

## Extraordinary 81

### [Chapter 81](#)

“Impossible. How could Ms. Berry fight someone? She’s the type who looks more like a victim,” Spencer was stunned while driving. He really could not imagine how a gentlewoman like Ashlyn would get in a fight.

See, women are manipulative. I’m not the only one who’s been deceived by her gentleness. Now, Lucas felt much better after knowing that.

At the Chapman family villa.

Hera’s eyes opened wide while reading the series of controversial discussions on Mrs. Nolan’s divorce, which was tweeted by various reposts.

She was enjoying her moment reading all the comments by netizens and suddenly, the posts were gone.

It disappeared...

Not one article remained...

What happened?

Hera quickly sent a message to the previous email account but ten minutes had past and there was still no response.

She was getting anxious.

One hour went by and she finally received an email from the other party stating, “Someone offered a lucrative sum to withdraw the trending topic.”

“Damn it, make it viral again! I’ll give you twenty thousand more,” Hera replied.

“Sorry, can’t mess with this one.”

Glaring at her inbox, Hera gritted her teeth in fury.

She does not have a lot of cash in hand, yet she persevered, “Fifty thousand then.”

“Sorry, we decline.”

Hera was so mad that she smashed her laptop shut.

Alas, the Chapman family was no longer in their heyday. As a consequence, her monthly allowance was

not on par with other socialites.

More importantly, it was because she was not favored in the family.

The Chapman had three girls in her generation.

The ancestors of the Chapman family were court musicians and there had been maestros in each generation, except for Hera's generation.

Mr. Chapman, a great pianist, was chronically ill and would most likely pass away soon.

In order to inherit the family business, Hera's father focused on his role as a businessman. However, he could only rely on the old Mr. Chapman's contacts to get some small projects. The scope of their business was extremely insignificant if compared to South Star Airlines, Nolan Group, or North Wind Airlines.

All three female Chapman grandchildren followed their grandfather's footsteps and majored in music.

Although the Chapman girls studied music, won numerous awards, and even had their grandfather taught them personally, none of them met the true Chapman music benchmark.

Outsiders would praise their performance but insiders would only regard their musical skills as mediocre and not worthy of showcasing internationally. Especially in the recent two years where a young talent named Madeline Saunders appeared.

Madeline was in her twenties but her piano skills were already top-notch, if not perfect. She had won first place in the world's most prestigious international piano competition, earning many compliments and adoration.

The old Mr. Chapman fell ill because of this incident.

Other people's child could be a music prodigy overnight. How come I had three sons and three granddaughters but all possess only average skills? Where is my successor? How can I not be upset?

If he knew that Hera wanted to learn from Madeline, he would probably die of rage on the hospital bed.

The good news was he was not aware of it yet.

Hera looked at the time and realized it was time to visit her grandfather. She had set a reminder and included hospital visits in her daily schedule.

It had always been her biggest goal to be the successor of the Chapman family. Thus, it was imperative for her to work hard on pleasing her grandfather.

She longed for the day she could be with Lucas and learn formally from Madeline, in order to bring glory and honor to her family.

Right when she was walking out of her room, she bumped into Mrs. Chapman, who then asked, "How's the development between you and Mr. Nolan?"

"Don't worry, mum, I got it," Hera tried to hide her annoyance and put on a well-behaved attitude.

"News about him having a wife is all over the Internet," Mrs. Chapman was troubled, "Our family has a good name and your grandfather has been a nobleman all of his life. Please don't ruin the family's reputation."

## [Chapter 82](#)

"I know what to do, mum. He promised me he'll get a divorce. Don't worry so much. Once he's divorced, I'll make sure he announces our relationship to the public," Hera smiled.

"Fine then," Mrs. Chapman subconsciously still felt very uneasy about this matter.

How did my own daughter become the girl that Lucas had been searching for a decade?

Hera was always by my side ten years ago. When did she have a chance to develop any relationship with Lucas?

She never understood this.

Then again, if Hera could be Mrs. Nolan, surely all the Chapman's inheritance will go to her.

With a hopeful spirit, both mother and daughter traveled together to the First Hospital.

Hera's uncle, Anthony Chapman, was sitting next to the bed, chatting with Mr. Chapman, "Dad, I heard about a great physician here named Dr. Berry. I'll enquire tomorrow in hope that she be your doctor. They say that she only does one surgery each month."

Mr. Chapman shook his head, he did not look very well, "Forget it. This is not a minor illness but maybe if all of you upset me lesser, there might be a chance I could get well sooner."

"Dad, do you want to listen to Heidi's recital this morning?" Hera's uncle immediately took out his mobile phone and played a video clip.

Mrs. Chapman rolled her eyes when she saw that as she entered the ward, "Anthony, why are you making dad coach Heidi when he's still so sickly and needs more rest?"

"Sisley, what are you trying to imply?" Anthony frowned as he tried to justify his action, "I'm trying to relieve dad's boredom by playing him some video clips."

"Grandpa, are you feeling better?" Hera walked towards the bed and asked in a very caring manner.

"I'm alright. All of you go home now and let me have some peaceful moments. I won't need you here as there are nurses to assist me," Mr. Chapman got upset when the family started arguing.

"But grandpa I just arrived..." Hera was yearning for more opportunities to get connected with her grandfather.

"I know all of you are busy people. You don't have to come visit so often," Mr. Chapman hinted while getting ready to sleep.

Mrs. Chapman signaled Hera to leave the room and she also reminded Anthony, "Let's all go back and let dad rest."

Anthony left reluctantly.

The moment Ashlyn arrived at the hospital, she was called to the director's office.

"Director, you asked for me?"

The director looked rather awkward while fidgeting his hands, "Dr. Berry, I have a favor to ask."

"Go ahead. Who is it this time that begged you to get me to do a surgery?" Ashlyn sat elegantly on the sofa, with her legs crossed, and her pair of inquisitive eyes shining with wisdom.

The director smiled, "I can never hide anything from you, can't I? Well, he didn't beg me but I'm begging you."

"Oh, is that so?" Ashlyn raised her eyebrows.

"I have an old friend whom I've known for twenty odd years. He's been very sick and he needs a bypass surgery. He often gets upset at his own children and grandchildren... you know..." the Director shook his head, "I've performed a check on him personally and I'm worried if others were to take over this surgery. Why don't you have a look?"

He passed a copy of the report to Ashlyn.

"Hypertension and diabetes? His condition may need four bypasses so I think Dr. Hendrickson can do it too," she looked exceptionally dazzling under the light, gracefully seated on the sofa.

She was wearing a white robe over an emerald, green dress, looking very attractive. Her almond-shaped eyes always made an impression.

Dr. Hendrickson already had a surgery scheduled in the morning so I'm afraid that it'll be too much for him to have another bypass surgery," the director sighed before continuing his persuasion, "Dr. Berry, I know that you have a contract with the hospital; you are paid by commission basis only. I know how you work and I can't force you to commit to any operation. Usually, I'll reject on your behalf any additional request from any officials but this time, I really need your help. Considering that we are colleagues, could you do me this favor please?"

### [Chapter 83](#)

Ashlyn groaned softly and pouted her ruddy lips, "Oh come on, Director, we're no strangers so let's drop the formalities. Look, I can accept this case but in return, I need you to transfer a patient to our hospital and sponsor all of his medical costs. His family can't afford it."

"Not a bad deal at all, Dr. Berry. Ok, I promise you. Let me introduce my old friend to you right away," the director smiled.

"It's ok, we'll meet at the operating theater anyways. You can schedule the surgery for tomorrow morning at nine. I'll email you the details of the transfer patient," Ashlyn stood up after the conversation ended.

At 2 pm, Landon Davis, the casualty from the accident at the Haddock family hotel was transferred to First Hospital.

His puzzled wife kept asking the nurse, "Do you know why we have to transfer?"

"Our hospital offers the best facility and medical standards in the city. All of your husband's medical expenses are also borne by the hospital, so rest assured that everything's ok and just stay here," the nurse explained with a smile while pushing the cart.

Cadence was Landon's wife who grew crops and took care of the children in the countryside while he worked in the city.

When Landon was injured, she handed her children over to her in-laws and came to the city to take care of him, the sole breadwinner of the family.

The cost of staying in the ICU was extremely high. Cadence had borrowed whatever she could from all of her relatives to make ends meet. Horace, the wicked boss from Landon's renovation company could not be contacted after compensating them a hundred thousand.

It cost ten thousand a day to stay in the ICU. Ten thousand vanished easily in a blink of an eye...

Cadence had been crying her eyes out being worried sick about money matters and then this piece of good news came along.

All of the medical expenses are covered?

Wow, it is literally a dream come true.

Ashlyn stepped out of her office and headed towards the ICU. Upon arrival, she saw Cadence wiping her tears.

This woman is only in her thirties but she looks at least forty years old. It was obvious that she had gone through tremendous stress, which was visible on her weary freckled face.

Her clothes are made of coarse cloth but her handmade canvas shoes look neat, though worn out.

Ashlyn walked to her, "Are you Landon's wife, Cadence?"

She had gone through Landon's personal file.

"Yes, I am, and you are...?" Cadence was astounded. She had never met such a gorgeous woman in her life, she thought Ashlyn looked more stunning than any of the celebrities she had seen on television.

"I am Dr. Ashlyn Berry," she said while putting her hands in the pockets of her white robe. "I've seen your husband's medical report. I think you already know that he has blood clots in his brain that must be removed and he has also broken his right leg and arm. I'll be the doctor responsible for his craniotomy."

"Yes, the doctor from the previous hospital told me that he'd be paralyzed for life," Cadence could not stop her tears from streaming down. This doctor is so young, is she really capable of treating my husband?

"Don't fret. All surgeries have their own risks, the same goes for craniotomy but there is a chance that everything will be fine. We can't delay his treatment anymore, he has to go for an operation two days from now," Ashlyn took time to explain to Cadence calmly.

"I see, all right Dr. Berry. Thank you," Cadence was crying even more and her eyes started to get really puffy and red. Is that why the hospital is not charging me a single cent, so that a young doctor can practice on Landon's body?

She sat alone at the entrance of the ICU and covered her face as she bawled uncontrollably.

She could not afford any other doctor. The only way out was to accept the offer from First Hospital. Reality hit her hard.

At a romantic French restaurant.

A good-looking man in a black shirt was sitting elegantly at the VIP table, cutting and eating his steak in a very graceful manner.

Hera was coy about the love and infatuation reflected in her eyes as she raised her wine glass, "Congratulations on your safe return."

Lucas put down the fork and knife in his hands and clinked wine glass with Hera's, then took a sip of the Château Lafite 1787.

"Thank you."

"My mother would like to invite you to our house. Would you come over?" Hera took a sip of the wine and then cupped her face and looked at Lucas with a coquettish smile.

#### [Chapter 84](#)

A classy white dress, silver high heels, and delicate makeup; Hera deliberately hired a professional stylist to add a tasteful touch to her look for a date with Lucas.

Hera was quite a looker but if one compared her with Ashlyn, the latter would always stand out more.

Many might consider Hera a beauty but to Lucas, she was only an average beauty.

He had seen many beautiful women, especially those working under Nolan Entertainment.

"Not anytime soon," Lucas looked up and glanced at Hera.

There was disappointment in Hera's eyes but she hid it very well and quickly acted casually, "I know you're a busy man, I'll let my mother know then."

"Ring...ring!" Suddenly, Lucas' phone rang and the screen showed an unfamiliar number.

Lucas accepted the call indifferently, "Hello?"

"Mr. Nolan, I'm Cindy. You promised to attend my birthday party this evening. Are you on your way?" A sweet voice sounded over the phone.

Lucas tried hard to recall, only to realize that he accepted an invitation from a random celebrity before his divorce in order to make Ashlyn jealous.

Unfortunately, Ashlyn did not bother and now he was tasting his own medicine.

The worst part was that he had to attend the party as he was a man of his own word.

The tough steak which he had only eaten a few bites now tasted completely tasteless for he had lost his appetite.

In addition, Hera's perfume scent made him really uncomfortable.

"Send me the address and I'll be on my way," Lucas replied.

Cindy was over the moon when she heard Lucas' response. Initially, she thought she was getting stood up.

Without any second thought, she said, "I'll send you the location right away."

"Ok."

After hanging up, he saw Hera's worried eyes, "Lucas, are you leaving now?"

"I'm going to attend a friend's birthday party, do you want to tag along?" Lucas stood up to grab his jacket and then realized that Hera was still eating, "Are you done?"

You're already standing up and getting ready to leave. It'd be so embarrassing for me to say that I'm not finished with my dinner, right?

Thereafter, Hera stood up elegantly albeit feeling rather reluctant, "Can I? Will my presence at the party inconvenient you?"

"Not at all," Lucas answered and then headed towards the exit in big steps.

Hera, who was wearing a pair of six-inch heels, had to trot all the way to catch up with Lucas' fast pace.

He's not quite a gentleman, is he?

Comparing with all of her ex-boyfriends, there was not a single one who did not revolve around her.

Hera was rather upset but she held it all in. She thought about his social status and wealth, which helped her to resist the urge of throwing a tantrum. I'm still in a better place than many others who'll never ever have this chance to be around Lucas.

Cindy's birthday party was held at a small opera house and the invited guests included her loyal fans as well as some close friends from the entertainment industry.

Compared to the top-notch birthday parties, hers was considerably small-scale.

Nonetheless, the place was cozily decorated and presented a warm atmosphere.

She had just risen to stardom recently so holding a small birthday party could show her popularity and yet not being too extravagant. After all, if she had chosen the stadium or a convention center as her party venue and only had a thousand turned up, she would make an ugly and embarrassing headline.



The opera house was perfect to house a thousand guests. To kill two birds with one stone, it also helped to create an illusion of a full-house and consequently generate good publicity for herself. Brilliant!

Cindy was sitting backstage, looking forward to Lucas' arrival.

## [Chapter 85](#)

The manager was in a discussion with the host on the best way Lucas should make his appearance on stage. "Mr. Nolan must give a speech later. Should he make his appearance during the finale or should he do it during the opening?"

"Um... Should we ask Mr. Nolan for his opinion?" The host worked with Nolan Entertainment too but this was the first time he heard about Lucas attending an event like this.

Is the rumor about Lucas and Cindy being a couple true?

Did Mr. Nolan get down from his high horse just to attend a birthday party like this?

"Alright. I'll ask Mr. Nolan when he gets here," the manager said, excited. When Mr. Nolan comes, I must take this opportunity to hype the news of Cindy and Mr. Nolan.

I will make sure Cindy reached the apex of her career in the entertainment industry.

Half an hour later, Lucas parked his car just outside the theatre. Once Hera got down from the car, both of them entered the theatre together.

The theater was packed with fans from all over the world. All of them were here to celebrate Cindy's birthday.

Hera was somewhat envious of Cindy. When I become a popular pianist, I'll definitely have more fans than Cindy.

She's just a not-so-famous celebrity. I'm much more advantaged in terms of my family background.

The manager had been standing by the entrance to welcome Lucas. When he saw the latter, he said excitedly, "Mr. Nolan, it's an honor to have you here."

Lucas' expression was cold when he asked, "Where's Ms. Wynn?"

"She's backstage. This way, please." The manager brought Lucas backstage. He only realized a while later that a woman was with Lucas.

The manager originally thought that she was just a fan of Cindy. But now that he thought about it, he felt that something wasn't right.

Could she be the rumored Mrs. Nolan?

“And this is...?” the manager asked carefully while they made their way backstage.

“Oh. This is Ms. Hera Chapman.” Lucas’ expression still remained cold.

Such a simple introduction?

The manager was more confused now. He had a nagging feeling that he had heard about her surname before.

But they had already reached backstage so he didn’t think much about it anymore.

Cindy got up from her seat happily upon hearing their footsteps. “Mr. Nolan, you’re here!”

She quickly welcomed him with a big smile blossomed on her face.

However, she instantly froze when she saw Hera who was by Lucas’ side.

Why did he bring another woman when attending my birthday party?

Her figure doesn’t look like the slender figure I saw at the Nolan family home.

Mrs. Nolan is tall and slender. She’s at least 170 cm tall when wearing heels.

But this woman is only about 165 cm even with her heels on!

This is obviously not Mrs. Nolan.

I knew that there are lots of women who chased after Mr. Nolan, but I didn’t know it’s to this extent!

Cindy suppressed the unhappiness she was feeling. She looked at Lucas with her bright eyes and said gently, “Mr. Nolan, can you please give a speech later?”

“Your foot is all healed?” Lucas questioned as he glanced at Cindy’s feet that were clad in heels.

Hadn’t she went for an operation just recently? She’s recovered in just a week?

“It still hurts a little. But I can endure it for my fans’ sake.” Cindy plastered a strong look on her face as she said, “The tickets for my birthday party have been long sold out. If I change the date, my fans will be disappointed. It’ll not only affect my reputation, but also the company’s reputation.”

She’s playing innocent and putting on a dedicated persona!

Hera was so disgusted by her act, she almost puked. “Ms. Wynn, you’re such a dedicated person! I’ve got to hand it to you.”

“Thank you, Miss.” Cindy smiled slightly and added, “I’m honored to have you and Mr. Nolan attend my birthday party.”

“This is Ms. Hera Chapman.” The manager quickly relayed what Lucas had said earlier to Cindy.

Cindy smiled and said nothing else.

She stared at Lucas expectantly. It’s my birthday today. He must’ve bought me a present, right?

Even if we’re just friends, it’s not right to attend a birthday party without a gift, right?

But things did not turn out the way she expected.

Spencer came in right at that moment with a bouquet in hand. He walked towards Cindy and said, “Happy birthday, Ms. Wynn. This is a gift from Mr. Nolan.”

A bouquet of flowers?

#### [Chapter 86](#)

Cindy was dumbfounded.

Mr. Nolan gave me a bouquet of flowers? What about the gift?

The smile on Cindy’s face instantly stiffened. She looked like she was about to break down soon.

“Your gift has arrived and I’ve already attended your party. Goodbye.” The man in black stood tall and upright. He had broad shoulders and a slim waist. Everything about him was poised and sophisticated.

However, Cindy and the manager were on the verge of tears upon hearing his cold words.

He’s leaving just like that?

But what about the speech?

The host, who had been standing by the side the whole time, felt second-hand embarrassment just by watching them.

They’ve been desperately trying to please Mr. Nolan but he’s not even batting an eye at them.

Hera was actually quite unhappy when she heard that they were on the way to a celebrity’s birthday party earlier.

But she was very satisfied now that she saw Cindy being humiliated.

“Happy birthday, Ms. Wynn. This must be an unforgettable birthday party for you.”

With that said, Hera purposely wraps her arms around Lucas’ arm and said coquettishly, “Let’s go, Lucas.”

Lucas discreetly pulled his arm away from Hera and kept a distance from her before responding, “Mmm.”

He felt uncomfortable whenever a woman got too close. Scratch that. He felt extremely uncomfortable when women got too close to him.

Cindy knew that Hera was insinuating something, but she couldn’t act out in front of Lucas. So she could only plaster on a stiff smile and say, “Goodbye, Mr. Nolan.”

After sending Lucas off, Cindy swept everything on the makeup table onto the floor angrily. She even stomped on them just to let out her frustrations before plopping onto her seat. How dare you provoke me, Hera? Don’t blame me for being merciless then!

You’re not even the real Mrs. Nolan. Who do you think you are, showing off in front of me?

Ten o’clock at night.

Cindy’s birthday party was the seventeenth trending topic on Twitter. It wasn’t at an eye-catching place but it wasn’t too inconspicuous either.

It was at a spot where it wouldn’t get in the way or offend the apexes, but could still be noticed by the netizens.

Cindy had to admit that her manager was quite good at his job.

The first thing she saw when she clicked on the topic was a few pretty photos of her, and photos of her fans crowding the venue.

Below the post was a leaked photo of Lucas and a gorgeous woman attending Cindy’s party.

The photo was kind of blurry but it was focused enough that Lucas and the woman’s faces could be seen.

The true identity of the woman who attended the party with Lucas attracted the attention of netizens.

Everyone was also making assumptions about Lucas and Cindy’s relationship.

"There was a rumor about Mr. Nolan and Cindy being a couple previously."

"I believe it now. They're really a couple."

"But what about that woman? Is that Mrs. Nolan?"

"It doesn't seem like it. Mrs. Nolan looked so tall in that video. This woman isn't as tall as Mr. Nolan's shoulders even with her heels on."

"Mrs. Nolan, your husband's cheating on you with two other women."

"I really want to know if the both of them were angry when they saw each other. Do you guys think they fought?"

"Sigh... I've always thought that Mr. Nolan's a good man. I can't believe he's cheating on his wife with two other women."

"I'm never flying with South Star Airlines again."

There were thousands of comments on the topic such as Mr. Nolan, Mrs. Nolan has a punishment ready for you.

Mrs. Nolan, your husband's cheating on you.

Mrs. Nolan, please divorce Mr. Nolan.

To the woman who went to the birthday party, you better be kind.

Hera Chapman is a homewrecker.

Cindy had posted Lucas and Hera's photo on Twitter to punish Hera.

While her plan did kind of work, it also kind of backfired as she had also been dragged into it.

She nearly exploded in rage when she saw netizens commenting that both of them were a bunch of shameless mistresses.

Cindy was especially furious when she saw that the topic about Mrs. Nolan had taken up three slots on the trending page. She's even more popular than me. And I'm a celebrity!

This is frustrating!

I just dug my own grave!

I've made a fool out of myself!

I made Mrs. Nolan famous but destroyed my own reputation!

This is outrageous!

## [Chapter 87](#)

When Jared arrived home, Ashlyn was reviewing some documents in the living room.

"What are you reading?" The man loosened his necktie and sat down on the rug in front of the sofa. He crossed his legs slightly as there was no room for him to rest his legs, making him look casual and relaxed.

"I have to perform two surgeries tomorrow and the day after, so I'm making some notes." Ashlyn made her notes while reading the documents. She looked so gentle in her beige loungewear. All hints of her being a cold person were nowhere to be found.

Her fair cheeks and side profile looked perfect. She looked even more alluring as she wrote her notes with the black pen in hand.

"You're so hardworking." There was a slight stench of alcohol on Jared, but it wasn't strong enough to disgust others.

He struggled a little as he pulled out his phone. After shaking his head to clear his head up, he forced his eyes open and said, "Boss, do you know you're trending on Twitter again?"

Ashlyn was busy with her work so she didn't have time to check what was going on Twitter.

She wasn't the type to frequently check her Twitter account too. So with her eyes still fixed on her book, she replied casually, "What is it?"

"See for yourself." Jared showed her the contents on his phone.

Ashlyn took a glance at the trending page and cocked an eyebrow. Mrs. Nolan had already divorced Mr. Nolan. "What's all this frenzy about?"

"Do you want me to remove it from the trending topic?" Jared asked as he lazily swiped through his Twitter. He had gone for a round of drinks with a few rich heirs of Lake City at a famous club. One of the heirs, Mr. Watts, brought a bottle of aged wine from his family's ancestral collection. However, nobody expected the wine to be so strong.

He was feeling really dizzy but he forced himself to sit in front of Ashlyn.

Ashlyn felt like she didn't need to know about this insignificant stuff, so she replied indifferently, "Don't bother."

As soon as she finished talking, her phone rang.

It was Lucas.

Ashlyn furrowed her brows. It's already so late, why did he call me instead of going to bed?

Something doesn't seem right.

Ashlyn muted her phone and tossed it aside before continuing with her notes.

However, the phone's screen kept on flashing with notifications. Lucas kept calling her non-stop.

"Your ex-husband is looking for you. Boss, can I post something on social media?" Jared acted brazenly under the influence of alcohol and stared at Ashlyn with sparkling eyes.

"That's up to you. Just post whatever you want. It's none of my business anyway. Why do you need to ask for my permission if you want to post something? Do I look like a tyrant to you?" Ashlyn was so focused on her notes that she didn't realize that Jared's words meant something else. She didn't notice his guilty yet excited expression too.

"Alright. If you say so." Jared got up, secretly pleased. Then, he quietly snapped a photo of Ashlyn's side profile.

The warm light from the crystal lamps shone on the woman and embracing her gracefully. Ashlyn had her hair tied back in a ponytail, but a strand of hair fell loose on her face. It made her look even more like an angel that had stepped out of the light.

At that moment, Ashlyn exuded a gentle aura around her.

She looked especially beautiful when she was flipping through her book with her fair, slender fingers.

It was a heavenly sight even though it was only a photo of her side profile.

Jared uploaded the photo onto his Twitter and wrote a caption that read: Happy to have someone wait up for you late night.

He even acted cute at the end by adding a smiley emoji.

He seldom posted on his Twitter. Normally, he would only post official news of Centennial Healthcare to establish a positive company image.

Jared had very few personal photos posted on his account. Besides the food photos that he posted late at night that made others jealous, a photo like this was extremely personal.

It didn't stop him from having a large number of fans though.

He wasn't as famous as the other celebrities, but he was definitely popular.

The photo he posted had suddenly become the center of everyone's attention.

## [Chapter 88](#)

His fans went into madness upon seeing his post.

Jared was tall and handsome. He was also a well-off man but he wasn't arrogant and had a positive personality. The employees at Centennial Healthcare were also always talking about their company's president, especially on his thoughtfulness towards them and also the great benefits he gave them.

That was why lots of employees had followed their president on Twitter.

When he posted the picture, both his fans and his employees went into a frenzy.

"My God! When did Mr. Quickton get a girlfriend?"

"Her side profile looks so pretty!"

"Ahhh! Lucas was my idol previously, but he's a married man. But right when Jared became my idol, he got himself a girlfriend..."

"I feel like dying. Ahh! What the hell? Both of my idols are taken now!"

"Mr. Quickton, please post a photo of your girlfriend's face."

"Mr. Quickton, your girl's so pretty. Are you announcing your relationship to the world?"

Ashlyn's side profile was so beautiful that she topped the trending topics on Twitter.

#Is Mr. Quickton's girlfriend or Mrs. Nolan prettier?

#Mr. Quickton's girlfriend#

#Mesmerized by the side profile of Mr. Quickton's girlfriend#

Meanwhile, at Whitland Villa, Lucas was dialing Ashlyn's number nonstop. He had called her more than ten times but Ashlyn still stubbornly refused to answer.



It was as if she had disappeared from the surface of the Earth.

He tossed his phone away furiously.

In the midst of his anger, a notification of the trending topics of Twitter popped up on his screen.

The headline of it made him even more furious. "President of Centennial Healthcare, Jared Quickton, posted a photo of a beautiful woman's side profile. The woman is suspected to be his girlfriend but Mr. Quickton has not confirmed it. Netizens are intrigued by the ambiguous relationship between them."

Jared? Girlfriend?

Seized by an impulse, Lucas tapped into the page but he came close to exploding with rage.

Great side profile, my foot!

This is obviously Ashlyn! My ex-wife!

At the same time, another netizen's post made it to the trending page.

#So Mr. Quickton lives at Bayview Villa#

Netizens started to make fun of it below the post.

"I bet he was so excited he forgot to remove his address."

"Hahaha. It's so rare that someone exposes their own address on Twitter!"

"Mr. Quickton rarely posts on social media. But when he does, he shocked everyone."

"Mr. Quickton hasn't posted anything in a year. This post can definitely last a year now."

"Haha. I'll stop now. I'm going to corner him at Bayview Villa."

"I live at Bayview Villa too! Well... Near it anyway..."

"Ahhh!! I live at Bayview Villa. I'm going to go look for Mr. Quickton now!"

"Wow! Only the rich live in villas!"

Lucas' eyes darkened as he stared at the address written below Jared's post. You have time to be with him but can't answer my call? And you're alone in a room with another man!

His chest heaved with fury as irritation flooded his mind.

I'll have to see for myself what this woman is up to at Bayview Villa.

Half an hour later.

A private helicopter circled above Bayview Villa. After three minutes, the helicopter finally landed on the rooftop of the high-rise apartment within Bayview Villa.

Bayview Villa had only one independent high-rise apartment. Apparently, the real estate developer believed in geomancy and had hired a geomancer to take a look at the place. The developer was advised to build an apartment with thirty-four stories. Why? The reason was simple. By doing that, the developer's fortune would continue to favor him and his buildings would be the most outstanding ones.

The intrusion of the helicopter drew the attention of those working there. Dozens of security guards with batons rushed toward it immediately.

The bright red helicopter shined brightly like raging flames even in the darkness. Its propellers whirled continuously causing the wind to howl.

The wind was so strong the security guards could barely open their eyes. The leader of the guards held a flashlight in one hand and a baton in the other as he shouted, "Who are you?"

Then, he saw a tall figure step out of the helicopter and onto the airstair. The tall man asked with his deep voice, "Where does Jared live?"

## [Chapter 89](#)

Late into the night, Ashlyn stretched and closed her notebook before keeping all the medical books she had been reading earlier.

She was about to head to her bedroom to sleep, but she realized that Jared had fallen asleep.

The man's tall figure was all curled up in a ball on the rug with his head against the sofa. Although it was a weird position to sleep in, Jared seemed to be sleeping soundly. His breathing was even and he would sometimes grind his teeth in his sleep. Somehow, he looked like a husky that was guarding the doors.

Ashlyn crouched down and slapped Jared's face a few times and said, "Wake up. Go sleep in your room."

Jared opened his drowsy, drunken eyes and mumbled, "Mm..."

Ashlyn saw that he was staggering while he got up, so she quickly steadied him. Jared was dizzy from being drunk and couldn't seem to steady himself. In the midst of it, they tugged and pulled on each other before finally falling on the sofa.

By the time Ashlyn came to her senses, she was already laying on Jared's chest.

This bastard!

She quickly slapped Jared and ordered him, "Get up now! I shouldn't have bothered with you."

Right as Ashlyn finished her sentence, she felt the temperature in the room drop.

She had always been sensitive to her surroundings. Feeling confused, she looked up and immediately saw a man's dark expression that almost blended into the night. His body exuded a murderous aura as if he might kill someone the next second.

He moved towards her in big strides.

Spencer, who was following behind him, was sweating buckets. I didn't expect us to be catching his ex-wife in the act when I came out with Mr. Nolan in the middle of the night!

Ms. Berry is billing and cooing Jared in the middle of the night! And they were caught by Mr. Nolan!

Ashlyn's icy cold eyes were laced with anger as she asked Lucas, "What are you doing at my home?"

Lucas was seething when he heard her mention the word 'home'.

Home? This is your home?

So she had never seen Whitland Villa as her home. It's only 'home' when Jared's there!

Lucas took a big step toward her and grabbed her wrist, "You're coming with me!"

However, Ashlyn yawned lazily as a response to Lucas' assertive words.

She easily broke free from the man's grip in the next second. Then, Ashlyn cocked her eyebrows and asked, "Lucas, you're so forceful even though you trespassed a private property."

She had already recovered from her shock and had so many questions about Lucas' sudden appearance.

She was even more confused about his jealous tone.

Ever since their divorce, Ashlyn was having a harder and harder time understanding that man.

Spencer was dumbfounded.

Ms. Berry, can't you tell that Mr. Nolan is jealous? Or that he's angry? Can't you see that's why he's in a

rush to bring you home?

He wanted so badly to become Lucas' interpreter and explain the latter's actions to Ashlyn, but he didn't have the guts to do so.

Spencer carefully sneaked a peek at Lucas but saw that there was only anger on Lucas' face. There weren't any other emotions.

You're on your own, Ms. Berry!

It was already late at night so all the workers and maids were sleeping.

Jared was still on the sofa. Ashlyn got up and waved her hand at Lucas, who was standing in front of her. "Help me get him to his room."

Lucas took the view of her in with his darkened eyes.

How dare she ask for my help to get this despicable man to his room? Is she telling me to watch her sleep in the same bed as him?

There were hints of irritation on his cold expression as he gritted his teeth and said, "You're shameless, Ashlyn!"

Ashlyn was speechless.

How am I being shameless for asking him to help me get Jared back to his room? She was angry but found the situation ridiculous too.

Lucas got closer and hostility poured from him.

"You didn't want Whitland Villa because you wanted to live with Jared? Is it that great to be his kept woman?"

Before Ashlyn could even react, she was already in Lucas' arms. The next moment, she felt a twinge of pain on her lips.

The man had forcefully pressed his lips on hers and was sucking and biting on her lips in anger.

## [Chapter 90](#)

The man's familiar scent surrounded her completely.

Ashlyn's eyes were cold and she didn't have any reaction.

Lucas was acting just like a kid whose toy was taken from him at that moment. That toy was dispensable

to him previously. But now that it was taken by someone else, he wanted it back.

How childish and ridiculous.

Does he not know what he's doing?

We're divorced. There's no love between us.

What is he doing here, reprimanding me and looking like he's here to catch me having an affair?

Ashlyn found it ridiculous. Her eyes were cold when she snapped back to her senses. She was about to push the childish, crazy Lucas away.

But she then realized a tingle of warmth around her sensitive neck.

Ashlyn pushed the man away, but he didn't budge.

Spencer whispered, "Mr. Nolan is asleep."

Ashlyn was rendered speechless.

She tilted her head to take a look and realized that Lucas was bear-hugging her. He's already fast asleep when I was still silently ranting about him earlier.

Lucas' breathing was slow and steady.

Two men were out like a light in the villa. One was lying unconscious on the floor, while the other was sound asleep with his face buried in Ashlyn's neck.

"Lucas?"

Ashlyn sounded helpless as she shouted, "Wake up!"

But there wasn't any reaction from the man.

She glanced at the clock on the wall. It's already almost midnight.

"Get your boss out of here!" Ashlyn said as she looked at Spencer.

Spencer went to do as she said when he saw Ashlyn's intimidating eyes. He tried to pull Lucas away from the woman, but no matter what he did, Lucas remained in a deep sleep.

His arms seemed to be made of steel as they were wrapped around Ashlyn's waist tightly and couldn't be budged.

How is he still so strong when he's asleep?

Ashlyn sighed.

Not only did Lucas wrap his arms around her tightly, but her own arms were also locked between their bodies. Ashlyn was like a stick at the moment, trapped in the man's bear hug.

She tried to break free but to no avail.

I can't possibly stand here like this the whole night.

"Ever since Mr. Nolan got off from his flight, he hasn't got any sleep for the next two days. That's why he's in such a deep sleep," Spencer explained softly.

"Two days?" Ashlyn gave him a skeptical look. Didn't Lucas use to have a great work-life tempo? His insomnia can't be that bad, right?

"Ms. Berry, how about I help the both of you to your bedroom?"

"Just help us to the guestroom." Ashlyn felt her head aching. Besides the living room, there was a kitchen and two guestrooms on the first floor.

Jared wasn't the only one living in the villa. Maids and workers were living on the third and fourth floor.

Ashlyn felt extremely uncomfortable with Lucas slumped on her.

Spencer had it hard too. After he helped Lucas and Ashlyn onto the bed, he had to drag Jared to the other guest room all by himself.

Spencer was tired and sleepy by the time he was done. He was out cold the moment he lay on the sofa.

Fortunately, Ms. Berry's villa is well-furnished. There's even a blanket on the sofa.

Most of them slept soundly, but one of them was so uncomfortable as she couldn't even move.

On the bed in the guestroom, Ashlyn was trapped in Lucas' arms.

Her body was stiff and she couldn't sleep well. When she woke up in the morning, she felt as if her body was run over by a truck.

What was even more agonizing was that the Spirogyra in her body would lose control and become restless whenever Ashlyn smelled the scent of Lucas.

Especially with Lucas so close to her, an electric current ran down her body whenever the man's breath blew on her ears.

The Spirogyra was getting more and more restless and Ashlyn's mouth went dry.

Her body was on fire and it was tormenting her, but she couldn't break free from Lucas' arms. So she started to twist her body unwittingly.

"I can't promise that I won't do something to you if you don't stop moving."

A low, attractive voice suddenly sounded.