

Extraordinary 71

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Lucas had an inkling that he was never going to get the gentle and playful Ashlyn back, ever again.

His heart ached terribly as he thought of how aloof and distant she had become.

However, he then recalled how much he had enjoyed Ashlyn's cooking so he dragged himself up and walked over to the dining table.

When he took a sip of the chicken noodle soup, an inexplicable sense of contentment started to spread through him.

Though it was not very obvious, one could tell that he was feeling moved, based on the crack in his expression.

He had long gotten used to Ashlyn over the past few years, whether it be her cooking or her body.

He could even vividly recall the fragrance of her skincare products.

Finishing the bowl of noodle soup, he stood up to wash the dishes. To which soon after, he grabbed himself some medication for his tummy.

He then turned in for the night, only to end up tossing and turning; no sleep came to him.

His burning anxiety grew deep, along with the night.

Ashlyn had always been a light sleeper.

Hence, she was laying wide awake, the moment a dark figure opened the door to her room. She stayed perfectly still, laying turned on her side.

Though the person was moving very lightly, Ashlyn could easily tell from the sound of the familiar footsteps that it was Lucas.

It's the middle of the night. What's he doing in my room?

Also, I'm very sure that I'd locked my door!

Nonetheless, this was Lucas' usual modus operandi; there was likely no point in locking the door.

The man stood by the bed and gazed at the sleeping woman. She had turned on a night light, and her face was bathed in the warm orange light.

She looked cold and distant during the day, but now, she looked as harmless as an infant.

Lucas leaned closer to her. He couldn't stop himself and pressed his lips onto the pair that he had been dreaming of for so long.

They still felt as soft and as full as he had remembered, and immediately, a familiar sense of frenzy was ignited.

He gradually deepened the kiss. It was as if he were a man who had stumbled onto an oasis in the desert. That was how much he had thirsted for her lips, for her everything. The kiss became more urgent and desperate.

Ashlyn couldn't believe what was happening.

He stared at me for so long just so he could sneak a kiss?

She instinctively wanted to push Lucas away, but suddenly, a familiar feeling started blossoming from her tailbone.

And soon enough, it had spread throughout every cell in her body.

Not again!

It's been four years! Why is it that every time this man is somehow involved, it just starts stirring?

Just what charm does this man have?

Has it not been fed enough, all these years while being with him?

She hadn't had any palpitations at all this past year.

That was why she had so readily agreed to end the marriage.

However, she had been too naïve and had greatly underestimated the potency of the Spirogyra.

When she had kissed Lucas during the day, the curse had likely already detected his presence.

Now that he was in close vicinity, it had awoken again.

Ashlyn could feel every part of her body growing warmer, and it was becoming unbearable.

Very, very unbearable.

Lucas astutely sensed Ashlyn's change in behavior. He pulled away from her lips but kept his gaze on

her.

He saw her slowly open her eyes, and he noticed that they were coated with a layer of desire. Her cheeks were tinged pink; she looked so breathtakingly beautiful.

“You’re awake?” asked Lucas in a raspy voice.

Ashlyn stared at him dazedly. She wanted to give a response, but when she opened her mouth, the only sound that came out was a soft moan.

On the other side of the window, a gentle, warm breeze was blowing. There wasn’t a star in the sky either. It was as if they had all shyly hidden behind the clouds.

Morning rays shone into the room and gently caressed the two intertwined bodies lying on the big, soft bed.

The woman’s long lashes fluttered. It seemed as if the sunlight was too glaring, so she lazily lifted an arm and covered her eyes.

After a while, she put her arm down and finally opened her eyes.

Her whole body was very sore as if she had just run two marathons in a row.

There was an arm draped across her waist. She glowered at the arm, then picked it up and threw it to the side.

The images from last night flooded her, flashing across her eyes, scene by scene.

She couldn’t believe her lack of control.

Stupid Spirogyra! Can’t you be without a man for even one day?

Gah!

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The Spirogyra hasn’t acted up in a whole year. So why did it suddenly awaken last night? And it was completely out of control too!

She recalled how she had been so eager last night, as well as all the embarrassing things that she had initiated, and she wanted nothing more than to disappear from the face of the earth. Ahhh! I’ll never live this down!

She yearned to rid of the Spirogyra from her body. However, it had been four years and she still hadn’t

found a way to do so.

The only thing she could do was suppress and mitigate it.

She had honestly believed that she had successfully gotten control over it these past four years and that it wouldn't awaken again.

Ashlyn buried her face in her hands.

Now that I'm divorced, how am I supposed to deal with it the next time it acts up?

No... Nothing has happened in the past year, so I'm sure everything will be okay going forward. Last night must've just been an anomaly.

Yes, that has to be it.

After spending some time convincing herself, Ashlyn then readied herself to get out of bed to wash up.

However, the moment she sat up, she was startled by a pair of eyes staring at her.

Lucas was already awake! He was lying on his side with his head propped against his left arm, and his deep-set eyes were focused on her.

"You're awake?" Ashlyn tried hard to hide her awkwardness and made her face look as expressionless as possible.

Sleeping with the ex-husband sounded ridiculous, no matter how it was spun.

Lucas' hair fell lazily into his eyes, and he squinted his eyes habitually. "We went at it for most of the night, Ashlyn. That's some energy you have."

Ashlyn's face stiffened. The soreness in her body was nothing compared to how awkward things were right then.

If she had resolutely pushed him away, then Lucas absolutely wouldn't have had the chance to try anything.

Yet, the curse was too strong and it had completely taken her over. What else could she have done?

The man absentmindedly took a lock of her hair and twirled it around his fingers. Then, he leaned in and buried his head in the crook of her neck. With a thick voice, he uttered, "You were so passionate last night."

It had been quite a long time since he had experienced such an unbridled passion.

There was something about Ashlyn whenever she was in bed that had always mesmerized him, pulling him deeper and deeper.

While they were married, he had always loved her body. Even now, he still found himself addicted to it.

Ashlyn's gaze flickered towards him as her expression remained blank.

The passionate one wasn't me. It really wasn't. It was the damn Spirogyra!

That's right! I was under its control, so I have nothing to be self-conscious about!

Lucas shifted his body and rested his head on a pillow. His face looked like a carefully carved piece of artwork, as did the upper half of his body that was exposed and uncovered by the sheets. His limbs were carelessly spread out, taking up most of the bed.

Ashlyn wanted to at least try to keep her dignity intact. "I don't remember anything, so I don't understand a word that you're saying."

The sunlight was a little too strong, so Lucas got up and pulled the curtains shut.

He then walked back and rested his gaze on the woman still in bed.

Her lips were pursed tightly as if she was trying to push down her emotions. Oh? So she's going to play dumb?

Lucas tilted his head slightly, and the sunlight that was peeking through the curtains shone right onto his head, giving him a halo effect.

Ashlyn didn't have time to enjoy the man's gorgeous looks. Though his figure — with his chiseled chest and six-pack abs — really was so good that it would cause women everywhere to swoon and faint. However, there were also visible marks on his body, scratches that she had left behind last night. As of right now, she couldn't bear to look at them.

Because all of that only suggested one thing — that she was really very enthusiastic last night.

I thought that he had gastric pains! Yet he still had the strength to do all of that last night! Gastric pain my butt!

By the time Ashlyn got up and finished washing up, it was already around eleven in the morning.

She opened the fridge and saw that it had been restocked.

"I want to have a lamb shank with mashed potatoes, salmon with a red wine sauce, and some kind of

salad..." listed Lucas as he walked over. He was only wearing a loose robe, so his chest peeked out from underneath every time he moved.

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Ashlyn's hands stopped midway while putting on the apron. "Do you think that you're at a restaurant?"

"Someone wanted to go again and again last night, so I need to replenish my energy. After all, I have a flight later at four," announced Lucas very sincerely.

Ashlyn's face blushed bright pink. As unabashed as she usually was, at the end of the day, she was still just a twenty-two-year-old girl.

She hurriedly averted her gaze and focused on the ingredients. It looked like Lucas had gotten someone to get everything that he needed. She pointed to a pot and huffed, "Go boil the potatoes."

Previously, whenever Lucas had time, he would help out with the cooking too. So, he was familiar with handling tasks like these.

He strode over to the sink, washed the potatoes, and started peeling them.

Ashlyn stole a glance at him.

His side profile looked very alluring and would probably mesmerize anyone who looked at him for too long.

Even when he was just peeling potatoes, there was something graceful and artistic about his movements.

God really put in extra effort when making him.

Ashlyn allowed herself one last glance before starting to prepare the other ingredients.

An hour later, all of the dishes Lucas ordered were plated and placed on the dining table. He had also set the table without having to be asked.

They sat down across from each other.

There was a hint of a smile on Lucas' face. He really enjoyed this kind of lifestyle.

Everything felt very warm and wholesome, and it was a feeling that only Ashlyn could give him.

He gracefully carved the meat off the lamb shank, then placed a chunk in his mouth. "It tastes good," he admitted contently.

Ashlyn had actually cooked enough for four people. So when it didn't look like Lucas was going to slow down anytime soon, she quickly spoke up.

"As a doctor, I should remind you that overeating is going to do even more damage to your stomach."

"Are you concerned about me?" Lucas' head was facing towards her, yet his gaze seemed to be unfocused.

Clearly he was full. But for some reason, he wanted to continue to eat.

Aren't big shot presidents supposed to be fancy and elegant and only partake in fine dining with those tiny, tiny portions?

So why's the one in front of me such a big eater? He's nearly finished everything on the table by himself.

Serves him right for having stomach pains!

Ashlyn really had never seen him eat so much before. Not even while they were married.

"I'm a doctor. It's part of my job," retorted Ashlyn as she lowered her gaze and continued with her meal.

Lucas' lips curled upwards. He still hadn't gotten used to the idea of being divorced. It was likely the same way for Ashlyn, despite how aloof and distant she had been acting.

This thought made him feel quite happy.

The images from last night popped into his mind. The way they threw away their inhibitions, the way she moaned into his ear, the way her arms wrapped themselves around his neck...

Now that he had satisfied his physical hunger, he wanted nothing more than to satiate his 'other' hunger...

Lucas' eyes lingered on Ashlyn's flawless skin. The cute pajamas that she had been wearing last night had gotten shredded during the process, so at that moment, she was wearing a black nightgown. The contrast of the black against her skin only made her look even fairer, and all he could think about was running his fingers up and down her body.

Her bright dewy eyes were the worst of all. They looked emotionless most of the time, but whenever he locked eyes with them, the fire and urge in him would instantly be ignited.

Just like in this very second.

He stared at her like a predator stalking its prey, with passion and hunger dripping from his eyes.

Ashlyn astutely sensed the change in atmosphere and lifted her eyes. She was met with a pair of ravenous-looking eyes.

Having spent four years with him, she was naturally very familiar with that look in his eyes. Furrowing her brows slightly, she asked hesitantly, "Lucas?"

Suddenly, the man in front of her threw down his fork, went around the table, and picked her up bridal style.

He then strode over to the couch, threw her onto it, before soon pressing his body down onto hers.

Huh?

Ashlyn wanted to get out from beneath him. Last night had been a mistake. She couldn't allow this kind of thing to happen again and again.

They were divorced. People who were divorced needed to have a clean break instead of indulging in these boundary-blurring activities.

She tried to use her strength to fight back. She lifted her leg and tried to land a kick on the man's back, but it was as if he had eyes behind the back of his head. He reached his hand out and wrapped it precisely around her calf.

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Ashlyn wasn't going to give in so easily. She tried again, but no matter what she tried, Lucas would always be able to deflect her 'attacks.'

He was also able to sneak kisses along her neck and on her face...

Things were getting pretty heated.

Ashlyn's body grew increasingly warm.

The Spirogyra, which had been dormant for half a month, was awakening again with a vengeance.

She realized that her body was completely unable to resist Lucas.

If it were anyone else, she could have easily bashed his head in.

But this was Lucas...

With the Spirogyra in her, there was nothing that she could do to resist.

At that very moment, she really hated the blasted body of hers.

Lucas grabbed her waist tightly and pressed her body against his. He then leaned in and kissed her on her lips.

Time slowly ticked by.

Lucas carried Ashlyn to the bathroom to clean up before placing her back on the bed.

He lowered his head to look at Ashlyn who was tucked beside him. He put his hand on her waist and pulled her closer.

After having tired herself out, the woman had already fallen asleep.

There was a nice, fresh scent to her, likely from the body wash used earlier. Her long hair was scattered around Lucas' neck and chest. She appeared to be in deep sleep.

Lucas used his finger to gently brush the hair away from her face. He used an arm to prop his head up, before staring at the beauty in front of him.

She is so beautiful. As beautiful as a goddess.

Lucas subconsciously relaxed his habitually creased brows.

Even though the atmosphere felt easy and relaxed, there was something about her — maybe it was her breathing or something — that still felt inexplicably distant and subdued.

One of these days, I'm going to peel back those layers and learn everything about her!

The man caressed her face gently. His body tingled at the soft, silky touch.

He took a deep breath then pulled his hand back. Finally, he lay back down next to her and hugged her tightly in his arms.

By the time they woke up, two hours had already passed.

Ashlyn had felt slightly exasperated with herself. She had found herself in this awkward position twice that day already. Even her breathing was filled with awkwardness.

When Lucas felt her movements, he too opened his eyes. There was a barely detectable hint of affection in his eyes.

Their eyes met for a few seconds, and immediately, the atmosphere turned awkward.

Out of nowhere, Lucas' arm snaked around to the back of her head as he pulled her towards him.

He pressed his lips against hers as his tongue gently traced her lips.

Ashlyn slowly closed her eyes. All her senses were flooded with him.

The kiss didn't last too long. When Lucas pulled away, there was even a hint of reluctance in her eyes.

She had finally come to accept that her body very likely couldn't do without Lucas.

Because every time Lucas got close to her, she would immediately melt into a puddle of water.

Darn it!

Outside the room, a brisk wind was blowing. The sound of raindrops hitting the windows could also be heard.

Apparently it had started to drizzle.

"Will the rain affect your flight?" frowned Ashlyn slightly.

Lucas took hold of her slightly cold hands and tried to warm them up in his. "I'll only know later during the meeting. Come on, let's get up. We need to get ready to go to the airport."

"Okay," nodded Ashlyn.

Ten minutes later, they were both properly dressed and ready to go.

Lucas was dressed in his captain's uniform and had his pilot's cap in one hand. He looked dashing and even had an imposing air about him. Those long legs of his were especially mouthwatering. In fact, he looked so stunning that it was as if he had walked straight out of a magazine.

Ashlyn, on the other hand, was wearing a pair of tight-fitting jeans. The fabric clung to her, showing off the lines of her toned legs. She also had on a beige-colored coat, paired with a pair of sneakers. Her whole ensemble made her look especially youthful.

Both man and woman were outrageously good-looking.

They stepped out of the hotel and were immediately enveloped by cold air and raindrops.

Lucas personally drove them to the airport.

Ashlyn would take a glance at the scenery every so often during the ride.

After they arrived at the airport, Lucas finally handed a plane ticket to her.

She perked an eyebrow up, as she reached for the ticket. Then she heard the magnetic-sounding voice say, "I'll head to the meeting first."

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Ashlyn nodded, then watched as the man walked off.

There was still some time left before they could start boarding. She rubbed her temples helplessly.

Why couldn't I have just resisted him?

She had to admit that Lucas was very good-looking, and he certainly knew what he was doing in bed.

However, she couldn't very well turn into a puddle every time he touched her, now could she?

No! That's too much!

I won't allow him the chance again!

No, wait! We're divorced! Why's he even rolling around in the sack with me?

We might as well not have gotten divorced in the first place! It's like I got demoted from wife to just friends with benefits!

Now it just feels like I'm on the losing end here.

Nancy and a few other stewardesses were walking past when they had caught sight of Ashlyn. They all stopped in their tracks in surprise.

However, they all did just survive a traumatic experience, and Ashlyn was Captain Nolan's wife, so they decided to walk up and say hello.

Nancy was the first to give her a smile. "Mrs. Nolan, aren't you going to stay in Italy for a few more days?"

"Are you doing better? Are you able to fly?" asked Ashlyn in return.

Nancy was someone who had classy and delicate features, the exact opposite of Ashlyn's more sensual and bold beauty.

Even Nancy's presence itself felt gentle.

"I'm feeling better after resting for a whole day. I did hit my head, but it's all good now." Nancy vividly remembered how Ashlyn had helped her. "Thank you for your assistance that day, Mrs. Nolan, or things would've become much more chaotic than they were."

"That's right. Mrs. Nolan even gave Nancy a quick check-up. Personally, I was too freaked out to do anything," chimed another stewardess.

"You were so amazing that day, Mrs. Nolan. How were you not afraid or even nervous?"

"It was probably because of Lucas," smiled Ashlyn.

"We need to go. We've got a meeting to get to!"

An irritated voice abruptly interrupted the conversation.

Nancy could immediately tell that it was Jenny who had interrupted her. She pushed her annoyance down and turned to Ashlyn. "Please excuse us, Mrs. Nolan. We need to get to our meeting. We'll catch up with you again."

Each time Ashlyn heard the word 'Mrs. Nolan,' her skin would crawl. So, she couldn't stop herself from bringing it up. "Lucas prefers to not have everyone know about our relationship, so... if everyone could..."

"Captain Nolan has already informed us of this," smiled Nancy. "We've also notified all the passengers on that flight. So don't worry, everyone knows to keep the secret."

"Mrs. Nolan, you and Captain Nolan look amazing together. Why are you keeping your relationship on the down-low?" asked one of the stewardesses.

"He probably just wants to protect me," winked Ashlyn playfully. "You guys get it. He's a walking chick magnet."

The stewardesses all burst into giggles. They realized that Mrs. Nolan wasn't only just pretty and kind-hearted, but rather, she also had a playful sense of humor.

When the stewardesses finally walked away, Ashlyn let out a sigh of relief and arranged her face back into her usual expressionless look.

Being playful and cute was not one of her strong suits.

However unbeknownst to them, a 'Mrs. Nolan trend' was sweeping across the country at that very moment.

As it turned out, Yakov had already excitedly uploaded the video of Ashlyn onto his social media.

He had more or less relocated to H Nation for a while now and was working as a freelance photographer. So, the moment he saw Ashlyn speak into the PA system, he couldn't help but start filming it.

However, he still knew there would be privacy issues if he blatantly uploaded a video of someone else, so he was careful enough to blur out Ashlyn's face.

The short clip started exactly when Ashlyn stepped in to take over Nancy's Purser responsibilities, helping to calm the passengers down.

Her authoritative and steady voice could be heard very clearly.

"Good day, everyone. I am Ashlyn Berry, the wife of the captain of this flight. My husband, Captain Lucas Nolan, has undergone years of professional training. When I'd married him four years ago, he had just taken over South Star Airlines. In order to better expand the airlines, he went and got himself a pilot certification."

"I've seen how much blood, sweat, and tears he's put in, to get from a trainee to a co-pilot, and to the captain that he is today. I know very well how capable he is, so believe me when I say that you can put your trust in him. His wife is on this flight; he will do everything that he can to ensure his wife's safety, as well as every one of yours. I know that he won't let anyone of us down. He will land the plane safely."

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People who watched the videos could only see a slender woman wearing a lilac-colored dress. But the presence the woman gave off was powerful and authoritative.

The short clip was quickly shared by countless people, and pretty soon, it racked up plenty of 'likes' too.

"Oh my gosh!"

"Mrs. Nolan is amazing!"

"So there really is a Mrs. Nolan. I kept wondering if Lucas Nolan's marriage was just fake news."

"Who knew that Mrs. Nolan would be so charismatic."

"I know right? She's totally won me over. Oh no, she makes me want to bat for the other team!"

"Think about it. The situation must have been terrifying at the time. The Purser was injured and the other cabin crew members were probably scared out of their wits, but Mrs. Nolan bravely stood up to take control of the scene."

“The way she was able to calm everyone down was just brilliant.”

“Captain Nolan is one lucky man.”

“What I want to know is whether Mrs. Nolan is on all of Captain Nolan’s flights. If so, doesn’t that sound super romantic?”

The comments section under the video was blowing up, and social media users even managed to get ‘Mrs. Nolan soothes flight passengers’ to trend.

A certain online shopping website even released a “Mrs. Nolan’s lilac dress” which instantly became a best-seller, going out of stock not long after.

Even the white pumps Ashlyn was wearing at the time became must-have items.

There were also plenty of people who flocked to Lucas’ social media account, begging him for Ashlyn’s account handle.

“Does Mrs. Nolan not have a Twitter account?”

“Mr. Nolan. Captain Nolan. I promise I’ll only fly on your flights from now on. Please tell us what Mrs. Nolan’s account handle is!”

“Captain Nolan, do you know how cool your wife is?”

“Where can I get myself a Mrs. Nolan?”

Of course, there were also a bunch of Lucas’ admirers — mainly socialites and influencers — that veered in a vastly different direction.

Their comments were nothing but bitter and vicious.

“Ha! She looks like such a sl*t. Has Mr. Nolan gone blind?”

“I bet she’s a fraud.”

“That’s despicable. How dare she take on the Purser’s role? Surely that’s against some kind of law?”

“Exactly! I’m sure that what she’s doing is illegal! Both she and the Purser should be punished! Absolutely unprofessional!”

“Let’s not forget about the unprofessional cabin crew either. I wouldn’t want to be a passenger on any of their flights!”

“How can they let a non-crew member be in charge during such a crucial time? Just what is South Star Airlines playing at?”

“I bet this is all just to get attention!”

When Hera saw the trending topic, she immediately blew a gasket.

Now, she was increasingly certain that it was Lucas’ ex-wife who had answered the phone.

What the hell? They’re divorced and she still goes around calling herself ‘Mrs. Nolan’? How shameless can she be? The nerve of that woman!

Without even thinking, she went on to her alternate account and posted, “Mr. and Mrs. Nolan have supposedly gotten divorced, so it’s better not to waste any time shipping them together.”

She even went to Yakov’s social media and spammed the same comment under countless other comments. I refuse to let this shameless woman get away with this! How dare she still try to win brownie points by claiming that she’s Mrs. Nolan?

I won’t stand for it!

She then turned on her computer and sent out an email.

Not long after, she received a reply with just the word ‘OK.’

Mrs. Nolan my ass. Let’s see how long your smugness will last. I’m going to make you remember you’re nothing but an unwanted ex!

She stared coldly at the computer screen as a sneer played on her lips. Soon, the topic ‘Lucas Nolan is divorced’ became a trending topic, placing just below ‘Mrs. Nolan soothes flight passengers.’

It looked especially ironic for the two trending topics to be placed, one after the other.

The ‘Lucas Nolan is divorced’ topic was flooded with people yelling at Ashlyn.

“They’re divorced, yet she’s still using him to grab attention?”

“Still calling herself Mrs. Nolan? How ridiculous!”

“What kind of shameless woman is she? Give me back my Lucas Nolan!”

“Why on earth did Mr. Nolan marry such an attention-seeking woman in the first place?”

“I bet she did all that just so that she would become famous.”

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However, those that had seen the video clip of Ashlyn quickly emerged to defend her. “Mrs. Nolan is a ray of sunshine, and you’re all just jealous of her!”

“Stop spreading rumors! Mrs. Nolan was on Captain Nolan’s flight. They’re very much in love.”

“Besides, even if they were divorced, it’s not like any of you would stand a chance with Captain Nolan anyway.”

“Ha! I’m standing behind you, Mrs. Nolan!”

Then, there were also the requisite conspiracy theorists. “I bet that this was all just a marketing tactic by South Star Airlines; a publicity stunt to get people to notice them.”

“Marketing? Publicity stunt? Excuse me? It was a fact that the plane was met with ghastly weather. It was a fact that Captain Nolan did everything that he could to land the plane safely. It was a fact that the Purser was injured. Lastly, it was a fact that Mrs. Nolan soothed the passengers. So tell me, did South Star Airlines plan all of that, including the bad weather? Moreover, how stupid do you think the airline is, to risk hundreds of lives just for a publicity stunt?”

“I agree with the comment above! That was clearly an instinctual reaction on Mrs. Nolan’s part. No one knew that she was Mrs. Nolan prior to this. Not the passengers, and not the cabin crew. She was merely responding to the crisis on hand. Captain Nolan was amazingly skilled, and Mrs. Nolan was great under pressure.”

“Exactly! Both were amazing! Just think about it! If it weren’t for Captain Nolan’s above-average capabilities, then we wouldn’t be talking about him and Mrs. Nolan right now, but a freaking plane crash! A! Freaking! Plane! Crash! That would undeniably be a detrimental blow to South Star Airlines. So unless they’re both the biggest idiots in the world, do you think that either of them would even consider doing something like this just for a ‘publicity stunt’?”

In the meantime, in a small country in Eastern Europe.

A middle-aged man was leisurely sitting in front of a swimming pool in his luxury three-story mansion. He basked in the warm sunlight as he lazily swirled his glass of red wine.

Every now and then, he would take a sip of the wine while servants wandered around, tending to both the mansion and him.

Suddenly, a loud crash sounded from the entrance of the mansion.

The middle-aged man jumped up in fright. A few of the servants ran over to him, blabbering frantically in their native language.

“Go look!” ordered the man.

A young woman headed towards the door.

A group of uniformed police barged in, each holding a gun pointed straight at the man.

The man’s eyes flew wide open in alarm. I’ve already escaped all the way here. How could the police have found me?

No, no! That’s impossible!

However, as if right on cue, the policeman standing in the forefront whipped out an arrest warrant.

“Nigel Bask, you’re under arrest for breaking H Nation’s laws. This includes a hit and run, owing farmers their salaries, and various counts of embezzlements. You will now be extradited back to H Nation. From now on, everything that you say can and will be used against you in the court of law.”

“No! You’ve got the wrong person! I didn’t do any of that!” yelled the man.

He had spent so much money to hire people to cover his tracks. He had also detoured through so many countries, finally ending up in this tiny, unknown country. How on earth did the police from H Nation even find him?

“Grab him!” The policeman put the warrant away while others walked up and cuffed Nigel.

Nigel’s face turned sheet-white. The glass in his hand crashed to the floor, smashing into smithereens.

There were no longer any traces of the relaxed expression that he had on earlier.

A few thousand miles away, a plane flew straight through the night. It was four o’clock in the morning when it had safely landed in Lake City International Airport in H Nation.

Ashlyn saw Jared’s car the moment she stepped off the plane, and she jumped in without any hesitation.

By the time Lucas ran out, he only managed to catch a glimpse of the Land Rover speeding off into the darkness.

The air was especially crisp that morning.

Jenny was scrolling through her social media when she walked up to Lucas.

She shoved her phone at him and huffed, “Captain Nolan, look!”

“What?” asked the man absentmindedly as he stared into the distance.

“It seems like Mrs. Nolan just wants to bring attention to herself.” Jenny couldn’t hide the smugness in her eyes. “I never would’ve guessed that Mrs. Nolan was such an attention-seeker.”

“Bring attention to herself?” Lucas finally shifted his icy gaze onto Jenny.

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Jenny was so excited that her fingers were trembling. He is looking at me, he is finally willing to take a good look at me. I wonder if my makeup is flawless today. I wonder...

When her thoughts were still running wild, she heard a calm man’s voice, “Who did you say pulled a publicity stunt?”

“Oh Captain Nolan, look over here,” Jenny, who was psyched out initially, immediately felt like a deflated balloon.

However, she still felt happy as long as she could speak with Lucas.

She directed her phone screen to Lucas, “It’s gone frenzy on the Internet. Mrs. Nolan’s video clip and another topic also went viral...”

Lucas’ expression changed. With his eyebrows squinted, he stared at the screen, checking out the top search on the Internet.

Jenny has been observing Lucas’ facial expression and was actually delighted that he was upset at Ashlyn. She could not wait for Lucas to blow a fuse at Ashlyn.

Feeling elated, she said, “Captain Nolan, that’s too much! How could Mrs. Nolan create such hype so easily without thinking it through? You need to teach her a lesson as she’s discrediting our Southern Star Airlines and affecting our reputation.”

Lucas’ squinted eyes became incisive suddenly and he started to get intimidating, “Do you know my wife personally? As a professional flight attendant, what were you doing when she was consoling the passenger?”

His cold words sent a shiver down Jenny’s spine and it was hard for her to bear his sarcasm and rebuke.

“Captain Nolan, what she did was clearly against the protocol as she wasn’t a member of the cabin crew. You’ll be punished for that.. us too...” Jenny’s eyes widened in disbelief.

How did it end up like this? Was he not upset with Ashlyn? Or was it because of what I said? If so, why me?

She could not contain her anger, “Captain Nolan, are you taking her side?”

“She saved more than a hundred lives,” Lucas smirked and walked away as he said, “It would truly be discrediting South Star Airlines if any punishment was imposed on her.”

Jenny was almost suffocated by her own rage. She quickly went after Lucas, “Captain Nolan, you’re covering up for her. The fact remains that she’s broken the rules!”

The man stopped and threw a terrifying glance as he said sternly, “I’m the president of South Star Airlines, and no one is allowed to question the decision I make.”

She looked intently at his icy cold gaze with tears streaming down her face, “Captain Nolan, I’m just trying to protect the good name of South Star Airlines.”

Lucas’ face turned ashen with rage, his aura was so strong that it became very disturbing. He paused and then questioned Jenny, “Who are you? Why are you doing this for South Star Airlines?”

Jenny stood in place as if there was a bucket of ice water pouring down from the top of her head. Emptiness seeped through her bones and coldness filled her soul.

Staring blankly at Lucas’ broad figure, she was completely taken aback by the question posed to her and did not know how to react.

In order to get transferred to Lucas’ team, she had invested quite a bit of resources and even used the power of her family name as a stepping stone.

She was born with a silver spoon but has since gone through many hardships to be near him. She had to wait on passengers and handle their challenging demands. She did all these for him.

How could he ask who I am? Does he not know me after being colleagues for such a long time?

Her tears could not stop rolling down her cheeks. There was no other channel for her to vent her tension and bitterness.

After hearing the entire conversation, Nancy beamed with joy as she looked at Jenny from afar.

This woman does not give up, does she? Everyone adores Ashlyn’s personality, talent, and beauty. She seems so perfect in every way.

Nancy had just called a classmate from First Hospital and the other party had talked about her injuries as well as how Ashlyn gave her first aid.

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She would never ever forget how loudly her classmate cheered after hearing about the incident, “Oh my heart! Nancy, you’re damn lucky. Dr. Berry is like a celebrity doctor at the First Hospital and she only does one surgery per month. Many could not even schedule her for operations and you were on the same flight with her?! I’m so jealous of you. I’d kill to have Dr. Berry touch my hand, you know?!”

At a very young age, Ashlyn had earned the reputation of being the best doctor in a renowned hospital in Lake City. Her future was immeasurably bright.

Luckily, Nancy did not reveal to her classmate that Dr. Berry was actually Mrs. Nolan, otherwise...

Nancy sighed while walking towards Jenny, “As a kind reminder, please be mindful that Captain Nolan is married. He seems to have a very good relationship with his wife, so you’d better give up.”

“Tell me, how do I give it all up? I’ve loved him all these years and given my everything to be near him but he hasn’t even noticed me,” Jenny lamented as she wailed loudly.

Her makeup had smudged all over her face, looking really pathetic. Nancy felt sorry for her and yet she said helplessly, “Whatever it is, he doesn’t love you and neither does he know that you love him.”

“I don’t care. I love him and I must win him over!” Jenny exclaimed and then left furiously.

Nancy shook her head and let out another long sigh.

The Land Rover shuttled in the midst of heavy traffic.

Jared made a remark while driving, “Boss, you’re famous now. You appeared to be in the hottest search topic, did you know?”

“What? I’m not a celebrity, why would my name be in one of the most popular searches?” Ashlyn was resting with her eyes closed but when she heard Jared, she slowly opened her eyes with doubt.

“Well, somebody posted a video clip of your heroic act when you appeased the passengers,” Jared giggled as he thought about the praises for Ashlyn that he had read online, all complimenting how cool she was.

This was nothing! Jared really wanted to leave a comment too, to tell all netizens that his boss had way cooler moments than this.

“Jared Quickton, why are you here for?” Ashlyn did a quick search on the Internet and then threw her phone aside and gazed seriously at Jared with her arms folded.

The good looking man was puzzled, “Huh?”

Did I say something wrong?

“Must I spell it out for you?” Ashlyn was losing her patience, “Act now and withdraw the search topic.”

She certainly did not want to attract any attention.

“Well, didn’t they anonymize the face already? What is there to worry about?” Jared felt that it was not a big deal.

“Nevertheless, I do not want to appear in the hot search. You must get this sorted out before noon.”

Although the clip had blurred her face, those who knew her would still be able to recognize her right away. For example, her colleagues at the hospital.

Moreover, she now had more time after her divorce and had since committed to two surgeries each month at the hospital.

She was going to withdraw the trending topic on the Internet herself if Jared was not going to do it.

“Sure... you’re the boss, whatever you say,” Jared sulked. His boss was close to perfection except for one; she liked to stay low profile. “I heard that Kris is starting to get active again, have you got any news on this?”

Ashlyn was speechless.

She closed her eyes again, “I’m sleepy, let me take a nap.”

Jared raised his eyebrows and kept silent.

When passing by a convenience store, Ashlyn asked to pull over and subsequently went down to get a supply of morning-after pills.

Jared saw it accidentally and gulped. A thought crossed his mind, “Boss, you and Lucas...”

“Shut up!” Ashlyn had no intention to reminisce nor share the recent awkward experience in life.

She opened the cap of the bottle and consumed the medicine.

She was vexed. Sigh. Why did I sleep with him again?

After getting out of the airport, Lucas was picked up by Spencer.

Spencer noticed his gloomy face and asked cautiously, “How would you like to manage Ms. Berry’s clip which went viral?”

“Leave it to me,” Lucas said as he massaged his temple. It would not be good for them to be seen together since they were divorced.

However, he felt somewhat reluctant to withdraw the trending topic from the Internet.

“Go and investigate who revealed the news about the divorce.”

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“With regards to the news on your divorce, I reckon it was purposely revealed by somebody because there seems to be a pattern with all the Internet trolls and comments left by netizens,” Spencer reported what he has found out thus far. “I’ll follow up further on the details.”

The man gave a cold-eyed stare, “Report everything immediately and remove the divorce article. Don’t worry about the other one.”

Ashlyn has never appeared as Mrs. Nolan in public, who is behind all these that try to assassinate her character? Could it be an unethical tactic used by North Wind Airlines to attack South Star Airlines?

Whether they were targeting Ashlyn or South Star Airlines, he could not just sit back and watch the drama unfolds.

North Wind and South Star had always been rivals.

They originated from a single company thirty years ago, co-founded by Lucas’ maternal grandfather, Daniel Webber, and Philip Cartier.

Subsequently, the two men became archenemies because of one gorgeous lady. Thereafter, Philip withdrew from the partnership and founded his very own North Wind Airlines, and gradually developed it into the world’s second-largest airline.

The third-generation owner of North Wind Airlines was the twenty-eight years old Liam Cartier who was two years Lucas’ senior.

He was another influential figure in the industry, besides Lucas.

Lucas was cold and aloof whereas Liam was labeled as a playboy or womanizer. He was often seen with a model during the day and another celebrity or social media influencer at night.

He was no stranger among the city’s famous socialites too.

There would often be news about him in a yacht, at a turf club, or at a hot spring tour...

He was the complete opposite of the workaholic Lucas.

However, Liam was very capable when it comes to doing business. Although his private life was vibrant, he had never let it affect his work.

Liam had always schemed to bring South Star Airlines down in various ways. Lucas suspected it was no exception this time since an opportunity had presented itself. He speculated so and did not think that there could be other possibilities.

Coincidentally at that time, another trending topic most searched by the multitudes of netizens surfaced.

#Nigel Bask, Hit And Run Driver Owing Farmers' Wages, Arrested

"This man's behavior is simply outrageous. After hitting someone, he was afraid that the victim would sue him, so he reversed and crushed the victim to death. Initially, after the first hit, the victim was injured but very much alive."

"This is so scary. He intentionally murdered an innocent person!"

"After the hit and run, he absconded with all the cash from his real estate company, causing many farmers' wages to be in arrears."

"Pity the farmers for he has been in the run for more than half a year now."

"Precisely! Did you watch the news? There was a video clip of his arrest which features the large bungalow he lives in and the dozens of servants at his place. Such a scumbag."

"I've got insider news. Rumor has it that the police force commissioned Zero to track Nigel Bask down."

"Zero? Isn't he the legendary cyberstalker who caught a lot of top fugitives for politicians worldwide?"

"Oh my God! I heard that Zero's commission costs a fortune."

"Oh dear, I lost a hundred bucks the year before, I wonder if Zero could track it down for me."

"Get lost right away!"

"Zero is my righteous hero, my idol! Salute!"

"Unfortunately, I don't have the skills of a hacker."

Lucas registered a social media account for himself after Ashlyn was featured all over the Internet. He was casually surfing through the popular tags online and reading all sorts of trolls.

Zero? It seems like he's not been accepting any task for four years now. Why the sudden appearance? A

few names emerged recently, like Kris, Zero...

Lucas had mixed emotions when he thought of Ashlyn in a fighting ring. He felt distressed, uncomfortable, and yet so proud of her.

For some reason, he felt overwhelmed by anxiety and this emotional turmoil had recurred in high frequency after the divorce.

“Do you think that Ashlyn can fight?”