

Extraordinary 251

[Chapter 251](#)

“We shouldn’t be saying stuff like this. If Mr. Haddock knows about it, we’ll be dead,” Mrs. Jones interrupted immediately. “We can’t do anything at the moment as we don’t have evidence. In the next meeting, we should invite Ms. Berry, but I’m not sure if she’ll be able to make it.”

“Ms. Berry is good at martial arts. She’s one of the most fearless and bold women I have ever met. We should get in touch with her,” Mrs. LeClair agreed. “Ms. Wang, you’re the only one I talked to about this. If we don’t clear things up and anger Mr. Haddock, both our businesses would suffer heavy losses!”

“Sis, it’s good that you know what is at stake. Recently, Ms. Berry is coaching my daughter in dancing. Don’t worry, I will ask my daughter to contact her,” Mrs. Jones said.

“Dancing?”

Mrs. LeClair was puzzled.

“Ms. Berry is the producing director for this year’s National Day Gala Night. As you know, Betty works in the bank with his uncle. It was her uncle who recommended her to be the spokesperson and perform the dance during the gala.” Mrs. Nolan giggled.

Her brother-in-law was a banker, whereas her daughter worked at the bank as well. They had decent jobs.

“Ah, I see. Each unit has to send a representative as extras for the performance. I didn’t expect Ms. Berry to have gained Mr. Field’s trust,” Mrs. LeClair said with admiration.

“Yeah, so don’t worry about it. For now, stay low and wait for my news,” said Mrs. Jones as she left.

Mrs. LeClair grabbed her handbag and left the café too.

Mrs. LeClair was a nobody. In contrast, Mrs. Jones’ family was wealthy and powerful, so even her in-laws had to listen to her.

Mrs. LeClair felt relieved as she got into her car.

However, as she turned her head, she saw the college student again.

He was wearing branded stuff from head to toe and did not seem pitiful at all.

Mrs. LeClair immediately pulled out her phone and took a photo of him.

What was even more unacceptable was that the college student was driving an Audi A6L.

She was disgusted as it was totally inconsistent with the miserable life described by the college student.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got. She couldn't wait to ask Sienna from the Haddock Group for clarification.

However, she kept quiet and did not comment on anything because of Mrs. Jones.

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Meanwhile, in the Concert Hall, Janet Smith's expression turned dark.

She disliked and looked down on Ashlyn, but she never thought that the latter was a capable lady.

Ashlyn was working together with her mentor, studying a new vocal technique.

With the newly added elements, the melody of the song became more modern and beautiful.

The singer was Betty Jones. She was a beautiful lady with attractive eyes. Also, she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

Betty followed Ashlyn closely throughout the class; her voice was easily distinguishable.

It was sweet and melodious.

Especially in the chorus, the song was beautifully sung.

Betty Jones paid all her attention to Ashlyn. She was only an amateur singer, so meeting Ashlyn was a blessing to her.

Ashlyn was very patient. She had received various awards and recognitions throughout her music career.

Janet looked at Betty enviously. She wished that Ashlyn could guide her too so that her skills could be honed and she could be a better singer.

As she looked at Ashlyn, she was impressed, and the disdainful feeling disappeared.

It was break time.

She approached Ashlyn and swallowed hard. With a nervous tone, she asked, "Ms. Berry..."

"What's up?" Ashlyn glanced at her.

Ashlyn calmly looked at her and made Janet feel vulnerable.

She was stunned and at a loss for words. After a while, she said, "I'm sorry..."

"What do you mean?" Ashlyn seemed confused.

"I... I didn't mean to do that on your first day... I just..." Janet flushed. It was rare for her to apologize to others as she was an arrogant and stubborn person.

"Oh. It's okay." Ashlyn remained expressionless.

[Chapter 252](#)

Everyone was looking at them both.

Those who had felt contempt for Ashlyn had the feeling slowly fading off; they began to get along better, especially when they had a rare opportunity to learn from Pierre.

No matter how badly they wanted to complain or how untalented they were, they dared not say anything.

Instead, they felt proud.

At least, they could now say that they were students of Pierre.

"Ms. Berry?"

Suddenly, a voice echoed from the direction of the main door.

It was the outlet manager from Star Cafe. He said, "The coffee was ordered by Mr. Nolan. This is the receipt and there are a total of a hundred and thirty cups."

Everyone was stunned.

Mr. Nolan?

That Mr. Nolan?

Mr. Nolan the President? The one who knows how to fly a plane? Isn't he married? What's his relationship with Ashlyn?

Ashlyn frowned.

Lucas was probably flying today, yet he still had ways to harass her.

But since the coffee had arrived, it was not practical to reject it.

So, she had to accept it.

Then, the staff started to distribute coffee to everyone. Pierre giggled and joked, "I'm glad to be with you. We had free tea and snacks the last time, and now, free coffee!"

"Oh, please!" Ashlyn raised her eyebrow and replied in an off-handed tone.

All those present were representatives from different units.

They thanked Ashlyn one after another.

Ashlyn waved at them and said, "You're welcome!"

She did not mind because it wasn't her money anyway.

Betty Jones was making a call at the lobby outside the hall.

As she returned, her expression turned awful; it was as if she was placed in a tight spot. She then asked, "Ms. Berry, my mother... I mean, Mrs. Jones, the one you met at Tulip City, gave me a call. She invited you for dinner tonight. Will you be available?"

Ashlyn glanced at her for a while and asked, "Hmm, what's the matter?"

"Nothing much. She just wants to thank you personally since you're teaching me how to sing," Betty replied.

Lisa overheard their conversation as she was nearby.

She frowned and thought to herself. What? The Jones family invited Ashlyn to dinner?

Something's not right.

She immediately sent a WhatsApp text to Sienna.

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The sky turned dark; the moon was shining bright, and stars were twinkling.

Ashlyn did not refuse the Jones family's invitation. She went to the Jones mansion with Betty Jones after class.

As the door opened, Mrs. Jones led her to the dining room enthusiastically.

"After Betty told me that you had agreed to come, I immediately asked our chef to prepare the dishes. We hope you don't mind, Ms. Berry."

"No, it's my pleasure to be here!" As Ashlyn sat down, a maid brought a warm towel and helped wipe her hands.

"What a small world! I never thought that you and Betty would meet by fate. Both of you are almost of the same age, but look at you! You are so successful, but our Betty..." Mrs. Jones sighed.

"Mom? What's wrong with me? Am I not good enough?" Betty Jones whined.

"Ms. Jones is good at both her job and singing. The best of both worlds. Don't you worry, Mrs. Jones," Ashlyn grinned and added, "Well, if you have anything to say, just tell me directly."

Mrs. Jones' husband was not home. There were only three of them at the dining table.

The table was filled with yummy-looking dishes.

Ashlyn had a hunch that Mrs. Jones invited her for other purposes.

Mrs. Jones' expression turned slightly red. After a pause, she said, "Well, Ms. Berry, you are a smart woman. I will not hide it from you anymore. The thing is..."

Mrs. Jones told Ashlyn everything Mrs. LeClair said the other day.

After hearing this, Ashlyn kept silent for a moment. She looked blank at first and said, "Mrs. Jones, I'm sorry but I cannot help you out on this matter. However, I can tell you what to do."

"Ms. Berry, remember the liar who lied to Ms. Nolan that you exposed? Thank God you were there! And for this matter... Please tell us what to do." Mrs. Jones nodded.

[Chapter 253](#)

Ashlyn leaned forward and whispered into Mrs. Jones' ears. Then, she returned to her seat and asked, "Understood?"

Mrs. Jones nodded and replied, "Yes. Thank you, Ms. Berry."

She smiled and heaped food onto Ashlyn's plate. "Come on, help yourself."

After the dinner, Ashlyn left.

Betty asked curiously, "Mom, what did she tell you?"

Mrs. Jones could not believe that a young lady like her had such a brilliant idea.

"Don't bother. For now, just focus on your vocal classes, okay? She is a great teacher, I can see that," Mrs. Jones replied. As she finished speaking, she returned to her bedroom.

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It was late at night.

Ashlyn was driving her Land Rover.

As soon as she left the mansion, she realized that a car was tailing her.

She had an uncanny feeling; she knew something was wrong because she could feel the night was filled with bloodthirsty wildness.

Without thinking much, she stepped hard on the accelerator and sped off.

She was speeding like a bullet train on a highway.

The car, which was tailing her, realized something was wrong and sped up too.

Both cars were speeding like race cars, trying to catch up with one another.

Ashlyn drove like a professional racer; she steered skillfully and did not give any chance for the car to catch up with her.

That road had many bends. Only good drivers and those who were familiar could steer smoothly. Otherwise, the cars would hit the railing easily.

The driver behind her tried his best to catch up with her but to no avail.

"Damn!"

"Does this woman have a driver? The driver is insanely good!"

"No, I don't think so. It's her!"

"She's this good at driving?"

The men behind almost throw up as the bends were sharp.

Another guy could not help it and yelled, "Bro! Drive properly! Ah!"

“Ah!”

“Damn!”

Crash!

The car made a loud noise as they screamed. The next moment, they collided with the railing.

Smoke was seen coming out of the engine.

They immediately opened the car door and dashed out.

All of them were in chaos; they stumbled and fell as they rushed out, and some of them were injured.

Unfortunately for them, the white Land Rover they were tailing was no longer in sight.

Ashlyn saw the accident through her rear mirror; she felt relieved and smiled.

Huh? Wanna play with me?

Not today!

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It was early morning the next day; the sun was shining bright.

Ashlyn woke up like usual. After her breakfast, she was about to leave for the Concert Hall.

As she opened the door, she was stunned.

Her eyes were wide open as she saw there was a huge truck in front of her house.

The truck was filled with boxes, not ordinary boxes but boxes labelled with international luxury brands.

There were at least a hundred boxes stacked on each other.

No doubt, the boxes must be filled with either clothes, shoes or handbags.

The driver saw her and asked, “Are you Ms. Berry? These are the gifts sent by Mr. Nolan from England. Where should we put these?”

Ashlyn raised her eyebrow and saw a Bentley in front of the gate.

A tall man was walking steadily toward her direction.

The handsome man was emanating a strong vibe like a legendary character in movies.

Those dark eyes were locked onto Ashlyn's beautiful body figure.

She wore a pearl-white dress. Her long hair fell around her shoulders, and her skin was as fair as snow. Ashlyn's eyes were gorgeous and were shining brighter than the stars in the night sky.

Lucas really wanted to hug her tightly in his arms.

He stood in front of Ashlyn and looked into her eyes. "So, do you like these?"

Ashlyn was speechless.

Can you not show off your wealth like this out of the blue?

At first, it was a small town worth 2.8 billion. Then 999 roses came next, and now, a car full of luxury goods.

[Chapter 254](#)

All this man thought of were materialistic gifts and nothing else.

Ashlyn took a deep breath and said, "Lucas, can you do something more meaningful? Do you know how disgusting and low-class this is?"

Lucas choked. It seemed that everything he did was wrong.

What should he do?

"Any better suggestions, Mrs. Nolan?"

"Don't call me that. I gotta go to the Concert Hall now. Please excuse me." Ashlyn shook her head helplessly as she saw the boxes.

"These are all the latest collections from England. Don't you want to take a look? Maybe there's one that you'll like?" Lucas asked coldly.

He looked depressed when Ashlyn showed no interest in the luxury gifts he bought overseas and felt that she had thrown his efforts away.

Suddenly, the surrounding atmosphere became tense.

The flight attendants he worked with were crazy about handbags, but they could only afford one or two.

However, this woman was not grateful at all. He bought her so many bags and let her choose, but she did not seem to care at all.

Lucas' expression turned dark; there was an indescribable sense of oppression in the air.

Ashlyn did not know how to express herself.

She was not a materialistic person. Never did it come across her mind that Lucas would be this crazy.

After they divorced, his mental health had deteriorated.

It was getting serious.

She knew Lucas very well. If she tried to do something against his will, he would definitely go crazy and stop her from leaving.

By hook or by crook, she knew that she had to be at the Concert Hall. Ashlyn was a responsible person. She would not abandon her work, especially since this job was personally assigned by Mr. Field himself.

She was in a hurry and said to her driver, "Bring those back to the mansion and put them in the cloakroom."

Lucas curved his lips. "And now, you're mine."

"You are wrong. I am keeping these temporarily. When you have a new Mrs. Nolan, I will give all these to her. You're welcome!" Ashlyn replied sarcastically as she entered her Land Rover.

Lucas suddenly grabbed her arms from behind and offered, "I'll give you a ride."

He immediately pushed her into his car.

Spencer was amazed that Lucas was such a badass.

"What's on your mind?"

Lucas' charming voice broke the silence in the car.

He had his eyes locked on her; she blushed and had nowhere to hide.

Ashlyn lowered her head, and her long black hair dangled all the way down. She purposely did that to cover her face and tried to suppress her feelings.

"Nothing."

Her lips were rubbing against each other slightly.

The sound was very soft, but Lucas was a sensitive man, and it echoed into his ears immediately.

That was a strike; he could feel his heart being torn apart, and he could not bear it anymore.

For him, Ashlyn was the most beautiful woman.

After they divorced, he loved her even more. Even the most exquisitely designed jewelry was not as charming as her.

Before Ashlyn could react, Lucas had grabbed and brought her into his arms.

He was emanating a domineering vibe.

She could not even resist. He was strong, and she could not get rid of him.

At that moment, he leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. She could feel both the warmth and his desperation at the same time.

His manly and warm cologne made her feel so relaxed.

Ashlyn went blank.

Why is he doing such a thing early in the morning?

The domineering and masculine aura struck her again.

Ashlyn felt like being surrounded by clouds; every girl's dream was to have a strong and masculine man like Lucas by their side.

Having enjoyed the moment, Lucas let go of her.

He took a deep look at Ashlyn, feeling satisfied as she tried to catch her breath.

Her cheeks had turned rosy red.

His stare then turned greedy as a wolf as his eyes flashed with a dangerous glint.

Ashlyn was like an enchantress. He was bewitched every time he looked at her.

[Chapter 255](#)

He knew that she could enchant any man with a simple kiss and began to wonder what had she done to him to make him lose control of himself in front of her.

"Lucas, that's enough. Do you think..." Ashlyn paused.

Do you think that you can do whatever you want just because you saved me when the curse was doing its thing? Ashlyn thought but did not voice it out.

She tried to struggle between Lucas' arms, but it only made him hug her tighter.

Every inch of Lucas' body was touching hers, and Ashlyn knew what the man wanted.

She moved uncomfortably, but he stopped her in a hoarse voice. "Don't move."

Ashlyn felt like she was about to melt as his warm breath brushed past her ear.

Lucas' eyes turned red as if he were slowly morphing into a beast.

As that happened, the car steered into an abandoned road.

After parking, Spencer got out of the car and went for a smoke.

Lucas tightened his grip around Ashlyn's waist even more as he kissed her neck. The perfumed smell from her seemed to have calmed the man's frustration down.

Ashlyn couldn't help but feel like Lucas was going to devour her any second now. Even though the window of the car was tinted, they were still out in public.

She quickly raised her hand and slapped Lucas on his head. "Hey! Get a grip! I still have to head to the hall!"

"Let me rest for a while..." Lucas pleaded in a low voice, one that could melt any maiden's heart.

He smiled and pulled her in.

Even though they were in a Bentley that had a wide interior, Ashlyn felt like she was locked in a small cage.

No matter how much she struggled, she still could not escape from the man in front of her.

As their breaths hastened, Ashlyn's heart raced as well. Yet, the mood quickly died down. The only thing that was left was the man's steady breathing.

Ashlyn looked down puzzledly and couldn't believe what she saw. Lucas had fallen asleep while hugging

her.

The hell? What am I? His pillow?

Ashlyn was baffled as to why Lucas always hug her when he slept.

When Spencer finished his first cigarette, he noticed that the car wasn't rocking back and forth which made him scratch his head.

Judging from Lucas' reaction from a while ago, it seemed as if he was going to devour Ashlyn.

Spencer went back into the Bentley and realized that Lucas had fallen asleep. He proceeded to start the engine and whispered to Ashlyn, "My apologies, Ms. Berry, Mr. Nolan went to London yesterday and just came back this morning. He hasn't had a wink of sleep yet."

Spencer was explaining why Lucas seemed worn out.

"What's wrong with him anyway?" Ashlyn sighed. "Does he have to hug me to fall asleep or what?"

"You've guessed it right. It seems like Mr. Nolan will fall asleep easily whenever you're next to him. But when you're not, he couldn't sleep even if he tries to."

"What does that make me? His lullaby?" Ashlyn was speechless.

Half an hour later, the Bentley stopped in front of the State Concert Hall.

Ashlyn gently pinched Lucas' waist. "Get up. We're here."

But the man showed no reaction.

Ashlyn frowned and bit deeply into his neck. The pain woke him up immediately.

Lucas felt as if he had been bitten by a mad dog or something.

"Ouch!"

"Looks like pain works on you. Now, get up!" Ashlyn let go of her bite and stared at the bite mark with satisfaction.

That's my revenge for biting me last time! What Ashlyn didn't know was that the thought itself was childish as well.

[Chapter 256](#)

Lucas took a deep breath before letting Ashlyn go and touched his neck.

He turned to look at the rearview mirror and noticed a clear bite mark slightly above his left collarbone.

“Are you a dog?” Lucas yawned and frowned.

Even though he looked lazy, his piercing gaze was enough to make anyone beg for their lives.

Anyone except for the woman in front of him.

“I learned from the best,” Ashlyn scoffed and opened the door. “Goodbye, Mr. Nolan.”

Lucas wasn’t happy that his woman had just teased him.

“Sir, our men are watching Hera closely for the past few days,” Spencer reported, which diverted Lucas’ attention.

“Don’t lose her. Be ready to make the move,” Lucas ordered in an icy tone which made Spencer wonder if the ice would build up inside the car.

He then turned back to look at Ashlyn, who was almost at the door of the hall.

She even looks so sexy from the back...

A new gossip spread throughout the Nolan Group that day once again.

“All hail Mrs. Nolan!”

“She bit his neck? For real?”

“Wow!”

“Looks like they really went at it yesterday. We might get ourselves a young Nolan soon!”

As the employees kept gossiping about the bite mark near Lucas’ neck, the man himself didn’t even try to hide it. Instead, he was happy about it.

Don’t you have any pride? Spencer thought.

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Hera and Jenny met up in a café.

“Jenny! Didn’t I tell you that you don’t have to bring me gifts?” Hera complained as her eyes shone

when she saw the two new bags.

It had been quite a long time since Hera had bought any new bags for herself. She did not expect her high school classmate would buy her bags instead.

“Why not? We’re friends, aren’t we?” Jenny smiled. “But, you shouldn’t have offended Ashlyn, you know? She has Jared, the president of Centennial Healthcare, backing her. You better be careful.”

“That Ashlyn is a total bitch!” Hera cursed. “Wait, do you know her?”

“W-who doesn’t? She’s always on top of the online search ranking now. I can really sympathize with you, you know. I don’t even know what happened to our captain either. How can he not help you when Ashlyn was literally bullying you?”

“Lucas is being tricked by that whore! You have no idea how good she is at acting!”

Jenny froze when she heard Hera address Lucas by his first name.

You b*tch! Do you think you have the rights to address him so casually?

Jenny forcibly suppressed her disgust and put up a smile.

“I have no idea you’re so close with Captain Nolan. Too bad that it’s all ruined by Ashlyn.”

“Lucas and I have been friends since we were kids,” Hera explained.

“Ashlyn flew on Captain Nolan’s flight once. It seems like they are pretty close...” Jenny did not expose that Ashlyn was actually Lucas’ wife.

If Lucas were to learn that she had exposed Ashlyn’s identity, he would never forgive her.

That was why Jenny could only do things in secret.

Jenny’s family, the Holts, wielded much more power than Hera’s.

Since the Holts had businesses in other countries as well, Jenny caught wind of Lucas’ mother’s plan to return soon.

Her lips arched up as she stared at Hera. “I’ve heard that Captain Nolan’s mother is returning home soon. Hera, if you’re as close to him as you said, you must’ve met his mother before, right? Why don’t you go and meet her? Maybe, just maybe, she might like you?”

[Chapter 257](#)

“When is she coming back? I’ve heard that Mrs. Nolan doesn’t show herself in public, so I never got the chance to meet her. I have to make her like me!” Hera beamed as if she’d found herself one last hope.

“I’ll keep my ears open.” Jenny smiled. “I can get the information easily since I’m a flight attendant. I’ll let you know once I find out.”

“You really are my best friend! I’m going to owe you so much if you help me this time!”

Hera’s life had been chaotic for the past few weeks. She even had to wear a face mask when she was out in public. Yet, she’d never expected that her high school friend would help her when she was in trouble.

“Don’t worry about it. We’re best friends after all.” Jenny’s mouth was still smiling, but her eyes weren’t.

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It was still early at the State Concert Hall.

When everyone arrived, they were shocked to see everything, from the stage to the lightings, being changed to brand-new ones.

Everything looked majestic, especially the screen and the lights.

“Wow! What happened here?”

“This is amazing!”

“Isn’t this lighting a hundred times better than the last one?”

“Did Ms. Berry change these?”

When Ashlyn stepped in, she was shocked by what she saw as well.

“It definitely wasn’t me.” Ashlyn shook her head. What’s happening here?

Just as Ashlyn was puzzled by the new settings, she received a message from Lucas. ‘How’s the new stage?’

Ashlyn was speechless and had no idea how to reply to him.

Upon inspection, Ashlyn realized that the stage had been redesigned, including the lifting platform and all the other minor details. Yet, even when everything was brand-new and redesigned, there was still a sense of familiarity.

Ashlyn guessed that the designer had spent a long time on this.

She had to accept the fact that Lucas was a thoughtful person.

‘Mr. Field will thank you for this.’ Ashlyn quickly replied.

‘Of course. The Nolan Group is the biggest sponsor for the National Day Gala Night.’

Ashlyn did not know how to react, but his message did remind her that Centennial Healthcare had to step up their game as well.

Ignoring Lucas’ message, Ashlyn quickly sent a message to Jared to talk about their sponsorship for the gala. Even if they could not take the biggest sponsor spot, they could still advertise at the gala to make themselves known.

‘Okay.’ Jared replied.

With the new stage installed, Ashlyn coordinated the performances and started their rehearsal accordingly, which would be able to take some tension out when it was time for the real performance.

Everything went by smoothly. When Ashlyn went to the restroom during break time, she left her cup of water on a chair beneath the stage.

As soon as Ashlyn left, a cleaner stopped in front of the chair for a few seconds before leaving. Not one person noticed the cleaner’s action.

Ashlyn returned to her seat three minutes later. She was about to drink from her cup when she noticed tiny bubbles in the water and frowned.

It would be impossible to notice the bubbles if one didn’t pay enough attention to them.

Ashlyn turned to Charlotte, who was the nearest to her, and asked, “Did someone touch my water just now?”

“I don’t think so,” Charlotte shook her head. Since she was completely focused on her own instrument, she didn’t notice the cleaner who stopped by a few moments ago. “Why?”

“Nothing...” Ashlyn replied and left with her glass of water.

She walked straight out of the hall and stopped in front of a potted plant before pouring the water into the pot.

Bubbles began to form and rise as the water touched the soil.

[Chapter 258](#)

Ashlyn's expression turned cold as she now was sure that her drink was poisoned.

Without giving a second thought, she pulled her phone out and checked the CCTV in the hall.

After reversing to the right time, she saw a cleaner creep up to her seat and pretended to sweep the floor while she dropped something into the cup.

The thing dissolved immediately and left no trace.

Who? Who's behind this?

Ashlyn turned her phone off and returned to the hall.

She scanned everyone in it but it was impossible to find out who was trying to harm her by just looking.

Everyone had a smile on their faces, but Ashlyn couldn't help wondering who was faking it.

She did not tell anyone about the incident as she continued on with her job.

When Mr. Field's assistant arrived, everyone was still busy around with their rehearsal. The assistant was surprised at what Ashlyn got done on such short notice as she managed to control the whole situation with the extras.

He left after staying for a short while.

After the rehearsal ended, Ashlyn walked out of the hall and immediately noticed the Bentley parked on the other side of the road.

The window of the Bentley rolled down and behind it appeared Lucas' handsome face.

Ashlyn stopped and the first thing she thought of was running in the other direction.

Yet, before she could do so, Lucas called her. "I sent you to work this morning, so it's normal for me to take you home, right? Get in."

His tone was bossy as he did not give Ashlyn any chance to refuse.

As Ashlyn moved towards the Bentley, the extras walked out of the hall. "Ms. Berry! Did you not come in your car today?"

"I didn't..."

"Would you like me to take you back?" one of the male extras proposed.

“No, I’m going to take Ms. Berry home!” Janet quickly stopped the male extra and forced herself between him and Ashlyn.

Ashlyn let out a sigh of relief. When she was about to leave with Janet, Charlotte asked, “Ms. Berry, may I offer to take you home? Uncle Lochlan... He wants to meet you...”

Janet immediately turned to stare at Charlotte as the latter took a step back.

“It’s okay. I’ll go with Charlotte.” Ashlyn smiled.

Janet turned to stare at Charlotte once more before leaving.

Ashlyn followed Charlotte to a BMW parked outside the hall in front of Lucas.

A man, who wore a firefighter uniform with four stars on his strip, stepped out of the BMW.

Lucas frowned immediately. Isn’t he one of the Frasers? I’ve heard that the youngest of the Frasers is a chief in the fire department. People are also saying that he’s 30 but he remains single. Also, there’s something about him adopting a daughter? Could it be...

Lucas shifted his attention towards Charlotte. To be honest, he was a little agitated, wondering if the unmarried Lochlan was planning to date Ashlyn.

He kept staring at the BMW as his heart was filled with jealousy.

Woman! How could you choose the BMW when there’s a Bentley here? This is like the Porsche all over again! What’s wrong with my Bentley?

“Sir...” Spencer called out with his shaky voice.

“Chase after them!” Lucas ordered and the Bentley immediately sped in the direction where the BMW had just left.

Inside the BMW, Lochlan was in shock as Ashlyn was younger than he thought and prettier.

“Ms. Berry, I want to thank you for taking care of Charlotte for these few days. She never likes to talk to other people, but she really likes playing the piano,” Lochlan thanked Ashlyn as he drove.

“She’s pretty talented,” Ashlyn replied. She was also surprised at how young Charlotte’s uncle was. Actually, she imagined him to be around his forties, not a tall and good looking man in his thirties.

[Chapter 259](#)

When Ashlyn looked at the firefighter uniform, she couldn't help but think of Lucas in his.

If she were to compare them both, Lucas would've won easily because of his stupidly handsome face.

What's happening to me? Why am I comparing him to Lucas? Am I going nuts?

"Uncle, I'm hungry..." Charlotte's usual quiet expression was now gone. "Can we treat Ms. Berry to something?"

Lochlan's heart immediately softened at the girl's soft tone. "Sure thing. Where are we going?"

Charlotte smiled and turned to Ashlyn. "Ms. Berry, what do you prefer? I want to thank you for helping me improve for the past two days."

Ashlyn realized that Charlotte had a different personality around Lochlan. She was more lively and cheerful, unlike her usual quiet self in the concert hall.

Charlotte was very timid. She would always hide whenever someone tried to talk to her.

"Anywhere is fine with me." Ashlyn returned the smile. There was no way she could reject Charlotte's offer.

"How about we go to your favorite Spring Creek, Charlotte?" Lochlan suggested and steered his car toward the restaurant.

Just like that, Lucas watched as Ashlyn followed Lochlan and Charlotte into Spring Creek. His heart ached at the sight as if someone were strangling his throat.

Spencer couldn't help but laugh inside his head. There's no way you're going to take out Spring Creek's electricity, right?

Lucas sat in the back seat, his handsome face twisted in anger.

Lochlan sat with Charlotte on one side of the table inside a private dining room on the second floor while Ashlyn sat across them, observing the uncle and niece duo.

Lochlan had been serving Charlotte non-stop ever since the dishes were served. All Charlotte had to do was eat whatever served to her like a princess.

Rumors had it that the youngest of the Frasers wasn't interested in women or marriage, even at the age of thirty. Some even said that he was a eunuch.

Yet, what Ashlyn saw was different from what the others said.

At least he was very nice towards Charlotte, to the point where he was treating her like royalty. It was as if Charlotte was completely used to it and enjoyed her meal happily.

After serving a bowl of soup for Charlotte, Lochlan turned to Ashlyn and explained, "To tell you the truth, Charlotte has autism, but she's getting better and better now."

"I can see that. At least she can have a short conversation with other people now. Like with me," Ashlyn smiled as she looked at Charlotte sympathetically as if the girl in front of her was her own little sister.

"You're an exception," Lochlan replied seriously. "She has been helping me at the fire department with some simple documentation work. To be blunt, she's my secretary. Yet, she never talks to her colleagues. I was the one who suggested her join the performance to help boost her confidence."

"You don't have to worry about that. She's doing really well. All she needs is some support from her family," Ashlyn said as she plated a serving of salad for Charlotte and the latter beamed at her.

"I still have to thank you. If not for you, she would've returned to her original state and stopped talking to other people." Lochlan was very grateful as Charlotte had always been the black sheep in his family.

[Chapter 260](#)

The Fraser family looked down on Charlotte, and they were against him adopting a child before he was married.

Yet, the moment he saw Charlotte, he wanted to bring her home and protect her.

She was so small when she crouched in a corner as the rain poured.

Her dark eyes were as bright as stars, so bright yet so full of pain.

Back then, Charlotte had only been six.

"Mr. Fraser, you're too nice. She's very talented in playing the cello." Ashlyn had discovered Charlotte's talent few days ago when she came into contact with her. In fact, the girl was almost as good as she was.

However, Charlotte had not received any formal training, so she was not as proficient.

Ring—

Abruptly, Lochlan's phone rang.

He picked up the phone to find out that it was from the fire chief. "Lochlan, come to the station. I've got a case, and there are some questions I need your help with."

“Oh, alright. I’ll be right there, Chief.” Lochlan then ended the call.

With an apologetic expression, the uncle patted Charlotte’s head. “Lottie, I have to go to the station for a while. Go ahead and have your meal with Ms. Berry first, alright?”

“Uncle Lochlan...” Charlotte looked at him as her red lips pouted. She sounded hesitant to let him go.

“Ms. Berry will be here keeping you company. There’s no need to be afraid.” Lochlan pressed a gentle kiss on the girl’s forehead and nodded at Ashlyn before leaving.

Lucas, in his car, watched as the uniformed Lochlan entered his BMW and left Spring Creek. His lips curled.

Meanwhile, at the fire station.

The fire chief’s forehead was beading with sweat as if he was facing a formidable foe.

Since the younger son of the Fraser family did not like to be involved in businesses, he had ended up working in his fire station. Yet somehow, that young man had offended Lucas Nolan.

After ending the call, he heaved a sigh.

Both Lucas and Lochlan were people that he, a minor fire chief, could not afford to offend.

It was tough for him to be sandwiched between them.

Fortunately for him, he did have a case that he needed to consult Lochlan on. He just did not tell the man that it was not an urgent case.

Otherwise, he would have no other excuses to ask Lochlan to come to the station.

In Spring Creek’s private room.

Ashlyn was examining Charlotte. Her instincts told her that whatever relationship Charlotte and Lochlan had, it was definitely not one an uncle and a niece would have.

The intimate way they interacted was way more than just uncle and niece.

It was more like...

Ashlyn remained silent about the topic when she looked at the girl’s innocent eyes.

“I used to have a sister when I was younger.” Ashlyn muttered.

“What happened to her?” Charlotte was autistic, not dumb. Naturally, she could sense something else from Ashlyn’s words.

Ashlyn lowered her eyes. “She and my mother... Forget it. Let’s not talk about them.”

“Oh.” Charlotte did not know why she felt a sense of closeness toward Ashlyn. “I was brought home by Uncle Lochlan. He said I was six back then, but... I don’t remember anything. Maybe I was too young. I have none of my memories of my younger days.”

“I can see that Lochlan treats you well.” Ashlyn smiled.

Under the white lights of the room, the girl’s rosy cheeks contrasted perfectly against her fair skin. For a moment, Ashlyn fell into a daze.

She thought she heard a voice ringing in her ears. “Ashlyn... Ashlyn...”

It was a pity that not only did the accident take her mother from her, but also her sister.

Ashlyn did not dare to delve deep into that memory. She had always felt that it was not a simple accident.

However, it had been years since the accident. It would be difficult to conduct an investigation.

That did not mean she would give up.

After the meal, the girls left Spring Creek. Habitually, Charlotte called Lochlan.

“Uncle Lochlan, we’re done with our meal. When are you coming back?”

After a while, she handed the phone to Ashlyn. “Ms. Berry, Uncle Lochlan asks for you.”