

Chapter 1101: Who Is My Biological Father

Because it was an unfamiliar car, the security guard at the gate immediately stopped the car and asked, “This is the Hutton residence. Unauthorized persons are not allowed to enter. Who are you?”

Lucas glanced at Jace, who was sitting in the back seat.

Jace immediately rolled down the window to reveal his face. “It’s me. Open up now!”

With a respectful expression, the security guard quickly smiled deferentially. “Mr. Jace, welcome back. Please come in quick!”

Then he pressed the button to open the gate of the manor and respectfully allowed the car to pass.

As for why Jace wasn’t riding in the cars he often drove but in a less upscale Land Rover, he was just a lowly security guard and in no place to ask.

The Land Rover slowly drove into the Hutton estate before finally stopping in front of a luxurious villa.

Lucas looked at the familiar yet unfamiliar scenes in this manor, his heart filled with complicated emotions.

In the past few years, he had dreamed countless times about all the things he had encountered as a child in the Hutton residence. He had also gritted his teeth and swore countless times that he had to live well so that he could teach the Huttons who had bullied him and his mother a hard lesson.

But now that he had returned to the Hutton residence again, his mood was extremely complicated.

He didn’t even know whether he wanted to get an affirmative answer or a negative answer from Michael.

If the truth was that he wasn’t biologically related to the Huttons, then his hatred for the Huttons after so many years would cease to exist.

In fact, it would be that Michael knew he wasn't his son, yet he still took him and his mother in and even raised him for years. Based on this alone, the Huttons were considered his benefactors.

The enemy he had hated for so many years turned out to be the benefactor who raised him. Could there be anything more ridiculous than this?

What kind of mood should he have when facing Michael?

After a moment of silence, Lucas finally opened the car door and brought Jordan and Jace into the villa that couldn't be any more familiar in his memory.

As they stepped in, a familiar voice sounded. "You're here."

In the living room on the first floor, Michael was sitting on the couch calmly while facing the front door, as if he had already expected their arrival.

He looked at Lucas with a complicated expression before turning to look at Jace. When he saw Jace dripping wet with a purplish mark on his neck, he frowned slightly before sighing.

After finally returning home and seeing his father, Jace burst into tears and couldn't wait to complain to his father about Lucas.

But Lucas was right next to him, and he had already suffered a lot at his hands, so he didn't dare to create trouble. Instead, he said frantically, "Dad, Lucas isn't your biological son, is he? Quickly tell him if he's your biological son or not and whether he's a Hutton or not!"

Michael immediately frowned. He didn't expect that Jace would eventually reveal the truth and that Lucas would come to the Hutton residence again today for this matter.

Lucas stared closely into Michael's eyes and said, "I want to know if there are any blood ties between me and you! I hope you can tell me the truth!"

His eyes were bloodshot, and he clenched his fists tightly while waiting for Michael's answer.

Michael looked at Lucas and opened his mouth, but he didn't say a word. But he eventually let out a long sigh with an emotional look.

Lucas gritted his teeth and continued, "The reason I came to you is because I want to hear it from you. If I really want to know if I'm your son or not, I can always get a DNA test done! So don't try to deceive me!"

Just as Lucas said, technology was so advanced these days that he could easily get a sample of Michael's DNA and then go to a relevant institution to get a DNA paternity test done. The result would naturally become clear then.

The reason he hadn't done this before was that he had never suspected that he might not be Michael's biological son.

When he heard what Jace said today, it had given him a huge shock.

After a moment of silence, Michael sighed and said, "It's already been so many years. Is there really a need to verify if you're my biological son or not?"

Lucas froze for a moment before suddenly laughing.

Although Michael didn't say it outright, it was obvious what he meant.

It turned out that Michael, whom Lucas had resented for so many years, was really not his biological father!

In that case, didn't it mean that all the hatred and misery he had been holding in for years was just a joke?

Since Michael wasn't his biological father, he had no obligation to raise him, and there was no reason for Lucas to hate him even though he had driven him and Emma out of the family!

Lucas clenched his fist and laughed so hard that he even started tearing up.

It turned out that he really wasn't blood-related to the Huttons.

"Hahaha!"

Seeing Lucas's miserable laughter, Michael felt great heartache.

He had never had any intention of revealing this matter. Even if he died, he never thought of telling Lucas about this.

But two may keep counsel, putting one away. Lucas eventually found out.

"Lucas, don't... don't be like this. Your mother would be heartbroken to see you this way," Michael said worriedly.

There was no hatred in his eyes when he looked at Lucas, only the worry of a loving father.

Although it was true that Lucas wasn't his biological son, and Lucas had hated him for years and still didn't acknowledge him as his father, Michael had always treated Lucas as his own son and felt nothing but heartache and guilt toward him. He didn't hate him at all.

Back then, he had no choice but to drive Lucas and his mother out of the Huttons, which was a decision that he had been regretting for years. He felt that he had let Lucas down greatly.

After seeing the guilt and worry in Michael's eyes, Lucas felt even worse.

He didn't know how to feel about Michael now.

In the end, Lucas wiped his face hard and asked, "Then, who is my biological father?"

He stared straight at Michael.

So many years had passed, and only from Michael could he find out the truth.

But a pained look appeared on Michael's face. After a long while of silence, he said bitterly, "I don't know either."

Lucas was very surprised by his answer.

Chapter 1102: Treat You Like My Son

Michael continued, "When I met your mother back then, she was already pregnant. But no matter how much I asked her, she refused to tell me anything about that man.

"That's why I still don't know who your biological father is even after so many years."

Lucas was surprised at first. But at the thought of his mother's mysteriousness and how he had never heard anything about her past when he was a child, Lucas knew that Michael was telling the truth.

As long as his mother wasn't willing to say anything, there was no way anyone would know.

But this answer made it even harder for Lucas.

This also meant that he was more likely than not to never find out who his biological father was.

Confused, Lucas stood still for a long while before smiling bitterly and saying softly, "Got it. Sorry for imposing on you."

With that, he turned around and walked toward the door.

Lucas, who had always been formidable and full of vigor, was now walking with heavy and sad footsteps.

Looking at Lucas's back, Michael suddenly felt his heart ache terribly.

Although Lucas wasn't his biological son, he was the child of the woman he loved the most. Thus, Michael had always regarded Lucas as his own son, and it hurt him to see Lucas in so much pain.

If he hadn't been threatened and forced by the Whitleys back then, he wouldn't have driven Lucas and his mother out of the family, making them suffer so much, back then!

Seeing Lucas about to walk out of the villa, Michael finally couldn't help calling out to him. "Lucas!"

Lucas stopped but didn't turn around.

Tears welled up in Michael's eyes, and he said with trembling lips, "It was my fault for driving you and your mother out of the family back then! But in my heart, you've always been my son!"

Lucas's heart pounded rapidly.

He immediately felt his heart ache.

Many things he had deliberately forgotten once again surfaced in his mind.

As far as he could remember, Michael had indeed been a good father to him.

Michael had often come to him and held him in his arms while looking at him with a smile and giving him some toys and delicious food.

A long time ago, when he was a child, whenever the Huttons' servants and Jace bullied him, Michael had berated them furiously, and Jace had even been reprimanded severely by him on multiple occasions.

But later on, Michael slowly stopped coming to see him and protecting him.

At the time, Lucas thought that Michael didn't like him anymore, so he stopped paying attention to him and protecting him.

But in hindsight, he realized that Michael had yet to become the helmsman of the Huttons back then, and his wife was from a powerful royal family branch. Who knew when Lucas might have died if Michael had continued to adore him and protect him as before?

Internal strife was common even in modern families. Besides, he was just a few years old back then, and his mother didn't have any protection from anyone. It would have been a piece of cake for someone to kill him silently in the Hutton residence.

Or rather, the fact that Michael could let him and his mother live peacefully with the Huttons for eight years was already rather rare.

It had never been Michael's intention to drive him and his mother out of the Huttons, and he must have been extremely sad about it too.

After Lucas figured these things out, his emotions became even more complicated.

Even though he wasn't Michael's biological son, Michael had still been able to do so much for him and his mother. It proved that Michael was a good father.

"You don't owe me anything, but I owe you gratitude for raising me for a few years," Lucas said bitterly and left without turning back.

Standing behind him, Michael could no longer control his tears, and they flowed out uncontrollably.

Lucas no longer hated him, but he had also found out that he wasn't his son, so he wouldn't have any ties with him in the future.

Michael could only watch Lucas leave without being able to do anything.

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After Lucas left the Hutton residence, Jordan naturally followed him closely and sent him home.

Along the way, Lucas remained silent, so Jordan drove quietly without saying anything either.

He knew that Lucas must be feeling awful now, and he just had to accompany him silently.

When the car passed through an area downtown, Lucas suddenly said, "Stop. I'll get off here. You can go home first."

Jordan said worriedly, "Lucas, let me accompany you!"

Lucas shook his head. "I just want to be alone for a while. Nothing will happen."

Since he had already said so, Jordan naturally could only do as he was told and park the car on the side of the road.

Lucas pushed open the door and got out of the car. But he suddenly thought of something and instructed Jordan, "Don't tell anyone about what happened today, not even Cheyenne."

Jordan immediately assured, "Okay, I won't tell anyone."

After all, this concerned Lucas's privacy.

Lucas nodded. "Okay, go ahead."

With a casual wave of his hand, Lucas walked alone on the bustling street.

At this moment, it was almost 11 p.m.

It was close to midnight, but the busy commercial center of DC was still bustling with people.

Many people were laughing merrily on the sidewalks.

There were young people having dinner and socializing with colleagues, business professionals discussing business, and various people taking their friends out for some fun. There were families with babies and loving couples.

Everyone's expression was happy.

Lucas was the exception. He was walking alone through the streets, with confusion and loss written all over his face.

He was walking aimlessly, not knowing where he was going or what he should do now.

Suddenly, Lucas's phone rang. It was a call from Cheyenne.

"Honey, it's really late. Haven't you finished with work yet?" Cheyenne's gentle voice sounded.

The moment he heard her voice, Lucas felt especially bitter and had a strong urge to confide in her.

But he soon restrained his desire and smiled bitterly.

How could he tell Cheyenne about this matter?

“Yeah, I’m not finished yet. I’ll probably be home late, so you don’t have to wait for me. Just go to bed when you’re tired.” Lucas tried his best to speak as calmly as possible.

He had to adjust his mood and sort out all his emotions before going home. Otherwise, with Cheyenne’s sensitiveness, she would easily discover that something was wrong with him.

He wanted to sort this matter out slowly himself.

He couldn’t even tell Cheyenne about it.

Chapter 1103: Drowning Sorrows in Alcohol

Cheyenne didn’t say much and just said gently, “Okay, I got it. Go ahead and handle your affairs. Be careful on your way back.”

Lucas had a powerful position, so likewise, he had plenty of things to handle. So Cheyenne didn’t suspect anything at all.

After hanging up the phone, Lucas felt apologetic.

He had almost never lied to Cheyenne before, and the sense of guilt truly felt terrible.

But he really couldn’t go home in his current state.

He put his phone back into his pocket and planned to continue strolling aimlessly on the street, but he suddenly saw a bar at the side.

Without much hesitation, Lucas stepped right inside.

In fact, he rarely patronized places like bars, but he was really in low spirits today. So the moment he saw the bar, he felt a strong urge to drown his sorrows in alcohol.

The bar wasn’t too noisy but instead quite elegant.

On stage in the bar, a young man was playing a beautiful country song on an accordion.

Lucas walked to the front of the bar counter, and the bartender immediately asked, "Sir, would you like a drink?"

"Give me a bottle of the strongest alcohol you have here," Lucas said directly.

"Uh..." The bartender hesitated. "Our strongest drink here is distilled vodka from Poland, which is 96% alcohol. It's usually used as a base for cocktails. Ordinary people won't be able to stand drinking it raw. Sir, would you like to switch to something with a slightly lower alcohol content..."

Before he could finish speaking, Lucas interrupted, "I'll take that. Give me a bottle of it!"

"Alright!" The bartender felt helpless. He had already informed Lucas of the dangers of drinking the Polish distilled vodka, but there was nothing he could do since the customer insisted.

Soon, an opened bottle of Polish distilled vodka and a glass were placed in front of Lucas. The large word 96% printed on the bottle caught the attention of the guests around him.

The bartender poured a small glass of the vodka for Lucas, but Lucas waved him away and poured the alcohol himself, quickly filling the entire glass. He downed it in one go.

A few people at the side, including a waiter and the bartender, looked at Lucas in astonishment.

Most people probably wouldn't be able to take a tiny sip of spirits with such a high alcohol concentration, but Lucas actually chugged a glass in one go!

This wasn't all. After downing the glass, Lucas poured another glass, filling it to the brim before chugging it again.

Then the third glass...

The fourth...

After he finished the fourth glass, there was only a small amount of vodka left in the bottle.

Lucas actually downed several glasses of the vodka, which was extremely strong for ordinary people, one after another like it was plain water.

The strong alcohol naturally burned his throat, but after downing almost an entire bottle, he still felt cold in his heart.

Just as he poured all the vodka into the glass, downed it, and ordered another bottle of the same vodka, he heard a familiar female voice coming from behind.

“Lucas? What are you doing here?”

Lucas turned around and saw someone who surprised him.

“Lena Sawyer?”

Indeed, the person who came was Lena, the daughter of Ethan Sawyer, the wealthiest man in Orange County, and Cheyenne’s long-time friend.

Lucas didn’t expect that she would suddenly appear in DC in a bar that he had casually entered.

“Lucas, it’s really you! What a coincidence!” Lena walked over in surprise, sat down on the high chair beside Lucas, and smiled sweetly. “I happened to be out drinking with my friends today, and when I saw your back, I found it familiar. I didn’t expect it to be really you! Haha, fate must have brought us together!”

Lena looked around and saw that he was alone, so she asked in surprise, “Why are you here alone? Didn’t Cheyenne come with you?”

Lucas said indifferently, “She’s at home.”

Except for a hint of surprise when he first saw Lena, his expression was cold and indifferent. Besides, he had planned to get drunk alone in a place where no one knew him, without the disturbance of anyone.

So he sounded even colder after hearing Lena’s question.

But Lena thought that Lucas meant Cheyenne was back home in Orange County, so she was suddenly thrilled after a brief moment of surprise.

It seemed that Lucas was in a bad mood. At the mention of Cheyenne, his tone was cold and indifferent. Moreover, he was drinking alone at a bar.

Did Lucas and Cheyenne have a fight? Lena guessed, but she couldn’t help feeling some joy.

Ever since Lucas had saved her at the entrance of the Sawyers’ villa like a knight in shining armor a few months ago, his figure had been deeply etched in her mind.

But Lena had been suppressing her feelings because of Cheyenne.

However, the more she wanted to forget him, the harder it was for her to do so.

As Lucas continued to save her from danger again and again, Lena fell hopelessly in love with him and finally decided to take action.

Previously in a hotel in LA, Lena had even tried to seduce Lucas in her swimsuit at the pool on the top floor, but she didn't succeed.

Now, she unexpectedly met Lucas once again far away in DC, and he was currently alone. She was sure that this was another chance given to her by God.

With this thought, Lena coughed and asked tentatively, "Uh... you don't seem too happy. Did you... have a fight with Cheyenne?"

"No," Lucas replied extremely indifferently before downing the glass of the highly distilled vodka in his hand in one go.

Although Lucas denied it, he was clearly in a bad mood since he was chugging hard liquor.

She reckoned that he must have had a fight with Cheyenne.

After thinking about it, Lena said, "I'll drink with you!"

Then she grabbed Lucas's vodka bottle, poured half a glass, and took a large mouthful.

But...

"Pfft!"

As soon as the vodka entered her mouth, she immediately spat it out ungracefully!

While Lena coughed, her face flushed red, and she hurriedly wiped the corners of her mouth and the liquor stains on her clothes. She complained repeatedly, "What kind of alcohol is this? It leaves a terrible taste in my mouth!"

Seeing how embarrassed and disheveled Lena was, Lucas couldn't help being amused regardless of his awful mood.