting in effort himself, so he will never succeed.

Lady Luck will never favor someone like him.

An evil glint flashed in Dixon's eyes as he stared at Ashlyn with a mocking gaze.

"Haha-"

The car then sped off, leaving an amused Ashlyn and an enraged Horace.

"Damn it! What the f***! Psycho!" Horace

cursed.

Ashlyn's head ached whenever she heard his voice, so she walked away and went back to her house without another word.

When she reached, she thought that something was amiss, yet she couldn't figure out what it was.

She didn't eat in the Berry family's house, so she made some noodles for herself. Only then did she realize what was bugging her. She didn't see her grandmother.

Well, it's not unexpected that Horace didn't

invite Grandma because they were meeting Dixon.

She sighed and turned on the customized laptop.

Her fingers flitted nimbly on the keyboard as she logged into an underground group.

The group's name was 'Mysterious yet Majestic', and it had only seven members.

Despite the small number of people, they were the ones who started an underground organization all by themselves.

Messages kept popping up in the group, indicating that a lively discussion was going on.

Flying Fish posed a question. Who do you think is Lucas Nolan's wife?

Boss responded to him. You're a lady. Why are you so interested in someone's wife? Are you a lesbian now?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 137

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My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 139

Even Jared doesn't know where she is.

He glared menacingly at the phone that Spencer used to make the call earlier.

The assistant could feel the fiery gaze burning into him. He clenched his phone

tightly because he didn't want his recently bought phone to fall victim to his boss' fit of fury.

"Call her again!" Lucas barked.

Spencer had no choice but to call Ashlyn again. "Ms. Berry, we're in trouble! Mr. Nolan fainted!"

"Call the ambulance then!" Ashlyn was perplexed. "I'm not an emergency physician."

I really can't stand Lucas. What is he up to

this time?

Does he think I will believe in everything he says just because he asked Spencer to call me?

Spencer turned around with a pained expression and whimpered, "Mr. Nolan... Ms. Berry...."

"Call the ambulance!" Lucas gazed coldly at the night sky through the window.

What a vicious woman!

Spencer was stunned because his boss heard every word.

Isn't calling an ambulance a little too much?

Five minutes later, Ashlyn received a call from the hospital.

"Hello, is this Dr. Berry? I'm the head of the emergency department, Quentin Shakes. Our department urgently needs your help right now because there's an important patient requiring immediate medical attention. Can

you make your way to the hospital?"

Ashlyn frowned. She rarely provided emergency care. Why did the emergency department call me?

"Dr. Berry, I know you only carry out two surgeries per month, so I'm sorry for asking for your help. But, we just want you to provide us with some advice about the operation and assist the surgeon. Don't worry, I definitely won't ask you to participate in the operation. Is that alright with you?"

Dr. Shakes was so afraid of the patient that he almost sobbed.

Good Heavens!

His knees went weak and his back was drenched in a cold sweat because of the patient's menacing and horrifying gaze.

Why did the ambulance bring back such a frightening man!

He exuded an oppressing aura while he sat down. All the doctors and nurses were too afraid to even make a sound.

Did a devil come to visit us? Everyone knows President Nolan is ruthless and callous!

"Dr. Shakes, don't worry. I'll head over right now." Ashlyn had her doubts, but she still changed her clothes and stepped out of her house.

He breathed a sigh of relief after he hung up and said to Lucas cautiously, "Mr. Nolan, Dr. Berry will be arriving soon."

As he finished his sentence, the horrifying aura that Lucas exuded dissipated instantly and everyone could sense the noticeable difference in the atmosphere.

They were suffocating from the fear and

anxiety, but they could finally relax.

If Dr. Berry doesn't show up, we won't live to see the next sunrise!

"Nolan Group will send fifty ambulances of the latest model to the hospital tomorrow," Lucas announced while Spencer took out a business card.

"Dr. Shakes, this is my business card. I'll be responsible for overseeing the donation of the ambulances."

The doctor was stunned for a brief moment before he broke into an ecstatic smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Nolan. Thank you, Mr. White."

Everyone was rendered speechless.

Fifty new ambulances!

How rich is this man even?

Ashlyn went to the hospital by taxi and headed straight to the emergency department.

The moment she stepped inside, a nurse approached her and exclaimed as if he had met his savior, "Dr. Berry, you're finally

here!"

It's just one patient, right? How difficult can things get? Why did they send someone to receive me?

Ashlyn frowned because she sensed something was amiss.

She asked very bluntly, "What's wrong with the patient?"

The nurse had an indecipherable expression as he replied, "You'll find out soon enough."

Is it a very rare disease of some sort?

Ashlyn was very curious about the patient's condition, so she picked up her pace and headed to Dr. Shakes' office.

However, the moment she stepped in, she flinched in shock.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 140

A man was sitting in Dr. Shakes' seat, and he was flipping through some medical records with his bony fingers.

The tuxedo he wore was darker than the night sky, yet the diamonds adorned on his

sleeve cuffs glistened in a luxurious shimmer.

When Lucas heard the footsteps, he cast a brooding and icy gaze at Ashlyn.

The aura he exuded formed a stark contrast with the modest office, and Ashlyn thought Lucas' presence made the cramped office seem more luxurious than it actually was.

She regained her senses after a long while.
"Why are you here?"

Her beautiful eyes scanned across the

doctors and nurses who seem absolutely terrified, and she finally understood what was going on.

"Are you the patient that they're talking about?"

The patient's condition really is difficult and irksome.

No wonder the nurse seemed so conflicted just now.

Probably everyone will have a headache when

they're facing Lucas, right?

Meanwhile, Dr. Shakes seemed grateful that he survived a disaster. "Dr. Berry, I'll leave Mr. Nolan to you. I believe in your abilities!"

In the ward, everyone, including Spencer, had already left.

Ashlyn stared at Lucas with a frustrated look and asked, "What do you want?"

How can a grown man like him be so childish!

"You asked me to call for an ambulance,"
Lucas responded with an emotionless gaze
that was unwittingly filled with greed.

On the other hand, Ashlyn was utterly vexed.

"What I meant was..."

Screw it. There's no use trying to reason with
a psychopath like him.

"You seem fine. I'll get going."

She turned around and prepared to leave, but

the man suddenly clasped her wrists.

He said in a pitiful tone, "Ever since you left, I haven't been sleeping or eating."

Ashlyn was at a loss for words.

A grown man like you asking for sympathy?
Absolutely ridiculous!

Are you a toddler?

Do you think I will pity you just because of your pleas?

She turned around furiously and met his emotional gaze. In an instant, her frustration melted away like a block of ice under the scorching sun.

Lucas has always been a picky eater, and intuition tells me he's not lying to me.

She declared out of annoyance, "I'll ask Spencer to buy you a meal."

The food served in this hospital is quite light and healthy, and Lucas will definitely eat it. He's a picky eater, yet he's still very easy to sate.

Before the divorce, he would eat anything I cook, including the bland dishes I make when I'm lazy to whip up anything fancier. He never complained about it being too tasteless or anything.

I really don't understand how his mind works!

What a weirdo!

In a moment, Spencer came in with a simple and light meal he bought from the cafeteria.

The meal consisted of lightly grilled fish, salad, and a small pile of grapes.

Meanwhile, Dr. Shakes and the other doctors and nurses hung around the nursing station and saw the food Spencer bought. They whispered to each other, "Why did Mr. White buy something so ordinary?"

"I think that Mr. Nolan's taste is quite weird as well."

"Do you know what happened? When I drove to pick him up, he looked absolutely terrible because he didn't eat or sleep for two whole days! What a weirdo."

"What is his relationship with Dr. Berry?"

"Dr. Berry is so pretty. Do you think that Mr. Nolan took a liking to her?"

Dr. Shakes coughed softly. "Don't make baseless assumptions!"

The nurses chuckled. "Dr. Shakes, you're the happiest one out of the bunch, right? The emergency department actually got fifty brand-new ambulances for free!"

"This is definitely one of the highlights in your career, right? Dr. Shakes?"

The ecstatic expression Dr. Shakes had right now was completely different from the

dejected one plastered on his face earlier.
"I'll make sure to share the limelight with everyone! After all, I didn't do it myself!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 141

Meanwhile, in the ER.

Lucas didn't seem to mind the simple dinner as he said, "Please... stay with me."

Ashlyn sat down in front of him and sighed.
Thank God he didn't ask me to feed him.

"Lucas Nolan, you're not a kid. You should be able to eat even without my company, right?"

The famished man with a poor appetite nodded as a reply. "Yeah."

My appetite is coming back to me because she's here.

I suddenly feel like eating again.

The man picked up the cutlery slowly and cut into the fish elegantly.

It was a very simple meal, but the way he carried himself throughout the meal made it seem like he was in a fancy restaurant.

He ate slowly because his empty stomach couldn't take a lot of food at once.

His stomach ached slightly, but he ignored it.

Half an hour later, Lucas finished his meal, so Ashlyn stood up and declared, "I'm leaving. Go home."

Lucas, on the other hand, stared at the bed in the ER and proclaimed, "I want to sleep."

Ashlyn was perplexed. "Sleep?"

She then pointed at the narrow bed and asked, "Are you sure?"

The man nodded and stood up abruptly. With a healthy stride, he went and lay down on the bed. "Sleep with me for two hours."

Ashlyn was utterly stunned when she saw the man whose legs were dangling from the bed that was way too short for him.

Has Lucas gone insane?

Is he really gonna sleep on the bed in the ER?

But there's nothing on it, not even a blanket!

Is he not afraid of catching a cold?

Gosh. Lucas really is sick in his head!

She shuffled toward the door quietly and waved to Spencer.

Spencer hurried to her as she opened the door slightly to show him what was inside the

room.

The sight that greeted Spencer was his commanding and powerful boss lying down on the threadbare bed.

"Go and... ask the nurse for a clean blanket," Ashlyn instructed softly.

Spencer heeded her command, and before long, he came back with a new blanket.

Ashlyn took the blanket from him and gently covered Lucas with it.

He should be asleep right now.

Just as she was about to leave, she was suddenly pulled into the man's embrace!

In an instant, she found herself lying on him.

She could almost feel his solid and defined pectorals, so she was rendered speechless.

Is he acting up because he gained enough energy from the meal just now?

Does he need me? Can't he sleep on his own?

"Lucas, go home if you want to sleep. This is

the ER, not a place for you to fool around."

The man pulled her closer and muttered,
"Comfy. So comfy."

Comfy my a**!

Ashlyn was speechless!

On the other hand, Lucas didn't make a sound anymore as his breathing started to become regular.

He was asleep, yet his powerful arms prevented Ashlyn from escaping. She had no choice but to lay on him in a bizarre position.

She was absolutely helpless in this situation.

She wanted to give Lucas a forceful smack, but she couldn't bring herself to do it.

She had a feeling that Lucas was just as skilled at her in combat, or maybe even better.

He was always the strongest recruit during the captain's physical training sessions. Besides that, I heard that he's trained in combat ever since he's a child. Even so, I don't know how strong he actually is.

As she snapped out of that thought, she realized the man beneath her was so brilliantly handsome that he lit up the whole ER room.

His features were defined and his lips were intricately shaped. Even his hair was perfect in every way.

Because she was lying on him, her lips could reach his sexy neck if she lowered her head a little.

Her lips were dangerously close to his body. All she could do was twist her head at an awkward angle or raise her head.

Why is life so difficult?

The most frustrating thing is, once I get too close to him and take a whiff of his alluring scent, blood will rush to my head and make me lose all sense of sanity.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 142

The Spirogyra was tempting and manipulating her incessantly, so she had to take a deep breath to suppress the lust she felt.

I was abused by this man for a whole night a few days ago.

Even though I took my revenge and dumped him, I still don't want to make love to him at all right now!

This is just ridiculous!

However, no matter how much she despised that thought, her body reacted honestly.

Why is something so excruciating happening to me?

How long have I been laying on him? My neck aches so much it's about to snap!

After the ordeal, she was finally about to fall asleep.

However, a sharp knock echoed throughout the silent room and stunned Ashlyn.

She said, "Come in."

Just as Spencer stepped inside, he saw this... bizarre scene. Ashlyn was leaning on Lucas' chest, yet her feet were planted firmly on

the ground, and her body wasn't lying on Lucas as well.

Only someone as physically fit as Ashlyn could withstand being in such an awkward position. Anyone else would've given up after a few minutes.

Ashlyn knew Spencer was the one who knocked because no one else would dare to do that.

"Mr. White, hurry and pry this psychopath's hands away from me," Ashlyn instructed urgently.

She was stiff and uncomfortable, yet she couldn't break free from his grasp.

On the other hand, Spencer only came in to check on them because they didn't come out of the room even after two hours.

He gulped instinctively and approached Ashlyn. "Please excuse me, Ms. Berry."

Ashlyn stared at him excitedly and expectantly. "Hurry."

However, Spencer lifted her legs and placed

them on the bed, and her entire body was now sprawling on Lucas'.

Ashlyn was rendered speechless.

Didn't I ask him to set me free?

Why am I even closer to Lucas now?

"Spencer, what the hell?"

She glared at him menacingly, and she looked almost just like Lucas at that moment.

His entire body trembled as he tried to

muster up the courage to say, "Ms. Berry, Mr. Nolan, um... I'm his assistant, and he likes to be close to you... Um, don't worry, Mr. Nolan donated fifty ambulances and booked this room so no one else will disturb you tonight."

After that, Spencer took off in a flash, leaving Ashlyn seething in rage.

All her strength and prestige were rendered useless when she was facing the psychopath, Lucas.

He slept soundly and remained that way even when Spencer shambled around the room just now.

Why is he sleeping so soundly right now?

Is this whole 'insomnia' thing an act? Did he lie?

Ashlyn glared at Lucas in rage, but she had a change of mind when she saw the dark circles beneath his eyes.

Maybe he really... didn't rest well these few days.

"Lucas, let me go! Hey! Wake up! Lucas, this is the ER, not your home!"

The man woke up slowly. His eyes were bloodshot from the lack of sleep.

His gaze at that moment could burn a hole through the walls.

However, when he saw the woman in his arms, his gaze softened slightly even though his expression remained stoic.

Ashlyn remembered that before the divorce, Lucas' one weakness was when she acted all coquettish to him.

However, she hated doing that, and she never acted that way to him after the divorce.

Even so, desperate times called for desperate measures. She recalled the saccharine and gentle tone she used before and said, "My neck is about to snap. Can we go home?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 143

The terrifying look in Lucas's eyes had dissipated in an instant without a trace.

The words he heard were relatively unbelievable. It's been so long... Since she was this sweet.

The man's focus was on her round and glistening eyes; they reminded him of a lark. Suddenly, a thought crossed his mind.

If she remains this way, I'd even lay down my life for her, let alone a trivial request.

Lucas replied instinctively, "Sure!"

Ashlyn was overjoyed with his answer, "Great! Let go of me now!"

Her arms and neck were almost broken from being strangled by him.

If this were to go on for the rest of the night, she might be the first doctor to die from such a peculiar sleeping posture.

The man stared at her for a while before pinching her chin gently. Then, he whispered in her ear with a hoarse voice, "I'll let you go if you come home and sleep together with me."

"Huh?" Ashlyn was dumbfounded.

She had been talking back to him regularly all

this while after their divorce and had left him speechless for many a time.

This time, however, she was the one being rendered speechless.

What I meant was that we go back to our own homes, okay?

Lucas remained his gaze on her with his eyes gradually turning gloomy, "Go back to Whitland Villa."

Ashlyn had an icy expression on her face

while sitting in the car on their journey back to Whitland Villa. It was as though a layer of ice covered her entire body.

Spencer was speechless.

What an intimidating aura! Mr. Nolan might be the only person who can stand up to her! Most people wouldn't be able to take on this unstoppable woman! So the sweet and gentle Ms. Berry we used to know was just an act?

Ashlyn's anger didn't recede even when she was lying on the bed with Lucas.

Screw that damned ER and the ambulance! I'll

get even with you, Lucas! How dare you make a fool out of me!

As the thought crossed her mind, she turned to glare at the source of her rage only to find him sleeping soundly—much to her annoyance.

What the... He sleeps like a baby! I've never seen him suffering from insomnia before our divorce. But now he has become an insomniac? Who would believe this bullshit?

Ashlyn gradually fell asleep as she contemplated about this matter.

The man opened his eyes after his slumber when the morning came. A familiar sweet scent of a woman was lingering around his nose; it calmed the irritation and wrath inside of him.

Consequently, his furious expression softened, and he lowered his head to look at his arms only to catch sight of a woman curled up like a furry pet and looked like a sleeping beauty.

At this, the emptiness in his heart seemed to be filled.

Nothing in this world could bring him this sense of relief.

Long ago, he thought that his emptiness could be filled by the girl from his younger days.

Because of that, the coincidental meeting with Hera after his grandpa's death made him think that he had found his belonging.

Hence, he proposed to divorce Ashlyn but only noticed afterward that her absence was unbearable for him.

Even though there was no love in their marriage, four years of living together had caused him to be used to each other's habits, lifestyle and increased in tacit

understanding.

He couldn't adapt to the sudden changes in his life.

At first, he had convinced himself that he needed time to get used to this new life.

But it had been a month, and the circumstances didn't seem to improve.

It was only when he had seen Ashlyn that he felt alive and comfortable.

There were recurring events of him gritting his teeth because of her, yet the sight of

her comforted him much, even if it was from a distance.

Then, it came to his realization that he might suffer from some hidden disease other than his manic episode.

His expression was indecipherable.

But little did he know that Hera, whom he thought was the oasis of his empty heart, had been replaced by another person. His obsession was merely a mirage from his younger days.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 144

The man leaned over and planted a kiss on Ashlyn's lips.

The morning sun seeped in through gaps between the curtains, and the atmosphere of the entire bedroom was lifted up.

Suddenly, he felt like there was immense energy coursing through his body due to being exposed to the sunlight.

At this moment, the phone on the nightstand buzzed.

So, he immediately picked it up and saw a message from Hera.

Lucas, I've heard that LX flagship store is launching their new collection. Will you go shopping with me? I wanna buy you a cup of coffee.

Right then, he glanced through the text and then put the phone aside indifferently.

When Ashlyn woke up from her sleep, she saw a man staring intensely at her.

She then cracked her sore neck and said,
"Let's talk, Lucas!"

The man stretched his palm behind her neck
and started massaging it.

At this, Ashlyn maintained her posture and
squinted her eyes in comfort, "Ah, that hits
the spot! Harder!"

"I would be well pleased if you could ask for
the same when we sleep together." The man
with his well-built body approached her from
behind and added, "I'll gladly gratify your
request."

Ashlyn's expression darkened at his words. Unbelievable! How could he talk dirty shamelessly with such a handsome, noble face?

Without hesitation, she elbowed the chest of the man behind her.

Despite being aware of her action, he didn't dodge it and took the full blow.

Ashlyn was lost for words.

"Felt better?" Lucas inquired, with a touch of love showing on his face while his hand continued massaging her neck. "If you're good, then get up and make me breakfast."

Ashlyn gazed at him awkwardly. What happened to his manic episode from yesterday? His vibe is completely different now. All the rage and gloominess from yesterday had disappeared like they never existed. Right now, he looked exactly like the cold man when we just got married. That was odd!

Even so, she didn't make any comment and headed to the bathroom. Her toiletries and even her skincare products were still in the

same place they used to be.

After freshening herself up, she caught a glimpse of a man with tall stature leaning against the door of the washroom, staring at her with a pair of cold eyes.

Then, she looked into his eyes and asked, "I'm going to make breakfast. What would you like to have?"

The man's voice could be heard echoing around the bedroom, "I'm good with anything."

Ashlyn made ten pieces of pancakes and

cooked ten bowls of ready-to-eat pasta that Spencer had bought.

After that, she wrapped them up with a food wrapper and kept them inside the fridge.

Whenever Lucas wanted to get something to eat, he only needed to heat it up in the microwave oven.

Planning to escape from him for a few more days, she pondered for a while and prepared a few more lunchboxes.

After Lucas had his breakfast, every cell in his body was revitalized, and his complexion

seemed much better than yesterday.

The moment he saw Ashlyn busying in the kitchen, he couldn't help but walk up to her and kissed her lips before leaving the house.

"Hurry up and go to work." Ashlyn pushed him away, as she was busy making pastries. She had got no time to pay him any heed.

On the other hand, he curled his lips in a delighted mood that was apparent to anyone.

He then left the house in satisfaction.

As expected, this villa felt like home with her

presence.

Nevertheless, Ashlyn remained ignorant of his fantasies and focused on her pastry making.

After baking five boxes of pastries, she checked the time and realized that it was almost noon.

Whew, I'm exhausted! Later at 2 pm is the latest collection launch of LX. I'll have to rush over quickly.

Without further ado, Ashlyn headed back to Bayview Villa and made a call to Jared, "I'm

at home now. The previous styling team was good. I want them to do it for me again."

"Oh, Boss! You're back?" Jared said with a smile and continued, "You're not home for two days. Did the madman decides to let you go already?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 145

"Shut up!" Ashlyn bellowed, "Are you trying to get under my skin?"

"Well, I wanted to come to your rescue, but I'm helpless. If someone of your caliber was

no match for him, then I'm nothing more than just cannon fodder." Jared explained feebly.

Ashlyn rolled her eyes at his statement, "I have an event to attend at two. Make the call now."

Meanwhile, Terry said to Cindy at the office in Nolan Entertainment, "Cindy, LX is a popular brand now, and most socialites pride themselves on it. I've tried my very best to persuade the mall manager and LX flagship store manager to give you a chance to be their ambassador. So, you'd better go makeup now!

"Hurry, or you'll be late. You have gotten no contract for nearly a month. If you lose this one, then your schedule will be empty for the whole month. How are you gonna maintain your fan base? Your popularity has finally risen some time ago, but it was screwed by that b*tch, Hera. As long as you make an appearance at LX, I'll buy your spot on hot searches."

Terry harped on her earnestly.

LX was a premium brand. This opportunity was given after he pleaded hard for it. LX didn't have any brand ambassadors until now. If Cindy was lucky, she might become their

first.

Cindy heaved a sigh after hearing the two words, hot searches. Then, she got up and said, "Alright then!"

She had been waiting to hear these words.

Needless to say, she would be happy if she became LX brand ambassador. Her only concern was that Terry might not give her any benefits, not even buying her a spot on hot searches. Then, it'll be pointless for her to attend the event.

While they were walking on the road, Terry said, "You shouldn't just attend the event, you have to be the Outlet Manager for One Day."

"Outlet manager? No way! Won't it be tiring? I have to stand throughout the entire day." Cindy sighed and added, "What should I do if my calf is swollen? What if they took photos of me during bad moments?"

Terry was annoyed by her complaint. What a spoiled woman! Yet, she dares to dream of getting big. Which Oscar winners didn't put in the extra effort than everyone else to get to where they are today? Did she really think

that she can make do with just taking a few photos?

"Did you even look at your current situation? I've put a great deal of effort to let you be the Outlet Manager for One Day."

After hearing Terry's angry tone, she replied hurriedly, "Thank you so much. You're all I have now."

Cindy's MPV arrived at the entrance of the mall at 2 pm.

The reporters that Terry had called for were squatting in their positions and ready to take photos of Cindy.

She put on a smile on her face as she walked toward the mall and went straight to the counter.

Following that, she wore LX's latest white dress that the staff had prepared for her.

It was the launching of LX's latest collections today. Their new product release was exhibited overseas during Fashion Week. On top of that, there were rumors that LX's mysterious designer, Ms. X will attend this event.

This time, the latest collections will arrive at every flagship store across the globe simultaneously.

Cindy's lean figure was outlined by the fitting dress, and her pair of long legs were fairly eye-catching.

LX's store manager and supervisor came over to greet Cindy and started communicating with her on the itinerary.

Most media outlets in the store were invited by Terry, while LX notified some.

Therefore, the media didn't give Cindy a hard time, despite her almost being shelved by Nolan Entertainment.

After the photography session, the brand manager came over and shook her hand, "Ms. Wynn, our designer, Ms. X likes your figure very much. For that reason, we think that you'll bring out our vision and ideal to the fullest."

Cindy was flattered, "Ms. X said that about me?"

The brand manager had a complex expression on his face as he had difficulty rephrasing Ms. X's exact words, "Only someone with a

figure like Cindy, who has a small waist and large boobs, would look good in this dress. Let's pick her, then."

He paused for a while before saying, "Yes. Ms. X is satisfied with your figure."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 146

Cindy almost cried tears of joy because she was selected by Ms. X. She immediately said gratefully, "Please thank her on behalf."

"You're welcome, Ms. Wynn," The brand manager replied and thought to herself. Well, you wouldn't thank her if you heard what she

said word by word.

Cindy was selected to be the Outlet Manager for One Day in name only because her job scope was still of a salesperson.

Besides, she had to cooperate whenever anyone wanted to take pictures.

LX wasn't a well-known international brand but a local brand instead. Nevertheless, it had gained popularity in recent years due to its creative and eye-catching designs. Hence, it had become one of the favorite brands of

many female socialites.

Another important selling point of LX was that only three clothes of the same design were available in its outlets. They were in three different sizes, small, medium, and large. Once three sizes were sold, customers couldn't buy the clothes in the same outlet again.

In other words, the clothes produced by LX were all limited editions. Given that there were more than a hundred LX outlets worldwide, only three hundred clothes of the same design were available.

In the past two years, wearing LX clothes

became a trend among female socialites. In fact, they would be proud of themselves for putting on LX clothes.

One of the reasons was that LX clothes were always selling fast.

Under normal circumstances, new designs would be sold out almost immediately once they were exhibited.

The customers who arrived late would have no choice but to wait for new designs. It's sold out!

Furthermore, once LX released a new design, Ms. X, its designer, would become one of the trending searches online.

However, Ms. X was a mysterious person because she never showed up in public.

As such, Cindy was excited because she was motivated by LX. Besides, Terry also promised to pay to make her one of the topics in trending searches.

As soon as a customer entered the outlet,

Cindy came up to her and said smilingly,
"Welcome!"

The woman, who wore a black dress and wavy hair, was none other than Hera Chapman. Once she noticed Cindy, she said in disgust, "It's you? Why are you here?"

Hera almost thought that she went into the wrong outlet.

At this time, Cindy also recognized Hera. Although she held grudges against Hera and noticed Hera's disgust, she held back her emotions for the sake of her mission today.

After all, Cindy didn't want to ruin her chance to be among the trending searches. As such, she remained calm and asked politely, "Ms. Chapman, what would you like to buy? I can recommend all the new designs in this outlet for you."

Nevertheless, Hera sneered and replied rudely, "Why are you recommending clothes for me? Have you changed your occupation from an actress to a salesperson? Never mind, a salesperson is also a promising job."

Hera was clearly mocking her.

When the outlet manager noticed that Hera was displeased, she immediately came over

and greeted, "Ms. Chapman, it's been a long time. Please let me serve you."

Nonetheless, Hera gave Cindy a hostile look and said, "It's okay. I want this new salesperson to recommend some clothes for me. Let me test her fashion taste. If she can do it well, I will tip her. But if she fails, I would advise you to fire her right away."

As much as Cindy was furious, she held back her anger and said smilingly, "Ms. Chapman, please come with me."

Deep in her heart, Cindy cursed her with all kinds of bad words.

At this moment, Lucas was scrolling his phone in a rest area near the outlet.

After a while, Hera said to him, "Lucas, please come here and give some comments. Do I look beautiful in this dress?"

Even though Lucas was a little irritated, he still stood up and went toward the LX outlet.

On the other hand, Cindy stared at Hera with envy once Hera called Lucas's name. Why does Lucas go shopping with this b***h?

After Lucas came up to her, he glanced at

Hera coldly and said, "Not bad."

"Mr. Nolan, how are you?" Cindy glanced at Lucas and greeted him gleefully.

Lucas shifted his cold glance and rested upon a lady with big boobs. She was staring at him while flashing him a disgusting smile.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 147

Who is this?

He frowned impatiently but still nodded in response to greet her.

At this moment, the brand manager and outlet manager suddenly stood up in unison. They came up to a tall and graceful woman and greeted, "Ms. Berry, how are you?"

"Ms. Berry, our Outlet Manager for One Day is Ms. Cindy Wynn."

"Ms. Berry, the new designs are fast-selling items now. Would you like to take a look?"

Nevertheless, Ashlyn, who was cold-faced, interrupted them, "I understand. I will look around on my own."

Since Ashlyn gave a clear response, both of them dared not to speak again.

Instead, they followed Ashlyn behind like her obedient underlings.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn felt that someone was staring at her once she walked into the outlet.

When she frowned a little and glanced at the other side, her gaze met Lucas' coincidentally.

Lucas? Why is he here? Is he here to support Cindy?

However, she soon realized that she made a wrong guess.

As if she was declaring sovereignty over Lucas, Hera pulled his arm over her and said in a cute voice, "Lucas, look at me. How do I look in this dress?"

Oh, I see. He's here to accompany Hera Chapman to go shopping.

Meanwhile, Cindy was furious as she stared at Hera's arms. How dare Hera Chapman wraps her arms around Lucas Nolan's? I haven't even touched him once! Damn it!

Fortunately, as an actress, she was trained to manage her emotions.

Besides, the reporters would land her in serious trouble if they took pictures of her showing an angry face.

On the other hand, Lucas put down his arm unknowingly to avoid any physical contact with Hera and said randomly, "Not bad."

When Hera put on another red dress, Lucas unknowingly felt that it would suit Ashlyn better.

After all, Ashlyn had an almost perfect body shape, particularly her slim waist.

As Lucas unconsciously fixed his gaze upon her slim waist, he suddenly felt some heat at his lower abdomen and was about to get an erection.

He was sexually aroused by merely looking at her.

On the other hand, the reporters, who squatted and took pictures, were stunned when they saw Ashlyn.

"Isn't she Jared's girlfriend?"

"Wow, is she a loyal customer of LX too?"

"She elegant and even more beautiful than an actress."

After a while, a recently graduated reporter plucked up her courage to come up to Ashlyn and said shyly, "Ms. Berry, can... can I ask you a few questions?"

Once the reporter finished, Cindy was exasperated. Humph! I have been standing here for quite some time. But no one interviewed me even though I am an actress! I mean, who is this Ms. Berry?

Ashlyn began to size up the reporter once she finished. The reporter was young, slightly round-faced, and looked a little timid and innocent.

After a while, Ashlyn blinked her beautiful eyes and replied blandly, "Ms. Wynn is our Outlet Manager for One Day now. I would suggest that you have an interview with her. But you can take several pictures of me. Also, remember to take good pictures."

The next moment, Cindy, who was furious in the beginning, glanced at Ashlyn in disbelief.

Why does this woman forgo the chance to seek the limelight?

As an actress, Cindy witnessed a lot of dirty tricks in the entertainment industry. Since Cindy finally found a woman who didn't seek the limelight, she couldn't help but have a good impression of Ashlyn.

On the other hand, Lucas fixed his gaze upon Ashlyn ever since she walked into the outlet.

Surprisingly, he suddenly said to the reporter, "Take several pictures of me too."

All reporters were startled and stared at Lucas.

Who is this guy? Oh, I remember it! He's Mr. Nolan!

He was a prominent figure in Lake City, well known for his wickedness.

Therefore, the reporters didn't dare take private pictures of him even though they had been stationed here for quite some time.

Why does Mr. Nolan ask us to take his pictures now?

At this time, the other reporters looked at the fortunate newcomer jealously.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 148

If we knew it earlier, we would have requested to interview Jared's girlfriend!

At this moment, all of the reporters glanced at Ashlyn with an unknowing sense of interest.

She must be a lucky person! From now on, we

have to treat Ms. Berry respectfully whenever we see her! We can have more news as long as she's present!

Right now, the young reporter and cameraman were a little dizzy, as if they were shocked after winning a grand prize in the lottery.

After recollecting themselves, they hastily took pictures of Ashlyn and Lucas.

Lucas looked sturdy and handsome when he wore a black suit and stood at the women's clothing outlet. It was as if a nobleman was

choosing a new dress for a princess.

In fact, Lucas was good-looking even without makeup. He could be one of the most handsome men in the world once he put on makeup.

The cameraman's hands shook as he took photos of them.

However, as soon as he finished, a man said to him in a deep voice, "Take one more picture."

Before Ashlyn could react, Lucas grabbed her by her waist and posed before the cameraman.

Since Ashlyn still remembered the theme today, she wriggled slightly and said, "Ms. Wynn, come here."

Once Cindy was cued, she immediately came up and stood close to Ashlyn.

Meanwhile, Lucas couldn't help but frown. He was a little displeased that it became a group photo of three.

But he eventually accepted it since having a

group photo with Ashlyn was better than nothing.

On the other hand, Cindy was exhilarated as she could take a picture with Lucas and Ashlyn together. Although I'm not standing beside Lucas, I'm still the first actress in the entertainment industry to take a picture with Lucas! I'm the first one!

The actors and actresses in Nolan Entertainment were a lot, yet no one was fortunate enough to take a picture with Lucas before.

Hence, Cindy looked at Ashlyn in admiration, just like the other reporters and cameramen.

After taking the picture, she sincerely expressed her gratitude to Ashlyn. "Thank you so much, Ms. Berry."

"Well, it is my honor to take a photo with you because you're the Outlet Manager for One Day of LX," Ashlyn said blandly.

Cindy felt that Ashlyn looked enchanting with her gorgeous eyebrows and fair skin that glowed under the light.

As more socialites visited the outlet, at least half of the new designs were sold out in merely half an hour.

The LX brand manager and outlet manager remained polite as they said, "Ms. Berry, are you satisfied with Ms. Wynn's performance today?"

Ashlyn nodded in response and replied, "Ms. Wynn has a great curve."

In fact, the dress suited Cindy well because she had big boobs. A lady without big boobs would not be able to carry that piece of dress.

As Hera was totally ignored, tears began to well up in her eyes. She asked furiously, "Lucas, why didn't you take a photo with me?"

"Oh, I forgot," the man said emotionlessly.

As a matter of fact, he totally forgot that Hera was with him once he saw Ashlyn.

"Lucas, I want her dress," Hera pointed at Cindy as she said. She was furious because Cindy was in the limelight just now.

After Cindy looked at the outlet manager as a signal to ask for help, the outlet manager

said politely, "I'm sorry, Ms. Chapman. I'm afraid this dress doesn't really suit you."

"Why can't I wear it, but she can?" Hera said in a huff. "In that case, can I get hers?" The next moment, she pointed at Ashlyn.

Ashlyn's dress was of the flagship design of LX. It was exhibited in its new product release during Fashion Week.

This time, the LX brand manager replied, "I'm sorry, Ms. Chapman, there are three dresses of this design worldwide, and only one dress is available in our country. Ms. Berry is wearing the only dress."

"They bully me! I don't care! Lucas, can you buy the same dress for me?" Hera looked at Lucas pitifully as if she were about to cry.

The next moment, she bit her lower lips and said as if she was wronged, "Ashlyn Berry and Cindy Wynn bullied me."

"Why don't you say LX bullied you?" As soon as Hera finished, Ashlyn gave her a cold stare and shifted her gaze toward Lucas in disdain.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 149

Why does he have bad taste in choosing a girlfriend after getting a divorce from me? Why is he fond of Hera Chapman, who is so fake and ugly?

Perhaps because he sensed her utter contempt, Lucas looked grumpy and exuded an air of menace around him.

Hence, a shiver suddenly ran down Hera's spine before she wanted to make a fuss over it.

After a while, she looked at him pitifully and

said in a cute voice, "Lucas, you said... you will do everything as I ask."

"But I don't think he can fulfill your demand this time." Ashlyn sneered and glanced at the brand manager.

As the brand manager got her signal, she immediately added, "As for the other two dresses of this design, one was purchased by a princess from Spain, whereas the other one was purchased by the Queen of Brunei. So, Ms. Chapman, I would suggest that you choose other designs instead. If you don't make a decision quickly, I'm afraid other new designs will be out of stock soon."

At this moment, Hera felt that she was humiliated. She stopped looking pitiful before Lucas anymore but said in a piercing voice instead, "LX isn't any top international fashion brand. Instead, it's merely a new designer's brand. In that case, will princesses and queens choose this brand? Are you kidding me?"

Nevertheless, the brand manager answered coldly, "Ms. Chapman, you are our honored guest the moment you have entered our outlet. But because you slandered and belittled our brand, I have to request for your cooperation to leave now!"

As a matter of fact, Hera pretended to behave nicely from the beginning to get Lucas' sympathy.

Now that she was rude and utterly unreasonable, she totally shattered her image - a graceful lady from a prominent family.

On the other hand, Lucas got increasingly impatient.

He couldn't understand why Hera could change so much.

What happened to the girl, who was as innocent as an angel when she lent a hand to him?

Does time really change a person entirely?

"Lucas, I think they don't want to sell their dresses to me and also disrespect you. To put it simply, LX is merely a small brand. How can it be compared with Nolan Group?"

Attempting to drive a wedge between them, Hera said, "How ungrateful you guys are even when the president of Nolan Group comes to your outlet in person. I'm pretty sure all outlets of your small brand will eventually

close down!"

Hera was clearly looking for trouble by humiliating LX.

After Hera finished, Ashlyn stared at her eyes. Although Hera's eyes were good-looking, Ashlyn could sense hints of desire, greed, and wickedness in them.

She instinctively sensed that Hera would want to extract a lot of things from Lucas.

"Is the president of Nolan Group really that noble?"

After a while, Ashlyn fixed her gaze on Lucas and continued, "Mr. Nolan, you're indeed noble in front of me. Besides, LX is indeed a small and dispensable brand compared to your Nolan Group."

Since Ashlyn said satirically, Lucas frowned a little and replied, "Everyone is equal, and no one is nobler than the other."

Ashlyn raised her eyebrows but didn't respond. The next moment, she turned around and said to the brand manager behind her, "From today onward, all LX outlets are not allowed to sell any products to Hera Chapman. Remember her face and inform all persons-in-charge of LX outlets."

"You... who are you to blacklist me? How are you related to LX?" Hera pointed at Ashlyn and yelled exasperatedly. "You are slightly successful today only because Jared Quickton backs you up! Who are you to give orders to blacklist me? Do you think your family opens LX outlets?"

Much to Hera's surprise, the LX brand manager replied right after she finished, "Yes, Ms. Berry."

"Since Ms. Chapman is that noble, a small brand like LX doesn't deserve the honor to be chosen by you." Meanwhile, Ashlyn's lips quirked when she said to Hera.

Ashlyn flashed her a sweet and generous smile.

Meanwhile, Hera was stunned and looked at her in disbelief. After recollecting herself, she asked curiously, "It's impossible. Who are you?"

"Who am I? I'm merely an ordinary customer of LX," Ashlyn still said smilingly.

Although Lucas remained emotionless when he listened to their conversation, he was a little impressed whenever Ashlyn smiled.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 150

Even though Hera was arguing with them, Lucas didn't intend to back her up at all.

On the other hand, the reporters didn't expect that they could have a piece of shocking news here.

Hera is perhaps the first person to be blacklisted by a brand! I have never seen such a silly person in my life!

As Hera was boiling with rage, she said, "Do

you know who I am?"

Nevertheless, Ashlyn looked at her calmly and replied, "Shouldn't you check your own identification card to get the answer? Why are you asking me instead?"

As Hera didn't expect Ashlyn to ridicule her, she fumed, "How dare you?"

Hera stared at Ashlyn ferociously and in disgust. After pausing for a while, she said, "Don't you think that you can do everything merely because Jared is behind you. You're only a toy to him! Once he is bored of you, you can cry all you want but can't do anything to change it! Don't be so smug now!"

As soon as Hera finished, she flung her hand toward Ashlyn to slap her face.

However, before Ashlyn lifted her hand to stop Hera, someone acted faster than her.

It was Lucas who clasped Hera's arm to stop her. Although Lucas initially looked composed, he gave Hera a cold-eyed stare and yelled furiously, "Who are you to hit her?"

When he flung Hera's arms away, she couldn't steady herself and fell shabbily.

She lay on the floor and looked up at him in disbelief. The next moment, tears streamed down her face when she said, "Lucas, why did you treat me in such a manner for that woman?"

Because she bruised her arm against the floor, her arm began to bleed.

Hera felt the pain when she looked at her own bruise. Besides, she couldn't stop sobbing as she was disappointed with the way Lucas treated her.

She could never believe that Lucas would push her in an outlet in public!

Nonetheless, the pain on her arm reminded her that everything was real.

On the other hand, everyone near the outlet was shocked by Lucas's reaction.

Why did Mr. Nolan protect Jared's girlfriend? Do they have an intertwined relationship?

Meanwhile, Ashlyn was startled too because she never thought that someone would

protect her.

But I admire Hera's courage for attempting to slap me.

She sneered at Hera and put her hair gently behind her ears. After that, she said to the LX brand manager, "Escort her out now!"

"Ashlyn, don't trash-talk me. I won't be afraid of you. It's fine that you threaten LX because Jared backs you. But who are you to drive me out? After all, you're merely a woman who relies on a man to be successful!"

Since Hera was embarrassed, she couldn't

hold back her emotions and yelled at her non-stop.

As she eventually lost her head, she scolded, "You are merely a useless toy to men for their entertainment. You're a pretty but useless b***h! How dare you..."

"Shut up!" Lucas stopped her before she continued.

Then, he squinted slightly and warned coldly, "How long do you want to keep it going? Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

Meanwhile, Spencer was both frightened and

shocked after witnessing Hera's stupidity. Impressive! How dare she scold Ms. Berry non-stop! Also, he didn't understand why Mr. Nolan would want to be with Hera.

As a matter of fact, Ms. Chapman is discourteous and ill-mannered. Besides, Ms. Berry looks far more beautiful than her! I mean, did Mr. Nolan choose this woman because he is visually impaired somehow?

After Lucas yelled at her, Hera shivered and was frightened.

No... It's not what you think.

I always portray myself as a gentle and cute lady before Lucas. Why did I become a b***h merely because Ashlyn provoked me?

As if she was suddenly conscious, Hera looked at Lucas and said sobbingly, "Lucas, it's not what you think. I lost my head just now because I was too angry. Please forgive me!"

Since Lucas remained silent, Hera added, "Lucas, what you saw just now wasn't the real me. I overreacted only because I was too angry."

"What a mess!" Ashlyn only felt pity for the new product launching that was almost ruined

by Hera single-handedly.

At the same time, many socialites in the outlet witnessed the fuss, and some of them even recorded it secretly.

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Besides, some of them even sent the video to their friends and families.

Before today, Hera was known as a graceful lady who came from a family of renowned pianists. Besides, she was talented in drawing and even sold one of her paintings for five hundred thousand in an auction before.

There was a time when many clan leaders from different prominent families saw Hera as a role model to their children. As such, many socialites were annoyed for being compared with her at home.

"Look at the daughter of the Chapman family. She can play piano and even drawing! What about you? You know nothing but live an extravagant lifestyle! Can't you discipline yourself and work on something meaningful instead? Alas, I can put my mind at ease if you can acquire at least half of Hera Chapman's skills."

Hence, the socialites were more than happy when Hera showed her true colors.

Well, she is just a b***h after all! Besides, she is even blacklisted by LX!

Before the staff acted, Lucas furiously gave Spencer a signal to drag her out of the outlet.

The atmosphere in the Bentley was tense.

Hera curled herself up on the corner and sobbed from time to time.

Meanwhile, Lucas felt annoyed by her voice.

"How dare you insult her?" That man sneered at Hera ferociously.

As the terrifying air surrounded the car, Hera curled up to avoid his gaze. At this moment, she really wished to vanish from the world.

My god, it's horrible. Why does Lucas look so terrifying when he gets angry?

As she began to sweat, she dared not to wail but only sobbed softly.

Even though tears continued to stream down her face, she dared not take deep breaths and remained as quiet as possible.

The next moment, Lucas said in a piercingly cold voice, "There will be no more next time!"

Once Lucas said it, Hera felt that the air was frozen.

After a while, Hera was driven out of the car

and stood helplessly at the roadside.

She couldn't help but squat down and hug herself. The next moment, she began to wail to let out her emotions.

I have irked Lucas! What should I do? It all happened because of Ashlyn Berry.

Since Hera felt that she was wronged, she looked ferocious with her tears filled with envy.

It's Ashlyn Berry... Ashlyn Berry did all these to me!

As Cindy wished, she finally became one of the trending searches online.

Nevertheless, she didn't make it because of paying any money to be on the list.

On the contrary, the group photo of Ashlyn, Lucas, and her became the trending search.

Furthermore, the brand of LX also became one of the trending searches.

Netizens began to search for more information about the reputation of LX and its impressive designs.

Even Terry was surprised and couldn't help but say, "You finally have the luck. I don't even have to spend the money for it."

"Well, I can't always be unlucky," Cindy said satisfactorily. "To be honest, I really have to thank Ms. Berry for it. She is indeed an impressive lady."

"Besides, Hera Chapman was silly enough to show her true colors in front of everyone. When you met her during the birthday party, I thought she was really a noblewoman," Terry also said in disdain. "She has disgraced the entire Chapman family this time."

"You're right!" As Cindy spoke, she looked at

the list of trending searches again excitedly.

I guess no one will accuse me of being the other woman again even though I'm in the trending searches with the president.

After all, I was invited by the brand to become the Outlet Manager for One Day. On the other hand, Hera Chapman came to the outlet with Lucas together. Under such circumstances, everyone can see clearly who the other woman was!

Even though Cindy did think about being Mrs. Nolan one day, she didn't go overboard like Hera.

Moreover, the issue about LX blacklisted Hera also became one of the trending searches.

At that time, the socialites took photos and videos when Hera made trouble in the LX outlet and even uploaded them online.

Hera Chapman ruined her image as a talented lady.

She reveals herself as a b***h!

Is this how a family of prominent pianists educate its daughter?

It's indeed eye-opening.

I used to think that she is pretentious, but she is even worse than I thought.

She deceived us all.

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What's more, Hera Chapman even wanted to cause trouble to Jared Quickton's girlfriend!

However, Lucas stopped her and protected Ashlyn Berry like he was her boyfriend.

Even though Lucas looked cold, he was still very handsome! Although the short videos were recorded randomly without applying any shooting techniques, Ashlyn still looked beautiful and graceful, while Lucas was breathtakingly handsome.

Besides, netizens were all impressed as soon as they saw the pictures of them.

Hey, do you guys think Mrs. Nolan knows that Mr. Nolan protected Ms. Berry?

Will Mrs. Nolan punish Mr. Nolan violently?

I guess he has to repent for his mistake.
Anyway, he looked so cool when he protected
Ms. Berry!

But still, I have to say it out loud. Does Mrs.
Nolan know that you care about another
woman so much?

Since Ms. Berry is so graceful, Ms. Chapman
looked like an evil witch in comparison. The
outsiders might even think that Ms. Berry is
the lady from the family of prominent

pianists!

Exactly! Ms. Berry is a socialite that lived up to my imagination.

Hera didn't expect that the news wouldn't cease and snowballed as time went by.

Therefore, she hid at home and dared not to go out.

On the other hand, Mrs. Chapman almost fainted in the hospital when she read the trending gossips on the internet.

She immediately went home and saw Hera,

who curled up on the corner of her bed, sobbing pitifully.

Sisley said furiously, "You always boasted that Lucas would be yours sooner or later. But look at what happened now! I mean, you offended almost everyone! Will Lucas still be fond of you from now on?"

"Mom, what should I do now?" Tears began to stream down her face when she continued, "I didn't know why I reacted in such a manner."

"Have you lost your mind? How did I teach

you in the past? Your Grandpa is still in the hospital now. Do you still want to be the family's successor?" Sisley was disappointed in Hera. "I tell you what, you have to reconcile with Lucas at all costs, even if that means you have to kneel and beg him!"

"Mom!" Hera looked up at her and said between sobs, "Mom, he's irritated by me now. How can I beg him..."

"Are you stupid? Can you use your brain to think?" After taking a deep breath to calm herself down, Sisley whispered in Hera's ear to give her some instructions.

After listening to her carefully, Hera replied,

"Mom, I understand. I will accomplish this."

"You better do it seriously and don't ever disappoint me again," Sisley warned her coldly.

After returning to Whitland Villa, Lucas glanced around the empty living room and heaved a sigh.

The next moment, he began to feel famished since he hadn't had any food after breakfast.

Hence, he went to the kitchen and opened the fridge.

He was in a better mood once he saw loads of food in it.

After that, he took out a bowl of noodles and put it in a microwave.

Since Lucas was aware that Ashlyn prepared the food in the fridge, he enjoyed eating the noodles very much.

Eventually, his stomach felt better after having some food.

Nevertheless, Lucas began to feel cranky when he recalled the reason that Ashlyn prepared so much food in the fridge - She

wouldn't return to the villa anytime soon.

Damn it! Does she really hate to come back to this place so much?

Why did she prepare so much food? I think it can last for at least a week!

After having the noodles, he took a picture of the empty bowl and sent it to Ashlyn on Twitter.

"I have finished eating it."

Even though Ashlyn didn't reply, he still stared at the chat box silently.

Nonetheless, there was still no answer from Ashlyn after five to six minutes.

As Lucas became impatient, he clicked on the video call button right away.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn heard the video call ringtone once she came out of the bathroom. Who calls me at this hour?

The moment she grabbed her phone, the video call invitation popped up on the screen.

It's Lucas...

After hesitating for a while, she clicked on the button to accept the call.

The next moment, a handsome man came into sight and asked, "Why didn't you reply to my message?"

"Oh, I was taking a shower," Ashlyn replied blandly.

Ashlyn was wearing a long white bathrobe that covered the curve of her hips nicely. As the light penetrated the bathrobe from the side, Lucas could roughly see that she wasn't wearing any clothes underneath the bathrobe.

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The night breeze, which swirled under the moonlight, blew into the window and birlled the corners of her shirt.

The shadow of the light could be faintly seen in the dark.

Ashlyn smoothened the corners of her shirt with one hand and flipped her damp long hair with the other.

A wisp of hair that swept above her left shoulder had thoroughly wet the left side of her bathrobe.

Droplets of water gently glided down her long silky smooth neck to her fair and delicate collarbone. Under the light that shone right on it, they sparkled with radiance.

With a tint of red on her fair cheeks, her skin glowed like white porcelain.

Her glistening eyes were not only pretty but seductive.

Even just looking at her through the screen

of a phone made Lucas feel instantly dry and thirsty.

Lucas gulped, and his sensuous Adam's apple bobbed up and down, "The bowl of dried noodles is very nice." But you're more delicious!

Ashlyn giggled. She then gently used a towel and wiped off the excess moisture on her hair with her long smooth hands, "Really? But it's just a simple dish. As a CEO, I'm sure you must have savored all kinds of exquisite gourmets."

The man looked cold and responded with a deadpan expression.

He remained silent, so did Ashlyn.

Ashlyn did not know why did he switch on the video cam.

She stood up slowly, and a subtle sound crept into his ears. Soon, she returned to her seat.

Lucas noticed she had a hairdryer in her

hands.

Before he could open his mouth and ask, he heard the buzzing sound coming from the hairdryer.

Lucas' mouth opened, and he shut it back without saying anything.

He used to help her blow dry her hair. Ashlyn's hair was not only long but also soft like silk. It was definitely smooth to the touch.

This was why he would tend to play with her hair out of habit.

But right now, he could only stare at his empty palms and reminisce that feeling.

After blowing her hair dry, Ashlyn applied a layer of hair serum and gently massaged her hair.

Upon realizing her hair was almost dry, she put down the hairdryer, "I'm done."

As a beauty, she could effortlessly charm anyone by just twirling her hair with her fingers and look noble and glamorous.

He had to suppress his urge.

"You promised me you'll arrange for me to meet Ms. Saunders."

"Oh, yes. How about tomorrow? She's available," Ashlyn responded casually.

Lucas was at a loss for words upon hearing Ashlyn's response. She made it sound as if anyone could casually meet Ms. Saunders.

"Are you close with her?"

"I think so."

Lucas suppressed his voice and said, "I'll... see you tomorrow then."

"Alright. Anything else?" Ashlyn looked at him calmly with her beautiful eyes that did not show any emotions.

As if he was a stranger.

"Nope," Lucas replied in an even suppressed voice.

"Goodnight," Ashlyn ended the call right away. She did not even give time to Lucas to add anything more to his sentence.

The screen turned dark.

Lucas sat still like a statue.

He looked at the empty room and whispered,
"Goodnight."

He stared at the black screen, and his eyes
were full of disdain. What a cruel woman.

Without hesitation, she just simply hung up
on him.

He waited for a long time for her to blow dry
her hair, yet this was the treatment he got in
return.

Early next morning at the Chapman residence, Hera did not sleep well last night. Her eyes were red and swollen and had dark circles beneath them. She looked ashen-faced and haggard.

Mrs. Chapman knocked on the door and went into her room. She saw tissues scattered all over the floor and her daughter still crouching in a corner.

She could not help but let out a deep sigh.

Seeing her daughter in this state, how could she not feel bad for her?

Yet, she was too young and still rebellious.

"Alright, alright. It has already happened. There's no point for you to sit here and cry over spilled milk. Come, I'll accompany you to visit Lucas, so you can apologize to him nicely, okay? Go and freshen up now."

Mrs. Chapman pulled her hand and dragged her out of her bed.

Hera, who still seemed zoned out, nodded. She looked absolutely depressed.

"Mom, can you help me think of ways to deal

with that woman Ashlyn?"

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Hera was already frail and skinny, and now she looked even more fragile than ever. A gust of wind would have easily blown her away.

"Listen to me. I'll take care of that b*tch for you," Mrs. Chapman consoled her, "I've much more life experiences than her. I bet she can't do anything to me."

Hera was relieved to hear her mother's assurance.

After freshening up a little and putting on light makeup, she looked much better.

She then walked downstairs with Mrs. Chapman. The moment she sat down by the dining table, she heard a sarcastic voice, "I don't want to sound like a bad person, but you've really embarrassed yourself."

Dressed in an emerald, green dress, the second wife of the Chapman family walked into the dining hall.

Since every member of the Chapman family stayed together in the same villa, where internal strife and disagreements were bound to happen.

They did not engage in arguments openly, but all of them were schemeful and had something up their sleeves.

Mrs. Chapman smiled and looked at the second lady of the family, "What are you talking about? Those posts that you've read from the Internet are just rumors. Do you think Hera would do that?"

“That brand has posted about it on its social media, and it even mentioned Hera’s name!” Clearly, she was gloating over the incident.

“What?” Upon hearing those words, Hera’s heart sank even deeper even though she was already depressed.

“Didn’t you know?” The second lady of the house rolled her eyes from one side to another and turned her attention back to Hera. She intentionally emphasized every single word, “This morning, at 7 am, LX published a post about you on their official social media account. Glorious Group also posted something about you.”

Hera's face instantly turned as pale as a ghost, and her voice trembled, "That's impossible..."

"Go and check on their social media accounts yourself." The second lady took a sip of milk, "Oh dear, if our old master finds out about this, his illness might become worse! Look at the things you've done, Hera. I think you should avoid going to the hospital in the next couple of days."

She then went on saying something else, but

Hera did not bother to listen to her anymore.

At that point, she had come across trending topics on social media.

#LX's official statement

#Glorious Group's official statement

She clicked on the topic on LX and read, "In regard to Ms. Hera Chapman's abusive remarks on our brand, we reserve the right to pursue legal actions against her. As of now, we hereby declare our brand will put an end to any form of collaboration with Ms. Hera Chapman from now onwards."

Hera then immediately went to check on Glorious Group's official account.

"Glorious Group has always upheld the values of peace and harmony as they set the direction of our company. Ms. Hera Chapman's inappropriate action clearly opposes our values, and we do not endorse such behavior. Hence, we hereby declare from now on, all companies under Glorious Group will no longer work with Ms. Hera Chapman."

Glorious Group!

Glorious Group was the distributor of

luxurious brands in H Nation.

Whether they were mid-range or high-end or products, Glorious Group had the exclusive right to import them all.

Not only were they the distributor of these luxurious goods, but they also owned many world-renowned stores that sell premium products.

This was why Glorious Group had a powerful presence in not only H Nation's fashion industry but also that of worldwide.

Being boycotted by Glorious Group meant

Hera had also offended the entire fashion industry.

As a socialite, she had totally burned bridges with the fashion world.

When socialites gathered, they would talk about new bags, clothes, and custom-made facial products.

Now, the reality had slapped Hera in the face. She no longer had access to this social group.

But what had this got to do with Glorious Group?

Its president, Richard Shaw was an influential businessman who resided overseas.

If he were to stay in the country, he would top the list of the wealthiest bachelors.

What was Ashlyn's relationship with Glorious Group?

Hera was dumbstruck.

Being boycotted by LX alone was not a big deal as she could still shop elsewhere. Buying newly launched products at LX was not a must, after all.

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But what if the other premium and international brands decided not to entertain her as well?

Could she still make a public appearance in the future?

Without products from luxurious brands, what else could she wear?

Does this mean I have no choice but to wear

old clothes to attend events and social gatherings?

The thought of people giving her a pathetic look drove her mad.

"Ah!" Hera was so mad that she threw away her phone. She then buried her head in her hands and cried in agony.

"I can't take it anymore! I can't! How could Glorious Group side with that bitch?"

Her expression turned gruesome, and a towering rage could be seen blazing in her vicious eyes.

The second lady of the family was taken aback, "Oh my, Hera! You almost scared the daylights out of me."

She gulped down her milk, ate a sandwich, and left.

Ha, what a laughing stock!

Not only does this brat throw tantrums like a spoiled child at home, but she also did the same in public.

Mrs. Chapman gritted her teeth, kept the phone away, and said, "Don't worry. I'll pay someone to take care of the trending topics. We can always go on a shopping spree overseas since we can afford it. Glorious Group is just the distributor of those products. They don't monopolize the market, anyway."

"But I feel so embarrassed, mom!" Hera's red eyes swelled like a pair of walnuts.

Tears that gushed down her cheeks had messed up the makeup on her face.

She wished she could tear Ashlyn into pieces right now!

"Alright, alright. Hush, hush. Let mommy settle the problem on social media for you first. Let's see who dares to make fun of you when you marry Lucas in the future. With Lucas around, all these brands would come crawling and beg for you to return to their stores!"

"But..." Before Hera could finish her sentence, Mrs. Chapman interrupted her, "Shush. No more buts. Mom is here to help."

These trending topics on the social media were abuzz, and Netizens could not stop making fun of Hera.

Some socialites, whom Hera had boycotted in the past, took this opportunity to expose all her wrongdoings.

Spitting saliva into a classmate's cup and wearing classmates' clothes without their permission were among the atrocities she had committed.

She had even violently attacked a female classmate, causing the victim to transfer to another school.

Some fashion brands also exposed Hera for taking their sample products when she attended their events and did not even bother to pay.

Wow! What she did in the past blew my mind!
This Hera Chapman is truly one of a kind.

She is such a terrible person. She has truly brought shame to her grandfather Mr. Chapman, who has maintained a good reputation as a renowned pianist.

Argh, disgusting.

I'd strangle her right away if she's my classmate.

She even had the face to take advantage of those brands by taking their products?

Not sure if it's a blessing or a curse for brands to have this kind of socialite at their event.

Ashlyn read through the posts on social media and froze for a second.

Why did Glorious Group make this move though?

At that moment, she received a call.

"Hey, did you get Glorious Group to do this?"
Ashlyn asked in a puzzled voice.

The man smiled and replied charismatically,
"Are you going to thank me?"

"She's just a nobody. You shouldn't have
wasted your time and energy to deal with this
kind of person," Ashlyn said blandly.

"Ashlyn, what have you been doing in the last
four years? Why didn't you come to find me?"
Richard seemed to be implying something,
"You're so close with Jared but you always

keep a distance from me. Why?"

"You're jealous? Come on, he's my subordinate, and you're my brother," Ashlyn chuckled, "You're the CEO of Glorious Group, a busy businessman. How can you get jealous of a man who works for me?"

Upon hearing her silvery laugh, Richard's dark eyes glistened, "Let's have dinner once I get back, okay?"

"Dinner with you? Please. I don't want your admirers to catch us and tear me into pieces," Ashlyn mumbled.

"Stop being so ridiculous!" Richard exclaimed in frustration.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 156

"Just kidding! Call me when you're back,"
Ashlyn then hung up the call right away.

Ashlyn felt awkward having this conversation with Richard.

She had been put in the limelight and made a number of headlines on social media recently.

She knew Richard would eventually come across updates about her.

Damn it!

She let out a long sigh and fussed with her hair in frustration.

Richard might seem like he did not have a care in the world, but deep in his heart, he was a domineering control freak.

Instead of letting him get to her, she decided to forget about him. She went to her wardrobe, get a pair of attire that she liked, and put it on.

At the president's office in the South Star Airlines headquarters.

Lucas had fulfilled his flight time for this month, so he would not need to fly in the coming week.

Instead, he planned to spend his time completing his paperwork. This was why he was at South Star Airlines' office today.

At 9 am, there would be a meeting that all employees must attend.

The lift door opened when it reached the top floor. He walked out of the lift and saw Jenny right there. She had been waiting for him in his office early this morning.

"Mr. Nolan, there's something I have to tell you."

Lucas responded aloofly, "You can tell my assistant Spencer."

"But this is something I have to tell you personally."

The flight attendant's attire accentuated the shape of her body, and she looked good in it too.

Yet, in Lucas' eyes, not a single woman was as pretty as Ashlyn.

Hence, to him, Jenny was as good as invisible.

The last time when she came to him to talk about Ashlyn, he nearly threw a fit.

Now, she felt she had gathered enough evidence and must warn Lucas not to fall into the trap of that woman, who took advantage

of men.

She wanted him to know that Ashlyn was nothing more than a gold digger who lined her pockets with money given by all sorts of men.

Lucas stopped walking and look at Jenny in displeasure, "What?"

His icy stare intimidated Jenny, but she went on, "Mr. Nolan, I... I received some news about Ashlyn. She has a close relationship with Jared Quickton, the president of Centennial Healthcare. She is cheating on you..."

Lucas' pupil flared, "They're good friends. What's the problem?"

"She...she's very close with him. Like really close. I have photos to show she's cheating!" Jenny immediately took out her phone and showed him the photos.

"This is a photo of her attending a charity dinner with Jared. Look at the way they talk to each other. It was as if they were about to kiss!"

"I have a video too!" Jenny hit the play button. Though there were noises in the video, it was not difficult to tell how intimate they were.

They could even hear their conversation.

"These heels kill me. Massage my legs when we get home."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Lucas held the phone with his large palm. His veins started popping up, and his expression turned grim.

"They might be staying together! Mr. Nolan, you heard what they said, right? She even asked him to massage her feet!"

Jenny exclaimed in agitation. She was so elated to finally have leverage over Ashlyn that she could not stop her voice from trembling.

"Shut up!" Lucas responded aloofly and shot daggers at her.

Jenny did not understand why he reacted in such a manner.

Why is he still so calm and cold? Shouldn't he go and confront Ashlyn for cheating on him?

"I know all about this already." Lucas' brows furrowed, "They two are good friends. That's

all."

Jenny was dumbstruck, "Mr. Nolan, they're not just good friends. They're staying together! She's cheating on you and has betrayed you!"

Lucas gave her a sullen stare, "Who gave you the right to investigate her?"

Jenny was on the verge of breaking down.

She had presented him with all the evidence. They were all displayed clearly before him.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 157

Yet, he chose to defend that woman.

What's the difference between him and fatuous kings from the ancient world?

"You're barred from coming to the top floor without my permission!" A fierce glint flashed through his eyes, "Now, get out!"

Spencer leaned forward and showed Jenny out, "Ms. Holt, please."

Where did she find the courage to come and talk to him like this?

Yesterday was Hera, and today Jenny.
What's wrong with these women?

They're constantly trying to get on Mr.
Nolan's nerves.

Jenny's frustration kicked in and felt sorry
for herself.

She then went back to the cabin crew's
office, opened the door with force, and

noticed a few crew members were having a chat.

Upon seeing Jenny, Nancy called her, "Hey Jenny, I made floral tea. Come and try some."

They were rather relaxed since they were not on duty for the next few days.

Anger was written all over Jenny's face. She sat down and complained, "I really have no idea what's wrong with the captain."

A few cabin crew members looked at her and asked, "What's wrong?"

Nancy offered her a cup of tea, "Calm down."

"It's clear that Ashlyn is cheating on him. I didn't get to attend a lot of social gatherings since I've been busy flying around, but my friend attended a charity dinner and took some intimate photos of Ashlyn and Jared. I showed the captain, and guess what? He didn't believe it."

All the crew members kept silent.

"But that's their problem, not yours, right?"
Nancy could not help but want to talk some

sense into her.

Jenny's eyes widened, "But Lucas is the president of Nolan Group. He's a dignified and authoritative man, but Ashlyn made him look like a fool. How can I not be mad?"

"Listen to me, Jenny. Calm down. He's not only our captain, but like what you've said, he's also the president of this group. He should know his wife better than anyone of us. Your action is just going to agitate him further. Besides, he doesn't like to talk about his marriage in public, and the public doesn't even know Ashlyn is his wife. This is why Ashlyn can have a close relationship with any man. After all, not everyone knows she's married!"

"But it's still considered cheating, right?"

Jenny's eyes reddened, and she was about to burst into tears. I'm a woman with no bad history, and I've never even had a boyfriend, but why doesn't he seem to notice me?

All he could ever think of is that bitch!

Hatred clouded her thoughts as she scrolled through the posts on social media. Upon seeing the trending topics, the corners of her mouth quirked up.

Hera Chapman. Ashlyn Berry. Cindy Wynn.

Very interesting.

If I can't get what I desire, everyone should suffer with me!

During the lunch break, Spencer brought a lunchbox to Lucas' office.

At this time, someone was knocking on the door of his office.

Lucas thought the person must be Spencer, so he said in a low voice, "Come in."

All of a sudden, he heard someone with heels entering his office. The woman then called

him in a cloyingly sweet voice, "Lucas..."

Hera Chapman!

Lucas raised his head and looked at her.

She wore a boat-neck strapless dress, and her bosoms were absolutely seductive.

The dress exposed her slim waist, and her fair skin became faintly discernible as she walked.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm sorry, Lucas. I know I'm at fault. Please forgive me." Upon hearing Lucas' indifferent voice, Hera's eyes turned red immediately.

She stood in front of his desk and begged, "For old times' sake, please don't ignore me, okay?"

While she was rubbing her eyes, tears started rolling down her cheeks, "I went bonkers last night because I was really mad. Now everyone views me as a laughing stock, and the fashion industry boycotts me. I can't take this anymore!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 158

"If I lose you again, I really am going to die."
Hera put aside her ego and was ready to drop to her knees, "As two innocent children, we used to be so close. Now that we're all grown up, are you planning to kick me to the curb?"

Her sobs continuously echoed in his ears.

It was as if the angelic little girl from his childhood had reappeared before him.

He knitted his brows, "You disappointed me."

"I promise I'll not act stupid anymore. You

should know what kind of person I am, right? I just lost my mind the other day, especially when... when you defended Ashlyn. I was jealous. I was really jealous of her."

Hera wailed even louder.

She could feel the man's tone had softened after hearing her sweet and coquettish voice. She went up closer, stood beside him, wrapped her hands around his arm, and nudged him with her bosom as if it were unintentional.

She continued seducing him very casually and unintentionally.

She looked at the man's handsome face with her big eyes and said, "On several occasions, you said you're going to get a divorce. Yet, you're still married. I know you're the perfect man that every woman wants. When Ashlyn once again caught your attention, I was scared and worried. Please forgive me for being so jealous of her. It's all because I like you very much!"

All this while, she had always been open about her feelings for him.

Yet, Lucas had always kept a distance from her. He had never kissed her, let alone held her hands.

He could never imagine himself being in a romantic relationship with her.

Lucas narrowed his eyes in disgust. He detested the way the woman rubbed her body against his arm.

If it were not because this woman had saved his life when he was still a child, he would have instantly thrown her out of his office.

He suppressed his irritation, pulled his arm away from her, and said with a deadpan expression, "I cherished my friendship with you because of the childhood memories we once had, but Hera, you truly disappointed me. All those memories mean nothing to me anymore. I've never promised to date you or marry you, and my plan to get a divorce has nothing to do with you too. I hope I've cleared up all the misunderstandings here."

"What did you say?" Hera widened her eyes in disbelief and looked at his stony expression. "No. I don't believe you. You've never been close with any other women before. We went out for meals together, and you even gave me flowers."

"I'll bring you to meet Ms. Saunders because I owed you one. I can help you achieve your goals, but I'll never date you or take you as my wife!" Lucas rejected her icily while exuding an aura that would deter anyone away from him.

Hera's tears gushed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

How did things end up like this?

This is not what I've expected!

"No. No, Lucas. You must have liked me

before, right? It was clear that you wanted me to be your girlfriend!" Hera shook her head and cried, "You're only saying this because what I did earlier upset you. You're trying to make me angry, right?"

Lucas wanted to put an end to this misunderstanding. He had never thought of being in a relationship with Hera.

He never had and never will.

Admittedly, he had shared fond childhood memories with Hera, but that was different from love. Lucas was certain about it.

He would never marry a woman he did not love merely because she had saved his life when he was younger.

Even if Hera had grown up to be unattractive or disabled, he would remain grateful to her.

He would repay her kindness, but falling in love with her was not the way! Impossible!

"Hera, whether I'm still married or divorced, you're not the one for me. I'm grateful to you, but that's not love. They're totally different, so I hope you don't get confused."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 159

Hera looked at him in agony. Her lips trembled, and she was devastated. "No, Lucas. Please don't be so cruel to me..."

Lucas frowned, "Go out now. I'll take you to Ms. Saunders at 4 pm later."

Upon hearing that, Hera immediately put on a smile as if she had caught a glimpse of hope.

Since he's still willing to take me to Ms. Saunders, does this mean I shouldn't take

what he said earlier too seriously?

She wiped her tears and exclaimed, "Thank you, Lucas. I'll leave you now, and I'll be back later."

Spencer had been standing outside the office with Lucas' lunchbox for a long time.

Once Hera left, he immediately entered the office.

That woman must have come to disturb Mr. Nolan at 12 pm on purpose since she knows everyone around here would have gone out for lunch.

On that day, South Star Airlines had introduced a new policy to forbid non-employees from entering the president's office.

At 4 pm, Hera and Lucas arrived at Imperial Tea House.

Located in the city center's prime location, Imperial Tea House stood out among all the modern commercial buildings because of its classic façade.

Many prominent figures in Riverdale enjoyed coming here to luxuriate in their afternoon tea.

Almost all the rich and powerful elites would be honored had they earned the right to dine here.

If it were not for Lucas, Hera would not have a chance to enter this legendary tea house.

They slowly walked into the tea house and were greeted by the waiters, who then opened the door for them.

The interior of the tea house exuded a quaint charm, and every detail in the shop was sophisticated.

Most of the tables were occupied, and most of the guests were familiar faces from the elite class.

Clad in a traditional costume, the waiters asked in a courteous manner, "How can we help you?"

"We have an appointment at Celestial Room," Lucas said aloofly.

Suddenly, a melodious sound of a string instrument coming from upstairs had caught everyone's attention.

The sound was so harmonious and sweet-sounding that it touched the hearts of all the guests in the tea house.

Even those who did not understand music would appreciate and praise its beauty!

Just when Hera was about to ask the waiter who the performer was, someone exclaimed, "It's Ms. Saunders! She's the one playing the harp!"

"We're so blessed to have hear Ms. Saunders perform!"

All the other guests were just as pleasantly surprised when they heard Ms. Saunders' name.

Hera had studied music before, so she could tell how skillful she was. She could not help but ask the waiter, "Isn't Ms. Saunders a professional pianist?"

"Though Ms. Saunders had only spent a month to master the piano, the harp is still her favorite instrument. Whenever she's free, she would come and perform a tune or two in the tea house. Her presence here has helped

boost our business."

Of course, many guests frequented the tea house because of Ms. Saunders' fame!

One month!

One month was all she needed to master the piano, and she won the first prize in the World Piano Competition!

For someone who had been taking piano lessons since young, this was a slap in Hera's face.

Just the thought of it made her head spin,

and she nearly fainted.

"We have an appointment with Ms. Saunders," Lucas said in a cold voice.

Hera smiled and added, "Could you please bring us to Ms. Saunders' room?"

The waiter looked at Lucas and responded with a grin, "So you're Mr. Nolan. Follow me."

All the guests were green with envy as they watched the waiter bring the two of them to the second floor.

The waiter brought them to Celestial Room.

The moment he opened the door, a charmingly antiquated room appeared before their eyes.

They were greeted by clouds of smoke from an incense burner on the table.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 160

The faint scent of sandalwood wafted over.

Behind the table was a screen with a drawing of a lady-in-waiting from historical times. The melodious harmony was coming from behind the screen.

The servers poured the two of them cups of tea before leaving the room.

Lucas let the beautiful music carry him away. His slender fingers softly tapped the tabletop in tandem with the rhythm.

Hera carefully blew on her steaming cup of tea as she watched the handsome Lucas.

When they entered the tea house, she had caught sight of several female customers and employees gazing at her with envy.

She could not help but revel in being the object of their jealousy.

She adored being the center of attention.

If only... We could stay like this forever.

As time slipped away, the harp continued to play, its tune just as captivating as ever.

After some time, Hera became impatient and huffed, "Lucas, do you think she's just out to waste our time? It's been over an hour and she still hasn't shown her face."

"Quiet." Lucas shushed her expressionlessly.

He could discern wisps of loneliness threaded through the dulcet song.

The legendary genius of Ms. Saunders is in a league of its own. She might be the only person with the ability to comprehend it.

Suddenly, the music changed. It was now brash and ferocious. The sound barraged its listeners from all directions with its intensely brutal melody. The overwhelming gravity of

the music's aggression would ensnare anyone.

Lucas furrowed his brow. Ms. Saunders sure is...

At this moment, a sharp note marked the end of the music. The room fell silent.

Lucas's cold lips murmured, "Ms. Saunders, my name is Lucas Nolan. You were introduced to me by Ashlyn Berry and Mrs. Field. We come before you with nothing but respect."

The server from before knocked on the door before stepping into the room. He respectfully gestured towards Lucas and

said, "Mr. Nolan, please come with me."

As such, Lucas and Hera were led by the server to the other side of the screen.

They found the space empty. But the area past it was enormous. The server pulled aside a sheer curtain and they continued wading through. Along the way, they passed a large and ancient-looking bookshelf.

The bookshelf was filled to the brim with books, some of which were the only one of their kind.

After the bookshelf was an antique cabinet.

Lucas's eyes widened slightly at the sight of the numerous priceless antiques placed inside.

As they advanced further, they came across a room.

The entire journey so far had felt as though they had traveled back in time to the golden era.

The smell of parchment paper perforated the air. The intoxicating scent was enough to convince a person they had truly traveled back in time.

The server pushed open the door. The room inside was decorated with a sole dark red table. An antique bench was set down along every side of the table and a gently smoking incense burner sat atop the table.

A woman clad in bright red historical clothing was perched on one of the benches. She cradled a harp in her arms.

Her back was to them so her features remained a mystery.

However, she carried herself with unquestionable elegance and genteel.

Beside the woman was another older, middle-aged woman also dressed in historical attire. She was the epitome of dignity. Her deep red attire was embroidered with intricate peonies, giving her the look of a historical woman from high society.

The middle-aged woman grinned and was murmuring in a voice too low to pick up.

At the sound of the footsteps, the middle-aged woman lifted her gaze to meet Lucas. She smiled warmly and waved Lucas over. "Come here, Lucas. Let me introduce you to Madeline Saunders."

Lucas's frigid aura thawed slightly. "Thank

you, Madam." Lucas respectfully replied.

The middle-aged lady was a familiar face to him. She was none other than Joseph Field's mother, Mrs. Field. She pointed at the bench nearby and instructed him to sit.

She patted the hands of the woman next to her. "Ashlyn, this is my nephew who's been dying to meet you. He's begged me multiple times and I had no choice but to oblige him by bringing him here."

Hera was nothing but a wallflower throughout this interaction. Mrs. Field merely glanced past her before swiftly moving on.

She gritted her teeth and threw a look of indignance Mrs. Field's way.

She was the wife of James Field. Her eldest son was uninterested in politics and insisted on entering the corporate world. He held the seat of honor as an executive of Nolan Group and possessed unimaginable authority.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 161

With James Field's political background, it gave Joseph Field free rein to be the extremely powerful and arrogant yet highly eligible bachelor he was.

However, Mrs. Field preferred to keep a low profile. She refused all public appearance unless it was absolutely necessary.

When the other rich elderly ladies heard Mrs. Field was on the prowl for a daughter-in-law, they mobbed the Field family residence. Naturally, Mrs. Field was only interested in a diamond of the first water. She would not allow her son to meet with any ordinary woman.

Who knew Ms. Saunders would be so young

and closely acquainted with Mrs. Field?

Hera was practically green with envy.

When she remembered her purpose for coming here, she forced the ugly feelings of jealousy down and turned her attention to Madeline Saunders.

The room had an air of serenity.

Suddenly, a merry chuckle erupted.

The woman carrying the harp slowly turned.

When she laid eyes on the woman's face, Hera was frozen with shock. Her eyes widened in disbelief and she burst out, "How can it be you?"

Ashlyn smiled faintly. Her breathtaking features settled into a calm expression. She had a tiny plum blossom painted between her eyebrows, adding to the enchanting glow she emanated.

Dressed in historical clothing, she resembled a dazzling painting come to life.

Lucas was also staring at the devastatingly beautiful Ashlyn with his jaw dropped.

His obsidian eyes shifted from hostility, to shock, then to anger.

No wonder... She spoke about Madeline Saunders with such nonchalance.

No wonder... She could make the decision to send that man a painting.

No wonder... She was able to help Madeline Saunders auction off paintings.

It was because!

She's Madeline Saunders!

Ashlyn had a cup of tea in front of her, plumes of smoke rose steadily from it. She set the harp down on a nearby harp stand before turning up the corner of the lips into a small smirk. "Mr. Nolan, pray tell what was so important that you were willing to pay nine million just to meet with me?"

Lucas scanned her like how a predator would track its prey.

His gaze was sharp, invasive, and would send shivers down its target's spine.

"What do you take me for, Ashlyn?"

"Mr. Nolan, did you pay nine million just to sit there and interrogate me?" Ashlyn relaxedly pulled down the scarf covering the lower half of her face. Her brows raised in mock derision.

Is it my fault he's never asked about my relationship with Madeline Saunders?

Until she introduced me as Madeline Saunders, no one suspected a thing. So no one

would believe it even if this got out, right?

Judging from Hera's bulging sockets of astonishment, she definitely can't believe it.

Mrs. Field was unaware that Lucas was familiar with Ashlyn. "Lucas, you know Ashlyn?" Mrs. Field asked in surprise.

"Not only do I know her!" Lucas spat, his tone turning fierce.

Noticing his demeanor, Mrs. Field stretched an arm out in front of Ashlyn. "Lucas, Ashlyn is a good friend of mine. I won't allow you to lay a finger on her! If you injure even one

hair on her body, I'll make sure you regret it!"

The Field family and Nolan family have always been close.

Their children have been friends for as long as they could remember. Lucas was like a second son to Mrs. Field.

In all my life, I've never seen her take the side of an outsider and use such a tone with me.

He was floored by her reaction. "Why... Why would I harm her?"

"Then you can speak amicably to her." Mrs. Field glared at him before continuing, "So, why did you want to meet with Ashlyn?"

Lucas was about to explain when he spotted Hera shaking her head. "No. I don't want her as my mentor." She declared resolutely.

Ashlyn's shapely almond eyes glinted and her radiant features hardened with hostility. "I wouldn't want to take you in either."

"Ms. Chapman was it?" Mrs. Field gave Hera a once over. "Don't you know? Ashlyn isn't just Ms. Saunders, but she's also LX's head of

design. You were shut down by LX because of this. As a socialite, you're supposed to have received an impeccable upbringing yet you act otherwise. The Field Family and the Chapman family are friends and I can say that your behavior would bring shame upon your father."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 162

After checking the trending pages, Mrs. Field was boiling with rage.

How dare that wretched Hera cause a scene at the LX flagship store? She even slandered the LX brand! Worst of all, she even hit Ashlyn!

I won't take this lying down. Since she came here of her own accord, she can't blame me for teaching her a lesson for the sake of Ashlyn.

Hera's face contorted in a mixture of humiliation and rage.

Her features twisted and flushed with the flurry of emotions she was experiencing.

How dare Mrs. Field reprimand me so harshly? If only I could fight back.

But even Mum has to keep her mouth shut and allow Mrs. Field to continue hurling insults her way.

What's so special about Ashlyn? How did she get Mrs. Field to become so protective of her?

Tears of indignance and fury surged in her eyes.

She turned to leave but heard Mrs. Field's voice exclaim, "Do you think the Royal Tea

House is someplace you can choose to enter and leave of your own free will? Apologize! You must apologize to Ashlyn!"

Mrs. Field's influence was undeniable.

Hera looked at Lucas with shame, but he did not even bother to meet her gaze.

If I had known Madeline Saunders was Ashlyn, I never would have brought Hera to meet her, much less request for her to be Hera's mentor.

Hot tears spilled from Hera's eyes and she choked out, "It's all her fault... Why must you

treat me this way? What did I do wrong?
Why should I apologize? Netizens are all
scolding and ridiculing me, all because of her.
She's also the reason behind Glorious Group
blacklisting me. I'm clearly the victim here so
why should I be the one to apologize?"

Hera's spiel only further enraged Mrs. Field.

She was about to speak when she was
stopped by Ashlyn placing her hand on her
wrist. "Sister, lower your hand."

Sister?

Ashlyn actually addressed Mrs. Field as Sister!

Lucas stiffened and his eyes flared in anger.

"How could you call her Sister!" Lucas yelled, incensed.

"Lucas, I told you to take a nicer tone with Ashlyn. Do you understand? Ashlyn is my god sister. You should be grateful I didn't insist that you address her as Aunt! You should count your blessings!" Mrs. Field glared daggers at Lucas.

Lucas took a sharp intake of breath.

Aunt!

She's only 22 years old, while I'm already 28. Yet I still have to address Mrs. Field with respect. Why is she allowed to call her Sister?

There's clearly a mistake in seniority here!

His annoyance swelled but was halted before it could erupt.

Hera compared Ashlyn's situation to her own. Look at my pathetic sorry state. No one even

tries to sympathize with me.

She shook her head as her eyes brimmed with scalding tears. "This is so unfair!"

She turned and bolted out.

Lucas stood rooted to the ground, his incisive gaze remained locked onto Ashlyn.

Ashlyn lowered her gaze and her slender fingers closed over the handle of the teapot. She was currently elegantly pouring out tea for Mrs. Field as she soothed the older woman, "Have some tea, Sister."

Mrs. Field sighed before accepting the cup of tea. "You're too nice. Only you would allow such a mediocre creature to take advantage of you."

Nice?

Aunt! Are we talking about the same person?

The woman who has the ability to strike a man so hard he flew into the air. She's nice?

Lucas inwardly bagged on her. But now that I think about it, Ashlyn has always been good with altering her personality to suit her audience. She probably acts all cute and

innocent in front of Mrs. Field. It's the only way Mrs. Field would be so taken with her!

I fell for her act during those four years as well.

Ashlyn took a sip of tea before lifting her gaze to see Lucas's towering figure still seated. "Aren't you going after her?" She asked curiously.

"I'm not going!"

The man suddenly jumped to his feet, grabbed Ashlyn by the arm and dragging her away from the table.

"Excuse me while I speak to Ashlyn privately. It'll only take three minutes."

Ashlyn's wrist was trapped in Lucas's grip. He was exerting a significant amount of strength and she felt pain shoot up her arm.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 163

He looks mad.

He practically hauled me out of the room.

Once the bathroom door clicked shut, Lucas exploded.

"Ashlyn! Explain! Explain yourself now!"

Sister? Madeline Saunders?

Lucas could not hold it together any longer.

Ashlyn regarded him quietly. His inky gaze was clouded over by storm clouds of hostility.

"Lucas, you never asked me about my relationship with Ms. Saunders. You also never asked me if I was her. How is this my

fault?"

Ashlyn leaned back against the wall, her enchanting countenance shining with tranquil composure.

His arm held the back of her neck and his voice lowered to a dangerously menacing tone, "Are you blaming me? Are you blaming me for not paying attention to you? Or for not understanding you?"

Ashlyn returned his gaze with her own puzzled expression. "That wasn't my intention

at all, Lucas. Why would I need you to pay attention to me?"

"What more are you hiding from me, Ashlyn?" Lucas growled threateningly.

The hand which held her neck gripped it tighter. "Don't make me guess anymore."

"When did I make you guess? You're the one who likes playing games. You're also the one who sought out Ms. Saunders and begged to meet her." Ashlyn wrenched her neck out of his uncomfortable hold.

"Mrs. Field is waiting for me. You better...Umph!"

Her lips were suddenly corked.

Mrs. Field was worried about Ashlyn and had come out looking for her when she saw the pair headed towards the bathroom.

When she arrived in front of the bathroom, she heard odd sounds coming from Ashlyn inside the bathroom.

I know all too well what sounds those are...

She was bewildered by this development.

What's going on? Lucas and Ashlyn? Thinking back, I have to admit Lucas had a strange attitude towards Ashlyn.

I watched Lucas grow up and understand him fairly well. But I've never seen him care about anyone so much.

But isn't Lucas married?

Could Ashlyn be...

Mrs. Field was dumbfounded.

The bathroom was dimly lit. Ashlyn was pressed against the wall, her face bright red.

Lucas glowered at her, jealousy screaming from his gaze. "Just how many people do you have in your heart? First Jared, then the twins, and now Mrs. Field. They all know you better than me..."

Jealousy was driving him up the wall.

I'm only a man.

After four years together, she's the most familiar person to me in this sea of

strangers.

Is there greater agony than this?

Ashlyn cut him off, "Lucas, during the four years we were married, I was never completely honest about myself because I felt it was unnecessary. You know best how our relationship was. You don't love me and vice versa. You've also never looked into my background or cared about my family, hobbies and life in general. All you wanted was a wife to stay home and greet you every day you came home. So isn't it rather ridiculous that now you stand here, screeching about how you don't understand me? The only thing we're familiar with about

each other is our bodies. Nothing else."

Ashlyn turned her head away from the imposingly cold man.

She yanked the handle of the door and left.

When she returned to the room, the server at the entrance curtly informed her, "Ms. Berry, Mrs. Field had something to attend to and already took her leave. She wanted me to tell you."

"Noted." Ashlyn nodded before stepping into the room.

Lucas continued standing in the bathroom. A

long time passed while he remained statuesque.

His heart was utterly vacant. Melancholic winds seemed to sweep in and out of the void.

In the Field family villa.

Joseph Field entered, closely followed by his mother.

He took in the historical garb she was dressed in and a headache immediately set in. "Mum, can you not always dress up in such weird get-ups? You're no spring chicken anymore so why are you still trying to

cosplay?"

"You know nothing." Mrs. Field shot him a glare before tossing her custom-made historical costume onto the sofa and kicked off her embroidered slippers.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 164

"We're preserving our traditional culture, and we wear these oriental outfits to promote the traditional Han costumes. Have you been to the Royal Tea House? Do you have its gold card? I'm a Royal Tea House's diamond card holder. Ashlyn told me that there're only five diamond card holders, and I'm one of them."

"Okay, okay. I'm not much of a tea person, so I'm not interested in that place." Joseph felt his head throbbing.

His mom and Madeline Saunders were so close to each other, to the extent that he felt a little jealous.

"Hmph! Come over here." Fae sat on the couch and waved at her son.

"What's the matter?" In bewilderment, Joseph walked over and sat beside his mom.

"How are things between Lucas and his wife? Are they on bad terms?" Fae held her son's hand while looking at him squarely in the eyes. "Tell me honestly and don't lie to me, okay?"

"Mom, why do you ask about Lucas suddenly?" Joseph pursed his lips. "Is he your son?"

"Hey, don't change the subject." Fae slapped her son playfully. "Tell me already."

"They were divorced for more than a month."

Joseph sat sluggishly on the couch with his legs wide open, snapping his fingers. "How could Lucas do this to me? Ever since he got married, he never let me see his wife, not even once. Are they really divorced?" Fae's eyes widened in disbelief.

"It can't be fake. Lucas will never lie to me." Joseph tilted his head. "After all, both of them don't love one another. They got married in a hurry for Lucas' grandpa's sake."

Fae heaved a sigh of relief. "That's great."

Thank God that Ashlyn isn't a mistress.

But Lucas is a divorcee, so he's secondhand goods. Fae felt slightly awkward that Lucas was pursuing Ashlyn.

Ashlyn is beautiful, kind and talented, so she's definitely out of Lucas' league. Even though Lucas is rich, influential and a man of integrity, he's someone's ex-husband after all.

That's not very appropriate.

Fae couldn't help but sneak a peek at his son. No, no. My son is incompetent, so he doesn't

deserve Ashlyn at all. He is even worse than Lucas.

On the other hand, Joseph still had no idea that he and his best friend were losing their places in his mom's heart.

He stared at Fae suspiciously. "What's so great about it? Mom, why are you happy that Lucas is divorced?"

"No, I'm not." Fae's expression was inscrutable. "It's none of your business, so don't be a busybody."

I have to ask Ashlyn for her opinion soon...

Meanwhile, James came downstairs from his study and heard their conversation.

"Honey, please invite Ashlyn for dinner at our house one day. The National Day is approaching soon, and I need to organize a National Day celebration. Hence, I would like to ask Ashlyn to be the performing arts consultant and help me with the program planning. Do you think she'll go for it?"

"How much do you pay Ashlyn for this job? If it's not a well-paying one, I won't look for her then." Fae gave James a sideways glance.

James laughed and said, "Talking about money hurts our relationship."

"No, it hurts our pockets not to talk about money." Fae took a sip of water. "Dear, is there any outstanding and brilliant young men at your workplace? Especially the ones with noble character and prominent family background."

"What for? Are you trying to match make Ashlyn?" James could not hold back his laugh. "Ashlyn is so famous. The words 'Ms. Saunders' will scare any talented young man away. Who will dare get into a relationship with her?"

Anyone who praised Ashlyn was a good person in Fae's eyes.

Whenever Fae talked about Ashlyn, her face reddened with excitement, and her eyes were gleaming. "Ashlyn is breathtakingly beautiful. Look at Jared, he clings on to her every day, but I don't think he's the perfect match for her. Ashlyn's mother passed away when she was young. That's why I have to pay more attention to her love life."

"How about our son?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 165

"Hah! Even Lucas doesn't deserve Ashlyn, let alone our son. Lucas is a divorcee, while Joseph is useless. So neither of them is good enough." Fae snorted.

My mom blatantly despises me!

Joseph let out a wail. "Mom, just how amazing Ashlyn is? Am I really your biological son?"

Fae reached out to poke his face. "Of course you're my biological son, but Ashlyn is better. She accompanies me to go shopping, tea time, concert, and she even plays piano together

with me. What about you?"

"Mom, could it be that Ashlyn has an ulterior motive?" Joseph mumbled.

My mom has been bewitched after meeting Madeline Saunders two years ago. At home, she talks about Ashlyn all the time, and Ashlyn is the best and the wisest person in her eyes. Anyone who says a word against Ashlyn is her enemy.

She's comparable to those fanatic fans who blindly chase after their idol.

"Cut the nonsense," Fae said through gritted

teeth while glaring at her son. "Ashlyn has never once asked us for anything, but we always ask for her help. Look at these paintings on our wall. Each one is worth over ten million, but Ashlyn has given them to us for free!"

Joseph bit his tongue as he looked around at the walls full of Madeline Saunders' paintings.

We can't have too much of a good thing. It can be tiresome no matter how artistic they are.

"You two should stop bickering. Please ask Ashlyn whether she's free on Friday night," James urged them before heading upstairs to continue working.

When he came upstairs, his assistant called him. "Mr. Field, regarding the Haddock Group's case, Zero informed us that the Haddock Group fell for the trick."

"That's fast," James said in surprise.

"Yes, but Zero still needs to investigate further to find out the actual situation."

"Please keep in touch with the secret society. We'll pump in extra funds if it's insufficient, as long as we can get hold of the criminal evidence of the Haddock Group," James said in a steady voice.

"Noted."

After hanging up the phone, James looked out the window at the night sky with an enigmatic look in his eyes.

On Friday night, at the Pearl Restaurant.

It was a private kitchen which served

delicious and expensive cuisines. This restaurant belonged to the Haddock Group and was managed by Sienna.

The interior design and furnishings of the restaurant were custom-made according to her preferences. Therefore, she loved to organize gatherings at this place.

Since it was only a gathering, it wasn't as grand as the previous Haddock Group dinner. However, the Pearl Restaurant dining hall was opulently decorated.

Most guests invited were female, and the hall on the first floor was buzzing with activity.

As a fashionable lady, Sienna invited a well-known female social media influencer instead of the reporters. She was live-streaming the entire event on the official blog of the Haddock Group.

It was the first time the female influencer attended a gathering of the wives of wealthy men, so she felt ecstatic and spoke in an overly excited tone during the livestream.

"Oh my God! Guess who I just saw!"

The female influencer's name was Coco. She lifted her phone to aim its camera at the

middle-aged woman who just stepped through the entrance. "Good day. Mrs. Jones. Please say hi to the netizens."

Coco jogged over to Mrs. Jones. Although all the guests had been notified beforehand that there would be a livestream during the gathering, Mrs. Jones still appeared abashed and reserved as she waved at the camera.

"Hi, everyone. I'm Mrs. Jones, and I'm here today for Mrs. Haddock's private gathering."

"Mrs. Jones looks so gracious. It's obvious that you're from a wealthy family," Coco complimented her.

After that, she pranced around the hall and

interviewed every guest in front of the camera.

Many comments kept popping out in the chatroom of the livestream.

The netizens had always been curious about the lives of wealthy people. Now Sienna revealed their lavish lifestyle through the livestream. Hence, it attracted countless netizens, and the viewership skyrocketed.

"Wow. The place looks magnificent."

"These ladies' outfits are all from luxury brands."

"Tsk, tsk. I saw Mrs. Gracia. Her husband is a filthy rich real estate developer."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 166

"Isn't that Mrs. Miller? She looks so luxurious."

"Cindy is there too! I'm her hardcore fan. She looks great in her white LX dress."

Just then, Ashlyn arrived at the first floor.

Coco hurriedly turned the camera toward her. "Look, everyone. Our popular queen, Ms. Berry is here."

More comments popped up on the screen.

"Wow! She's so attractive!"

"Oh my. My goddess is a charming one."

"She's wearing LX latest collection. The pinkish red dress looks elegant on her."

"She's so tall. Maybe she's over 170 cm."

"Totally stunning and stylish."

In the meantime, Sienna had been sitting on a couch at the lounge. She was the star of today's gathering, and all the socialites revolved around her.

Sienna held a high status in the Haddock family.

The first son and the third son's families were nowhere near as good as her, and there were no signs of them at the gathering.

Even if they came, they would only be here to complement Sienna.

The other Haddock family members cursed Sienna behind her back, suspecting that something was going on between her and Dixon.

Otherwise, why did Dixon have such high hopes for her?

In fact, Sienna was good-looking, carefree, and generous. She had good interpersonal

skills as well.

Although she was about to turn forty years old, she seemed youthful for her age because she took good care of her skin and appearance.

However, the moment she saw Ashlyn, a look of astonishment flashed in her eyes.

From a woman's perspective, Sienna could not deny that Ashlyn was incredibly beautiful.

Every socialite present was wearing branded clothes and accessories, looking graceful and sophisticated.

Nevertheless, when Ashlyn showed up, everyone around her faded into the background. Ashlyn was always the center of attraction.

The pinkish-red dress outlined her perfect hourglass figure.

Her silky long hair was styled in a messy bun, revealing her slender neck. With delicate makeup on her face, she was utterly eye-catching.

Her expression seemed noble and aloof as she scanned through the crowd. Lastly, her

gaze landed on Sienna.

Immediately, Sienna smiled and welcomed her, "Ms. Berry, welcome to my private gathering. It's an honor to have you here."

"It's too bad that Ms. Saunders didn't come together with Ms. Berry. It seems like we're not as lucky as Ms. Berry and didn't have the privilege to meet Ms. Saunders," a young woman said. She was Sienna's secretary and right-hand man.

Sienna shot her a glance at her. "Lisa, what're you talking about? Ms. Saunders is not an average person whom we can meet so easily."

Sienna then turned to look at Ashlyn with a smile. "Am I right, Ms. Berry?"

"Ms. Oates, don't worry about it."

Ashlyn nodded faintly at her.

Sienna and her subordinate seem to work together very well.

On the other hand, the other socialites felt jealous that Sienna greeted and entertained Ashlyn personally.

"Look at her face, she must have made her face perfect through plastic surgery."

"And her boobs too. They looked so full and round. I bet she has breast implants."

"Her butt is so firm. Maybe she injected fillers too."

A few women whispered among themselves bitterly. In their eyes, Ashlyn had no prominent status, and she made her way to the top via her connections with Jared. Thus, they thought that she would fret over attending a gathering of the upper echelons.

But they were disappointed after seeing Ashlyn.

She carried herself with elegance and grace. Her gaze was distant yet piercing, giving off an intimidating aura.

At the same time, Naomi was walking past behind the few women who were cursing Ashlyn under their breaths.

She glanced at Sienna and Ashlyn while feeling smug. She could not wait to see how Ashlyn would end up when she had offended so many socialites.

Meanwhile, the netizens were still enthusiastically commenting on the livestream.

"My goddess is out of this world. Her gaze sends chills down my spine."

"Her aura is domineering."

"I don't know why, but her gaze just now reminded me of Mr. Nolan."

"Me too... Mr. Nolan's face crossed my mind when I saw her just now. Her strong aura and icy gaze look exactly like Mr. Nolan's!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 167

"Yeah, you're right. It's too bad that she's Jared's girlfriend."

"I wonder how Mrs. Nolan looks like, whether her gaze is gentle or sharp."

"Oh, look! Our goddess and Ms. Oates are moving."

All the netizens could not stop praising Ashlyn in the chatroom.

At that time, Ashlyn was trending on social media. The Most Outstanding One In A Private Gathering; The Beautiful Goddess Ashlyn

Meanwhile, Hera was in her room at the Chapman family villa as she dared not go out these days.

Feeling bored, she browsed her social media and saw the trending topic about Ashlyn.

"Bitch!"

Most socialites shunned her ever since she got into trouble. Although some of her friends kept in touch with her, they often mocked her indirectly.

Not only did she see Ashlyn's news, but a few socialites also posted status about Ashlyn with a caption: Did she get plastic surgery? Is that why her face looks perfect?

An idea came to Hera's mind when she saw this caption.

An evil smile spread across her face. Then she couldn't help but send an email to that

person again.

A few minutes later, the photos of Ashlyn before and after having plastic surgery went viral and became the top trending topic.

Numerous netizens tapped on it and saw many photos of Ashlyn's ugly face before the plastic surgery versus her current photos.

The photo of her ugly face before the plastic surgery was jaw-dropping.

She had a pair of small eyes, a flat nose,

tanned skin and a big mouth.

To make the matter worse, a certified plastic surgeon testified that Ashlyn had undergone plastic surgery for her entire face, which would have cost at least 500 thousand.

He even called Ashlyn 'a plastic surgery freak', who went to the extremes to entice men.

His insults toward Ashlyn were awful.

At that moment, Lucas just got off a plane. It was the beginning of the month, so he was on duty.

A group of cabin crew trailed behind him.

The tall and well-built man was dressed in a captain's uniform, looking aloof yet dashing.

When Jenny switched on her phone, she saw a notification from her social media.

She promptly clicked on it as she read a familiar name.

"Captain Nolan."

Running to catch up with Lucas, she raised

her head to stare at the tall and striking man.

The man was exuding an unapproachable vibe all over.

He looked down at her and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Look..." Jenny plucked up her courage and lifted her phone in front of him. "Ashlyn had plastic surgery. A plastic surgeon compared her before and after photos and verified that she really did it."

Lucas's eyes were fixed on the screen, and

his face turned grim all of a sudden.

It was full of hue and cry on the Internet, and the so-called plastic surgeon's confirmation had been shared over ten thousand times.

His expression became increasingly sullen, and a storm was brewing in his darkened gaze.

Spencer cast a cautious glance at Lucas.

Mr. Nolan's mood is visibly turning sour...

He's getting restless, irritated and furious...

Lucas's gaze grew more and more frigid. Then he instructed Spencer, "Get the manager of the Public Relations Department to deal with this matter right away."

He added in a stern voice, "And that plastic surgeon too."

Jenny was dumbstruck.

What does Lucas mean?

The proof of Ashlyn's plastic surgery is right in front of his eyes, but he isn't against Ashlyn.

He's even helping Ashlyn to suppress this news.

Is he out of his mind?

He's protecting an unfaithful gold digger who had undergone plastic surgery.

Jenny became anxious and could no longer hold back her emotions. "Captain Nolan, don't you believe that Ashlyn went for plastic surgery? She made her face look perfect so that she could seduce men. She's not a natural beauty."

A sardonic laugh echoed above her head. "It doesn't matter if she's not a natural beauty, and I don't care about her appearance. As long as she's Ashlyn, she'll be my wife."

Jenny's eyes turned red-rimmed. "But she cheated on you... She's a loose woman!"

The man's voice sounded as cold as ice. "She has her own circle of friends. I'm sure that she'll never cheat on me. Stop slandering and ruining her reputation, or else I'll make you pay for this."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 168

Jenny yelled hysterically, "If she's that great, why did you marry her in secret? Do your parents know about her? Will you dare let her live under the same roof as your parents? Don't you think that your marriage is abnormal?"

Lucas looked daggers at her and remained silent for a moment.

"It's none of your business. You have no right to talk about or meddle in our relationship."

After saying this, the man immediately

marched away and left her alone.

The other air stewardess shot glances of sympathy at Jenny. Has she gone crazy?

How dare she talk to Captain Nolan this way?

Something must be wrong with her. Even if she's madly in love, she shouldn't behave like a madwoman.

She's only making Captain Nolan hate her more.

After that, the air stewardess walked past Jenny and ran toward Lucas to catch up with him.

Standing motionless, Jenny broke down and wailed.

Why does Lucas trust a bitch like Ashlyn unconditionally? He's so protective of her.

Is he not afraid that Ashlyn would have an affair behind his back?

Ashlyn is his wife, but she swindles everyone under the guise of Jared's girlfriend.

Soon after, the trending topic of Ashlyn's plastic surgery disappeared.

Instead, the scandal about the plastic surgeon was exposed and spread all over the Internet.

He once caused the death of an average influencer during the operation. However, no one paid attention to the case because the influencer wasn't popular.

As a result, the plastic surgeon settled the

issue with only little compensation.

Someone discovered it, and it became the new trending topic.

All these happened within only half an hour.

The topic about Ashlyn's plastic surgery had been reversed completely.

"So whatever this plastic surgeon said cannot be trusted."

"This surgeon is a troublemaker. Why didn't the influencer's family sue him?"

"Perhaps she signed a consent agreement before the surgery, but she didn't read it."

"He has no regard for human life."

"Ashlyn's face seems very natural to me. Her facial expression doesn't look stiff at all."

The public opinion took a drastic turn.

At that moment, Ashlyn was still chatting with Sienna. She was clueless that there was a storm on social media because of her.

"Ms. Berry, let me introduce you to some of my friends. They're in close collaboration with the Haddock Charity and donated a lot to the needy. I am amazed and grateful towards them," Sienna said with a smile.

In fact, Sienna yearned for Madeline Saunders to join her. It'll be best if I can merge Saunders Charity with the Haddock Group.

Ms. Saunders' influence can greatly benefit the development of the Haddock Charity.

Hence, I have to win Ashlyn over first. I heard that this woman is only a pretty face, and she's busty but brainless.

She's indeed very stunning and elegant. I can use her stupidity to my advantage.

"I'm keen to meet them then," Ashlyn replied impassively. "I always admire outstanding women like them."

Sienna felt a sense of disdain in her heart. What a hypocrite.

Then she brought Ashlyn to mingle with the wealthy wives and showcased her diplomatic skills.

These wealthy wives were courteous toward

Sienna, whose status and influence surprised Ashlyn.

Due to Ashlyn's connection with Madeline Saunders, many of the wealthy wives greeted her enthusiastically while urging, "Please bring Ms. Saunders along next time so we'll have the honor to meet her face to face."

Ashlyn maintained an expressionless face, and her gaze was calm. She appeared modest yet dignified.

Nonetheless, some of them looked down on Ashlyn. She's just a bimbo who depends on a man to make her way up. What's the point of making friends with her?

Ms. Oates personally entertains her only to get in touch with Ms. Saunders through her.

Why is Ms. Saunders so close to her?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 169

Cindy saw the close interaction between Ashlyn and Sienna from afar, then she strolled over to them and greeted Ashlyn, "Ms. Berry, how have you been?"

Cindy had a good impression of Ashlyn after the LX brand incident.

"Good day, Ms. Wynn." Ashlyn had not spoken to any of the wealthy wives, but she greeted and chatted with Cindy.

All the wealthy wives' expressions turned grim at her reaction.

Are we worse than an actress?

Both of them are lowly people and cut from the same cloth. It's true that birds of a feather flock together.

"Ashlyn!" a high-pitched voice called out

suddenly.

Wearing an unusual outfit, Naomi stormed toward them and pointed at her phone while shouting, "Did you ask my brother to remove the trending topic for you?"

Naomi?

She's here too?

Ashlyn's eyes glinted with surprise. She asked discreetly, "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

When everyone saw Naomi's expression, a scornful look appeared on their faces, knowing that a good show was about to unfold.

Naomi was known for her quick temper. After she returned from overseas, she did not go to school, doing nothing other than hanging out with some female gangsters.

She had a few friends in the upper echelons of society. If it weren't for her identity as the daughter of the Nolan family, the socialites wouldn't be bothered to look at her.

Some well-educated socialites even refused to associate with her.

"Stop pretending like you're so pure and innocent." Naomi was used to scolding Ashlyn every time she met her in the Nolan family home. In Naomi's eyes, Ashlyn was only her brother's kept woman.

Hence, she scolded Ashlyn straight away when she bumped into her here.

Ashlyn stared at Naomi with an indifferent face. "Ms. Nolan, are we so close that you

have forgotten your manners?"

"What are you trying to say!" Naomi shrieked angrily with embarrassment.

Ashlyn raised a brow in silent while glancing around.

Naomi unconsciously followed her gaze and look around. Only then she realized the wealthy wives around her were staring at her with disgust and contempt.

It suddenly hit her that she was only humiliating herself when she yelled at Ashlyn in public.

"Everyone here can see that you're ill-bred."
Ashlyn gracefully swayed the glass of red wine in her hand before taking a sip. She leaned closer to Naomi and whispered into her ears, "It's obvious that someone manipulated you, but you still think that you're all that. How silly of you."

Ashlyn shoved the glass into Naomi's hand. "I told you to study harder in school since you're so dumb."

Naomi's face flushed beet red with shame.

Initially, she had no intention to cause

trouble for Ashlyn. But a few girls incited her to start a fight, saying that only she was bold enough to stand against Ashlyn, who was so pretentious and disgusting.

Now she started reflecting on her actions. Are these girls genuinely my besties?

Although Cindy was afraid of offending Naomi, she mumbled, "Ms. Nolan, scolding Ms. Berry in public makes you look like..."

"What do I look like? Explain!" Naomi rebuked her furiously, "What do you think you are to criticize me?"

Cindy's face turned pale at her words. She could not afford to offend a girl from a wealthy family, but she could not stand to see Ashlyn get insulted.

Cindy was only an average celebrity who had plastic surgeries for her face and boobs. Since the LX brand event, she felt really impressed by Ashlyn.

The world of show business was complicated, and she went through much bullying and oppression, but she eventually adapted herself to people-pleasing and politics. Yet, Ashlyn was magnanimous, and it blew her mind.

Ashlyn's frigid gaze landed on Naomi. "Shut up. Aren't you embarrassed enough? Or do you want to continue living overseas? If you don't, then get back to the Nolan family home now!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 170

Biting her lips, Naomi stomped her foot in anger and walked away.

I ended up studying overseas because Ashlyn convinced my brother to do so. I just don't understand why my brother treats Ashlyn so well.

Cindy looked at Ashlyn gratefully.

"Ms. Berry, you're courageous indeed," Sienna praised her with a flattering smile. "Everyone knows Ms. Nolan is a fearless spoilt brat, but you managed to subdue her."

Ashlyn looked down and smiled faintly. At that fleeting moment, she appeared so mesmerizing that she outshone every other woman present.

"She's still a little girl. Please excuse her tantrum."

"Ms. Berry, you've supported Ms. Saunders' charity before. Would you like to support the Haddock Charity as well? The Haddock Charity is much more established and famous compared to Ms. Saunders' charity." Sienna paused briefly before adding, "As far as I know, you don't have a job now. How about joining me to manage the Haddock Charity together?"

"Ms. Oates is right. As women, we must have our own careers. We can't depend on men all the time. By the way, I'm a senior consultant of the Haddock Charity," one of the wealthy wives said.

Then another wealthy wife said, "I'm at diamond tier."

Sienna explained with pride, "Almost everyone here is a consultant of the Haddock Charity. Some of us are directors and deacons. Charity can also be a career. It's not merely donation or financial aid, but it's also a virtue, belief, and love. I believe Ms. Berry will join the Haddock Charity and spread the love."

Ashlyn gazed calmly at Sienna.

This is interesting. The Haddock Charity has brainwashed everybody.

These rich wives gather here only because they are given nominal positions in the organization.

They usually had nothing to do other than play mahjong and go shopping. Now each one of them has a so-called career of her own.

In short, charity means donating money.

The Haddock Group must be eyeing Ms.

Saunders. Sienna wants me to join the Haddock Charity, so she can make me bring Ms. Saunders here in the future.

"I'll think about it." Ashlyn chuckled.

And everyone present held their breaths.

How captivating! She looks even more stunning when she laughs.

These wealthy wives couldn't help feasting their eyes on Ashlyn. When she smiled, she looked so enchanting that they couldn't take their eyes off her.

They were green with envy.

Such a minx! So young and beautiful.

No wonder Jared and Winsor have fallen head over heels for her.

"Sure. We organize a gathering almost every week. You can bring your female friends to join us, like Ms. Saunders." Sienna hurriedly added, "Ms. Berry, we genuinely look forward to your participation. Hope you'll let us know soon."

"No problem," Ashlyn replied indifferently, and the meaningful smile on her face grew

wider.

In the Field family villa.

"Is Ashlyn not coming?" James stared at the empty living room in bewilderment.

When Fae saw James come back home, she quickly stood up and approached him while saying with concern, "She's attending Sienna's private gathering tonight. Honey, the Haddock family is greedy and heartless. Why does Ashlyn go there?"

James' brows knitted together as he sat on the couch. "Don't worry. She's smart, so she'll

be able to protect herself."

"But Sienna's very capable. She keeps inviting me to the gathering, but I rejected her every time. If I had known that Ashlyn would attend the gathering tonight, I would've gone there to back her up." Fae felt a lump in her throat.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 171

"Alright, Honey, when did she say she would come to eat with us?" Mr. Field had wanted to meet Ms. Saunders for some time now. Alas, this hadn't sat quite well with Mrs. Field.

But thankfully, Ms. Saunders hadn't harmed her in any way.

"Tomorrow night."

"That's it. When tomorrow night comes, ask her about today's gathering and see what she says."

Upon hearing this, Mrs. Field could only reluctantly nod her head. "Alright then."

The next day at 9 o'clock in the Nolan Group's CEO's office.

The moment Joseph stepped inside, he said cheerfully, "Hey Lucas, did you know? I've got a really special guest coming to my house tonight."

"Hmm," came the man's disinterested reply as he continued with his work.

"Tsk tsk," Joseph disapproved, "What a heartless man you are. Aren't you going to even ask me who this guest is?"

"Who's your guest?" Lucas asked

cooperatively. However, the expression on his face didn't change in the slightest.

Joseph's lips curled into a mysterious smile.

"Do you know who Ms. Saunders is? The woman who can play the piano with her left hand while painting a picture with her right! My mum's on really good terms with her."

Joseph thought of something all of a sudden.

"Didn't you ask my mum to set up a meeting between you and Ms. Saunders? Why don't you tag along tonight?"

However, he was completely oblivious to how his best friend's eyes gleamed coldly as he tightened his grip around his pen after

hearing the words Ms. Saunders.

"Alright."

Lucas didn't tell Joseph about how he had already brought Hera to go see Ashlyn.

However, since his best friend had made such a sincere invitation, how could he turn his best friend down?

"You're agreeing just like that?" Joseph felt that Lucas was acting rather oddly today. He then studied his best friend from head to

toe. However, Lucas had already regained his composure.

Upon that dashing face was a pair of piercing eyes with dark circles around them. "Hey, couldn't sleep again?"

The hypomania Lucas had developed a few years ago was accompanied by frequent bouts of insomnia.

The medication he had been taking all this while had helped to suppress the symptoms. Only Joseph knew about this and he seldom saw Lucas with dark circles around his eyes.

Thus, he instinctively associated Lucas's eye bags with his illness.

"I was flying all night and I just got off not too long ago," Lucas explained coldly.

"What the f***! You flew for an entire night and yet you still came back for work? Are you a machine? Go back home and sleep! Go on!"

"I can't sleep," Lucas said as he rubbed his forehead, "I'll go back home with you tonight after work."

Joseph wanted to say something else but eventually thought the better of it.

That afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Ashlyn headed straight for the biggest mall in the city center.

This was the first time she was paying the Field family a visit. Since Mrs. Field was always really nice to her, she naturally had to prepare some gifts beforehand.

As she had always been a very decisive shopper, she was out of the mall in ten minutes.

After she exited the mall, she got into her

Land Rover and sped off to the Field family house.

Mrs. Field had already sent her their address via WhatsApp.

The traffic on the way to the Field family house was rather congested. Soon, it was almost 6 o'clock.

Just as she was about to U-turn and try a different route, she heard a siren in the distance.

As she curiously rolled down her windows, she overheard pedestrians discussing what had

happened.

"Oh my god! There's been an accident up ahead!"

"I heard that there were many kids in the car as well. It's uncertain if they're still alive."

As Ashlyn's brows furrowed, she got out of her car and started walking towards the accident site.

The moment she arrived at the accident site, she was greeted with the sight of a van that had been wrecked beyond recognition by a

lorry. Crawling out of the wreckage were three hooligan-looking men. Ignoring the children still in the car, they immediately made a mad dash for the crowd after hearing the police sirens.

Something's not right!

If those children were theirs, saving them would have been their top priority.

If those kids belonged to a certain kindergarten, those men would have chosen to save them as well.

But now...

They're running away...

Damn it!

With a frosty expression in her eyes, Ashlyn barked, "Don't let them get away! They're human traffickers!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 172

Not only were there many pedestrians who had stopped to watch, but there were also many drivers around due to the congested traffic caused by the accident.

Upon hearing Ashlyn's voice, those three men immediately picked up their speed.

Glancing at the children trapped inside the van, Ashlyn was then presented with a dilemma. Should I go after the bad guys first or should I save the children first?

Just then, the van started emitting an ear-piercing screech. Thick acrid fumes then began billowing from beneath the bonnet.

And it seemed as though there were several sparks as well!

Damn it! If this were to carry on, there would be a really high chance that the van will blow up.

Gnashing her teeth together, she turned and began walking towards the van. By then, two passers-by had already managed to extricate one of the children from the wreckage.

There were still three children trapped inside, out of which two were unconscious and trapped in the narrow space below the seats. The child who was still conscious looked hurt as well. At that moment, he was pinned underneath a chair and was bawling his eyes out in fear.

"Make way!" Ashlyn barked at those two men as she walked over.

Although they were confused, they complied and made way upon seeing the frosty expression on her face.

The slim woman raised one of her slender legs and aimed a swift kick at the chair with her high heels, dislodging it in the process.

She then reached out both hands and placed them on the seat. Snap!

With one mighty pull, she ripped off the entire seat.

Ashlyn proceeded to stick her head inside the wreckage and carry out the three children.

Just as she was carrying out the children, the van started emitting crackling sounds.

"Get down!" Ashlyn yelled as she leapt forward.

The van behind her burst into a ball of flames in a deafening explosion!

Dirt and rubble from the wreckage flew into the air and rained down onto the street.

The crowd jumped in shock upon witnessing this turn of events.

The van actually exploded!

Pain seared across Ashlyn's back as she held the children firmly in her arms to protect them.

Her face immediately turned as pale as a

sheet.

Quaking fearfully, one of the children in her arms grabbed on tightly to her shirt. "It's alright, don't be scared," she assured him.

Meanwhile, those three men were still running for their lives.

Upon discovering that the children only had superficial wounds, she immediately gave chase.

There were already several strong and burly men hot on those three men's heels.

But all of a sudden, a swift figure overtook them!

Before they could even react, they were greeted with the sight of a slender figure leaping off the ground as her dress twirled midair like a blooming flower!

In one swift motion, she split open her beautiful legs and sent two men flying to the ground!

"Ow!" the both of them wailed.

It was a scene right out of the movies!

Even though she was in heels, she still moved at an astonishing speed nonetheless.

Dashing forward, she leaped into the air once more. Even though she looked like a fairy in her getup, it in no way diminished how cool her movements were.

In one smooth shoulder throw, the last man was apprehended by the woman as well.

The rest of the crowd, on the other hand, were pinning down the other two men that Ashlyn had mowed down.

The entire scene seemed to have played out

in a second.

The woman's stern gaze landed on the three men. The moment she turned around, the crowd felt their hearts skip a beat.

What a beautiful woman!

How can one be so beautiful?

What an overwhelming aura.

And those eyes! How stern they look!

Just then, a police car pulled up beside them

and several traffic policemen darted out.

Next came the ambulance. The doctors and nurses came out and then helped the injured children into the ambulance.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Ashlyn gazed at her watch and discovered that it was almost 6 o'clock.

She hastily got into her Land Rover and sped off.

It would be rude of her to turn up late.

After she got into the car, the first thing

she did was send Mrs. Field a message on WhatsApp, "I got caught in a jam so I might be a little late."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 173

Mrs. Field's reply came almost immediately.
"It's fine. We'll wait for you."

Back at the accident site, the crowd was recounting to the police how that pretty woman had apprehended those three men.

After hearing them out, one of the policemen asked, "So where is she?"

The crowd looked around for her but to no avail. "Eh? She was right here a moment ago!"

"Mr. Policeman, you have no idea how cool she was just now! And how gorgeous she is!"

"That's right! For a moment there, I even thought that I was watching an action film!"

"Are you sure?" The police had their doubts about what the crowd had said. However, after confirming with the criminal police team, they said, "They really do seem to be that group of human traffickers we've put

out a warrant of arrest for. Hurry up and take them away!"

Someone from the crowd had actually managed to take a video of Ashlyn kicking the car seat and ripping it out.

The moment he posted this video online, it immediately garnered the attention of the online community.

"Wow, she's amazing! She looks so cool when she's saving those kids!"

"Hey, am I the only one who thinks that she looks like Ashlyn?"

"Yeah, she does look like Ashlyn from behind!"

"But isn't our Ashlyn just a dainty little princess?"

"That's right...so this can't be her."

"No dress or high heels is going to stop Lyn from saving anyone!"

Just then, another video of Ashlyn beating up those human traffickers filmed by another passer-by was uploaded onto the Internet.

In this video, the woman's moves were swift and precise, especially the part where she leaped into the air and kicked those two men.

What was even more impressive for the viewers was the shoulder throw that she ended with.

Afterwards...this gorgeous girl turned around...and all the viewers were flabbergasted.

"I'm f***ing losing my mind!"

"She really is Ashlyn!"

"Wow, I certainly didn't expect you to be like this."

"You're so cool. You look like a superhero out of the movies!"

"Please accept my humble obeisance."

"What a righteous goddess she is. I love her!"

"She apprehended a bunch of human traffickers and saved so many families from pain and misery. I'm so touched..."

"No! No! No! She's saved countless families! I heard that those three human traffickers have abducted many more children."

"Oh, my goddess, why do you enchant me so?"

"Not only did our goddess twirl her dress so beautifully, but she also even managed to keep everything beneath hidden! How did she do that?"

Ashlyn immediately began trending on

Twitter once again.

#Goddess Berry Is A Martial Arts Expert#

#Goddess Berry Saves Children From Van#

#Ripping Off Car Seat With Bare Hands,
Apprehending Human Traffickers#

#Are You Not Going To Make Your Debut,
Our Righteous Goddess#

Even those netizens who had previously criticized Ashlyn were completely dumbfounded after watching the video.

"I've decided not to criticize her anymore in the future."

"I think this wasn't a publicity stunt because this video was uploaded by a passer-by."

"Well, she couldn't have been informed beforehand about something like an accident right? And how could she have known of the human traffickers and children inside the van? This means that she did everything on impulse... I hereby apologize for all the nasty things I've said about her in the past."

"I admire all righteous people like her. I

won't accuse her of pulling publicity stunts and using money to make herself trending on Twitter. Neither will I accuse her of having done plastic surgery ever again! And she really had me with that furious expression in her eyes when she looked at those human traffickers!"

"I'm so moved by what Ashlyn's done! Oh, I'm suddenly really jealous of Jared for having such a girlfriend!"

Just like that...

Jared became trending on Twitter as well.

#So Jealous Of Jared For Having A
Girlfriend Like Ashlyn#

#Jared Must Have Saved The World In His
Past Life To Deserve Her#

Jared, on the other hand, was completely
mystified by this unexpected turn of events.

What happened?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 174

Who am I? What am I doing here?

Just then, Lake City's official Twitter account posted a rather hilarious message saying, "We would like to thank this brave woman for stepping forward today and apprehending these human traffickers and saving those children. If you're reading this message, please get in touch with us. Not only is there a fifty thousand dollar reward waiting for you, but so is a brocade flag commending you for your bravery! Thank you so much once again!"

This was a confirmation of what Ashlyn had done!

An official confirmation!

Netizens then began flooding the Lake City's Twitter account with comments.

"Her name's Ashlyn Berry. She's Jared Quickton' girlfriend. You'll be able to get in touch with her if you contact the president of Centennial Healthcare."

"Ashlyn's so cool!"

"Wow, even Lake City's official Twitter account is commending Lyn for her actions."

"Lyn is so cool!"

Ashlyn, on the other hand, had just parked her Land Rover outside the Field family house.

The Field family was staying in a home meant for government officials' family members. Most of the people staying here were government officials.

All of the houses were separate stand-alone cottages. Although it was no match for Lucas' villa, it was clean, tidy and rather spacious.

The moment Ashlyn got out of her car, the Director of the police force drove into the courtyard. "Director!" his driver yelled, "Look there! She's the superheroine!"

The director's brows furrowed. "What superheroine?"

As the driver watched Ashlyn walk into Mr. Field's house, he spluttered, "She's...she's the superheroine who apprehended those human traffickers and saved those children!"

The director's eyes immediately began

gleaming. "Are you sure?"

Ashlyn walked into the Field family house with the gifts she had bought in hand.

Upon hearing her footsteps, Mrs. Field came out to welcome her, "You're finally here, Ashlyn."

"The traffic was a little congested," Ashlyn grinned before nonchalantly shoving her gift into Mrs. Field's hands, "This is for you and Brother-in-law."

As Mr. Field got to his feet, he was greeted with the sight of a slender and gorgeous

woman. She was, however, dressed rather casually.

With her white dress, white heels and long hair tied to the back, she looked as exquisite as a little fairy who had just walked out a forest.

Mrs. Field had complimented Ashlyn's good looks multiple times in front of him. However, he certainly hadn't expected her to be so beautiful.

"Please, make yourself at home."

Ashlyn nodded in Mr. Field's direction. "Hello,

Brother-in-law."

Mr. Field exuded the aura of a gentleman. He was rather slim, unlike many other paunchy middle-aged man.

Tall and lanky; it was clear that he was once a dashing young lad himself.

Mr. Field, on the other hand, was rather unaccustomed to a girl, who was even younger than his son, addressing him as Brother-in-law.

He couldn't help but lament his wife's antics internally.

Mrs. Field was instantly stunned after opening up the present and spotting the branded pair of couple's watches laying silently inside. "Ashlyn, why did you get such an expensive present?"

"It wasn't that expensive. They're just watches," Ashlyn replied airily.

"Ashlyn," Mr. Field said as he gazed at his wife exasperatedly, "We're the ones who are asking you for a favor. You certainly didn't need to get us a gift."

What a polite child!

No wonder Honey likes her so much.

Upon hearing the commotion downstairs,
Joseph and Lucas walked out of the study
room.

"Come here and greet your Aunty, you little
rascal," Mrs. Field barked.

"....."

Are you really my mother?

You want me to address a girl who's younger

than me as Aunty?

You might as well end me here right now!

Ashlyn's gaze bypassed the tall and dashing Joseph and landed on the man standing behind him. The pilot's uniform that he was clad in was wrapped tightly around his tall and broad body, accentuating his perfect figure.

Coupled with his cold and aloof face, he was so handsome that one could barely look him in the eye.

Lucas?

What's he doing here as well? And why is he in pilot uniform?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 175

Ashlyn's brows creased slightly as she began silently calculating how long he had been flying. He was flying last night? Had he not rested since then? Is his health a joke to him?

Just as her mind was running wild, Joseph's voice rang in the air, "Lucas, this is Ms. Saunders. She's...my mother's sworn sister."

There was no way he was going to address her as Aunty.

"Don't be silly, son. Lucas and Ashlyn know each other," Mrs. Field chided her son gently as she gave him a little slap on the back, "Go on then. Take the both of them to wash their hands so that they can be seated."

Ashlyn and Lucas were both rendered speechless.

How long has it been someone's told me to go wash my hands... I certainly hadn't expected

this to happen here in the Field family home...

Oh, this takes me back...

Mrs. Field was probably the only person in the world who would tell them to go wash their hands before a meal. For some reason, Ashlyn felt a warm feeling beginning to manifest inside her. And she loved every bit of it.

This was one of the reasons why she always liked to interact with Mrs. Field.

There was an inexplicable homely sort of feeling to Mrs. Field.

The few of them obediently headed off to the toilet to wash their hands.

Lucas habitually applied some hand wash on his hands. He then instinctively grabbed the hands of the woman next to him and hold them gently as he prepared to wash them.

After tugging a couple of times but to no avail. she hissed, "What are you doing?"

"Helping you wash your hands," Lucas replied coldly.

Back when they hadn't separated, he loved to wash her hands at home.

They were soft and smooth to the touch. Lucas just couldn't keep his hands off them.

"I can wash my hands myself!" Ashlyn protested as her cheeks started to flush scarlet red.

As his large hands began rubbing hers gently, her...her chest actually began heating up as her body started feeling weak... Her

Spirogyra was acting up again! Damn it!

Joseph, who was standing at the side as he waited for his turn, stared at them unblinkingly.

When his mother had said that they both of them knew each other, he had assumed that they were just normal acquaintances.

But judging by the look of things, the both of them were clearly incredibly intimate and familiar with each other!

Lucas and him had quite literally grown up together. He had never seen this friend of

his display the slightest interest in any woman.

Yet, he was being so intimate with Ashlyn now!

After washing her hands, Ashlyn immediately fled the bathroom.

Grabbing on to Lucas before he could give chase, Joseph asked, "Hey, have you lost your mind? Are you trying to become my uncle?"

"Didn't you refuse to address her as Aunty?" Lucas countered coldly as he gave Joseph a shove.

“ ”

Back in the kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Field were already seated by the time the three of them returned.

“You young people should sit together,” Mr. Field suggested with a smile on his face, “Please, make yourselves at home. This is just a casual family dinner. We don’t usually have many visitors and our son doesn’t come home to eat with us that often. It’s such a rare opportunity to have so many people in the house.”

Although he seemed rather friendly, the aura around him seemed to be tinged with an air of authority — a trait exclusive to ambitious leaders.

Yet, he did not come off as aloof while he was speaking.

"You're too courteous, Brother-in-law," Ashlyn said with a smile on her face, "Sister tells me that you want me to be the performing arts consultant for the National Day Gala Night?"

Mr. Field could feel his head beginning to throb once this topic was raised. "Every year, the city will spend some money on the gala.

However, attendance and viewership ratings have always been a problem. Every year, the attendance and viewership ratings for our gala are ranked behind all the television stations throughout the country. That's why...I wanted to ask for your help this year."

"I'm fine with that," Ashlyn agreed promptly.

After a moment's hesitation, Mr. Field continued, "So...can I inform the staff in the advertising department to start promoting you?"

As Ashlyn's pretty eyes gazed at Mr. Field, they betrayed no signs of the fear one might have when facing the mayor. "Truth be told,"

she said calmly, "I don't want to be pushed into the spotlight."

A glimmer of hope flashed across Mr. Field's eyes.

The name Madeline Saunders was bound to attract a lot of attention. If they were to release this information, they would immediately attract a lot of audience for the gala.

Lucas gazed at Ashlyn emotionlessly as cold sweat started forming on the nape of his neck.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 176

It was often said that accompanying one's sovereign was like accompanying a tiger. In that case, Mr. Field was both the sovereign and the tiger of Riverdale.

Mrs. Field was starting to feel a bit awkward as well. She opened her mouth, planning to smooth out the situation when a cold female voice rang out.

"Don't you worry, Charles. If you put me in charge of the celebrations later, I can promise you that it'd be a night to remember."

Mr. Field raised an eyebrow. "What are you planning to do?"

Ashlyn tilted her head slightly. Her gorgeous eyes twinkled like crystals under the LED lighting, almost blinding whoever was looking at her.

"The name 'Madeline Saunders' must be a magnet for many people. However, the other performers' efforts are all going to be buried under that glaringly bright name. They'll be ignored by the audience; their efforts

forgotten. You can use her name to bring in one audience's attention, but will you be able to do that next year? What about the year after that?"

Her words made complete sense and sent them into deep thought.

James Field couldn't help himself. "Please continue."

Ashlyn paused before saying, "What we need is an event that will totally blow the entire audience's minds. It has to be memorable

enough that it will sear Lake City and our performers into everyone's minds forever. Then they'll definitely be looking forward to next year. Our views will only come with detailed planning, not from making a one-time attention grabber."

James nodded. "You're right. As expected of you young people. You're full of good ideas."

Fae's face was gleaming with pride. "Of course! That's my baby sister."

She genuinely adored Ashlyn.

Lucas exhaled slightly. When he looked at

Ashlyn, a surge of warmth entered his cold stare.

She was filled with life and practically glowed while talking just now.

She was stunning.

It was as if she had a halo around her.

Joseph was clearly taken aback. This young lady is pretty smart!

"James, I'd like to be involved in stage design. I have to be in charge of all the stage lights, effects, etc." Ashlyn wasn't asking for permission, she was making a statement. There seemed to be zero room for disagreement.

This strength she had in her words gave James a slight shock. What a cocky stare! What an arrogant tone! If it were from anyone else, he would certainly have been irked. However, when it came from the pretty girl in front of him, he couldn't find it in himself to be angry. In fact, he was even more impressed.

Lucas was right next to Ashlyn, and his hand

slowly wrapped around Ashlyn's. His rough fingertips caressed hers gently.

Ashlyn gnashed her teeth.

I mean business here. What the hell are you doing?

She wriggled out of his grasp, but he held on even tighter.

Ashlyn thought about how she had accidentally stepped on the wrong person's foot back in Bayview Villa and slowly put her raised heel down.

It would be pretty bad if she accidentally stepped on someone else again.

Especially since it was the first time she came to the Field household.

Lucas held onto her hand happily as he passed her a shrimp from the salad. "Try this. It's really fresh."

Then, he cut off a slice of his own steak and put it on her plate. "This is one of Fae's best dishes, mashed potatoes and steak."

He was close enough to the Field family that he came to eat with them often.

They had a maid, but Fae cooked rather regularly as well. Naturally, Fae had made some of her best dishes to welcome Ashlyn.

"This, too. It's really good." Lucas continued passing Ashlyn different dishes from the table with an expressionless face. Despite that, the way he acted clearly showed how much he adored Ashlyn.

He probably didn't realize how tender he looked as he placed dishes into Ashlyn's plate.

He was as different as could be from the usual Lucas, who was cold and unfriendly.

The Field family were pretty familiar with Lucas. To whom had he took care of so lovingly before?

No one, that's who.

The three of them looked at each other. They had known that Lucas treated Ashlyn differently than he treated anyone else, but this was way too much of a difference.

Fae was pretty unhappy. In fact, she was feeling a ton of things at once. However, she didn't dare to show any of it.

"Don't give me any more. I'm getting full."

Ashlyn turned slightly to look at Lucas.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 177

She didn't realize how the tilt of her head emphasized the corners of her eyes, making her look extremely seductive.

Lucas suppressed the sudden urge he felt to take her home and swallowed heavily. "Okay."

He held onto his glass and gulped down two mouthfuls of alcohol that burned their way down his throat, trying to wash away his impatience.

Then, he closed his eyes and let out a sigh quietly.

"Ashlyn, have some soup." Fae spooned some chicken soup into a bowl for Ashlyn.

Ashlyn looked at the bowl, her eyes starting to become dewy with emotion.

After her mother had passed away, she had never drunk chicken soup again.

She took a small sip. The familiar taste spread throughout her mouth, tasting more like her childhood than anything.

She couldn't help but take another mouthful.

Fae's brow clouded over with sorrow as if she were recalling something. "I had a really close friend when I was younger. She was the one who taught me the recipe for this chicken soup. Sadly..."

"Mom, what happened?" Joseph asked curiously.

"Nothing. Forget I said anything," Fae said with a smile and a shake of her head.

James gently held onto Fae's slightly chilly hand. "What are you suddenly bringing this up for?"

Fae stayed silent.

"Lucas, stop giving me food. I won't be able to finish everything." Ashlyn felt a little helpless when she looked at the amount of food piled up like a small mountain on her

plate.

She had never really been a big eater, either.

Lucas looked at Ashlyn's small, mildly stressed face. How cute. She was acting completely differently from her usual cold act with him.

He reached over with a long arm and pulled her bowl towards him before starting to eat nonchalantly.

Ashlyn looked at him in surprise, as did the other Field family members.

Wasn't Lucas has mysophobia?

This was way too weird.

James was aware of how likable this young lady was. She wasn't like the other rich young ladies who barely ate at the dining table, either from being picky or from being on a diet, and messed with everyone else's appetites, too.

Suddenly, a loud chuckle came from the doorway.

"Is Mr. Field home?"

Most of the families who lived in the neighborhood never locked their doors.

A loud procession of footsteps followed right after the laughter.

James and Fae got up instantly and walked toward the door.

The chief of police strutted in with a few policemen behind him, toting a medal.

"Chief Chase, what is the meaning of all this?" James asked, dumbfounded.

Chief Chase chuckled. "I stopped by and

caught sight of the superheroine in here. I rushed over so I could give her the medal."

He pointed to the Land Rover still parked outside and said, "The superheroine's still here, isn't she?"

Superheroine?

James and Fae looked toward the dining room.

That Land Rover was Ashlyn's. Was Chief Chase here for Ashlyn?

"Who's this superheroine you're speaking of?"

Joseph asked, confused.

Chief Chase could tell based on their reactions that they didn't know what happened that afternoon.

He couldn't help but ask his assistant, "Jenny, how about you tell them?"

Jenny cleared her throat before speaking. "Ms. Berry here helped save some children from a car accident this afternoon at about five p.m. Then, she captured the human traffickers who had kidnapped those children in the first place. She was so cool! It was like seeing Wonder Woman in real life."

"We plan on rewarding her with fifty thousand and a medal for chivalry. Where is Ms. Berry?" Chief Chase asked excitedly.

Lucas pressed close to Ashlyn's ear and whispered in a seductive voice, "Honey, I didn't know you caught criminals in your free time."

Ashlyn's ears heated up and she kicked him.

She stood up and walked to the living room, immediately spotting the chief's extravagant presentation.

Her cold, perfect features betrayed no emotion and she accepted the medal. "I'll take this, but I don't want the money. Give it to whoever needs it."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 178

"Ms. Berry, you really are an admirable woman." Chief Chase hadn't imagined that Ashlyn would be this gorgeous.

One of the policemen behind him was filming her on his phone, and even asked James and Chief Chase to stand next to Ashlyn for a photo.

Ashlyn didn't know why they were making such a huge deal.

Fae, on the other hand, was overjoyed.

"Ashlyn, is that why you told us you were delayed on the way home? You were out catching criminals, huh? How amazing! You did a great job."

Joseph watched everything unfold with wide eyes.

How spectacular was this woman?

Even someone like James, who had seen more than a few bigshots in his lifetime, was kind of taken aback. If anyone else had accomplished such a thing, they'd have been bragging about it and trying to busk in the limelight.

But she had stayed silent this whole time since coming home.

If it weren't for Chief Chase stumbling across her car, would she have stayed silent about it all the way?

Lucas stayed to one side quietly. His cold features thawed slightly with some emotion, which seemed to only appear whenever he saw Ashlyn.

Of course, his wife was the best.

"Alright, since you're so adamant on not receiving the prize money, we'll donate it to the Haddock Charity under your name, Ms. Berry," Chief Chase said.

Fae didn't have a very good impression of the Haddock Group and couldn't stop herself from asking, "Chief Chase, Fae is actually pretty close to Madeline Saunders. What about just donating it to the Saunders

Charity instead?"

"Mrs. Field, that's a pretty good idea. We'll donate it to the Saunders Charity then."

Chief Chase wasn't about to say no.

As if just anyone could stop by Mr. Field's house to have a meal.

Chief Chase was smart. After chatting with James for a while longer, he left with his men in tow.

After walking out, he instantly commanded

Jenny to upload the video taken just now on Twitter.

"We must spread Ms. Berry's positivity around. She'll be a good role model for the citizens. After all, it's quite rare to see such a genuinely chivalrous person in our society."

"Yes, Chief."

Back in the living room, Joseph was looking at his phone. "Those little punks want to meet up at Sparrow. Lucas, you up for it?"

"You can go, just don't drink too much," Fae reminded.

Lucas looked at Ashlyn. "You?"

Fae's heart clenched with worry. "Ashlyn's just a young lady. She shouldn't go."

Lucas's eyes glazed over frostily as he directed a cold stare at Fae. Her spine prickled nervously when James said, "You young people should meet with other young people more often. Ashlyn, go ahead."

Lucas' expression finally warmed up slightly before reaching a large hand toward Ashlyn.

Ashlyn instinctively stepped back. "I can walk

on my own, thanks."

After James had spoken up, she didn't feel like it was appropriate to turn him down.

She wasn't the type to beat around the bush and act all indecisive.

As she watched the three youngsters walk off, Fae asked worriedly, "Don't you think Lucas is planning to do something to Ashlyn?"

"You shouldn't worry too much about youngsters. To me, it's a pretty good thing. Have you ever heard of Lucas falling for anyone before?" James saw through them

pretty quickly. "Besides, Ashlyn here...to me, she's not showing everything on the surface. She isn't like most girls."

Lucas had drunk a little during dinner, so he couldn't drive.

At first, Ashlyn was supposed to go there in Joseph's car. Joseph leaned out of the window and called out, "Ms. Berry, you can sit in my car!"

Ashlyn was thinking about it when a large hand suddenly wrapped around her tiny waist and pulled her into the backseat.

His tall stature pressed close next to her.

Ashlyn fell silent.

Did he have to be so overbearing?

She was under the impression that she had already made things very clear back in Royal Tea House.

However, by the looks of Lucas' actions, he still didn't get it.

On the way home, only Joseph tried to make some small talk as the other two stayed silent.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 179

Joseph felt like the other two basically saw him as a driver.

Lucas' large hand occasionally caressed Ashlyn's small waist. Her figure was pretty fit, with not an inch of flab to be found.

The skin beneath her white dress was as flawless as white jade.

In the deep velvet of the night's darkness,

her beauty was even more striking.

Lucas' breathing started becoming heavy.

Ashlyn was on high alert and she felt the man beside her slowly change. She turned, silently moving away from him.

It was her way of soundlessly turning him down.

When Lucas felt Ashlyn's waist leave his grip, he felt a sudden sense of loss.

He seemed to be unable to control himself, reaching out once again. Ashlyn's hand shot out and gripped his wrist instantly. "Lucas. That's enough."

Joseph was still driving, but his ears were perked. He managed to get a glimpse of what was going on in the backseat through the rearview mirror.

Oh?

What's going on?

Lucas' voice was pressed deep and raspy as he

whispered with sultry eyes, "Honey, quit playing around."

Joseph nearly crashed his car into the nearest lamppost.

What?

What was that?

Honey?

Was Ashlyn his best friend's ex-wife?

What a weird turn of events.

Was he joking?

"Lucas, we've already gotten divorced,"
Ashlyn said clearly as she stared into his
eyes.

"So what?" Lucas said, his eyes narrowed and
his aura grew threatening.

"We're divorced. That means we're no longer
together."

The car had arrived at Sparrow. Sparrow was a club that was frequented by rich young men.

Naturally, the prices were ridiculously expensive.

Ashlyn brushed off Lucas' hand from her waist and pulled open the door before walking off.

Lucas immediately followed.

The three of them, including Joseph, walked toward their private room.

The moment the door opened, the people sitting inside stood up to greet them. Only Winsor stayed seated.

Lyanna glanced at the girl next to Lucas quickly.

Her heart instantly sank.

She was pretty, down-to-earth, and overall stunning.

Every single one of her features was perfect and her face was dainty. She was almost dazzlingly gorgeous.

Her skin was fair and her neck shapely, like a swan's. Her body was tall, tight and slim, with curves in all the right places.

Her white dress complimented her gorgeous features so well, it almost seemed like she was a goddess that descended down to earth.

She was the kind of girl who would fire up any man's burning desire.

Winsor glanced at the doorway casually. The moment his eyes landed on Ashlyn, he got excited.

He walked toward Lucas, which left the

others confused. Since when had Winsor become so chummy with Mr. Nolan?

Then, they heard Winsor's enthusiastic voice. "Ms. Berry, why didn't you tell me you were coming? You could have called me! If I'd known you were coming, then I'd have picked you up at the entrance myself!"

The others looked at him, even more confused. They'd never seen Winsor act so enthusiastically toward anyone before. He clearly wasn't being friendly toward Mr. Nolan, either. He was trying to flirt with this young lady.

To be fair, she was very pretty.

Almost unfairly pretty.

After he finished rambling, Winsor reached out and tried to grab Ashlyn's hand. However, Lucas acted quickly and stepped forward, blocking Ashlyn from Winsor's creepy glare. "Ignore him," he said, gesturing for Ashlyn to sit on one of the couches.

Ashlyn glanced briefly at Winsor. "Winsor Jaquin," was all she bothered to say.

The others were taken aback again. In all of Lake City, there weren't many people who dared to call Winsor by his full name.

Who was she to immediately call him by his name?

Lyanna scoffed inwardly. Just wait.

Do you really think you can get all high and mighty because he treated you a little better?

She looked up to see Winsor all smiley-eyed at Ashlyn. "Ms. Berry, what would you like to drink? Wine or something else?"

What?

Was he not angry?

Lucas started getting agitated simply by watching Winsor act like Ashlyn's dog.

He started frowning.

His large hand automatically wrapped around Ashlyn's waist, silently showing his dominance.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 180

Ashlyn fell silent.

Was it considered harassment if he acted

like that? They were divorced, after all.

She twisted away, and Lucas' angry whisper sounded next to her ear. "If you keep moving, you'll know what's coming to you."

Ashlyn was a smart girl. Her body stiffened, clearly sensing the way Lucas' breath started to heat up. She knew very well what this all meant.

This man was getting fired up even in front of so many people!

How could he!

When he felt Ashlyn stop moving around, his hand tightened slightly.

Lucas picked up his glass and swirled it around slightly before taking a sip.

"Today, we're here to celebrate Lyanna's birthday! Let's all lighten up, okay?" a different young guy called out. "Come, I'll give you my gift first."

Ashlyn finally understood that they came to

celebrate the birthday of the pretty woman in the middle of the room.

"Lyanna, this is for you." Joseph took out a wrapped box and passed it to Lyanna.

Everyone in their inner circle knew that Joseph had a big crush on Lyanna.

Lyanna had never been clear about who she liked, either, keeping their relationship ambiguous.

Lyanna opened the box and smiled at what was inside. "Thank you, Joseph."

There was a pretty expensive diamond necklace lying inside.

Lyanna was the daughter of the Larson family, and she had plenty of money behind her. She managed to sign a contract with Nolan Entertainment, so she didn't have much to worry about.

Now, she was the star of Nolan Entertainment. She had quite a few well-received movies under her belt, and most considered her an up-and-coming A-list celebrity.

Compared to some C-list celebrity like Cindy, she was much more famous. Recently, there had even been talk of her making a debut on the big screen.

Since she was a huge celebrity and was an actual socialite, she had plenty of admirers.

Damian was close to Lucas and Joseph, so their bunch of friends usually were huge supporters of her.

Plenty of other rich kids gave them their gifts, too.

Winsor looked at the flirtatious tension between Ashlyn and Lucas and frowned. "Why isn't Mr. Nolan giving a gift to our gorgeous Lyanna?"

The moment those words left his mouth, everyone looked at Lucas.

Lyanna, too, directed her gaze toward that tall, handsome man with a glimmer of hope in her eyes. However, she managed to hide it well enough that no one noticed.

Lucas' deep voice said, "Ah. Well, my wife gets jealous pretty easily. She doesn't like it when I give gifts to other women."

Ashlyn stayed silent once more.

Lucas, you better watch yourself.

Joseph frowned, not understanding what Lucas was saying. Hadn't they gotten divorced? Why is he calling her his wife?

Lyanna's pretty eyes darkened in disappointment, but once again, it happened so quickly that no one noticed it. She purposely acted nonchalant before saying, "That's fine. Lucas has never given me presents before this, either."

"Lucas, aren't you being a little too cold?"
Joseph frowned.

Winsor raised an eyebrow as he looked at Lucas mockingly. "I didn't know Mr. Nolan was such a cheapskate."

Lucas picked up Ashlyn's hand and started playing with her fingers in his large palm. His magnetic voice spoke again. "I'm not a cheapskate. I'm simply a slave to my wife."

Winsor looked at Lucas' large hand playing around with Ashlyn's and got even more angry. "Why are you so close with Ms. Berry? Aren't you, your wife's slave, scared that Mrs. Nolan will get mad?"

At that moment, everyone looked toward Ashlyn.

They had all sensed the strange atmosphere between Ashlyn and Lucas since they walked in.

Now, with Winsor's obvious prodding, the gossips started getting interested.

"You're all welcome to let her know." Lucas tugged Ashlyn over and casually made her land on his lap.

Ashlyn's pristine features remained

expressionless as she held onto Lucas' shoulder and whispered next to his ear, "Lucas, that's enough."

To the eyes of everyone else, it looked like shameless flirting.

Lyanna's expression started to sour as she looked at Ashlyn perched on Lucas' lap like some shameless succubus.

Lucas had been ignoring her for yet another year now. Every year, she held onto the hope that Lucas would give her a birthday gift. Every year, she'd be disappointed once again. My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 181

It was not a matter of being invited or not. Rather, nobody was willing to send them off even if they attended the event.

Damian patted him on the shoulder. "Don't be too greedy, Lucas. You already have the missus at home. Don't collect so many sidepieces outside. I thought you would never be caught dead sleeping around before."

His words were more or less a veiled insult at Ashlyn.

Damian did not actually know who Ashlyn was. He only recognized her from the trending posts on Twitter for being Jared Quickton's girlfriend. While he was also a rich kid, Jared was not a part of their circle of friends who grew up together.

And yet, they all saw Lucas bring Ashlyn along with him today. Damian had to admit that the woman truly was a master manipulator if she could manage to both snare Jared and have Lucas wrapped around her pinky.

In his eyes, even Hera was better than Ashlyn. At least Hera was a daughter of the

upstanding Chapman family.

The atmosphere in the private room cooled dramatically. The neutral expression on Lucas's chiseled face quickly clouded over.

Before Lucas could say anything, Winsor was already pointing an angry finger at Damian and saying, "What exactly do you mean by that, Larson? What's wrong with my goddess? And what's all this about Lucas sleeping around? Watch your mouth, or I'll watch it for you."

"Since when have any of my private matters been your business, Damian?" Lucas's voice was completely devoid of any warmth. The threat in his voice was obvious.

Damian felt a chill run down his back. "Lucas, you know I'm just looking out for you."

In the next second, Lucas's tone grew colder than humanly possible. The words fell from his lips icily. "There won't be a next time. Am I clear?"

By now, the atmosphere in the private room was practically colder than the dead of winter. Obviously, the two men, Lucas especially, were determined to defend Ashlyn

no matter what.

Lyanna felt her heart sink yet again.

Faced with the current situation, Joseph's expression was unpleasant as well. Regardless of what he wanted to do, his mother still recognized Ashlyn as an honorary sister. By all accounts, he was supposed to address Ashlyn as his aunt as well. Even if he chose not to call her that, he was still duty-bound to defend her as a member of the Field family.

So, as much as he liked Lyanna and wanted to get into Damian's good graces, he was still going to defend his aunt. Joseph's voice was filled with a warning when he spoke, "Damian, you would do well to watch your words next time. Ms. Berry isn't the type of woman you think she is."

The two big shots of their group had spoken. No one expected Joseph—who had a long record of trying to court Lyanna—to defend Ashlyn as well. Everyone in the room was stunned. Who exactly is this Ashlyn?

Most of the rich heirs gathered here for the party brought along giggling escorts in their arms, but it was an unspoken rule that these

women were nothing but just toys for the night.

Ashlyn's arrival made all of the other women pale in comparison. That included Lyanna, who was also a highly sought-after actress in the entertainment industry. Lucas did not introduce Ashlyn when he brought her here, so all of them just naturally assumed that she was a trophy for him to parade around, the type of woman who made a living by pleasing rich men.

Lyanna quickly smoothed over the situation with a smile. "My brother was just joking. Please don't be angry with him, Lucas."

At this moment, a knock sounded at the door of their private room.

"Oh, that must be the cake," one of the other rich heirs attending the party said hastily.

He went over hurriedly to open the door. As expected, it was Lyanna's cake. The attendant wheeled the magnificent double-tiered cake into the room on a trolley.

The tense atmosphere relaxed slightly.

True to her reputation as someone well-versed in the entertainment industry,

Lyanna could still smile pleasantly even after that tense accident. "Well, since today is my birthday, why don't we all take a picture together?"

She then handed her phone to the waiter who delivered the cake earlier. "Excuse me, but can you help us take a picture?"

Pleasantly surprised, the waiter agreed immediately.

Snapping into action, everyone else promptly stood up and started arranging themselves beside Lyanna, making sure she was at the center of the group. The magnificent double-layered cake was placed in front of

her, making her the undisputed center of attention.

Only two people remained seated, looking absolutely unbothered.

Ashlyn's mouth curled in a vaguely mocking smile. "I'm sorry, but I'm not close with Ms. Larson."

The beautiful woman rose to her feet slowly, commanding the attention of everyone else in the room. Her charming aura could not be outshone even if she were standing beside the famed personality of Lake City, Lucas.

Lyanna's smile slowly stiffened at the edges.
"Are you still angry, Ms. Berry? If so, I do apologize on behalf of my brother."

"Can an apology bring the dead back to life?"
Ashlyn lowered her eyes, refusing to look at Lyanna any longer.

Lyanna did not expect Ashlyn to be so haughty and difficult to deal with. She fought the urge to grit her teeth in annoyance. She knew that the only reason why Ashlyn could be so blatantly disrespectful was that she had Lucas at her beck and call. "I know you're upset, Ms. Berry, but we're all friends here—"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 182

"Unfortunately, I don't think we're actually friends." Ashlyn interrupted Lyanna mid-sentence.

A certain gleam flashed across Ashlyn's lovely eyes. "It's your birthday today, Ms. Larson. I know that all of you will call me a bully if my request is too much, but I won't tolerate the blatant disrespect your brother showed me just now."

Lyanna looked at Ashlyn, forcing herself to smile pleasantly. "Then what are you asking for, Ms. Berry?"

Everyone could hear Ashlyn's cold voice ring throughout the private room clearly. "The Larsons have a plot of land in the southern outskirts of the city. That particular piece of land isn't worth a lot because it's abandoned and located in a remote area. A lot of people have been negotiating with Mr. Larson to purchase it recently, but he just kept increasing the price until it currently stands at one hundred and fifty million. If you're truly keen on making it up to me, how about this? I'll buy that piece of land for eighty million."

Everyone was shocked at her impeccable logic and crystal clear reasoning.

Damian gnashed his teeth in frustration upon hearing Ashlyn's request. "You—"

Lyanna tugged him back warningly. "Don't be impulsive, Damian."

She then looked at Ashlyn and said politely, "This is a matter that concerns business, Ms. Berry. I'm afraid that neither my brother nor I can decide on that. You'll have to meet my father personally."

At this point, Lucas was nearly green with envy. His mind was churning with thoughts.

If she wants land, I've got plenty of it too! I don't even want my money, she can just take it all!

Why is she so obsessed with the Larsons' worthless piece of land anyway?

It was infuriating. The frustration boiled in his veins quietly until Lucas felt like he would go mad with the annoyance of it all.

"Goddess, are you sure you have eighty

million?" Winsor asked worriedly, looking at Ashlyn anxiously. "That's eighty million you're talking about."

Nobody else in the room actually believed that Ashlyn could produce eighty million on a whim. Naturally, the Larson siblings were no exception. That was why Lyanna urged Damian to be calm and bide his time.

"Of course, I have the money. After all, I have every intention of buying that land." Ashlyn's expression remained frigid. "Eighty million. No more, no less. I know that the Larsons won't gain anything by hoarding that

piece of land either."

Gritting his teeth tightly, Damian stared at Ashlyn. "Is it right for you to be so pushy, Ms. Berry?"

Ashlyn blinked innocently. "Is it right for Mr. Larson to raise the price of the land every time someone comes to negotiate?"

While Lucas did not know why Ashlyn was dead set on purchasing that particular piece of land, he did keep it in mind. In the next moment, he made a call to the Larson patriarch, putting it on speaker. "Mr. Larson, if I were to purchase that piece of land on the outskirts of the city, what's the price

you can offer me for it?"

Mr. Larson's overly excited voice was heard through the speakers, threaded with a hint of disbelief. "Mr. Nolan? Well, that piece of land is almost a thousand hectares, but it isn't worth very much because of its location. You've always had a good eye for property though, Mr. Nolan. Why are you interested in this particular plot of land?"

Lucas's voice was impatient. "Cut the chatter. Just tell me how much you want for it?"

"If it's for you, Mr. Nolan, I can give you the lowest price for it—fifty million."

"I'll send my assistant over tomorrow to sign the papers." As soon as he was done speaking, Lucas hung up the phone with a click.

At this point, Lyanna and Damian's expressions could only be described as ugly and uglier, as if they were just slapped in the face by someone in public.

It was one thing to discreetly make acquaintances with Lucas and get in his good graces. It was another thing entirely to see their father practically fall over himself to flatter and accommodate that same arrogant man who thought he was better than the rest of them.

Lyanna grew up as the center of attention in her world. In school, she was the prettiest girl. In university, she was the most desirable young woman. When she started to make a career in the entertainment industry, she became a highly sought-after actress, secure on her pedestal.

Therefore, this was her first time being so shamefully humiliated in public. She shot a look of both anger and embarrassment at Lucas.

The man did not hesitate to trample viciously all over her dignity just to help Ashlyn. Even if it was her birthday, he still did not bother

to show her a single shred of respect.

On the other hand, Damian just stared at Lucas in shock.

The Larsons were always looking for a good opportunity to suck up to the Nolan family. If Joseph did not like Lyanna, the Larsons probably would not have been deemed worthy enough to present themselves before Lucas.

Although all of them grew up together and went to the same school, it was an unspoken fact that Lucas regarded only Joseph as a close friend. A natural extrovert, Joseph was a social butterfly who liked to make friends. Everyone who wanted to win Lucas's favor

would flatter Joseph as well. Naturally, the rest of them proceeded to defer to these two men as the leaders of their group.

However, Lucas was notoriously difficult to get along with. Winsor still made a point of gathering with them regularly, but he did so purely just to spite Lucas. The two of them had been rivals since their schooling days. Even now, they were still at each other's throats.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 183

Damian never expected Lucas to fall out with them just for the sake of a woman. Everyone else gathered here was also utterly shocked

by Lucas's actions. Even Joseph was startled.

Is Lucas always so domineering?

His current attitude was no different than the mad kings of old who led their kingdoms to ruin.

Arching her fine brows, Ashlyn swept a contemptuous look over everyone gathered in the room. She lifted her hand elegantly to cover a yawn. "I'm tired, Lucas. Send me home."

As soon as she was finished speaking, everyone watched in shock again as Lucas proceeded to stand up slowly and escort her to the entrance.

Joseph rose to his feet as well, shooting an apologetic look at Lyanna. "I promise I'll explain it to you another time, Lyanna. Damian, you really shouldn't have insulted Ashlyn like that."

He left the room. The other escorts accompanying the wealthy men here whispered among themselves jealously, staring enviously at Ashlyn's retreating figure.

No one could deny that good looks were an unfair advantage.

One of the women whispered, "Hey, she's called Ashlyn, right? I think I saw her trending again today."

"Trending where?" Winsor hurriedly pulled his phone out, opening Twitter and scrolling frantically. "Well, I'll be damned," he swore in surprise.

"What? What is it?" Everyone started to ask curiously.

Winsor displayed the screen of his phone for them to see, smug as anything. "Our goddess just took a picture with Mr. Field and Chief Chase. She was awarded a silk banner today."

Everyone else promptly pulled out their phones and started scrolling through Twitter as well.

"Man, I can't believe she's so skilled in combat!"

"Dude, forget that! She saved a couple of

kids and caught the human trafficker behind the entire thing too!"

"Wow, she really is committed to upholding justice, huh?"

"Well, of course. You don't see Chief Chase personally handing out silk banners every day, do you? That would already be cool enough, but she got a photo op with Mr. Field too!"

"Okay, but what about her origins? She can be the new female avenger, but that won't necessarily mean that she comes from an upstanding family," a woman said. Her comment sparked another wave of heated discussion from the crowd.

Standing alone in front of her magnificent cake, Lyanna could only fume impotently. It was her birthday today.

She was supposed to be the center of attention. Everyone was supposed to be gathering here to celebrate her birthday.

How dare everybody just ignore me like that?

They were all talking about Ashlyn. Even if the other woman was no longer in the room, she still managed to snatch the spotlight away from Lyanna.

Lyanna's birthday party was all but ruined now, thanks to Ashlyn.

Cursing Ashlyn's name bitterly, Lyanna grabbed her bag and stormed out of the private room in a huff, slamming the door behind her.

Damian hurriedly chased after his sister.

Lyanna's sudden departure finally snapped the crowd out of their fervent discussion.

"Hey, the cake hasn't been cut yet!"

"She didn't make a wish either!"

...

When Ashlyn left the private room, she was walking quickly. Lucas caught up to her in a few long strides and grabbed her wrist tightly. "I already bought that piece of land for you—why aren't you happy?"

Ashlyn stopped walking, throwing a venomous glare at him. "I could have bought it myself. You didn't have to give it to me as a gift."

"I'll transfer the land directly under your name tomorrow," Lucas said forcefully.

Joseph caught up to them just in time to hear Lucas say that. He shook his head. Lucas truly was a mad king willing to do anything for his queen. A piece of land worth fifty million meant nothing to him if it was a gift for her.

Despite himself, Joseph was curious. "Ms. Berry, what are you going to do with all this land?"

Ashlyn's gaze drifted to the world outside the doors. "I'm not telling you that."

The three of them left the club together. Joseph resigned himself to being the driver. He heard the two of them speak up at the same time as soon as they got into the car.

"Bayview Villa."

"Whitland Villa."

"Can you two please make up your minds?"

Joseph could already feel the oncoming migraine. "Ladies first."

Lucas's frigid voice was unyielding. "She's not going anywhere except back with me to Whitland Villa."

Lucas's gaze was disdainful when he looked at Joseph. While Joseph was his best friend, he was definitely less reliable than his assistant,

Spencer.

"Lucas, don't you dare do what I think you're planning." Ashlyn snarled as she glared at Lucas, feeling her humiliation turn into anger. She knew that he was hoping to get lucky with her in bed tonight. "There's no way I'm going back with you."

Snorting coldly, Lucas met her glare with one of his own, making sure she could see the darkly irritated look in his eyes. "You will come home with me. Don't take me for a fool—I know you're planning on fooling around with Jared at Bayview Villa."

His pointed words were both bitter and

jealous at the same time.

Joseph was doing a very good job at pretending he was suddenly deaf. He wondered how Lucas could still lord over Ashlyn so blatantly when Lucas already knew that Ashlyn was Jared's girlfriend.

But that doesn't make sense either!

Joseph was under the impression that Whitland Villa was Lucas and his missus's little love nest. Lucas was so annoyingly secretive about the place that he never even allowed Joseph—his best friend—to visit the villa at all.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 184

If Ashlyn followed Lucas home, she would just be offering herself up to Mrs. Nolan's wrath on a silver platter. Joseph sighed again. Maybe Mrs. Nolan has already moved out. Lucas is divorced, after all.

It's got to be like that. How else can Lucas bring Ashlyn home so casually?

Ashlyn pursed her lips. She turned to glance at Lucas, trailing her eyes across his sculpted features, precise and coldly handsome. It was an undeniable fact that this damned man was as good-looking as they came.

She could not help but struggle. "Let go of me—oh—"

Ashlyn found her lips occupied before she could make another sound. Lucas kissed her hungrily, devouring her lips with fervent intensity. She welcomed him in with a sigh. The taste of him silenced all of her protests. She knew that if she threw any further tantrums, he was going to literally kiss her to death.

Joseph's eyes widened. To put it delicately,

this was wild.

He did not know that Lucas could be so feral.

Directly kissing a woman into submission?

Now that was something he could grudgingly respect.

Impressive!

Joseph floored the gas pedal, speeding along hurriedly until they reached the gates of Whitland Villa.

When Lucas finally released Ashlyn, she was a gloriously disheveled mess with a swollen lip and flushed cheeks.

Opening the door without another word, Lucas practically dragged Ashlyn out of the car. His hand was locked on her wrist, preventing any chance of escape.

Ashlyn let him lead her away unwillingly. She wanted to struggle, but her traitorous body refused to listen to her, feeling weak all over.

She could even feel the Spirogyra squirming excitedly through her blood. Feeling all that

frantic wriggling terrified her as if the Spirogyra would burst from her veins anytime, puncturing her arteries and leaving her to bleed to death.

That was why Ashlyn obeyed Lucas quietly, fearful of what might happen if she resisted. Her body was as feverishly heated as Lucas's kisses, and her legs quivered as if they would give way anytime.

Her unsteady footsteps stumbled as Lucas pulled her toward him insistently.

Dark with desire, Lucas's eyes roved over Ashlyn's flushed face hungrily, drinking in her features that were as alluring as any flower in full bloom.

His lips turned upwards in a wicked smile as anticipation built in his chest. A forceful tug of his hand brought Ashlyn crashing into his arms. He swept her off her feet easily, hoisting her in his arms bridal style. "I love it when you show your sensitive side."

Lucas smirked. A single touch is all it takes to tame you.

Ashlyn glared at him viciously, but there was no actual strength behind it. In her current

condition, she could only lie limply in his arms. Lucas only found her feistiness an added challenge, every knit and furrow of her brows a devastating arrow to his heart. His abdomen ached with the force of his desire.

Back in the car, Joseph watched Lucas's figure retreat into the house after scooping Ashlyn into his arms.

Lucas is definitely divorced. There isn't any other explanation. Joseph thought in disbelief.

He rubbed his arms sheepishly, shaking his head at the unsolicited public display of affection.

"Nice to see you two don't need to come up for air," he mused out loud. "What's the rush, anyway?"

Pursing his lips, Joseph turned the car around and left.

Half a world away in her apartment, Lyanna was standing on her balcony, a lit cigarette in her hand.

Damian looked at her worriedly. "Lyanna—"

"Shut up." Lyanna threw him a cold look. "You idiot! Why did you have to run your mouth

and insult that whore?"

"I couldn't stand it. I was angry for you too," Damian said frustratedly. "I mean, you've liked Lucas for so many years now. How can you bear to watch her put her paws all over him like that?"

"That doesn't mean I need you to interfere either." Lyanna took a long drag on her cigarette, still glaring icily at him. "You better think before you speak next time, or I'll tell dad about everything you've done behind his back—every single thing. I can't wait to see how he's going to deal with you then."

"Lyanna—Lyanna, please forgive me. I swear I'll listen to you next time." Damian said hurriedly, blood draining from his face.

Lyanna had always been the ambitious one as well as the family favorite. Ever since they were young, Damian always listened to her.

Although she was the model younger sister in public, always addressing him respectfully with the appropriate titles, everyone in the Larson family knew that Lyanna was the actual mastermind behind any scheme that involved the two siblings.

Slowly exhaling a ring of smoke, Lyanna said, "I don't care what else you get up to outside,

but don't meddle in any of my business."

"But, Lyanna, I think Lucas is serious about that woman," Damian said cautiously, watching Lyanna's expression carefully.

"So what?" Lyanna inhaled a lungful of smoke vengefully. "A whore will always roll in the gutters. Unlike her, I have a good family background and societal standing. What can Ashlyn do that I can't? There isn't any man in this world that I can't conquer."

"There are literally so many other people who want to date you, Lyanna. Why are you so obsessed with throwing away your dignity to chase after Lucas?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 185

Lyanna's lovely face was contorted into a twisted mask of jealousy. "I've been in love with him since we were kids. I promised myself I would become Mrs. Nolan when I grew up. If even that cheap b*tch Hera can smile and flirt with him, how dare he not even look at me?"

"I can't stand this insult, Damian. There's only one family with the name Berry in Lake City, and they might as well be trailer trash. Do you really think the Nolan family can accept a girl from that type of family as a daughter-in-law?"

Damian swallowed nervously. "But didn't we hear that Lucas was married? There's already a Mrs. Nolan."

Lyanna chuckled coldly. Judging by what she knew of Lucas, hell would freeze over first before he ever got married.

"If he were really married, I'm sure we would at least see his wife at one point. That incident where he rescued people on a plane? I'll bet it's another underhanded trick to promote South Star Airlines. Just look at

their stock prices—it's been going up continuously over the past few days!"

"Lyanna, I know you're the smarter one and that you've always been more proud of yourself than I am, but I'm worried for you." Damian heaved a sigh.

Lyanna glanced at him impassively. "I told you, stay out of my business."

Damian's lips moved like he wanted to say something, but in the end, he could only nod. "If you say so... "

...

At this moment, in the Whitland Villa, two intertwined bodies grappled back and forth on the large bed.

The air was heavy with musk, sweat and desire.

The man's low groans and the woman's breathy whimpers echoed through the room in time with each other, rising and falling to compose a sensuous symphony.

Lucas's large hands gripped Ashlyn's waist

tightly as he worshiped her, the passion in his dark eyes threatening to melt her into nothingness.

Even as she threw her trembling head back, Ashlyn clung desperately to her last shred of resistance, unwilling to let herself fall into that mesmerizing abyss.

But it was not a choice. Everything was working against her, stripping her resistance away and silencing any refusal.

Lucas groaned, and the sound alone was

almost enough to send Ashlyn over the edge. He embraced her tightly. "Lyn... "

Through the pleasant haze in her mind, Ashlyn could vaguely see Lucas's face grow closer.

Lyn. It was a name she never heard anyone call her since her mother passed away.

It was comforting to hear it again.

Their tangled affair lasted through most of the night, fueled by Lucas's insatiable appetite. Finally, with every last drop of her energy spent, Ashlyn eventually drifted off

into a deep sleep.

After being fed well, the Spirogyra in her body settled down as well. As Ashlyn slept, unbeknownst to her, the sated Spirogyra glowed faintly as it lay docilely within her blood vessels.

Lying beside Ashlyn, Lucas gazed at her sleeping features hungrily. Even in sleep, she was luminous. Her finely arched brows were furrowed slightly, lending her a regal look as if something in her dreams made her uneasy.

Her features were enchanting, pulling him deeper and deeper into her world. Lucas could not resist grazing his hand across her

smooth cheek, pinching it mischievously as the urge occurred to him.

Ashlyn made a disgruntled sound through her nose but did not stir. She must have been truly tired out.

He adored Ashlyn's unrestrained passion in bed, finding her unbearably gorgeous when she fully gave herself over to her desires. Lucas could not help the stupid grin that spread across his face. With his thirst slaked, he was content. Both his mind and body were satisfied.

As long as Ashlyn was with him, Lucas could feel every cell inside his body hum with calm

contentment. But without Ashlyn, he would always inevitably descend into a spiral of dark frustration.

Lucas let out a long exhale. He still could not get to the bottom of his tangled thoughts, but he just knew that he did not want to leave Ashlyn.

Settling down beside her, Lucas pulled Ashlyn into his embrace easily, feeling the weight of her slender body in his arms.

He closed his eyes, surrendering to sleep.

It was a good night's sleep.

The next morning, Lucas washed himself up quickly, changing into a new set of clothes.

He walked over to the bed, looking at the woman who was still sleeping deeply there before checking the time. Quickly kissing Ashlyn once on the lips lightly, he hurriedly rushed downstairs and drove away from the villa.

The loud rumble of the engine coming from the garage made Ashlyn stir. She frowned as she jumped down from the bed. Her lack of sleep last night was manifesting itself in the form of her dry eyes.

Ashlyn looked out of the window just in time to see Lucas drive away in a black Bentley, vanishing from her line of sight.

She glanced at the clock. It was barely six in the morning. Frustration was starting to build in her chest. She was a notoriously light sleeper, and not getting her quality sleep made her want to beat up the closest person in her vicinity.

Ashlyn washed her face casually before looking at her clothes. Lucas had torn them into unwearable scraps of cloth yesterday night.

She rummaged through his wardrobe for one

of his shirts, putting it on. A further search produced a pair of slacks which she pulled on as well.

Grabbing her bag, Ashlyn opened the door and left the villa.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 186

Ashlyn was already walking for five minutes now. She had made it out of the villa district but was not able to hail a cab yet.

She was feeling irritated when her phone rang insistently.

It was Lucas. She pressed the answer button.

"Where did you go, damn it?"

The cold voice that reached her ears conveyed its master's unamused mood quite adequately.

"What do you want?" Ashlyn's tone was even ruder than Lucas's.

Holding his phone to his ear, Lucas's expression darkened noticeably. He was carrying a bag of fresh seafood that he

bought from the morning market.

He had decided to go to the market this morning to buy fresh seafood just for Ashlyn.

And yet, this was how she decided to repay him, by vanishing without so much a single explanation.

When he returned to the villa and found the house empty, he flew into a terrible mood.

He went through a rapid series of emotions,

ranging from frustration, irritation, panic, and maybe even the slightest hint of disappointment.

That led to him calling Ashlyn immediately.

"Where are you?"

"Going home."

Hearing Ashlyn's annoyed voice inexplicably made Lucas feel better. "Home? What home? Your home is right here."

He put the bag of fresh seafood into the kitchen, striding to the living room to pick up his car keys before heading out. "I'm coming to fetch you now."

Well, I don't need you to. Ashlyn was about to retort when she heard Lucas end the call. The beeping sound of the disconnect tone reached her ears.

He hung up on her, just like that. Ashlyn was furious, but she put her phone into her pocket and continued walking forward, hoping that she could find a cab before Lucas got here.

Unfortunately for her, the surrounding areas were entirely villa districts. Cabs were rarely seen here, if ever.

In the distance, Ashlyn could already see Lucas's Bentley speeding towards her. He pulled up beside her with a loud screech.

Under his straight nose, Lucas was pressing his lips together tightly. He opened the car door and pulled Ashlyn inside without another word. Obviously, he was in a foul mood.

He growled angrily. "Why didn't you wait for me to come home?"

However, his frown suddenly eased when his gaze landed on her. His dark eyes swept over her from head to toe. Ashlyn looked different today.

The black shirt she wore looked very familiar, almost like it was one of his. The same could be said for the khaki slacks she sported. The oversized shirt hung loosely on her slender frame, tied in a messy knot above her waist that exposed a hint of fair skin.

A thick man's belt held up her loose slacks, flattering her slim waist and tempting him to see if he could close his entire hand around it. She had casually folded up the over-long pant legs as well, exposing her delicately pale

ankles.

These clothes were supposed to be men's formal wear and yet Ashlyn managed to make them look like the perfect vacation ensemble.

She had done her hair in an intricate braid that hung in front of her chest loosely. If someone gave her a hat to complete the look, she was all set to be lounging by the beach instead of walking beside the road.

There was no way else to describe it. Ashlyn was beautiful. Even wearing his clothes, she was drop-dead gorgeous.

In fact, the thought of her wearing his clothes was enough to make Lucas swallow in anticipation, feeling a pleasant heat build in the pit of his stomach.

That thought alone was enough to make him feel burn with longing, feeling unbearable heat snake through his stomach intimately.

Lucas stared at her domineeringly. "Have you ever wore any other men's clothes?"

Ashlyn just glanced at him, baffled. "Are you out of your mind? Why would I do that?"

Does that mean she hasn't? Lucas felt his

originally envious heart soar victoriously but kept his expression neutral.

He just sneered coldly, sparing another glance at her. She only wore his clothes before. Lucas turned to look at her fully, committing the sight to memory. Their tumultuous relationship remained messily tangled and undeniably close, just the way he liked it.

On the other hand, Ashlyn was questioning Lucas's sanity. She had no idea why he suddenly seemed so angry in one moment before looking extremely happy in the next. Whatever it was, he was annoyingly prone to mood swings like these since their divorce.

"I wanted breakfast." Lucas hoisted her bodily into the car. "So I went out to buy some ingredients."

His hands tightened on the steering wheel imperceptibly. "Why did you leave?"

"Why wouldn't I leave? You woke me up so rudely." Ashlyn said mutinously. Lucas was making her already frayed nerves unravel even more quickly.

She needed her sleep to function. When they were still married, Lucas was careful to make as little noise as possible when he had to

wake earlier for work so that he would not wake her.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 187

Lucas drove quickly, flooring the gas pedal. Soon enough, they were back at Whitland Villa.

By now, Ashlyn was a bit hungry herself. Since Lucas already bought the ingredients, she did not mind making breakfast personally.

After all, nothing could beat the sheer happiness of taking a nap after having a filling meal.

With her mind made, Ashlyn did not object as Lucas led her into the villa.

The sight that met her eyes left her stunned. Inside the living room, a few live crabs were scuttling around here and there, parading about the room as if they owned it.

Seeing someone intrude on their newfound territory, the crabs even scuttled towards Ashlyn quickly, clicking their pincers threateningly.

"Why are you just standing there?" Lucas asked, walking over with his car keys when he saw her stand dumbly at the door.

"Lucas, why the hell didn't you put them in the sink?" Ashlyn pointed at the freely roaming crabs. It was far too early for a headache. "You know what? I give up. I order you to take care of it."

Feeling sleepy already, Ashlyn was rubbing her eyes to keep herself from nodding off. "Just call me when you've finally cleaned them up. I'm going to take a nap."

Yawning, she made her way to the bedroom. Suddenly worried that Lucas would slack off, she was about to turn back and tell him what he actually needed to do when she saw him tie an apron around his waist.

The sight was jarringly hilarious. The pink floral-print apron tied around Lucas's waist was a stark contrast to his black button-down shirt and casual pants. Even as she watched, he snapped on a pair of rubber kitchen gloves and prepared to face the crabs.

Even dressed like this, Lucas was still handsome enough to make the earth itself

shake in fear.

She bit back the instructions she was about to give him. Lucas had already caught most of the escaped crabs, sticking them back into the bag and walking towards the kitchen.

Alright, he can probably handle it. Ashlyn thought to herself.

In the kitchen, Lucas dubiously poured the crabs, some oysters, a couple of scallops, and a few squids into the sink. The crabs were still waving their pincers at him smugly.

He stared at the sink full of squirming seafood before him, feeling a headache start to build.

In hindsight, he probably should not have bought seafood. He should have bought beef or mutton instead. As someone who never handled fresh seafood before, he did not have any idea on how to prepare it for cooking.

Heaving a sigh, Lucas pulled out his phone and started to search the internet for help.

By the time he was finally finished with

cleaning all of the seafood, it was almost noon.

He went upstairs to wake Ashlyn immediately.

In the bedroom, Ashlyn was sprawled on the bed sleeping deeply. Her beautiful face was as peaceful as a newborn baby's. Her dark hair spread around her head like a halo, still wavy from the braid she had tied it in earlier.

Ashlyn was awoken by someone nibbling on her lips.

Her lashes fluttered open like a butterfly spreading its wings. Ashlyn saw the very

familiar man holding himself above her, a very distinctive floral-print apron tied around his waist as he gently bit and sucked on her lips.

Lucas's outrageously handsome face shone under the sunlight, exuding a deadly charm. His eyes were half-closed, long lashes brushing across his cheeks. His nose brushed against Ashlyn's face occasionally as he continued his ministrations.

There was a lingering hint of passion in his affection. What they were doing now felt just like what they used to do before their divorce.

But we're divorced! Ashlyn grumbled

internally. This bedroom held all their memories of the past four years.

Before she could start having any second thoughts, Ashlyn pushed Lucas off her ferociously. She sat up, making the thin blanket covering her fall onto the floor.

Lucas looked slightly annoyed at being interrupted. His voice was husky with desire. "You're awake?"

He licked his lips as if he were not satisfied yet, eyes shining hungrily like a wild animal.

Ashlyn stretched lazily, making her slim waist

sway temptingly with the motion. She pulled on her slippers and walked towards the kitchen, her long hair drifting behind her.

"Are you done cleaning them?"

In the next second, Lucas strode over to her and grabbed her arm. Ashlyn's back crashed against the cold wall as he pinned her against it. His breath was hot on her face. Before she could speak, he sealed her lips with his again.

His burning kisses were desperate, pushing against her lips forcefully as he kissed her again and again.

Just then, Ashlyn's stomach growled

insistently. Breathlessly, she placed her hands on Lucas's chest and pushed him gently. Her voice was soft and weak. "I'm hungry."

"You get a pass for now." Lucas said lecherously, sweeping her off her feet and carrying her to the kitchen.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 188

Lucas Nolan was also hungry.

Ashlyn Berry walked to his back and untied his apron. She then slid herself into the apron and started to prepare lunch.

Instead of dawdling around, Lucas stayed behind in the kitchen to help Ashlyn.

From time to time, he would take a peek at the busy girl next to him. There was a faint warmth in his eyes.

At that moment in time, the air of superiority around that man suddenly had a humanly touch to it.

It was soon twelve noon

The table was filled with seafood dishes.

The aroma of each dish was different, but nonetheless, they were tempting altogether.

Out of the blue, the door creaked open.

The butler had returned from his errand. Upon stepping into the kitchen, he could smell the scent of a freshly made meal.

When he saw Ashlyn standing in the dining room, he almost thought he was in the wrong place.

"Mrs. Nolan, you're back?"

After his divorce, Lucas had returned to his hometown for quite some time.

Who would have thought that he would meet Ashlyn right away once he came back?

The butler put down the luggage in his hands at once and exclaimed, "Mrs. Nolan, are you getting back together with Master?"

Ashlyn squinted her eyes at Lucas. It's all your fault!

"Ah, I came back to cook for Lucas because he wanted me to. So here I am! Anyway, nice to see you, Louis!"

"Master, why don't you keep Mrs. Nolan around? She's not only a gorgeous woman but also good at cooking." The butler walked to the dining table in excitement, "Mrs. Nolan, don't leave us again!"

Ashlyn hurried on to reply, "I still have some chores to do at home! I'll be leaving after lunch."

Ashlyn did not know how to deal with seniors

who treated her well, especially Louis Turner who had been so welcoming of her ever since she married into the household.

Lucas's dark eyes were staring at Ashlyn grimly, which somehow infuriated her.

In an instant, she lost her appetite even though a scrumptious meal was laid out in front of her.

On the other hand, Lucas was devouring the seafood on the table in a jovial mood.

Ashlyn rolled her eyes and grabbed her purse. "I am leaving now."

Lucas suddenly spoke, "Didn't you know that you left behind quite a few of your clothes in the closet?"

Ashlyn examined the menswear on herself and glared at Lucas. "Thank you, but I like what I am wearing now."

She had made up her mind to not touch anything Lucas had bought her.

Lucas watched on as Ashlyn sashayed to the exit of the restaurant. As she left, he smirked.

Didn't you say you like my clothes?

In the afternoon, Spencer White brought back to the Whitland Villa a pile of men's clothing, all of which were what Lucas would usually wear except that they were one size smaller.

Spencer grumbled, "What's wrong with Mr. Nolan? Why did he ask for so many clothes that are not his size? He can't even wear any of it!"

The butler had a mysterious smile on his face. "You'll see later."

Pfft! As if I care about what Mr. Nolan's going to do with these clothes! My job here is done!

The moment Ashlyn reached home, her phone rang.

It was an unknown caller. She hesitated a while before picking the phone up.

"Ashlyn? It's me, Blair!"

Blair waited for the person on the other end of the call to respond, but he didn't hear a response for quite some time. Puzzled, he checked his phone. Hmm...this can't be wrong.

I am indeed calling Ashlyn's number!

He then continued on the phone. "Ashlyn, you do remember me, right?"

Ashlyn finally replied blandly, "Yes I do."

"You have to save me, Ashlyn! I am about to break down! I am losing everything to Tinsor! I am really at my wits' end, Ashlyn. I didn't dare to call my brother so I called you instead. You have to save me!"

Blair was squealing like a pig while he sobbed over the phone.

Meanwhile, at the club, Tinsor had a look of disgust on his face. "Blair, quit your teary act! It is annoying me."

However, Ashlyn's voice remained cold. "Blair, if you give Lucas a phone call, I am sure he will be willing to help you out."

"Ashlyn, my brother will definitely beat the hell out of me if he hears about what I've gotten into! He will definitely confiscate all of my allowance for the next month. Please, Ashlyn, you are the only one in the family who I am close to!" Blair blubbered like a child who had lost his favorite toy.

He then continued to wail, "Ashlyn, I know

you are the most capable person in the family, and I look up to you the most! So please come and get me out of here! Oh, remember to bring some money! They are not letting me off unless they get their cash."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 189

Before Ashlyn Berry could make a reply, Blair Nolan had hung up the phone.

He looked at his gambling buddies in front of him gleefully. "Tinsor, you have experienced how scary Ashlyn is. If you do not want to experience her wrath, it's better if you return me my money right now."

"Why should I? I have rightfully won the money from you through a proper game of cards, so why can't I keep the money?" Tinsor grunted.

Henry Golding, one of the youngsters close to Tinsor, chimed in, "Forget about getting back your money, Blair! Isn't Ashlyn going to bring you money? We can continue gambling after this! I would love to get some more moolah from you, hahaha!"

Blair was flabbergasted. He yelled at the smoking teenagers sitting across from him, "Tinsor, have you not learned your lesson

from your previous encounter with Ashlyn? How can you still be so truculent? Also, can y'all stop smoking? Ashlyn won't be pleased with all this smoke."

Tinsor gazed at Blair indifferently and pointed at the teenagers sitting next to him. "Quit smoking and clean up this place. I do not want to leave a bad impression on Ashlyn!"

"You are worried about leaving a bad impression on Ashlyn? Huh, since when you have a liking for women of her kind?"

"Just shut your trap and tidy up!"

At Tinsor's order, the youngsters got on their feet to clean the place.

When the servants came to serve them drinks, they were surprised. Hurriedly, they said, "Sirs, just let us do the cleaning! You don't have to trouble yourselves!" However, no one seemed to pay any attention to them.

"Blair, is your brother really getting married? Is Ashlyn going to become your sister-in-law for real?" Henry sputtered.

Blair remained silent. Last time at the Jaquin Residence, Blair had sensed an unsettling vibe around Lucas and Ashlyn. Thus, he figured it was best if he commented nothing on their marriage.

"Where did you hear that from? Ashlyn doesn't want to marry Blair's brother!" Tinsor arched a brow. "Let me tell you all something. My brother is pursuing her now! If anything, Ashlyn will be my sister-in-law instead!"

Blair was disgruntled. "You're a liar! Your brother is pursuing Ashlyn? Bah, he is not worthy of Ashlyn!"

"Where did you get the idea that my brother is not worthy of Ashlyn? Is the Jaquin family a joke to you?" Tinsor stood on the sofa and had his arms on his waist as he glared furiously at Blair.

Just this moment, the doorbell rang.

Blair made a break for the entrance. When he saw Ashlyn outside, he gladly shouted, "Ashlyn!"

Ever since Ashlyn had saved him at the Jaquin Residence last time, Blair was very fond of Ashlyn, especially since he had great

respect towards those who were skilled in close combat.

In his eyes, Ashlyn was the righteous Wonder Woman who was undefeatable.

The youngsters all gaped their eyes in awe when they saw Ashlyn.

What a beautiful lady!

Ashlyn's hair draped around her waist, and she had an elegant smile that could rival that of a princess.

No wonder Tinsor's brother wants to pursue

her!

"Milady!" Tinsor immediately leaped off of the sofa and ran to welcome Ashlyn. "Milady, please come in!"

Ashlyn's eyes scanned the room, and to her surprise, the place was spick and span.

Her attention eventually shifted to Blair who only had a singlet top and a pair of trousers on. Blair noticed her gaze at himself and chuckled awkwardly, "Hehe, I wasn't lying when I said I lost everything! They even took off my clothes! Hehehe... so you did bring the money, right?"

"Nope." Ashlyn was nonchalant.

"Huh? You didn't bring any money with you?" Blair was suddenly on tenterhooks. "Ashlyn, you can't be kidding me, right? You're my only hope!"

"You guys are playing poker? Mind if we play a few rounds? It's been a while since I last gambled." Ashlyn glanced at the cards on the table and strolled towards it.

The people in the room were astounded.

This pretty gal here knows how to play

poker?

Blair was also stunned. "Ashlyn, do you seriously know how to play poker? I don't want to see you strip like me in case you lose."

Lucas will definitely kill me!

However, Henry was accepting of the idea of Ashlyn joining them for a game. "Ashlyn, you do look like someone who knows how to play a hand. C'mon guys, let's sit down for a game!"

Ashlyn nodded lightly but she had no expression on her face.

Her attitude towards strangers had always been cold and impassive.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 190

Henry Golding was slightly disappointed by the unexpectedly bleak reception of him by Ashlyn Berry. He had always thought that he would be well-liked by everyone wherever he went. "Tell me, Ashlyn. Am I ugly?"

Ashlyn sized Henry up. In her opinion, he was actually quite cute. If not for his horrendous outfit, he could have been quite a dashing little prince.

Hence, she replied truthfully, "You're not ugly, but you dress ugly."

A grin broke up on Henry's face almost at once. "Then how do you think I should dress?"

Thank God it's not because I am ugly!

"Um, maybe something like what Blair is wearing now." Ashlyn pointed at Blair. He only had a white singlet and a pair of jeans on. Together with his white Vans, Blair looked like a girl's teenage crush in high school.

But Henry could not agree with Ashlyn. "You want me to dress like Blair? He dresses like a homeless man!"

Blair was offended by Henry's remarks on his appearance. "Hey, shut your mouth!"

"Are you guys still playing?" Tinsor was tired of Henry being at the center of attention, especially now that Ashlyn was with them. Tsk. Do you even know her?

Kill me please.

Stop being such a suck-up.

Ashlyn saw the boys quarreling among themselves and couldn't hold in her smile.

Now with a gentle grin on her face, her expression softened a lot.

The few youngsters caught sight of her unintentional smile and were awestruck.

"Oh my Ashlyn, you are a goddess!" Henry

quickly responded.

All of these youngsters had older siblings to dote on them. Thus, they were quite outspoken and playful.

Certainly, they had seen a lot of pretty girls before.

In fact, they were even friends with many influencers or celebrities around their age.

However, none of the people they met before had exuded such a dignified aura around them as Ashley had.

After everyone sat at the table, the game of cards began. Ashlyn was the first player to make a move. After rearranging her deck, Ashlyn smiled as she played her hand.

Tinsor howled in dismay right away. "Oh shucks, my hand is smaller than that!"

However, even though the youngsters were off to a rough start, they were able to play a few hands that somewhat impressed Ashlyn.

Still, Ashlyn won the round of poker.

Ashlyn slapped her cards on the table. Plush!

"It can't be!"

Tinsor and his friends stared at Ashlyn in frustration.

They could not believe that they had lost.

Unsatisfied with themselves, they went for a few more rounds. Still, Ashlyn emerged as the victor for each of the games afterward.

Not before long, Ashlyn had a stash of cash in her hand.

The money she won in less than an hour was more than all the money Blair had lost to

them earlier.

Tinsor's and his friends' wallets seemed to be getting thinner as time went on.

When Tinsor finally realized how much he had lost to Ashlyn, he asked her shakily, "Milady, h-how are you so good at this?"

Blair was delighted now that he had his revenge.

No one expected Ashlyn to be such an adept player of poker.

A few hours soon passed. The sky was

starting to darken.

Ashlyn got on her feet and glanced at the stack of money she won before turning her gaze to the few rascals who had suffered an overwhelming loss to her.

"Alright, we are done for today! Blair will treat us to dinner at the Imperial Hotel!"

"We're having dinner at the Imperial Hotel? There's no way we can get in there! We need a reservation to be seated at the Imperial Hotel!" Blair didn't mind treating everyone, but he was concerned about getting a seat at the Imperial Hotel.

Everyone in the region knew how difficult it was to secure a reservation at the Imperial Hotel. According to hearsay, reservations at Imperial Hotel had to come in at least one week before.

If the lot of them just walked in without making any reservations, they would surely not be seated.

However, Ashlyn was resolved to spend the money she won on the kids themselves. "Let's just go there. There will be seats for us."

Ashlyn and the youngsters were in one of the

private rooms of a leisure club that also housed many other sports and entertainment facilities.

Before leaving the place, Blair, who had booked the private room under his name earlier, excitedly dashed to the counter to pay the rental fees.

However, on his way back, he heard a familiar voice coming from one of the private rooms.

"Hayden Haddock, get off of me, you monster! Believe me when I say my brother will slaughter you!"

A man shouted back, "F*ck you, little sl*t!
You think I'm scared of your brother?
Everyone knows he doesn't care about you! I'll
get myself inside you tonight for sure!"

It's Naomi!

Anxiously, Blair barged into the private room
where the noise had come from. "Naomi!"

The private room reeked of alcohol and some
unknown substance. A few men were sitting
on the sofa and each of them had a lady in
one arm. In one corner, Naomi was pressed
under a man with her skirt torn. Her fair
shoulders were in plain sight, and there were
bruises on her face. She looked disheveled,

and the man on her seemed to be the one who had done that to her.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 191

Blair Nolan grabbed a glass bottle from the table and went straight for the man's head. "You sick b*st*rd! How dare you touch my sister! You tired of living?"

Blair was always hot-headed, so how could he not get himself into a fight with this guy who was harassing his sister?

The sound of bottles clashing instantly filled the room.

The room was in total chaos.

Blair saw red as Hayden Haddock and his men circled around him, throwing their fists at him and kicking him occasionally.

Naomi was trembling with fear, "Blair, no! Don't hit my brother! Please, I'm begging you!"

To the Nolans' shock and horror, Hayden and his people had knives on them. Out of the blue, one of the men took out a knife and

headed for Blair.

While all of the men were occupied with Blair, Naomi took the chance to run away from the private room. She sprung into the hallway and immediately shouted for help.

"Help! Someone is trying to kill my brother!"

Meanwhile, Ashlyn and the rest had waited long enough for Blair. They headed into the hallway to look for him.

However, not long after they had gotten out

of the room, they bumped into a disheveled, teary-eyed Naomi.

The instant Naomi saw Ashlyn, she dashed towards her at top speed. "Ashlyn, help! My brother... they have a knife and they want to kill my brother!"

Ashlyn knew how reckless Blair could be, and seeing how anxious Naomi was, she knew he was actually in trouble.

"Let's go!"

"Damn it! How dare they beat up my friend!"

Tinsor threw his jacket onto Naomi as he charged forward. "Put on this jacket and show us the way!"

Meanwhile, Blair, who was severely outnumbered, was bleeding from his nose. His lips were swollen like a prune.

He was struggling to crawl outside when the men grabbed ahold of the beer bottles on the table and whacked him on his dome.

Bam!

In a flash, there was an unsightly gash on Blair's head.

Blood streamed out from the cut profusely.

Half a beat later, Ashlyn showed up at the private room. Immediately, she was greeted with a beer bottle coming straight at her face.

Her calm yet alert eyes, like that of a hawk, narrowed.

Without any delay in movement, she flung her handbag in front of her.

The beer bottle exploded midair, and the broken shards fell onto the ground.

Ashlyn swiftly extended her arm forwards and retrieved her handbag as it dropped.

The people who were fighting inside heard the clamor outside noticed they had visitors.

They turned their heads towards the entrance, just in time to see Ashlyn shatter the bottle with her handbag.

Hayden and his men were shocked to see a beautiful lady like Ashlyn so agile with her limbs.

Inside the private room, Blair laid lifelessly on the floor. He reached out to Ashlyn as he moaned weakly, "A-Ashlyn, help... me."

Hayden figured that the crowd outside was coming to Blair's rescue. Without thinking, he pulled out his knife and thrust it at Blair.

Previously, at the Haddock family's charity gala, Lucas Nolan had stolen the show from the Haddock family by donating a staggering amount of 9 million to Ms. Saunders.

Since then, Hayden had held a grudge against the Nolan family. Now that Blair Nolan

showed up at his doorsteps, he was not going to miss the opportunity to take his revenge against the Nolans.

Tinsor at the rest had their hearts in their throats when they saw Hayden with his knife. They shouted, "Blair, look out!"

As they yelled, the knife came within centimeters away from Blair's back.

In the split of a second, Ashlyn hurled her handbag towards the knife like a boomerang, and it smacked the knife precisely on its grind.

Hayden's hand wobbled as the bag weighed his arm down and the knife slipped from his hand.

Clang!

The knife fell to the floor and broke into two.

Everyone's eyes were bulging in astonishment.

It was the first time they had seen someone breaking a steel knife with a handbag.

A knife of that length was obviously made of Grade 340 stainless steel alloy, one of the

hardest materials in the world.

The two halves of the knife plopped onto the ground in front of Blair. His eyes gaped wide at remnants of the deadly weapon. Due to the trauma inflicted on his head just now, his vision was blurry.

Blair opened his mouth to shout for Ashlyn, but his throat was too dry for him to say anything.

The others were still in disbelief when Ashlyn strode further into the private room and uttered, "Don't you dare hurt Blair."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]

chapter 192

Ashlyn Berry's footsteps were soft, but every ruffle her heels made against the mat was clearly heard by everyone in the room.

The domineering yet grim aura of that woman was thrumming in the air.

Everyone could feel chills traveling down their spines.

Blair Nolan, who laid motionless on the floor, didn't expect his sister-in-law to care so

much about his safety, especially since he had not been very respectful to her.

Out of the blue, Blair seemed to have lost his marbles. He giggled like a madman, and with the bloody marks on his face, he looked like a character straight out of a 90s thriller movie.

Meanwhile, Hayden Haddock and his men backed up with their faces written in total terror.

Where did this menacing woman come from?

Tinsor bolted into the room and the first

thing he did was to smack Hayden's face.

"What you did is unforgivable! Let me tell you this, only I can beat the lights out of Blair! Keep your hands off him!"

The truth was, Hayden had also bullied Tinsor before, being the evil spawn he was.

Thus, Tinsor hated him from the bottom of his heart and now was the best opportunity he had to teach Hayden a lesson.

"You guys are crazy! Y'all bring knives around just in case someone gets in your way? What

the hell! If not for Ashlyn, Blair would have been murdered by you guys in cold blood! You guys are murderers!" Henry blathered angrily.

Ashlyn's fury was even more stoked as she was reminded about their intentions to kill Blair.

She picked up the phone on the wall and dialed for room service. She ordered harshly, "Hello, this is Ashlyn. I need you to bring over some men. We've got a problem on our hands."

A minute had barely passed when the sound of footsteps came from outside.

The manager led a bunch of his staff into the room. He wiped his sweat on his forehead frantically and bowed at Ashlyn. "Ms. Berry, my apologies! We didn't know you're here! Please forgive us for not welcoming you!"

"Cut the gibberish and teach these people a lesson on my behalf!" Ashlyn pointed at Hayden and his people.

The manager glared indignantly at Hayden and barked at his men, "Beat the hell out of these people before you throw them out!"

"My brother is Dixon Haddock, and I myself am from the Haddock family too! You don't want to mess with us!" Hayden hollered as his men were getting beaten up.

"Ms. Berry calls the shots here! Your brother is nothing to us!" The manager wanted to show how capable he was in front of Ashlyn. He then turned to Ashlyn and asked in a servile tone, "Ms. Berry, do you have any other requests from us?"

Ashlyn narrowed her eyes at Hayden's men who were squealing in pain. "Since they wanted to hurt Blair with a knife, how about... all of them can have their backs slashed with

their own knives?"

"You crazy b****! Don't you dare!" Hayden bawled in fear.

Immediately, he was slapped in the face by one of the staff.

Hayden was in no position to speak at all.

"If you retaliate, I will make sure you get out of this place in an ambulance!" Ashlyn stared at Hayden coldly.

While Ashlyn was speaking, Tinsor and the rest carried Blair off the ground.

However, their eyes were still fixated on what was happening ahead.

The club had a strict policy against violence, thus there were rarely fights at that place. Only customers from an influential household like Hayden would dare to make a fuss.

But now, it appeared that Hayden had finally been taught a painful lesson on how to behave in public.

Before this, Hayden was infamous for toying with women and bullying the heirs of other families.

If Ashlyn had not shown up, Blair and Tinsor would have fallen into his hands too.

It didn't take long for the staff of the club to tie Hayden and his men up.

Next to Ashlyn, Blair and Tinsor felt their worth dwindle to zilch.

Everyone at the club listened to her commands.

Now that Ashlyn was done with Hayden and his men, she instantly headed outside. "To the hospital, people."

The manager and his staff stood in a file as they sent Ashlyn off.

The customers who just got out of the neighboring rooms were shocked to see such a big entourage around Ashlyn.

Is she a celebrity or something?

Everyone gasped in awe when they finally saw the woman in the center of the group of people ahead. She was an absolute beauty in her twenties, and with her silky fair floating around her thin waist, she gave off the aura of royalty.

Many could not believe that such a young maiden could command so much respect that she had a patrol sending her out of the club.

"Ms. Berry, please visit us again! Have a nice day ahead!"

The manager of the club uttered in deference.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 193

Before she left, Ashlyn Berry nodded and squinted her eyes at Hayden Haddock and his men. She spoke to the manager, "I believe

you guys know what to do with them."

"Of course." The manager responded at once.

9pm at night.

In front of the Haddock household's gates.

Out of the blue, a minibus drove into the driveway.

Two burly men, all clad in black, dumped a gunny sack in front of the gates and left the

place in a hurry.

The guards at the gates were shocked by what they saw when they pried open the sack.

Inside the sack was Hayden Haddock, all covered in blood.

At that point in time, Hayden's friends were also dropped off in front of their houses in their gunny sacks.

All of their families exploded in anger when they saw their kin all marred with their own

blood.

Who would dare hurt their precious children?

Who had the guts to offend these many important families in Lake City?

At the hospital.

Blair Nolan was asleep in his bed.

Naomi was sitting on a couch in one corner.
She had changed into a fresh set of clothes

and was now getting some shut-eye.

The time seemed to pass unbearably slow in the room.

Lucas Nolan glared at two of his useless siblings.

"Tell me what happened at the club."

"My boyfriend tricked me into a private room at the club and before I know it, Hayden was forcing alcohol down my throat. He even wanted to r-rape me."

Naomi was choking on her tears. Her pitiful

eyes were bloodshot. "I didn't know my boyfriend was one of Hayden's people. Lucas, I was wrong! I will be more careful next time!"

"You imbecile!" Lucas was furious at his sister for being so reckless.

The Haddock family was around for a long time, and thus it wasn't surprising that they had a lot of resources at their disposal.

Moreover, the Haddocks were greedy people.

They wanted to monopolize the real estate industry in Lake City, which would allow them to control the economy in that region.

Dixon Haddock was a rising star that the

Haddock family had bred to expand their family's business.

Of course, the Nolan Group had had a hard time because of him.

The Jaquin family was also a prominent family in Lake City, but they were righteous people. They would never rely on unlawful hustles to build their family's fortune.

However, the Haddocks were not such people. They wanted a piece of anything that could increase their family's wealth.

"Ashlyn..." Naomi crept over to Ashlyn.

Naomi was not her naïve old self anymore. She now knew who in the family could bring her security.

Just now, if it weren't for Ashlyn, both she and Blair could have died at the hands of Hayden.

"Ashlyn will not be protecting you from today onwards!" Lucas shot daggers at Naomi.

"Because of my ignorance, you have become a reckless young lady! I do not condone your misbehavior! I want you to enroll at Shelby High three days from today."

"Lucas, please." Naomi refuted meekly. "I don't want to go..."

"Remember what I told you before?" Ashlyn asked in a callous tone.

"What?" Naomi swallowed. She did not quite understand what Ashlyn meant with that question.

"Dumb people are better off in schools."

Naomi could feel her heart shatter.

How can a goddess who just saved my life become such a meany in just an instant?

Suddenly, Blair on the bed was roused. He blinked his eyes hazily as he tried to make sense of his surroundings.

"Blair, you're awake?"

Naomi quickly got on his feet and ran to Blair.

"Yeah. Where is Ashlyn?" Blair fondled his wound through his bandage. The sting jolted him awake even more.

"Relax, she's still here." Naomi hurried on to answer.

Lucas now turned his icy gaze towards his brother. He was not happy with him looking for Ashlyn the moment he woke up.

"Since your brother is here, I will set things straight." Ashlyn got on her feet. She looked apathetic as she spoke, "Your brother and I are divorced for about two months now. Next time you get yourself into trouble, just call your brother directly, Blair."

"What? You guys are divorced?" Blair almost fell from the bed when he heard the news.

Tears rolled down Naomi's cheeks. "Why are you leaving us, Ashlyn? Do you not care about us anymore?"

Naomi had just shown her vulnerable side to Ashlyn and now she wanted to leave them?

No wonder I sense a different vibe from Ashlyn lately!

She's leaving the Nolan family!

But wow! Now that she's divorced, Ashlyn is such a savage now!

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 194

He had been dying to live with Ashlyn Berry so she could stick with her

twenty-four-seven. That woman was her idol!

"You guys used to hate me before. But suddenly you don't want me to leave? Is this a joke?" Ashlyn raised her brows as she stared at them.

"Ashlyn! Please! I'm dying! My head's gonna explode! Don't you see how hurt I am? Please don't divorce my brother!"

Blair Nolan clutched his head as he started going into a frenzy.

"It's not a big deal! Stop being dramatic!" She glared at him and turned to leave without so much as a glance at Lucas Nolan.

Lucas' eyes greedily fell on her retreating figure. A trace of constrained emotion and forbearance hid behind his orbs.

Yet, he still chased after her in the end.

He had been chasing after her like this ever since they divorced.

Ashlyn heard the footsteps behind her and in

just a second, the man managed to stop her.

She lifted her gaze to meet with his dark ones.

His pupils dilated as he stared at her intensely. He, the man who had always been cold and calm, now had emotions surging in his eyes.

"Something wrong?" she asked.

"Thank you," the man said after a while.

"No need. You've never made it difficult for me to repay you for these four years of

marriage," said Ashlyn softly before walking around him to stride into the elevator.

She looked down and when she was about to press the close button, the man successfully squeezed in.

Before she could react, he pressed her against the wall and captured her lips fiercely.

Ashlyn's heart skipped a beat as she widened her eyes. She tried to push him away but he was too strong.

She was completely sandwiched between him and the wall.

Suddenly, the elevator fell speedily with a strange buzzing sound above their heads.

A second later, the elevator went pitch black.

Lucas instantly wrapped his arms around the woman.

"Honey!"

Ashlyn inhaled sharply. The elevator seemed

to hook on something as it stopped falling.

"The elevator's broken," Lucas said in the dark. "Are you scared?"

As his words fell, the elevator jerked again, which produced a loud 'bang!' sound.

Lucas let go of Ashlyn to start probing around the elevator. "Darn it! Which floor are we on?"

Ashlyn remained silent, which was weird for him. He frowned and turned his head to look at her. Unfortunately, it was too dark that they couldn't see each other even if they

were only a step away.

"Honey?" he called out.

Nobody responded.

Ashlyn's mind went blank as her pupils dilated.

She turned from left to right, causing the elevator to shake again.

She was clutching her head tightly, trying her best not to lose herself to the demon haunting her thoughts. However, it seemed like she failed.

She could feel the Spirogyra trembling in her body which was giving her endless chills. The fear of the darkness triggered the Spirogyra, and it would gradually spread all over her.

She recalled the memories and scenes she did not want to remember the most. She had locked them deep inside her mind but the Spirogyra opened them up and now, it was as if she was reliving her trauma.

Her body started to tremble. "Stop...stop. Dad, stop hitting me...please...let me out."

She fell on her knees. Her chest tightened as she was panting for air. The Spirogyra almost completely controlled her consciousness. She was scared. It was as if she had traveled back in time to her childhood. The time where she was helplessly living in fear because no one came to her rescue. No one.

Her heart broke into pieces as she looked up to stare at the man who was holding her tight fists.

Lucas rushed to her side when he heard her cries. When he grabbed her hands, he jolted at how icy they felt.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 195

"Honey? Honey?"

Ashlyn's hands shook even more violently. She was already too lost in her own world.

Her lips were getting paler and her throat was getting drier by the second. She felt like she could see her mother.

"Mom, please take me with you. Dad hit me again today. I miss you, mom."

"Mom." She extended a hand to take her mom's before throwing herself at her.

Don't be afraid, Lyn. She heard her mother's voice and saw the gentle smile on her face.

"Mom," she sobbed as tears streamed down when she felt her mother's tight hug around her.

Her mind was getting blurrier as time went by.

"Honey? Honey, are you still with me?" Lucas

asked when he felt the tight clutches on his hands loosening slowly.

He quickly embraced her cold body. "Honey, can you hear me?" His tensed voice was filled with a trace of worry he didn't even notice.

However, the elevator was silent as soon as his voice fell. The woman never replied to him.

At this moment, a group of maintenance staff arrived with their tools. "Is anyone inside?" one of them asked from the outside.

"Yes! Yes!" he hurriedly answered. "Please

hurry open the doors! Someone's suffocating!"

Hearing that, the staff immediately started pounding and prying open the doors. Finally!

The group worked together to crack open the doors.

When they did, a small ray of light finally illuminated the dark elevator. Lucas looked down to see Ashlyn, who had already fainted in his arms.

His face lost all its color at the sight. He had never been this scared before. "Honey, how are you feeling?"

He anxiously turned his gaze to the staff outside. "Hurry! Please hurry!"

The elevator seemed to be stuck in place, though. It was difficult for them to widen the crack.

"No. Honey, can you hear me?" His voice trembled as a result of extreme worries and fear. He tightened his arms around her as his wet eyes reddened.

Right at this moment, they had successfully opened the doors.

Lucas quickly carried the unconscious Ashlyn and exited the elevator.

Both their bodies were all soaked in their own sweat from being inside the elevator for too long.

There were a lot of medical staff waiting outside the elevator. They surrounded Lucas when they saw the unconscious woman in his arms. "Carry her to the ward! Hurry!"

Soon enough, the doctors started pacing back

and forth. "Oxygenate her first," uttered one of the doctors.

Lucas laid her on the hospital bed. Her face was still as pale as a ghost.

His heart was a mess as he gloomily stared at the person on the bed.

He was feeling so distressed that he could hardly breathe. His mind had completely gone blank.

Why? Why did this happen to us? What would've happened to her if I wasn't there with her?

His heart clenched painfully when he thought of the worst-case scenario.

No. She'd be fine. She'd definitely be fine. That woman's tough and strong. On top of that, she even learned martial arts. Nothing could bring her down!

"Mr. Nolan, we have to examine Dr. Berry. You may leave first," said a doctor cautiously.

The cold man's terrifying aura was so strong that shivers went down people's spines.

Lucas exited the ward as the door slammed

shut as soon as he stepped out.

When he was registering what had transpired, Jared Quickton appeared out of nowhere and delivered a punch at him. "Damn it, Lucas! I'll not forgive you if something happens to her!"

Lucas' whole body stumbled back as he clenched his jaw to endure the pain.

He did not fight back because what Jared was true. I failed to protect her.

"Go investigate why the elevator's broken!"
Jared ordered Harrison and Anderson, who

were behind him. This couldn't be a coincidence. I think someone's trying to harm Ashlyn, but who?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 196

"On it." Harrison and Anderson cast a worried look at the ward's door before leaving to start investigating the matter.

These past few days, Jared had been busy trying to deal with the paperwork of the piece of land for the Larsons.

He had called Ashlyn but Lucas was the one who answered the call.

He was nearly exploding in rage when he learned that Ashlyn had lost consciousness in the elevator.

Their boss wasn't afraid of anything. Even so, she still had a weakness.

She would be in fatal danger if anyone who had bad intentions got a hold of this bit of information!

During this time, Spencer White hurried over. He was a bit startled when he saw

Lucas' bruised face.

He then looked at the handsome man beside Lucas. Before he could jump to a conclusion, the latter ordered, "Go investigate why this happened!"

"Yes, Mr. Nolan!" he responded before walking away. However, he stepped back again when he remembered something. "Mr. Nolan, I may have found a lead to the hotel's incident."

"What is it?" The man stared at him.

"I think Ms. Chapman is kind of involved," Spencer informed while observing Lucas' facial expression.

Hera Chapman was favored by Lucas. He also treated her quite well so Jared could not read the man's reaction to this.

The man raised his brows as he narrowed his sharp and icy eyes. "What?"

"I found a hacker and had him hack into some of the surveillance. Ms. Chapman had contacted a drug dealer who sells illegal drugs the night before the incident,"

Spencer quietly explained. "It's the same one we found in your body."

Lucas' face turned ice-cold as his aura drastically changed into a more hostile one. "Continue to investigate!"

"Yes." Spencer quickly nodded before leaving the spot.

Meanwhile, outside the hospital, a man quickly walked over to a BMW. When he got inside, the car drove away in an instant.

He looked very proud as he fished out his phone to make a call. "Ms. Chapman, it's done. Ashlyn walked into the elevator."

He was Jayton Levine, Hera's pursuer.

He was rather rich, and he fell in love with Hera at first sight. In plainer words, he was her simp, even the word 'rebound' did not suit him.

Hera would find him whenever she needed help, including dirty deeds because she knew the man would help her no matter what.

In the meantime, Hera rushed out of her

room when she heard that Ashlyn had entered the elevator. "Thank you so much, Mr. Jayton! I'll treat you to a meal some time!"

"You're too courteous with me, Ms. Chapman." Jayton beamed excitedly. Having my goddess invite me to a meal is something I've always dreamed of!

The Jayton family had some money because they were running a toilet business.

Nevertheless, the business circle had always looked down on them, for Jayton was an incompetently ignorant person.

Hera drove to the hospital in her red Porsche.

She initially thought she would hear people talk about someone crashing in the elevator all around the hospital. However, it was quiet as usual, as if nothing major had happened.

Nonetheless, though Jayton was not an influential figure, she knew he would not lie to her.

What's going on?

She strolled to her grandpa, Bob Chapman's

ward in doubt and confusion.

Bob had been in good colors these past couple of days. "Dad, drink some water," offered Anthony Chapman, Hera's uncle.

"Okay. You must be tired too. Take a seat."

Soon after Anthony sat down, he caught a glimpse of Hera walking in with her bag.

"Hera, what are you doing here? It's my turn to take care of him."

They had decided to take turns in taking care of Bob by alternating between two days.

"I just miss grandpa, that's all," she responded with a smile. "Uncle, do you want to take a breather? I can stay with grandpa here."

"No need. Something happened to the elevator today, and it almost snatched Dr. Berry's life. What if that happens to us? I'm not going," he exaggerated.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 197

He had always been someone who liked to talk nonsense.

"You know, when the medical staff rescued

her, her face was all pale. The first thing they did was to oxygenate her. Also, Mr. Nolan was stuck in the elevator with her too. Fortunately, he's fine," he elaborated.

"What did you say, uncle? Lucas was also inside?" Hera was initially listening with gusto, but she was quickly baffled when she heard the unexpected mention of the man's name.

Hearing that, her face lost its color as her mind became a mess.

Why was he inside too?

"Yes! Nobody knows why Mr. Nolan was there too but he's fine! Dr. Berry, on the other hand, is still in the emergency room!"

Anthony let out a sigh, "Dad, she's Dr. Ashlyn, the woman who performed your surgery!"

"She's such a good child. I wonder how she is now? Please visit her for me later." Bob held the cup. "I've always taken a liking to her. She seems familiar."

"Grandpa, you don't even know her. All she did was merely perform your surgery. Besides, that's her job as a doctor. You don't need to thank her," uttered Hera angrily.

He cares for her as if she's his granddaughter! Ask her to come to visit you like I am then!

The old man frowned as he was displeased with her attitude. "Other doctors' surgery isn't as good as Dr. Berry's. What does a young girl like you know?"

"Fine. I don't know anything," she replied and stood up. "I'll take my leave first. Rest well, grandpa. I'll come back in two days." She was

only here to inquire about everything, and now that she did, she had no reason to stay here any longer.

Bob gave her a look before responding, "Okay."

Hera left the ward and headed for the emergency section.

Uncle said she's still in the emergency room. Is she dead yet?

She had never shown herself in this matter

from the beginning to the end.

Although there was surveillance in this hospital, it was all Jayton's doing.

It had nothing to do with her at all.

Even if people were to investigate, they would not find out she was involved.

The only person they would find was Jayton. That man was desperate for her. He would not rat her out no matter what.

Actually, it'll be easier if he disappears.

He had already bought a plane ticket to the United States. That way, he could flee and hide from the limelight.

Hera had promised him that they would get together relationship after this matter was over.

Hearing that, the man got carried away as he beamed with delight.

Therefore, Lucas would not find anything even if he were to do a thorough investigation.

He indeed has so much power and influence in the country, but it's not the same abroad. Jayton already ran out of the country. Let's see how he'll investigate. If Ashlyn were the only one in the elevator, I bet nobody would care about what happened. However, Lucas was also inside! He'll definitely look into this issue! Luckily, I already arranged for Jayton's escape over the phone call earlier.

At this moment, she had already arrived in front of the emergency room.

Sure enough, she saw Lucas from a distance. The man's face was red and swollen, and his lips were a bit torn with blood oozing out. Despite that, he still looked as handsome,

maybe even more so.

He was leaning against the wall with an emotionless expression.

"Lucas, I didn't know you'd be here," Hera muttered in surprise as she stood right in front of him.

Lucas' cold eyes narrowed at her when he thought of Spencer's report regarding the drug incident.

His mind drifted back to their childhood when she was a sweet girl with a tough personality, even at a young age.

The Hera back then was completely different now.

She was now a money-minded and good-for-nothing woman who was greedy for personal gain, with a pretentious angelic front. However, she would continuously and cautiously do things behind his back.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 198

She was especially good at acting and playing the victim. All this time, she had been pretending to be weak and fragile to win the sympathy of others.

He was so disappointed because he had always had a good impression of her.

Unfortunately, she herself had ruined the childhood memories he had of her.

Right now, he did not even want to see her face for a mere second.

Hence, silence was the best answer. `

Hera felt a bit awkward when he did not

answer her. "What's the matter? Did you come here to deal with something?" she tried again, trying to get him to talk.

Finally, Lucas coldly hummed a reply.

Jared, who was sitting on the waiting seat, could not help but raise his brows and chuckled. "Ms. Chapman, can't you read the room?"

Hera was wearing a pink dress, matched with a pair of pink high-heels and a pink bag.

She looked tender and girly in an all-pink outfit, but her heavy makeup did not match her outfit, which ruined the whole image.

She had only noticed Jared was here when she heard his voice.

Is he courting me? Why is he suddenly talking to me? I thought he has a scandal with Ashlyn?

Despite her thought, she was actually satisfied that the other party took the initiative to strike up a conversation with her.

She flicked her bangs using her finger to

appear graceful in front of him. "What are you talking about, Mr. Quickton? I don't catch it."

"Mr. Nolan clearly doesn't want to talk to you!" His voice echoed in the corridor.

Hera's smiling face froze for a second.

"How can that be? Are you kidding me, Mr. Quickton?"

Jared cocked his brows. "I'm not. I'm telling the truth."

I dislike her ever since I met her during the charity gala. Now I finally can intercede for my boss! I'm not going to miss this chance.

His words irritated her, but she knew he was someone she could not afford to offend.

She could only resort to seeking help from the other man. "Lucas..."

Bang!

The door of the emergency room flew open right at this moment.

A doctor walked out with a nurse beside him.

Lucas strolled past her to approach the doctor. "How is Ashlyn?"

"Is she awake?" Jared also questioned.

The doctor pulled off his mask to reply to them, "She's resting now, so please don't disturb her too much. You guys can still go in for proper visits, though."

The medical staff then pushed Ashlyn out of the room to transfer her into an ordinary ward.

Hera felt humiliated that Lucas ignored her just like that. Her heart was filled with jealousy and hatred when she saw the pale yet still beautiful Ashlyn.

That b****! Why is she still alive? Why isn't she dead!

Lucas and Jared quickly followed them to the ward, leaving her alone in the corridor.

Hera stomped her feet in frustration. She hated the outcome of the situation, but there was nothing she could do.

She could only watch Lucas enter the ward

and shut the door right in front of her, blocking her sight.

Inside the ward, Ashlyn looked so peaceful on the bed. Her eyes were tightly closed, and her long, luscious eyelashes were covering her eyelids. She looked like Sleeping Beauty.

Lucas could not help but frown as he stared at her pale face with a slight pain in his heart.

I never knew she's claustrophobic. Who would've known such a strong woman like her also had a weakness.

It terrified him to see Ashlyn muttering to herself earlier. He failed to make it clear what she uttered, though.

Jared stared at his tall and stalwart figure standing in the ward. It was indeed an eye-catching sight.

However, he was infuriated when he suddenly recalled that his boss got hurt when she was around him. "Lucas, I'm warning you. Stay away from her."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 199

Lucas' expression instantly changed as it got

colder tenfold. "Jared, I don't need your opinion on whatever happens between her and me."

Jared's face darkened after hearing that. "Lucas, everything about her isn't your business!"

Ad interim, Hera attached her ear to the door to eavesdrop on their conversation. Her lips twitched in dissatisfaction when she heard them arguing about the other woman.

I hope she doesn't wake up. I wish she'll stay

like this for the rest of her life without anyone caring for her at all. Ashlyn, please don't wake up!

She silently and harshly cursed her.

"Jared, don't be so full of yourself just because you're living under the same roof as her," Lucas sneered. "We don't need you here. Leave."

"I'll always stay with her. It's not like she's your private property. What right do you have?" Jared refuted.

They're already divorced but he's still so

clingy to boss. He has been with her for days now. Even so, he still couldn't protect her. I really doubt this man's strength now. Those who can't protect her shouldn't be with her!

When the men were endlessly quarreling in the ward, Winsor Jaquin and Tinsor Jaquin rushed to the hospital.

As soon as they stepped out of the elevator and got Ashlyn's room number, they ran like they were running for their lives.

When they were nearing, the first thing they

saw was Hera eavesdropping through the door.

Winsor glanced at her in disdain. "Excuse me, Ms. Chapman."

Hera was listening seriously to the quarrel of both the presidents over the other woman. Her nails almost broke in jealousy as she pressed them against the door.

When she was lost in the immense hatred and jealousy, a sudden disdainful voice rang above her head.

"Ah!" she yelled in shock.

She stumbled back in her high-heels and accidentally knocked the back of her head on the door, creating a loud sound.

The pain made her see stars.

"Ouch!" She grabbed her head and gritted her teeth in pain. She did not look like a high-level socialite at all. At this moment, she could care less about her image.

She felt as if a bump was going to form on the hit spot on the back of her head.

Tears burst out from her eyes at the immense pain.

She was embarrassed to have been caught eavesdropping, but the embarrassment could not top the pain she felt.

It hurts so bad!

Jared went to open the door after hearing the commotion outside. The sight of Hera, who had tears in her eyes, was the first scene that greeted him.

Winsor held the bouquet of gypsophila as he

stared at Jared. "What are you doing in my goddess' room?" he asked angrily.

"Yeah! What are you doing in our goddess' room!" repeated Winsor, trying to show the power that he never had.

He had always been a supportive of the relationship between his brother and Ashlyn.

He could never forget the scene of Ashlyn rescuing Naomi Nolan and Blair Nolan.

Winsor and Ashlyn are meant to be! Nobody can covet the goddess!

"Tsk," Jared snickered as he stared at the siblings before letting them in.

He then looked at Lucas as if something interesting was about to transpire.

On the other hand, Hera thought she was also invited in. She couldn't wait to whine to Lucas about her injury to get his sympathy.

However, when she had only taken one step, the door was slammed shut right in front of her again, just like it did earlier.

Tinsor was the one who had slammed the door fiercely. Why are there so many people

here? Darn! Mr. Nolan's here too! He didn't notice how hard he had shut the door, for he was lost in his own thoughts.

This time, the door hit Hera's nose that she felt like it almost broke.

"Ah! It hurts!" she cried in pain.

It freaking hurts! I feel like my nose is about to fall off!

Hera raised her hand to rub her nose.

"Blood!" She stared at the red liquid on her palm in shock. Her eyes rolled back as she almost fainted.

Luckily, a nurse passing by noticed her, and she quickly held her. "Are you okay, miss? Your nose is bleeding."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas]
chapter 200

"I-" Hera's tears could not stop falling from the immense pain, so she followed the nurse to see a doctor.

S***! It hurts so bad!

When they arrived at the consultation room, the doctor checked the bump on the back of her head before checking her nose.

"Ms. Chapman, have you done plastic surgery on your nose before?"

Hearing his question, Hera glared at him, enraged. "You're the one that did plastic surgery! Damn you!"

The doctor ignored her horrible attitude since he had encountered all kinds of patients before.

"If you didn't, then your nose is too fragile. You have to put a filler in your nostrils for a

week. After a week, please come back here so I can recheck."

"What about the bump on my head?"

"It'll go down in a few days," replied the doctor before he ordered the nurse to put a filler in her nose.

When she left with the nurse, the doctor stared at her back coldly as he scoffed.

"Why does she deny she had done plastic surgery when it's so obvious? Her nose wouldn't be that crooked if she hadn't," the

doctor said to another doctor.

"Which woman doesn't get plastic surgery nowadays?"

"Dr. Berry! She's hundred percent natural!" the doctor responded with a smile. "I know best when it comes to facial features. I kid you not. Her face features perfectly fit the golden ratio! She's stunning!"

"Gee! You pay a lot of attention to Dr. Berry's face!" the other doctor joked.

"Go to hell!"

Meanwhile, there was an indescribably tensed atmosphere in the ward.

Ashlyn slowly fluttered her eyes open only to see three men and one teenager standing in front of the bed.

However, she closed her eyes again right after that as she felt her head spinning.

It took her quite a while to open her eyes again.

When she did, the men were still there.

What's going on?

Memories started flooding back to her scene by scene.

Did I...faint in the elevator?

Ashlyn took a deep breath as she felt helpless.

I'm scared of nothing, not even Spirogyra, but confined spaces.

Whenever she was in a confined space, it

would trigger the Spirogyra in her body, which would cause it to shake to seek comfort desperately.

Therefore, at that time, she was completely controlled by Spirogyra. She even regarded Lucas as a lifesaver when she clutched on him tightly before fainting right in his arms.

Now everything's a mess. People already found out what my weakness is! Darn! I hate Spirogyra! It's going to be the death of me!

Ashlyn was too weak to actually swear.

She blinked her pretty eyes before trying to

speaking, but her throat was too dry that she felt like she had eaten sand. "I..."

"Would you like to drink some water?" Jared hurriedly walked to the water dispenser to pour her a glass of water. "Here."

"Thank you." Ashlyn accepted the water and took two sips. Her throat immediately felt better.

Upon seeing this, Winsor rushed to put a pillow behind her waist and helped her into a sitting position. "Feeling better now, Ms. Berry?"

Ashlyn nodded. Although her face was still pale, she did not look half-dead as earlier.

"A little."

Lucas' face darkened when he saw those men trying to suck up to Ashlyn. It infuriated him to no end! His sharp eyes glared at them as if he wanted to murder them right then and there!

I'm the one who's supposed to do that! Darn it!

He gritted his teeth to prevent himself from attacking those two and feed their flesh to

the dogs. A deadly aura exuded from his body.

"Are you hungry?" he asked in a dangerously deep tone. "I've had Spencer make soup."

Winsor snorted when he heard him, "Do you want to eat some fruits? I brought a fruit basket."

"Are you tired? Do you want me to massage you?" asked Jared as he did not want to lose to the other men.