

## Extraordinary 411

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Therefore, he was worried that she would do something outlandish again.

"I'm not going to tell you." Ashlyn yawned. "I'm sleepy."

"Are you planning on returning to the fold and wiping out the London underworld again?" Frowning, Lucas' expression became solemn because he was worried.

As she blinked her eyes and fluttered her eyelids, she gave him a puzzled look. Since when did his imagination start to run wild?

Me? Returning to the fold? He makes it sound like I'm some legendary martial artist.

Meanwhile, Lucas stared at her sternly. "Ashlyn, I'm warning you, don't do anything dangerous."

Ashlyn snorted, "What makes you think I'm going to do something like that?"

Rolling her eyes, she quipped, "Time for bed."

Lucas' grave expression eased a little as he looked at her with concern, "You're really not doing it?"

Ashlyn was stunned as she felt her heartstring being tugged. Is he worried about me?

How is that possible?

Ashlyn slapped his hand away forcefully before walking towards the guest room. "I'm not! I'm not!"

Lucas couldn't help but smile as he closed his laptop and followed her upstairs.

At that moment, Lilian walked out of the kitchen and saw the smile on Lucas' face.

Her eyes widened in surprise at the sight in front of her, with her heart thumping wildly in her chest.

Mr. Nolan never smiles.

This was the first time she saw him smiling, and he looked dashing. As if she was possessed, she stood there spacing out for a long time.

The butler happened to walk past and saw Lilian staring longingly at Lucas' silhouette.

Frowning, he said, "Lilian, please know your place. Mr. Nolan is our employer, so don't start having unrealistic ideas about him."

Standing there, Lilian gave the butler an upset look. "If he marries me and I become the mistress of the house, I will definitely promote you and increase your salary. Don't you want that? Besides, Mr. Nolan treats me really well. When I was almost sold off to work in the red-light district, it was he who saved me while passing by. Therefore, I am special to him."

The butler's gaze turned grave as he frowned at Lilian. "Don't think I don't know what you are up to. Lilian, we are Mr. Nolan's servants. Furthermore, he loves Ms. Berry a lot, and she is the only one he keeps by his side all the time. If you dare do anything foolish to Ms. Berry, I would be the first to teach you a lesson."

"Why do you insist on standing up for her? What kind of devilish charm does she have? I'm the one Mr. Nolan likes the most." Lilian replied angrily.

At that moment, a devious thought sprang to her mind. When I become Mrs. Nolan, I will fire you first, you old bugger.

"Lilian, let me remind you that you're just a maid. Please don't let your imagination run wild." The butler glared at her coldly. "Mr. Nolan is a socialite and is worlds apart from you. Ms. Berry is the one that is compatible with him. Regardless of looks or charm, both of them are perfectly matched. I have never seen Mr. Nolan care so much for a lady. Therefore, Lilian, I'm telling you this for your own good."

As she watched the butler walk away, resentment filled that pretty face of hers.

I am more suited to Mr. Nolan than Ms. Berry is!

If it's not because of Ashlyn, Mr. Nolan would definitely love me, and only me.

Meanwhile, when Ashlyn was about to close the door behind her after entering the guest room, Lucas held up the door and squeezed in.

"Lucas, this isn't your room."

"The whole manor belongs to me, so I can sleep wherever I want." Lucas couldn't help but smile smugly.

He enjoyed teasing her very much.

Looking at the shadows cast by Ashlyn's fluttering eyelashes under the dim light, he was struck dumbfounded by the alluring sight.

Leaning in, he gently kissed her eyelids.

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Despite being caught by surprise by the warm and moist kiss, she could feel the affection in it. Instinctively, she held her breath and let Lucas stay there as long as he wanted.

It felt like a dragonfly skimming across the surface of a lake.

After kissing her on her left eye, he moved on to the right.

Finally, he planted his lips lightly on her forehead.

As he lifted his head, Ashlyn opened her eyes.

When she realized how intently he was looking at her, she couldn't help but blush bashfully.

"What are you looking at me for?" Ashlyn glared at him.

He extended his hands to pin her on the wall. "You don't like that?"

Ashlyn felt her cheeks warm further as she was embarrassed by such an intimate question.

The only thing she wanted was for him to disappear.

"Lucas, it's time for me to go to bed," she meekly replied in the most unconvincing manner.

Gazing deeply into her eyes, he suddenly reached his hand around her waist. Before she could react, she was already in his embrace and sitting on his lap.

As for him, he had settled down on the bed.

This time, his movements were even more intimate than before.

She tried to get up, but his warm hands held her hips down.

Meanwhile, she could feel the strength and his toned athletic legs.

Realizing she couldn't escape, she stared at his frosty face warily as passion filled the air.

"Lucas." Ashlyn cleared her throat as if to relieve the sexual tension that was building up.

As his passionate gaze fell upon her face, he responded, "Hmm?"

The moment Ashlyn saw his beautiful face, her mind went blank, and she forgot what she wanted to say.

"What's wrong?" Lucas noticed that she was silent for a while. Hence, he leaned towards her ear, "Did you suddenly realize that I looked too enticing? That's why you're lost for words?"

“Whatever!” Ashlyn’s face was filled with embarrassment.

Her cheeks were burning as she looked away. Ashlyn tried hard to not succumb to the urge to fall for the gorgeous creature in front of her.

“You’re not going to admit it?” Lucas had a mesmerizing grin on his face. “In that case, I’ll admit how beautiful you are.” His voice had a devilish ring to it. Meanwhile, he tried to hide his grin as his gaze fell upon her chest.

Instinctively, Ashlyn trailed where Lucas was looking and felt so embarrassed that she wanted to hide her face.

The third button on her top was open, and it exposed her alluring cleavage.

When she raised her hand to button it, he stopped her immediately.

Realizing how embarrassed she was, he burst into laughter.

His laughter was so hearty that it reverberated throughout the room.

The servants outside could hear it clearly, and those who knew him well were surprised.

Mr. Nolan has not laughed so heartily in a long time. What’s going on?

Meanwhile, Ashlyn reached out and slapped his chest forcefully.

Snorting, Lucas’ eyes sparkled slightly. “Honey, are you trying to kill your husband?”

When she forcefully pushed Lucas away, she lost her balance and fell with her backside slamming onto the ground.

Lucas saw the look she had when she fell, and he couldn’t help but laugh out loud.

If those who were used to the cold demeanor of Dr. Berry saw this adorable and submissive side of her now, they would all be shocked.

When Lilian heard Lucas’ hearty laugh from outside the door, she was so outraged that her eyes turned red.

What’s so funny?

Ashlyn must have tried to seduce him in a despicable manner.

Gah! It's driving me nuts!

After stomping her feet, she knocked on the door.

Hearing the knock, Lucas plainly answered, "Come in."

Lilian entered with two glasses of milk. "Mr. Nolan, Ms. Berry, drinking milk before sleeping will improve the quality of your sleep."

She stole a glance at Lucas before looking down again.

Holding up a glass of milk, Ashlyn was about to pass it to Lucas when Lilian stopped her. "Ms. Berry, this is yours."

"Aren't both glasses the same?" Ashlyn smiled as if her gaze was piercing through Lilian.

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Despite being shaken, Lilian maintained her smile. "I purposely heated yours up as it's better for women to drink warm milk." Ashlyn raised her eyebrows and answered, "That's really thoughtful of you."

She then placed the milk back on the tray. "Yet, I don't feel like drinking milk at the moment. I'm sorry to have wasted your effort."

Lilian was frustrated when she realized that Ashlyn was a lot more cunning than she thought.

As for Lucas, he was upset at Lilian's sudden appearance that disrupted the private moment he was enjoying with Ashlyn.

Thus, he bellowed, "Get out!"

Lilian looked at Mr. Nolan in shock. Did he just yell at me?

After spacing out momentarily, she hastily left.

It's all Ashlyn's fault. If it weren't for her, Mr. Nolan would never even yell at me!

After the door closed, Lilian could hear the coy voice of a lady coming from the room. "You're so annoying. Stop touching me!"

"Haha..." A deep voice laughed.

Lilian couldn't help but let her imagination run wild with what was happening inside.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

In fact, she was so angry she had the urge to smash the tray she was holding.

At the same moment, Lucas had pinned Ashlyn on the bed.

As he pressed himself tightly against her soft and petite body, he relished at how seductive she was, just like a minx.

The closer they are to each other's bodies, the more intimate they became, and the feeling of them wanting each other became even stronger.

Lucas' eyes darkened and made him look even more tantalizing.

Unknown since when, his heart started beating rapidly, making his breathing more urged and shallow.

Ever so slowly, he moved his lips closer to hers.

Then he whispered into her ears, "Honey..."

Not able to endure it anymore, Ashlyn bit his lip. But she didn't expect to bite it through as the subtle taste of blood filled their mouths.

Yet, the blood only served to excite Lucas even more.

At that moment, he could no longer control himself as his cheeks were already flaming red.

The next day.

The morning sun shone onto the messy bed in the room, and everything was quiet. On the bed, a couple lay sleeping while covered by a solid black bedsheet. The messiness of the room was a representation of the wildly passionate night they had.

Just then, Ashlyn opened her eyes lazily, and she could still feel the overwhelming passion spilling over from the night before. She tried to move and suddenly realized that she was still in the man's embrace as she could smell a familiar masculine scent.

Meanwhile, as the steamy images of the night before continued to flash through her mind, Ashlyn closed her eyes in resignation.

Ashlyn, oh Ashlyn, even if the Spirogyra caused you to easily lose yourself to your desire, shouldn't you be less emotionally involved?

Right then, she felt the hands that were hugging her suddenly tightened, and her first instinct was to escape.

However, a lazy voice teased her, “Honey, why are you up so early? Should we finish off what we were doing last night?”

When she heard the gruff and sexy voice, she couldn’t help but feel like slapping him.

Clearing her throat, she looked at Lucas with her eyes sparkling. “Captain Nolan, you performed well last night. I’m very satisfied.”

Just as she spoke, she felt as if her body was beginning to burn up.

What did I just say?

Lucas broke into a smile and leaned over to subdue her. “Honey, in that case, why don’t we do it again?”

However, Ashlyn pushed him away immediately. “Go away. I still have something to do later.”

She then hastily entered the bathroom to wash up.

Last night, Lucas became a total beast and couldn’t stop himself.

Therefore, she was aching all over and needed a hot shower to relieve the pain.

After she was done bathing, she realized Lucas was already dressed in a black shirt and pants. Despite looking exceptionally dignified, he still had his usual indifferent expression on.

Both of them hardly slept a wink during the raunchy night.

However, there was not a trace of exhaustion on him. In fact, he seemed to be more energetic than usual.

What is he actually made of?

Then, Ashlyn dug out a bodycon white dress from her luggage. The exquisite and simple design accentuated her figure and gave her an elegant look.

After that, they went down to the dining room together.

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The moment Lucas sat down, Lilian brought a cup of piping hot coffee and placed it in front of him. “Mr. Nolan, your coffee.”

After shooting a glance at Lilian, he said to Ashlyn, "It's not good to have coffee in the morning. I feel like having the noodles that you make."

Reluctant, Ashlyn rolled her eyes at him. "But I'm so tired."

As Lucas' eye narrowed slightly, he beamed in amusement and remarked, "It seems I wasn't gentle enough to you last night. Don't worry, I'll be more careful next time."

Ashlyn blushed. You jerk!

Meanwhile, Lilian stood at the dining table awkwardly as she watched Lucas and Ashlyn flirting with each other.

She almost burst a blood vessel standing there.

Last night, she added laxatives to Ashlyn's milk, but unfortunately, Ashlyn didn't drink it.

I must find another way to teach that slut a lesson.

After finishing her breakfast, Ashlyn grabbed her bag and headed out. "Lucas, I'll see you again."

Lucas' expression slightly changed, and he chased after her. Grabbing her wrist, he asked, "What do you mean?"

"Thank you for your hospitality last night. I now need to go about my own business and am certainly not obligated to keep you informed." Ashlyn looked at him coldly before checking the time and realizing she was running late.

"I'll drop you off." Lucas stared back at her as he wanted to find out what she was really up to.

"Don't you have a flight today?" Ashlyn raised her eyebrows inquisitively.

"I'll get someone to replace me," Lucas replied solemnly.

Ashlyn was amazed at how capricious he was. Given that he owned the airline, he could do whatever he wanted.

What a badass!

But since she was in a hurry, she had no time to argue.

"Send me to Atlantis Hotel."

Once she got into Lucas' Lamborghini, she gave him the address.



Lucas held her hand as he sat beside her. Hotel? What is she going to a hotel for?

Ashlyn pulled her hand away discreetly and started to check her phone.

Within the WhatsApp group named LX.

Boss, when are you arriving? Everyone is waiting for you.

Come quickly. Weren't you supposed to stay at the hotel last night? Where did you run off to?

Hurry, we have waited till the cows come home.

When she saw all the pestering messages, she replied instantly: I'm almost there.

After half an hour, their car arrived at the hotel's entrance.

Ashlyn hastily alighted, causing Lucas to be dumbfounded.

Am I just a driver to be discarded by this cold-blooded woman when she's done?

Or am I just a tool to her?

Inside the presidential suite of the hotel.

The top management and core design department of the LX brand were all ready for her.

With her arms folded, a professional-looking lady complained impatiently, "This year's London Fashion Week is especially important to our brand. Many other high-end brands are participating and showcasing their latest designs. At the end of the show, there will be an important awards ceremony to select the best designs. What's going on with X? Why isn't she here yet?"

"Ms. Hobbs, our boss says that she will be reaching soon," one of the designers meekly replied.

In response, Megan shot a cold glare at the designer. "Does she think that LX will collapse without her? Who does she think she is? Doesn't she know that it's very rude to make everyone wait for her?"

The London Fashion Week is one of the world's major Fashion Weeks. Although it was less prestigious than the Milan and New York Fashion Weeks, it was still an extremely glamorous event.

During the Fashion Weeks in Europe, the ones who usually get nominated and win awards were brands from Europe.

It was hard for non-European brands to get nominated, let alone win.

Since the LX brand was considered a new participant, its chances were therefore slim.

This was the first time Megan led the team to participate in Fashion Week as the director of design. Hence, the event was of particular importance to her.

However, she did not have high hopes for a Eurasian brand to make any headway in European Fashion Weeks.

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History had shown that it was almost impossible for non-European brands to win an award.

Nevertheless, she recently got to know a member of the judging committee from Fashion Week. Hence, she wanted to put out an impressive performance.

However, she did not expect X to not cooperate with her on work. Furthermore, X had made it harder for her to assert her authority by challenging it.

X had always stayed mysterious and hid from the public eye. She never appeared in the company before, and only a few members of the company's top management had seen her actual face.

Even as the director of design, Megan had never even seen X before. It also didn't help that X had never shown her any respect.

Hence, Megan strongly resented X and was hostile towards her. Even at this critical juncture of the Fashion Week preparations, X was still fooling around by being mysterious.

As Megan suppressed the anger within her, she glared at the entrance to the presidential suite.

Inside the suite, all the other designers were waiting with bated breath. Since Megan was still not married despite being in her thirties, they called her the 'Virgin Witch' behind her back.

Is she about to lose her temper at the Boss given how much she hates her?

Megan never had the opportunity to vent as X was never in the office.

The only time X appeared was to hand in her designs, and she would quickly disappear after that.

After about ten minutes, there was a knock on the door.

One of the assistants opened it and saw a tall and slender young lady. She was wearing a white full-length dress and a mask that covered half her face. It made her look both elegant and mysterious at the same time.

The moment Ashlyn stepped into the suite, she could feel the tense atmosphere.

Raising her eyebrows slightly, she placed the coffee she was carrying on the table. "I'm sorry for being late."

Then, she motioned for the assistant to distribute coffee to everyone while adding, "I bought this along the way, so please try it."

"Thanks, Boss."

"Wow, it's from my favorite cafe!"

"Boss, you're the best."

Squinting her eyes, Megan shot a glance at Ashlyn and sneered, "X, you're late by twenty minutes and made everyone wait. Also, as the chief designer, why can't you show your true identity? What you're doing damages the brand's reputation."

Her tone was filled with hostility.

One of Ashlyn's hands that was holding the coffee halted, and she looked at Megan with a smile, "Ms. Hobbs, since when am I representative of LX's reputation? Isn't it more important for our designs and styles to speak for themselves?"

"You!" Megan was surprised to see how defiant Ashlyn was. Taking a deep breath, she broke into a sneer instead. "I didn't expect you to have such a sharp tongue."

Taking a sip of coffee, Ashlyn grinned slightly. "I, too, didn't expect Ms. Hobbs to conduct a personal attack."

When her authority as the director of design was challenged by X, an overwhelming sense of hatred grew within her.

With her gaze filled with animosity, a devious idea suddenly struck her. "X, why don't we make a bet?"

Ashlyn's eyes were equally cold. Even though she was wearing flats, she was still taller than Megan, who was in her heels. As she looked down on Megan, she emanated an indifferent yet dignified vibe.

She was born pretty, so she still looked attractive despite the mask covering half her face. It wasn't hard to guess that there was a gorgeous beauty underneath it.

After a while, she continued drinking her coffee and replied, "Ms. Hobbs, go on."

Her blatant disregard for Megan simply infuriated Megan further.

Suppressing the fury within her, she looked up and stared Ashlyn in the eyes. With a solemn expression, she declared, "This time, the LX company has entered two brands into Fashion Week. LX is yours while LS is mine. If I win an award, you will leave the company. If you win, I'll quit. How about that?"

Megan's words shocked everyone.

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It wasn't possible to compare LX with LS.

LX was a brand that targeted the rich, while LS was more of a mass-market brand.

As LS was focused on the general public, its sales volume outnumbered that of LX.

However, LX was very popular within the high-end segment. Therefore, its new launches would always sell out quickly.

Hence, it was like comparing apples to oranges.

Meanwhile, a designer named Shannon, who was on good terms with Ashlyn, protested with a frown, "Ms. Hobbs, don't be unreasonable."

But Megan merely sneered, "Shannon, Fashion Week hasn't even begun. Don't you have any confidence?"

"That's right. LS has the best sales within the company. Are you afraid of some competition?" Megan's assistant, Abigail interjected haughtily.

"Yea! Don't tell me you're chickening out," another one of Megan's designers added.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn stood where she was, smiling smugly.

These people are really...

Glaring at the other designers, Shannon looked towards Ashlyn. "Boss, there's no point in such a bet. We are a luxury brand while they are mass-market. It's not..."

"That's right, Boss. Let's not compete."

A few other designers who were close to Ashlyn advised her.

As Ashlyn's lips widened, the mask she wore couldn't hide her cold yet enchanting demeanor. "Ms. Hobbs, I accept your challenge."

It's not going to be easy kicking me out of LX.

Everyone widened their eyes in shock when they heard what she said.

Every year, LS' sales volume continued to grow, while LX would always be sold out among the socialites. Even so, the difference in sales volume was beyond compare. This was due to X's eccentric requirement. She wanted every store to only have a single design with three sizes each. Therefore, all the clothes she designed were limited in number.

Once they were sold, that was it.

As for LS, the manufacturing department would produce more of the designs that sold well.

The judging criteria at Fashion Week did not only consider the design philosophy and the aesthetics of the design. It also took into account the sales volume of the designer's work.

If they were to compete, LS would definitely win.

Despite how cutting edge and fashionable LX's designs were, they simply couldn't compete solely based on the sales volume.

Therefore, there was no chance they could beat LS.

"Isn't X being too full of herself? Even though her designs are popular among the rich and famous, how can the average, white-collared worker afford her clothes?"

"That's right. Is she crazy? When the judging committee considers sales volume, she would definitely fall behind."

"What has gotten into her? It seems she may have been put on a pedestal domestically for too long as a design genius, to the extent that she doesn't know her limits at the international level."

"Tsk, Tsk. This is just shocking. Maybe she is coveting Ms. Hobbs' position as the director of design. Therefore, she is using the opportunity to seize power."

This was the outcome that Megan had expected.

Without everyone bearing witness, X cannot go back on her word.

Prepare to get kicked out of the company!

Without her challenging my authority in the future, I will have the space to demonstrate my capabilities as the director of design.

“X, that settles it. See you at Fashion Week.”

Ashlyn glanced at Megan coldly, “Ms. Hobbs, see you there.”

Megan believed that she would definitely win.

No matter what, X would definitely be kicked out of the company.

With that, everyone left the room and prepared to head for Fashion Week.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn and Shannon rode in the company car.

Inside, Shannon gave Ashlyn a concerned look. “Boss, were you being too impulsive?”

“It’s just a bet. What’s there to be worried about?” Ashlyn squinted her eyes a little as she smiled. “I love taking risks and facing the unknown. Don’t you think it’s exciting?”

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Shannon was speechless.

Whatever you say, boss.

“But, if you lose, you will need to leave. What will happen to me then?” Shannon sighed.

“The winner has yet to be decided. Unless... you don’t trust me?” Ashlyn smiled. “Don’t you have any faith in me? Or do you think that Megan’s designs are better than mine?”

Shannon blinked. “You’re right. Your designs are the best.”

Meanwhile, Lucas remained in the Lamborghini all the while as he watched the hotel’s entrance.

As time passed, he lost track of how long he waited.

Finally!

When he saw Ashlyn’s familiar figure, she wore a mask that covered half of her face, and that made him frown in curiosity.

Before he could process what was going on, he saw a group of young men and women clustering around her. All of them got into a few black sedans that were already waiting.

The cars had a logo on them.

It was LX Fashion Ltd.

“Mr. Nolan, do you want to follow them?” Spencer carefully asked.

“Yeah.” Lucas nodded, deep in thought.

The last time I was with Hera, I remember we went to an LX boutique.

That was when I bumped into Ashlyn. Furthermore, LX was launching a new line of clothing on that day.

Does this mean she has a close connection with LX?

“They appear to be heading for Fashion Week. Today is the first day of the event,” Spencer explained as he followed the car in front. When he was surfing the net yesterday, he did see some news about Fashion Week.

At the entrance of Fashion Week.

Jenny was standing there holding Hera’s hand. She then took out two invitation cards and handed one to Hera.

“Hera, don’t feel sad. I brought you here to cheer you up. My brother went through a lot of effort to get us these invitation cards,” Jenny consoled her. “Captain Nolan always has that cold attitude, so you shouldn’t take it to heart.”

Looking glum, Hera replied listlessly, “How can I not take it personally? He actually put me on the blacklist of South Star Airlines. How am I to take another flight in the future?”

Jenny held back the urge to roll her eyes. “Well, there are other airlines too!”

When she realized the crowd had started to build, she gave Hera a tug, “Let’s hurry in.”

At Fashion Week, there were all kinds of brands on display. Hence, socialites, movie stars, and fashion icons loved to congregate there.

Some were invited by fashion brands, while others bought their invitation cards at high prices, which was how Jenny’s brother procured them. He had paid someone a lot of money for the cards.

Naturally, she would never admit that their cards were purchased. With that, she took a selfie and snapped live photos of the event.

After that, she posted on Twitter with the caption: Was invited to watch the fashion show, it feels great!

Right after she posted, she saw something on Twitter that shocked her. “Hera! Oh my God!”

Hera, who was randomly taking pictures, replied lackadaisically, “What happened? What’s with the fuss?”

“You’re trending on Twitter!” Jenny raised her phone to show Hera. “Quick, take a look.”

Hera turned pale as she took a look. When she clearly saw what it was, she almost fainted.

The video trending at the eighth place was the one where she made things difficult for Nancy on the flight.

It showed the whole process of how she wrongfully accused the crew, made a fuss over nothing, and finally apologizing in humiliation.

Everything was recorded and uploaded on Twitter.

Hordes of keyboard warriors and netizens poured scorn on her behavior.

She’s crazy! As a member of the Chapman family, she’s just too uncivilized.

How can she cause a scene and then wrongfully blame the crew? It’s just disgusting.

She lied just to see Captain Nolan. How repugnant!

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When Captain Nolan exposed her, it was really satisfying.

She deserves to be blacklisted, so I don’t sympathize with her at all.

After being blacklisted by the fashion world, Hera is now being blacklisted by the airline. That’s really impressive.

The first socialite to be blacklisted everywhere. She’s... definitely something.

Hera’s whole body trembled out of rage. Furthermore, her chest palpitated so hard that she could collapse anytime.

“How did it turn out this way?”

Her mind was blank as fury swelled within her.

Who did this? Which a\*\*\*\*\* captured it and shared it?



“Argh!” She screamed as she tore her hair in anger, just like a madwoman.

Beside her, Jenny couldn’t bear to watch and closed her eyes.

Has she gone mad? Even if she wanted to throw a tantrum, can’t she have chosen a better place?

We are at Fashion Week for crying out loud. Fashion icons and high-profile personalities are everywhere. Has she not humiliated herself enough?

Of all places, she chooses to throw a tantrum here?

By then, Jenny could feel that everyone was staring.

At that moment, a group of Eurasians walked in their direction.

Seeing their compatriots, Jenny couldn’t help but feel like hiding her face.

To have our countrymen see one of us throwing a tantrum? Argh! At that very moment, she regretted forming an alliance with Hera.

Hera was such a lousy partner that she drove Jenny crazy.

Moreover, when Jenny saw a familiar figure, she was shocked.

Although Ashlyn was wearing a mask, anyone who knew her could recognize her easily from her outstanding, cold, and dignified demeanor.

Jenny’s eyes widened in disbelief. When Ashlyn brushed past her shoulders, she couldn’t help but open her mouth to greet Ashlyn. However, Ashlyn acted as if she didn’t know her and walked straight ahead.

Why is Ashlyn here, and why is she wearing a mask?

Jenny was confused.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn did see Jenny and Hera.

Given how Hera was screaming, Ashlyn easily spotted her and looked at her with disdain.

For Hera wasn’t just embarrassing herself, but instead, she was an embarrassment to the entire H Nation.

The fashion show on the first day of Fashion Week was really important, and everyone knew the value of having a good start.

Therefore, the big brands were working hard on their preparations.

The show was being held in a large indoor plaza.

A T-shaped stage was placed in the center, while all the guests were seated around the stage to make the arrangement look like an open fan.

Furthermore, the whole place was filled with cameras.

Many international VIPs gradually entered as all of the fashion world's media were already prepared to showcase the event.

"Boss, let's do our best." Shannon encouraged Ashlyn.

Whether LX could catch the attention of the fashion world now depended on its performance and design capabilities.

Shannon was also a designer and had participated in many domestic fashion shows. However, as this was her first time attending Fashion Week overseas, she couldn't help but feel nervous.

"What's there to be anxious about? Isn't it just a fashion show?" Ashlyn remarked casually.

"But if we lose, Boss, you will need to leave the company." Shannon was so jittery that it was obvious that she was worried.

However, seeing how calm Ashlyn was only made her more anxious.

At the front of the stage, there was a massive screen. Any brand that was nominated would have its logo flashed on the big screen for everyone to see.

Furthermore, there would also be a looping video of all the nominated brands.

At that moment, the brand with the most votes on screen would be the winner of the first catwalk.

There were only five judges on the judging committee. Therefore, not many brands would end up getting votes.

As the judges had yet to appear, the impatient crowd became boisterous.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn was waiting calmly in her seat.

Not far from her, Megan stole a glance at Ashlyn once a while with eyes that were filled with gloat and provocation.

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The fashion show was about to begin.

First, the five judges entered. The first judge was an icon of the fashion world, Kevin Lynch, also known as the 'Old Devil'.

He was extremely famous in Europe. Not only was he born of nobility, but he was also a famous show host. Despite being more than fifty years old, he still looked charming and attractive.

Following that, the other four judges appeared, and they were all Europeans. There was a forty-year-old woman, Merissa, who was the president of a famous lingerie company. Also, there were two other men. One was the chief designer of an international brand, O'Brien, and the other was Oscar winner, Reedman.

Next, the host came on stage and introduced the judges. After that, he continued with his welcome speech.

When he was done, it was time for all the major brands to showcase their designs.

Occasionally, they would ignite passionate debate among the audience.

Since the audience comprised of designers, fashion industry professionals, stars, and socialites, all of them had very unique tastes.

Meanwhile, LS and LX were the eighth and ninth brands to showcase their designs.

LS' theme was its young adult look. It combined the latest aesthetic principles with European-styled details and used minimalistic lines and colors. Therefore, it leveraged the principle of 'less is more' to accentuate the feminine charm and elegance of its designs.

The models LS used were tall and lanky Europeans who brought out the vibes of a professional young adult to great effect.

Hence, the designs were well-received by the audience.

"LS' style is very suitable for the general public. If I'm going to work, I'll definitely make their designs my first choice."

"It's not easy to have new ideas for professional wear, but LS seems to have done it."

"I think it looks good, and I really like this collection."

When Megan heard the positive comments of the professionals around her, she couldn't help but feel delighted.

She then shot a glance at Ashlyn, and all she saw was the masked lady's cold demeanor, as if she weren't affected at all.

Megan scoffed in her mind. She must be pretending to be calm. Underneath that facade, she has to be panicking.

Once LS' finished their catwalk, the audience erupted in loud applause.

After that, the lights dim and then came back on with the music.

A line of Eurasian-looking models strutted out along with the music. The clothes they were wearing were a combination of modern beauty and ethnic Eurasian designs.

Ashlyn's design this time was extremely bold. She integrated historical Eurasian features into her collection including medieval-styled embroidery and dyed floral prints.

It brazenly stood out from all the other major brands' new designs. Even the material used was mostly chiffon fabric or cotton.

The design allowed the models to look as if they were stepping through space and time alike as its modern look was complemented by its classical accents.

When the models walked out one by one, LS' European models who had yet to come off the stage were visibly outshone.

Not only did the LX's models strut a steady catwalk, but they also moved their hands along with the rhythm, dancing gracefully to the music.

Even their pose was designed meticulously by Ashlyn. It gave the audience a stronger visual impact without affecting the catwalk's timing.

Everyone in the audience was so impressed that they erupted in loud applause and cheers.

Many of them were fashion icons from all over the world, and it was the first time they saw a design that made such an impact.

Even the models' walk and poses were equally impressive.

Previously, only during Victoria's Secret fashion show were the models more daring with their poses. Even then, it tended to be sweet or sexy.

However, when the LX's models were showcasing their apparel, their movements had a classical charm

that tinged heavily with a Eurasian vibe.

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These weren't merely apparel. In fact, they represented the long history and cultural legacy of Eurasia.

Therefore, Ashlyn named the collection 'Legacy'.

"Is she crazy to showcase something so conservative? And yet, there are people applauding?" Megan's assistant, Abigail, scoffed in anger.

"Other than incorporating historical elements, LX's design isn't good enough to be showcased," Megan sneered. "I'm afraid X has run out of ideas."

"I think LS is the best. All these Europeans don't have any taste at all to think that LX is any good."

Having heard the boot-licking flattery from one of her subordinates, Megan couldn't be any happier.

Not far from where they were seated, the president of the lingerie company, Merissa, frowned. "I think LX is just a small boutique. What sort of design is this?"

She was someone who had a superiority complex and looked down upon Eurasian products. Usually in such situations, no one would explicitly say anything insulting even if the designs were bad.

Therefore, it was rare for someone like Merissa to directly condemn the designs. It was obvious that she was biased against LX or perhaps biased against Eurasian products in general.

Meanwhile, the Old Devil, Kevin Lynch, saw through Merissa and admonished her, "Merissa, have you been designing lingerie for so long that your taste has deteriorated? A designer's work represents their soul. You are only looking at the company's size and ignoring the soul of X."

Looking down and pursing her lips, Merissa stayed silent. Her bias against Eurasians and their culture had inadvertently reared its ugly head.

Instead, it was another judge, O'Brien, who commented, "I think LS' designs are good. I like them."

After that, the different judges exchanged opinions.

Meanwhile, Merissa wasn't alone. Many guests who didn't like Eurasians began to gossip about Ashlyn when they saw where she was sitting.

"They're just a small company. It's no wonder that their designs don't amount to much."

"Between LS and LX, I think LS is still acceptable. As for LX, I have nothing good to say. I don't understand

why some royalty just loves to wear LX's designs."

"The designer must have just been lucky."

"I don't see why it's any good."

When they saw how well-received LX's designs were, they had a case of sour grapes and hence made salty comments about Ashlyn's designs.

Anyone who wasn't blind could see that Ashlyn's designs were soulful. They captured both the historical grandeur and cultural charm of Eurasia, which was something that other designers couldn't replicate.

As long as one had an appreciation of fashion design, one would feel moved by her work and couldn't help but sing its praises.

Yet, there were a few of them who spoke loudly and didn't care whether Ashlyn heard them or not.

Meanwhile, Megan was elated to hear their words.

As her eyes flashed with smugness, she shifted her gaze towards Ashlyn and mocked, "Hey, X, don't be sad. If you really need to leave the company, I may help you to ask the president a favor. To be honest, I didn't really mean for you to quit. After all, everyone needs to feed themselves, and I'm not that kind of person."

When Ashlyn saw Megan's disgusting expression, she smirked. The face underneath the mask remained indifferent and dignified as always. "The judges' votes are not out yet. So why don't you wait patiently for a while longer?"

"What are you babbling about? The crowd's reaction has said it all." Abigail started to chuckle. "Some people aren't aware of their place and dare to challenge Ms. Hobbs. Why don't they look in the mirror first to check if they are worthy?"