

Extraordinary 18

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

There was no need to drag it out.

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

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

"What?"

Did Lucas change his mind?

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

"Great! Thank you, Mr. White."

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

The whole hall seemed empty and desolate.

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

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

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

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

Ashlyn shot him a smile. "No need."

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

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

"Mr. Nolan, long time no see. Thank you for taking care of Ashlyn all this while." Jared's mouth quirked

in a warm smile as he picked up Ashlyn's luggage and threw it in the car.

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

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

Strangely, he felt thoroughly upset.

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

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

Lucas was stunned by that sight.

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

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

Lucas' handsome face was grim as he got into his car silently and banged the door shut.

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

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

"Grandpa, I'm sorry. Lucas and I had gotten a divorce. I hope you won't blame me for that. I'll come to visit you next time."

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

They met again after a brief separation.

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

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

“I’m here to visit Grandpa,” she replied indifferently.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m going to First Hospital now. Wait for me there,” Lucas ordered and hung up.

Spencer arrived at First Hospital ahead of his boss and waited for him anxiously at the car park. When he finally spotted Lucas’ car, he immediately went up to him. “Cindy has been transferred from the ER to the operating theater. She’s currently undergoing surgery.”

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

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

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

The operating theater was on the fifth floor.

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

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

There were over ten doctors and nurses trailing behind her, listening to her every word intently.

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

"Ashlyn?"