

## Extraordinary 401

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“Dr. Berry, I know that you’re a magnanimous woman, so please don’t get angry at Matt. I’ll be sure to give him a stern lecture later. He must have been tricked by that woman and had a misunderstanding. He’s a shame on T University!” Principal Potter babbled his apologies as unease flowed through him.

Yet, Lucas’ eyebrows were knitted, and he remained silent. Nobody could tell what he was thinking.

Principal Potter was worried that Lucas might turn his anger on him and the various other heads of department at the table.

And here he had been hoping to invite Lucas and Ashlyn as VIP guests to Graduation Night...

Now, everything was at risk because of that damn Matt. He would throttle the man himself if anything happened.

No wonder their School of Medicine could never compete with Zenith University!

With a crazy associate dean like Matt, how could their School of Medicine possibly develop and prosper?

How infuriating!

He was so mad he was tempted to rush over and beat the crap out of Matt right now.

“Principal Potter, you don’t have to act like that,” Ashlyn smiled, “Mr. Zane is his own man. What he does or says is not your fault. Since I already agreed to come and give a talk, I’ll keep my promise.”

“You’re a kind and amazing woman, Ms. Berry.” The principal breathed a sigh of relief, thankful that Ashlyn would not go back on her words.

“I had always wondered why T University was unable to rank higher among the universities. Now I know why.”

Lucas’ expression was dark. Anyone who dared to upset his woman should not expect an ounce of respect on his part.

Does this Matt Zane have a death wish? How dare he publicly shame my woman? Penelope as well. Looks like she hasn’t learned her lesson yet. Even now, she still dares to trouble Ashlyn.

He had thought that after the incident at the hospital, Penelope would back away - which would be the smartest thing to do.

But it seemed like he was wrong.

Snorting, he gestured for Spencer to come closer and whispered something in his ear.

Nodding, Spencer turned to leave.

Ashlyn raised an eyebrow, wondering what the man was up to this time.

In response, he grabbed her hand and said, "Anybody who dares to bully you should not expect to have mercy from me."

His words had her speechless.

Was I being bullied?

Puh-lease, a crazy woman like Penelope does not even deserve my attention or time.

But then, Lucas seems very keen on helping her deal with these scumbags?

Inexplicably, a surge of warmth suffused her along with a strange sense of serenity.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Imperial Hotel.

Howard was personally cooking the dishes that Ashlyn ordered. Immediately after each dish was done, a waiter would deliver it to her table.

"Chef Howard, Ms. Berry is here. Aren't you going to head outside to see her?" another chef teased.

Howard smiled with an innocent look on his face. "There are a lot of people around Lyn now. The last time I went over, she was too busy to talk to me. If I go over today and she still won't talk to me, then I'll be really unhappy."

"Chef Howard, you're so handsome and good at cooking. Ms. Berry should be really happy to see you. Why would she ignore you?" yet another chef queried.

Howard merely gave them a silly grin, looking innocent and harmless.

This was a stark contrast to his tall and broad figure.

The waitresses who were in the kitchen could not help blushing at how adorable he looked. His muscular build only added points to his charm.

Howard walked toward the entrance to the kitchen and stuck his head out to have a look at the dining

area outside.

Sweeping his gaze around, he finally spotted Ashlyn's table.

However, when he saw the man sitting beside her, the smile on his face visibly froze before vanishing.

That man again!

Ashlyn also ate with that man the last time she was here.

That man was fierce and domineering, clearly not someone one wanted to offend.

Howard narrowed his eyes as anger burned in him.

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His hands trembled badly, causing him to spill the cup of coffee he had been holding all over the floor.

"Chef Howard, are you alright?" one of the waitresses called out in concern. She was worried the hot coffee might have scalded him.

"I'm fine," he answered curtly.

With how cold his voice was, it was like he was a completely different man than the earlier adorable chef.

The waitress was visibly stunned. She lifted her head to look at him, only to see the ice in his gaze and the hard expression on his face.

She took two steps back in surprise. Is this the same Chef Howard? Isn't he supposed to be cute and innocent? Harmless and kind? Why is there such a terrifying look on his face?

Rubbing her eyes, she glanced a second time, but the image did not change. Howard still looked as scary as before.

She shook her head and headed outside, thinking that she must be seeing things!

Taking in a deep breath, Howard decided he had to take action. He could not continue being so passive.

He had been by Ashlyn's side all these years, longing for her. What right did that man have to barge in and snatch her away from me?

It was already incredibly annoying to have Jared Quickton always lurking around her.

Now, this man is sniffing around as well...

Hate coursed through him at the two men perpetually circling her.

Half an hour later.

Ashlyn and the others finally finished dinner and were just about to leave when Howard suddenly rushed over.

With his tall stature, he did not want Ashlyn to have to crane her neck up, so he automatically leaned down to speak with her.

He locked his gaze with hers, his eyes filled with longing. "Lyn."

"Yeah?" Ashlyn reached out to pat his head like how one would pat a dog.

"I-I...I want to go to the a-amusement park this weekend. Other y-young children have been there but...I've never been," he stammered out nervously, "C-could you accompany m-me there?"

She laughed and stared at him with sisterly love. "Of course I can! And you're in luck because I happen to be free this weekend. I'll come here to pick you up."

"R-really?" Excitement and joy had him tongue-tied.

In response, she tweaked his nose affectionately. She was completely unaware of the dark expression on the face of the man beside her.

"Yes, really."

"That's wonderful!" In his delight, Howard swept Ashlyn off her feet and twirled her around the room.

She could not help the laughter that bubbled out of her lips. "Hey! Put me down! I'm getting dizzy!"

Lucas gritted his teeth. This chef from Imperial Hotel is just too shameless! How dare he act all innocent and cute to obtain my woman's sympathies!

Yet, another strong rival...

His hands darted out to shove Howard away. His tone was frigid yet furious as he snarled, "Excuse me! She said she's getting dizzy!"

Howard shot Ashlyn a piteous look, his lips pouting while tears sparkled in his eyes.

He whined, "Lyn, he's so mean! He snapped at me!"

Unable to help herself, Ashlyn patted his cheek lightly. "He didn't mean to. He's always been such a big meanie. Just ignore him."

She then turned to glare at Lucas. "Howard is like a kid. I told you before that he's a sweet man, but his IQ is still that of a little child. How could you get upset with a child?"

Lucas bared his teeth. "His body is already mature."

All those of the male species were his enemies as long as they were trying to steal his woman away. It did not matter if they were adults or not.

"Let go of her!"

Howard reluctantly set Ashlyn down. The look he shot the other man was wary and cautious. "This is me and Lyn's favorite game! You don't know anything."

The way the man-child kept calling Ashlyn 'Lyn' was incredibly irritating to Lucas.

He grinned viciously and stated, "Lyn only likes to play another kind of game with me now. Would you like to know what it is?"

Ashlyn straightened up and tensed her body. Instinct told her that what would come out of Lucas' mouth would not be anything good.

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However, before she could say anything, Howard was already asking curiously, "What game? Is it even more fun than what we play?"

An evil expression crossed Lucas' handsome face.

Ashlyn pursed her lips, her voice coming out a little too shrill for her own taste. "Lucas Nolan, you better shut your mouth!"

But it was too late.

His low voice rang out again, "Well, you're still young, and it's not suitable for kids. Even if I tell you, you won't understand anyway."

Slender fingers stroked his chin, and he continued with a smirk, "Yeah, it's the kind of game where you'll get addicted the moment you play it!"

When he was done speaking, he glanced pointedly at Ashlyn.

Not suitable for kids...Getting addicted...

Instantly, her face flushed a bright red when she realized what he was hinting at. That jerk!

She reached out to pinch his stomach. "Shut up! Nobody will think you're mute if you don't talk!"

Damnit, does he have to have such solid abs? There's nothing for me to pinch!

Lucas took the chance to grab her hand and lift it toward his mouth, kissing it gently. He shot a smug look at the furious Howard. "You know what they say about boys pulling on girls' pigtales. I know you only care so much because I'm the most important person in your heart."

Ashlyn was utterly speechless at how shameless this man could be.

He's the most important person in my heart? What a narcissistic and self-centered person!

She had always known that he was insane, bad-tempered, and domineering. What she had not expected was such narcissism.

Sucking in a deep breath, she fought to push down the fury burning inside her. "Lucas Nolan, stop your nonsense! Howard is just a kid. Don't you feel the slightest bit guilty that you're bullying a child?"

Lucas lowered his eyes to look at the pretty face of the woman before him. His lips curled into a wicked smile, "To me, there's only male or female. I don't care if they're adults or children."

Howard's eyes were red with anger, and he stomped his feet. "You bully!"

"Lucas..." Ashlyn really did not know what to do with this man. Sighing, she told Howard, "We have to go now. I'll see you this weekend."

"Okay. I'll be waiting for you." Howard's bad mood disappeared when she agreed to meet with him this weekend.

He watched longingly as Ashlyn and the rest departed.

Principal Potter and the others were amused at how attached Howard was to Ashlyn.

With his good looks and skilled cooking, it was such a pity his intellect was not that of an adult.

The only one who did not feel the slightest bit of pity toward him was Lucas.

That damn chef actually had the guts to invite Ashlyn out on a date!

Even he had not been on a date with her before, yet Howard had dared to ask her out.

Lucas was very, very unhappy.

This weekend... Hmph! We'll see!

He reached out to take her hand, only for her to fling his hand away. "You lunatic."

Principal Potter and the others felt shivers running down their spines.

Doesn't Mr. Nolan have a wife? Why is he acting so amorous toward Ms. Berry? The way he looks at her is so creepy. It's as if he wants to make her his.

If Principal Potter were being honest, he would not want Lucas to ruin Ashlyn's reputation.

He already has a wife, yet he still wants to seduce Ms. Berry. This is outrageous!

Principal Potter was already plotting silently. Let me find out who's close with Lucas. I'll need to get someone to talk to this domineering president cum captain...

After all, he could not stand by and watch as Ashlyn became someone's mistress...

To him, Ashlyn was a true genius! Her pristine image must not be ruined by someone else!

...

It was five in the morning, and the skies outside were just lighting up as dawn broke.

Lucas woke up in bed and turned to look at the woman beside him. The lights in the room were not on, and the curtains blocked out any light from outside, leaving the room in darkness.

He leaned over so he was closer to Ashlyn's face. Last night after they left Imperial Hotel, he had immediately dragged her back to Whitland Villa.

After a whole night of vigorous activities, she was exhausted.

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Drinking in her face a moment longer, he got up to see to his morning routine.

His movements were light as he swiftly freshened himself up and stepped out of the bathroom.

He had to fly today so he grabbed his suitcase and left the villa.

When Spencer spotted Lucas walking toward him, he hurriedly opened the car door and took the

suitcase from the other man.

Lucas got into the car only to see another man already sitting inside.

“Hehehe. Did you have a fun night, Lucas?” Joseph was blatantly staring at the other man’s neck with a wicked smirk on his lips. He wondered how intense last night’s ‘battles’ were.

That’s quite a big mark you have on your neck, Lucas!

Lucas glared at his friend, the sharp look in his eyes instantly causing Joseph’s smile to vanish and a serious expression to appear instead.

“Ahem. There must have been a lot of mosquitos last night, eh?” Joseph tried to inject as much solemnity into his voice as he could.

Lucas ignored him even as his fingers drifted up to touch his neck.

His lips pursed tightly.

Last night, Ashlyn was like a wildcat. In the peak of her passion, she had lunged at him and bit down on his neck.

Even now, his neck throbbed slightly.

He put down his hand and eyed Joseph. “What are you doing here?”

Joseph moved closer. His eyes kept moving down to glance at the prominent bruise while he replied, “Have you already forgotten? I have to go to London on business today.”

Not a sound left Lucas after that as he remembered that Joseph would be on his flight today.

Meanwhile, at the bustling airport, Jenny had her phone sandwiched between her cheek and her shoulder as she dragged her suitcase behind her. “Hera, you have to hurry. The plane’s about to take off.”

“Janet, it’s really congested on the roads right now. I’m more than anxious to get there as well.” Turning to the driver, Hera urged impatiently, “Drive faster!”

Despite the impatience that welled in her, Jenny’s tone came out friendly, “It’s fine. There’s still a little bit of time, so you should be able to arrive on time.”

Just then, she spotted Lucas and Joseph getting out of their car.

Her eyes lit up in surprise and admiration.



Focusing her attention back on her call, she said, "I have to hang up now. Get here as quick as you can."

She did not wait for Hera's reply before she ended the call and headed for Lucas. "Good morning, Captain Nolan!"

Lucas' face was expressionless and cold. He did not even glance at Jenny as he nodded stiffly in reply to her greeting.

Joseph chuckled and introduced himself, "Hello, I'm Joseph Field."

In contrast to his friend's dark face, Joseph had a welcoming smile on his handsome face and looked significantly more approachable.

The smile that had frozen on Jenny's face at the cold response from Lucas relaxed and became more natural. She answered politely, "Mr. Field, it's a pleasure to finally meet you."

Joseph was one of Lucas' best friends. They were a close-knit circle of friends that not just any socialites could join as they wished.

While the Holt family was wealthy, Jenny had only ever seen Joseph from afar at certain functions. This was the first time she had been so close to the mayor's son.

Needless to say, she was more than a little excited.

"I need to get to my meeting. You can wait at the departure hall." Shooting Joseph one last glare, Lucas strode for the staff-only elevators.

Jenny was quick to follow him. The pilot's uniform clung to his muscled body tightly, and even staring at his back was enough for her heart to pound faster.

She deliberately moved to his side so it would seem like they had come to work together as they entered the conference room.

Inside, Nancy and Fred was already waiting for them.

When they saw how Jenny and Lucas came in together, they were stunned.

Jenny purposely gave Nancy an embarrassed smile. "Morning!"

The hands wrapped around her coffee cup clenched tighter, and Nancy replied curtly, "Morning."

Just what is going on here? Why did Jenny arrive with Captain Nolan? Did something happen between them that I don't know about?

She did not get a chance to think on the matter further when Lucas' icy voice rang out.

#### [Chapter 405](#)

"Contact the control tower."

Thus, they started their pre-flight check.

...

At the same time, Hera panted as she hurriedly got out of the taxi and charged toward the boarding gates.

Being the good friend she was, Jenny had revealed that Lucas would be flying today.

Without a moment's hesitation, Hera had bought a ticket and rushed for the airport.

Thankfully, she made it in time.

Sitting down in her seat, she realized there was a good-looking man sitting beside her.

Upon closer inspection, she saw that it was Joseph Field, the mayor's son.

Rumors have it that he and Lucas are best buddies...

"What a coincidence, Mr. Field."

Joseph was minding his own business when someone sat down beside him, and he was immediately assaulted by the cloying stench of perfume.

Barely refraining from gagging at the overpowering smell, a saccharine-sweet voice then sounded in his ears.

He raised his eyes and was greeted by the sight of a heavily made-up Hera Chapman.

Why am I so unlucky as to be sitting beside this woman of all people?

Despite his disgust and disdain, he still twitched his lips in a small smile and replied, "What a coincidence indeed."

This is all that damn Spencer's fault. He booked the ticket for me, yet he himself goes to sit in the last row! At least he gets the luxury of sitting beside another man instead of this woman.

Hera glanced around before fluttering her fake lashes at Joseph. "Mr. Field, Lucas is piloting this flight,

right?”

“Yeah.” He nodded.

“He was so angry at me for what happened last time; I wonder if he’s calmed down yet. Mr. Field, could you do me a favor?” She wrung her hands together in nervousness and embarrassment.

Instantly, he understood what she wanted him to do. He cut her off before she could continue talking, “I don’t think I can help you. Ms. Chapman, I’m really tired and would like to rest.”

With that, he put on his sleep mask and pretended to fall asleep.

Hearing that, Hera’s face reddened with anger.

Never did she expect that Joseph would reject her even before she had the chance to say anything.

Damn it! As if he would refuse if Ashlyn Berry had been the one asking him for help.

Nowadays, she could not help comparing herself to Ashlyn on every little matter.

The more she compared, the angrier she got. And the angrier she got, the more she hated Ashlyn.

...

Meanwhile, the plane continued on its way steadily as the sun slowly peeked out from the clouds to shine down on it.

The plane had taken off at six-thirty in the morning, and it was now already eight.

The crew began to distribute breakfast to the passengers.

When Jenny came close to Hera’s seat, she gave the seated woman a pointed look.

Understanding immediately, Hera’s hands flew to her stomach while her brows furrowed deeply. She looked like she was in a lot of pain as she gasped out, “I don’t know why but my stomach suddenly hurts really badly. Do you have some medicine onboard?”

Jenny had promised Hera that she would try and create an opportunity for her to meet with Lucas.

She clasped a hand on Hera’s shoulder while stating in a concerned tone, “Please wait a moment, and I’ll get it for you right away. I have to inform the captain of this matter. We don’t want to be responsible for anything happening to you.”

The way she said it was so pretentious.

Then, she turned to leave.

Knocking on the door to the pilot's cabin, she entered and spoke in a soft voice, "Captain Nolan, one of the passengers suddenly had stomach pain, and she looks very uncomfortable. Why don't you go and check up on her?"

Presently, Lucas was sitting in the co-pilot's seat while Fred flew the plane. "Why should I? I'm not a doctor. Isn't there a medicine kit onboard?" His expression was indifferent, much like his voice.

Jenny chewed on her lips before she uttered, "Captain, I'm worried something might really be wrong with her. The passengers are of the utmost importance, after all."

Worried, Fred suggested, "How about I go take a look. Captain, let's switch."

Jenny shot him an annoyed glare but did not speak up.

Who invited you to have a look! This is not going as planned at all!

Back outside, Hera kept shooting impatient looks at the door to the cockpit. Finally, it opened.

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Her eyes brightened, and she looked over in anticipation...

Only for her hopes to be dashed.

Who is he, and where's Lucas?

"Which passenger is feeling unwell?" Fred bowed his head and asked Jenny in a low voice.

In response, she pointed at Hera with a stony expression on her face. "That woman over there."

Hera shot her an accusing and puzzled look.

Jenny eyed her and questioned, "Miss, how are you feeling now?"

"I-I'm feeling much better." Hera was furious but did not dare make a scene with Joseph sitting right there beside her. She continued in a weak voice, "Could you pour me a glass of water?"

It took all of Jenny's willpower not to roll her eyes. B\*tch, how dare you order me to get you some water! She had completely forgotten that serving passengers were supposed to be her job in the first place.

Pouring a glass of warm water, she handed it to Hera before digging through the medicine kit. "Miss, would you like to take some medicine?"

Hera took a sip of water before mumbling, "No, it's alright. I'm wary of taking medicine without a doctor diagnosing me first."

Fred asked several more questions and left after discovering it was nothing too serious.

Throughout all this, Joseph's expression remained blank as he pretended that he was still sleeping.

Hera Chapman... you're really something. It's so obvious you're making a scene so you can see Lucas. Tsk tsk!

Now that her first plan had failed to lure out Lucas, Hera tried another method.

She took a few bites of her breakfast before shouting, "Who's the Purser here?"

Nancy frowned when she heard the mean tone in Hera's voice. However, she quickly replaced it with a professional smile as she headed for the other woman.

"Hello, Miss. I'm the Purser for this flight. How may I help you?"

"What are you guys doing? There's hair in my soup!" Hera pointed at her bowl, "See for yourself! How could you be so disgusting and unhygienic!"

"Hair?" Nancy was stunned. She looked down at the bowl and saw that there was indeed a strand of blond hair floating on the surface of the soup.

Our airline meals were always prepared with the utmost caution as we adhered strictly to the health standards. How could there possibly be hair in the food? Is that even possible?

Whatever the case, Nancy's first instinct was to apologize, "I'm so sorry. I promise I'll look into this matter. I'll take this bowl away and bring you a new one. Is that fine?"

"No way!" Hera's voice blared out shrilly, "I want to see your captain! Tell him to come out and explain this to me!"

Her tone was firm and left no room for argument.

Nancy found herself in a difficult position. South Star Airlines had always held itself to the highest standards when it came to its service or meals. They had never encountered any problems before.

So what had gone wrong this time?

Jenny came over and whispered to her, “Nancy, maybe we should ask Captain Nolan to resolve this matter? She doesn’t look like she’s going to back down easily.”

Sighing, Nancy caved in, “Go get the captain then. I’ll try and calm her down.”

Jenny was immensely pleased. Yes! I can get the chance to talk to Lucas again.

With that, she eagerly made her way into the cockpit again.

This time, Lucas did not refuse to come out. He stood up and immediately headed for Hera’s seat.

Even from afar, he could already hear a familiar high-pitched female voice berating Nancy, “What are you guys even doing? How could you serve up such a disgusting bowl of soup? I want an explanation, now! Let me tell you right now; I’m not letting this issue drop so easily!”

Nancy sucked in a deep breath and fought to keep the polite smile on her face as she took the scolding in silence. Just as she was close to snapping, she suddenly heard a cold voice speak up from behind her.

#### [Chapter 407](#)

“What kind of an explanation are you looking for?”

Hera was riding the high of kicking up a fuss when she heard that alluring male voice rang out. She raised her head in surprise to look at the man.

Dressed in a captain’s uniform that hugged his muscled figure nicely, the cool look on that handsome face only seemed to add to his attraction.

Most of the female passengers could not tear their gazes away from him.

“Lucas, you’re actually piloting this flight? What a coincidence! This is the first time I’ve seen you in your uniform!” Hera leaped to her feet and cooed.

Her cheeks were flushed red and admiration shone in her eyes. She looked one step away from throwing herself forward to wrap her arms around his bicep.

Nancy was taken aback.

This woman knows Captain Nolan? And even calls him by name? What’s going on? What’s their relationship?

Even Jenny was dumbfounded at Hera’s words.

How disgusting! She glared at Hera with jealousy and rage coursing through her. How dare this b\*tch

address Captain Nolan so intimately!

The rest of the passengers were also staring at Hera and Lucas curiously as they wondered about the relationship between the two.

Lucas' expression was blank, and there was a barely noticeable frown creasing his face.

"Ms. Chapman, I'm not that familiar with you. Please address me as Captain Nolan."

Hera felt like a bucket of cold water had been dumped on her head as her earlier excitement and delight vanished.

She stared at Lucas with an upset look on her face. Her eyes were growing red-rimmed from the shame burning inside her. "C-captain Nolan, there's hair in my soup."

In response, Lucas glanced down at the bowl of soup.

His sharp eyes instantly spotted the blond, curly hair floating in the soup.

He had the utmost confidence in South Star Airlines' quality of service, especially when it came to their health standards.

Snorting, he stated, "Ms. Chapman, is this a self-directed act?"

The color drained from Hera's face. "Captain Nolan, what do you mean by that?"

Had he seen through my trick?

No, that's impossible. He was in the cockpit all along; how could he have possibly seen what I did?

"Ms. Chapman, you have blond, curly hair - exactly like the hair in the soup. This proves that the hair belongs to you," Lucas stated with that same cold expression as he crossed his arms.

Despite her heart beating faster in her chest, Hera tried to act calm. "You clearly aren't keeping to the health standards, yet you dare put the blame on me? How could this possibly be my hair?"

Lucas scoffed and shot her a sideways glance. "How about we do a DNA test of this strand of hair and compare that to yours?"

Hera's face paled before flushing red.

How did he know?

Everyone glared at Hera, astounded at her crazy and preposterous behavior.

How could she wrongfully accuse the cabin crew like that?

This would be a huge scandal for South Star Airlines if news about this incident got out. It would severely affect its reputation and the trust its customers had in it.

That was why Lucas could not allow such a thing to happen.

Turning to look at Nancy, he instructed, "Get a strand of Ms. Chapman's hair and keep the one in the soup as well. Once we land, run a DNA test and announce the results on our official sites."

Nancy swiftly plucked a hair from Hera's head. "Apologies, Ms. Chapman."

All Hera knew was that there was a sharp pain from her scalp, and the next moment, a few strands of her hair were already in Nancy's grasp. She did not even get a chance to stop the other woman.

Hera was at once anxious and infuriated.

If Lucas really did do as he said, her reputation would be ruined even further.

She hurriedly explained, "Captain Nolan, I-I heard you were piloting this flight. I really wanted to see you, so I lied and wrongfully accused you. Please forgive me!"

#### [Chapter 408](#)

"I love you so much! That's why... that's why I did this! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! Lucas, please, considering what we used to have, please forgive me."

Everyone stared at her in astonishment.

So is she actually admitting that everything was a self-directed act?

My, my... I wonder how thick of a skin she has to have the nerve to ask for forgiveness?

Everyone knew that ruining the reputation of the airline company was no small matter.

Remembering how terrible her attitude was earlier toward Nancy as she ranted, everybody felt their disgust and hate for her growing.

Some of the passengers had even stealthily taken a video of the whole thing, a fact that Hera was completely unaware of.

Nancy glared at Hera furiously and could no longer contain her anger. "Ms. Chapman, how could you wrongfully accuse us like that? Do you have any idea what horrible consequences will come from your



selfishness? This is a deliberate slandering of our company!”

“Congratulations, Hera Chapman. You’ve successfully landed yourself into the South Star Airlines’ blacklist.” With that said, Lucas turned around to leave.

Hera was stunned when she realized what had just happened.

The consequences of her being on the blacklist meant that she would never be able to fly on any of South Star Airlines’ flights in the future.

Tears slipped down her face, and she screamed at his retreating back, “Lucas, are you really going to be so cruel toward me? Is it wrong for me to love you? Everything I did was for you!”

Lucas halted in his tracks but did not turn around. However, his voice was loud enough that everyone could clearly hear him, “Keep your so-called love to yourself. The woman I love will never be you!”

With a loud thump, Hera fell back into her seat and bawled like a child throwing a tantrum.

Standing a little ways off, Jenny could not help smirking.

This woman really is stupid. How could she possibly think it was a good idea to lure the captain out by ruining South Star Airlines’ reputation? Now, look what happened.

To say she was delighted at how the captain was so disdainful of Hera was an understatement.

In no time at all, the plane safely landed at London Airport.

Ashlyn had flown here on a different flight and had only just got off her plane when she bumped into Lucas.

She leaned against her suitcase and swept an assessing gaze across him. “Captain Nolan, what a coincidence.”

His lips twitched into a small smile. “Wow, Honey, I never knew you loved me so much that you would follow me all the way here. But you deliberately took another flight just so I wouldn’t find out how much you love me, right?”

Damn it! How could she have taken another plane and not mine! How annoying!

It was obvious he was upset that she did not take the same flight.

Flipping her long hair, she straightened her body and took a step toward him. Due to his height, she had to crane her neck upward to look at his face.

His eyes flashed at how close they were currently standing. She was dressed in a beige coat on top of a blue dress. Her slender legs were on display, and he could not tear his gaze away from them.

As if sensing his gaze, she kicked his foot.

"I came to London for some business, not you."

Can this man be any more narcissistic?

Lucas reached out an arm to gently tug her toward him. He moved his face closer to hers, asking, "What business?"

She was still sleeping when he had left this morning, yet here she was in London now.

"Can't tell you that." Smirking, Ashlyn began to head outside.

He chased after her and suggested, "Honey, you haven't eaten yet right? Why don't we eat together?"

She turned her head to eye him. "What are we having?"

"I don't know about you, but I'm having you." His eyes shone as he watched her.

Annoyed, she glared at him and hissed, "Jerk!"

## [Chapter 409](#)

Grinning, he grabbed her hand, and they walked out of the airport together.

It took more than an hour before Spencer finally stopped the car at their destination.

Exiting the car, Ashlyn found herself standing before a magnificent castle.

The castle was clearly built in the last century or so and still retained its architectural style. There were two rows of female servants lining the path up toward the front doors, with a butler in the lead.

"Good day, Mr. Nolan and Miss."

The butler was a man in his forties, and he was incredibly polite and formal in his demeanor.

"This is my butler, Rick," Lucas introduced.

"What are we doing here?" Ashlyn guessed that this must be Lucas' England manor.

"To inspect the winery," he glanced at her, "Would you like to taste them with me later?"

A winery? He's actually using such a beautiful castle as a winery?

She was dumbfounded at the thought.

A majestic castle such as this was normally only reserved for the nobles or aristocratic families. Yet this man is using it to produce wine?

How extravagant!

"This way please, Miss." The butler respectfully gestured for Ashlyn to enter.

Raising an eyebrow, she stepped past the front doors.

Just like she imagined, the interior of the castle was extravagant, luxurious, and lavishly decorated.

The butler then informed them, "Mr. Nolan, dinner is ready."

Nodding in acknowledgment, Lucas took Ashlyn's hand again. "You're hungry, aren't you? Let's eat."

Running into his woman in London was a pleasant surprise, and one could see that he was visibly delighted to see her.

She raised an eyebrow at the man beside her. "Sure."

In the dining room.

As they sat down, they were immediately served with exquisitely prepared steak and glasses of red wine. A vase of fresh flowers was placed in the middle of the long table.

From where she was sitting facing the windows, she could see a large field of lavenders.

In the middle of the field of purple, a huge windmill slowly turned in the dying light of dusk.

The overall effect was astoundingly breathtaking and picturesque. She almost felt like she was in a movie.

It seemed like such a crime to use a beautiful place like this for a winery only and not as a home. She was beginning to suspect he had properties all over the world.

Just then, a gentle breeze brought the sweet smell of lavender to her, putting her in a good mood.

She could not help the smile tugging at her lips as she stated, "This place is so beautiful."

Lucas' lips also curved upward. "As long as you like it."

At that moment, a young servant came over with a small bowl of pudding. "Mr. Nolan, this is freshly-made pudding."

"Set it down," he ordered.

She placed the bowl down but did not immediately retreat like all the other servants had. Instead, she stood beside him and shot him a sweet smile. "Mr. Nolan, may I ask what else you would like to eat? I can make whatever you like. It's so rare for you to be back here, sir. Please allow Lilian to serve you properly."

Her wide eyes sparkled as she stared at Lucas hopefully.

Ashlyn could clearly see the admiration shining in her eyes.

Don't tell me... this woman likes Lucas? That smile and that expression... it's clearly the face of a woman regarding the man she likes!

"No need." Lucas' face was expressionless as he pushed the pudding toward Ashlyn. "This is for you."

He knew she loved to eat ice cream, puddings, and other sweet desserts, so he had specifically instructed the kitchen to whip up something for her.

Disappointment and envy coursed through Lilian when she saw how attentive and thoughtful Lucas was acting toward Ashlyn.

Earlier, she had heard from the other servants how Mr. Nolan had brought back a beauty from Eurasia with him.

Now that she had personally witnessed him treating the other woman so kindly, she was utterly heartbroken.

After dinner, Ashlyn curled up on the couch in the living room like a content cat. Her eyes were half-closed as she watched the TV quietly.

Lucas was sitting beside her, as elegant and poised as ever with a laptop propped on his lap, busy with his work.

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Ashlyn did not pay him any mind as she was long used to this by now. She would stay here tonight so she would not have to book a hotel room. The matter she was here for was tomorrow anyway.

Besides, it was a lot more beautiful and comfortable here than a hotel.

After a moment of watching random programs on the TV, she grew bored.

Her gaze drifted toward Lucas. His side profile was incredibly attractive, especially now with the dim lighting softening the normally harsh features of his face. His dark eyes were focused on his laptop screen while his lips were tightly pursed in concentration. It made for a very alluring sight.

Inexplicably, desire flared to life in her, and she had the sudden urge to kiss his lips.

It should be a crime to look this seductive and alluring. Gah! Restrain yourself, Ashlyn! He may look ravishing, but he's a narcissistic, arrogant, mean, and domineering jerk! You mustn't be seduced by his charms! There are plenty of better other men out there.

With much effort, she managed to force herself to turn her attention back on the TV.

Her lips twitched as she mentally berated herself for having such a strange impulse toward Lucas, of all men.

Just then, Lilian came over with a cup of coffee with a sweet smile ever-present on her face. "Mr. Nolan, here's your coffee."

The smell of coffee wafted into his nose, and Lucas raised his eyes to glance at Ashlyn. He moved his eyes pointedly in a gesture for her to take it.

Ashlyn frowned at how he seemed to be ordering her around with a superior air. However, the fact that she was technically leeching off his hospitality now and even got to enjoy such wonderful scenery stayed her tongue.

Thus, she reached out to take the coffee from Lilian. "Thank you."

With her sharp eyes, she saw how a vicious glint flashed through the servant's eyes. Despite that, the smile on Lilian's face remained as harmless as ever.

If Ashlyn did not know any better, she would have thought she imagined it.

Breaking the eye contact, she took a sip of the coffee.

It was incredibly sweet.

Looks like Lilian doesn't know Lucas' preferences at all. He doesn't like sweet things, especially not his coffee.

He preferred his coffee black and enjoyed it more when Ashlyn brewed it for him.

Actually, he liked whatever Ashlyn did as long as it was her doing it.

It did not matter if it was her cooking, the coffee she made, or even a glass of lemon juice, everything she made tasted divine to him.

“I want to drink coffee brewed by you.” He stroked her cheek softly, the silky feeling a delightful sensation that had him wanting more.

Ashlyn swatted his hand away in irritation. “Don’t touch me!”

After she said that, she stood up to head for the kitchen. She was not doing this for him; she was only doing this because Lilian’s coffee was just too disgustingly sweet, and she did not want to drink it. That was all.

Lilian was rooted to the spot, feeling awkward. She watched with disappointment as Lucas focused back on his work, not even touching the coffee she had made for him.

Ashlyn took in the expressions on the other woman’s face but did not comment since it had nothing to do with her.

What she had not expected was for the servant to follow her to the kitchen. “Ms. Berry, why does Mr. Nolan want you to brew his coffee for him?”

Because he’s a perverted creep!

Whatever her inner thoughts were, Ashlyn answered in a calm tone, “I don’t know.”

Lilian lingered around, watching as Ashlyn went through the motions of making coffee with well-practiced ease.

After a moment, she said, “You didn’t put sugar.”

Picking up the freshly-prepared cup of coffee, Ashlyn replied, “Oh, he doesn’t like sweet things.”

Lilian thought to herself furiously, Is she mocking my coffee-making skills?

Right then, the familiar scent of Ashlyn’s coffee had Lucas reaching out a hand to accept the cup. He took a small sip and his tightened features relaxed. “You make the best coffee, Honey.”

Noticing his eyes were locked on her, Ashlyn blushed and shushed him.

Lucas put his laptop aside and hooked an arm around her waist to drag her closer to him. “Honey, you still haven’t told me why you came to London.”

He was still a little upset over her going to Italy to box previously.