

## Extraordinary 631

### [Chapter 631](#)

“Moreover, she even insulted me by saying that I was being unprofessional after that!”

“Casey Sharp, you're slandering me!” Helena jabbed a finger at Casey and shouted, “Don't listen to her! She's lying!”

“Whether it's true or not, the coworkers in the film crew will know. Back then, even the director could not stand watching it and tried to convince you to just wrap up the scene. Do you remember what you said?” When Casey thought about the tormenting moment she suffered, her eyes reddened. An actress' face was important, but Helena had slapped her face to the point it remained swollen for days. “You said, 'Isn't it just a few slaps? Does it really matter? It's not like I disfigured you!' Helena, how could you be so brutal?”

“I can't believe Helena could say something as cruel as that.”

“Appearances can really be deceiving.”

“A nasty woman like her should be blacklisted in the industry.”

“Get out of the showbiz!”

The reporters were in a frenzy as they recorded what Casey said and how Helena responded.

Only one thought was in their minds, and that was to let the rest of the world see the moment Helena lost her composure. They all wanted the world to see Helena's true nature.

At that very moment, it was as if they finally had the spirit of a genuine reporter.

They were going to expose the dark parts of the world and show the others a human's true nature. Finally, they were going to report the truth.

Helena was still on her spot, a shade of red spreading from her face to her neck. No one knew whether that was from her anger or her hatred.

As she stared at Casey, the fury in her sprang to life.

She wanted to hit her, and she wanted to throw something. The vein on her temple pulsed, and all of her organs felt like they were on fire.

“Casey, there's no need for you to slander me like this even if you're trying to make yourself popular! Has your craving for fame overwhelmed your mind?”

Helena's pupils were so shrunk that she looked like a wild beast about to pounce on her prey.

With nothing but resentment in her eyes, Casey hissed, "You know very well whether or not I'm unfairly accusing you of this!"

Right as the two were in a standoff, Ashlyn abruptly gestured to Naomi.

Naomi then swiftly opened a bag.

Whoosh!

Countless thumbtacks, embroidery needles, and razor blades were scattered onto the table.

When everyone present saw those things, their eyes opened wide again.

"What are these?"

"Those look like razor blades and embroidery needles. That's a lot on the table!"

"Those thumbtacks look sharp!"

Helena's face paled when she saw those things.

Just then, the crowd heard Ashlyn enunciate, "We don't know if Casey really slandered you or not, but are these things familiar to you, Ms. Uber?"

"No! I don't know what these are! I've never seen these before!"

As she yelled, she could not help but take a few steps back. She ended up knocking over a vase behind her.

With a loud smash, the vase shattered into pieces.

Panicking, she cried out, "I've never seen them! I've never seen those things before!"

Her eyes were as wide as saucers, her hands were balled into fists, and her face was completely colorless.

All of a sudden, Ashlyn took out a lab test report and showed it to Helena.

"Look properly. It's all written on this report, and there's even an official stamp on this. Here, it states that your fingerprints were on these thumbtacks, razor blades, and needles."

"No, that can't be! How can my fingerprint be on those things? I told Esme to buy those things! Esme was the one who put them in Naomi's room!"

Helena kept retreating backward before she maniacally snatched the report from Ashlyn.

As her features twisted into an ugly expression, she cried out, "This has nothing to do with me! This has nothing to do with me at all! Esme was the one who did all these! She put the thumbtacks in the pillow! She was the one who put the blades and needles in the face towel and the bath towel! Esme did it all, not me!"

“Helena, I didn't say anything, so how did you know that these things were in Naomi's face towel, bath towel, and pillow? Moreover, you're trying to push all the responsibility onto Esme.”

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Ashlyn glanced at Helena faintly. “Indeed, Esme did those things, but they were all done under your coercion. Also, Esme has confessed everything about this matter to the police.”

Moreover, it was actually Esme's fingerprint on the lab test result. Ashlyn purposely lied that the fingerprints were Helena's in order to mislead her.

Unexpectedly, Helena fell for such an easy trick.

In fact, Ashlyn did not know that Helena had been in an absolute daze and had no idea what to do for some time. Thus, she responded rashly and did not have the meticulousness to check whose lab test results it was.

No matter what, it was still attempted murder. Although Esme admitted it all and even helped the authorities to identify Helena, she was also partly responsible for it.

“It's you! You again! You opportunistic and ungrateful b\*tch! Did I not treat you well? How dare you betray me!”

Helena was so angry that she grabbed a vase in her hand with all her might. She threw it toward Esme, perfectly ready to murder someone.

Her heart exploded in rage, and she was so angry that she wanted to break Esme into pieces.

Anger burned in her heart, throat, and whole body.

The anger in her heart was like a fireball rolling around in her chest.

Then, her rage surged to her head.

She bit her lips with her teeth, and her face grimaced fiercely. In an instant, her image as a pure and innocent girl was destroyed.

The moment the vase was thrown, Ashlyn stepped forward and her movements were as fast as lightning. She yanked away Esme, who was stunned.

The sound of the vase crashing rang.

The crowd looked at the vase that shattered into pieces on the ground and was stunned at the sight.

The room fell silent.

She's already this vicious before even becoming the best actress? Is this how she mistreats her assistant?

Moreover, she placed such injurious things in the room of another person.

The consequences would be unthinkable if those blades or sharp items hurt Naomi's face. Naomi will be disfigured if that happens! Helena looks so innocent. How can she have such a vicious and evil heart?

It was astounding.

Just then, several men in police uniforms came over. The man leading the team had a serious expression. "Who is Helena Uber?"

"Are you blind? How can you not recognize me when I'm this popular?" Helena glared at the policeman like she was not in her right mind. "I am so popular! My popularity will be beyond H Nation and even Eurasia! I will be world-famous!"

"Has she gone mad? This woman is insane!"

"Take her away!" The police officer threw her a cold look.

Once his words fell, a few police officers came over immediately. They grabbed Helena and headed outside.

"You bunch of trash! You're only worthy of being my servant who washes my feet. Who does Naomi think she is? How is a newcomer worthy of playing the female lead? She deserves to be in the trending topic too!" Helena shouted like a madman.

She glared at Naomi, and the hatred in her eyes almost swallowed her whole. “What gives you the right?”

“She has that right because I have faith in her and like her as the investor!” Ashlyn smirked and walked over to Helena. Then, she raised one hand and patted Helena on her face. “You're not convinced?”

Ashlyn smiled a cold and domineering smile. “If you're not convinced, you can only hold it down yourself!”

“What's so good about Naomi? S-She...”

At that moment, Helena's tears suddenly fell like broken beads.

It's over! I'm doomed! It's all over because of my behavior today, along with being exposed and betrayed. I'm completely done for!

Everything was too late for Helena.

The police officer looked at Esme. “Esme Pearson, right?”

Esme did not shy away. “Yes, I am.”

“You come with us too!”

“Okay.”

No one would have expected that press conference to end so chaotically.

Casey watched Helena's fall from grace and could not help but clap her hands. She exclaimed, "Serves her right!"

As for the others, the reporters, and other people from the crew, all watched the commotion.

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Although they only watched the show unravel, they could not help but shudder with fear.

The nasty tactics inside the entertainment circle were endless, and one could fall into someone else's scheme if they were not careful.

They never expected such disgusting things to happen so near to them.

Some people sympathized with Naomi; some people sympathized with Esme.

However, none of them sympathized with Helena.

Ashlyn took Naomi's hand and said to the media reporters present, "Naomi is a newcomer and isn't trained professionally. There are a lot of controversies about her as she secured the lead role in her first show. However, I believe she will work hard. Please look forward to it!"

Then, she swept a glance at Harrison and Anderson, who were standing outside.

The two brothers immediately took some monetary gifts and came over, distributing them one by one to the reporters present.

"Thank you all for your hard work."

"Thank you so much."

"Please get yourselves some supper, coffee, or something."

In amazement, the reporters glanced at Ashlyn as they held the gifts in their hands. This is a huge sum of monetary gifts.

They were already very excited with the big news about Helena, and now there was a generous sum of monetary gifts after they worked till the middle of the night.

That was a big surprise.

Late that night, several trending topics suddenly emerged on Twitter.

The news was so shocking that it was beyond the netizens' comprehension.

It was the biggest incident of the year.

Helena's true face is exposed. A vicious woman.

Helena instructed her assistant to put thumbtacks, razor blades, and embroidery needles in Naomi's room.

Helena wanted to drug S, but Naomi drank it.

Helena abuses her assistant.

Her assistant did not go to seduce Frank.

Helena's a mistress.

S, Ashlyn, invested in "Trashy Idol."

Ashlyn supports Naomi as the female lead.

Frank, aren't you shameless for having an affair with a mistress?

Come out and admit it if you're a man, Frank.

How cool, S, Ashlyn's slap in the face was.

Helena taken away by the police.

A large amount of trending topics were all related to Helena.

Some netizens were still awake in the middle of the night, and some were getting ready to sleep and were shaken awake again by the headlines.

Some had already slept and were shook awake.

Especially those true fans of S, which had mostly fallen asleep. They did not like to catch up with gossip mostly.

After hearing that Helena actually wanted to drug S, just because she invested in the movie and a rival competition, they all got up one by one.

They held their phones, or sat in front of their computers, to desperately scold Helena.

Trash! Vicious woman! How dare you lay your hands on our S! Do you not want to live?



You vicious woman! Who do you think you are?

If something happens to God of Cars, you won't have enough lives to pay for it!

This is counted as hurting a national athlete, isn't it? S is the champion of H Nation!

I'm so angry I can't sleep.

What did our S do to her?

She is simply too shameless. Not only is she a mistress but she also beat up her assistant! How come there are so many scandals about her? There are too many to count.

How annoying! This kind of trash also deserves to stay on the same trending search as our S?

Soon, another flurry of trending topics appeared. Please leave our S alone. Asking for trash to take herself out and get out of showbiz.

I'm definitely watching "Trashy Idol!"

What the hell is "Angel and Devil?" I am not watching a show starring a cheater.

Frank's reputation sank immediately. It sank so much that one could not see the complete extent of the fall.

Frank was so anxious that he could only go home and beg his wife.

"Dear, please vouch for me and help me, for the sake of the money I earned all these years."

"Frank, are you kidding? You're asking me to help you? That's impossible!" Millie sneered. "Do you think I would have married you if it hadn't been for the trap you set up back then? How wishful!"

Millie laughed so hard that tears slid down her face unceremoniously. "This is your punishment! If it hadn't been for you, how would I have been separated from my child for so many years?"

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Slap! Frank landed a tight slap across his wife's face. "You b\*tch! Just so you know, we're on the same boat. If I can't stay in showbiz, you'll perish with me!"

"Just end my life if you dare! If you don't, then prepare to be cursed by the public!" Millie shot her husband a vicious glare. "I wish you an early death, Frank!"

Green veins began popping out on Frank's forehead as a wave of anger erupted like a volcano within him. He pressed his wife onto the ground and beat her to a pulp.

“Don't you dare curse me! Don't you dare laugh at me!”

Using both of his hands, he clutched his wife's neck with all his might. Millie could only feel the oxygen in her throat becoming thinner. Her face reddened as she continued to suffocate. She began coughing non-stop.

Cough! Cough— Cough—

“Your hands—”

Her voice was practically squeezed out of her with much effort.

“Let... go!”

Just as she almost went out of breath, Frank quickly released his grip, jolting himself back to his senses.

What was I doing? I nearly killed my own wife!

A sensation of pure terror surged through his heart.

His legs gave out on him as he plopped onto the floor.

Once Millie regained her freedom, she gasped intensely for several mouthfuls of fresh air. Infuriated, she grabbed a pillow and hurled it at her husband. “You tried to kill me! You're so shameless, Frank!”

There was no doubt about what she had just seen. Frank's eyes were obviously brimming with a dreadful murderous intent.

I need to leave this devilish man! Otherwise, I'd really be dead meat!

Frank tossed the pillow on his body to the side and tried to get to his feet.

Right then, he received a call from Kate.

A fiery rage of a noble family bombed him like a cannonball. “Frank! I invested in your filmmaking, not for you to flirt with other actresses! What a hopeless pile of crap! And there I was making a bold statement in front of Dixon. I even sang your praises!”

Kate stopped to catch her breath before continuing to fume, “To think that I've given my word to them, and now it became a slap in my own face! Can you feel how ashamed I am? Just wait until Dixon hears

about this! This time, not even I can save you!”

At the Fraser residence, Kate got so furious that she smashed every single thing in the living room.

The whole place was a mess with broken objects all over the floor. Even her glass coffee table was shattered into pieces.

It was as if a hurricane had just swept across the Fraser residence.

After dumping in such a huge investment, Kate was hoping to rake in a fortune with a commercial blockbuster.

The filming had just begun lately, yet there was already a scandal swirling around the protagonist and the director of the film.

The worst thing was that Kate loathed the protagonist Helena to the core. She did not think that the latter was worthy of being the female lead.

As soon as Kate finished splurting out her wrath on Frank, she hung up the phone.

Then, she hollered at the butler, “Is that Helena at the police station?”

“Yes, Mrs. Fraser,” the butler answered hastily.

Kate spat out viciously, “Contact Mr. Lambert at the police station and make sure he gives that b\*tch a hard time! Since she likes to sleep with other men so much, throw her into Golden Emperor Entertainment Complex so that she could sleep to her heart's content!”

“Y-Yes, Mrs. Fraser. I’m on it.” The butler scurried away on that note.

The atmosphere in the living room was heavy with tension.

Golden Emperor Entertainment Complex was one of the money squandering establishments for wealthy families.

If Helena were really cast into a place like that, she would never make it back into showbiz.

In the hospital, Hera was taking her own sweet time scrolling through her Twitter page.

It was then she stumbled upon Helena's incident topping the trending chart.

Somewhere between the trending topics, she noticed Ashlyn's name as well.

God of Cars, S? What? She has even invested in a movie? How did this b\*tch Ashlyn manage to hoard all the good stuff?

Upon reading the news, Hera could no longer keep the green-eyed monster within her at bay.

Why am I only the laughing stock of showbiz?

The more she thought about it, the more indignant she became. She figured she might as well log on to her alternate account on Twitter and do something about it.

Without any hesitation, she began to reply to the netizens' comments one by one on Twitter: Maybe there's an inside scoop. How could she have landed a role for herself as a mere amateur? What a joke! Who would want to watch her movie on the big screen? Kindergarten kids?

I know this actress Helena myself. I personally think that she is always very professional, and she has a good character as well. I don't see her being that bad like what you guys said.

### [Chapter 635](#)

Keyboard warriors are terrifying. Do you have any insider information? If not, how could you blatantly bombard Helena yet support Ashlyn? I think Ashlyn is the one at fault, though!

She keeps favoring Naomi, all because she yearns to be the lady of the Nolan household. Naomi is the daughter of the Nolan family, Lucas' sister!

In a sea of comments that tell both Helena and Frank off, a voice suddenly emerged out of nowhere and stood out against the public by defending Helena and insulting Ashlyn instead.

Of course, that caught the public attention right away.

The netizens responded to Hera's comments: Did you just eat sh\*t? How dare you talk bad about my goddess, Ashlyn! I bet you didn't even check the press release. They have proven it with plenty of photos. Some of the news media have even posted videos as evidence. Are you blind?

Are you trying to bend the truth? Didn't you watch the news? Helena has already been taken away by the police.

The press of Lake City already published the details of the incident. They also officially announced that Helena will be sentenced to a fine of five thousand, and she'll be castigated for her actions. I think you yourself have twisted morals.

You claimed that Naomi is Lucas' sister? What makes you say that? What proof do you have?

That's right! Stop spouting nonsense, you rumor-monger!

Hera had thought that after trampling upon Ashlyn, the others would follow suit and chime in as well.

In the end, she was the one being scolded instead.

Immediately, she flew off the hook. I merely vented my spleen, and now I'm the one getting blasted by these people? They really don't show me any mercy at all!

Moreover, never in a million years had she expected the omnipotent netizens to dig out her main account and slam the evidence onto her face.

The netizens readily posted their comments: So, it's you, Hera Chapman!

Is she that Hera who has been blacklisted by the fashion industry?

No wonder she supports Helena. Birds of a feather indeed flock together!

Here's the proof! This account has liked all the tweets from Hera in the past. Also, a lot of photos in this account have an identical background to Hera's photos!

Hera, are you jealous of our idol S? You must hate her!

Our God of Cars is beautiful and capable. She can easily defeat you in an instant no matter what! You do remember picking on our goddess during the last press conference, don't you?

We didn't know that Ashlyn is all our God of Cars earlier. But now that we recognized each other, let's avenge our goddess!

Thus, everyone responded to that calling.

Ashlyn's fans were in a state of frenzy as they instantly swarmed in at Hera's Twitter account.

All they did was give that unscrupulous Hera a lecture of a lifetime. Her mind went blank upon reading their comments.

Rolling her eyes to the back of her head, Hera felt her blood boiling to no end that she could simply vomit blood and die at any moment.

Owing to the fever going on all over the internet, Trashy Idol itself had successfully garnered an unprecedented amount of attention.

That movie was led by Jonathan, who was the current top idol, and it was his first big transition.

The success of his transformation from an idol to an actor would all depend on that movie alone.

Not only had he put his blood, sweat, and tears into brushing up his acting skills, but he had never stuck his nose in the air just because he was popular and had a sea of fans.

His tutors, who taught him acting techniques, had nothing but praise for him. They even willingly imparted all their knowledge to him.

As soon as Issac informed him about the incident, Jonathan bolted toward the hall on the hotel's ground floor. However, the press conference had already ended by the time he got there.

At that juncture, Ashlyn was on her way departing from the hall. She then heard a voice coming from behind. "Ashlyn!"

Surprised, she turned around and came face to face with Jonathan, who was rushing over and panting heavily. She asked, "Do you need anything?"

"Ashlyn... Can I ask you a question?"

There Jonathan was, exposing his young, handsome face and delicate facial features. He looked at her with a pair of sparkling, innocent-looking eyes.

"Ask away." Ashlyn's lips curled into a faint grin.

"Why did you pick me as the male lead of this movie back then? There are plenty of other actors in showbiz..."

To tell the truth, Jonathan had a terrible impression of Ashlyn previously, but he was not a blockhead.



That lady was one of his investors, so he could not afford to offend her.

Nevertheless, that did not mean that he would reduce himself to becoming a brainless apple-polisher.

After all, he had his own vision, ideas, and ambition.

Based on his understanding and observation, he thought that Ashlyn was a peculiar yet unique person.

At least, she seemed to be different and eccentric, totally in a class of her own.

She was powerful, wealthy, and gorgeous.

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However, she was a righteous person, at least to Naomi.

Jonathan was signed to Nolan Entertainment. As a rule of thumb, the Nolan Group usually gave its artists room for artistic development. The group also tended to shower its artists with resources and opportunities.

However, it wasn't a company that let its artists run amok at debauched parties.

Jonathan had been exposed to plenty of nasty rumors among his circles. He'd heard whispers of executives preying on trainees and newcomers.

However, Ashlyn did not radiate any of those perverse desires.

On the contrary, she was very open.

Therefore, Jonathan was shy whenever he found himself in front of her.

If the gossip on Twitter was to be believed, she was currently dating Lucas. Jonathan wasn't opposed to the idea of her as a sister-in-law.

Though, he wanted to know why she was giving him so many resources. Is it just because I'm close with Lucas?

“Jonathan, give yourself some credit. You're a top-tier idol. I hired you to make a movie for money. Of course, I'm taking into account your popularity and fan base.”

Just as Jonathan found himself awash in a deluge of doubt, Ashlyn's clear voice snapped him out of it.

Jonathan frowned. “Really?”

He couldn't shake off the feeling that something was off.

His gut told him that things weren't that simple.

"What other reason is there?" A faint sneer briefly flitted across Ashlyn's lips. "Or do you think I have some perverted intentions toward you?"

She tutted. "Let me assure you, Lucas looks better than you. He's not as... flabby around the waist."

Ashlyn gently patted Jonathan's skinny chest. In a mocking tone, she said, "If you work out more, then maybe we'll talk."

She had wiped away Jonathan's previous impression of her.

He stuttered, "You! You!"

"What are you blubbering about? Don't you dare try to hit on Ashlyn. She's my sister-in-law! She'll never be yours, so give up on your stupid ideas." Just as Naomi and the police officers stepped into the hotel lobby, they saw Jonathan and Ashlyn in deep conversation. She had no idea what they were talking about.

It seemed like Jonathan was trying to smooch up Ashlyn.

So, Naomi was anxious. What a drag! Tinsor's trying to drag Ashlyn into the Jaquin family, and now I have to put up with this squirt, Jonathan. Both of them are equally detestable!

She hated anybody who tried to pry her beloved Ashlyn away from her.

"Your Ashlyn?" Jonathan could scarcely believe his ears. "She's your sister-in-law?"

"That's right! She's my sister-in-law!" shouted Naomi.

Well, well. Isn't Ashlyn going to be Mrs. Nolan then? Jonathan didn't believe Naomi at all, but he had more pressing matters to deal with at the moment.

He looked Naomi up and down and wondered why she was wearing a mask. "You're not hurt are you? Did those thumbtacks and blade hurt you?"

There was concern in his voice.

Shaking her head, Naomi said, "No."

"That's good. Isaac wants to talk to you, so hurry on up!"

"Okay sure." Naomi turned to Ashlyn and said, "I'll go upstairs first."

"All right," said Ashlyn. Her gaze followed the two as they stepped into the elevator.

Her stomach grumbled angrily. It was getting late.

Anderson and Harrison beckoned her over. "Come on! Let's get supper together."

Twenty minutes later, a Land Rover pulled up next to a stall in the night market.

It was getting late, but the market was bustling and full of life as always.

Smoke and the aroma of food filled up the night air.

She could hear the carefree shouting of vendors.

The streets were teeming with students who'd just finished cram school and businessmen who'd just gotten off work.

Ashlyn stepped down from the car. Along with the two brothers, she headed toward a stall.

Out of habit, her feet automatically brought her to a seat against the wall. The two brothers looked around for the vendor to order their food.

“The usual?”

Ashlyn gave a slight nod. “Yes.”

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“You betcha!” Both brothers sauntered off toward the vendor, who was studying a stack of receipts at the counter. They called, “Hey, we want 20 lamb skewers, 20 slices of roasted loin, 20 grilled squid skewers, and some potato slices? Oh, and finally a grilled fish.”

The owner's wife looked up and saw the two dashing young men. She broke into a grin. “Ah, it's you two! Give me a minute.”

Her husband turned around as well. He smiled and asked, “Do you guys want any noodles?”

Anderson propped his hand on the frame of the stall. “Yes, three bowls of spicy chicken pasta with all the pickles. How much?”

“Please scan the QR code here,” said the wife. She tallied up their order and announced the sum.

Once the two brothers had settled the bill, they sat down next to Ashlyn.

For a while, the three didn't exchange a single word. Each of them was hooked on their own phone.

“Hey Boss, how about a round of PUBG?”

“Yes, Boss! We haven't done that in a while!”

Ashlyn arched a brow. She taunted, “What's the matter? Itching to get your butts handed to you again?”

Harrison flashed her a smug grin. “Hah! We'll see about that.”

Ashlyn smirked. She quickly found the game on her phone.

She tapped on the icon and typed in her account details on the login page.

The moment she logged in, she was greeted by a string of chirps from the speaker icon at the bottom of the interface. She had a lot of messages.

She cleared off all the messages before joining a match with the two brothers. She was ready to brawl.

In a short while, a character in a plain, red shirt entered the arena.

As soon as she entered the arena, Ashlyn's eyes lost their distracted glaze. The game now had her full attention.

Her character began jumping about. Soon, she managed to acquire a gun.

With ruthless and clinical precision, she dispatched all her opponents in the game with a shot to the head. This is too easy.

Her phone was muted. So, a bunch of notifications popped up on her screen.

You killed MayTheForestBeWithYou!

You killed LookingForLove!

You killed WhereTheSunDontShine!

You killed PupArazzi!

You killed TheGhostOfChristmasPast!

You killed 21 players!

You killed 22 players!

Ashlyn stared intensely at the screen.

Her fair skin glowed in the light of the dimly lit stall, and her dark almond-shaped eyes sparkled. Her hair was already simply tucked into a messy bun.

While her slender legs were slightly bent, one of them was resting against the foot of the table, in a casual and lazy way.

She looked relaxed but her fingers were a ferocious blur.

Anderson and Harrison glowered at their phones. Anderson whined, "Boss, why did you kill us too?"

Harrison pouted and cried, "I thought we are comrades!"

It was another digital bloodbath.

The two brothers weren't the only ones who were disappointed.

At this moment, several top players in the game felt a gnawing pit of despair as their characters met a quick, grisly end.

They wondered how the ruthless player who was armed with the most rudimentary weapon in the game could achieve that.

The players didn't even see her coming. She was as silent as death. Before they knew it, their characters were slumped on the ground.

They could only helplessly stare at their slain characters and read the notification: You've been killed by JohnnyCashlyn!

Meanwhile, in a black Bentley nearby, Spencer who had reluctantly accompanied Lucas as he stalked Ashlyn was bored out of his mind.

With nothing better to do, he fired up a game of PUBG on his phone.

He had no other hobbies, so he often played a few quick matches when he had some free time.

As he was Lucas' employee, he didn't have to worry about money. He had a high salary and several properties.

So, Spencer had no problem dropping a ton of cash into the game.

With a reputation as a high-spending player, Spencer had rubbed shoulders with several other top players.

They'd often join matches together.

He thought tonight was going to be just like any other night. They'd dominate all the other players.

Yet... they had all bitten the dust.

It wasn't just him. Several of the other top players had also met the same tragic fate.

What the heck?

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Spencer stared at his pitiful and helpless character lying down on the miserable grass along with the characters of the other big streamers.

The words of the game system still lingered in the air: You have been killed by JohnnyCashlyn!

His expression darkened with panic as he quickly shouted at the only surviving streamer, "Kill him now, Dustin! Avenge us and kill him!"

The moment he finished speaking, he could hear a crisp headshot from the game.

With that, the only surviving member of their team also fell to the ground.

The scene was so beautiful that one couldn't bear to look at it.

Spencer was shocked and stunned.

Disbelief was written all over his face. "This can't be! You're Chicken Boss! There's no one who doesn't know your name! How is it possible that you died? I can't believe there's actually a day when you become a death crate!"

Dustin typed on the phone's chatbox: There's nothing we can do! Cashlyn Pro is way too powerful! Compared to him, I'm just a noob!

Even though Spencer could only see what Dustin was typing instead of listening to his voice, the former could still observe a twisted sense of joy from that sentence. Is Dustin going insane? How can he still be happy after getting shot in the head? What's going on with him?

He quickly asked: Who is this Cashlyn Pro?

Cashlyn Pro was a pretty strange name.

While he might not be part of the e-sports community, he did play mobile games. There's someone that awesome in the game? I thought I'm already pretty unbeatable with these big streamers around. After all, they are pretty popular and they have lots of fans. There's someone who's actually more awesome than all of us combined?

"You never heard of Cashlyn Pro before? Do you live under a rock?" Dustin decided to just call Spencer on the phone to explain.

The passionate tone he was speaking in was a pretty clear indication that Cashlyn Pro was someone he admired. It was the type of tone people use when they talked about their idols.

"I'm telling you, Cashlyn Pro is a really mysterious person. He never shows up in public. Well, except that one time when he live-streamed in order to prove his innocence. When he started, a lot of people didn't like him and said that he was cheating. During that live stream, he pointed his camera at his slim white hands so everyone could see how he was playing. The speed at which his hand was moving was definitely not something a normal person can achieve. He was so fast and accurate that he pretty much one-shot anyone he comes across! There were a lot of people challenging him that day when they heard he was live-streaming. He got so many kills that he went straight to the top of the leaderboard! The



game's community, the larger gaming community as a whole, and even the streamer's community exploded! The live stream was so crowded that you couldn't get in if you were late! Viewers completely flooded the broadcasting platform. After that... He stopped playing the game as much as he did. He'll only occasionally show up here and there. I didn't expect we're lucky enough to see him tonight!"

Dustin was a pretty big streamer. In fact, he was the fifth largest on the platform. He was usually pretty awesome.

Everyone in the game's community was pretty pretentious and arrogant because it was a community where no one would pay attention to you if you weren't skillful enough.

Spencer rarely heard Dustin praise someone or be impressed by someone.

In fact, it was the first time he heard him do that.

That was why it shocked Spencer greatly. "This person's really that awesome?"

Before Dustin could reply, Spencer heard a bang from the car door. Then he saw his boss striding toward the table Ashlyn was sitting at.

"I can't talk to you anymore! I have to go now!" He quickly ended the call and followed Lucas.

I wonder if Mr. Nolan spoke to me earlier when I was occupied with the game and Dustin's explanation. He secretly glanced at Lucas. The latter was wearing a black suit with a pair of black pants.

The night breeze blew Lucas' hair up and showed how smooth his forehead was.

Blood veins were visible in his eyes due to him staying up late. His smooth and firm jawline showed his masculine charm.

Spencer couldn't help but take a couple more glances at Lucas.

### [Chapter 639](#)

It was a weird sight that Lucas, despite being a rich and noble man, showed up on a commoner's street where the night market was held.

He was so out of place that everyone was basically staring at him when he passed them by.

His bloodshot eyes were fixed on the meat skewers on the table.

Ashlyn, Harrison, and Anderson had already put down their phones at the moment.

Each of them was grabbing a meat skewer and devouring it.

There was also a bowl of spicy chicken pasta sitting in front of each of them.

Just a glance at the chilly oil on the pasta was enough for anyone to tell how spicy it was.

There was plenty of chili powder sprinkled on the meat skewers, too.

Ashlyn could feel someone staring straight at her. When she raised her head, her eyes were met with Lucas'.

It slightly stunned her. The edge of her eyes seemed a little untamed as she lifted a meat skewer and aimed it at him. "You want one?"

There was a distant look in his eyes as he stared back at her.

He didn't know why he got off the car since he had made the decision to stay away from her a little more.

However, when he saw her sitting in such a busy and smokey place, he couldn't help but approach her.

Initially, he wanted to reject her offer emotionlessly. He changed his mind the moment her voice entered his ears. "Okay."

He brought Spencer over to the side of the small round table.

The table was pretty small and could only fit Ashlyn and the other two.

It certainly couldn't fit two more men who had long legs. Both of them looked quite frustrated about it, especially Lucas.

Ashlyn blinked her pretty eyes. Her brown eyes were pretty typical. It was round and bright. When she thought about how Lucas destroyed a washbasin at the club a couple of days ago, her eyes subconsciously drifted to his hand.

As expected, there was a wound on the back of his hand.

Scabs had already formed on the wound.

There was a twisted contempt at the edge of her eyes. Why is he meeting me in the middle of the night when he's trying to keep his distance away from me?

Lucas was enjoying the meat skewers of the night market a lot.

He familiarly grabbed a lamb skewer and ate it. The lamb was grilled to crispy perfection. To his surprise, it was made even better after he sprinkled some chili powder on it.

Spencer was used to eating at a place like that compared to Lucas. He quite enjoyed drinking alcohol while eating meat skewers, which was why he had already started gulping down the food. Everyone knows Mr. Nolan is a very picky eater. He always complains about the food, but when he's in front of Ms. Berry, he can eat like a normal person. In the past, he only eats the food she makes indiscriminately. Now he's changed. He'll eat anything and enjoy it as long as she's eating it too because it has her scent. This love disease of his is going to be hard to cure! Even though he says he's going to leave Ms. Berry, his mind and body don't want to. I have no idea what he's thinking about lately. Is it fun for him to play this kind of game? Breaking up and getting back to her whenever he feels like it? I really don't understand.

There was only enough food for three people on the table, so it ran out pretty quickly after the two men joined and ate.

Thus, Ashlyn had to ask Harrison to order more food. "Order some beef skewers, grilled sausages, potato spirals, and pork cutlets!"

"Okay!" Harrison stood up and went to find the stall owner.

The short table and chair were a real pain for Lucas because he had long legs.

He had to bend his legs just to be able to sit. His hand-tailored pants and shirt from a famous international brand were forced to rub against the dirty table as a result.

However, he didn't seem uncomfortable at all.

He straight up ignored how incompatible he was with the place because the fulfillment he was feeling at the moment was irreplaceable.

Not only had he been not sleeping well, but he was also not eating well. He looked pretty haggard.

Thankfully, his spirit was still going pretty strong. So strong, in fact, that he didn't seem to know what it was like to be tired.

After a while, Harrison returned with a bunch of meat skewers first.

There was still steam rising from the hot skewers.

The smell of the mixture of cumin and chili powder went straight into Lucas' nose.

The pain of hunger swirling in his stomach was finally coming to an end.

#### [Chapter 640](#)

The satisfaction from satiating one's hunger was irreplaceable.

Such a feeling would only be aroused with Ashlyn's presence.

Disregarding his image of a domineering captain, he started eating the skewers without hesitation.

Ashlyn ignored him as if she was sharing a table with a stranger.

She lowered her head and started devouring the spicy chicken pasta, which had a layer of red chili oil floating atop.

Besides some noodles, the bowl also consisted of some onions, vegetables and bean sprouts.

Just one look at it was tantalizing enough.

Looking at Ashlyn enjoying her spicy chicken pasta, Lucas felt his appetite gradually sharpen. "Order one more for me."

Spencer shot up from his seat. "Excuse me, I'll have another spicy chicken pasta with less chili."

Well aware of how delicate Lucas' stomach is, Ashlyn raised her brow as she looked at him, puzzled.

“You're able to eat that?”

“Yes.” He nodded, with his black eyes lingering on her porcelain-fair face. At the sight of her lips turning red and swollen while eating her spicy chicken pasta, his heart skipped half a beat.

As always, her beauty stood out, where even at a small stall in the night market, her great beauty managed to bewitch him.

Clenching his fists tightly, Lucas recalled that night at the club, where he had stolen a kiss.

Though, he was only capable of expressing his feelings at a place and time like that.

He was determined to accelerate his progress.

After a while, the boss served Lucas his spicy chicken pasta.

Subsequently, Lucas immediately grabbed a disposable fork and gave the pasta a taste.

The noodles were spicy and soft, accompanied by some crunchy bean sprouts, giving them a refreshing taste.

It was his first time eating at a stall on the street in the night market.

Finding the taste unusual, he wondered, “Spicy, sour... So this is the legendary spicy chicken pasta? It tastes amazing!”

By being around Ashlyn often, his distinctive hostility seemed to have faded away, with the wisps of smoke rising onto his face.

Engrossed in enjoying the excitement brought by his spicy chicken pasta, he seemed to loosen up, while the corners of his lips curled up and the bloodlust in his eyes dissipated.

It was getting late.

By the time they had finished eating at the night market, it was already one in the morning.

Along with Anderson and Harrison, Ashlyn got into the Land Rover, without bidding farewell to Lucas.

Gazing at the Land Rover being driven off, Lucas entered his Bentley a few moments later and exclaimed inwardly, “She's treating me as if I'm a stranger! How carefree she is!”

The next day, Susan received a call in the morning. "Hello," she answered.

"Mom, it's me." A familiar voice sounded. It was none other than Mary.

Infuriated, Susan fumed, "How dare you call me? Right after Horace was imprisoned, you disappeared. I don't mind the fact that you've bullied me in the past, but how could you abandon my son?"

"Mom... I have a reason for that."

Surprisingly, Mary, who was usually unyielding, was not angered by Susan's reprimands.

Instead, she explained mildly, "My family found me, and they brought Penelope and me out of the country immediately. As I've left in a hurry, I wasn't able to explain the whole situation to you."

Susan's hand, which was holding the phone, froze as she asked suspiciously, "Your family? What do you mean?"

With a faint smile, Mary informed, "It's a long story. Mom, I've actually called to tell you something..."

Five minutes later, Susan hung up.

Huffing in anger, she flopped into the couch. "What a brat! She's capable of bringing glory to the nation, but she can't save her own father! This is ridiculous!"

At three in the afternoon, a topic dominated the trending searches, which initially consisted of news about Helena, on Twitter.

God of Cars, S is not willing to take care of her own grandmother.

Ashlyn ruins her image by leaving her grandma to fend for herself.