

## Extraordinary 7

### Chapter 7

Ashlyn got up with a stretch, her stomach rumbling.

She was just about to get out of bed when she heard the bathroom door being pulled open with a clatter.

The man came out with a white towel wrapping around his waist, exposing his eight packs that were shaped like a bar of chocolate.

This man was so perfect that one could find nothing to cavil about, even his body.

"Aren't you flying today?" She blinked at him wonderingly.

"I'm flying tonight," Lucas said, ruffling his wet hair with a towel. "Take your time to find a house. There's no rush to move out."

Ashlyn regretted lying about finding a house last night.

There was no easy way out now.

She could only nod with a smile. "My husband is still the best."

man handed her the towel and sat down in front of her. She naturally took it and started drying the man's

she tossed the towel aside and dried his

to the warm wind and the whirring

groaned inwardly

really look like an ordinary loving

even look like we're about

the hairdryer away. "How's pasta for

side on the bed and propped up his

bending over to kiss the man's

the man suddenly reached out and pulled her into his arms. "The thought of not being able to eat

here is no worse at it than I am." Ashlyn nudged him and said coyly, "Let me

and entering the kitchen, Louis, the butler,

smiled

knew the man's appetite best, and that he was a foodie and a picky eater, which was a headache to all the cooks and nannies

that it was either too salty or too sweet; or too spicy  
troublesome, and