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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."

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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."

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"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."

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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?

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Flying Fish retaliated. Hmph! None of your business! Am I not allowed to be curious now?

Quiet Forest chipped in. His wife really is mysterious. I can't even dig up any information about her. Something crazy is going on here, Haha.

Lone Breeze was intrigued. The harder it is for us to find out who she is, the more curious I am.

Jerk, too. Same here. Y'all saw the plane video the last time, right? Mrs. Nolan really has a nice figure.

Flying Fish's comment flashed on the screen. The one who posted the video said someone offered a huge amount of money to buy the video from him, but he didn't hand it over. After that, a hacker hacked into his computer and... guess what happened next?

Quiet Forest was getting impatient. Just say it!

Flying Fish provided the explanation. The video disappeared right in front of the hacker's watchful eyes!

Jerk vented on his screen. Damn! Did Mrs. Nolan hire Zero? I can't think of anyone who can delete the video in the face of the elite hackers except for Zero.

Ashlyn stared helplessly at the meaningless gossip and typed. Are you all very free right now? Do you even want to know how the Haddock Group's case is going right now? You have the time to gossip, so why aren't you working?

Ah! Zero is here! Flying Fish commented.

Quiet Forest was curious. What's happening in Haddock Group right now?

Zero updated her progress to the team. They fell for the trap and asked me to join the party. It's happening on Friday, eight p.m. at the Pearl Restaurant.

Jerk perked up. Zero, how did you even manage to get their attention?

Zero maintained her secrecy. I'm not telling you that.

After chatting for a while longer, Ashlyn logged off.

They gossip every day in the group, but I never thought that someday they will gossip about me.

Ashlyn was left speechless.

She stood up and prepared to take a shower.

However, she suddenly received a call from Spencer. He sounded very anxious and desperate over the phone. "Ms. Berry, please come and take a look at Mr. Nolan!"

"What happened to Lucas?" Ashlyn yawned and looked at the time. It was already eleven in the evening.

"Mr. Nolan didn't eat for the whole day! I'm scared that if this goes on, something bad might happen to him!" Spencer was about to burst into tears.

He was under immense pressure because he was forced to make the call.

Meanwhile, in Whitland Villa, Lucas glared at the phone with a gloomy expression. All he wanted to do at that moment was to somehow teleport to where Ashlyn was!

She cocked her eyebrows and asked, "Why isn't he eating? He's not a three-year-old kid."

"You know how picky he usually is, too. Besides that, he's suffering from gastritis right now and he's drenched in sweat because of pain! Ms. Berry, please show him your mercy and come over!" Spencer continued to beseech Ashlyn due to the immense pressure he was facing, "Mr. Nolan really is in a very bad mood right now. He refused to eat, and he even shattered three plates and four bowls!"

On the other hand, Lucas smirked in satisfaction because the truth was he only broke two plates and three bowls.

He nodded in approval and beckoned for Spencer to continue.

Tears rolled down Spencer's face as he spoke. If I were to speak like this to him, Mr. Nolan probably would've kicked me out of the house.

Why is life so tough?

Ashlyn blinked and replied, "I think the only sickness Lucas has is a mental illness. There's no use in

calling me because I can't treat mental illnesses anyway!"

After that, she hung up in a huff.

On the other hand, Lucas was so furious he hurled the crystal ashtray on his table.

It fell on the thick carpet with a dull thud.

Meanwhile, Spencer gulped. This ashtray is more sturdy than I thought. It didn't even crack.

Lucas' handsome features contorted in rage as he exuded a menacing aura.

Hunger brought pain to his stomach while insomnia enervated his mental strength.

Together, the two sources of pain made him feel like a beast trapped in a cage as it struggled feebly.

Despite the pain, I still can't find Ashlyn!

That woman really is cunning. She didn't show up at Bayview Villa yesterday, and she didn't go there today. Besides that, I have no idea where she is right now.

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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.

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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!”