

Extraordinary 51

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Meanwhile, in the cockpit of the aircraft, trouble was brewing.
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Lucas Nolan was in his captain's uniform, and his big hands were focused on maneuvering the plane.

His handsome face was stern and strict, while his gaze was fully focused on the front view of his cockpit.

There was a strong echo displayed on the radar, which appeared as a huge red blip on the large map. Only a small portion of the area on the map was shown in yellow, and there was hardly any area shown in green.

The airborne radar was showing signs of a thunderstorm ahead. In terms of weather variance, a thunderstorm of this magnitude was possibly the most dangerous situation that any pilot could face.

On the radar, the red represented an area affected by a thunderstorm. Yellow indicated an area that one could fly through, albeit cautiously, while green signified a safe zone.

This time, unfortunately, almost all the blips on the radar were displayed in red.

Lucas knew that this approaching thunderstorm covered a very vast area.

"Damn! Captain Nolan, what should we do now?" His co-pilot Fred was feeling nervous. His forehead was drenched with cold sweat.

He had been flying with Lucas for a long time and had never encountered such a situation before.

How did Captain Nolan manage to face such dangers without even a change in his expression? One wrong move, one wrong decision, and the entire plane full of passengers would be in great jeopardy!

"We must go around!"

Lucas' face was unflinching and solemn, filled with decisive determination.

His gaze was sharp, staring head-on without a trace of panic as though what was in front of him was not a matter of life or death, but rather just another ordinary flight day.

"If we fly around, the rapid airflow outside would be unimaginable! The intense pressure may even damage the plane!" Fred's voice sounded flustered.

“We must chart a course with a wider distance around to avoid the thunderstorm.” Lucas scanned the readings on the control screen, for he had turned off the autopilot earlier.

Fred calmed his mind and began contacting the air control for permission to fly around. The distance charted would be extremely long, much longer than the normal flight path.

Indeed, weather changes were simply too unpredictable.

Furthermore, thunderstorms could cause dangerous air torrents that would cripple an aircraft flying through, especially for airplanes that were already experiencing violent turbulence.

Perhaps Lucas’ carefully thought-out decision was correct after all.

He began to expand the scope of the radar.

However, at that moment, the air traffic control radioed in and informed them, “Your 558X does not

have enough distance and safe clearance to fly around.”

Lucas immediately commanded Fred, “Begin the ascent.”

The air traffic control echoed his decision, “You may ascent. Please choose your height of ascent.”

Lucas’ voice was cool and decisive over the radio. “Applying for 2000 feet!”

Upon receiving confirmation from the air control, Lucas guided the plane up for the ascent.

The plane began its detour ascent to avoid the storm. Five minutes later, the turbulence gradually eased. At long last, after the plane had been ascending for ten minutes, the flight became stable with no further turbulence.

Fred heaved a sigh of relief, “Captain, I almost peed my pants.” All signs of tension seemed to dissipate from his expression.

Just then, a flight attendant entered the cockpit and asked, “Captain Nolan, how’s the situation?”

“The plane is now flying normally. Everything is under control.” Fred wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead. As they were working hard to get the plane under control, Fred and Captain Nolan hardly paid any heed to the surroundings of the cabin.

Realizing that the stewardess who had entered earlier was not Nancy, he asked, “Where is the chief attendant? How is the situation in the cabin?”

The flight attendant appeared spooked and answered, “Nancy was knocked over by the turbulence and had bumped into a door earlier. She’s currently injured.”

“She’s injured?” Fred stood up with concern. “Let me go over and have a look. The bad turbulence must have caused the passengers to be scared witless as well.”

“It was really scary. Even I was frightened. However... Mrs. Nolan managed to make calm of the situation.”

As the flight attendant relayed the previous events, her eyes appeared star-struck, as a hint of envy and admiration laced her tone. “You must’ve been unaware. Mrs. Nolan was so cool earlier! More so than I, who has been an air stewardess for so many years! She was more professional and experienced than anyone else, especially when it came to reassuring the passengers of their safety!”

Lucas’ unflinching, good-looking face relaxed upon hearing that.

As his icy demeanor seemed to have melted, Lucas’ charmingly baritone voice asked incredulously, “Did you just say... My wife?”

“Yes! Captain Nolan! Why didn’t you introduce your outstanding wife to us earlier?” The flight attendant, seeing that the plane was safely on its way, cast aside her worries as she excitedly chattered on. The atmosphere grew lighter and increasingly cheerful.

Right after that, she turned around and left. “I’m going to announce the good news, now that we’re safe.”

Soon, the voice of the flight attendant reverberated throughout the cabin’s intercom.

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The plane had returned to normal as the turbulence had passed.

The passengers, who had been nervous all this while, heaved a long sigh of relief almost simultaneously, joyful that they were now safe.

“Great! It’s finally over!”

“I’d thought that we might’ve died today.”

“Mom! Isn’t Mrs. Nolan cool? Captain Nolan is awesome too!”

“Yes, agreed!”

“Mrs. Nolan is so calm and collected. She’s so awesome!”

Some passengers even started cheering and jumping for joy.

The air stewardesses quickly stopped them, as they requested for them to quiet down.

The one who was feeling the most downcast was probably Yakov. My goodness! I didn’t expect such a magnificent and good-looking lady to be already married.

Right at this juncture, a captivating baritone voice broadcasted from the intercom, “Hello everyone. This is your captain of this flight speaking. I’m Captain Lucas Nolan. The airplane was affected by a nearby thunderstorm earlier, causing severe turbulence. On behalf of South Star Airlines and all the crew members, I sincerely apologize to everyone. Thank you for your understanding and cooperation, and for your trust in me and my crew. Finally, I wish to thank my wife for calming everyone down during such an ordeal. Thank you to all the members of the cabin crew for your efforts. Our plane will be arriving safely in Italy in fifteen minutes. Lastly, I wish you all a pleasant journey and thank you for choosing South Star Airlines.”

The pilot spoke in English first before repeating the broadcast in French.

“Oh my goodness!”

“This Captain Nolan is so perfect! Not only is he handsome, but rather, his voice is irresistible as well!”

“His piloting skills must be top-notch!”

“Awesome! I will only travel with South Star Airlines in the future!”

“Mrs. Nolan has such a kind heart. She has a beautiful look to match it too!”

“What a perfect pair made in heaven!”

Ashlyn had just returned to her seat when she heard Lucas’ voice over the broadcast. She felt reminiscent all of a sudden.

The passengers around her kept thanking her as she smiled at them.

Meanwhile, Jenny’s head was buzzing. Is it true... That she is really Mrs. Nolan?

Lucas Nolan’s legal wife?

The bombshell revelation was too much for her to handle. She was dealt a devastating blow.

Meanwhile, Nancy sat on her seat with a headache. Upon hearing that the plane was finally safe, the adrenaline rush that was holding her together subsided. Her eyes went dark as she blacked out.

A flight attendant who was standing nearby took notice of this and asked, “Chief attendant, what’s the matter with you?”

Ashlyn got up and walked over, touching Nancy’s nose to check her breathing. Soon, she flipped Nancy’s eyelids open to observe her pupils. She checked Nancy’s body again and felt relieved to sense her steady breathing and strong pulse.

Fortunately, it was not serious. She had merely fainted from the pain. It was just a minor trauma.

Jenny exclaimed irritably with an aggressive tone, “What are you doing?”

“She’s just passed out temporarily. It’s nothing serious,” Ashlyn told the annoyed flight attendant. “In addition to that, she’d suffered from extreme mental pressure earlier. Let her rest to regain her strength, and she’ll wake up after a while.”

“Excuse me! Are there any doctors around? Doctors?” Suddenly, a nervous-looking young man who was sweating profusely rushed over from the economy class section of the cabin.

Ashlyn handed Nancy over to the nearby flight attendant and said, "Take good care of her."

Immediately after that, she rushed towards the young man. "I'm a doctor. What is wrong with your mother?"

"Mrs. Nolan has such a kind heart. She has a beautiful look to match it too!"

"You're a doctor? Great!" The young man could not care less about Ashlyn's youthful appearance. He grabbed her by her arm. "My mother has mild high blood pressure. She had it under control all this while. However, when the plane shook wildly, she panicked. She is now gasping and experiencing difficulty in breathing. The oxygen mask doesn't seem to help at all!"

The young man ranted on, as Ashlyn followed him to his seat. She saw a plainly dressed middle-aged woman sitting there, her face deathly pale, her lips drained of color, and her chest constantly rising and falling as she gasped for air.

She exhaled more breaths than she inhaled.

"She is showing obvious symptoms of anxiety, panic, dizziness, and mental fatigue. Does she carry any oral antihypertensive medication on her? The type she usually takes at home?" Ashlyn asked as she held the middle-aged woman's wrist and checked her pulse. As she did not have her stethoscope with her, she had no way of performing any auscultation on the woman, and could only rely on visual observation of the woman's breathing pattern.

"Ever since my mother's high blood pressure had dipped some time ago, she hadn't had any medication. That's why she's here now. She'd wanted to fly abroad to relax. She had never been overseas her whole life. I can't believe such a disaster had happened on her very first flight!" The young man lamented bitterly.

He seemed as though he was a very filial son.

“Don’t cry,” Ashlyn tried to comfort him. “I’d noticed some middle-aged passengers present on this flight. Now go and ask them one by one whether any one of them has medicine for lowering blood pressure. Your mother is nervous, and that’s why her blood pressure had spiked so suddenly.”

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The young man wiped away his tears as he started going around to ask others.

Ashlyn clasped the middle-aged woman’s hand and soothingly assured her, “Madam, hear me out. Our flight is very safe. My husband is the captain of this flight. He’s Lucas Nolan, and I am his wife. Don’t be afraid. Being on the same flight as him, my husband definitely wouldn’t want me to die. He will certainly prioritize our safe arrival in Italy.”

The middle-aged woman shook her head weakly, her breathing still unstable.

“You must be strong. Once we get off the plane, you will be sent to the hospital immediately. You have a filial son so you must hold on for his sake. Do you understand?” Ashlyn continued to comfort the woman.

“Thank goodness! Someone had brought along some antihypertensive pills!” exclaimed the young man excitedly.

“Give it to your mother. And come over here to comfort her. If you continue to cry, who is going to take care of your mother?” Ashlyn commanded.

The other passengers in the cabin observed Ashlyn silently. Not only was she beautiful, but she was also confident and her presence radiated a certain comforting assurance to all who were around her.

Ashlyn stayed beside the middle-aged woman all the way until the airplane had landed smoothly.

Several ambulances were already waiting, along with the medical staff. The passengers alighted from the plane in an orderly fashion one after another as directed by the air stewardesses.

From afar, the doctors and nurses came rushing over and carried away the middle-aged woman, as well as Nancy in stretchers before loading them up into the ambulances. Soon, the ambulances sped away from the scene with sirens wailing.

The passengers who alighted the plane did not immediately leave.

Instead, they waited patiently at the airport tarmac for a long while.

They had waited for all the cabin crew members to disembark until they had finally seen Lucas. Without a word, they all applauded in unison.

Standing at the door of the cabin, Lucas appeared tall and slender. His captain's uniform fitted him perfectly, carrying with it a certain confidence-inspiring aura.

His handsome face was stoic and serious, as his expression was capable of making others shudder.

However, everyone there felt awed and assured by his presence, for he was the hero who had piloted the plane, landing it safely.

He ordered the air stewardesses to return the passports that were previously confiscated from the dark and light-skinned duo.

The duo looked at him excitedly and proclaimed, "You are the best pilot. We are honored to be your passengers."

This was followed by another burst of applause from the crowd.

Lucas bowed and thanked the crowd. The co-pilot and the stewardesses behind him did the same. "Thank you all for your understanding and trust!"

"Captain Nolan! Thank you!"

At this moment, the airport ground crew began to usher them away from the tarmac. "Please don't disrupt our normal workflow. We understand everyone's desire to linger around. However, there will soon be other planes landing, hence it will be dangerous for everyone to stay here."

The passengers who alighted the plane did not immediately leave.

Lucas motioned for the crowd to disperse and make their leave.

The passengers pushed their luggage away reluctantly.

Ashlyn pulled her own suitcase along and walked, with the departing crowd.

Suddenly, a big hand reached out and grabbed her arm, “Mrs. Nolan, may I know where you are headed to?”

“Excuse me, Lucas Nolan. I referred to myself as Mrs. Nolan on the plane to calm and comfort the passengers. Coincidentally, at that time, your chief stewardess was injured and couldn’t do anything. I simply didn’t want the cabin crew to panic and get out of control. After all, I don’t plan on dying just yet. Especially not while I’m still in the sky.”

Ashlyn looked up to see Lucas, who was holding his captain’s cap in his hand, peering down at her.

Their eyes met, and an icy gleam flashed in her eyes.

Lucas replied with annoyance, “Ashlyn, I’m just here to tell you that the title of Mrs. Nolan can only be used once.”

He had thought that Ashlyn had some form of sentimental nostalgia for that name, so he took the initiative during the flight to call her by that title.

As a result, this ungrateful woman had actually wounded him with her snide remarks.

Ashlyn coldly smiled, “Captain Nolan, I do intend to only do so once. This time, it was merely an accident. Don’t worry, I won’t cling to you.”

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Having said that, she turned and walked away.

Lucas stood there helplessly, as he watched her leave, closing his eyes in annoyance. Evidently, he had not intended to say such a thing upon chasing after her. However, when he heard her words of sarcasm, he could not control himself and blurted those hurtful words out instead.

After leaving Ashlyn, his temper had gotten worse.

He quickly took out his mood stabilizer medication from his pocket and popped two pills. If he allowed his temper to worsen, the consequences would be disastrous...

Several young stewardesses noticed the exchange and whispered amongst themselves. "Is Captain Nolan arguing with her?"

Jenny could not hide her glee. "I think that she is definitely not Mrs. Nolan. Why wouldn't they walk together otherwise?"

"However, it was Captain Nolan himself who'd stated that she was Mrs. Nolan!"

"I guess that it was merely an act to calm the passengers down? After all, back then, our chief stewardess was injured, and the rest of us were terrified. No one stood up to take charge except for her."

"I think that she is really cool! Although she appears young, she is full of courage!"

The few of them ignored Jenny and continued their lively chattering. "Also, when she'd saved that madam... Woah! I'd loved her look of pure confidence!"

"Yes, that's agreed! She didn't seem to panic at all from the beginning!"

"Truth be told, although I am also a girl, I am slightly attracted by her bravado."

Jenny stared at them with a distorted look. "Can we all work together nicely? Don't just ignore me."

"Dorine, have you forgotten about the Armani lipstick that I'd given you?"

"And you Sterwina, what about the YSL cushion foundation that I'd gifted you?"

She almost screamed as she called them out, one by one.

Her expression was filled with jealousy and viciousness.

She was so jealous of Ashlyn that she felt like tearing her hair out.

"It was you who had said that these brands were not suited for you. You threw them at us like trash. I, for one, didn't feel a single ounce of sincerity from your gifts."

"Me neither. So, Jenny, we are your colleagues. Even though our families are not as rich as yours, we are not your servants and we have no obligation to serve you."

Dorine and Sterwina retorted this softly, emptying the thoughts that they had long kept inside.

A mere mention of Ashlyn makes her mad. Now, these colleagues are doing the same.

Jenny was so angry, to the point where she felt like fainting. She vehemently walked away alone, pressing down her high heels as though the floor beneath her feet was Ashlyn's face.

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As Ashlyn emerged from the airport doors, there were already people waiting for her. Upon seeing her, they greeted her respectfully.

"Boss!"

"Let's return to the safe house."

Ashlyn calmly gave the order.

"Aye!"

Her car brought her to a luxurious manor in the span of half an hour.

The manor was extremely marvelous, surrounded by a garden of lavenders. Whenever a light breeze blew by, the air would be filled with a faint fragrance of the flowers.

Two rows of men in black lined the gate to the manor. Upon seeing the car rolling up and stopping at the gate of the main building, everyone immediately bowed in salutation and shouted, "Boss!"

As the car door opened, a beautiful, fair, and delicate hand appeared, followed by a pair of white flats that came into view. A pair of slender legs stepped out of the door, and a lady in a creamy purple dress emerged, before everyone.

She almost screamed as she called them out, one by one.

The lady's face was exquisite; her glittering eyes were calm like water, almost as if nothing in this world could disturb them.

"Well, come in."

Ashlyn spoke and stepped into the living room with confident strides.

The inside of the manor was decorated luxuriously, filled with priceless ornaments.

Sitting down on a white, genuine leather sofa, Ashlyn waited, as a dozen henchmen lined up, standing in attention before her.

"Status update?"

"Boss! The Blackhand Mafia has tried to control our territory. They had deliberately set fire to our cargoes the night before!" A man in his thirties, Luigi, had been in charge of the Italian branch of the business all this while.

With eyes full of mockery, Ashlyn sneered, "So someone has the guts to insult me. Let's make them pay the equivalent price. Grabbing my territory? Very well."

"Boss, they are simply too arrogant! The other gangs have been swallowing their anger all this while. However, the Blackhand Mafia had kept up their turf-grabbing antics, causing so much havoc that even the Interpol in charge of this jurisdiction had to get involved. Hals and Dmitri have discussed this and have decided to settle things with a one-on-one boxing showdown." Luigi anxiously informed.

Dmitri was a deputy in the Blackhand Mafia, who was managing their turf.

"They've decided to duke it out in the ring? What kind of a game is this?" Ashlyn took a sip of tea and narrowed her eyes dangerously.

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Luigi and the others were angry. "Boss, please! You must take this matter seriously! You can't let our turf be snatched, under our very own noses!"

"I'm very serious." Ashlyn blinked her clear, round eyes.

Luigi was about to collapse from desperation. You had always seemed to be vacationing! How was I able to trust you?

"Boss! Are you aware of it? Dmitri has employed a strong boxer under him. That man has dominated the boxing ring for two years. No one can defeat him. He is strong, well-built, and extremely muscular! Boss, there is no one who can really beat him. We have no chance of winning this time."

"Agreed, boss! We have a lot of skilled fighters, but against this one-on-one boxing champion, we are simply outmatched." The others echoed the same sentiment.

"Boss, why are you here alone this time? Where's Harrison and Anderson?"

"Boss, please think of a way!"

Henchmen like Luigi were all formerly under the previous don. When the previous don had passed on his position over to Ashlyn, many of the mafia crews were left unconvinced.

Although the Shadow Way had always been an underground organization, it had never been involved in any illegal businesses. It had always followed the right path, unlike the other mafias, such as the Blackhand.

The old don took Ashlyn in as his adopted daughter. Before his death, everyone had thought that Luigi or some other veterans would succeed the don.

Unexpectedly, the position was instead passed on to Ashlyn, the inexperienced brat.

Ashlyn was only at the age of nineteen when she was chosen as the successor. How could one so young convince the mafia family and the underlings of one's leadership?

However, after she took over, she managed the affairs of the family in an orderly manner. Gradually, all dissenting voices died down. After all, the family had prospered, and money had always bound everyone together. As long as there's enough profit for everyone.

Now, they were faced with this kind of turf war.

Those who were dissatisfied with Ashlyn before were immediately enraged.

The seeds of doubt and distrust towards Ashlyn sprouted, and displeasure broke out almost instantly amongst the ranks.

The Shadow Way mafia had branches all over the world, and the Italian branch was placed under the command of Luigi.

Seeing Ashlyn's apathetic attitude in this matter, their impatience soared.

Some had already broken their silence and muttered, "If you're not going to care, then, you might as well leave it to someone else who is more capable."

"After all, we've been treated like a small branch anyway, one that is incomparable to the main headquarters."

"Our turf has been taken, and we've got to survive on leftover crumbs now."

Ashlyn scanned the faces of desperation around her, as she gently lowered her cup in her hand, and commanded, "Send me the information on the boxing champion. Also, I've been flying the whole. I'm feeling tired now and I need a rest."

Ashlyn was only at the age of nineteen when she was chosen as the successor. How could one so young convince the mafia family and the underlings of one's leadership?

Having said that, she got up and walked towards her room.

“Look at her attitude!”

“What was the don thinking? He’d actually passed the position over to her.”

“She’s merely a lady. What else can she do?”

“She can’t even handle anything properly. She is only aware of how to dress up nicely.”

Luigi looked on worriedly, stressed beyond comprehension as he felt his hair graying by the minutes.

“Let it be. We’ll find our own way.”

They originally thought that the two siblings, Harrison and Anderson, would tag along. They, at least, would be more helpful.

Instead, Ashlyn personally arrived, and all of Luigi’s hopes were dashed.

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Hospital.

In a certain quiet office.

Lucas sat, with a blank expression facing Sinclair, who was wearing a white coat. His expression was as per usual. It was cold as his icy, baritone voice spoke, “I want to request for an increase in the dosage or change to a more effective alternative.”

“What’s the matter?” Sinclair raised his eyebrows and gazed at his long-time friend.

Though Lucas’ face was expressionless, his emotions were slightly tense. It took him a while before he could reveal the truth, “I’m divorced.”

“Huh?” Sinclair could not control his astonishment. “Divorced? Why? Didn’t you tell me that your lives

had been peaceful all this while? Why would you go for a divorce?"

"I... " Lucas sighed.

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Stretching out his slender fingers, he furrowed his brows. He initially felt that since it was a loveless marriage, it would be better for them to move on to a different life.

What's more, I'd gotten married in the first place because grandpa was impatient. However, he is now gone. Hence this farce of a marriage need not continue.

But!

Everything had changed unexpectedly after the divorce.

He had grown accustomed to having Ashlyn by his side, adjusting his likes to the food that she had cooked.

As long as Ashlyn was around, he felt calm and peaceful.

After his divorce, his mania symptoms exacerbated, and years of symptom control through medication had failed. He had regressed back to his original state.

Upon listening to Lucas' story, Sinclair solemnly announced, "Friend, you do have to understand that the reason that you're suffering from mania is due to psychological reasons. Drugs and medication are simply the means to assist you, they are not means to an end. You really have to deeply consider this... Is your wife merely a partner you live with? Do you really have no other feelings for her?"

Sinclair paused before continuing, "Lucas, you are a smart man. You should understand what I mean."

Lucas understood the logic. Yet, when he thought of Ashlyn's cold attitude, he could not figure out what she was thinking.

Ashlyn's temperament had always been unpredictable.

"During the four years of our marriage, she was gentle and friendly. She was almost the perfect wife material. After the divorce, I found out that she seemed to be hiding another side of her. It seems as though she was in a role-playing game. That was not the real her at all. I'd never known that she was a surgeon, much less her martial arts prowess." Lucas felt helpless for the first time in his life.

"Lucas, you'd ignored her for too long. You never tried to approach or understand her. She could be concealing her real identity on purpose? This is an interesting perspective worth pondering on." Sinclair rubbed his chin. "Unfortunately, I am not a relationship expert. I don't know what is going on between you and her, as a pair of husband and wife."

Lucas was slightly remorseful.

Indeed, he had never taken the initiative to understand Ashlyn. Neither had he tried to be involved in her world.

In the past, he had merely regarded her as a wife-by-contract, and both of them did not intrude into each other's life much. Ashlyn had always been tactful, and she had hardly asked him for anything.

If he had given, she would gladly receive. If he hadn't, she wouldn't have asked for it.

They treated each another as though they were mere acquaintances.

They had never quarreled either. Looking back at it now, they were basically two strangers, living under one roof.

Except occasionally, when their bodies were in need of some physical connections...

Lucas sighed.

His mind was in a mess.

"Sinclair, right now I just want to know this. If my symptoms worsen, would it affect my flying? You should be aware that for someone who is mentally ill or psychologically unstable, you wouldn't be able to pass the flight test. Instead, you will be forced to be grounded." Sinclair prescribed him some medication and instructed, "Take these first. Although I can't exactly say that I understand what your situation is, I'd still suggest that you reconsider your marriage carefully."

When all was said and done, Lucas walked out of Sinclair's office.

"Lucas, you'd ignored her for too long. You never tried to approach or understand her. She could be concealing her real identity on purpose? This is an interesting perspective worth pondering on." Sinclair rubbed his chin. "Unfortunately, I am not a relationship expert. I don't know what is going on between you and her, as a pair of husband and wife."

He drove to a less prosperous commercial boulevard, in search of a particular shop. Soon, he found it, as the shop was the only one on the secluded street.

Without hesitation, he pulled up beside the entrance, into this plush doll shop, which was about three hundred square meters in size.

The shop was full of colorful and cute plushies.

As he alighted the car, a burly man stopped him. "Mister, ticket please."

Lucas took out a black card from his coat and placed it on the counter. "Swipe it."

The fierce-looking man looked him up, from head-to-toe, swiped his card, handed him a ticket, before saying, "Go in and turn left at the end."

Lucas did not say anything. He merely followed the man's directions. He stepped through the hidden

door located far inside the doll shop.

Upon entering the door, there was a narrow corridor.

There were dim, yellow lamps hanging along both sides of the corridor. When he turned at the corner, he could hear shouts of excitement and frenzy from below.

“Go! Go!”

“Beat him up!”

“I’ve bet two million on you! Get up now!”

“Damn! You are weak! Weak!”

The deafening shouts were endless, and the scene was violent and bloody.

He would have never set foot in here if it weren’t for the fact that he was feeling so vexed. He had needed a place to release his pent-up frustration.

He had not walked into an underground boxing ring for four years.

Hearing these bloodthirsty shouts had calmed his vexation slightly.

He wanted to let loose, to yell! He wanted to release his primal thirst just like the rest of them.

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Lucas stepped out of the corridor, through a rusty iron door. The area in front of him was vast and spacious.

The area could easily accommodate thousands of people; the floor was tiled, and in the center stood a huge colosseum-like ring.

The area around the boxing ring itself was empty, except for some spectators who stood below, shouting. The seats around the arena, meanwhile, were very crowded until there were almost no seats left. Everyone was in a worked-up frenzy, yelling, cheering, and booing...

There were a few VIP spectator boxes built around the second floor of the arena.

Compared to the distinguished guests seated in the boxes on the second floor, the bets placed by the ordinary crowd were not worth mentioning.

The VIPs were the real gamblers, spending tens of millions every match.

During this time, in the ring surrounded by the iron fencing, two muscular, half-naked men were fighting for their lives.

Illicit places like this underground boxing arena required all of their boxers to sign off a life disclaimer agreement.

Their fighting styles were also extremely bloody. It was basically a no-holds-barred brawl filled with violence and desperation.

There was a bar on the westernmost side of the underground boxing arena. There were dozens of seats in front of the counter. A few men sat there. Many were foreigners and there were some dark-skinned men as well. All who were mentioned were currently facing the ring while drinking and shouting excitedly.

A man dressed in all black stepped into the boxing ring and immediately attracted a lot of attention.

With his oriental-looking face, and with a height not shorter than the typical European or American man, he carried an air of nobility and indifference. A truly stunning presence! He was like a nobleman who had descended from the ancient noble families. His presence stood out, in stark contrast to this noisy, rowdy, and bloodthirsty atmosphere.

His built figure and toned legs, coupled with an extraordinarily handsome appearance, exuded his uncaring and aristocratic attitude.

His presence caused the lavishly dressed female audiences seated in the boxes above to glue their eyes on him.

His icy aura of indifference caused others to keep their distance from him.

Lucas walked over to the bar and ordered a glass of whiskey without any intention to drink it.

He still had to pilot a plane tomorrow, and he was not allowed to drink.

A bearded bartender took the whiskey bottle from the shelf and poured Lucas a glass.

He was familiar with the types of people who had usually visited the underground boxing ring. However, this was his first time seeing this handsome man. In fact, Lucas seemed to be the type who should be sitting in the VIP private room on the second floor comfortably, instead of being here. There was something admirable about this man.

Hence the bartender gleefully asked Lucas, "Are you here to spectate the final match?"

"Final match? What do you mean?" Lucas was expressionless as his fingers fiddled with his whiskey glass.

A man dressed in all black stepped into the boxing ring and immediately attracted a lot of attention.

“Woah, geez! There are actually people who aren’t aware!” The bartender excitedly filled him in. “Do you know the Blackhand Mafia? They are fighting for territories and had stepped on too many toes. My brother, you are lucky to be here today. The final match features the reigning boxing champion, Henry. Whoever can defeat him will gain the rights to his turf. The Blackhand Mafia has been very aggressive recently, and even though other gangs have tried to retaliate, it is said that no one can win against Henry!”

Lucas did not expect to spectate such an exciting match as soon as he arrived.

The Blackhand Mafia had a long history of violent acts, for the aggressive expansion of their turfs.

He had also heard about this boxing champion, Henry. He had vanquished strong boxers around the world in the past few years, and he reigned undefeated.

The bartender sighed. “There are four mob families currently fighting over the turfs. We had three matches yesterday and Henry had won them all. Today is the final match. Have you heard of the Shadow Way clan?” the bartender asked. “I’d heard that after the don of Shadow Way passed away, the clan has been in slow decline. Just a few years ago, it was standing toe-to-toe with the Blackhand Mafia. Unfortunately, after the death of the don, the Shadow Way has always been defeated by the Blackhand.”

“Hasn’t Shadow Way clan just installed a new leader? Lucas frowned.

[Chapter 58](#)

The headquarter of the Shadow Way was said to be located in the H Nation. Most of its members arose from there as well.

“The new boss of Shadow Way doesn’t come by Italy much. From what I’ve heard, she is a lady! What

can a woman do these days anyway!” The bartender smirked with arrogance.

His words were filled with disdain and contempt for women.

Lucas sat quietly in his seat, not saying a word. He was more interested in what was going on inside the ring.

“Gimme a beer!” a customer yelled.

“I’ll be right there!” The bartender hurriedly filled up a pint glass from the keg.

There was a big screen next to the ring. Right at this moment, a picture of Henry, the boxing champion, as well as his personal information suddenly appeared on the screen.

Henry - twenty-four years old. Height of 1.88 meters. Weight of 105 kilograms. His stats were amazing!

At the age of thirteen, he entered the boxing training camp conducted by the Blackhand Mafia. All the proteges trained in this camp were ruthless - The perfect killing machines without mercy or emotion; relentless fighters in the ring!

Henry had been competing in the ring since he was twenty years old and had gone through more than 500 bouts with a win rate of 97%.

In the past three years, he had remained undefeated.

Almost everyone in the arena was looking forward to the identity of the fighter chosen to represent Shadow Way.

Shadow Way may have had many skillful warriors, but there were none, who possessed the caliber and strength like Henry.

Meanwhile, in the Shadow Way private room on the second floor, Luigi was in a bind. His nervousness was felt by his anxious subordinates. “Luigi! The match will start soon! Let me be the challenger!”

“No, let me! I’m not afraid of death!”

“Forget it. None of you are as good as I am. I’ll personally handle this.” Luigi took off his coat and opened the room’s door.

A group of his subordinates shouted in unison, “No Luigi! You can’t!”

At this moment, an announcement rang out, “Now, we will like to invite our two fighters on stage!”

“If I don’t go now, we’ll have to forfeit,” Luigi angrily retorted. “That woman has no care for anyone,

other than herself. How can I stand by and watch our turf get taken away right under my own nose? Without our territory, what will you all live off on?"

With a spirited roar, Luigi slammed the door and left!

He walked towards the arena. Every step he took felt like walking towards his doom. His trepidation drowned out the shouts and noise from the audience in the arena. With a steely determination to face his death today, he stared contemptuously at Henry, who was already standing on the stage.

Right away, the large screen on the other side of the ring displayed the picture and information of the Shadow Way fighter.

"Oh, my god! I must be dreaming!"

"What is going on?"

"Shadow Way must have gone all out and poured all their money into him!"

"My god! It's none other than Kris!"

"I thought Kris disappeared? Someone had even told me that he was dead!"

"Maybe he's an imposter?"

"Oh, my god. Kris was the famous uncrowned king of the ring. Henry had just debuted when Kris was already at the peak of his fame."

"Woah! Kris is my idol! I still remember the impression he made on me back then!"

"No, let me! I'm not afraid of death!"

"Forget it. None of you are as good as I am. I'll personally handle this." Luigi took off his coat and opened the room's door.

"I felt like crying! I never thought that I'd be able to see Kris again in this life!"

"Me too!"

A bolt of lightning had seemingly struck Luigi, out of nowhere. He was already standing at the bottom of the stage.

Kris? How could such a legend be helping their Shadow Way clan?

Am I dreaming? I must be! The spectators around him in the whole arena were going into a wild frenzy.

Everyone present was chanting Kris' name, as though they were worshipping a god.

All of his hatred, anger, and contempt towards Ashlyn, had now been turned into doubt.

Could this have been Ashlyn's arrangement from the very beginning? What is her relationship with Kris? No, it's impossible! How would she have known Kris?

Kris is simply a god to all!

After recovering from their initial elation, as sudden realization set in, some of the members of the crowd began to wail, “Ahhhhhh! I’ve already placed all of my bets on Henry!”

“I have also bet it all on Henry.”

“What should I do? What should I do?”

“I don’t care anymore. I’m going to bet on Kris.”

“No don’t do that. Kris has disappeared from the scene for many years after all. Who knows if his strength has regressed?”

“Say no more! We don’t even know if he is the real one. Kris used to enter fights wearing a mask. I have never seen him take it off.”

“I feel as though this Kris is an imposter.”

“I feel the same. This must be some sort of a ploy.”

Lucas sat glued, on his seat at the bar, drinking all the commotion in while feeling somewhat surprised at the turn of events.

[Chapter 59](#)

Kris emerged suddenly, with no one knowing where ‘he’ came from. ‘He’ appeared all of a sudden, before disappearing into thin air in the next moment.

Staying at the underground boxing club for merely a year, ‘he’ had never lost a single fight. Although Henry was strong too, he had suffered a lot of defeats since his first debut.

He had only watched one of Kris’ competitions in the past. ‘He’ was simply a scrawny teenager, unable to take a single punch. He had never imagined the skinny teenager to have such a huge burst of energy.

‘He’ was unlike a muscular man like Henry.

Hence, Henry remembered Kris very vividly.

In fact, anyone who had seen Kris before would have had ‘him’ etched in their memory.

Kris had an extremely huge fanbase. ‘His’ fans were all very impressive, some of which included millionaires from all around the world.

Kris' income was the highest amongst all the boxers, second to none! Even though 'he' only fought in the matches for a year, other boxers still could not surpass his income till now.

"Kris!"

"Kris!"

"Kris!"

Everyone yelled Kris' name loudly.

Even the esteemed guests in the second-floor VIP suite stepped out and stood by the railings at the corridor. To witness Kris in action, some even dashed to the bottom of the boxing ring. However, there were already no seats left as the place was overflowing with people.

Everyone howled and yelled like madmen.

They were like a pack of wild beasts, waiting for their king!

The king had returned!

Bang! With a loud sound, the door that linked the backstage to the boxing ring was thrown open.

The cheers in the venue died down into strange silence. Everyone's gazes locked onto the door.

A lean and tall figure strode out slowly. With a mask on the person's face, only a pair of dark eyes were revealed. The eyes were as sharp as an eagle's. They were so cold that others had felt suffocated.

She wore a black costume, paired with a pair of black tactical boots. Her hair was tied into a high ponytail, revealing her slender and long neck that made her look like an elegant black swan.

This... This isn't that teenage boy from years ago!

She's obviously a woman!

"Oh my God, is my idol a woman?"

"No, she's definitely not Kris."

"She's fake!"

"Yeah, get lost!"

"Don't impersonate our idol!"

“You’re insulting Kris!”

“Get lost right away!”

The enraged audience started to curse at her frantically. A woman is standing on the boxing ring and impersonating Kris. What kind of joke is this?

When Lucas raised his head, his heart skipped a beat.

Everyone howled and yelled like madmen.

They were like a pack of wild beasts, waiting for their king!

Damn it!

Is this woman crazy?

Why is she in the boxing ring?

Lucas was on the verge of a breakdown. What else do I not know about my ex-wife?

I've slept with her on the same bed for four years. Even if she's wearing a mask, even if she has disintegrated into ashes, I can still recognize her.

Ashlyn! Is fighting at the underground boxing club your purpose of coming to Italy?

Does she know how dangerous this is? Does she even know who Henry is? Henry is the reigning boxing champion. He can send her flying, or even smash her skull in, with a single punch!

Lucas frantically made his way through the crowd and dashed towards the boxing ring rapidly.

The boxing venue was extremely crowded.

Many of Kris' fans had rushed over, after hearing that Kris had re-emerged from 'his' disappearance. They swarmed into the boxing club like locusts.

Lucas made his way forward with much difficulty.

A lot of the audience complained in annoyance, "Why did I even come to this crowded place? She's a fake!"

"Yeah, she's a fake. I came here for nothing!"

The enraged audience yelled at Henry, "Kill her! Kill this woman!"

"She's committed an unforgivable sin by impersonating my idol!"

"She deserves to die!"

[Chapter 60](#)

When Luigi and the rest saw Ashlyn standing on the boxing ring, they could not help but feel faint.

As Luigi was standing the closest to her, he yelled with all his might, "Come down now! Do you want to die?"

Doesn't she know the consequences of this?

How can she impersonate Kris and lie?

Why did I get involved with such a foolish head of the sect?

In nicer terms, she's sacrificing herself for the sect. However, to be brutally honest, she's overestimating herself. She's so crazy that she's biting off more than she can chew!

"Come down quickly!" The other men started yelling too, feeling extremely flustered.

Although they did not like Ashlyn, they did not want to see her send herself to her death!

Ashlyn stood before Henry with her back straight. It seemed like everything beyond the boxing ring had nothing to do with her.

Regardless of the insults, commotion, and jeers, she stood there quietly like an oak tree—straight and emotionless.

Although she was skinny, her aura was very intimidating!

On the other hand, the audience in the crowded underground boxing club, who initially wanted to see Kris, now wished to see Henry beat the woman to death.

There were a lot of millionaires around the globe who could not make it in person to see Kris. Hence, when they heard that Kris had reappeared, they spent a lot of money to ask the underground boxing club for a live stream.

The boxing club started the live stream immediately.

Some of Kris' biggest fans started to comment on the chat, "I think that she's Kris. After all, Kris was very skinny back then. I've always suspected that he's actually a woman."

"But he's too powerful. How can a woman be so strong?"

"I believe that she's Kris!"

"No one has the guts to impersonate Kris! Don't forget that Kris had fought at this boxing club four years ago. Do you think that the owner of the boxing club is so foolish as to let an impersonator up onto the ring?"

"Have some brains! She's Kris!"

For such a phenomenal fight, the bets were not as low as tens of millions or even hundreds of millions.

Kris' fans were distributed across the globe, with many of them being big-shots from various industries.

Their bets had started from a minimum of hundreds of millions.

Hence, at this moment, the bets were sky-rocketing. The numbers were so shockingly high that some could not even count them properly.

On the large LED screen beside the boxing ring, the amount of the total bet kept changing madly.

Although fights like these were bloody, they were shockingly profitable.

When the clock showed that it was already nine in the night, the audience erupted into cheers and both fighters started to move!

Like a beast, Henry pounced at Ashlyn.

When Lucas saw Henry aim his punch, he was on the verge of breaking down.

The boxing club started the live stream immediately.

Gritting his teeth, he yelled, "No!"

He wanted to dash into the boxing ring, but it was already too late. Everything was too late! Ashlyn!

No!

He wished for nothing more than to fly to the boxing ring right away. He was only a few meters away from the boxing ring, but the huge crowd had already blocked him from entering.

Pushing the bodies in the crowd away, he tried to find an opening. However, everyone was tightly packed together, unable to accommodate any gaps at all.

As light as a sparrow, the woman in the boxing ring moved agilely and swiftly.

Her aura changed drastically, making her seem like a cold, ruthless, sharp sword.

Just when everyone thought that she would be sent flying by Henry's punch, she spun around, leaped into the air, and slammed her knee on Henry's right cheek.

Henry staggered backward and spat out a mouthful of blood.

The blood had awoken Henry's beastly instincts as he pounced at Ashlyn again.

The woman's slender waist looked even thinner under the black costume. However, all of her attacks were charged with immense strength.

Suddenly, she bent down and weaved under Henry's arm. Before he could react, she had already climbed onto his back and locked her arms tightly around his neck.

Yelling loudly, Henry tried to shake her off his back.