

## Extraordinary 111

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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.

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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.”

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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."

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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?

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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?”

### [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!

## [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 to?"

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?"