

## Extraordinary 421

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“Huh!” Shannon huffed. “Qualified or not, we’ll see when the result comes out.”

“Haha, is that supposed to be funny? How can she compete with our director with that design? Don’t be ridiculous,” Abigail raved.

Shannon was about to refute when Ashlyn tugged on her arm, appeasing, “There’s no point arguing with an ignoramus.”

“Who are you calling an ignoramus?!” Abigail snapped.

“Uh, whoever who just answered me?” Ashlyn smirked.

“You!” Abigail screeched, springing up to her feet, drawing the attention of the guests who were there sitting quietly watching the show.

“Abigail, calm down.” Megan pressed her down to her seat in embarrassment. “They’ll get slapped in the face when the results come out.”

Abigail sat down again in a huff. “Right! I shall put up with this for now!”

The winner of the first show of Fashion Week wouldn’t be announced until all the brands had finished their presentations on the first day.

By then, it would already be afternoon.

After Ashlyn, Shannon and the others had watched the show for half a day, it was soon time for lunch.

Somewhere at the venue, there was a fine French restaurant where models and guests could dine directly after the show.

Meanwhile, in a magnificent manor in Maredania.

Penelope and Mary had been here for two days.

Looking like country bumpkins visiting the city for the first time, the pair of mother and daughter had been staying in a European-style manor under the protection of many bodyguards and the services of countless maids.

It was as though they were living in a fictional world.

At this time, Penelope and Mary were standing in a large tulip garden of the manor, admiring the

flowers and the gorgeous scenery around them.

Everything seemed like a dream.

Penelope couldn't help but ask again, "Mom... are these real? I'm not dreaming, am I? Mom, pinch me!"

"Don't be silly." Mary glared at her worthless daughter. "You will be the young lady of Count's Mansion from now on, do you understand? Besides, the paternity test results of your grandmother and I have come out. So stop with the nonsense."

Penelope and Mary had never expected that their lives would take a turn for the better.

Ever since Horace's imprisonment, both mother and daughter had been at the end of their rope until they were brought back to Maredania by their family all of a sudden.

And since her father's imprisonment, Penelope realized that she couldn't even recognize her mother anymore. It shocked her to discover that her mother had been sleeping with bigwigs in exchange for money in order to maintain their rich lifestyle.

Instead of feeling ashamed for getting caught by Penelope when she brought the men home, she had given her a lesson, stating that, "To show that you're capable is to rely on men to get to the top."

Although Penelope enjoyed associating herself with rich young men as well, she thought she was at least more sensible than her mother who went to the extreme of sleeping with a man with a family.

Nevertheless, everything was good now since they had returned to the family.

They would have endless money to spend, and their social status would only keep rising.

"How's Ashlyn, by the way?" Mary piped up, abhorrence written all over her face.

"Ryan has already gone to look for Ashlyn, Mom... But I'm scared. What happens if he falls in love with Ashlyn? You know, she's so pretty..."

"You idiot! Your cousin is the heir of Count's Mansion. What woman has he never seen before? He's there to avenge us this time. It'd be the best scenario if he seduces Ashlyn, then dumps her ruthlessly and gets his hand on some of her dirt," Mary said viciously, thinking of the losses she had suffered at the hands of Ashlyn. "I'll make sure to be the one to destroy Ashlyn's reputation when the time comes!"

"Don't worry, Mom. I'll woo Ryan with my charm and I'll perform better in front of grandma," Penelope said quickly.

Lucas had stabbed me in the wrist that day. The external injuries have healed, but my wrist tendons

were badly injured. My wrist is still sore and weak until now that I can't even lift any heavy objects. I must have my revenge!

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"You sure are my daughter." Mary nodded in satisfaction.

After lunch, Ashlyn was on her way to her lounge with Shannon, in which the logo of their brand, LX was affixed on the door.

Fashion Week had prepared separate lounges for every guest and brand owner.

Ashlyn had never been in the habit of taking a nap during lunch break. But Shannon, on the other hand, half nervous and half excited, fell asleep on the couch shortly after.

Ashlyn shook her head and got up, wanting to use the restroom.

She grabbed her purse and walked out of the room. Then heading in the restroom's direction, as indicated by the signage, she suddenly heard a sexy, panting sound when she walked past a room.

"You and Mr. Reedman will vote for me this time, right, Mr. O'Brien?"

Ashlyn's forehead puckered.

This voice sounds so familiar... Megan Hobbs?

Ashlyn pursed her lips and peered inside through the door that was slightly ajar—Megan was being pinned against the sofa by a tall European man, whose one hand was unbuttoning her roughly and the other slipping under her shirt.

"Oh, Ms. Hobbs, your scent is really unforgettable," O'Brien spoke with an accent. "You Eurasian women have such petite figures. I'm afraid I'll crush you."

"You can't go back on your word, Mr. O'Brien!" Megan said coquettishly, wrapping her arms around the man's waist and planted kisses on his neck.

"I think Ms. X from your company has really great taste! Her designs are very soulful and bold! How about... you introduce her to me?" O'Brien gave Megan a nasty smile, ravaging her body with his large hands.

At the thought of Ashlyn's tall and slender figure and that delicate body, O'Brien couldn't help but feel his body tighten and his belly burn.

That woman was mysterious and gorgeous, looking very attractive despite the mask. He couldn't help wanting to remove her mask and see what the woman looked like.

Megan's jealousy and anger stirred. But she couldn't afford to offend the man before her, so she forced a smile and said in a sweet voice, "Hey, how could you do this? You have your eyes on that X, haven't you? If you fancy her, how about I get her for you and you can play with her?"

O'Brien cackled unpleasantly. "I haven't played with a woman in a mask before. It must be exciting!"

Ashlyn stood in the doorway with bated breath, a hint of disdain flashing across the corner of her lips.

The nerve of Megan Hobbs to plot against me! Where did she even find the courage to do that?

Just as she was about to leave, she suddenly heard the sound of Abigail talking to another designer coming from not far away.

Ashlyn frowned. She could neither advance nor retreat now.

If she continued to stand here, she would get caught by Abigail, but if she left in a hurry and Abigail saw her back, she would still get caught for eavesdropping.

She wasn't afraid of getting noticed. She just hated the trouble that comes after that.

Right before she could react, a man reached out abruptly and dragged her into the room next door, pressing her against the door panel with his tall form.

Ashlyn instinctively raised her eyes to look at the man who was confining her.

Lucas?

Why is he here?

The man was clad in a black suit with a white shirt inside, and the shirt was paired with a black tie, looking suave and commanding.

Under the warm lights, his handsome, three-dimensional face was all the more flawless.

Ashlyn quickly looked away from the man when their eyes met, but the man swiftly captured her lips with his, raiding her of her air.

Finally breaking off the lingering kiss, Lucas carried her to sit on the sofa.

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Ashlyn blushed scarlet, her voice terribly hoarse as she asked, "Why are you here?"

"How come I didn't know that my wife is also the famous chief designer X of LX?" Lucas sized up the

woman in his arms.

She was still wearing that white dress, beautiful and inimitable.

Ashlyn knew that even if she wore a mask, anyone who was familiar with her could naturally recognize her.

Lucas, for instance.

"It's just a hobby," Ashlyn said blandly. "I should go back to the lounge. I have to watch the show this afternoon."

Lucas pressed his lips together, a tinge of melancholy flickering in his dark eyes. "Are you that desperate to get away from me?"

God... this man can't stay serious for more than three seconds, can't he?

"This is my job," she said sternly, her delicate and beautiful face growing solemn.

"Fine then, if you want to get back to work. Kiss me and I'll let you go," Lucas said, clamping his arms around her waist.

I don't wanna get into an argument with him at such a place, lest people look at us.

But can this man be any more unreasonable?! Ashlyn had no other choice but to kiss the man on the cheek.

"How insincere."

Lucas' lips twitched, indicating her to kiss there.

Ashlyn narrowed her eyes. "Don't push your luck, Lucas."

As she finished, the man suddenly came closer again, pressing his lips against hers aggressively.

Finally letting her go, the man breathed heavily, his chest heaving as he said, "I'll make you kiss me first someday."

With these words, he reluctantly let go of her waist.

Ashlyn jumped down from his lap, pulled open the door, and dashed off, as though someone was chasing her from behind.

Why did he insist on changing his flight with someone else? What does he want?

Meanwhile, Megan was getting into business with O'Brien and Reedman in her lounge.

She had really gone out her way in order to secure two votes from these two judges.

Men had always been very liberal about such things, regardless of their nationality. To have a woman willingly present themselves before them, not to mention a Eurasian woman, they couldn't be any more excited.

And because of that, Megan's insides were about to fall apart from being manhandled by two tall European men.

She lay on the sofa, covered in hickeys, breathing in the whiff of lust in the air.

In a feeble voice, she said, "Gentlemen, I've already sent someone to drug X's lounge. As soon as X walks in, you two will be able to see her face under the mask and do whatever you want to her."

The men stood up and put on their pants with a lewd smile, O'Brien squeezing Megan's thigh. "Don't worry. The award today will be yours once we see X's face."

"Eurasian women taste so good." Reedman gave a lopsided grin.

Watching as the men walked out, Megan lay on the sofa with a twisted smile on her face. "I'll make you get out of the company this time, X. I'll make you suffer and get banned from the industry forever!"

Ashlyn knitted her brows slightly the moment she went back to her lounge.

There was a strange aroma wafting through the air. Something was wrong. Something was very wrong.

She held her breath and walked over to the sofa. "Shannon, Shannon, wake up."

Shannon didn't respond. She didn't look like she was sleeping at all.

Ashlyn had a bad feeling about this.

Aromatic ecstasy! This room has been infused with aromatic ecstasy! I can't believe Megan is full of such lowly tricks up her sleeves!

She raised her eyes and was just about to help Shannon out of the room when someone pushed the door open.

Ashlyn looked blankly at the two European men standing in the doorway.

O'Brien walked over to Ashlyn, followed by Reedman, who locked the door from the inside.

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There was a sweet, but strange aroma wafting up through the air.

But the men had taken the antidote in advance, so the aroma had no effect on them at all.

Reedman looked at Ashlyn impishly with a wicked smile. "Ms. X, O'Brien, and I are the judges of this Fashion Week. Let's talk about your brand's runway show today, shall we?"

Ashlyn held the unconscious Shannon with both hands and held her breath to prevent the aroma from escaping into her own breath.

But she couldn't take it anymore after a few minutes.

She knew about the ugliness of human nature and that the reality was dark.

But little did she expect these two big names in fashion to be so vile and disgusting.

One was an Oscar winner with fans all over the globe and the other was an icon in the hearts of many designers in the fashion industry, a role model to look up to.

Not only did they have a sickening deal with Megan, but they also even wanted to take advantage of her then.

"Oh, you're actually holding your breath?" O'Brien laughed heartily, seeing that Ashlyn's lips were set in a hard line. "This room has been infused with ecstasy aroma. How long can you hold your breath? A second, half an hour or an hour?"

Seized with a sudden impulse, Reedman came up to Ashlyn and pushed Shannon away from her arms, causing the former to fall limply on the ground.

"Oh baby, you'll die if you don't breathe."

Ashlyn shot daggers at these two despicable and shameless men through squinted eyes.

I can't breathe in the aroma. If I do, Shannon and I will be screwed. If I leave Shannon behind, these two pieces of rubbish won't be able to trap me at all.

But if I leave Shannon behind and walk away, she will be screwed.

Right then, the men surrounded Ashlyn from both sides, ready to make advances to her when she split her legs abruptly in midair, sending them flying and knocking them down.

“Shit! Did she just kick me?!”

“You b\*tch! You got a death wish, huh?!”

European men were born tall and burly, and since they were from the film and fashion industry, it was only natural that they paid more attention to fitness and had excellent physical strength. Furthermore, Reedman’s hobby on usual days was boxing. It was only because he was caught off guard that Ashlyn could attack him just now.

Regaining his composure, he got up from the ground and lunged toward Ashlyn, who was walking toward the window.

Ashlyn dodged him alertly and leaped toward the windowsill, reaching for the window.

However, the two men were not to be trifled with either.

O’Brien held her down on her shoulders as Reedman threw a punch at her stomach.

Ashlyn gritted her teeth at the impact, the oxygen in her lungs running out. Even though she had had special breath-holding training and could hold her breath longer than an average person, she was starting to feel woozy then after holding on for nearly ten minutes.

She needed fresh air or else she would suffocate from the lack of oxygen.

The punch hurt so much that she couldn’t help but gasp in pain, streaks of red forming in her eyes.

Just then, the sweet aroma infused with ecstasy rushed down her throat and into her chest.

Her head pounded, and with almost all her strength, she shook off the two men, slamming open the window from the inside.

Ashlyn quickly took a big breath as fresh air gushed into the room.

The aftereffect of the aromatic ecstasy was extremely strong. Ashlyn was surprised that her feet gave way, even when she had only inhaled a little.

At once, she clenched her teeth and bit her lip, and only then did she regain her balance.

Neither Reedman nor O’Brien had expected Ashlyn to be a hard-headed person.

Not only was she skilled in martial arts, but she was also surprisingly intelligent.

With fresh air pouring in, a large portion of the aromatic ecstasy in the room dissipated.



The sweet, but strange aroma dissipated as well. But Ashlyn's body was getting weaker and weaker.

Seeing that Ashlyn was supporting herself on the wall, Reedman couldn't help but laugh out loud in triumph as he reached out and wrapped his arms around her waist. "Don't you know that I'm a mega movie star? Don't you think I'm handsome? Besides, how can you win an award without giving a little something?"

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"Just satisfy us and we'll give you our votes. We'll make you the winner of the first show," O'Brien said, inching closer to kiss Ashlyn's cheek.

Ashlyn's eyes darkened in a slight glint. Just as O'Brien's lips were about to touch her cheek, she grabbed the mini fish tank on the windowsill and smashed it on the man's head.

Crash!

O'Brien was struck dizzy.

Doused by the fish water in the tank, several small fishes got into his collar and slithered around inside his clothes.

"Argh!" O'Brien let out a scream. He let go of Ashlyn and started unbuttoning his clothes.

"You b\*tch!" Reedman yanked Ashlyn's long black hair and dragged her to the ground, fixing her with a ferocious glare. "How dare you hit my brother?!"

Ashlyn could only feel a ripping pain in her scalp until Reedman kicked her to the ground.

"Oh, stop pretending," he said, his eyes sweeping over her curvaceous body salaciously. "I've slept with many models and celebrities in this industry. Who do you think you are? Even the award-winning actresses couldn't resist me and they all ended up as our toy."

"It's your honor to be seen and toyed with by the two of us. How about we make you the big new shot, the new queen of the fashion industry after this?"

O'Brien came over and gave her another boot in the stomach. "If you don't know any better, don't blame us for getting rough with you!"

Ashlyn broke out in a cold sweat from the pain. The continuous, heavy blows to her belly were almost too much for her to bear.

At this moment, her beautiful face under the mask was tragically pale.

She struggled to get up from the ground, but the two men, like hungry wolves, didn't give her any chance.

O'Brien savagely tore at Ashlyn's white dress, his eyes filled with lust when his hands grazed her fair and smooth skin. "Damn! She's a treasure, all right. Such beautiful skin. I wonder how many men have banged you before."

Reedman burst into peals of laughter. "Feisty, I like it! Hahaha! Come on, keep resisting. The more you resist, the more excited I get."

The men were laughing when Ashlyn picked up the glass shards of the fish tank on the ground, stabbing it as hard as she could on Reedman's neck.

"Ouch!" Reedman jolted at the warm blood gushing down his neck.

With a bloodthirsty killing intent flashing in her eyes, Ashlyn lifted the shard and went for O'Brien's arm next.

O'Brien tried to dodge, but when his eyes met the woman's sharp ones under the mask, he stood transfixed like a terrified prey being targeted by a hunter.

It wasn't until Ashlyn had slashed his arm that he snapped out of it from the stabbing pain. "Damn it! You b\*tch!"

Ashlyn seized the opportunity to stumble toward the exit.

She jerked open the door, only to hear the sound of cameras taking pictures and see lights flashing around her.

"God! Is she not the chief designer X of LX?" shouted a reporter who was bribed by Megan. "What happened to her? Oh, my God! Is she doing something indescribable with the judges? Seems like she's really desperate to win the award!"

Hearing that, the reporters spared no effort in snapping more pictures of Ashlyn. "She looks like a mess. She didn't really do that kind of thing in the room, did she?"

"Who would have that it was all a facade. No wonder she's wearing a mask. Her elegant and lofty bearing and her love for history—it's all show!"

"She's a slut underneath it all!"

At this moment, when the two men covered in blood came out of the room in pursuit of Ashlyn saw the many reporters outside, they were paralyzed with fear.

However, as celebrities who were accustomed to the spotlights, they exchanged a glance and immediately came up with a solution.

I can't believe Megan that b\*tch would have the audacity to plot against us by bringing in so many reporters.

Damn it!

Through the unspoken understanding from years of working together, the two men eventually calmed down and started responding to these reporters.

"Ms. X, what's going to happen to the fashion industry in the future if you do something like that just to win an award?"

"With such a persona, Ms. X, have you ever thought about your country when you incorporated historical elements in your design?"

"You are a disgrace to your country. Jeez, have you ever thought about the consequences of disgracing yourself at Fashion Week?"

"A designer like you is a disgrace to the whole fashion industry! Will you be banned from the fashion industry now that things have fallen apart?"

The reporters, mostly European, who wanted nothing more than to see the Eurasian countries make a fool of themselves, started bombarding Ashlyn with questions, like an annoying swarm of bees.

Now that they had finally laid hands on such a scoop, the excitement on their faces was palpable.

"This woman drugged us both," Reedman said directly. "When we disagreed, she hit us with a fish tank, and not only that, but she also even wounded us with a glass!"

"Exactly," O'Brien added, deliberately showing his wounds. "The world knows that the two of us are good brothers. Look what she had done to us. Look how vicious and shameless she was. I think I need an ambulance! I have to get first aid. I'm afraid I'll bleed to death!"

The two men incriminated Ashlyn in perfect harmony. In addition to the injuries and the blood gushing out from their wounds, there was a faint smell of blood wafting in the air and it was a rather gory sight to behold.

"Ms. X, how ruthless of you to commit such a heinous and insidious act in order to win the award."

"You don't deserve to be a designer and you don't deserve to participate in Fashion Week!"

"You're simply disgusting!"

The reporters started attacking Ashlyn again, one after another.

"She's trying to force us to give in, so she can leave us both in the lurch after getting what she wants," O'Brien said, putting on a piteous look. "These Eurasians never learn their place at fashion weeks, after all."

"She probably still thinks it's a national honor that she did that to us," Reedman said, giving a shrug of his shoulders. "I must say, I'm starting to see these Eurasians in a different light now. They're so..."

Ashlyn's eyes brimmed with rage. Her grip on the doorknob was so tight that her knuckles went white.

"Slandering me and my country like crazy, is this how you Europeans behave?" she demanded in a weak, yet oppressive voice, eyeing the group of reporters who were madly disparaging her and her country, and O'Brien and Reedman, who were mocking and insulting her and her country. "Can the words spoken by these two filthy men be trusted?"

"Ms. X, these two gentlemen are big names in the industry, with excellent reputation and character," a reporter said in a shrill voice, almost sticking the microphone in her hand into Ashlyn's mouth. "Mr. Reedman is loyal to his wife, even though she has removed her uterus and couldn't have children for the rest of her life. And Mr. O'Brien, oh God, he's got a girlfriend of nine years who had cheated on him not just once, but he would beg for her to come back to him and now they're about to get married. These two gentlemen are simply angels sent from heaven!"

"Yeah! One's an Oscar winner and the other's a director of design of a major international brand. How could they possibly frame you?"

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"We certainly have to trust these two gentlemen. Their reputation in the industry speaks for itself."

"You're just a puny designer from H Nation. You don't deserve the spotlight!"

The two men exchanged another glance surreptitiously, a sense of relief washing over them, seeing that everyone had taken the bait.

Reedman covered his wound and said in pain, "I never thought I would meet such an audacious woman. I have many fans and a large fandom, after all, so I thought Ms. X was one of my fans. But who knew she would do that to us, seducing me and O'Brien?! God! I am absolutely faithful to my wife. How could I possibly betray her?"

"Wow, he's so cool!"

"How amazing!"

“We must hurry and write a report about this so that the world can see how nasty is this designer X from Eurasia!”

Meanwhile, standing behind these reporters, Abigail gave a smug, evil smile.

Oh X, why did you have to compete with Ms. Hobbs?

You’re simply no match for her.

Abigail secretly recorded a video while hiding among the crowd and sent it directly to Megan.

Upon receiving the video, Megan, sitting in her own lounge, was so excited that she could almost jump up from her seat.

Seducing the members of the judging committee, forcing the members of the judging committee to submit, and hurting the members of the judging committees.

Hah!

X is definitely dead this time! No gods in this world can save her now!

Hahaha, this feels so good!

Megan couldn’t help daydreaming about how she was going to flourish in the company after kicking Ashlyn out.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn was still standing there, wondering, Do these people really think I’m gonna sit back and do nothing?

If it weren’t for the ecstasy, these two scums wouldn’t even stand a chance to humiliate me

I would have turned them into dust straight away.

Even so...

Ashlyn smirked, pressing the diamond earrings on her ears.

O’Brien and Reedman watched as she raised her hands elegantly and couldn’t help but feel a little puzzled.

Does she have something else up her sleeves?

How is she so calm?

What is she thinking?

These two men, who had been reigning in the fashion and film industry for many years, suddenly discovered a fact that X wasn't an ordinary woman. She was smart and bold and cruel.

The image of the woman stabbing the two of them with a shard of the fish tank just now reappeared before their eyes.

The recollection of the ruthlessness in her eyes chilled them to the marrow.

Ashlyn's lips quirked up as she pointed at the diamond earrings on her ears, a sharp glint in her eyes. "My left earring here has the functions of a tape recorder, and on my right, there's a pinhole camera. As for what happened between me and these co-called Mr. Perfects, let's take a look, shall we?"

O'Brien and Reedman blanched at Ashlyn's words.

I can't believe this b\*tch carries such high-tech stuff with her! Who the hell is she?

She recorded not just the audio, but the video as well?

Her earring is actually a pinhole camera?

How is this possible?

Damn it!

The two men looked at each other, then tried to reach for Ashlyn's earrings, but the latter swiftly slid into the crowd, shoving the reporter toward the men.

With that advantage, Ashlyn pressed the play button on her earrings and projected the video on the wall.

"Oh, you're actually holding your breath?"

"This room has been infused with aromatic ecstasy. How long can you hold your breath? A second, half an hour or an hour?"

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"Oh baby, you'll die if you don't breathe."

"Don't you know that I'm a mega movie star? Don't you think I'm handsome? Besides, how can you win an award without giving a little something?"

“Just satisfy us and we’ll give you our votes. We’ll make you the winner of the first show.”

“Oh, stop pretending. I’ve slept with many models and celebrities in this industry. Who do you think you are? Even the award-winning actresses couldn’t resist me and they all ended up as our toy.”

“It’s your honor to be seen and toyed with by the two of us. How about we make you the big new shot, the new queen of the fashion industry after this?”

The recording was accompanied by pictures on the wall, along with the disgusting movements and dirty looks of the two men.

Everyone’s mouth fell wide open in surprise and disbelief.

How is this possible?

This is their true colors?

That’s too nasty, isn’t it?

Your honor to be seen and toyed with by the two of us?

How could they say that? Are they even human?

O’Brien’s face turned white. He glared at Ashlyn, then shouted, “This is all fake! She created these illusions with her high-tech stuff to slander me.”

Snapping out of his shock and fear, Reedman chimed in, “How could you be so base and shameless? You created these illusions just to ruin us, didn’t you?!”

These men sure are experienced in adapting to the situation and improvising on the spot.

They just won’t admit it even if the truth and the ironclad evidence are displayed before them.

Ashlyn sneered, “If these are just illusions, then tell me, did I make up the scene where I resisted and injured you two? Could I have predicted in advance that I would hit you? Could I have predicted that there was a fish tank in this room? May I remind you that this is my first time here at Fashion Week?”

“You b\*tch! I’m calling the police!”

“I want the police to prove my innocence!”

The men retaliated one after other, as though they had really suffered an injustice.

Ashlyn snorted inwardly, Are they trying to play the victim here? What a joke!

"That's unnecessary! The police are here!"

Suddenly, a cold, hostile male voice rang out from behind the crowd.

Hearing that, everyone parted to make a path for the towering man in the lead who was walking over with large strides. Donning a custom-made suit with one hand in the pocket of his trousers, he exuded an oppressive aura that made everyone held their breaths.

And following in his wake in an imposing manner were a dozen of bodyguards in suits, who then lined up in two rows, flanking the man in the lead.

Ashlyn raised her eyes and saw the tall, stern figure striding toward her. His perfectly sculptured face looked grimmer and more forbidding under the lights.

The arrival of the domineering man seemed to have shocked everyone badly as no one dared to break the sullen atmosphere.

O'Brien and Reedman froze at Lucas's arrival, their expression pensive.

Who is this man with such compelling aura? Why does he look so familiar?

Just as the two were utterly mystified, they saw another group of police officers coming toward them from behind the group of men clad in black.

The police officer in the lead, dressed neatly in uniform, came up to them and said coldly, "We've received reports of two suspected drug users and domestic violence. Please come with us."

"No, it can't be! What are you talking about?" Reedman shouted his head off. "I want to see my lawyer."

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Suddenly, a pale and haggard woman rushed in and shouted, "Reedman!"

Slap!

The woman slapped Reedman right across the face.

Reedman was about to fight back, but he remembered he was in public and surrounded by reporters. He held his temper and grabbed the woman's hand, "Honey, what are you doing?"

The reporters broke into a flurry of conversation.

"It looks like our best performer and his wife have a great relationship."



"Yeah, they look so in love."

"But why did his wife slapped him?"

"What's going on? The police mentioned something about drugs."

"Did Ms. X wrongly accused him?"

"I think so too."

Ashlyn's heard the reporters bootlicking Reedman, but she couldn't care less.

She only had eyes for Lucas.

Her gaze fell on the man who had well-defined features like a statue. She wasn't sure if it was because of the lighting in the hallway, but this man was unbelievably handsome.

Lucas held a disquieting aura as he strode towards her. His gaze held haughtiness just like a high and mighty king who belongs on a pedestal.

He always stunned the crowd whenever he made an appearance.

He was just so dashing and domineering.

Ashlyn looked at Lucas silently as he stopped in front of her. He lowered his eyes at this petite woman and noticed her dress was torn. Then, he took off his tuxedo and draped it on her.

She was about to say something when she heard his cold voice said in a domineering tone, "Wear it properly! No one can bully my woman!"

Ashlyn remained silent upon hearing Lucas' reply. After his arrival, she felt an indescribable calmness.

She could handle this situation, but she felt more at ease when she knows he's present.

It was an inexplicable feeling of trust where she could drop all pretenses and hand the situation over to Lucas to handle.

When Reedman noticed all eyes were on Lucas and Ashlyn, he turned to his wife and warned her, "You better hold your tongue, or I'll cut it off!"

His wife looked at him with steely eyes and turned to the police, "I was the one who reported this anonymously. I want to report him and O'Brien for abusing drugs and physically abused me!"

“What are you talking about?” Reedman roared angrily, “You’re crazy!”

He smiled wryly at everyone and said, “My wife is mentally ill. Her mind is not in the right state! Don’t listen to her, everyone.”

“I’m fine!” Reedman’s wife pushed him away and pulled up her shirt aggressively. Her stomach and waist were bruised and scarred.

She opened the button of her collar shirt and revealed a neck full of scars, old and new.

Everyone was dumbstruck!

“Do you know why I don’t have a uterus? When I was three months pregnant, he abused me and kicked my stomach brutally. He kicked me until I had a miscarriage. I lost my child and my uterus! It’s all because of him!”

His wife couldn’t hold back her tears anymore, “I wanted a divorce for years. But, he wanted to maintain his reputation as a good husband. He used me as a tool and refused to get a divorce. Whenever I brought the matter up, he would use my life and my family’s life to threaten me! I can’t take it anymore!”

Everyone couldn’t believe their ears when they heard the words coming out from Reedman’s wife.

He kicked his own child to death and caused his wife’s uterus to be removed.

What he did was outrageous! How could Reedman be so inhumane?

“He spent all his money on drugs. Why is he close to O’Brien? Because they always take drugs together. After they take drugs, they’ll find some young model or famous influencers to accompany them. All these years, countless young girls had to succumb to their physical desire to survive in the industry!”

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“He even let O’Brien raped me! He let his friends gang-raped me! Every day, I felt like I would rather be dead! But, I have a family to protect. I can’t die because I need to see this scoundrel get punished by the law!”

Reedman gave his wife a death stare. He felt like strangling her to death. He clenched his fist and warned her in a sinister voice, “Are you crazy? Do you still want your mum to be alive?”

His wife gave a cold laugh, “I have someone to support me now, Reedman. I’m not afraid of you anymore.”

Right at this moment, a flustered woman ran into the room and started beating O’Brien, “You madman!

Where is my savings? What did you do with my money?"

O'Brien's long-term girlfriend was a fair and pretty woman who came from a decent family. She worked as a beauty blogger and earned well.

Just moments ago, his girlfriend wanted to invest in a business and found out her bank account only had a few thousand left.

She was stunned.

The only person who knew her bank account's password was O'Brien.

"He took drugs and slept around with models and influencers, Demina. Where do you think the money went?" Reedman's wife said coldly.

Demina cried hysterically and stared angrily at her boyfriend, "O'Brien, you're going to jail! I want to sue you for embezzling my private property!"

This matter could no longer be swept under the rug, it was blowing up.

Everyone was shocked to their cores!

They never thought these two men with reputations had done such filthy and evil deeds.

How disgusting!

"What evidence do you have to prove your claims? Did she give you any benefit?" Reedman retaliated.

"If I'm able to stand up for myself and expose all your evil deeds, of course, I have evidence to back me up. I installed security cameras in the house long ago. It recorded all your despicable behavior towards me," Reedman's wife couldn't help but laugh out loud, "Reedman, I can finally be free."

At that moment, the reporters veered their camera towards both of the scoundrels and cursed them, "Trash! B\*\*tard! Beast! Shameless! Disgusting!"

"Both of you don't deserve to live in this world."

"How could scums like you exist?"

"You're not worthy to be human."

"You seemed like a human on camera, but inside you're a beast!"

"Now I believe in Ms. X. She literally rose from the dead!"

“Luckily, she’s a formidable woman. Or else, she probably wouldn’t survive this!”

Reedman and O’Brien joined forces to take the virginity of young girls in the industry.

They had never failed before.

After they slept with the young girls, they paid them off to keep quiet about what happened. Most of the victims did not dare to expose them because they were afraid of their power and reputation.

This time, they had blundered!

They had nowhere to hide when faced with the insults from the reporters.

Unfortunately, it was all too late.

They never expected this to happen because they thought Ashlyn was just an unknown designer.

The police took them away immediately.

However, the farce did not end there.

Ashlyn went to the resting room to catch a breath away from the public eye. Her back was beading with sweat.

Her clothes were soaked in cold sweat.

Her body felt like jelly when she lay on the sofa. She could not banish the rage inside of her.

I can’t believe I fell into Megan’s trap!

It’s impossible to guard yourself against this woman.

If she did not prepare for the worst scenario and Lucas didn’t come to save her on time, she probably wouldn’t be alive.

She stole a glance at the man beside her, and his deep eyes looked right back at her with concern.

She felt warmth in her heart.

Before she could say a word, Lucas’s hoarse voice interrupted and said, “Let’s go.”