

## Extraordinary 261

### [Chapter 261](#)

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"Sure. Don't worry."

"Thank you."

Hanging up the call, Ashlyn returned the phone to Charlotte. "Let's go. I'll be your guardian of the day."

Right then, a Bentley came to a stop in front of the two.

Lucas came down from the car and strode toward Ashlyn. "What a coincidence. Where are you heading to?"

Ashlyn perked her brows and looked at him. "It's really such a... coincidence."

Too coincident.

"Why don't I give you a ride?" Lucas ignored Charlotte's presence. His eyes were fixed on Ashlyn's pretty face, not letting any of her micro-expressions slip by him.

"Charlotte, let's go. Up the car." With Charlotte's hand in hers, the two sat on the back seats.

The light in Lucas' eyes dimmed. He had wanted to make the girl sit in the front.

Now he was going to be all by himself in the front instead.

Damn it!

Forget it. At least she's willing to get into my car now.

It's a great improvement.

Charlotte was staring at the handsome man. He clearly had divine facial features, but the air around him sent chills down her spine.

She could not help but move closer to Ashlyn. His gaze is... scary. He looked even scarier after I sat beside Ms. Berry.

It looks like he wants to swallow Ms. Berry whole and chase me out of the car.

But Ms. Berry doesn't look scared at all.

Abruptly, Charlotte was jealous of Ashlyn; Jealous that the latter was fearless.

She, too, wanted to become someone like Ashlyn.

Lucas was sensitive enough to notice Charlotte's reliance and trust in Ashlyn. Moreover, she looked like she admired the woman.

Frustration swarmed from his chest to his brain.

It's one thing that Naomi is obsessed with Ashlyn, but where did this girl come from?

She looks like a foolish rabbit. Lucas was tempted to throw her out of the car window.

Does that mean if I pretend to be an innocent rabbit, Ashlyn will spare a glance at me?

Hence, the idea of pretending to be innocent was now on Lucas' to-do list.

He sat in the front passenger seat as his slender fingers thrummed on his thigh, thinking of ways to attract Ashlyn's attention.

Meanwhile, Spencer was concentrating on the road. He was horrified to find out that his boss was sitting right beside him for the trip.

Every once in a while, Lucas would glance at Ashlyn through the rearview mirror.

The woman's face looked flawless as usual.

Even if he did nothing than stare at her face, Lucas found his mood improving. What a pity there's a third wheel sitting beside her. If not for her, I'd be the one beside her, Lucas thought, displeased.

The Bentley smoothly swerved in the traffic like a fish in its territory.

Lucas' fingers didn't stop thrumming.

"Ms. Berry, where is this young miss staying at?" Spencer abruptly asked.

"My house is at... Whitland Villa." Charlotte's voice was soft. Her long hair that was covering part of her face had also hidden her anxiety away from others.

A glint flashed across Lucas' dark eyes, and he received a respite from his frustrations.

"We're heading the same way." Lucas muttered. He then turned to look out of the window. It's dark.

I can go back to sleep.

No one could have thought that all the richest and most powerful man in the world wanted was a good sleep.

A foreboding thought entered Ashlyn's mind. She sensed that Lucas was insinuating something.

Damn it.

Why is Charlotte living in the Whitland Villa area too?

It felt as if a mountain had landed on her chest.

Soon after sending Charlotte home, the car stopped in front of Lucas' house.

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"Come down."

After the man got down from the car and opened the door, he stared at her.

She stared back for a while.

The man was always surprising Ashlyn. Right now, he was acting so gentlemanly.

Yet, the more he acted this way, the more Ashlyn felt that the man had lost his mind.

"I'm not going to do anything. I haven't eaten my dinner, so I was hoping that you can make me some food."

Lucas furrowed his brows in displeasure when he noticed her wary look.

So she can enjoy her meal with Fraser, but it's tough to get her to make me a meal. All I want is dinner.

His heart ached as if needles were stabbing at it.

"Can't you just make me dinner?" Lucas asked the woman in the car. It was a question, but he said in a firm tone, leaving her no room to reject.

If it were possible, he would have eaten her instead.

But he knew she would not agree to it.

"No. If you're not going to send me back, I'll go home myself." Ashlyn rejected instantly. Her instincts were screaming at her that if she took a step into this familiar house, she would not emerge from it tonight. Somehow, the man would find ways to keep her in there.

Abruptly, Lucas hissed as he pressed hard on his stomach. His brows were knitted, and color left his face.

He looked... miserably beautiful.

Ashlyn took in a deep breath and reminded herself that this man deserved no pity. She was not obliged to serve him dinner after they had divorced.

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Yet...

Spencer whispered to Ashlyn, "Ms. Berry, Mr. Nolan really hasn't eaten anything since lunch, not even dinner. He only drank a cup of coffee. If this continues... what should I do?"

Ashlyn was at a loss for words.

What does that have to do with me?

Ashlyn came down from the car and stood still.

What she should do now was to go home, take a shower, and sleep.

Being the producing director was tired.

She was exhausted.

Lucas plastered on a miserable look as he continued to press his hand on the stomach. He slowly walked closer to Ashlyn until his face was a hair's breadth away from hers.

Ashlyn took a step back. "If your stomach hurts, take some medicine."

Now, Lucas was exuding a terrifying aura, and there was a dark look in his eyes.

I'm already so miserable and helpless like a rabbit. Why isn't she pitying me?

Damn it!

“Can’t you show me some sympathy? Don’t I look pitiful?”

Spencer was speechless.

Mr. Nolan, what part of you looks helpless? Which part of you looks pitiful?

You look like you’re barely holding yourself back from murder.

After a few seconds, Ashlyn calmly looked into the man's eyes.

"Lucas, can you grow up?"

Not a hint of sympathy could be heard from the woman's voice.

It made the anger in Lucas' chest burn even brighter.

This woman is heartless!

"Did you think I can't live without you? Ashlyn, can't you just make me dinner? We were husband and wife for four years. My request is simple, just a plate of pasta..."

The man raised his hand to caress her cheek. "Will you only stay when I force you to?"

Ashlyn wanted to take another step back, but it was too late.

The man's hand had already gripped tight onto her, and now, he was dragging her toward the house.

Ashlyn frowned. Why is he losing his temper again?

When they reached the door, the man kicked it open.

The living room was freezing, and Ashlyn could barely breathe in the cold air.

It felt as though it was a cage made of ice, and Ashlyn was right in it.

She looked at the man, whose eyes were daggers that sliced her when he looked at her.

Meanwhile, the butler, Louis, was watering plants when he heard the commotion.

He walked over and saw the two in a staring contest.

Overjoyed, he put the watering can down on the floor and exclaimed, "Mrs. Nolan!"

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Ashlyn was speechless.

I haven't heard of this term of address since forever.

Lucas was intimidatingly towering over her as he stood in front of her.

He took a deep breath and forced the urge to teach her a lesson away.

“Louis dotes on you. He hasn’t had his dinner yet as well. Why don’t you cook us some pasta?”

Louis did not know what was going on between the two, but he sensed the tension in the air.

Forcing a smile to her face, Ashlyn looked at the concerned butler and inquired, “Louis, have you had your dinner?”

Louis glanced at Lucas. Naturally, he would stand on Lucas’ side. It’s obvious that Mr. Nolan wants to keep her here.

Flashing her a smile, Louis answered, “No, no. I miss Mrs. Nolan’s cooking!”

Hearing that, Ashlyn went straight to the kitchen.

Louis had always been nice to her, and he had taken care of her in the past.

She was a woman who repaid kindness with kindness, and grudges with revenge.

Therefore, she would not do anything that would hurt him.

Lucas slumped on the sofa as he lost himself in his train of thoughts. Every other woman listens to me better than Ashlyn does. All of them are cuter than Ashlyn is. Why am I doing this to myself?

His bespoke suit jacket was unbuttoned, and so was the top two buttons of his inner black shirt. It revealed his seductive collarbones and a hint of his chest.

The spot he had taken up on the sofa allowed him to see the woman who was busying herself in the kitchen.

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Without any thoughts of hiding his gaze, he stared at Ashlyn.

He did not want to miss out on any expressions she made.

The man’s piercing gaze made Ashlyn frown. It made her stiffened up while she cooked.

I’ve already agreed to make him dinner. What else does this man want?

Abruptly, the man stood up and took off his jacket.

He then strode to the kitchen.

His eyes were like a spider web as she found herself caught in them.

Curling his lips, Lucas offered, "I'll wash the vegetables."

Rolling up his sleeves, his muscular forearms were shown, and his skin glowed under the kitchen lights.

He tilted his head slightly to the side to see the woman's beautiful face as she focused on cooking the pasta.

She even added two poached eggs.

Lucas' halted his actions and quietly watched her.

"I want two myself." His deep voice echoed in the kitchen.

Ashlyn raised her head to see the man's handsome features becoming more defined in the kitchen's warm light.

"Aren't you afraid of choking from eating so much?"



"I'm hungry." The man replied nonchalantly.

Thus, Ashlyn cracked another egg into the pot.

When the pasta was almost done, she added more onions into the pot.

Soon, two plates of pasta were served.

One of the plates had two poached eggs on it.

When Louis saw the eggs, he could not help but smile.

Mrs. Nolan's still biased toward him.

Does this mean that Mr. and Mrs. Nolan will get back together again? Louis thought as he ate his pasta.

When Ashlyn glanced at Lucas, she realized that he had finished everything on the plate, including the sauce.

She wondered if this man had been starved to death in his past life.

"I've got to go home now."

However, Lucas grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the stairs. "Time to sleep."

Ashlyn briefly struggled before she raised her hand, about to strike hard at Lucas.

The man stopped her and uttered firmly, "If you fight with me, it won't end well for either of us."

Ashlyn could feel the coldness seeping into her soles from the polished floor as Lucas gazed at her. The corner of his lips curled upward. "Honey, are you trying to test my strength? I'm afraid you won't be able to take it."

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The warning tone in his voice was clear.

Ashlyn looked at him without any expression on her face. She could sense that he was like a cheetah, waiting to pounce at her and shred her.

Her eyes shone like diamonds. A woman like her tempted him to the point of insanity. All she needed to do was to stand in front of him, and he would be lost in her eyes.

Lucas tamped down the agitation in him.

He then pulled her into his arms before carrying her up the stairs.

Back to that familiar bedroom.

Ashlyn was still in a daze from his abrupt actions.

“Take a shower.” She muttered to Lucas.

However, the man said, “Together.”

Does she think she’ll fool me twice?

Once he entered the bathroom, she would definitely escape through the window again.

Calming herself, Ashlyn uttered, “Lucas, did you think I won’t dare to get into a fight with you?”

Ashlyn was not one to cower from a fight.

“I can’t possibly hit you.” The man’s fingers wrapped around her wrist, fearing that she would flee from him.

He dragged her into the bathroom.

The sounds of running water traveled out of the bathroom when he turned on the faucet.

The mist from the hot water shrouded Ashlyn and made her look like a goddess as her dark hair cascaded down her shoulders.

Ashlyn thought about the time when they were still together. Back then, the two always showered together. She had been shy, and she did not dare to look at his face as she fumbled with his buttons.

How did we end up like this?

How did we end up like this?

Like strangers. So intolerant of each other.

How did we end up like this?

Like strangers. So intolerant of each other.

It must be because we did not love each other.

The man pulled her into his arms again.

They were so close, and Ashlyn felt like she would be burnt by the hot air the man breathed out.

“Back then...” Before Lucas could continue his sentence, Ashlyn interrupted, “Don’t talk about the past.”

He fell silent and started unbuttoning his clothes.

Ashlyn lowered her eyes and accidentally swept her gaze across the man’s broad chest and neat abs.

His upper body was in the perfect shape of an upside-down triangle.

Finally, he undid the last button, and his black shirt fell to the ground.

Forcing her heart to calm down, Ashlyn turned to test the water temperature of the bathtub.

When she felt warm water gliding past her fingers, she raised her head and muttered, “The temperature’s just right.”

Suddenly, a pair of hands pushed her right into the bathtub.

Her head dunked under the water before she struggled and came back up the surface to glare at Lucas.

He’s a lunatic!

Her shirt was soaked, and it was now sticking to her skin like it was part of her.

Lucas watched her trying to climb out of the bathtub as emotions rippled in his eyes.

The look in them was dangerous.

“Honey, bathe with me.” With that said, he entered the bathtub.

Ashlyn watched, dumbfounded, at the man’s sturdy legs.

He bent over and gently touched the woman’s cheeks. “Honey...”

She could feel the callouses on his fingers as he trailed his fingers across her face longingly.

His voice was low and hoarse, and he was staring at Ashlyn as if nothing else existed in the world but her.

The bathtub had become cramped because of the man’s entrance.

The swishing of water traveled into Ashlyn’s ears.

As if waking from a nightmare, Ashlyn broke free of her trance.

She shoved Lucas hard, and the man fell onto his bottom in the bathtub.

He had been fully focused on her beauty that he had not noticed her change of expression.

Lucas remained seated in the bathtub as he pulled her closer to him.

His arm desperately wrapped around her waist and held her close to him.

Small pools of water gathered at the woman's delicate collarbones, and her knees were slightly bent in her position. She looked like an expensive porcelain doll, and he found her sucking his soul away.

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Lucas planted light kisses on her cheeks as he murmured, "Honey, you pushed me."

He sounded like he was sighing into her skin.

For a moment, Ashlyn thought she was dreaming.

He sighs?

"Lucas, do you like playing games like this? Do you like courting a woman after divorcing her?"

The woman's mocking voice sounded beside his ears.

The sigh she thought she heard disappeared.

Lucas' warm lips leaned toward her. "Will you say yes to me if I propose to you?"

Ashlyn's answer came quick. "No."

Instead of getting angry, Lucas raised his hands to run his palms across her collarbones as he laughed. "One day, you'll say yes to me."

He sounded confident.

Lucas buried his head into the crook of the woman's neck.

"Beautiful." Lucas was not a stingy man in dishing out compliments for Ashlyn.

Her body was capable of making any sane man go mad, and Lucas found himself panting in the narrow bathroom. Ashlyn was fearful of her own feeling—of that painful yet pleasurable feeling.

The thing she feared most happened again.

It was all because of Lucas' prowess in teasing her.

The curse of the Spirogyra cried out for him desperately.

It urged her to move closer and closer to the man.

A beast-like glint flashed in Lucas' eyes as he lowered his head and consumed her beauty.

After a long while, Lucas finally let go of her.

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After a long while, Lucas finally let go of her.

When he saw her flushed face, the man parted his lips to say, "We've married for four years. Why are you still shy?"

His slim fingers raised her head to make her look into his eyes. The mist from the still-warm water complimented her blushing face.

Ashlyn shrugged, showing him her helplessness.

She was on the verge of a breakdown after the Spirogyra's torment.

She did not know why it loved Lucas best.

The moment this man came close to her and teased her, the Spirogyra would go mad, screaming at her to take him.

If she did not surrender to its needs, the discomfort she felt was as if thousands of insects were gnawing on her.

By the time Lucas carried Ashlyn out of the bathroom, she was already half-asleep.

Her eyes remained shut the entire time.

"Honey, I realized that you're becoming more and more eye-catching after our divorce." It was obvious from the man's tone that he was unsatisfied yet.

In his bathrobe, Lucas sat quietly as he looked at the woman curled under the thin blanket. The only part of her outside the blanket was her head.

Her lashes fluttered, and she looked absolutely adorable.

Lucas gently touched the woman's soft cheeks before sitting by her side, making the bed sink to one side.

Not wanting to open her eyes, Ashlyn ignored him and continued to fake her sleep.

Lucas' fingers trailed to the back of her ears and started drawing circles at the dark hickey.

"Honey, why aren't you talking?"

Lucas reached out to lift her chin.

Ashlyn's attitude made him feel like he was monologuing, and it was not the best feeling.

So domineering. He's a tyrant. He even wants to control my speech.

The warm light of the bedroom enveloped him, and it made him ravishing.

Ashlyn's long lashes fluttered again before she gradually opened her eyes when the Spirogyra slowly calmed down.

"Lucas, I'm tired."

The Spirogyra was continuously taking over her body, and she was exhausted. When can I be free of this thing?

The man left his mark all over her body, and so were his kisses.

Like blooming purple flowers, the hickeys contrasted against her pale skin.

"Then sleep." Lucas lay down beside her and wrapped one of his arms around her in an embrace.

The moon rose high in the sky. Some shared a bed but had different thoughts in mind; while some slept alone in their quiet room.

In a dark room.

Hera slowly came back to the conscious world. The world was spinning, and her body ached. Dizzily, she stood up and took a look at her surroundings.

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It's dark.

She fumbled her way to the door.

Turning the lock, she realized that the door was locked from the outside.

Fear and anxiety surged into her heart as she shouted, "Hello? Is there anyone around? Where is this? Why are you keeping me here?"

She smacked the door hard, but she received no responses.

After Jenny and her left the café, she was kidnapped by people in a van. She lost consciousness after



that.

When she woke again, she was already in this foreign place. Am I kidnapped?

Hera fearfully curled into herself as she fell to the ground.

I'm just a poor, powerless, and unloved daughter from the Chapman family. Why did they kidnap me? What is their motive?

Right then, the lights in the room turned on.

Then, the metal door unlocked.

A man in black stepped into the room.

There was a pill in his hand, and it looked familiar.

It looks like... The aphrodisiac I bought from the black market!

She hastily moved backward to put a distance between the man and her, then shrieked, "What are you trying to do?"

"Giving you some medicine." The man's voice was hoarse.

His face was veiled, and Hera could not see his features clearly.

"No! I don't want it!" Hera screamed as she ran toward the door in an attempt to escape.

Unfortunately for her, the man was prepared. He grabbed her arm and pinned her against the wall. Then, he pried open her mouth and forced the pill down her throat.

"No! It'll-" Hera sobbed.

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She struggled and tried to spit the pill back out.

"No! It'll-" Hera sobbed.

She struggled and tried to spit the pill back out.

However, the man took out a bottle of water and forced her to drink it.

Unable to resist him, she drank mouthfuls of the water.

Even if she wanted to spit the pill out, it was impossible now.

Once he was done, the man flung her off him and threw her onto the ground.

He handled her the same way one would handle a rag.

Hera sprawled on the ground, disheveled. Her clothes were wrinkled, and her hair was in a mess. In her struggle earlier, the water had spilled down the front of her shirt, and now it was sticking to her skin.

Tears escaped her eyes and streamed down her cheeks.

“Who are you? Why are you doing this to me? Do you want money? Is that what you want?”

She wailed as tears continued to roll down her cheeks.

She was born with a golden spoon. and she had never been treated in this way before.

“Too late. It’s too late for you.” The man looked at her, indifferent.

He then lifted her by her collar and heaved her out of the room.

Hera was dragged toward a van.

After tying her wrists, the man threw her onto the back seats.

The van sped off in the night toward the metropolitan area.

After a period of time unbeknownst to Hera, her body was starting to heat up.

She twisted and turned, hoping to relieve some of her discomforts.

However, her efforts were to no avail; the heat continued coming to her in waves.

She could not help but moan in agony.

Soon, her consciousness faded.

It was as if the man on the driver's seat had not heard any noises she made; he continued to focus on the road without sparing her a glance.

The car slowly drove into the city.

Finally, it stopped in front of a club.

It was a club infamous for shady patrons.

Most of them were gangsters and thugs.

The man threw Hera in front of the club and untie her wrists.

Hera was boneless; she only had the barest of strength to stand up and walk.

With an unsteady gait, she entered the club.

The only thought in her head was that she needed men.

Her face was flushed bright red as she stumbled her way into the club, holding onto the walls and door frames for support.

A bald man noticed her lone entrance and swiftly walked toward her. "Hello, girl. You look pretty."

Hera's eyes were unfocused when she parted her lips and muttered, "I want... Give it... to me..."

The bald man instantly realized that the woman was drugged.

With greedy eyes, he smugly shouted to the few roguish men nearby, "Boys, come. We're enjoying the time of our lives tonight!"

Immediately, several men crowded and dragged Hera toward a private room in the club.

#### [Chapter 267](#)

Soon, moans traveled out of the room.

Early in the morning.

Hera slowly opened her eyes to find herself lying on a sofa in a private room. Beside her lay several rakish men.

Those men were completely naked, sprawling over various pieces of furniture.

Bottles of beers were littered across the floor, and the room was a mess.

There was a pungent scent that enveloped the room.

Hera stared in disbelief.

When she lowered her head, she was stupefied.

Her body was aching, hickeys and scratch marks were scattered across her body. Both her hair and body had the same stinking scent of the room.

Her clothes were strewn on the floor.

There was a certain part of her body that was exceptionally sore.

Without needing to make a guess, she knew what had happened to her.

She had been gang raped by those perverts after she was drugged.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she stared at her surroundings in a daze.

She was numbed by the ache in her heart.

Why? Why did this happen to me?

Like a mindless puppet, she picked up her clothes from the floor and dressed herself. Then, before the few men woke up, she stumbled her way out of the private room.

As she fled, her tears spilled onto the ground, leaving her for the rest of her life, just like her body that she would never get back.

Hera did not know how she had gotten home.

She was glad that no one was home.

She was glad that no one was home.

The only one around was the maid.

She was glad that no one was home.

The only one around was the maid.

She swiftly locked herself in her room. It was only after a hot shower then did some of her calmness return to her.

She started contemplating about the person behind the incident. Yet, she could not come up with a name even after a long while of thinking.

Unless...

It's Ashlyn?

She had not crossed anyone else but Ashlyn recently.

As she had exhausted herself the night before, she soon fell asleep without knowing it.

The morning sun seeped in through gaps between the curtains.

The woman on the bed fluttered her eyelashes as she woke, and her face shone with the rays of sunlight.

Ashlyn slowly opened her eyes to see the man's handsome face greeting her. Lucas had woken up earlier than her, and he was now looking at her as he sat at the edge of the bed.

There was a possessive look in his eyes that invaded her mind.

It was as if he wanted to sear her into his brain.

"Morning."

The man's deep voice sounded near her ears.

Ashlyn looked at him. "Hey."

"Honey, I'm flying today." Lucas stared at her, unblinking. "Can you keep me company?"

He loved the feeling of being able to see her even when he was in a plane midair.

"Lucas, don't push your luck." Ashlyn sat up and tucked a stray strand of her hair behind her ear.

It was a natural action yet it was alluring.

Morning at the Lucas' house was rather strange.

Early in the morning, Hera arrived at the Whitland Villa.

She went straight to the kitchen for coffee and sandwiches.

It looks like she's preparing breakfast for Lucas. Louis watched from afar, not daring to come close to her.

Hera was not as even-tempered as Ashlyn was.

In the dining room.

Lucas was reading the newspaper, and his simple breakfast was placed in front of him—black coffee and a sandwich.

Louis glanced at the breakfast and scoffed under his breath.

Ms. Chapman insisted to make breakfast. She doesn't even know that although Mr. Nolan's breakfast looks simple, it's difficult to make one that pleases him.

Only Mrs. Nolan knows what he truly wants, be it the thickness of the ham, the time frying the egg, or how toasted the bread should be.

Though the sandwich was placed on a fine porcelain plate, a pile of golden corn was awkwardly served at the side.

Furthermore, right beside the corn was some uneven carrot strips, proving just how unskillful the chef was.

It looks fine from afar, but up close...

It won't take a genius to know that Mr. Nolan won't eat it.

Finally, Lucas put down his newspaper and sipped on the coffee. "Who made this?"

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The temperature of the coffee was different, and so was the fragrance. It was a cup of coffee vastly different from the one he preferred.

This is definitely not Ashlyn's work.

That's not how her coffee tastes like.

The breakfast doesn't taste like anything she usually makes.

The realization made a cold look crawl into the man's eyes, and the look would have frozen the cup of coffee if it could.

"Lucas, I made sausages too. Do you want to try it?"

Enduring the soreness of her body, Hera smiled as she carried a tray toward the dining table.

She had not noticed the changes in her surroundings nor the tension in the atmosphere.

"Who gave you the permission to enter my house? And even the kitchen to cook?" In Lucas' cold tone was intense displeasure.

His gloomy expression made Hera's smile freeze. He's not happy? When she received Lucas' message early in the morning, she hurriedly dragged her sore body over to make breakfast for him, but he seemed unhappy about it.

"Lucas, weren't you the one who sent your men to give me a message, telling me to come over and make breakfast for you? You've even given me your house address..." Hera found herself barely able to breathe as he questioned her.

"Hera, who do you think you are? I never sent anyone to send you a message nor ask you to come to my house. Don't do insignificant things." Lucas coldly uttered. How free and scheming is she?

Did she think that my impression of her will change just because she made me breakfast?

Did she think that my impression of her will change just because she made me breakfast?

Did she think that my impression of her will change just because she made me breakfast?



"How can you say this? Lucas, my love for you is sincere!" She had been busy since morning. Not only did she not get anything in return, but he also even rejected her ruthlessly. Tears escaped from her eyes as she looked at Lucas with a deep frown on her face.

She then took out a letter from her purse and mumbled, "You can look at it if you don't believe in my words."

"Since you've planned to put on a show, I'm sure you came prepared." Lucas chuckled in a low voice, "Your tears worth nothing to me. Don't assume that I'd feel bad for you because you're crying."

Hera was close to exploding in rage.

She stood in front of the table, upset. Her hands were still gripping tight onto the letter.

If it wasn't Lucas who sent me this, who did?

Is that person trying to make Lucas hate me?

"Louis, there'll only be one Mrs. Nolan in this house, and only one woman can be here. I don't want this to happen again." Lucas uttered, glancing at Louis.

The butler had been working in the Nolan family for years. He would not put the older man in a difficult spot.

However, this incident had him upset.

Hera had just been f\*cked by so many men last night, but here she is acting for sympathy. Who does she think she is?

Does she think that she's the lady of the house?

How ridiculous!

When Ashlyn came down the stairs, she saw Hera, who was sobbing in distress.

She perked her brows and glanced at Lucas, who was seated at the dining table.

There was food on the table, but the man had not touched it.

"Since someone has made you breakfast, I'll take my leave now."

The woman sounded glacial.

Upon hearing her voice, Hera jerked her head upward to see Ashlyn's pretty, bare face, and beautiful figure.

Even when Ashlyn was only wearing a simple T-shirt and a pair of blue jeans, she could not hide the perfect body she had.

"Why are you here?" Hera shrieked.

Why is it this woman again?

Ashlyn turned to look at her. If looks could kill, Hera would have murdered Ashlyn a thousand times by now.

The venomous gaze she had pierced right into anyone she looked at. A weighted hatred was spilling out of Hera's eyes.

"Why can't I be here?" Ashlyn mocked before walking past her, planning to leave.

However, Lucas was quicker than she was.

Somehow, the man had stood up from his chair and grabbed her wrist. "I haven't had my breakfast yet."

"Didn't someone already made one for you?" Ashlyn asked with an indifferent expression.

#### [Chapter 269](#)

"I only eat the breakfast you make." Lucas lowered his head to look into her eyes. "Yours is delicious."

"I'm not in the mood to make breakfast after seeing trash right at the start of my day." Ashlyn swung his hand away and walked toward the door.

Lucas hurried after her.

Hera gritted her teeth as she looked at them. She was about to rush after them when Louis stopped her.

With a stern look, he spoke, "Ms. Chapman, please don't make things difficult for me in the future. Mr. Nolan has said that this place is off-limits to you."

The woman had forced her way into the kitchen as if she were the lady of the house, and she had embarrassed him.

If he knew about Lucas' thoughts, he would have chased her out the moment she stepped into the house.

Now that Lucas had clarified that there was only one Mrs. Nolan, he was not going to show any courtesy to Hera anymore.

Hera shot a frustrated glare at Louis. Old fool!

When I become Mrs. Nolan, you'll be the first to go.

Rushing out of the house, Lucas spotted Ashlyn.

She was walking quick.

Looking at her slender figure, he thirsted for her.

It was as if he was a man on a hunt; his blood was boiling with eagerness in his veins.

It surged to every part of his body.

Soon! Soon!

In a few steps, he would reach her.

All Ashlyn wanted to do now was to leave the villa.

All Ashlyn wanted to do now was to leave the villa.

All Ashlyn wanted to do now was to leave the villa.

The man, who was like a devil, kept barging into her life and disrupted her peace.

It upset her.

Keeping him company for his flight?

As if I'll do that!

Abruptly, a man's hand reached her.

It wrapped itself around her wrist tightly.

Ashlyn frowned as she tried to pry him off her.

"Where are you going?" The man's voice was sharp, as if he were a predator waiting to attack.

Ashlyn glanced at the towering man. "None of your business."

The man's voice remained low as he muttered, "Honey, stop this."

"Lucas, what are you trying to do?" Ashlyn shot him a glare, feeling frustrated.

"What I've been trying to do is you. Don't you know that?" Lucas chortled by her ears.

She could almost feel the vibration on the man's chest as he laughed.

“You’re insane.” Ashlyn hissed, raising her leg in preparation to kick him.

However, before she came back to her senses, the man’s other hand grabbed her ankle.

It sent a tingling sensation up her leg.

In the neighborhood.

Lucas’ handsome face attracted the nearby women’s attention.

Some even wanted to take photos of him, but they were stopped by the coldness in his eyes.

He stood still as the sunlight enveloped his body, looking like the perfect man carved by God himself.

All he was doing was silently looking at the doll-like woman in front of him.

She was only wearing the simplest white shirt, but it was enough to tug at his heartstrings.

Ashlyn stared at Lucas.

His eagle-like piercing gaze was fixed on her, and his hand was still gripping her ankle.

For a moment, it felt as if they were in a movie.

The surrounding people and scenery seemed to be flashing past them like shadows.

There was no one else in the world but the two of them.

Their emotions were seeping into each other through their locked eyes.

The man wanted to conquer her, but the woman wanted to resist him.

Their eyes remained locked as if time had stopped, and nothing else in the world mattered to them.

That was the sight that greeted Hera when she ran up to them.

She glowered at Ashlyn. I can't believe that this woman spent the night at Whitland Villa yesterday!

I made breakfast and coffee this morning, but all I've gotten was Lucas' harsh words.

He's even holding her leg right now.

The romantic tension between Ashlyn and Lucas nearly pushed Hera off the edge of sanity.

Why?!

Why is Ashlyn allowed to be on Lucas' bed? Why am I the one gang-raped by so many men last night?

### [Chapter 270](#)

Hera was on the verge of a breakdown. I came to please Lucas despite how sore I'm feeling, but to what end?

The morning breeze gently blew past Ashlyn's long hair, and she looked picturesque.

"Lucas, let go." Murmured Ashlyn as she continued to stare into his eyes.

A small grin grew on Lucas' face. "Accompany me on my flight."

The way he was smiling urged Ashlyn to punch right in the center of his face.

"Lucas, can you grow up?" Ashlyn questioned, sounding vexed.

"Be good. I'm flying to S nation today. It's a beautiful country." Lucas' grin widened. When he saw that Ashlyn was helpless against his actions, a sense of satisfaction swelled in his chest.

He was the one who was adamant about her company; but he was also the one pretending that the outcome did not matter to him.

Ashlyn was done with him.

She was exasperated with everything happened this morning.

Looking at her face, Lucas whispered, "Don't be angry. You'll grow wrinkles if you do."

"I'm only twenty-two! I don't care about wrinkles." Ashlyn shot back.

As if he had heard a funny joke, Lucas' lips curled again and his eyes turned crescent from the smile. "Trust me. They don't look good with your wedding dress."

"Who said I'm wearing the wedding dress?" Ashlyn huffed.

"Let's go. I'll send you to the studio." Lucas said as he pulled her into his arms before carrying her up in a bridal hold.

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Ashlyn glared at him, infuriated.

The entire time, Hera was standing at the side as if she was part of the scenery. When she saw Lucas carrying Ashlyn up the car, she rushed over and slapped the car door. "Lucas, where are you going?"

The man wound down the window, and the frigid look he had on him could have given him frostbite.  
“Stay away from me. I don’t want to get some sort of disease from you. If you appear in my line of sight again, I won’t be as nice as I am this time.”

“Lucas, don’t...” Hera tensed up.

She widened her eyes in disbelief. What did I just hear?

Disease...

She felt as if she had been thrown into an icy lake. Did... Did he find out about what happened last night?

No!

That can’t be true!

How did he find out about it?

Not even my parents nor my family know about it.

The Bentley drove out of the area.

Ashlyn sat quietly as she watched the man drive.

The cruelty he had toward Hera was worlds apart from his attitude toward her in the past.

What happened?

“Lucas, I’m busy today. I don’t have the time to accompany you on your flight.” Ashlyn uttered with a glacial tone.



A small smile hung on Lucas' lips. Ashlyn's cold look might have frightened others, but to him, it was adorable.

A trace of defiance was in her eyes, and she looked better like this than that obedient look she had when they were married.

Somehow, she would always find a way to make his heart sing for her.

"It's alright. My flight is at seven. You'll be done by then." Lucas replied nonchalantly as he spared a glance at Ashlyn.

The car was filled with an intense masculine scent, and he was a resting cheetah lazing in the sun.

He could not conceal the dangerous sensation that poured out of him.

Ashlyn wanted to keep a distance from Lucas.

Yet, when she had her Spirogyra attack, she needed him.

She was in a turmoil of emotions.

The woman could barely stand this anymore.

"Honey, stop running away from me. Otherwise, I'll make a golden cage and keep you in there." Lucas' smile slowly faded away.

A cloud of mist appeared in Lucas' eyes.

The temperature in the car lowered, and Ashlyn could feel the chill seeping into her bones.

“Lucas.” Ashlyn had an equally frigid tone. “You can try. We’ll see who comes out of this alive.”