

Extraordinary 431

[Chapter 431](#)

Ashlyn stared at him blankly, "Where are we going?"

"We're going home," he said as he carried her bridal style and made their way out.

The Lamborghini sped all the way back to the manor.

Lucas opened the door, carried her down the car, and took big strides towards the bedroom.

"Take a rest first. I'll prepare your bath," he said. Then, he folded his sleeves and went to the bathroom.

Ashlyn's body still felt limp as she lay on the bed.

The sound of running water from the bathroom could be heard.

Her tense emotions instantly relaxed.

When Lucas came out of the bathroom, he noticed she was fast asleep.

The blazer draped on her shoulder fell to the floor and revealed her crumpled dress. It was torn at the hem and ripped at the collar, showing bruises on her snow-white skin.

He couldn't imagine the torture she had suffered.

She was drugged!

Someone actually dare to drug my woman?

That person must have a death wish!

At the Fashion Week event.

Megan felt restless and uneasy in her seat. She was lost in thoughts and didn't pay attention to the fashion show right in front of her.

Ms. X turned the tables?

She frowned deeply as she couldn't wrap her head around it.

What happened?

Abigail walked to her and said in a low voice, "Director Hobbs, I have bad news."

She told Megan everything she saw.

Megan turned white as a sheet, "What did you say? She defeated both of them and it was recorded? Reedman's wife came too?"

What in the world?! This was completely out of her expectation.

I just wanted to win an award and kick Ashlyn out of the company!

How did things turned out this way?

Megan almost fainted.

Things were spiraling out of control.

Then, she thought, How could Ashlyn be so lucky?

How did she escape from it unscathed? Does she have nine lives?

In the manor.

When Ashlyn woke up from a well-rested sleep, it was five o'clock in the afternoon.

She slowly sat up and noticed she was wearing a set of pajamas.

Lucas was handling work duties as he sat on the sofa in the room. He heard a rustle of sheets and turned to look at her, "You're awake?"

Ashlyn nodded her head and tried to sway her head. She was glad the after-effects of the drugs had worn off after a night of sleep and felt a lot better.

The wretched feeling of dizziness was gone too.

"Lucas," she was about to say something when she heard him say, "Are you hungry?"

After hearing his question, she realized she was indeed ravenous, "Yes, I'm hungry. Is there anything to eat?"

"Of course," Lucas put his laptop away and walked to the bed, "Let's go."

They went to the restaurant downstairs and the maid began to serve the food.

Lucas was serving her some of the salad as he said, "Do you want to go to Fashion Week later?"

Ashlyn paused, "The Debut Fashion Show is over, right?"

It was past five o'clock now.

Lucas looked at her with certainty and said, "It's not over."

"Logically speaking, it should be over. Did you.." Ashlyn looked at him suspiciously. Did he do something to delay Fashion Week?

He took a napkin to wipe his mouth and said, "The winner of the Debut Fashion Show has not been selected. Also, they changed the judge. So everyone is waiting for you."

Ashlyn thought she was dreaming when she heard this, "Waiting for me?"

Why would an international fashion week competition wait for me on the day of its debut?

Is he joking?

Although she had confidence in herself, she was not a narcissistic person.

"Yes," Lucas's dark eyes were staring right into her eyes.

"Why?" Ashlyn was puzzled as she studied Lucas's calm behavior, "Don't tell me it's because of you?"

[Chapter 432](#)

"You will know when you get there," The corner of his mouth curled into a smile as he lifted his hands and clapped.

Two maids walked over to them immediately. Each of them held an intricate gift box in their hands.

The confusion on Ashlyn's beautiful face deepens as she knitted her brows. She felt like this man had something under his sleeves.

"What is this?"

Lucas stared at her unwaveringly and said, "You'll know after you've open it."

She hesitated for a while before she opened one of the boxes.

It was a shining Starry Sky Formal Wear.

She immediately recognized it as the limited edition piece from an international luxury brand, the one and only in the world.

How did Lucas get his hands on it?

This evening dress would cost a minimum of seven figures.

She opened another gift box and saw a pair of silver-colored high heels of her size inside.

It almost felt like it was tailor made just for her.

At the Fashion Week's venue.

No one left the venue, including the judging committee.

Although the fashion show had debuted, the winner had not been announced.

This created a storm in social media platforms like Twitter and YouTube.

Everyone who attended the event knew about what happened.

Two members of the judging committee had been sent to the police station and had caused a big commotion.

This drama was better than the movie of the year and Hollywood's latest movie.

Only a wretched person would physically abuse his wife and caused her to lose the ability to conceive.

People's morals sure are going downhill, especially both of these men who attacked Ashlyn for their own lust, then tried to tarnish her reputation to protect themselves.

The victims in the past joined hands to show proof of their evil deeds and expose their scandalous acts.

Some of them reported to the police about them while others discussed the topic openly on the internet.

This news spread like wildfire and became the top trending news globally.

The online community couldn't stop praising Ashlyn. They were impressed by this designer who came from Eurasia. She was regarded as the fearless heroine who defeated the scumbags and revealed their true colors to the world.

There were a lot of reporters who were pushy and overbearing. Some of them were bribed by Megan. Nevertheless, the ones who had a conscience came to their senses and made a public apology to Ashlyn on their social media platform.

The majority of the media company had even registered an account on Twitter to apologize in the Eurasian language to show their sincerity.

Not only did this piece of international news went viral in the fashion world, but it also caught the attention of other countries. A few prominent politicians chastised the despicable acts of both men.

The London Mayor was one of them. He felt guilty because this incident happened in London. He tagged the police department in his social media and implored them to punish the offenders severely.

England's royal family made another announcement immediately after the London Mayor. They expressed their wish for this matter to be investigated thoroughly and sentence the offenders with severe punishment.

The Queen of Brunei and the Princess of Spain had worn clothes designed by Ashlyn. They posted their support on social media after hearing the news.

In the post, they applauded her for exposing the scumbags, then praised and affirmed her designing skills.

The citizens of H Nation went into a public furor.

Everyone scolded the two members of the judging committees and stood up for Ashlyn.

Some of the media companies posted a video of Lucas protecting Ashlyn.

This caused another flurry of discussion.

"So, she is Mrs. Nolan?"

"Is it true?"

"I think so, or else Mr. Nolan wouldn't address her as his woman."

"Mr. Nolan is so cool and domineering, like a God!"

"Mr. Nolan had never confirmed his relationship with the women he dated in the past, even Hera."

"Ms. X is the only woman he admitted as his wife!"

"I think she is Mrs. Nolan."

At the Fashion Week's venue.

Everyone was waiting in anticipation to find out who would win the award.

[Chapter 433](#)

They kept themselves updated with the drama online and discussed it among themselves.

Some of them grew impatient and urged the organizer to hurry up.

Out of a sudden, someone said, "Ms. X is here."

Everyone went silent and turned their heads towards the entrance.

A tall and lean figure greeted the eyes of the crowd.

The gown was made of violet see-through lace with a tube top dress as innerwear. It was sexy, yet graceful.

She walked with authority as the train of her cloak floated with the breeze.

The dress was adorned with tiny violet and white rhinestones in an asymmetrical arrangement. The designer paid attention to each detail, even the coat and hem of the skirt had elegant rhinestones hand-sewn upon them.

The luxurious tiny rhinestones sparkle under the spotlight.

It was a heavenly sight.

She looked mysterious as she paired her outfit with a silver masquerade mask that covered half of her face.

Everyone looked at her in awe.

Most of the guests wore evening gowns to the show, but none could compare to her beauty.

At one glance, anyone from the fashion industry could recognize the value of the dress.

"Oh my gosh! This evening gown is the limited edition Starry Sky Formal Wear!"

"How much is it worth?"

"I heard it's worth seven million dollar!"

"Who is she really?"

Megan sat among the crowd.

When she saw Ashlyn, her face turned pale instantly.

Damn it! Why is she here? How can this woman be so lucky? She's actually wearing the Starry Sky Formal Wear? No. I'm sure it's a counterfeit.

If she had money to buy the dress, why would she work as a mere designer in the company?

"Director, what should we do now?" Abigail leaned towards Megan and asked in a whisper.

What would happen if Ms. X found out I was the one who drugged her and tipped off the reporters?

What should I do?

Abigail was panicking inwardly.

"No one would find out if we don't breathe a word about this. Why are you panicking?" Megan glared at her angrily, "How can you achieve greater success if you're worried about this petty matter?"

"But," Abigail was about to say something when she saw Ashlyn walking towards her. Thankfully, she chose a seat next to Shannon, who was not far from them.

After the effects of the drug had dissipated, Shannon had woken up.

When her colleagues told her what happened, she nearly had an emotional breakdown.

Boss almost got raped by the two scoundrels because she didn't want to leave her behind.

When she looked at Ashlyn, her eyes reddened. She leaned towards her and held her hand, "Boss, how are you feeling? Are you okay?"

Ashlyn patted her hand reassuringly, "Don't worry. I'm fine." Then, her gaze fell on Megan, "But someone will not be."

"Boss. If anything had happened to you, I would never be able to forgive myself," Shannon said guiltily.

"Don't be silly!" Ashlyn said jokingly as she poked her forehead, "Alright. Don't cry anymore. They're going to announce the winner soon. "

Shannon wiped away the tears at the corner of her eyes and looked at the stage.

There were originally five members in the judging committees, but now only three were left. At this moment, they were seated on the judges' panel.

Before the judging committee could say a word, they heard a woman called out in a sharp voice, "As a designer, how could you wear a counterfeit dress to attend the award ceremony? You're utterly

shameless!”

Everyone turned their heads to look in the direction of the voice. It was Megan! She raised her phone and pointed at Ashlyn.

Ashlyn sat calmly on her seat and looked at Megan’s phone screen.

The dress looked almost identical to the one she was wearing, but there are some differences if one looked carefully.

The dress in the picture did not have rhinestones at the waist area, and the rhinestones design began from the waist downwards.

[Chapter 434](#)

Also, the length of the cloak only reached her calf and did not trail on the floor.

However, she believed Lucas. Based on his character, he would not have picked a knockoff dress to make her look foolish, especially at such an important event.

Thus, her expression remained calm and indifferent. She nonchalantly glanced at Megan as if she were looking at a circus clown.

“X, what do you have to say for yourself? A picture of this dress was posted on Starry Sky Formal Wear’s website, but the one you’re wearing is obviously a different set. You are a designer and yet you’re wearing a knockoff; you’re disrespecting fashion and looking down on Starry Sky Formal Wear!” Megan gloated as if she was a moralist who had made a grandiose speech.

She was dying to step all over Ashlyn.

Slut. You dared to come here after wearing such garbage clothes? How embarrassing!

I must screw her and never let her show her face as a designer again!

The other guests at the venue originally sympathized with Ashlyn regarding the news. They had also felt that the dress she wore was incredibly stunning.

After hearing Megan’s intense questioning, they could not help but scorn.

After all, she was a designer who had worn a knockoff attire at such an important event like Fashion Week. It was seen as an insult to other designers.

There was not a single hint of personal integrity nor professional ethics.

Ashlyn silently stared at Megan. She was also confused and was wracking her brains on why the attire

she was wearing was not the same as the one on the website.

However, she could not find any proper excuse at that moment and could only observe quietly.

Suddenly, an imposing voice was heard from the crowd. "Who said she's wearing a knockoff attire?"

Everyone whipped their head around and saw a man over 60 years old who had stepped forward.

"Goodness! Isn't this Starry Sky Formal Wear's designer, Alexander Mike?"

"Why is he here?"

"It's always difficult to invite him to events!"

"My gosh! I can't believe that I'm seeing my idol! He's the Ultimate God among the gods of designers!"

"His presence is heaven!"

Beside the middle-aged man stood another young man who donned a high-quality black suit. He was incredibly handsome and could easily be labeled as the face of Eurasia. With his chiseled features, powerful aura, and nature-defying long legs, he did not look inferior even when standing beside the fashionista god-like icon.

Both of them walked forward together and stopped in front of Ashlyn.

Ashlyn blinked, her almond-shaped eyes glistening. Lucas? Why was he with Alexander Mike?

After he had driven her to the venue, he had left first and said that he had other matters to tend to.

She did not think that he would come back, and with the fashionista icon for that matter.

Upon seeing Alexander Mike, the three judges immediately stood up. They were flustered and awkward and did not seem to know where to put their hands.

"Mr. Mike... Sir... You..." Kevin's voice was shaking.

Mike raised a hand at him as a gesture for him to keep quiet.

Kevin immediately shut up and did not dare to utter another word.

This godly man had a strange temper, but no one dared to offend the number one fashionista icon.

Kevin Lynch did not dare to speak, while others did not even dare to make a sound.

He was the benchmark of the fashion industry and had a set of eyes that could discern beauty.

Ashlyn had a figure comparable to that of a model's but she had a unique charm to herself. This made her outstanding. Models were usually as thin as a stick to be able to qualify to walk the catwalk but they fail to bring out the true beauty of that dress.

In his eyes, models were just walking mannequins.

On the other hand, Ashlyn shone in her dress, showing off the beauty of the stunning dress to its truest form.

Whether it was her golden proportions or her height, the clothes had fit her perfectly!

[Chapter 435](#)

He absolutely adored Ashlyn.

Although Mike had a cold expression on when he looked at Kevin Lynch, he was all smiles when he spoke to Ashlyn, "This formal wear is indeed different from the one on the website; I had altered it to tailor to your disposition, hence the extra rhinestones. The length of the cloak was custom-made according to your measurements as well and it is meant to longer. Ms. X, you have expressed this dress exceptionally well. I am very satisfied. If you get married in the future and I'm still around, I will make you a wedding gown personally."

As soon as he finished talking, the crowd erupted in chatter.

Gosh!

Mike actually offered to tailor a wedding gown for X?

What kind of special treatment is this?

If the Queen wants Mike to design her a dress, she probably would have to queue on the waiting list too!

Megan was clearly fuming. Her jealousy and resentment were impossible to hide from her face.

She glared at Ashlyn maliciously and almost screamed her frustration out.

If not for Abigail, who had continuously pulled on her arm, she would have lunged forward to tear apart Ashlyn's face.

Why is this slut always so lucky?

She even manage to get on Mike's good side!

I work so hard and put in so much effort for everything, but no one ever acknowledges me.

This slut stole my limelight in the company and I had no choice but to accept it the hard way. Nonetheless, when she came to Fashion Week she once again shone and was the center of attention! Why is it that everything was always about her?

Her mind could not be reconciled.

Mike turned around and complimented Lucas, "Mr. Nolan, you have good taste."

After saying so, he walked to the stage and said to Kevin Lynch, "I was invited to become the fourth judge of today's Debut Fashion Show. I hope we work well together."

"Welcome to Fashion Show, Sir."

"It's our honor to have you here."

The other three members of the judging committee quickly said. Gosh! Being in the judging committee with the fashionista icon himself was like a dream come true!

After a short discussion among the four judging committee members, the award ceremony finally began.

All the guests and designers had their eyes nervously fixed on the stage.

One by one, the awards were given away to the recipients.

They include the Inspiration Awards, the Fashion Awards, London Lingerie Awards, Highest Sales Award, Most Popular Designer Award, and etcetera.

Every designer who had won a prize was overjoyed.

After all, this was an award from the Debut Fashion Show, which was a prestigious event.

After seeing the different awards being taken by one after another recipient, Megan's initial hope for an award died down.

Could it be that I... I really won't get anything?

At the moment, the emcee announced, "I will now announce the Best Designer Award. Please welcome our guest of honor."

After the guest of honor stepped onto the stage, the big screen behind the emcee started to display the shortlisted candidates: Megan Hobbs from Eurasia, Ms. X from Eurasia, Mia Delaney from Australia, Emme Bree from Italy...”

Megan frowned slightly. She and X were shortlisted at the same time for the same award?

She had initially lost all hope in winning an award. To think that she had been shortlisted for the Best Designer Award!

Her heart was filled with resentment. If she had known better that the two scumbags would be arrested, she would not have resorted to sleeping with them in exchange for the award.

She was toyed with for nothing. The more she thought about it, the more irritated she got.

How could I be so unlucky? Those two scumbags toyed with so many women. Could it be that they have some sort of unspeakable, contagious disease?

Fear dawned on her but she did not dare to show it.

Abigail was both excited and nervous. Ms. Hobbs, your name is up there! Yay!”

Megan put on a calm and indifferent front. She brushed her hair aside and said, “So what? It’s just a shortlist.”

Abigail’s eyes were filled with excitement as she looked towards the big screen. When she saw the display on the screen, her eyes widened. “Ms. Hobbs! You’re... You’re up there!”

“Of course I’m up there, I was shortlisted! They would definitely have to play my video clip...” Megan said as if Abigail was a country bumpkin. However, before she could finish her sentence, she saw what was really being played on the screen.

[Chapter 436](#)

It was the CCTV footage of Megan doing it with two of the judges! Her clothes were disheveled and her actions were bold, while the two men were smiling salaciously.

That break room had a surveillance camera?

Tell me it’s not true!

Her mind went blank as beads of sweat formed on her forehead.

How did this happen?

The video had the audio recording as well. Each and every word penetrated through her ears.

She stood up like she had gone crazy. She ran towards the stage and shouted, “No, don’t play that! Turn it off! Turn it off!”

“Turn it all off! That’s not me, you can tell it’s not!”

Her eyes were so wide they seemed to bulge out; that expression was startling. She continued to scream, “It’s not me, this is a set-up! X, this must be your set-up, you’re trying to ruin me!”

“Oh my gosh! It didn’t occur to me that she was the woman who messed around with the judging committee!”

“She always talked as if she was so innocent and she even doubted the originality of X’s outfit.”

“I couldn’t tell that this woman was so rotten in the core, as she looks quite innocent and pure on the outside.”

“This is an eyesore.”

The video was very short and it finished playing very soon. It switched over to the introduction video of the next shortlisted designer.

However, everyone could not help but start to discuss.

Such a shocking and shameful matter had inevitably destroyed Megan’s reputation.

The organizers and judging committee of Fashion Week were completely stupefied as well.

What in the world is happening?

There were quite a few designers from Eurasia, especially the workers of LX, who desperately wanted to strangle Megan to death.

How shameful! She brought shame to the country and let the people down!

This Fashion Week was just filled with one climax after another, with weird news constantly appearing. Within a few moments, it had garnered all attention across the globe.

Ashlyn and Shannon were also shocked.

Such a video was bound to completely destroy Megan.

It was likely that she would never be able to keep her foothold in the fashion industry anymore. Furthermore, it was likely that no other company would even dare hire her.

She would probably have to live with this for the rest of her life.

Mike from the judging committee bellowed, "Security, take this crazy woman away!"

Immediately, a number of security guards ran out and dragged Megan, who had obviously lost her mind, out of the room.

Megan's insults and screams gradually faded away.

However, the crowd continued to chatter among themselves.

"Are you satisfied?" Suddenly, a deep and attractive male voice was heard.

Ashlyn looked over to the source of the voice. She was met with Lucas's handsome features and pitch-black eyes, which were focused on her.

This was Lucas's doing.

She knew it. There was no one other than him who would do such a thing.

Before she could do anything, he had already helped her to settle the obstacle and enacted revenge for her.

Her heart fluttered slightly.

This man was using his own means to help her, protect her, and love her.

She was not a cold-hearted woman; everyone has feelings.

Under his brooding gaze, she became flustered and her heart started to race.

Just as she was figuring how she should respond to Lucas, the guest of honor spoke.

"And the Best Designer Award goes to Ms. X from Eurasia! Her Eurasia Charms series was simply astounding; it was embedded with historical significance and ancient culture, and is definitely worth pondering over!"

"You... You won," Shannon said, stunned. She pinched herself in the leg and yelped in pain. "Ouch! This is not a dream! Boss, you really won!"

A round of applause was heard as Ashlyn stood up, concealing her mixed emotions. "I'm going up."

She stepped forward in her high heels and long legs and gracefully walked towards the stage.

When she walked past Lucas, he suddenly extended a hand to smooth out her dress. Ashlyn stared at him; her gaze lingered at his handsome features that everyone envied, his high nose bridge, and his pursed lips.

This man was noble and elegant, and yet at that moment, he had bent over to help her tidy her dress.

[Chapter 437](#)

She clenched her fists and felt a turmoil of emotions in her heart.

When he treated her well, he would treat her like an empress.

It was just that she would never be able to accept him.

In this life, she was destined to be different from others. The burden on her shoulders made her bound to never be able to live as an ordinary girl or have an ordinary family. Her mother was still waiting for her. Her Spirogyra has yet to be cured.

She regained her composure as she got past Lucas and continued walking to the stage.

Everyone's line of sight was focused on Ashlyn. Her aura, her figure, and even the front she put on carried an air of elegance; she looked as if she was always meant to be in the spotlight.

Lucas, who was seated offstage, had his usual indifferent expression on, but with a hint of warmth.

His dark eyes silently gazed at Ashlyn on the stage. She was so pretty, so celestial-looking, and so elegant.

This was how his woman should be; radiant and show-stopping.

Ashlyn stood on the stage and looked at the rows of guests below. The corners of her red lips curled up. There was a crowd down there, but her eyes only saw Lucas.

She could clearly feel that Lucas was looking at her.

Although there were a lot of people, she could feel Lucas' unwavering gaze focused on her.

It seemed like the world around her faded away and time stood still.

She just stood there with all eyes on her, until the emcee smiled and asked, "Congratulations, Ms. X! You're a very talented designer. How do you feel at this moment?"

Ashlyn smiled and replied, "I'm pretty excited! After all, this is Fashion Week's Debut Fashion Show and

it's a really prestigious event. Receiving this award is a form of recognition and encouragement to me. I would like to thank the judging committee for choosing me; and my co-workers too, without you all, I won't be here today!"

She paused before saying, "Everyone knows that quite a few unpleasant things happened to me today. These incidents will not become my weakness, and will make me stronger and more determined. I want to thank a person who showed up whenever I need.. It is a gem to feel warmth in the outside world, but he managed to let me feel that."

Ashlyn was not a mushy nor a sentimental person.

However, she knew that in life, there were not many such chances.

Thus, she wanted to express her gratitude for Lucas.

When a man who was handsome and loaded came to her humbly and offered his love and care for her, it would be a lie to say that she was not moved.

Ashlyn let out a long breath and bowed.

The audience immediately erupted with applause.

Abigail's face drained of color as she sat in her seat. She was cold and cold sweat continued to form on her back, soaking through her shirt.

It's over, it's all over...

X got the award, and Ms. Hobbs was exposed.

What should I do? Would X take everything out one me?

The award ceremony finally ended.

Shannon excitedly flung her phone in front of Ashlyn's face. "Boss, a major stockholder from our company personally rushed over to congratulate you!"

"Really?" Ashlyn raised her brows.

"Let's go. The major stockholder booked a five-star restaurant! Wow... It's good to be rich." Shannon raised her phone and continued, "I was informed by our president just now!"

A few of her other colleagues were also overwhelmed with joy and followed Ashlyn out.

When they passed by Lucas, Ashlyn stopped in her tracks and said in a calm, crisp tone, "Mr. Nolan,

would you like to join us for a meal?"

Lucas stood there silently. Everyone else hustled and bustled, which singled him out and made him seem out of place.

"It's okay. I have another dinner to attend to."

Then, he stood up and walked toward Mike.

The sky was turning dark and the city lit up.

At the entrance of a five-star restaurant...

Abigail put on a big smile and said, "Congratulations, Ms. X! You're really amazing."

[Chapter 438](#)

"I don't think that's what you said last time," Shannon said coldly. "Now that Megan has fallen, you've come to bootlick our boss? What are you trying to do?"

"I was blind last time. I have to listen to Megan's orders since I work under her. Actually, I... I have always liked you, Ms. X," Abigail hurriedly explained. "I hope that Ms. X won't take offense."

Ashlyn stopped in her tracks and shot Abigail a piercing glare. "What kind of person are you?"

Under Ashlyn's intense stare, beads of cold sweat unknowingly started to form on Abigail's forehead. "I... I..."

Why didn't I notice how scary X can be in the past?

"Aren't you a petty person! A person who is easily swayed and just goes with the flow. You'll do anything to please anyone in power. A lapdog like you will definitely die within 3 episodes in a palace drama, being nothing more than cannon fodder," Shannon jeered as she continually hurled insults at Abigail. She finally managed to release her pent-up anger.

Ashlyn could care less about a person like Abigail; she came to her so quickly only because she was afraid that Ashlyn would take revenge on her.

She looked at Abigail expressionlessly and said, "Go on in, don't make the major stockholder wait."

Abigail could only follow them in gloomily.

The five-star restaurant was indeed extravagant. Even the lobby on the first floor was furnished to be luxurious and lavish.

The rest area in the lobby was quite packed.

Penelope held onto Mary's arm as she scanned the crowd, eyes wide with admiration.

"Mom, this place is really luxurious."

"Don't make yourself look like a country bumpkin. You are a socialite of Count's Mansion now; remember that," Mary reminder her daughter, frowning.

Penelope was clad in a purple suit, the latest arrival of the season, and her plus-size thighs were hidden underneath the wide-legged pants.

In her hand was a Ctene bag from the latest collection.

Beside Penelope stood Mary, who had dressed up lavishly. There were at least three jade rings and gemstone rings on her fingers.

Penelope restrained herself from staring at everything in awe. However, after a few moments, she could not help but ask, "Mom, did Uncle really reserve the most expensive and luxurious junior ballroom for us?"

Mary gracefully tousled her hair before she said haughtily, "Of course. Your Uncle wouldn't lie to us."

A few socialites ladies stood behind both of them; they were all the nobles from Maredania.

Since Count's Mansion found the long-lost mother and daughter pair, they naturally wanted to come to visit.

Count's Mansion had invited all of them to spectate London's Fashion Week, while the role of the emcees for this event was assigned to Penelope and Mary.

After being personally assigned a task by the lady of Count Mansion, Mary felt elated.

Who am I now? I'm the true legitimate daughter of Count's Mansion!

And my younger brother listens to whatever I said!

Although her brother never followed her around, as soon as she called, he would arrange and prepare whatever she needed.

Just like now, her younger brother had reserved the junior ballroom for her. She wanted to invite a few noblewomen to a small party.

This time, she brought 8 sets of costumes and 10 other sets of casual wear.

Sigh. It feels so good to be rich.

Just at that moment, the lobby manager dressed in a uniform walked over, “Ms. Canter, nice to meet you.”

Mary poked her chin into the air with an arrogant look. “Please bring my distinguished guests directly to the ballroom. I’ll leave our luggage to you.”

The lobby manager looked slightly uncomfortable as he knew that Mary was not someone to be trifled with. “Yes Ma’am... It’s just that... I have something I need to tell you.”

Mary narrowed her eyes. “What do you want to say?”

The lobby manager rubbed his hands together. “The thing is, the junior ballroom had been booked by another important guest.”

[Chapter 439](#)

Everyone knew their hotel’s junior ballroom was the best among London’s five-star hotels, hence advanced booking was necessary.

It wasn’t because the hotel didn’t want to honor the spirit of the contract, but money speaks louder than actions.

Mary looked intimidating as she spoke through gritted teeth, “What did you say?”

You gave my junior ballroom to someone else?

Are you kidding me?

Her body shook in anger and she said in a shrill voice, “Is this the kind of service a five-star hotel should have? I booked it first. How dare you give it to someone else? I’m going to lodge a complaint!”

She had already promised her circle of socialites that she would hold a party for them at the junior ballroom, only to find out that the venue had been given to someone else.

Any sane person would be angry.

Moreover, this was her first private party as a host. She dreaded being ridiculed by those bluebloods and felt like she was making a fool of herself.

How could they? I’m the daughter of a Count. Mary’s chest heaved as she unleashed her inner vixen. “Who is it? Who disrupted my party? I demand an explanation from that person!”

“Ms. Canter, I don’t think that’s a good idea,” the manager couldn’t help but exclaim at the thought of that man, “He’s a very important person.”

“And I’m the daughter of the Count of Maredania. Am I not important?” Mary snapped and headed towards the elevator.

Penelope scolded the hotel manager angrily, “How could you give the junior ballroom to someone else?”

At this moment, a few youngsters suddenly walked towards the elevator while having a merry conversation.

Penelope looked up and saw a familiar figure flash before her eyes.

Ashlyn? No, that can’t be.

How could I run into that jinx in such a sophisticated place?

Penelope’s line of sight was blocked as the elevator’s doors closed. She didn’t manage to get a good look at the figure.

The junior ballroom was located at the top of the hotel. The elevator soon reached the top level.

Mary and Penelope stormed out of the elevator. Right at that moment, the doors of the other elevator opened and out walked a few youngsters.

“Boss, this is it. Our biggest shareholder is in this banquet hall.”

The leader of the group was a tall and slender lady dressed in a Starry Sky gown. She looked like an elegant and pretty angel.

Her head was slightly tilted as she listened to the people around her talk, while her beauty and commanding presence shone through the silver mask she was wearing.

“A-Ashlyn!”

Mary widened her eyes in shock. She could recognize Ashlyn no matter what disguise she put on after having lived with her for so many years.

Why is that bi*** here?

Is she the one who snatched away my junior ballroom?

No, that's impossible!

At the moment, Penelope had also recognized Ashlyn. She tightened her grip around Mary's arms.
"Mom, it really is Ashlyn!"

Her eyes weren't playing tricks on her just now, it really was Ashlyn without a doubt.

Ashlyn glanced at the mother-daughter pair briefly when she heard those familiar piercing voices. She passed them by without pausing and headed towards the junior ballroom.

Mary's mind went into a frenzy. She couldn't believe it. How could she? She was already back to being the Count's daughter, but why was Ashlyn still disrupting her plans?

She refused to accept this fate!

Mary ditched Penelope and strode towards Ashlyn with a heavy layer of makeup on her face.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn and her colleagues were presenting their invitation cards at the junior ballroom's entrance.

Suddenly, a tight slap landed on Ashlyn's cheeks like a fierce whirlwind.

Ashlyn took a step backward and grabbed her attacker's wrist. Her icy gaze landed on Mary, who was steaming mad and looked menacing.

[Chapter 440](#)

"How could you snatch away the junior ballroom I reserved? Did you hook up with some rich man again?"

All of Mary's effort beforehand to make herself look and sound like a sophisticated lady became futile the moment she saw Ashlyn step foot into the junior ballroom.

Her eyes were filled with resentment as she glared at Ashlyn. She badly wanted to feed the latter to the dogs.

Penelope also chided, "What right do you have to come here? You're not worthy of this place. I don't think you can even afford to stay here for one night!"

Both women hounded Ashlyn like a pair of mad dogs that wanted to rip Ashlyn's head off in the next moment to vent out their anger and frustration.

"Where did these two psychos come from?" Shannon said angrily, "When did the security of a five-star hotel become this bad?"

"Maybe they're just a pair of mad dogs," Ashlyn replied nonchalantly as she shook Mary's hands off.

She never expected to meet Mary and Penelope here.

How did the mother and daughter turn their lives around? They no longer have any source of income after Horace was placed behind bars. They can't be this well off.

They look like the nouveau riche in their expensive jewelry and branded clothes.

Mary was especially arrogant and domineering today. Those who didn't know any better would have thought she was a bully.

Mary gritted her teeth and glared at Ashlyn. She was completely taken over by rage as she cursed, "Don't think I can't recognize you with your mask on. Stop acting!"

"Yeah, my mom's right. You didn't become some rich man's mistress, did you? Is that why you're wearing a mask?" Penelope mocked, "It's only fitting for people like you to sleep with bald, old men in exchange for some money."

Ashlyn couldn't be bothered with the mother-daughter pair anymore. She merely looked at them and said, "Please give way; we're going in."

Mary smiled coldly, rolled her eyes, and blocked the entrance with her arms crossed. "You want to go in? Don't even think about it. I was first to reserve this junior ballroom! Who do you think you are? You're just a dirty bi***!"

The more she thought about it, the more enraged she became.

Ashlyn was the sole reason her husband was put behind bars and also the reason her company went bankrupt. Because of Ashlyn, Mary was made a laughing stock among Lake City's socialites.

Mary loathed Ashlyn so much she wanted to skin her alive and drink her blood.

She couldn't control herself anymore as she raised her hand to land another slap on Ashlyn's face.

However, another hand grabbed hers before Ashlyn could even make a move.

The man wasn't gentle with her at all as he threw her onto the ground.

Mary fell to the floor and pain shot up her tailbone.

Nevertheless, she quickly stood up and barked furiously, "Do you know who I am? How dare you hit me?"

“Throw her out.”

A man’s icy voice spoke up from behind.

Mary looked over in surprise and saw Lucas, dressed in a black suit, walking towards Ashlyn. He had cold eyes and a domineering presence. The corridor lighting made his handsome features even more prominent.

Each step he took sent chills down everyone’s spine.

He’s classy and elegant, yet cold and indifferent.

“M-Mr. Nolan? What are you doing here?” Mary widened her eyes in disbelief as her body trembled.

But then she quickly came back to her senses. So what if it’s Lucas Nolan? I’m now the daughter of the Count of Maredania. Why should I fear him?

She puffed out her chest and glared at Spencer, who had pushed her to the ground a moment ago.

“Who do you think you are? How dare you treat me as such?”

She pulled Penelope over and said, “Mr. Nolan, do you know who we are right now? Do you still want to do business in Maredania? Huh? Nothing good will come to you if you offend us. I’m telling you, my daughter is a hundred times nobler than that bi*** Ashlyn!”