

## Extraordinary 22

### [Chapter 22](#)

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

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

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

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

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

The company would not settle for anything less.

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

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

In 2013, Ashlyn was fifteen. Now that it was 2020, she was but twenty-two years old.

She had married Lucas when she was eighteen.

Four years had passed in the blink of an eye.

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

However, Lucas had no interest in marriage or dating.

Don’t tell me the missing data is Ashlyn’s? What methods did she use to keep her information confidential? If it was confidential, then how did the nurse know?

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

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

He could be heard even before he arrived.

A handsome young man opened the door and charged in.

Jonathan was stunned when he opened the door.

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

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

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

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

Wilson tried to give Jonathan a signal by winking at him, but it did not register. Jonathan inquired, "Mr. Lowe, your eyes are twitching uncontrollably. Do you need to see a doctor?"

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

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

He had an unforgettably handsome face as well.

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

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

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

This supporter had singlehandedly written all of his songs and lyrics for him, transforming him from a rising star to one of the top singers in the nation.

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

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

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

After he gained fame, Jonathan had received countless offers for endorsements and events. His

schedule was filled to the brim.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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