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“Stop flattering me.” Ashlyn’s lips curled slightly. “Arrange a table for me. These are all my friends.”

“Yes, no problem. I’ll make an arrangement right away.” The manager at the front desk nodded respectfully before rushing out to start preparing.

“Ms. Berry is here. Ms. Berry is here. Hurry up and notify the kitchen. Our Ms. Berry is here. Serve all her favorite dishes. Don’t forget about her favorite ice cream. Everything needs to be prepared well. Oh. She brought a few friends. Make sure you give her a satisfying service. Understood?”

Two minutes later, the manager personally led them to a European-style round table.

“Ms. Berry, please have a seat.”

“Principal Potter, Mr. Granger, have a seat.” Ashlyn smiled at the two middle-aged men. “Everyone please take a seat.”

The two men were once again shocked.

This is undoubtedly... Imperial Hotel’s VIP treatment, right? Imperial Hotel is a high-end restaurant with bustling business. One may not secure a table even if he reserves one week in advance. But Ashlyn does not even need to queue and she acts like a host.

Both Mr. Nolan and Winsor did not have any objections.

Feeling ecstatic, Naomi was about to sit beside Ashlyn. However, someone acted quicker than her and took her place.

She raised her head and saw her brother sitting like an iceberg on Ashlyn’s left side.

After silently cursing him, she rushed for the seat on Ashlyn’s right. In the end, she witnessed Winsor taking that seat like a burly tower.

Naomi could not do anything but return to her seat by Blair’s side.

The latter then patted her hand. “Are you a fool? How can you separate your brother and your sister-in-law? Can’t you see that the Jaquin brothers are trying to get in between them?”

The former moaned and grunted pitifully.

Is it wrong to want to be near Ashlyn?

“Ms. Berry, I’ve instructed the kitchen to prepare your favorite dishes. Ladies and gentlemen, what would you like to eat?” The manager served them personally and gave Ms. Berry full respect.

He was determined to give Ms. Berry an enjoyable and satisfying experience.

In this world, only Ms. Berry would receive such treatment from him!

Ashlyn had figured out what the manager was thinking by looking at how enthusiastic he was.

She passed the menu over to Principal Potter and Mr. Granger. “What would you like to eat? Ms. Nolan made a million today!”

“That’s right. Thank you for testifying just now,” Naomi said instantly.

The two of them were not someone indecisive, hence they ordered a few signature dishes and passed the menu to Lucas.

Lucas glanced at the menu. Not uttering a word, he gave the menu to Ashlyn.

Puzzled, she lowered her eyes and looked at him. “What’s wrong?”

“Order for me,” the man spat out these three words as his eyes shimmered with anticipation.

A look of helplessness flashed through her pretty face. “I’ll have this, this and this...”

She ordered a few dishes; all of which were Lucas’ favorites and also the one she frequently cooked at home.

This man is absolutely spoilt and perverted. Are the dishes she ordered extra tasty? Huh? Psycho!

Upon seeing this, Winsor said unwillingly, “Ms. Berry, can you order a few dishes for me as well?”

“Sorry. I don’t know what you like. You should order on your own.” Ashlyn passed the menu back to him.

He did not like this at all.

As Winsor raised his head, he saw Lucas’ triumphant gaze.

The difference in treatment is blatant! Why does my goddess have to know what Lucas likes and order it for him?

Lucas’ dejection was abated as his joy elevated.

However, he began to be irritated again just seconds later.

His jealousy was so immense that everyone could sense it.

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Because Imperial Hotel's chef, who was more arrogant than a Michelin chef, ran toward them.

Being handsome and attractive, his looks were of a typical European—blonde hair with blue eyes as well as a tall and muscular physique.

"Ah! Lyn, you're here."

He wanted to give Ashlyn an enthusiastic French hug.

Suddenly, a hand firmly grabbed him by the shoulders. "She doesn't like having physical interaction with outsiders."

Brimming with tears, his shoulder ached from the firm grip that felt like steel tongs.

Howard stared at him in shock. "Who are you? Lyn and I have always been the best of friends!"

"That's enough. Howard, go and cook the dishes, okay?"

Ashlyn patted Howard's back to comfort him.

The blonde man with blue eyes felt wronged. "Lyn, he is so violent. I want to protect my human rights! I will definitely sue him!"

"Shut up!" Ashlyn glared at him coldly. "Go back to the kitchen. Do not come out without my permission."

"Lyn..." As grievances filled him, the manager hurried over and dragged him away. "Chef Howard, let's go. Ms. Berry came with her friends. Be good and listen to her."

"Okay."

Howard was still indignant.

My heart is breaking into pieces. Lyn does not favor me anymore. I'm so pissed!

"He is extremely gifted in cooking, but he has some defects when it comes to communication skills." Ashlyn glanced at Lucas before looking at everyone else. "I hope you don't mind. Please don't treat him any differently."

“No wonder he’s so difficult to be invited. So many influential people have tried to meet him but he declined all their requests.” Winsor nodded. “But he is quite fluent in English.”

The chef, Howard, looks like... there’s something wrong with his brain at first sight. He seems to be a five-year-old intellectually. The manager still needs to coax him...

At that moment, the waiters started serving the dishes.

When they saw Ashlyn, they were very courteous toward her. Although the Imperial Hotel was known for its excellent service, it was apparent that the waiters were extra passionate to her.

The way the waiters looked at Ashlyn and the joy that radiated from their bones could be seen by those present.

Almost everyone could sense that they were giving Ashlyn special treatment.

It was as if they had met their idols.

Lucas was used to this kind of situation because Tinsor, Blair, and Naomi had been treating Ashlyn with the same attitude.

“Ms. Berry, all the dishes are served. Please let me know if you need anything else.” Upon serving the last dish, the waiter said while bowing respectfully.

“You may leave now,” Ashlyn said.

“Please enjoy your meal at Imperial Hotel.” The waiter left after saying this.

Winsor quickly took a piece of sweet and sour pork ribs and put it in her bowl. “Try this. It looks scrumptious.”

Looking at the pork ribs, she was stunned for a second before nodding and saying thanks.

Blair was unable to keep his calm when he saw Winsor serving his sister-in-law.

The Jaquin brothers are so ambitious. They are like hooligans who always keep a distance from everyone. It’s a surprise that Winsor served Ashlyn food!

Anxious, he took a glance at Lucas, trying to hint at him. Lucas, hurry up and serve Ashlyn food! The guy is trying so hard to please your wife!

Winsor took a piece of vegetable for himself. His delicate face had a faint smile on it as his gaze fell on Ashlyn’s calm face.

The smile on the corners of his lips grew wider.

My goddess has eaten the pork ribs I served her!

Tinsor gave his brother a thumbs up in secret! You did well!

Lucas pursed his lips. It was as if his pair of cold eyes could look through people's secrets; it made people feel vulnerable. Meanwhile, anger grew inside him as he saw the pork rib.

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He started working on the king prawn like he had gone insane. His long fingers moved like they were creating the finest art, and it only took him a few minutes to get the American Lobster ready.

The man suddenly hissed softly.

Everyone turned around and saw that Lucas' finger was bleeding a little.

Lucas had his eyes down, and he didn't show any emotion on his face when he stared at Ashlyn. He then said the word that got everybody's jaw to drop: "Ouch."

Lucas acted as if he was hiding his immense pain when he murmured, "It's fine, I'll just push through the pain."

As Lucas spoke, he pushed the lobster towards Ashlyn and said, "Eat up. I took the shells out."

His pouting was... horrible, but it was strangely arousing, especially since he was ridiculously handsome.

Ashlyn took one look at the lobster, then turned to the man beside her, Lucas, who was as powerful and as graceful as royalties. However, she thought that he looked like a lunatic and was a little pretentious.

Where the hell is your dominance and power, Mr. Nolan? Did you spend all that energy to act like a pretentious idiot?

Ashlyn was too exasperated to even diss him. Just then, the powerful and graceful man put his bleeding finger in front of her face and complained, "I'm still bleeding. Please treat my injuries, Dr. Berry."

Ashlyn grabbed a napkin from the side and crudely slapped it onto his finger before tying it into a butterfly knot. "Is Mr. Nolan satisfied with my treatment?"

The cute butterfly looked ridiculous on that powerful man's finger.

However, Lucas was satisfied with it and requested, "Dr. Berry, I want some steak. Can you feed me? I am injured so I can't lift the cutlery."

Which kindergarten did this immature brat come from? Seriously, is it even possible for him to be more childish?

Naomi was stunned.

Lucas' behavior got Naomi to see him in an entirely different light.

She had always seen her big brother as a domineering, cool, and sometimes cruel figure.

He could actually bring himself to act that immaturely and shamelessly?

Compared to Lucas' shamelessness, Naomi's play to demand attention seemed like parlor tricks.

Blair gloated and shot a look at Tinsor. That look basically screamed, See that? My brother is the true expert in this field.

I'd give my brother a thumbs up if this is on Facebook. My brother and his wife are the true endgame!

Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger chose to eat in silence.

They felt like they had met another version of the renowned Mr. Nolan.

Even Spencer was in shock.

Mr. Nolan. Holy! You are on a whole other level of blatantly flirting! That is downright demonic. Although... Ms. Berry isn't exactly the kind of woman who would be easily defeated...

As suspected, Spencer soon heard Ashlyn's cherry lips call the waiter over. "Mr. Nolan is injured. Please feed him."

"Understood, Ms. Berry," replied the waiter, who quickly picked up the cutlery.

The waiter looked sincere when he smiled at Lucas. "Mr. Nolan, what would you like to have?"

Lucas' sharp eyes narrowed, and his voice carried a hint of suppressed annoyance. "Ashlyn, my stomach is acting up."

Winsor was so irritated that he was tempted to throw his fork at Lucas' stupid face. Just how shameless can you be? Where is your dignity?

Winsor later got some vegetables for Ashlyn. He did so mindlessly and habitually, it seemed like he had actually done it a million times before.

Lucas felt his chest gripping. He pushed the lobster to Ashlyn once more and said, "This is more

delicious.”

Ashlyn’s already breathtaking face lit up with a small grin.

When Ashlyn was grouchy, her entire body would exude a chilling vibe that would make others flee. However, her grin was exotic and stunning, and could make people’s eyes glow.

It was as if her smile could light up the entire room.

Almost everyone was stunned.

“What are you smiling at?” asked Lucas as his eyes glowed with a hint of seduction.

“Thank you for helping me with the lobster, Lucas,” said Ashlyn as she stood up and grabbed Lucas’ plate. After that, she put his favorite dishes onto the plate.

“You may leave. He’s a lunatic, so it’s difficult to serve him,” informed Ashlyn as she turned to the waiter who had been standing awkwardly at one side since Lucas ignored him.

She has got to be the only woman who dared to call Lucas Nolan a lunatic right to his face.

What’s even more surprising was that Mr. Nolan is still staring in anticipation.

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It was unbelievable because it looked as if Lucas was eagerly waiting to be fed.

Lucas’ domineering aura seeped out without him being aware of it, and his dark eyes shone with cruelty.

He could pressurize others just by looking at them, and his handsome face could easily grip a person’s heart.

However, his eyes burned with passion when he turned to the woman beside him. He stared as if he wanted to study everything about her.

Anyone could tell that Lucas was into Ashlyn.

Winsor’s expression darkened, and his eyes shone with a complex emotion.

That Lucas really knows how to get attention. Those pretentious lies are utterly shameless. An injured finger and a stomachache? Isn’t it embarrassing for an adult like him to complain about something like that?

Lucas’ handsome face shone with displeasure when he saw the distaste in Winsor’s eyes.

The Jaquin family and the Nolan family were not fighting at that exact moment. Their thoughts, however, remained mean: Are the Jaquin siblings masochists? They had their butts kicked by a woman, and that somehow made them fall heads over heel for that woman. They are acting like superglue and sticking around her.

Lucas narrowed his eyes dangerously. When he saw the mountain of food on his plate, a hint of satisfaction appeared on his face and he attacked Winsor at his weakest point. "Mr. Jaquin, how is business? Have your company's share price gone back up after it fell by three percent?"

Winsor almost spat blood from the sudden rise of blood pressure.

"My company's share price is none of your concern, Mr. Nolan."

Lucas gracefully ate the food Ashlyn got him. It tasted great, and the only thing that could make it better was if Ashlyn never met the owner of the Imperial Hotel.

"Then I will pray for Jaquin Group's retaliation and continual increase in share prices in the future," said Ashlyn.

Winsor's annoyance faltered a little, and his darkened expression turned slightly warmer.

So what if he has Jaquin Group? The share prices are falling, and he still can't get Ashlyn to serve him food.

Lucas never realized just how childish and funny his thoughts were.

Everyone on site saw how Lucas' domineering aura and dark eyes burned with fury, but it was slowly turning into temporary happiness.

No one knew that Lucas had such immature thoughts.

Even someone as slow as Blair could tell that his big brother looked jealous. Is he upset about how Winsor is nice towards Ashlyn?

Blair's heart trembled. Strike one.

He was the one who invited the Jaquin siblings over. Given how possessive his brother looked just a second ago, it was likely that Lucas was angry.

Oh, no. He's not going to deduct my pocket money, is he?

Blair looked pale and pitiful when he turned to Ashlyn. The former was obviously asking for help when he said, "Lucas, I..."

“Shut up,” barked Lucas as he narrowed his angry eyes at Blair and shot an icy dagger into Blair’s heart.

Blair’s heart trembled again. Strike two! However, Blair’s dread soon turned to annoyance.

Seriously, bro. Don’t get a divorce if you’re that possessive and jealous. Are you into playing post-divorce mind games or something? Ashlyn is single now, and she can hang out with anyone she wants. You don’t get to butt in anymore...

Wait, hold on, no! Blair Nolan, how can you think like that? Do you want Ashlyn to be Winsor’s wife? No, nope, definitely not!

Blair quickly nodded like a rooster pecking on rice. After that, he said, “Lucas, I-let me get you some food.”

“Keep your dirty hands away from me,” protested Lucas calmly.

Blair’s heart trembled yet again. Strike three, and Blair’s heart died.

Seriously, is this how you treat your baby brother?

My heart is shattered. Actually, scratch that, it’s powdered!

After eating, both Naomi and Winsor argued to pay for the meal. Naomi glared over and bulged her cheeks. She looked like a frog for a second before she protested, “What are you doing? We agreed that I will be the one paying for the meal. I came all the way here to thank Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger for their help. Can you not argue with me?”

“Ms. Nolan, I am the gentleman, and I have the privilege of paying the bill,” insisted Winsor. He never thought that he’d live to see the day when a kid tried to get the check from him.

“I don’t care. Most of the people here are from my family, so I am paying for the meal!” said Naomi before she angrily fished her card out of her wallet.

Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger, on the other hand, were curious about Ashlyn.

Principal Potter asked, “What do you do for a living, Ms. Berry?”

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“Oh, I’m a doctor,” replied Ashlyn politely.

“I see,” murmured Principal Potter.

“Which department do you work in, Ms. Berry?” asked Supervisor Granger.

Ashlyn remained polite and answered, "I'm a surgeon."

The two middle-aged men turned to one another and looked into each other's eyes without anyone noticing.

"You seem to be close to the owner of the Imperial Hotel, Ms. Berry," commented Principal Potter.

"Oh, not at all. We're just friends, that's all," said Ashlyn, who thought it was weird that the two middle-aged men in tuxedos were that much of a gossip.

Why are they so curious?

Lucas, on the other hand, paid close attention to their conversation.

Ah, so she's not close to him. That's good... Maybe she only knows the chef well?

Still, the chef didn't look mentally sane and had the intelligence of a five-year-old.

Lucas' nervous heart finally settled down.

When the group left the Imperial Hotel, Principal Potter turned to Ashlyn and suggested, "If you are free, you can drop by the university's medical department to share some of your experiences with our students. Will that be okay? If so, when will you be free, Ms. Berry?"

What? You guys set up a meeting just like that?

Lucas was a little uncomfortable about it.

He had been chasing Ashlyn's many suitors away, and he wondered if that old dude, Principal Potter, was interested in Ashlyn as well.

"Thank you, Principal Potter, but I am rather swamped lately because I recently accepted a minor medical mission from the government. Maybe after I completed the mission? We can set up a time then," said Ashlyn. She knew that Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger had helped her solve her issue with Jeremy Halliwell.

Naturally, she was happy to repay that favor.

Ashlyn hated owing anybody anything.

"R-really?" blurted Principal Potter, who then turned excitedly to Supervisor Granger.

She agreed to it just like that?

"I always keep my word. You can call Jared to set up a date. He's the guy who called you earlier today," reminded Ashlyn with a smile.

Only then did Principal Potter recall that he had received a call from Jared that day. Jared is the guy who asked about Jeremy Halliwell!

Looks like Mr. Quickton was gathering information for Ms. Berry...

Huh... this lady really is weird.

Lucas reached out and held Ashlyn's waist when he heard how she had told Principal Potter to contact Jared. "You can call me to talk about that too," said Lucas.

Lucas' huge palm gripped Ashlyn's waist a little too tightly and made it uncomfortable for her to even breathe.

She didn't show her displeasure on her face, but she was secretly irritated.

Why the hell are you publicly holding my waist?

Ashlyn elbowed the man and got him to frown in pain, but he still refused to let her go.

This woman... She's so heartless. Her elbow hurt my stomach so much!

At that moment, a blonde man with blue eyes stood behind the window in Imperial Hotel. He was looking out the window and glaring at the tall guy who was holding the lady's waist.

His blue eyes no longer shone with the innocence it exuded a moment ago, and they were slightly narrowed with jealousy shining through them.

He glared intently at the couple standing at the entrance of the restaurant as resentment threatened to drown him.

Lyn...

The man was lost as he reached out for the woman on the ground floor. His voice couldn't help but tremble as he said, "Lyn, it has been years, but you never even looked at me once."

The man had stayed in the country and worked at that hotel just for her. Sometimes, she wouldn't even show up for months, but he waited for her anyway.

However, she was now with another man despite all of his sacrifices and patience.

His heart gripped, and he was in endless pain.

“Chef Howard, will you continue cooking today?” asked a kitchen worker as he walked over.

The worker was extremely polite.

Howard’s EQ was ridiculously low, and he only had the maturity of a five-year-old, but his cooking skills were top-notch, so everyone in Imperial Hotel respected him.

Howard’s frown exuded a murderous aura powered by intense jealousy, but he put them away, and his blue eyes reverted to their usual innocent style. “Nah, I’m tired. You guys can handle the rest.”

“Understood,” replied the worker before he turned to leave. The worker couldn’t help but wonder. Why did chef Howard seem different? I almost couldn’t get myself to speak when I saw him earlier.

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Did that murderous aura really come from Chef Howard? Nah, I must’ve made a mistake.

At the entrance of Imperial Hotel.

The cars were driven over.

Winsor immediately saw that Lucas’ domineering and possessive arm was around Ashlyn’s waist. That got Winsor upset, and he couldn’t hold it in. “Mr. Nolan, you’re married, so isn’t it inappropriate to hold Ms. Berry this closely in public? Aren’t you worried that your wife would get upset and make you sleep on the couch tonight?”

Flames of fury danced in Lucas’ eyes. If he never got a divorce, he would’ve been able to tell Winsor to f*ck off there and then.

My wife is right beside me!

Unfortunately...

All Lucas could do was frown a little and glare at him. Lucas pointed out, “My relationship with my wife has nothing to do with you.”

However, Lucas felt like those words carried no power. It was simply not the same as shouting that his wife was right beside him!

If it weren’t for the divorce, Lucas could make Winsor eat his words.

Lucas had regretted his decision after getting the divorce, but he only regretted it once, and that regret zipped by quickly.

That was normal since he had never thought about why he was addicted to hanging around Ashlyn.

However, Lucas truly, truly regretted getting a divorce at that moment.

He didn't know that Ashlyn was so cute and lively that she would attract all sorts of suitors to her.

He hadn't even finished dealing with one before five more suitors popped out from nowhere.

If he had known all that early on, he would never have gotten the stupid divorce.

Ashlyn twisted her waist a little to get out of the man's hold, but Lucas had locked her waist in and made her get into his Bentley.

Naomi watched as her big brother possessively dragged Ashlyn away. After that, Naomi had no choice but to get into her own car bitterly.

Awh, why is he so possessive towards Ashlyn even after the divorce? I wanna hang out with Ashlyn, too!

Inside the Bentley.

The aura was a little stiff in the car, and it felt like the calm before the storm.

Ashlyn demanded impatiently. "What the hell were you doing? I came here in your sister's car and was supposed to hitch a ride with her!"

Ashlyn's words got Lucas stumped, and his annoyance suddenly got stuck in his chest.

That anger wouldn't go down, nor would it blow up.

His expression, however, darkened like nothing before.

So this woman is planning to get together with Naomi? What the hell is so good about that brat? Gah, I'm jealous. I'm so f*cking jealous!

Lucas suddenly felt hopeless in the deepest pit of his soul.

He had fallen so far that he was jealous of that little brat?!

His heart felt stuffed and uncomfortable as he resisted the urge to lean over and kiss Ashlyn's lips.

I-I must teach her a lesson, so that she'll stop going around attracting crazy amounts of suitors.

Upon thinking that, Lucas put on a grouchy expression and asked, "When did you two get so close? She

is nothing but a stupid brat.”

His tone was basically implying, I am handsome, rich, and energetic, so come check me out! Look at me!

Ashlyn stared on as the man’s expression get darker and darker. She couldn’t help raising her brows while her eyes shone with dissatisfaction. She said, “Lucas, I do need to thank you for what you did today. However, I could’ve handled the situation even if you didn’t bring Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger over.”

“You really should thank me,” replied Lucas, who initially planned to compete against Naomi stubbornly.

When he heard what Ashlyn said, his grouchy expression instantly brightened up, and his gaze landed on her pink, cherry lips.

Lucas’ throat moved, and he suddenly placed his huge palm on the back of her head.

He was about to kiss Ashlyn when she fought back by placing her hands on her lips. “What are you doing?”

“Receiving my compensation,” replied Lucas before he pried Ashlyn’s hands away and kissed her.

Their lips locked, and his warm breath brushed against her cheek.

Ashlyn was a little upset.

Is this the mating season for this guy? He kissed without any warning!

Lucas realized that Ashlyn was distracted even as he kissed her, and a spark of anger started a forest fire in him.

Lucas became more aggressive, and Ashlyn moaned aloud.

She soon tasted the metallic blood spreading across her mouth.

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Lucas wasn’t bothered by that metallic taste. In fact, it gripped his chest and made him kiss her even more passionately.

Lucas didn’t let Ashlyn go until just before she passed out from breathlessness.

His breathing was uneven as he tilted his head down and stared at her.

His tone was powerful when he said, “I am very happy with this compensation.”

Ashlyn was a little exasperated.

Must this guy always act so immaturely in front of me?

When she heard how certain Lucas sounded, she grabbed his collar and growled, "Oh, you're happy with it? I'm not! You are terrible at kissing. You bit my lip and...."

Ashlyn hadn't even finished speaking before Lucas couldn't help turn red in his face and kissed her once more.

How dare she question my skills? This woman really needs to be taught a lesson!

His hand landed on the back of her head once more, and he was, once again, in control. All Ashlyn felt was that her heart was stirring like a feather was tickling it.

The aura in the car soon turned romantic, and the passion in Lucas' eyes became more and more obvious. He looked like he wanted to swallow Ashlyn whole.

Ashlyn's heart gripped. That's strange. The Spirogyra isn't acting up today.

Ashlyn believed that if the Spirogyra remained quiet, she could handle Lucas' incredibly handsome face that could seduce all of humanity.

I must not react to that delicious man.

Lucas' eyes turned dark. He suppressed all of his passion and eagerness as he tilted his head down and kissed her again.

"I'm not done..."

Ashlyn took a deep breath and realized that the Spirogyra in her body wasn't reacting to her being turned on!

Ashlyn was secretly delighted.

Is the Spirogyra finally dead? Has it lost its power? Yes! I just hope that it will never start working again.

What Ashlyn didn't realize was that the fat and content Spirogyra was simply napping deep within her blood vessels at the time.

The Spirogyra had gotten bigger and fatter than it used to be. It glowed in gold and was chubby. In a way, it looked pretty cute.

Ashlyn wasn't infuriated by Lucas' obvious hint to take things to the bed, but she still had to protect her own rights. "Oy, Lucas Nolan, I've already compensated you for your help."

"That doesn't count," replied the man quickly... and shamelessly.

Ashlyn blinked her stunning brown eyes. "You're not supposed to bully others like that, because you're the president of a company and the captain of the ship. Do you always go back on your deal when you talk business with your clients?"

Lucas' sexy lips curved up. His dark eyes shone with mischief as he clarified, "You didn't take the initiative to thank me, so the kisses didn't count. You're supposed to be straightforward when you thank others, you know?"

Ashlyn scoffed. She was rather comfortable without the Spirogyra messing with her.

She even sounded more certain when she spoke with Lucas, "Oh, how should we solve this problem? I feel like I should just thank you with my fist instead!"

Ashlyn had always wanted to learn how good Lucas was at fighting, so she didn't say anything before she threw a punch as fast as lightning towards Lucas.

To her surprise, Lucas caught her punch.

"Be good. You're a girl and should be gentler."

The man's hand caught her fist, but it was strong and aggressive.

This woman is eerily strong. I may have caught that punch, but I am also pinned to my seat.

"Lucas, we already got a divorce, yet we are still hanging out together all the time. Is that really alright?" said Ashlyn calmly as she retracted her fist.

The man's eyes shone with warmth as he replied, "I think it's pretty cool. There are couples who fell in love before they got married, and there are couples who fell in love after they got married. We're the couple that fell in love after the divorce. It's quite amazing."

"I never said I wanted to date you," refuted Ashlyn as she pouted. After that, she asked, "Did you already finish all the food in the fridge that I prepared a few days ago?"

"Yeah," answered Lucas as his mesmerizing eyes stared at the lady's beautiful face. He had been eating the food she prepared for every meal, so he finished it quickly.

Hence, he needed her to go cook for him. It'd be best if she could stay there forever with him too.

He only realized that his stomach couldn't survive without her after he had already gotten the divorce.

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All other delicacies in the world tasted bland after he had tried Ashlyn's cooking. In fact, his stomach would be upset after he ate dishes that others cooked.

"You're crazy," said Ashlyn as she glared over. What kind of stomach does this man have? How did he finish all that so quickly?

"We're heading to the supermarket," instructed Lucas to Spencer.

The car reached the supermarket's parking lot soon after, and all three of them went in.

Spencer was responsible for pushing the cart while Lucas followed closely behind Ashlyn.

Ashlyn, on the other hand, focused on picking the groceries.

The unearthly handsome man and the stunningly gorgeous lady stood together in the supermarket. Many walked past them, but everyone kept turning around to stare at Ashlyn and Lucas.

The man was tall, and the aura he exuded repelled everyone, so no one dared to stare at his face.

The lady, however, was cute with clear eyes and gorgeous brows. She was so beautiful that it was shocking.

Many security guards couldn't help staring at Ashlyn from afar.

Lucas forced his temper down and stopped himself from acting up, but the vein on his forehead was jumping profusely.

His face darkened because he suddenly realized that the woman he loved attracted everyone's attention, regardless of where she was or what time of the day it was.

She caught so many people's attention even though she was only there to buy some groceries.

An intense sense of danger welled up in his heart. It was the kind of threat that Lucas had never felt before.

He suddenly held the woman's wrist and instructed, "Remember to keep your distance from everyone else."

"Huh? What?"

Ashlyn didn't understand why that man had suddenly gone insane once more. What now?

Ashlyn was busy choosing the steaks, and the box of beef fell from her hand and back to the freezer.

Annoyed, she tilted her head up and saw, from Lucas' eyes, that he was being serious.

Her confused expression was extremely cute and completely different from her usual distant expression.

That cuteness could drive anyone crazy, but she was not aware of it.

Lucas' throat went dry, and he put his hand on the back of her head before he dragged her face to his chest. "You're not allowed to show anyone else that expression," instructed Lucas.

Just be mean and distant with everyone else. That cute side of yours is reserved for me.

Ashlyn struggled out of his chest and looked up. She protested angrily, "Why are you acting so crazy all of a sudden? You don't actually think that everyone will fall for me instantly and tackle over, do you? I-is there something wrong with your brain or something?"

Lucas frowned and insisted, "I won't allow you to shop for groceries anymore."

Ashlyn was speechless.

This possessive man is beyond hope. Seriously? He's jealous of strangers? Is that really what this is? I didn't read this situation wrong, did I?

Ashlyn thought that she had already clarified everything and even reminded him how they were divorced.

He was the one who asked for the divorce, so she thought that his mind was getting clearer.

So why does it look like he is actually getting even more confused? Is he addicted to being jealous? You're not my husband anymore, so what right do you have to be jealous? You got Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger over. That is the only reason I'm shopping for groceries with you right now, and cooking for you later. I won't do any of that otherwise, not even in your dreams!

Ashlyn was downright furious at that moment.

Why didn't she notice just how possessive that man was?

He was so possessive that it was crazy, and she never even asked for his help in the first place!

Ashlyn felt a headache coming.

The two of them were too beautiful, and their hug only made everyone's eyes bulge.

Dang, you don't need to show off your romance even if you are that good-looking.

Even the middle-aged lady working on the weighing machine was stunned.

Lucas' deadly glare swept across the room.

The middle-aged lady felt a chill run down her spine, and she quickly turned back to her job.

Oh, my gosh!

The lady would've fled the supermarket if she wasn't working there.

That man is too powerful. I've lived for so long and have seen so much, but even I can't get myself to look him in the eye.

The middle-aged lady's legs were still trembling even after Ashlyn and Lucas had left.

Spencer carried the fresh produce they just bought and followed behind.

Lucas and Ashlyn walked side-by-side down the path in the tranquil garden to reach the villa.

The stars donned the sky, and Lucas felt serene and happy.

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Lucas had never gone grocery shopping with Ashlyn in the four years that they were married.

He never realized that grocery shopping with her would be that strange.

He had bought some seafood the last time he went out, and he somehow messed it up. It felt great to be by her side as she shopped for groceries.

Lucas' lips curved up, and he was delighted.

When they got home, Lucas took off his coat and said to Ashlyn with a straight face, "I'll help you."

Spencer didn't know what to say.

Mr. Nolan is so polite as an assistant, and it is astounding! His usual stance is so distant that he freezes others into a block of ice. Hell, I would've assumed that he is an emotionless robot if it isn't for the fact that he can talk, think, and fly an airplane! Fortunately, Ms. Berry showed up and melted his robotic heart. Honestly though, Mr. Nolan, I feel bad for you when I see how you keep circling around Ms. Berry

like that. If you hadn't gotten a divorce back then, you and Ms. Berry would still be living a happy, married life. What a pity. Why did you have to hurt yourself and ask for a divorce? Ms. Berry doesn't acknowledge you now, and I can't blame her for that.

Spencer was busy internally dissing Lucas when the latter walked into the kitchen.

Ashlyn, on the other hand, had fished out all the fresh groceries from the bag.

She placed the ingredients that she didn't need in the refrigerator.

"What would you like to eat?" asked Ashlyn as she turned to the handsome man who stared with puppy eyes and acted like he was waiting in anticipation.

Lucas' eyes glowed a little. "How about beef stew? Or lobster? Or maybe seared steak?"

Ashlyn glared over. "Those were the dishes served in Imperial Hotel. You only took a few bites at the time, and now you want me to make the exact same dish for you again? Have you gone nuts?"

Lucas didn't say anything.

His dark puppy eyes simply stared at her, and his handsome face exuded the kind of hunger that words could not describe.

His tone was domineering and unreasonable when he insisted, "You promised you'd thank me, so you can't go back on your words now."

Lucas' stomach had acted up again, and the pain got to him a little.

However, he kept it hidden.

Only the dishes that woman prepared could cure his aching stomach.

The chefs at the Imperial Hotel couldn't cure it, neither could all other chefs.

Only that familiar smell and taste could satisfy his famished stomach and tortured tongue.

Ashlyn was a little exasperated by that man's gaze that seemed to be able to get to anyone.

The aura in the kitchen froze over.

Spencer stood awkwardly outside the kitchen.

There are so many things that Mr. Nolan wants to eat. Does he really take Ms. Berry as a chef in a five-star restaurant? Moreover, Ms. Berry is right. The restaurant served all those dishes, but Mr. Nolan

refused to eat them. Now, he wants to trouble Ms. Berry to make the same dishes for him. That is... Well, that just makes him so punch-able.

Spencer didn't say anything aloud, though.

Lucas tilted his head down and started working on the ingredients. He was awkward and inexperienced as he sliced the beef.

Lucas couldn't cook, and the most he had ever done was help Ashlyn wash the vegetables.

"I've cut it into pieces. You can cook it now," informed Lucas.

He was handsome and tall, and his figure was sexy as hell. He had a black shirt on, and he looked graceful even as he held the kitchen knife.

The beef he cut up, however, looked... absolutely horrible.

None of them were in the same size, everything was twisted, and every single one of them was in a different shape.

Ashlyn had trouble even looking at them.

She sighed. She didn't ask for Lucas' help, but he did help her, so she felt compelled to take the kitchen knife from him. "I'll do it," said Ashlyn.

It's only a few dishes, anyway.

Lucas suddenly hissed just as she reached out to take the kitchen knife.

Eerie crimson red blood flushed out of his hand.

Ashlyn didn't have any time to think. She reached out to hold Lucas' hand, then informed Spencer, "Mr. White, please bring the first-aid kit over."

Spencer was only stunned for a second before he rushed to get the first-aid kit.

When he returned with the kit, he saw that Ashlyn was leading the tall man out of the kitchen.

Spencer quickly opened the box and got some band-aids out of them.

Ashlyn shook her head and said, "The cut is too big. We'll need a disinfectant and some bandage."

Spencer hurriedly got those two items out of the box.

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Ashlyn then cleaned the cut on Lucas' finger.

Spencer extended his neck to sneak a peek. Ooh!

The cut was at least three centimeters long, and it looked so deep that Lucas' skin and flesh were both protruding outwards. Mr. Nolan, did you need to be that cruel? Even to your own finger?

"Do you honestly think that your finger is the beef?" scolded Ashlyn as she wrapped his finger up, "Don't let water get into it!"

Ashlyn stood up after she dealt with the cut. Her beautiful face was fuming, and she glared at the man on the sofa.

Cutting the beef gracefully was fake, and his charms were a ruse as well. That man is nothing but an idiot in the kitchen!

Lucas sat there without saying a word. He remained quiet as she tended to his wound.

His dark eyes burned as he stared at Ashlyn without looking away.

It felt as if she would flee if he even blinked.

Ashlyn hated that feeling.

She felt like a prey that had been targeted by a hunter. She was locked in, and there was no escape.

Ashlyn didn't say anything else. She simply turned and walked into the kitchen, before slamming the door shut.

She didn't see that the man on the sofa was grinning slightly.

Spencer was utterly speechless.

Mr. Nolan, you were cut, and your blood flushed out. Yet, you are still so happy that you are grinning. Are you nuts? You look just like the idiot from...

Inspiration suddenly hit Spencer!

Mr. Nolan, y-you didn't just cut yourself on purpose, did you? Is this all a part of your plan to get Ms. Berry to stay? Dang, t-that is something else.

Spencer suddenly felt like a third-wheel, so he made up an excuse and left.

Ashlyn stayed in the kitchen for over an hour before she finally got all the dishes ready.

All the dishes that Lucas asked for were there, and as a bonus, she also cooked some vegetables.

It looked amazing and smelled delicious.

Ashlyn only realized that there weren't any vegetables after she had finished preparing all the dishes.

In the past, she would've made Lucas help carry all the dishes from the kitchen to the dining table. However, she thought about how Lucas' finger was injured, so she turned her head to get Spencer over. That was when she saw that Lucas was sitting alone on the sofa and staring out the window. She didn't even know what he was thinking.

"Where is Mr. White?"

"He had some errands to run."

"Get ready for dinner," said Ashlyn as she took her apron off and carried the dishes out on her own.

Lucas was a little annoyed by how that woman called out for Spencer as soon as she got out of the kitchen. He asked, "Why were you looking for Spencer?"

"Oh, to get him to help carry the dishes out, but he left, so it's fine," answered Ashlyn as she put the dishes on the dining table.

Lucas stood up and walked to the dining table. His brown gaze swept to Ashlyn. Wow! My Ashlyn didn't plan on making me carry the dishes? D-does that mean that she is worried about me? Being injured really is the best!

Ashlyn turned around to get two bowls of soup out. After that, she went back into the kitchen to get the rest of the dishes out.

Ashlyn only sat down when she was done with everything.

Lucas got a few slices of beef and popped them into his mouth. The fragrant of the well-done steak was perfect!

Lucas' tongue was finally satisfied, and he felt the kind of intense pleasure that could only be experienced by someone who had endured starvation.

His empty stomach finally settled down, and the pain was temporarily eased.

His stomach was like a drug addict that could only feel a shred of relief after he was given more drugs.

At that moment, it felt like only Ashlyn's cooking could bring him some relief.

And also extend his lifespan.

It didn't matter even if the dishes placed in front of him weren't exquisite delicacies that looked, smelled, and tasted great. Ashlyn could make toasted bread, and Lucas would find it delicious.

It seemed that Lucas was terribly and horrifyingly sick, and only Ashlyn could cure him.

Lucas truly was famished. He ate almost everything and drank a big bowl of soup.

As a result, he was stuffed, but he was extremely satisfied.

Lucas sat lazily by the dining table and watched as Ashlyn cleared everything away.

He suddenly asked, "Have you ever cooked for anyone else?"

Ashlyn stiffened, and her eyes shone with curiosity as she answered, "Yeah."

There were times when Jared and her other subordinates had pled so much that she cooked for them.

Her subordinates also blatantly bribed her with tons of gifts, just so she would cook a few dishes for them if she were happy.