

Extraordinary 351

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"Grandma, are you asking money for him?" Ashlyn could feel her heart sink slowly.

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Two million wes nothing for her, but thet request of Susen went streight into her heert like en iron sherd.

Susen knew how Horece end Mery ebused her since young.

But she wes right. Horece wes still Ashlyn's fether.

Do I deserve to get leeched off by those ingretes because I'm releted to him? She thought engrily.

Susen's heert wrenched when she noticed Ashlyn's expression hed derkened.

She knew her grenddaughter listened to her because she hed brought her up.

Susen didn't went to hurt Ashlyn, but her son wes in trouble. She couldn't bring herself to see her son being pressured by those loen sherks.

In the end, she exheled heevily end seid nothing.

When Luces end Spencer entered the werd, they were observent enough to detect en odd silence henging in the eir.

Spencer hurriedly left the gifts on the ground end retreated to the door.

Ashlyn wes elreedy ennoyed, so his errivel merely intensified her ennoyence.

"Why ere you here?"

"Luces hes been visiting me every dey. When you were busy, he chetted with me to relieve my boredom," Susen hurriedly explained.

Luces glenced et Susen epprovingly.

"Grondmo, how do you feel today?"

To ease the tension in the oir, Suson looked ot Ashlyn before turning to Lucos. "Not bod. Lucos, you should stop bringing me gifts. You've brought o lot for the post few doys."

She wes obviously defending Lucos.

Ashlyn was surprised to hear Lucas had been coming to visit her grandmother every day.

Well, well. Since when is he that free?

Looking up, Ashlyn met his deep gaze, which was like a whirlpool sucking her in.

Lucas acted like a kid waiting to get praised in kindergarten, but his words were humble. "It's my duty to spend time with Grandmo."

Ashlyn was speechless.

Is this shameless person Lucas Nolan?

Aren't you a domineering president and pilot?

Why are you acting like an obedient boy?

Ashlyn inhaled deeply and suppressed the strongest emotions in her heart before looking out of the window.

She had mixed feelings when she thought of the Berrys, her grandmother and also Lucas.

She rubbed her temples wearily as she felt her head aching.

She then left the word after a while.

Lucas immediately came out behind her.

"What's wrong? Are you unhappy?"

"No," Ashlyn shook her head.

"Grandma, how do you feel today?"

To ease the tension in the air, Susan looked at Ashlyn before turning to Lucas. "Not bad. Lucas, you should stop bringing me gifts. You've brought a lot for the past few days."

"Honey, you don't have to go against the Berrys. I'll seek justice on behalf of you." Lucas' mellow voice rang in her ear.

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Ashlyn stopped in her tracks and gazed at him. "Lucas, Horece is having problems with his company's

cash flow. Was that your doing?"

Back in the word, she was wondering why Horece panicked if Harrison and Anderson hadn't hended in the evidence yet.

As it turned out Lucas was behind this.

Is he attentive or ruthless? She wondered.

"Honey, no one can bully you!" Lucas paused and continued in his icy voice. "Not even your father!"

There was no room for negotiation in his oppressing tone.

He was acting like Ashlyn was a baby who needed constant care and protection.

A lump appeared in Ashlyn's throat. There were things she wanted to say, but she couldn't seem to get them out.

For some reason, it felt strange to her.

Why are my eyes watering?

Her grandmother who was her closest relative was on Horece's side. She had no idea Lucas would say that to defend her.

He was standing right behind her.

It felt strange. Unlike the feeling she got from Jared and her underlings, it felt like she was being loved and protected by someone who adored her.

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Ashley took a deep breath and looked away, blinking her eyes continuously to get rid of the tears. Ashley took a deep breath and looked away, blinking her eyes continuously to get rid of the tears.

Then, she looked at Lucas. "Thank you," she said.

Lucas' eyes fixed on her in an unwavering stare and took in her reaction.

After a while, he parted his lips and requested, "Honey, since you went to thank me, let's have a meal together today."

Ashlyn glanced at the man who was getting under her skin. She should have reprimanded him for being a busybody.

She could've dealt with Horace herself, but...

She couldn't bring herself to do so and even accepted his kind gesture.

Ashlyn couldn't believe she had just thanked him.

Her actions were getting stronger and stronger by the day to the point that she didn't even know what she wanted!

Ashlyn Berry, did Lucas successfully lead you astray? She chided herself.

Perhaps it was because Grandma chose Horace instead of me, so I was hurt by her decision. Or perhaps Horace had gone too far.

Lucas was the only one who stood by my side and protected me.

Ugh, I don't even know what's wrong with me!

In the end, Lucas brought her to the supermarket to buy some ingredients.

The herd-to-please Mr. Nolen refused to eat anything except for her cooking.

She bought some steak, eggplants, carrots and other leafy greens.

Spencer pushed the cart as he watched Ashlyn picking the ingredients with his boss right behind her.

There was an endearing smile on Lucas' face as he followed her around foolishly.

The fool trailed behind Ashlyn and whipped out his phone to take a photo of her back when she was bending down to pick the ingredients.

Her slender curves peeked out beneath her icy blue dress. She was wearing a pair of earrings from the same collection and had left her hair down. She looked absolutely fabulous and stunning.

Even a photo of her back sent ripples through his heart.

Lucas felt the urge to show her off to everyone.

But a photo of her back wasn't enough to show his affection, so...

At noon, thanks to dear Mr. Nolen, Ashlyn's name made it to the top trending topics.

The reason was that Mr. Nolen had donated 110 million to Modeline Saunders' charity.

He also tweeted. Since my wife loves giving to charities, I have no choice but to keep donating!

Together with the tweet, he had attached that photo of Ashlyn's back.

After Ashlyn donated 110 million under the name of Nolen Group, Lucas donated another 110 million once again.

What a sweet show-off!

One netizen's reply read: So this is what wealthy people do to show their affection.

Another read: Mr. Nolen spent 110 million just to show his affection? He is my idol.

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Also. Captain Nolan's show of affection is way different from us ordinary people.

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Some expressed their excitement: Oh my, I'm gone faint now!

Some were jealous: Cold, hard cash! I've never seen so much money in my life.

Well, since Mr. Nolen was in a good mood, spending some petty cash meant nothing to him.

Money comes and goes, right?

Meanwhile, Ashlyn didn't even know what Lucas did to have propelled her to the top trending topics.

She had already picked out all the ingredients and also a few types of sauces.

Both of them made their way to the cashier.

There were many social media addicts in the supermarket who shopped while they scrolled through Twitter. By now, they had seen the top trending topics on Twitter.

One youngster stared at Ashlyn in shock, but Spencer was standing right behind them and blocked his view.

Ashlyn had lowered her head and her hair covered her profile, so no one could see her face clearly.

Thus, this young man could only snap a photo of Lucas and Ashlyn lining up at the counter.

He instantly uploaded the photo to Twitter.

OMG! I've just seen Mr. and Mrs. Nolen! Mrs. Nolen looks so pretty even from the back.

He typed furiously and posted that tweet promptly.

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One reply read: Which supermarket is this? Wow, Mr. Nolan is so down to earth!

Another read: They bought so many ingredients. Is Mrs. Nolan going to cook? Oh dear! I think I've just discovered a secret. The wealthy Mrs. Nolan cooks her own meals and never relied on her servants! I envy Mr. Nolan so much!

One netizen expressed his jealousy: Damn it, I'm so jealous. Mr. Nolan is so lucky to get such a pretty and caring wife.

Another was quick to guess: What is Mrs. Nolan cooking? Steak with roasted carrots? Spiced eggplant quinoa salad?

Someone replied to the above comment: Stop being funny. She also bought some leafy greens!

This young man who was a social media addict wasn't popular at all on Twitter.

But because he had posted this photo, his followers increased at an alarming speed.

He was so excited he even thought of becoming an influencer.

The young man was a photographer, albeit one without many skills. He could take better photos than other people, but he wasn't that skilled and well-known in the photography industry.

But since he had gained so many followers now, of course he had to show off his skills.

He instantly posted photos which he had taken previously.

Unexpectedly, some of his new followers were photography fans.

They immediately lavished praises and retweeted his photos.

With that, the young man's followers reached 100 thousand.

He was now officially a somewhat famous photographer on Twitter.

The young man was elated as he scrolled through the DMs he received from various advertisers asking to collaborate with him. The price they offered was low, but at least he had an income now.

Actually, he was at the supermarket to buy instant noodles as he had been jobless for a while.

The young man spent all his time on photography instead of getting a proper job, so his parents refused to give him any allowance.

He was so excited that he teared up. Words couldn't express how thankful he was to have met Mr. and Mrs. Nolan.

They were his benefactors!

Meanwhile, Ashlyn and Lucas returned to Whitlond Villo together.

Spencer helped place the shopping bags in the kitchen and retreated to the living room.

Lucas followed Ashlyn into the kitchen. She took a look at his suit and arched her brows. "Change your clothes. Also, bring me my apron."

Lucas immediately complied with her orders obediently like a little kid in school.

He was at her command.

Lucas was delighted when Ashlyn talked to him. Her voice was music to his ears. Even when she was giving him orders, he wasn't annoyed at all.

In fact, he was terrified if she refused to speak to him.

He loved being in the same space as her and breathing in the same air as her. It was so comfortable he felt like the rain had descended after a long drought.

Ashlyn was about to take the apron from him.

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However, she had barely raised her hands when the man flung his arms around her and brought her into his embrace.

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She froze in shock and was about to shove him away when he drewled out sexily, "Don't move. I'll tie the apron for you."

He unfolded the apron and put it around her.

She could almost feel his long and slender fingers tying the ribbon behind her back as his familiar scent hit her nostrils.

Lucas was still, so he had to bend down. He lowered his gaze and stared at Ashlyn's delicate skin.

Her curly lashes fluttered adorably like perched butterflies ready to take flight.

"A-Are you done?" Ashlyn felt her mouth went dry.

The men's gaze lingered on her face, so she couldn't help but feel agitated.

Her mind was in a turmoil when the sudden heat attacked her lips.

It was Lucas, who had pressed his lips on hers gently.

Ashlyn felt her heart skipped a beat.

She wanted to push him away, but he grabbed her arms and turned to push her frail figure against the kitchen wall.

As the sudden cooling sensation of the tiles hit Ashlyn, she shifted her body uncomfortably.

Lucas' well-built body pressed against hers tightly as he kissed her tenderly, utterly captivated.

The intimate and tender kiss was the opposite of the invasiveness he used to project back then.

Ashlyn was surprised by his sudden change.

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Soon, Lucas turned increasingly impatient as his breathing turned uneven. He became demanding and aggressive.

Ashlyn gave him a mighty push and ran her fingers through her hair. "Don't you want lunch?"

Her voice was raspy while her cheeks were as red as tenting cherries.

Lucas leaned on the wall and bent his legs casually as he gazed at the blushing Ashlyn.

It was as if time had reversed to four years ago, and she was still that young and shy young lady.

His lips curved up in a smirk. "I want to devour you."

"Wash the vegetables!" Ashlyn stuffed the leafy greens into his hands exasperatedly.

She couldn't help but blush as her heart pounded faster against her chest.

As she looked down, her hair fell from her shoulders and covered part of her features.

Lucas turned on the tap and started washing the vegetables.

When he was done, he turned and saw her chopping the other vegetables deftly.

His gaze fell on her dainty nose and trailed down to her pursed lips, which were painted ruby red. She might be chopping vegetables, but she was utterly focused on her task.

Her lashes drooped down and cast shadows on her face.

Ashlyn suddenly removed the scrunchie from her wrist and was about to tie her hair up. Perhaps her long hair had gotten in her way.

Lucas wiped his hands and took her hand.

"I can help you with that." His husky voice rang behind her charmingly.

Ashlyn's heart stopped beating for a moment as her hands froze mid-air.

The man took the scrunchie from her and gathered her long hair together before tying them up gently.

He made two loops to secure her hair. Et voilà—a simple, low ponytail was ready!

Before their divorce, Lucas had often helped to tie her hair.

Therefore, he was skillful enough not to hurt her.

Back then, they were married, so she didn't mind intimate actions like this.

But now, as the man did that to her, her heart that had just calmed down started pounding crazily again.

"Honey, I like tying your hair. I also miss your cooking. I'd love to have you cook my meals every day. Why don't you move back home?" As Ashlyn cast her gaze downward without a word, Lucas parted his lips and implored.

The high and mighty man's plea seemed somehow desperate.

Ashlyn looked up and met his gaze. Lucas had suddenly lost his oppressive demeanor. Right now, he was unbelievably potent and mild-mannered.

But even if he was in the kitchen, his aura was unmistakably commanding and superior, befitting a king.

Ignoring him, Ashlyn collected her senses and replied, "I'm going to cook now."

"Steak with roasted carrots? Spiced eggplant quinoa salad?"

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Ashlyn raised her brows at his guess. "Oh? How do you know?"

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Lucas' smirked and a hint of delight sparkled in his eyes. "It's just a guess."

He set at the dining table and waited for Ashlyn to finish cooking.

The men had already come up with another tweet to show off again.

Hehehe.

Ashlyn had no idea of Lucas' outrageously mad idea.

Her hands moved nimbly as she prepared the dishes.

Within an hour, she had prepared a four-course meal.

She turned to summon Lucas to bring the dishes out and saw the men taking photos of the dishes?

Ashlyn was confused. Why was he taking photos of the home-cooked dishes?

Spencer came over and helped her serve the dishes.

He prepared three plates and four bowls for the soup.

Swallowing, he chided his boss silently for showing off like a madman.

He knew his boss well, so his tweet must've caused an uproar on Twitter right now.

However, Spencer said nothing and just helped with serving the dishes.

Ashlyn set the table and picked up her spoon before casting a curious glance at Lucas. "What are you doing?"

Lucas pocketed his phone calmly and looked straight at her. "It's a trend to take a photo before you eat and post it online."

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Lucas picked up his cutlery and cut into his steak elegantly. "The steak tastes great."

Lucas had just posted a new tweet and tagged the netizen who had guessed Ashlyn would be making steak with roasted carrots earlier. Congratulations! You're right! Mrs. Nolen cooked steak with roasted carrots, spiced eggplant quinoa salad, clam chowder, and blueberry pie as dessert. Awesome!

He attached a photo of his four-course meal as well.

The netizens' replies flooded his tweet instantly..

One reply read: Mrs. Nolen can cook that well?

Another read: Mrs. Nolen prepared a home-cooked spread!

One netizen commented: I thought they'd have caviar and foie gras every day. Turns out Mr. Nolen likes home-cooked meals!

Another replied: Previously, Mr. Nolen asked Mrs. Nolen to prepare some simple dishes, too. She did a great job!

One netizen was curious: I wonder what Mrs. Nolen looks like. The only thing I can see from that photo was her long and silky hair!

Another netizen mused: Hmm, it looks like Mr. Nolen's leading a blissful life, huh? Hehehe...

Lucas scrolled through the netizens' envious replies happily.

Ashlyn was eating when she saw Lucas' lips curling up in delight. That was when she sensed that something was fishy.

After a brief hesitation, she put down her spoon. She unlocked her phone and clicked on the Twitter app.

Then...

She was shocked by what she saw.

"Lucas Nolon, have you gone crazy? Why did you donate more than 100 million to my charity again?"

Lucas didn't respond to her immediately. A smile flitted across his face as he replied affectionately, "Honey, since you like doing charitable work, I certainly have to show my support."

Ashlyn was still in a daze.

Lucas had once again caused his ex-wife's name to appear in the top trending topics.

She got to hand it to him.

He sure is something, she thought.

How did he top the trending topics twice in a day?

One is about his donation, and another is about...my cooking.

Why did my home-cooked dishes become a top trending topic?

There was no need for him to show-off in Twitter!

Ashlyn was exasperated, but she didn't know what to do with this crazy man.

He'd often do something crazy and inform her afterward in a nonchalant and casual manner.

Right now, he was acting like a puppy waiting to get praised.

"Don't do that again. It's difficult for you to earn money." Ashlyn sipped on her chowder and said, "Charity work is good, but what you did was too, well, too much of a show-off? Forget it. Just don't do it again."

After a brief hesitation, she put down her spoon. She unlocked her phone and clicked on the Twitter app.

"Honey, are you concerned about me? Don't worry. I earn my money rightfully. The IRS can come at me anytime," Lucas returned confidently.

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Delight flashed in his eyes as he thought, Is she worried for me? That's an improvement. It's a good sign.

Does that mean we have taken a further step in our relationship?

Ashlyn read the DMs in her Twitter account—which Lucas had registered secretly for her—as her head throbbed painfully.

Her inbox had been flooded with DMs ever since that first tweet of Lucas.

Some netizens cursed her; some were envious or jealous of her; but some encouraged her to post a photo of her front profile.

Anyway, the netizens had so much to say.

Ashlyn was amused.

We've already divorced. Has he gone crazy? Why did he show off his affection so childishly?

He even tagged netizens in his tweet, huh? That's ridiculous.

Ashlyn wanted to say something but thought the better of it.

Spencer remained silent and focused on his food.

As he had no right to say anything, he tried to minimize his presence.

Lucas was visibly smug as he finished his delicious lunch. The smile never left his face.

After lunch, he offered to do the dishes as usual.

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“Honey, are you concerned about me? Don’t worry. I earn my money rightfully. The IRS can come at me anytime,” Lucas returned confidently.

Delight flashed in his gaze as he thought, Is she worried for me? That’s an improvement. It’s a good sign.

Does that mean we have taken a further step in our relationship?

Ashlyn read the DMs in her Twitter account—which Lucas had registered secretly for her—as her head throbbed painfully.

Her inbox had been flooded with DMs ever since that first tweet of Lucas.

Some netizens cursed her; some were envious or jealous of her; but some encouraged her to post a photo of her front profile.

Anyway, the netizens had so much to say.

Ashlyn was amused.

We’ve already divorced. Has he gone crazy? Why did he show off his affection so childishly?

He even tagged netizens in his tweet, huh? That’s ridiculous.

Ashlyn wanted to say something but thought the better of it.

Spencer remained silent and focused on his food.

As he had no right to say anything, he tried to minimize his presence.

Lucas was visibly smug as he finished his delicious lunch. The smile never left his face.

After lunch, he offered to do the dishes as usual.

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He even told Spencer to take a photo of him doing that and uploaded it to Twitter again. He even told Spencer to take a photo of him doing that and uploaded it to Twitter again.

The photo showed two muscular arms washing the dishes in a serious manner.

His caption read: Mrs. Nolen worked hard to cook for me, so I need to do the dishes. Hopefully, she’ll

cook dinner for me, too!

The netizens were shocked.

Did they just see Captain Nolen doing the dishes at home?

The flurry of replies read: Mrs. Nolen must be the one who took this photo.

Another replied: Yes! She might've tweeted this, too.

One netizen couldn't contain her excitement: Ahhhh! They are using the same Twitter account? How sweet!

Another reply read: Mr. Nolen is hot when he washes the dishes. Someone as rich as him scrubs the dishes himself. Other men should follow his example.

After a while, the hashtag #MrNolenIsDoingTheDishes became a trending hashtag.

When Cindy saw the trending hashtag, she clicked in and saw the photo of Lucas doing the dishes.

She rolled her eyes and told her manager, "Do you know what he told me when I went to his house that day?"

Her manager was curious. "What?"

Cindy reenacted the scene, "He said, 'Are you done? I need to do the dishes now.'"

Her manager, Terry, was shocked into silence.

Terry thought Lucas was merely hyping up the matter.

But when he heard Cindy's words, he couldn't help but recall how dumbfounded Cindy looked when she left his house.

That scene must've shocked her immensely!

No one had expected the high and mighty Captain Nolen would walk down from his pedestal and do the dishes!

That was so unlike him!

"Mrs. Nolen is really lucky," Cindy sighed. "I think I should learn from her and upgrade myself so I can get more popular. Relying on another man to get popular isn't as reliable as improving my own skills."

Stunned, Terry stared at her and stammered, "M-My dear, what is wrong with you? Why did you have that thought?"

He knew how spoiled Cindy was.

She couldn't endure hardships and loved slopping off.

Her acting skills were only average at most. Hence, she wasn't a great actress, but she was still above average. If she was willing to work hard, she might end up becoming a popular celebrity.

But if she muddled along and only wanted to get herself a rich man, she'll disappear from the industry soon.

"Isn't that a great idea? I think it is!" Cindy grinned. "LX invited me to their opening! If I can strike up a good relationship with them, they might select me as their brand ambassador! Ms. Berry seems friendly. It's obvious she is close to LX. She even allowed me to take a photo with Mr. Nolan. I need to prove to her that I'm not a simpleton. It's time to work hard!"

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Her intimidating presence was particularly unforgettable.

Ashlyn might be strong, but she had never bullied the weak. Instead, she was like a superheroine who defended the weak and eliminated violence while restoring peace in society.

She was like Wonder Woman!

When Cindy read about Ashlyn's trending hashtags on Twitter, she felt like she was Wonder Woman in real life.

Because of that, she couldn't stop herself from craving to be in Ashlyn's presence.

That was precisely what made Ashlyn so irresistibly attractive to everyone—her righteousness.

Her entire being—even her hair—emanated the righteousness within her.

Cindy no longer wanted to climb up the ranks using despicable means and rely on the support of Nolan Entertainment.

She was certain that if she worked hard, the higher-ups of Nolan Entertainment would allocate many resources to her.

Thus, she wanted to work herself off when she was still young and become an upright person.

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Terry nearly burst into tears at her announcement. "Girl, don't worry. I will do my best to support you. Even if you can't become a top film actress, I'll make sure you become a top TV drama actress! As long as you're willing to improve your acting skills, we will achieve success soon!"

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Cindy nodded vehemently as her eyes sparkled in anticipation of her future.

"Terry, hire me as acting coach tomorrow. I'll take a break and improve my skills. Plus, I need an excellent teacher so I can explore more roles. I swear I'll rise through the ranks!"

After doing the dishes, Lucas plopped down on the sofa and started working.

Ashlyn was standing on the balcony, talking to someone on her phone. She hung up after a while and came to Lucas.

"I need to leave now," she informed him.

Reluctance flashed across Lucas' eyes. He'd only feel peace when she was at home.

"Will you come back home for dinner?"

"No," Ashlyn refused without hesitation.

"But..." Lucas' frown faded away as he stared at Ashlyn. "Honey, I helped you with Horece and Grendme's hospitalization. Won't you visit me often?"

Huh?

Is he asking me to stay? It seemed like he is whining to get his way.

Ashlyn shivered in shock.

"Lucas, stop being so disgusting!"

She was afraid she might puke her lunch out.

Lucas' lips curved up in a smile as he told her in a serious tone, "Is that disgusting? I don't think so."

Ashlyn shook off the goosebumps on her body as a trace of discomfort showed on her face. "Lucas, stop being childish!"

Lucas arched one brow and smirked. His gaze landed on Ashlyn who was dressed in an icy blue dress with her silky hair in a low ponytail. A few strands had escaped, framing her tiny and pretty face.

Lucas' gaze heated up. "Honey, will you come back for dinner? I'd love to have baked fish for dinner. Will that do?"

Huh. He's even ordering in advance.

Ashlyn had no choice but to surrender. Fine. Since he helped me deal with the Berrys and visited Grandmo every day.

She sighed. "Send someone to buy a fish this afternoon. Make sure they clean it too."

"Yes, Mom!"

As Lucas had successfully persuaded Ashlyn to come home later, a devilishly handsome smile lit up his face.

But Ashlyn couldn't be bothered to admire his looks as she had to work hard later.

After leaving Whitlond Villo, Ashlyn was about to hail a cab.

"Lucas, stop being so disgusting!"

She was afraid she might puke her lunch out.

Instead, a Bentley drove out from the compound. As the window was wound down, Lucas' handsome face appeared in her sight. "A husband should drive his wife around. Get in my car."

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Ashlyn was rendered speechless.

I don't care because...we're divorced?

In the past, Ashlyn would've retorted, but this time she said nothing.

She was going to meet someone.

Lucas sent her to her destination. Upon arrival, he scanned the surroundings and furrowed his brows unhappily.

"Why are you here?"

They were in a slum where many flimsy sheds occupied by evicted occupants were erected.

The air smelled stale and uncomfortable.

"To find someone," Ashlyn got off the car and replied curtly, "Thank you. You can leave now."

In the rundown house, the man in his thirties was practically drowning his sorrows with alcohol.

He was unshaven and seemed despondent.

A nine-year-old kid was squatting beside him and watching him gulp down the alcohol. In the end, he burst into tears. "Daddy, stop drinking!"

Daddy keeps coughing recently, but we don't have money to go to the doctor. The little kid thought sadly. He always buys alcohol after getting his pay.

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He never takes care of himself. The little kid concluded.

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"Go away. Don't disturb me!" The men shoved the kid away.

The kid lost his balance and fell onto the ground with a plop.

Suddenly, a female voice rang from the door. "Greg Maxwell."

Greg opened his eyes groggily and gazed at the gorgeous woman standing at the door. He muttered, "Who are you?"

"I'm here to save your life."

Ten minutes later, Greg washed up and returned to Ashlyn.

He seemed mild-mannered and handsome enough.

The little boy sat by his side and stared at Ashlyn innocently.

"I haven't shot a movie for some time." Greg could still feel his heart clench in horror upon recalling how vicious she was.

As they were poor, there was a well right in front of his house. Normally, they'd get water from the well.

There was also a water tank by the well.

He would never forget how Ashlyn held him by his collar and flung him into the water tank with his face down.

The only question she asked was, "Are you awake now?"

Greg nearly choked to death. There was no way he'd still be unconscious.

Hence, he cleaned himself up obediently and sat down, listening to what the stranger had to say.

He couldn't believe his ears when he heard the woman asking him—the useless director—to direct a movie for her.

This is so hilarious! Greg thought as he rejected her immediately.

“Don't reject me at once. I'll leave the script with you. Read it and contact me after thinking it over.” Ashlyn handed a script to Greg. “Mr. Maxwell, you need to climb up from where you fell. Do you want to be scolded for the rest of your life? Besides, look at your adorable son. Do you want him to have a bleak future?”

Greg's eyes reddened at the thought.

He gripped the script in his hands and said nothing for a long time.

Greg used to be the valedictorian of his class in the Department of Directing at UCLA. He even wrote his own script and became famous after directing the movie himself.

However, he never imagined he'd be tied to a plagiarizing scandal later on.

His best friend, Frank, had plagiarized his script, which was saved in his laptop, and finished shooting earlier than he did. However, he hadn't finished shooting yet when the news broke out.

In the end, he was forced to stop shooting as Frank's movie was premiered before his movie.

Frank even reprimanded him for plagiarizing his work.

The investors he had gotten earlier immediately pulled out, but he was in the middle of filming and had accumulated some expenses, so the investors brought him to court and demanded him to pay for all their losses.

His wife divorced him promptly. What angered him the most was that his wife ended up with Frank right after their divorce.

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Greg had to sell his entire fortune to pay off his debts, but he was currently still saddled with debts.

Since then, he had been drowning in sorrows sluggishly.

He disappeared from the entertainment industry. The once talented new director was long gone.

Never in his wildest dreams, had Greg expected someone would ever ask him to make a film again.

His first reaction was that the woman was a scammer.

But to his surprise, she gave him a well-written script.

His throat turned dry. "Aren't you afraid that I'll sell your script?"

"Oh? I've copyrighted the script, so no one would buy it even if you have the intention to sell it," Ashlyn returned coolly. "Both you and Frank knew the truth of what happened back then. Don't you want to take revenge?"

"Of course. I'd die to make that happen."

"I can help you." Ashlyn's lips curved up into a smile as she stared at him with her charmingly persuasive eyes. "I have the best production team. We'll hire top actors and actresses to star in this movie."

"Why would you help me?" Greg looked at her in bafflement.

Nothing was free in this world. It was more like a pie in the sky.

"Because I want to return the favor." Ashlyn shot him a grin.

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An old man’s kind face popped up in her head as he uttered his dying wish, “Ashlyn, please take care of both of them.”

She agreed and had been doing her best to fulfil her promise back then.

Ashlyn wasn’t someone who was ungrateful.

“Read the script and contact me if you’re interested in shooting it.” Ashlyn whipped out a name card and placed it on his table.

Then, she turned to leave.

After walking out of the slum, Ashlyn was surprised when she saw Lucas waiting for her.

It was rare for a luxurious car to appear in the slum, so the occupants who walked in and out stared at his Bentley strangely.

Ashlyn asked, “Why are you still here?”

“I wanted to wait for you as I was worried.” Lucas replied. The car door clicked open as he pulled Ashlyn in.

As Ashlyn fell onto his lap, she felt her heart skipped a beat.

Her cheeks burned in embarrassment.

“Did you find the person you came here for?”

“Mm,” Ashlyn nodded.

“Who is that person? Does he or she live here?” Lucas wanted to know everything about Ashlyn.

Ashlyn looked at him strangely. He wasn’t usually this busybody.

However, she wasn’t about to lie to him as he’d find out about this sooner or later.

“I’m going to make a movie with Jonathan Quickton as the male lead.”

“Jonathan Quickton?” Lucas clenched his teeth abruptly.

His expression gradually turned icy as a dangerous glint flashed across his eyes. A smirk played on his lips as he uttered in his low voice, "Is he good at acting? I don't think so."

Spencer was speechless when he heard his boss' words while driving.

Mr. Nolan, how can you criticize your artiste that way?

Actually, Jonathan was a qualified idol who could dance and sing well.

However, he was a new actor in the film industry.

It would be an honor for him to be the main lead for a movie, but Lucas seemed disgusted by her offer.

Spencer felt sorry for Jonathan.

"He can improve eventually. Besides, my script is about an idol's life. He is one, right? No one can play the role better than him." Ashlyn couldn't stop talking about work.

Her strikingly beautiful face lit up as she rambled on.

Nevertheless, Lucas flew into a fit of rage upon hearing how much she wanted Jonathan to take this role.

"I'm his boss, so I'll reject the role on his behalf."

"Your rejection is useless. I've already discussed this with his manager. We're signing the contract this afternoon."

Ashlyn was upset by how the man wanted to stop her from developing her career.

Her face darkened as she glared at Lucas sharply. "Lucas Nolan, don't test my patience. Do you still want dinner?"

Lucas fell silent at her words.

Did she just threaten me with dinner just for that Jonathan?

His heart sank in jealousy and despair as his gaze turned menacing. "He has nothing but looks. Yes, he's quite good-looking. Is that why you're attracted to him?"

Ashlyn couldn't be bothered to explain. She was better off speaking to a wall!

Good-looking? Attracted to him? What the heck is he talking about?

“Yes, he’s hot and young. He is adored by many female fans.”

“So you adore him too?” Lucas was overwhelmed with jealousy.

“Who would say no to a hot young man? Don’t you like looking at pretty girls?” Ashlyn thought their conversation was going nowhere.

What has this got to do with Jonathan taking the lead role? She thought angrily.

Suddenly, Lucas reached out and held her chin. He leaned closer and whispered sexily in her ear, “I don’t like pretty girls. I only like you.”

Ashlyn’s hand went to her heart the moment her eyes widened in disbelief.

Did he just...flirt with me?

Did Lucas Nolan just flirt with me?

The man gazed at her affectionately and brushed his finger across her perky nose. “What’s wrong? Say something?”

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The menacing, tense atmosphere earlier vanished instantly as it became romantic and intimate instead.

Ashlyn could feel the residual warmth left by the man’s finger on her nose.

She only saw romantic gestures like rubbing one’s nose or caressing one’s head in romantic dramas, and she never thought that a man would dare to touch her nose this intimately.

She wasn’t used to this feeling.

Her face flushed red instantly as her heart raced, and she lost all desire to argue with Lucas.

Arguing with each other is so childish, and I don’t want to be as childish as him.

Meanwhile, Spencer knowingly brought Lucas and Ashlyn back to the mall.

In the seafood area of the mall, there were live fish and other types of seafood.

Ashlyn was choosing which fish to buy while she was in a daze because she still hadn’t recovered from what happened just now.

Tell me why am I buying groceries with Lucas again?

This is... weird.

Weren't we fighting just now?

Whatever. I'll just focus on buying my groceries.

After Ashlyn picked out a fish, she asked the fishmonger to help cleaning it.

She then went to buy some seasonings and other ingredients.

They were a good-looking couple, so they attracted the attention of some of the passersby.

One of the workers there liked to browse through social media, so she gaped in shock as she stared at Lucas and Ashlyn.

The most intriguing thing was that Lucas was following closely beside a woman, so the worker immediately took a video and posted it online.

"Oh my God! I think I just saw Mr. and Mrs. Nolan buying groceries together! They bought fish and some other items."

She was trembling furiously when she typed that out.

Unfortunately, she only managed to take a video of them from behind.

She scampered towards them because she wanted to see what Mrs. Nolan looked like, but they already made payment and left the store.

Meanwhile, there were a lot of comments on her post.

"Why can't we see their faces? Are you fangirling over Lucas?"

"Why are they buying groceries so frequently? They already went to the mall twice today!"

"For goodness' sake take a picture of their faces!"

The worker replied dejectedly, "I want to do that too, but they had left."

"I'm not a troll. If I am one, tell me why do I have so few followers?"

"I'm really not a troll."

"Whatever. You can choose to believe it or not. I bet that they're gonna make grilled fish or fish and

chips tonight.”

The worker replied to a few comments at one go before going back to work.

I can’t believe I missed the rare opportunity of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Nolan!

Will they come back tomorrow to do grocery shopping?

Meanwhile, the couple boarded their car and went back to the Whitland Villa.

“This fish is very fresh. I’m looking forward to eating it.” Lucas sounded very excited.

After all, it was pure bliss to him to be able to enjoy Ashlyn’s cooking twice in a day.

However, Ashlyn ignored him and replied Harrison’s message.

“Boss, we submitted it to the relevant authorities already.”

“Alright.”

If everything goes according to plan, the shady business behind Berry Furnishings will be revealed in no time.

“But the weird thing is, your Dad got an investment out of nowhere and Berry Furnishings opened a few more construction sites today.”

Ashlyn frowned and replied, “Investigate the origins of the investment as soon as possible.”

“Alright.”

Who would even invest a business owned by someone like Horace?

Something fishy’s going on.

Just as she was lost in thought, she received a call from Horace.

“Little brat, I told you that someone will definitely help me out even if you didn’t. Let’s see how I’ll punish a traitor like you after this whole ordeal!” Horace barked.

The reason he was irate was that his daughter didn’t offer her help to him when he was stuck in a tough spot.

I shouldn’t have kept her alive back then!

She's so useless anyway.