

Extraordinary 601

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They almost could not believe what they had just seen.

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The reading of the S's speedometer kept increasing until it showed a reading of more than nine hundred kilometers per hour. The God of Cars, S, was driving at a speed of nine hundred fifty kilometers per hour!

They had witnessed a miraculous scene, indeed.

There was truly a genius in car racing like the God of Cars.

S was dashing through the racing track at the speed of lightning.

Carmen gritted her teeth upon seeing S overtaking her on the track.

She could not afford to lose the race. If she had lost the race, she would have had nothing to make Lucas change his perception of her.

All of a sudden, Carmen steered the steering wheel and sped toward S's car, which was about to overtake her.

Ashlyn, who was driving on the right, instantly saw through Carmen's intention.

A loud bang sounded.

S's car was hit by the other car, forcing her to slow down.

Carmen sneered as she looked at Ashlyn. "You wouldn't try to compete with me if you take the hint. You're nothing but underground trash. You're unworthy to compete in this race!"

She was determined not to lose.

She would not give in and lose the only chance she had to get close to Lucas.

Ashlyn could hear precisely every word of mockery from Carmen.

Her lips curled into a smirk. Is Carmen asking me to give up? No way!

There was no such thing as giving up in her book. Eyes on the prize, becoming number one was her constant quest.

Her ultimate goal would always be winning the first.

Carmen cursed upon seeing Ashlyn moving forward with all her might, "Get lost, you trash!" With that said, she turned her steering wheel as though she had gone insane and accelerated toward the latter out of spite.

The audience were taken aback by Carmen's action.

"Oh my God! I can't believe I've once taken Carmen as my goddess. How repulsive of her to play such a dirty trick!" said one of them.

"Why is Carmen so mean? S was only doing his best to bring glory to our country!" another person exclaimed.

"How could she stoop so low only to hold onto her championship title?"

"Trashy woman! How shameless! If anything bad happens to S, I'd curse the life out of Carmen!"

Just when Carmen was ready for her next attempt to hit Ashlyn's car, the latter remained composed and stepped on the accelerator.

When Carmen's car almost crashed into Ashlyn's, the latter's car sped forward like a bullet.

Carmen's tactics amounted to nothing. She had never expected S to have such impressive driving skills. S could even escape perfectly from getting hit intentionally by Carmen's car.

Stiffened in shock, Carmen's car seemed to go out of control and drove into the mountain wall at the side.

She let out a hysteric shriek as she frantically steered the wheel in an attempt to regain control over the car. All efforts were nonetheless futile.

With a loud bang, the car crashed into the mountain wall.

In the meantime, Ashlyn was moving at nine hundred fifty kilometers per hour as she drove her way toward the finishing line.

A white light dawned on Carmen, and it flashed across her and disappeared in mere seconds.

She could barely catch a glimpse of the thing behind that light.

Carmen's heart sank. She felt so devastated as if she had just been saved from a pool of icy, cold water.

What kind of speed was that? Was that the speed of lightning?

The car flew across before she could even have a better look at it.

How is that possible? Could someone actually drive at such a high speed in this world?

Carmen's car, however, had brutally crashed into the mountain wall. Her gaze appeared as if she had gone fully insane. I've waited for a long time until that eyesore, Claire is finally dead. No way! I'll not admit defeat!

Carmen attempted to start her car again, but it remained motionless against the mountain wall.

Enraged, she slapped and punched the steering wheel, and rumbling and clunking noises sounded from her car.

How is this happening? Why? Is that even possible to have a racer driving at such a fast speed in this world? I should be the champion!

Her mind wandered off as she was being carried out of the car by the rescue team.

She stood there in puzzlement as her mind went blank.

It's over. Everything's doomed.

Not only did she not win first place in the race, but she had also failed to secure a place in the ranking.

Her car crashed into the mountain wall.

S driving at the speed of nine hundred fifty kilometers per hour was also something that even Nathan had not expected. It was impossible for an ordinary person to achieve that speed.

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She was God of Cars indeed.

When the host announced S as the champion, the crowd went crazy once again.

All the audience, including the netizens watching through the live stream, had to admit that it was an exhilarating competition. It was fast and furious and lifted everyone's spirit.

S was God of Cars indeed.

Ashlyn stood on the podium, and beside her were the first runner-up and second runner-up.

The guest approached her and presented the trophy to her.

Meanwhile, Jared went up to the podium, which was just beside the podium Ashlyn received her trophy, to receive the trophy on behalf of the champion team.

The host said to Ashlyn in excitement, "The mysterious God of Cars, S, can you remove your helmet and show your face to the fans including the netizens watching the livestream? Let them see your real face!"

Standing on the podium, Ashlyn's slender figure made her appear more charismatic in the racing suit.

She slightly nodded. "Sure!"

Her voice was feminine and cold. Everyone who was still cheering a moment ago fell silent that one could even hear a pin drop.

The people could not believe what they had heard.

The host was taken aback as well. "Did I hear a female's voice? Am I wrong? Our God of Cars is a female?"

Then, the host quickly denied it. "How is this possible? How could you be a female? I don't believe it!"

Everyone at the scene, including the guests in the VIP room and the netizens on the broadcasting platform, held their breaths at the same time.

No one dared to utter a word.

Almost everyone's mind went blank.

A female?

They could not stop thinking of the feminine voice.

Her words were ordinary, yet they echoed in everyone's ears like a bomb.

The voice is lazy and cold.

The body figure is slender.

The speed is exhilarating.

How is it possible to be a female?

They never thought the God of Cars, whom they admired, would turn out to be a female.

When Carmen reached the speed of four hundred per hour, they thought no other female could drive

faster than her.

Both of the commentators, who had encountered all sorts of situations, were also shocked to the extent that they were at a loss for words.

Clenching his fists, Lucas stared intently at the familiar figure on the podium.

His dark eyes were filled with emotions that he had been suppressing.

Seeing Ashlyn standing there safe and sound, he finally felt a great relief.

Everyone at the scene started shouting at Ashlyn, "Take off the helmet!"

"Take off the helmet!"

There were only a few people shouting at first, but the sound grew as more people joined shouting.

The sound was so loud and deafening to hear.

The host could not help but look at Ashlyn in anticipation. "God of Cars, everyone really wants you to remove your helmet and see your face. Please fulfill their wish!"

Ashlyn raised her brows. "Didn't I promise you all to take off my helmet just now? Why the hurry?"

Her voice was cold but melodious. It sounded like the pearls falling onto the plate, clear and cool.

Upon hearing her words, the crowd immediately cheered as they urged, "Hurry up!"

"Hurry up!"

People had always been curious about the unknown and the things they were interested in.

They kept imagining S's faces in their mind. Now, it was confirmed that S was a female, and they grew more curious.

They were eager to see S's real face.

Ashlyn stopped stalling. She could hardly resist when she was faced with all the passionate fans.

Then, she placed her fair fingers on the helmet.

Everyone had their gazes fixed on her hands and held their breaths as if they were afraid of missing any moment.

It was like watching a slow motion scene in the movie.

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With a strong pull, Ashlyn took off the helmet.

The moment the helmet was removed, her wavy long hair cascaded over her back.

A gust of wind blew her long, wavy hair. Ashlyn had a pretty face with exquisite facial features. Her eyes were sparkling like the stars, and her lips were red.

Ashlyn raised her hand and tucked her hair on her forehead behind her ears.

Although it was just a simple action, it appeared exceptionally alluring when she did it.

Suddenly, Ashlyn raised her eyes and glanced across the crowd.

She had a slender body figure, and she looked smart in the red racing suit. Holding the helmet in one hand, she looked like the goddess of race cars descended from the sky.

S, so she was S.

The waves of applause, accompanied by screams, rang out from the crowd who were in high spirits.

There were hundreds of thousands of people at the place, and their faces flushed red in excitement. Light gleamed in everyone's eyes as they shouted, "Oh god!"

"S is so beautiful!"

"God of Cars is the prettiest!"

Carmen had just gotten out of the ambulance. When she saw Ashlyn, who had taken off the helmet, she was stunned for a moment but came back to her senses instantly.

Carmen's gaze grew intense as she glared at Ashlyn fiercely.

Her pretty face was filled with rage and jealousy. "Ashlyn! How is it possible to be you?"

Ashlyn cast her apathetic gaze upon Carmen. Looking at Carmen, who was furious, Ashlyn raised her brows, and she was slightly surprised. "Do you know me?"

Carmen's face turned pale, and she snorted. "Everyone knows you."

What a humiliation!

It was by far the most humiliating day in Carmen's life since her debut.

Carmen had never thought God of Cars, who had defeated her, was Ashlyn. If it had been another person who had defeated her, Carmen would have thought she was unlucky. However, she never thought she would be defeated by Ashlyn.

She was so infuriated that she almost collapsed. Her chest heaved with anger, and her heart overflowed with rage.

Carmen would not have been so enraged if it was another person who had defeated her. However, Ashlyn had been an eyesore to her, and she hated Ashlyn.

Suddenly, Carmen strode up to the podium and pointed at Ashlyn, who was standing on the stage. She gritted her teeth and scolded, "Ashlyn, you'd murdered my best friend, Claire. How dare you stand here and receive the prize!"

Holding the helmet in one hand, Ashlyn stood on the stage with an expressionless face.

She exuded an elegant aura, and the smart-looking racing suit made her look more domineering.

Carmen was also a beauty if Ashlyn was not here.

Nevertheless, Carmen was standing in front of Ashlyn with a contorted face at that moment. She used to be the goddess of race cars for the young geeks, but now she was like an ugly and terrifying witch.

Carmen did not look like a goddess at all.

"Ashlyn, are you guilty? You're not answering my words!"

Carmen was so angry that she laughed. Her face was filled with irony and hatred. "My best friend, Claire, had just passed away. How can you be so shameless and despicable?"

The crowd down the stage could not help but think of the trending topics on Twitter.

Ashlyn caused the death of Claire from Nolan Group.

Claire had a heart attack because of Ashlyn.

Ashlyn is the murderer.

Perplexed, the rest of them could not stop wondering if Ashlyn was truly the God of Cars in their hearts. They found it hard to believe.

The rowdy crowd fell silent in an instant.

Everyone was stunned when they saw Carmen scolding Ashlyn.

No one said a word. The rumors and trending topics on the internet were beyond their daily lives. They would never think of relating Ashlyn to S.

They wondered if Ashlyn was the cause to Claire's death.

The people wanted to hear Ashlyn's explanation. They did not believe it.

Right then, someone in the crowd said, "God of Cars, you're not the one who caused Ms. Nolan's death, am I right? You didn't cause her death!"

Then, many people started to ask, "God of Cars, are you related to Ms. Nolan's death?"

"Were you the one who caused her death for real? It's a human life!"

Carmen looked at Ashlyn smugly. She thought no matter how good Ashlyn was with her words, Ashlyn would not be able to hold back the crowd.

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The verbal attacks will end your life! So what if you're God of Cars, S? You'll be known as the murderer. What makes you think that someone like you is in a position to snatch Lucas from me? The audiences only believe the public opinions, and they don't even care if you were really the one who caused Claire's death!

Suddenly, someone took a loudspeaker and said into it, "S, I trust you. I believe you're innocent. All of these are slanders and rumors!"

"That's right! S has brought glory to the nation by getting the champion. How could she be a murderer?"

Hearing the people supporting Ashlyn, Carmen almost burst a blood vessel out of anger.

She was agitated and anxious. "Are you dumb? She's a murderer!"

Ashlyn glanced across the crowd and signaled them to stay calm.

Then, she lowered her gaze, and she looked extremely captivating.

With her smile, her cold aura immediately turned as bright as the scorching sun at noon, brilliant and fascinating.

"The police will decide if I'm the one who murdered Claire. You're not the one to make the decision,

Carmen.”

A sense of irony flashed across Ashlyn's eyes. Then, she continued, “I'm standing here to represent H Nation Centennial Healthcare to participate in the competition today, and this is the best evidence!”

After a brief pause, she said, “The state police will not allow me here to defeat you without much effort if I'm the murderer!”

Ashlyn snorted after finishing her words. “I have to say. You look ugly when you're jealous of me yet you can't do anything to defeat me.”

Hearing that, Carmen eventually lost her rag. She never thought it was hard to deal with Ashlyn.

Just as Carmen was about to retort, Ashlyn interrupted with her lazy and cold voice, “The brain is a good thing, and you should have gotten one for yourself.”

Instantly, a boisterous clamor filled the area.

“I know it. S is not a murderer!”

“Those are merely rumors on the internet! I'll register a Twitter account now, and I'll prove God of Cars' innocence!”

“I've recorded a video just now. Who wants it? I'll send it to all of you! Let's upload it to Twitter!”

“Yes. We have to prove the innocence of our goddess!”

Not only the live audiences but the fans on the broadcasting platform instantly logged in to Twitter.

All of them kept posting tweets.

Ashlyn is God of Cars, S.

Ashlyn didn't murder Claire.

There's another reason for Claire's death.

Claire's mysterious death.

Ashlyn is the champion.

S brings glory to the nation.

Centennial Healthcare invited S as their representative.

S wins the world champion.

I will prove S's innocence.

Instantly, the topics dominated the trending searches on Twitter.

Other than H Nation's fans, God of Cars, S, had fans from other countries as well.

She had fans almost all over the world.

Moreover, many racers at the scene also immediately created accounts on Twitter.

Some of them had notified their team manager to verify their accounts, whereas some of them supported Ashlyn before they had their accounts verified.

They could not allow Carmen to defame their God of Cars, and they would not allow their God of Cars to get denounced by the netizens.

They would care for her and prove the innocence of God of Cars themselves.

Aside from that, she was still considered innocent as long as the police had not gone after her, and she could still be there to take part in the competition.

After all, everyone was equal before the law.

However, what happened now was beyond Carmen's expectations.

She thought everyone would scold and defame Ashlyn after she had scolded the latter and revealed the truth.

With that, Ashlyn's reputation would be tarnished, and Lucas would stay away from her. He would hate Ashlyn and never accept her again.

However, everything seemed to be going against what she had imagined.

Carmen was so angry that she almost fainted on the spot.

“You! All of you are fools! You're blinded! She's talking nonsense. Don't you have a brain? Why are you believing her words?” Losing her rag, Carmen pointed at the crowd and scolded them.

Why is Ashlyn having such good luck?

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Why are the people supporting her? How irritating! I'm so angry.

There were a lot of wealthy bosses from around the world in the VIP room.

Among the bosses, some of them liked Carmen. However, judging from the situation now, they looked at the pretty God of Cars, S, who stood on the podium, then they turned and looked at Carmen.

They realized how ignorant they were then, and they felt both of the women were from two different worlds.

The difference between the two women was so big as if comparing a pheasant to a phoenix.

They wondered why they would think of Carmen as their goddess back then. Besides, they had no idea why they thought Carmen was skillful.

Not only did Carmen hit God of Cars, S, during the race, she even insulted God of Cars in such a rude way.

They thought what Carmen did was unacceptable, and they were disgusted at the sight of her.

"Did our car company approach Carmen for an endorsement? Get a replacement!"

"Has Carmen promoted our tire before? Gosh! Never find her again in the future!"

"Is our company discussing the contract with her? Stop it!"

All the bosses gave orders to their assistants and secretaries not to get Carmen involved in their companies' affairs.

Just then, Carmen's assistant walked in front of her hurriedly. The assistant tugged at Carmen and said, "Ms. Carmen, let's leave."

"Why are we leaving?" Carmen frowned and pushed him away. "I must bring Ashlyn's reputation to the ground."

"Carmen Chadwick."

Suddenly, an apathetic voice sounded behind her.

Carmen turned around and looked when she heard the familiar voice.

What came into her sight was a tall, burly man in a customized suit. With one of his hands in his pocket, he strode toward Carmen, and he exuded a domineering aura.

There were tens of bodyguards and a few men in police uniforms behind the man.

Carmen was delighted as she ran toward Lucas. "Mr. Nolan, are you bringing the police to arrest Ashlyn? It's her! She murdered Claire, didn't she?"

Before Lucas could say anything, Carmen turned and looked at the police. "Ashlyn is there. Hurry up and arrest her!"

The police in the lead had a grim look on his face. He then walked in front of Carmen.

Carmen had yet to react, but the police already put a pair of handcuffs on her.

She was shocked, so she called out, "Did you get something wrong? Why are you arresting me? She's the one who caused Claire's death!"

"You're the one who murdered Claire," Lucas said with an indifferent look. "You'd returned to the country and kept in touch with Claire. We'd investigated Claire's activities and her relics. We'd checked everything."

Carmen's expression changed drastically. She widened her eyes upon hearing his words.

"We're friends. Why would I murder her?" Carmen screamed frantically.

"You're not going to admit it, are you?" Lucas sneered. "The bags and jewelry you had given to Claire were stained with medicines that would stimulate her heart to beat more rapidly. Claire would not always have a heart attack if not for the medicines."

Carmen shook her head vigorously in denial. "No. It wasn't me. I didn't do that. I didn't murder her!"

"We found the medicines at where you stay. Although you hid them secretly, we still managed to find them." The police exposed her lies with an expressionless face. "These banned medicines are from overseas, and there aren't any such medicines in our country."

"How is it possible? Why would I have the medicine? You must have been mistaken." Carmen could not help but raise her voice. Her mind went blank.

She recalled everything bit by bit. She was often jealous of Claire because of the latter's prominent family background and beauty. Besides, Lucas liked Claire too.

Carmen only wanted to be Claire's best friend because the latter was Lucas's elder sister.

With that, she could get closer to Lucas.

However, Claire had told Carmen that she liked Lucas and revealed that both of them were not biological siblings.

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At that point, Carmen was completely devastated.

She recalled the day when Claire had come to her looking exhilarated. The latter had told her excitedly that she was returning to her own country, together with Lucas.

Before that, Franklin and Livia had agreed to Carmen's request. They would let her try to spend more time around Lucas. The couple had even wanted her to fend off a woman named Ashlyn by making things difficult for the latter.

Carmen recalled her name. Ashlyn... That was the first time I've heard her name.

Even though it was the first time Carmen had heard of Ashlyn, it made a deep impression on her. After all, that was a woman Lucas was in love with.

"B-But... I've never thought of harming Claire. I didn't hurt her. It's true," retorted Carmen in vain as she tried to twist her way out.

With concrete evidence in front of them, the police could not be bothered to listen to her explanation. Immediately, they hauled her away.

As they walked past Lucas, Carmen struck her arms out aggressively. She grabbed Lucas' arms as hard as she could. "Help me! I don't wish to die. I really did not murder anyone!"

"Obviously, the law will be the best judge of whether you've committed murder or not," replied Lucas.

His countenance was icy cold as he shoved Carmen aside. Then he took a step back.

When Carmen heard that, she was instantly crestfallen. It was a world of difference from her smugness before the race.

Not too long back, Carmen held in awe as a goddess in car racing. In the blink of an eye, she found herself in dire consequences.

Lucas lifted his darkened gaze and looked at the horizon. He laid eyes on Ashlyn, who was still standing on the podium.

Although there was only a slight distance between them, Lucas felt like they were miles apart from each other.

It was like they were standing at opposite poles of the earth.

Even though they were so close, their hearts were so far apart.

At that moment, Ashlyn was not looking at Lucas. Her cold, empty gaze resembled lone stars in the night sky.

The live audience felt most jubilant. There were also fans who tuned in to the broadcasting platform. They, too, were ecstatic at the news.

The wicked woman who wronged their God of Cars turned out to be a murderer, after all.

That meant the God of Cars was innocent because she was framed.

When the latter faced countless accusations and insults, the fans remained calm.

Now that her name was cleared, the fans continued to stay cool.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn reacted liked those matters were none of her concern.

It was as if she did not take them to heart.

Ashlyn thought little about it, as she was sure of her own innocence.

Everything that had happened up till then felt too peculiar.

That included the fact that Carmen appeared to be in an unusual mental state. Car racers hardly flew into a rage, as it was a major taboo for them.

However... Carmen seemed hysterical earlier on. No, I should say that her behavior today looks like a result of provocation. It's as if her mind was out of her control. She flew into a rage with her words and actions too easily. It was clear that she did not consider the consequences of her rashness.

To Ashlyn, Carmen's reaction looked unbelievable. It was unusual for a car racer who averaged a racing speed of four hundred kilometers per hour to behave that way.

Ashlyn found the case thoroughly weird the more she thought about it. On the surface, it appeared as if there were no major problems. Everything seemed to work out logically.

However, her instincts told her something was off. Even worse, something was very wrong.

When Jared came up next to Ashlyn, he extended his hand to her in invitation. "God of Cars, may I invite you to step down?"

Ashlyn wriggled her lips and gave her hand to Jared. With his support, she hopped off the podium.

Then the runner-up stepped down from the podium along with the second runner-up.

After witnessing the shocking scene earlier, the host finally regained his senses. He suddenly recalled he had to continue hosting the race till the end.

Hence, he continued with the ending speech to conclude the event.

In his entire hosting career, that had come the most incredulous event he had ever hosted.

Not only was there a thrilling car race, but there was also a God of Cars who could race at nine hundred kilometers per hour. Next, a mad female racer created havoc in the race. After the latter's tirade, it turned out she was the actual murderer instead. Then the police took her away.

T-This... is even more bizarre than the usual soap dramas on television. Indeed, it's happening right here in real life.

The organizers were sure that would be the most memorable world-classed racing event in history. With all eyes on the event, the race became a hot topic for discussion everywhere.

Amongst other reasons, the God of Cars was simply too perfect.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn and Jared moved forward together. When they passed by Lucas, the latter felt a tight lump in his throat. His darkened eyes glistened brightly with a deep, ravenous gaze.

Nonetheless, the ravishingly beautiful woman did not cast him an eye at all. Instead, she continued walking on.

Lucas gazed at Ashlyn's tall and slender back view. Then he clutched his helmet tight and pursed his lips.

She... She seems to have really left my life.

As Ashlyn walked further away from Lucas, he felt a sense of unfamiliarity within him. Suddenly, he felt a looming dull pain in his heart that he could hardly resist.

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Ashlyn's icy cold reaction was enough to suffocate Lucas.

Despite the fact that Lucas had identified the murderer, Ashlyn was still exceptionally aloof when she looked at him.

What is it even if he found the murderer? We've already drawn a clear line between us, haven't we?

“Boss...” uttered Jared. He seemed like he could feel Ashlyn's emotions. Jared squeezed Ashlyn's arm

with his big hands. Then he inched up against her ear and whispered, "At least you still have us around."

Ashlyn lifted her chin and looked up at Jared. She smiled and said, "I'm doing fine."

Jared looked tall and dashing. He also had a warm and upbeat disposition whereas Ashlyn had a bright smile. She always appeared elegant and classy. Clad in a suit with leather shoes, Jared looked every inch like the president of a company. Ashlyn looked sassy in her racing outfit, with her long hair flowing in the wind.

Together, the charismatic duo made perfect targets for media photos. The fans and media reporters quickly snapped up those photogenic moments of the duo.

Before that, long-time, devoted fans of the duo thought the two should get together. Those fans assumed it was an intentional display of affection by Jared, the charming CEO of Centennial Healthcare, toward his girlfriend.

With no time to lose, those fans posted eagerly on Twitter.

When the Twitter posts were out, the topic dominated the top trending searches.

Ashlyn and God of Cars, S, were the top trending keywords for quite a while.

Sandwiched between those Twitter headlines, there were a couple of headlines on Carmen as Claire's murderer.

Meanwhile, the Centennial Healthcare employees and subordinates were all bewildered.

Instantly, their faces were cramped with an indescribable feeling.

Boss? S is actually our Boss?

Boo-hoo. They were in despair momentarily as they thought about how they had treated Carmen in front of Jared in the past. Moments of them fawning up to Carmen flashed through their minds.

They found their past actions too humiliating to recall.

It was exceptionally embarrassing for the Harrison and Anderson brothers. They had wished the ground would just open up and swallow them alive.

I can't believe that woman, Carmen, had the audacity to treat our boss like that. When the employees thought about that, they were livid.

Wailing in misery, they wished they could turn back the clock. If they could reverse time, they would never curry favor with Carmen. Instead, they would have tried hard to get into Ashlyn's good books

instead.

Then they thought about how mean Jared was.

He already knew the truth beforehand. However, he allowed them to continue with their mistake without lending a hand.

Jared watched in oblivion as the employees fought amongst themselves in a bloodbath.

After a while, Ashlyn felt rather tired.

As the car race required her fullest concentration, she was exhausted.

Ever since she got poisoned in the last round, her stamina had not fully recovered to its peak condition.

Feeling dreary, Ashlyn changed out of her tight and heavy racing outfit. As she stepped out of the changing room, she noticed a tall and muscular man leaning against the wall.

Instantly, a familiar scent whiffed toward her.

Ashlyn continued walking ahead. Suddenly, the man extended his large palm and clutched her wrist.

"Let's talk," said the man.

"What else is there to talk about between us?" said Ashlyn with a cold snigger.

"Why did you do something so dangerous? Don't you know that car racing is highly dangerous? If you aren't careful, then-" muttered the man, who turned out to be Lucas. Before Lucas could finish his words, Ashlyn cut him off coldly. "Lucas, you're not qualified to say those words to me. Besides, I'm the God of Cars, S. Where were you when I started underground car racing in the past?" said Ashlyn mockingly.

After she said that, Ashlyn shoved Lucas' large palm away from her. She continued walking straight ahead in big strides.

As Lucas gazed intently at Ashlyn's back view drifting further and further away from him, he clenched his fists hard.

Now... It's not the right time yet. Honey, you must wait for me. When I clear all obstacles, I'll return to your side.

Meanwhile, Dixon was at the Haddock Group.

As he scrolled through the trending posts on Twitter, his gentle face turned dark and grim all of a

sudden.

This woman, Ashlyn, is really something. She always escapes from these situations unscathed.

What made Dixon even madder was the fact that her popularity had soared due to her exposure on the internet. Ashlyn became so sensational that her popularity even surpassed the up-and-coming celebrities and actresses.

No matter how Dixon tried to suppress Ashlyn's popularity, that woman ended up sky-rocketing to fame.

Infuriated, Dixon smashed his phone hard onto the ground. Then he got up from his seat.

With an icy cold expression, Dixon looked far away outside his window. He looked up at the clear blue skies with fluffy white clouds.

In stark contrast to the clear sky, his face turned dark and gloomy in an instant.

At that time, Sienna entered the room. She peered uneasily at Dixon, who had his back turned toward her. The latter gave off a cold and aloof aura from his back view.

Instantly, Sienna fell into a state of panic.

She was terrified of Dixon, no matter what he did. That fear was so deep-set that she could not dispel it.

Trying her best to keep her fear in check, Sienna muttered softly, "Mr. Haddock, the shareholders' meeting for the group will start in another ten minutes."

"Let the entire bunch of old fuddy-duddies wait!" said Dixon coldly. Even in his gentle voice, Dixon sounded naturally sinister.

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"Okay."

The foreboding atmosphere in the entire office almost made the people there suffocate.

Sienna hurriedly left the scene. Just as she turned around, a woman wearing a red, tight dress stepped into Dixon's office.

The woman then walked up to Dixon salaciously in her high heels.

Sienna felt a choke in her lungs. The moment the door closed, she could not help but turn around only to see the woman holding Dixon's arm.

She closed her eyes, suppressing the jealousy within her. Then she sped up and strode toward the

meeting room.

Little did she know that as soon as she left, the man mercilessly pushed the woman away and snapped, "Buzz off!"

"Mr. Haddock... Weren't you the one who asked me to come?" Christine Miller got up from the floor with a downcast look.

"I have a mission for you." Dixon hurled a document at her. "The one in the picture is your target. Take care of him!"

"Got it. I will complete the mission, so be rest assured." Christine opened the document to have a look. Then she smiled and replied, "I need to see half of the deposit in my account before I make a move."

Because she knew Dixon was a capricious man, she dared not stay any longer, so she turned and left.

The production team in the movie studio was making their preparations.

The scene in the morning revolved around Naomi and an established actor in the filming industry.

The actor was more than forty years old. He was considered an experienced actor whose acting skills were decent.

As all the previous scenes did not involve him, he only entered the production team the day before.

He was not the choice most of the production teams would go for out there. However, this time almost all actors in Greg's production team were rookies, and they did not have much popularity.

That was why he turned out to be the one with the highest stature and had the most experience in the production team.

And because of that, he, whose acting skills were considerably good, began lecturing the others.

"Why did you take that kind of approach?"

Before Greg signaled for the completion of a take, and while Naomi was still saying her lines, the experienced actor suddenly snapped, shocking her.

"M-Mr. Garvan, am I making another mistake?" Naomi stuttered sheepishly.

After all, she was only a young and inexperienced girl. Being snapped at by Marcus caused her entire face to turn red from being ashamed.

"Are you an actor? Your emotions were not right. I am so frustrated when acting together with you,"

Marcus answered impatiently in the harshest tone possible as he pursed his lips.

He then scanned Naomi from head to toe. If the latter hadn't been pretty, he would not have kept the last of his patience. Instead, he would have turned and left.

Naomi bit her lips as she suffered in silence. However, she remained polite and humble as she turned and glanced at Greg. "Maxwell, can we repeat the scene one more time?"

Greg, on the other hand, frowned upon seeing that.

What is wrong with Marcus? Why is he so full of himself? Does he think he really is an experienced actor? As the director, even I have yet to comment. How dare he interrupt the filming process? He even affected a fellow actor.

Greg was somewhat angry deep down. If he had not stopped directing for a few years and had a bad reputation in the industry, he would not have used Marcus in the first place.

He had no choice because Marcus was the only one who agreed to take up the role, while nobody else did.

Seeing that Naomi was on the verge of tears, Greg could not help but feel frustrated and furious on behalf of the former, for he thought that her acting just now was flawless.

Naomi quickly adjusted her mood and continued to act together with Marcus.

It was just that Marcus interrupted her again right after she finished saying a line. "The feeling is not right. Again."

Naomi clenched her fists. She was on the verge of collapsing. Marcus' interruptions made her feel like she suddenly did not know how to act.

"Mr. Garvan, please go easy on her as she's a rookie. Moreover, I feel that she is doing a good job." Greg eventually could not help but open his mouth to speak up. "Naomi, please continue."

When Naomi heard that, she calmed herself down and continued acting.

It was arduous for them to finish that scene eventually. At least, that was how Naomi felt. Just as Naomi breathed a sigh of relief, right in her face, Marcus complained again, "Your acting is painfully awful. Meet me in my room tonight. I will personally guide and correct your acting."

Naomi looked at him with an astounded expression and immediately revealed a happy smile. "Mr. Garvan, I thought you hated me. I never imagined you would still be willing to guide me."

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Marcus smirked in an evil way. "I am only willing to teach you because you are polite and humble."

Nonetheless, the innocent Naomi did not read between the lines and realize the underlying message and impure intentions laced in Marcus' words.

It was already eight o'clock in the evening and an exhausting day for the production team, so everyone returned to their rooms to get some rest right after finishing their meals.

Naomi walked out of her room with the script after taking a bath, and she happened to bump into Jonathan's manager, Isaac, who then asked, "Naomi, where are you heading?"

"Oh. Mr. Garvan said that he would give me some guidance in acting. So, I'm heading to his room right now." The bright smile on Naomi's face revealed how happy she was. "You should ask Jonathan to join us later."

Isaac was stunned. As he snapped back to his senses, he saw that Naomi had already headed toward Marcus' room.

Why do I feel like something is not right?

He deliberated it for a while as he tilted his head. Then he entered Jonathan's room.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn had just finished a meal with Blair and Tinsor, and they left with some takeouts. "Come on. Let's go to the movie studio to visit Naomi."

"Really? I have not had the chance to see how a production team works," Tinsor said happily.

Wow! I have never been so correct. I get to experience more when I follow S. Come to think of it, my horizons have broadened a lot ever since I got to know Ashlyn.

"Ashlyn, I have always been wondering. How come you are S? I almost threw my phone when I found out about this on Twitter," Blair said in disbelief after getting into Ashlyn's Land Rover.

"Ashlyn, are you, by any chance, going to take us for a ride? Are you going to drive at more than nine hundred kilometers per hour?" Tinsor stretched his head out and looked at Ashlyn's hands on the steering wheel.

Well, she's S, after all! She's a real person that I can interact with. What's more, I even had a meal with her. I'm so lucky! I've probably used up all my luck accumulated from several lifetimes.

He excitedly took a picture of Ashlyn holding the steering wheel.

No matter how I look at her, she looks so cool. She's so perfect I can't find a flaw. I must send this to Patrick. Not only that, I need to post it on both Twitter and Instagram.

Tinsor was extremely happy deep down, and so was Blair.

He was so excited he almost forgot to tell Ashlyn about the incident of Naomi almost getting kidnapped.

Excitement blinded him.

“We are in the city. How could I possibly go beyond nine hundred kilometers per hour? Two hundred or so is something more plausible.” Ashlyn started her Land Rover and darted away.

Tinsor and Blair were astounded that Ashlyn did not run a red light and managed to keep a steady and fast speed.

Her control over the vehicle was simply amazing.

Especially when Ashlyn was overtaking other cars, the two felt as though they were the ones controlling the vehicle.

The darting Land Rover finally arrived at the movie studio. The two young men felt dizziness in their heads.

Meanwhile, in the hotel beside the movie studio, Naomi obediently sat in front of Marcus, who was wearing a grey bathrobe, obviously having just taken a bath.

He was sitting on the bed, shamelessly revealing his chest and belly which was typical of a middle-aged man. Even though he did not have abdominal muscles, he did not have a beer belly either, so he appeared to be not so disgusting.

Nevertheless, Naomi could not help but feel awkward. “Mr. Garvan, I-I think I should go back.”

She had never been this close to any other men except for Jonathan. The more she looked at the belly of the middle-aged man that was exposed in front of her, the more she felt uneasy.

She did not know where to look, for she felt looking everywhere was inappropriate.

“Don't go. Tell me. Have you ever had a boyfriend?” Marcus stood up and slowly approached her step by step. The element that aroused him was the purity and innocence exuded by the young woman before him.

She is like a blank sheet of paper without any romantic experiences. I can't wait to paint and splatter her with my tool. One thing about Greg is that his taste in casting actors is undeniably good. From where did he find such a pure and innocent young woman? I bet no man on Earth would not have dirty thoughts about her.

No matter how dull Naomi was, she could tell that something was amiss. She finally realized that Marcus had clearly invited her over with lewd intentions.

Marcus undoubtedly has an ax to grind and purposely tempted me here, and I was so stupid to still walk into the lion's den.

She gulped and immediately dashed toward the door. "Mr. Garvan, I am leaving."

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Marcus hastened his pace and stretched his hand out to lock the door from inside. "Since you're here, it means you're willing to do it, right? It has become a norm in our circle to discuss scripts at night, don't you know it?"

"I don't understand what you are talking about! Let me out!" Naomi yelled sternly.

Her face turned pale, and her hands became numb out of nervousness.

She went there excitedly thinking of learning acting skills. It had never crossed her mind that it was a trap by that pervert.

At that moment, there was no one she could blame but herself for being too naive.

What should I do now?

Naomi felt a chill down her spine. A layer of cold sweat formed on her back unwittingly.

A sinister smile crossed Marcus' face. He reached out to her shirt and ripped it off roughly. Instantly, her shirt got torn apart, revealing her fair skin.

Naomi grabbed his hand and bit it without any hesitation.

Infuriated, Marcus raised his other hand and slapped her on the face.

Naomi started seeing stars from the slap. Her ears buzzed, and a trickle of blood appeared on the corner of her lips.

Her cheek became burning hot and swollen like a bun.

Looking up, she glared at Marcus fiercely like an untamed wolf pup. "Do you know who I am? Marcus, do you have any idea who I am?"

"I don't care who you are! You have to stay with me tonight whether or not you like it!" With that said, Marcus gave her another tight slap. Naomi was slapped so hard that she fell to the ground. Her bite on Marcus' hand loosened.

Marcus squatted before her and sized up her innocent-looking face. Then, he pinched her chin with a great force that almost crushed her bone.

“How dare you bite me? You're only a rookie! Let me tell you, you're dreaming if you want to succeed in this circle without any background or connection! If you become my mistress, I can help you to land any leading role in any movie. Isn't that good?”

Marcus spoke evilly. He glanced at his hand which was bleeding from the bite. “Tough woman, aren't you? I like it. It feels great to conquer you that way!”

“Stay away from me!” Naomi roared angrily. She was only putting up a fearless appearance.

Deep inside, she was utterly anxious as she would get worn out soon.

Am I destined to be his prey? What should I do now?

Secretly, she reached into her pocket for her phone, trying to give Jonathan or her manager a call.

However, Marcus noticed it instantly when her finger touched the phone. He snatched the phone over from her and smashed it on the wall. The phone screen shattered at once. The multiple cracks formed the shape of a spider's web on the screen.

“You stupid woman! Who are you trying to call? Huh?”

Naomi stared at him in horror. “Don't come near me! Stay away!”

Her body was pressed against the cold wall. A layer of fog blurred her vision.

A sense of devastation surged within her. What should I do? What should I do?

Marcus' big hand reached out toward her shorts. She grabbed the man's hand and shrieked loudly and hysterically, “Don't you touch me!”

Meanwhile, Jonathan was memorizing his script in his room.

Isaac looked at him hesitantly. Feeling uneasy from being stared at, Jonathan hit him with his script. “Why are you staring at me like that? What's the matter?”

“Jonathan, When I came back earlier, I saw Naomi go to Marcus the pervert's room. I'm worried-”

Before Isaac could finish speaking, Jonathan jumped up in shock. “Are you crazy? Why are you only telling me this after so long? Naomi is simple-minded and knows nothing! Oh my god!”

Without saying another word, he opened the door and dashed toward Marcus' room immediately.

He knocked on the door to Marcus' room frantically while shouting, "Naomi, Naomi! Are you in there?"

Inside the room, Marcus restrained Naomi's hands and held them behind her. He threatened her softly, "How dare you inform Jonathan?"

"Stupid woman!" he cursed resentfully. "Tell him that you're discussing the script with me. Ask him to leave now!"

Naomi gazed at him with tears in her eyes. The horror in them was evident.