

## Extraordinary 811

### [Chapter 811](#)

“Okay, got it. I shall bring my men over right now!”

After hanging up, Lochlan bore an icy expression. Beside him, his vice-captain observed his expression carefully. “Captain Fraser, should we depart now?”

Clad in his firefighter uniform, Lochlan stared at the pouring rain outside the window and tidied his sleeves calmly. “We’re firefighters. It’s raining heavily, so why would they need our help?”

The vice-captain was surprised. Didn’t Captain Fraser agree to send backup? Has he changed his mind?

Without a word, he left the office and didn’t dare to inform the other firefighters.

Lochlan stared at the rain wordlessly. It’s time to end things.

Right then, he received a WhatsApp message on his phone.

It was from Dixon: Lochlan, I’ll leave you to gather the evidence. Can you complete it within a week?

Something dark appeared in Lochlan’s eyes as he replied: Yes. It will take at most ten days. I’ll arrange for someone to head there.

Dixon’s reply arrived instantly mere seconds later: Okay. I’ll await your good news.

The downpour was like an unending cataract of water sluicing from the sky. Lightning flared and contorted in forks of gold. The world became cellar-dark and the buckling, heaving sky looked fit to collapse down anytime.

A young woman was driving along the road leading to the abandoned factory in the northern suburbs.

“I’m almost there. I’m going to arrive soon!”

Ashlyn held the steering wheel tightly as she stared ahead. The windshield wipers slid left and right to clear the rain as rain pelted the car.

She kept mumbling to herself as the car got closer to the abandoned factory.

Anxiety overwhelmed her heart. Blair didn’t tell me the entire incident clearly over the phone. I should’ve left with Lucas instead of waiting for him in the hotel like a fool. I can’t believe he returned to the country secretly without letting me know!

Ashlyn could barely think straight as she was too concerned.

Lucas' mental state cannot take even the slightest emotional distress. What happened to him? Was it a relapse? Or was his life in danger? Why did Blair call instead of Spencer?

She was about to drive past the bridge that was going to be blown up to head to the abandoned factory.

After driving past the bridge, I'll arrive at the factory where Lucas is inside!

Ashlyn stared at the creepy factory some distance away. A sharp glint appeared in her gaze as she floored the accelerator.

I need to save him no matter what!

Meanwhile, the people beside the abandoned factory were prepared to detonate the explosives. "The explosive devices will detonate five minutes later!"

The leader held his walkie-talkie and announced, "Listen to my order! One, two, three! What the h\*ll is that? Is that an old car?"

The man stared at the car on the bridge incredulously.

Didn't we barricade everything? The traffic police even blocked all paths heading here! Why is there a car heading this way?

Alas, it was too late.

"Hurry, stop everything! Stop all the explosions!" the man yelled hastily as his expression turned as dark as thunder. "Hurry, inform everyone to stop! We won't be demolishing the factory and the bridge!"

"It's too late! Our men at the factory had already detonated the explosives and left. There is no way they can head back. If they do, they will die in the explosion!"

Everyone stared at the speeding car in shock.

The man roared angrily, "Did you do your job right? How did someone manage to enter the area? D\*mn it! We can't afford to bear the consequences if someone were to die here!"

Furious, he grabbed his walkie-talkie and activated the loudspeaker function. "Will the car ahead please take note? This abandoned factory is going to be demolished by explosives, so please turn your vehicle around and leave right now!"

Ashlyn was about to arrive at the factory when she heard the announcement. It caught her by surprise.

Demolished by explosives? Is this factory going to be destroyed? She stared at the factory. If Lucas is inside, that means he'll die in the explosion! I must head inside!

### [Chapter 812](#)

Wait, something is wrong. If he was inside, the people involved in the demolition should've found him and brought him out. They must've checked the entire area thoroughly and ensured no one was inside before detonating the explosives.

Her thoughts were a tangled mess.

She muttered under her breath, "So Lucas isn't inside? Did Blair lie to me? Or did someone masquerade as him to give me that call?"

The gears in her head spun quickly. D\*mn it!

Her eyes narrowed as she slammed the brakes, prepared to make a U-turn.

She turned the steering wheel quickly to drive away from the abandoned factory.

However, the car refused to slow down. She had found it in the previous old factory and didn't stop to find out whether it was still in good shape.

She couldn't slow down at all.

No matter how hard she floored the brakes, the car still sped ahead at full speed.

It was going to crash into the factory in no time.

I will die if the car doesn't stop!

Rumble, rumble!

Another loud explosion sounded. The northwest corner of the factory had exploded. Flames shot up everywhere. Huge plumes of smoke billowed and rose into the air.

Ashlyn gritted her teeth in fury.

D\*mn it!

More and more explosives were detonated, and Ashlyn's car was about to crash into the factory.

Suddenly, another luxurious black car appeared and headed straight for her car.

Everyone at the scene was bewildered.

“Do they have a death wish?”

“Call the firefighters and tell them to come over at once!” the leader yelled in desperation. “Why are you not doing anything? If they enter the factory, we need the firefighters to come and rescue them!”

After Lucas' car dashed into the factory, Spencer arrived with Blair.

The luxurious cars sped toward the abandoned factory recklessly.

They were as quick as lightning.

Spencer didn't need any reminder or order. He would have to enter the factory for Lucas and Ashlyn's sake.

Before driving into the factory, he suddenly threw Blair out of his car.

“Mr. Blair! I'm sure Mr. Nolan and Ms. Berry want you to be safe!”

Having said that, he let out a determined roar and went after Lucas.

Behind him, the bodyguards' cars followed him and headed to the factory.

Blair crashed to the ground loudly. His head was buzzing as he crawled to his feet to run toward the factory. “Wait, Spencer!”

“Lucas! Ashlyn!”

His anguished screams soon attracted the attention of the people tasked to blow up the bridge. They held him before he could run any further. The leader was sweating profusely. “Kiddo, why do you want to head inside? Didn't you see that the explosives had been detonated? The people in the cars will definitely die inside!”

“Let me go! Let me go! It was all my fault!”

Blair was pinned to the ground by a few men. He struggled with all his might to free himself but to no avail. Thus, he could only watch as Ashlyn's car charged toward the abandoned factory that was now on fire. “No! Ashlyn!”

“Oh, this is horrible. They must be crazy. Why are they doing this? Do they want to get killed?” the staff whispered among themselves in shock.

“Kiddo, they didn't want you to die and left you here. Why are you insisting on going inside? You're too young to die.”

Consecutive loud explosions were heard, but the vehicles paid no heed and continued driving ahead.

“Hurry, catch up to Mr. Nolan!” Spencer barked as he stepped on the gas pedal. He instructed the remaining cars behind him. “We must save Mr. Nolan and Ms. Berry!”

The bodyguards risked their lives and charged ahead, hoping to crash into Ashlyn's and Lucas' car to force them to stop.

Alas, Ashlyn and Lucas were too fast.

There was no way to stop their cars, especially when Ashlyn was a professional racer!

### [Chapter 813](#)

It was impossible to catch up to S, the God of Cars!

Right then, Lucas' car crashed into Ashlyn's car with a loud bang.

Right after that, Spencer's car and the other cars also crashed into their cars.

It was a pile-up collision!

The cars overturned from the enormous impact. Some were sent flying and crashed into the nearby trees.

Ashlyn was driving a dilapidated car. After getting hit, her vehicle rolled over and continued heading toward the abandoned factory.

The engine buzzed noisily as Ashlyn struggled to fight off the dizziness from the impact of the crash. Before she could react, the car was already heading to the factory again.

It was still charging ahead at an unreasonably fast speed.

Her hands were gripping the steering wheel. Right before the car crashed into the abandoned factory, another explosion happened. The explosive at the entrance of the factory had been detonated!

Lucas' eyes widened in shock at the scene. He crawled out of his overturned car and ran toward the factory, ignoring the blood trickling down his forehead.

Behind him, Spencer and the rest promptly pinned him down. “No, Mr. Nolan! Ms. Berry is gone! You can't head in!”

“Let go! Let me go!” Lucas growled angrily as he shoved Spencer away.

I must save Ashlyn! She's right in front of my eyes!

Panic filled Lucas, and his eyes turned red.

His bodyguards clung to his arms and legs so he couldn't take another step further.

Spencer burst into tears. "Ms. Berry won't want you to head in! Please, Mr. Nolan. Please stay here!" he pleaded.

He'll die if he goes after Ms. Berry. Her car is already inside!

The torrential rain didn't seem to be stopping anytime. As the skies wept, the darkness seemed to envelop the land, casting a gloom over everyone's heart.

"Ah!" Lucas let out a deep roar. He resorted to the power of his ancient martial arts to shake off everyone surrounding him.

There was no time to wallow in pain. Spencer and the rest got to their feet and ran after their employer, who was sprinting.

Suddenly, the raspy sound of the engine rang out.

A car zoomed out of the licking flames and leaped into the air before crashing onto the ground.

Everyone gaped in disbelief at the sight.

The vehicle was a fiery cauldron of yellow flames surrounded by a blue glow.

Everyone could only watch as the roaring flame danced in the pouring rain.

Inside the car, Ashlyn was focused on the road. Her eyes were as bright as stars. Behind her, the fire spread throughout the factory like locusts destroying everything in its path.

Its intense flames transformed the factory into an incinerator, cremating everything into ashes.

A repugnant burning scent filled the air as the ravenous orange flames swallowed everything in sight.

From afar, the sirens of fire engines and screams from various people could be heard distinctly.

Alas, Ashlyn couldn't hear a word. She was focused on driving her car even though it was covered in flames and could burn her to ashes any minute.

Her car continued to advance at a fast speed.

Veins bulged from her fingers as she was clutching the steering wheel too tightly.

Her target was a big tree not far away from her. Its trunk was so thick that two people could wrap their arms around it.

Her face was pale as she clenched her jaw and turned the steering wheel with all her might.

She was driving the car at full speed. Sparks began to ignite as the tires screeched against the ground.

She had to stop the car before the flames got to her. I don't want to die in the fire. I can't die.

#### [Chapter 814](#)

As she turned the steering wheel, the car started spinning wildly.

Everyone at the scene was shocked to see how fast it was spinning.

Screech!

The jarring sound of the tires hit everyone's ears. Their hearts leaped to their throat as they stared at the burning car that had just dashed out of the abandoned factory.

Lucas was trashing with all his might when he heard the sound. At once, he looked in the direction of the sound and saw Ashlyn speeding toward the thick tree.

His heart nearly came to a stop as fear almost swallowed him whole.

“Honey!” he roared out loud.

As his roar reverberated in the air, Ashlyn's car crashed into the tree forcefully. An ear-splitting bang pierced the air.

The flames immediately stretched skywards as the tree swayed from the impact of the crash.

Leaves and broken branches fluttered down and covered the ground and car. Soon, everything was swallowed by the relentless fire.

The car was barely in shape. It had broken into several pieces and finally came to a stop. However, its tires were still squeaking against the ground, showing no intention of coming to a halt.

The crowd stared at the scene in shock.

Oh, dear! Did a burning car drive out of the abandoned factory and crash into a tree without slowing

down? The driver is really...

“No! No!”

Lucas' heart nearly stopped beating as fear clawed up his throat. His body was shaking so hard that he could barely walk. He wanted to rush to Ashlyn, but his legs were too weak to support him.

His breathing turned rapid and deep, and he was about to suffocate.

“Honey!”

Lucas summoned every inch of his energy and ran toward Ashlyn. As he screamed in anguish, Spencer flung his arms around him. “Mr. Nolan, the car is on fire! What can you do to help?”

His heart ached when he saw his usually calm employer turning into a madman.

Ms. Berry's car is completely out of shape. She's most probably dead. If Mr. Nolan goes after her...

Spencer dared not imagine the rest.

“Spencer, release him! Let him go to her!” Blair rushed over to them and pried Spencer's hand away.

“What if Ashlyn is still alive? What if she's waiting for us to save her?”

Taken aback, Spencer released his grip subconsciously.

He soon regained his composure and replied, “Mr. Nolan might've gone crazy, but why are you defending him? Look at the state of the car. There's no way she's still alive!”

By then, Lucas had already charged ahead. A few bodyguards tried to stop him from advancing. “Mr. Nolan, Ms. Berry is most probably dead! Mr. Nolan, calm down!”

“If the car explodes, you'll die along with her!”

“Mr. Nolan!”

They had never seen their employer this frantic with fear as though he had gone mad.

Ashlyn is my everything! She's everything to me! I can't lose her. No matter what, I must save her. I must bring her out even if she's already dead. I can't watch as the flames burn her to a crisp.

“Scram!” Lucas howled angrily.

He used all his might to shove everyone away and stared at the flames devouring the car. Despair shone in his eyes.



The pouring rain couldn't put the fire out.

Lucas' fists balled up. Ashlyn is strong and amazing. How could she die?

"Ashlyn is still alive! She's the God of Cars. She knows her way around cars better than anyone else I know. Since she picked this tree to crash into, she'll be fine!" Lucas declared loudly. His voice was wrecked with anguish and dejection.

Inside the almost-destroyed car, Ashlyn curled into a ball in her seat with her eyes shut. She didn't move an inch.

### [Chapter 815](#)

Her black hair stuck to her face, which was stained with blood. There was so much blood gushing out that it seemed she was soaking in a puddle of blood.

Lucas couldn't believe his eyes.

My Ashlyn... My Ashlyn...

Tears streamed down his face and mixed with the rain.

His eyes were red as he reached out to open the door. Alas, the door was engulfed in flames.

Without batting an eyelid, Lucas reached out for the door handle and gave it a forceful tug.

The flames immediately crept up his palm.

Slowly, the repugnant scent of charred flesh filled the air.

Everyone else gazed at him incredulously.

Did he just reach into the fire just to open the door?

Blair, Spencer, and the rest were all shocked.

Thud! Lucas tossed the remains of the door aside after he pulled it out from the car.

Ignoring his burned palm, he bent down to pick Ashlyn up.

The temperature in the car was scorching hot. Ashlyn's entire body was burning and aching as though her bones had been crushed.

Her head was also heavy. Slowly, she opened her eyes and saw Lucas' grim expression.

Licking her lips stained with blood, she whispered, "H-Hubby..."

Hearing her familiar voice, Lucas trembled violently. It had been ages since she last called him "Hubby."

After all, she stopped calling him "Hubby" after their divorce.

Tears threatened to spill out of his eyes as he vowed, "Don't worry. I will save you!"

Ashlyn's mind wandered off. Her lips twitched, but nothing came out of her mouth.

No, I don't want to die. I have yet to find my mother or the person who set this trap up for Lucas and me. I can't die!

Her eyes snapped open without warning.

She forced herself to stay awake. Her eyes were red as blood trickled down her forehead and cheeks.

It was a horrifying sight, for she looked like a ghost who had just climbed out of hell.

Despite being covered with blood, she was still a sight to behold.

She reached out and grabbed Lucas' hand before tightening her grip.

Meanwhile, the temperature in the car soared to its peak.

The vehicle shook as flames and thick black fumes shot into the sky.

"Hold me tight!" Ashlyn used all her might to utter the words.

Having said that, she reached out and flung her arms around Lucas' neck.

Lucas held her waist and pulled her into his arms.

Boom!

The moment she was brought out of the car, the fire spread to her seat through the gap in the door.

Lucas held her tightly and spun on his heels to leave.

Right after he turned around, the car exploded into pieces.

The sky was illuminated by the blazing fire as the car was burned to ashes.

Bits and pieces of the car sprang in all directions and injured those who stood nearby.

The car had exploded.

Fortunately, Lucas managed to save Ashlyn in time.

Otherwise, the consequences would be dire.

Ashlyn lay in Lucas arms and forced her eyelids to open. Realizing how worried he looked, she wanted to assure him that she was all right.

However, she was too exhausted.

All she wanted to do was to get some rest.

“Honey? Honey...” Lucas called her anxiously.

Alas, she soon succumbed to her exhaustion and shut her eyes, falling into a deep sleep.

Under Lochlan's lead, a few fire engines finally arrived at the scene.

Clad in his uniform, he strode over and glanced at a seriously wounded Ashlyn and Lucas' burned hands. Feeling bad, he said, “Mr. Nolan, you should head to the hospital as soon as possible.”

“Yes, Lucas. Let's send Ashlyn to the hospital now!” Blair wiped his tears away and gazed at Lucas earnestly.

## [Chapter 816](#)

Spencer and the rest got to their feet. They finally snapped back to reality. Ms. Berry is still alive! She's still alive!

Lucas lifted his head and glanced at Lochlan. Without a word, he strode toward his car with Ashlyn in his arms.

Lochlan turned around and ordered his subordinates to put out the fire. “Hurry, put out the fire. Don't let it spread out. Find out if there are any other victims around.”

After Lucas and the others disappeared, he couldn't stop hatred from filling his eyes. A vicious grin flitted across his lips.

Lucas Nolan, Joseph Field. This is just the beginning. You took my beloved away from me, so don't blame me for teaching you a lesson.

A veil of darkness shrouded the entire area.

The night breeze blew as dogs barked occasionally. The entire street was otherwise silent.

After a bustling day, Imperial Hotel finally descended into silence.

The empty building was eerily silent as it was closed of business.

Only the reception area on the first floor was brightly lit. The other floors were deathly quiet.

In one of the rooms in the dorm, Howard's face was pale as he stared at the two men in black who barged into his room.

Shock crept up his face as he asked, "What do you want?"

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"They are innocent beings. Why are you doing this?" Howard stared at him, his face devoid of expression. "They won't affect our plan."

"It's better to be safe than sorry," the scarred man declared icily. "Members of the ZZ Organization never beat around the bush or harbor any feelings. Mr. Chef, are you telling me that you think of them as your colleagues?"

"What a joke!" the other bald man snorted out loud. "This is ridiculous. Friendship doesn't exist!"

"You escaped last time, so this is the chance for you to make up for your mistake." The scarred man tossed a packet of medicine to Howard. "You know what to do."

The bald man bent down to pet Howard's cheek. "If you fail to carry out Mr. Silvermoon's orders, this time tomorrow will be your death anniversary."

"Really?" Something glinted in Howard's cerulean eyes.

The next second, a gun with a silencer appeared in his hand. He aimed at them and shot them both in their heads.

As both men collapsed to the ground, Howard slowly wiped his gun which was still hot.

Several dozens of men in black were standing behind the masked men on the rooftop of Imperial Hotel. Right then, the men came over to him and reported, "Mr. Silvermoon, Howard has finished them off as expected."

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“What a bunch of useless trash!” the man's voice was as cool as the moon.

“What should we do now?”

“Since Howard chose to betray us, he shall get his wish fulfilled.” The masked man flashed an icy grin. “No one shall be spared!”

“Got it!”

Dozens of men in black sneaked into Imperial Hotel from the rooftop like phantoms in the night.

The masked man stared at the crescent moon silently. “Ashlyn, you forced me to do this. You can be with anyone. Why did you end up with Lucas?”

Ashlyn is your everything, so I shall destroy it just like how you destroy your position in my heart.

The night was silent when a fire suddenly sprouted up on the second floor of Imperial Hotel. The roaring flame escalated ferociously and swallowed everything in its path.

Dark billowing clouds of smoke seeped through every crack of the hotel as the fire grew bigger and bigger.

In no time, the entire building was on fire.

The roaring flame intensified mercilessly with the help of the night breeze and wrapped its fiery fingers around the whole building.

## Chapter 817

In just a few minutes, Imperial Hotel was completely ablaze.

The flames were so huge that they illuminated the dark sky.

Howard immediately ran out of his room when he realized the hotel was on fire. Never in his wildest dreams did he know Silvermoon would be this cruel!

He thought Silvermoon only wanted him to poison his colleagues, but it was just a ruse to sound him out.

Silvermoon's plan was to set Imperial Hotel on fire to burn everyone and the building to ashes.

Anxiousness flashed across his eyes as he yelled, "Open the door! Open the door! Everyone, wake up! Denny! Denny! Head chef! Dr. Walker!"

Howard slammed on their doors and yowled desperately.

Alas, no one responded to him.

Panic clawed up his throat as he kicked Denny's door open. Through the thick smoke, he spotted Denny lying in his bed, unconscious.

Denny didn't move an inch even when Howard patted his cheek.

Besides the smoke, there was also a strange scent lingering in the air.

It was familiar to Howard as it was a unique incense developed by ZZ Organization.

D\*mn it! Did they drug everyone? No wonder no one responded to my yells.

Hoisting Denny onto his back, he pulled out his phone and called 911.

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"Hello, Imperial Hotel is on fire! Please send the firefighters here! Yes, every floor is on fire! It is spreading quickly. Please hurry up!"

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After hanging up, Howard dialed another number that he memorized by heart.

At the ward in First Hospital, Ashlyn regained consciousness and opened her eyes.

Before she could find out where she was, an excruciating pain flared up her body.

Ow, it hurts. I can't take it anymore.

It felt like her forehead was going to explode any minute.

She was about to lift her sore arm to touch her forehead when a warm palm caught her. "You're up?" Lucas' familiar voice, deep and charming, rang in her ear.

Ashlyn was taken aback. She glanced in the direction of the voice and saw him sitting beside her bed.

Lucas' face looked worn, and his hair was slightly disheveled. However, he still looked devilishly handsome.



The dark circles beneath his bloodshot eyes showed that he hadn't rested well.

"Lu..." Ashlyn was shocked to hear how hoarse her voice was.

"I'll get you some water." Lucas got up and poured a glass of warm water for her.

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"I'll get you some water." Lucas got up and poured a glass of warm water for her.

When he fed her the water, Ashlyn realized she was parched. Like a thirsty traveler in the desert who finally found an oasis, she gulped the water down.

She regained some of her energy and frowned as she scanned her surroundings. Am I in the hospital?

Her memory flooded back. Observing herself, she asked, "Was I badly hurt?"

"No." Lucas sounded relieved. "The car was completely smashed, but you only suffered from a mild concussion and a few scratches. You'll recover in a couple of days."

A few scratches? Ashlyn could barely believe her ears. The car went at its maximum speed, and the tree trunk was thick. Why did I only get a few scratches? I thought I'd at least suffer from broken limbs or broken ribs. What is that burning pain, then? Is it from the scratches?

She was still confused when her phone rang.

Before she could figure out where her phone was, Lucas had already answered the call on her behalf. "Hello. What? Imperial Hotel is on fire? How did it happen? Who am I? I'm Ashlyn's husband!"

After hanging up, Lucas bore a grim expression. His eyes flashed coldly as he revealed, "Someone has set Imperial Hotel on fire. Everyone inside is in danger."

### [Chapter 818](#)

Before he could ask why Howard called Ashlyn for help, he heard Ashlyn's flustered voice, "D\*mn it! Lucas, we need to head there now!"

I can't let my comrades die in Imperial Hotel! When I was unconscious, someone took action against Imperial Hotel. I was simply too careless.

"You're hurt. There's no way you can leave." Lucas forced her to get into bed. "I'll head there personally with my men to help put out the fire. Howard has already called 911 for the firefighters' help, so don't you worry."

"Lucas, I must go! I won't be able to relax here. I only suffered from a few scratches, so it will be fine!" Having said that, Ashlyn shoved the covers away and bit back the pain as she grabbed her phone from him. She called Jared and ordered, "Jared, head to Imperial Hotel now with everyone! Prepare the water source! Imperial Hotel is on fire! Inform Luigi. Everyone must be there! No matter what, we must save those stuck in Imperial Hotel!"

After relaying her orders grimly, Ashlyn turned to Lucas. "Let's go!"

Lucas' heart ached when he saw how decisive she was. Grabbing her arm, he didn't bother hiding his feelings. "Honey, I'm here for you. Trust me."

Why is she always this independent and insists on shouldering everything herself? Why can't she learn to depend on someone else?

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I can't let my comrades die in Imperial Hotel! When I was unconscious, someone took action against Imperial Hotel. I was simply too careless.

"You're hurt. There's no way you can leave." Lucas forced her to get into bed. "I'll head there personally

with my men to help put out the fire. Howerd hes elreedy celled 911 for the firefighters' help, so don't you worry."

"Luces, I must go! I won't be eble to relex here. I only suffered from e few scretches, so it will be fine!" Heving seid that, Ashlyn shoved the covers ewey end bit beck the pein es she grebbed her phone from him. She celled Jered end ordered, "Jered, heed to Imperiel Hotel now with everyone! Prepere the weter source! Imperiel Hotel is on fire! Inform Luigi. Everyone must be there! No metter whet, we must seve those stuck in Imperiel Hotel!"

After releying her orders grimly, Ashlyn turned to Luces. "Let's go!"

Luces' heert eched when he sew how decisive she wes. Grebbing her erm, he didn't bother hiding his feelings. "Honey, I'm here for you. Trust me."

Why is she elweys this independent end insists on shouldering everything herself? Why cen't she leern to depend on someone else?

Ashlyn's gaze bore into the handsome man standing before her as she said slowly, "That's because you don't know how important Imperial Hotel is to me. Don't try to stop me, Lucas. I know myself."

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Imperiel Hotel wes covered in flemes that wes trying to incinerete everything into eshes.

From efer, the sirens of the fire engines weiled.

The people in the neighborhood woke up efter heering the commotion end the sound of fire creckling.

They wes dumbfounded by the sight thet greeted them.

The fire wes still reging, so they couldn't help but get worried about the people trepped inside.

Some breve residents hed elreedy dished into the reception eree on the first floor to seve the unconscious receptionists. They couldn't heed in egein es the fire wes spreeding quickly.

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He had already saved dozens of colleagues, both male and female. After making sure they were safe, he moved them to the emergency exit.

Ashlyn's gaze bore into the handsome man standing before her as she said slowly, "That's because you don't know how important Imperial Hotel is to me. Don't try to stop me, Lucas. I know myself."

With that said, she shoved him away and headed for the door.

Lucas' gaze turned dark as he glanced at her determined figure. He then made a call. "Spencer, bring our men to Imperial Hotel now. The more, the better. For what? To put out the fire!"

Imperial Hotel was covered in flames that were trying to incinerate everything into ashes.

From afar, the sirens of the fire engines wailed.

The people in the neighborhood woke up after hearing the commotion and the sound of fire crackling.

They were dumbfounded by the sight that greeted them.

The fire was still raging, so they couldn't help but get worried about the people trapped inside.

Some brave residents had already dashed into the reception area on the first floor to save the unconscious receptionists. They couldn't head in again as the fire was spreading quickly.

Howard covered himself in a blanket drenched in water and kicked open doors to save his unconscious colleagues. He kept doing the same action over and over again.

He had already saved dozens of colleagues, both male and female. After making sure they were safe, he moved them to the emergency exit.

The fire that broke out at Imperial Hotel soon gained traction on the Internet. News of the fire was all over Twitter and TikTok. The netizens were worried after reading about the fire.

Many residents who stayed in the same neighborhood and the bystanders recorded videos of the scene and uploaded their videos to Twitter and TikTok.

Some kept dialing 911 to get help.

With the help of the night breeze, the fire spread relentlessly. Until now, no one was seen running out of Imperial Hotel.

Could everyone be stuck inside?

The night was bound to be a very unusual.

The fire department was in chaos.

The fire chief was yelling into his walkie-talkie, "Where is Lochlan? Lochlan, lead your team to put out the fire right now! Team two and team three, you will be the backup!"

"Chief, Captain Fraser has already led team one to Imperial Hotel!"

"Chief, Captain Fraser's fire engine broke down on the way to Imperial Hotel!"

"D\*mn it!" The chief of the fire department threw his walkie-talkie away furiously. "What the heck is wrong with Lochlan? Isn't he the most meticulous firefighter around? Why did his fire engine break down?"

### [Chapter 819](#)

"Hurry! All fire engines are to head to Imperial Hotel right now under my lead!" The fire chief slammed his walkie-talkie on the table in anger. "Let's go now!"

It was midnight as dozens of fire engines sped along the road blaring their sirens.

At the same time, Ashlyn got into Lucas' Bentley. The latter floored the accelerator, and the vehicle disappeared into the night.

Glancing at her phone, Ashlyn decided to call someone.

A while later, someone answered the phone sleepily. "Hello, who is this? It's so late at night."

"Zero." Ashlyn's cool answer was like a bucket of cold water that splashed onto Quiet Forest and woke him up instantly.

Quiet Forest was wide awake now. "Zero? Seriously? Aren't you a guy? Why do you sound like a girl? Am I hearing things?"

"Don't you know about the existence of voice changers?" There was no time to waste, so Ashlyn went straight to the topic. "A huge fire broke out at Imperial Hotel. I know you have extensive connections, so can you help to contact the fire departments from the neighboring cities? Imperial Hotel is a tall building, and the fire is spreading quickly. I'm afraid the fire department in Lake City can't put it out alone. This is very urgent and I've never asked for your help previously—"

Before she could finish, Quiet Forest cut in, "Young man... Well, young woman, contacting the fire department is an easy job. Don't worry. I'll do that right now."

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"Thanks," Ashlyn replied curtly and cut the line.

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Without further delay, Quiet Forest began contacting the fire departments from the neighboring cities.

After that, he suddenly realized that Imperial Hotel sounded familiar. Isn't it a famous hotel? Why did it suddenly catch fire? Why is Zero so anxious and worried?

He grabbed his jacket and strode out of his room.

No one knew that Quiet Forest lived in Lake City.

The Bentley screeched to a halt before Imperial Hotel's entrance.

The fire chief was busy leading the firefighters to rescue the victims trapped inside the burning building.

At the sight of the flames devouring Imperial Hotel, Ashlyn felt her head buzz as it threatened to explode any minute.

Jared dashed out of the hotel, covered in ashes. "Boss!"

He was stunned to see Ashlyn. "Did you get hurt?"

Ashlyn arched a brow and responded, "I'm fine. How are things going inside?"

"All the employees are still inside. There are many customers in the VIP guest rooms on the VIP floor. The receptionists on the first floor have been rescued." A few strands of Jared's hair were charred, but he still looked as handsome as ever.

Jonathan scurried over hastily, clad in his pajamas. He couldn't be bothered about his image as an idol anymore. "Ashlyn, my fans! My fans are inside!"

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He was going to hold a birthday party a few days later, so many of his fans traveled across the country to be with him. Fear gripped his throat when he learned that some happened to stay in Imperial Hotel.

Lucas stood beside Ashlyn, his tall figure blending into the night sky. He was talking on his phone. "Follow my orders. I, Lucas Nolan, shall bear all the responsibility alone."

Ashlyn was about to ask what he had in mind when he suddenly strode to the building opposite the hotel.

"Lucas? What are you doing?"

"Honey, since Imperial Hotel is important to you, I shall help you to protect it."

Having said that, he ran into the building across the street.

Five minutes later, the whirring sound of planes sounded above Ashlyn.

Surprised, she looked up to see several planes circling above Imperial Hotel.

It was pretty dangerous for commercial planes to fly this low.

Her eyes widened when she saw a helicopter landing on the rooftop of the building across the street. Lucas...

The helicopter soared into the sky. When both planes were parallel, a tall man with long legs climbed down the helicopter's rope ladder as the fire raged beneath him.

### [Chapter 820](#)

The hatch of the other plane was wide open. When the hanging ladder got nearer, Lucas stretched his legs and reached out his arms to get onto the plane.

Everyone was worried about Lucas' safety at that sight. How did he pull off such a dangerous move?

The plane then slowly flew up higher.

On the plane, the captain bowed to Lucas and greeted, "Mr. Nolan!"

Lucas swept a glance at everyone on the plane. He saw that all the seats were removed, and the plane was filled with buckets full of water. There were also pilots and firefighters standing on both sides of the aisle in their uniforms.

In a deep voice, Lucas said, "I'll fly the plane! Liaise with the fire department and get the flight crew and firefighters to help put out the fire."



“Yes!”

Lucas then walked straight into the cockpit. Although he hadn't flown a plane in months, he didn't feel rusty at all.

He went through the cockpit control panel swiftly. At that moment, his expression was tense, and his gaze was stern.

It was a dangerous task to fly a plane at such a low altitude. In fact, only experienced pilots were able to fly a plane at that altitude for a long period of time.

Now, the responsibility was placed on Lucas' shoulders.

The crowd stared in disbelief as they watched the water gushing down from the plane. The hatch of the other plane was wide open. When the hanging ladder got nearer, Lucas stretched his legs and reached out his arms to get onto the plane.

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At that time, it was as if it was raining heavily over Imperial Hotel.

Meanwhile, the firefighters were busy rescuing people from the burning building.

It was a deadly race against the relentless fire.

When Joseph, James the mayor and the leaders of the community arrived at the scene, they saw a plane pouring water down from the sky.

James had seen a lot in his life, but he was still stunned when he saw that. "W-What is this?"

"That's a plane flying the plane."

James heard the woman's voice ring out, and he couldn't help but turn around. That was when he saw Ashlyn with bandages on her head.

She was wearing a striped hospital gown, but she still had an unwavering look on her beautiful face.

"Ashlyn? What happened to you? Are you hurt?" James asked worriedly. "Why didn't you inform us?"

Ashlyn appreciated the kindness shown and answered, "I'm fine."

The fire was raging, and it was as if it had turned into a demon, swallowing the whole building.

The plane was still hovering over Imperial Hotel as the water was poured from it to stop the fire.

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Meanwhile, in a passageway somewhere, a man in a firefighter uniform was ordering his team around. “Is it fixed yet?”

“Soon, Captain Fraser!”

“F\*ck!” Lochlan cursed. He then took off his helmet and scratched his head. “Nothing is going right today.”

“Our vehicle is checked every week. How could it have broken down? Something's wrong here, Captain Fraser,” a man from his team remarked.

“I think so, too. I feel like someone's stopping us from getting to the scene.” Lochlan took a deep breath and uttered, “Get in the vehicle and get ready to leave!”

“Yes!”

“It's fixed!”

“Let's go!”

At a high speed, the fire engine was heading toward Imperial Hotel.

The scene of Imperial Hotel burning could be seen clearly from a building nearby.

A man wearing a mask was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window while looking in the direction of Imperial Hotel.

“Mr. Silvermoon, what if The Chef dies as well? What are we going to do next?” a subordinate asked

cautiously. At the same time, his eyes were gleaming.

“I know what to do,” Silvermoon answered coldly. “You talk too much.”

The subordinate was frightened, and he stammered, “Y-Yes... I've talked too much. I-I'm sorry.”