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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.

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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?

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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!"

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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?

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.