

Extraordinary 581

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Is he my grandpa? But why does he feel like a stranger to me? Was it because he was the one who kicked my mom out?

Looking at the man in bed, she had mixed feelings about the whole issue.

It took her a while before she finally muttered, "Is my mom your daughter?"

"Yes... she is," nodded Mr. Chapman, "and you should call me Grandpa."

"But... I don't feel any sort of connection here," scoffed Ashlyn.

"How's your mother? I wanted to ask you when I first saw you." All Mr. Chapman wanted to know was about Fiona.

"My Dad told me she died in a car accident when I was eight years old," Ashlyn said with her eyes close before she reopened them again.

"She's dead? How's that possible? She's so young and talented. How could she die? It's all my fault. I was heartless to drive her out." Mr. Chapman wept silently. He was so weak on the bed and could only whine raspingly.

"Fiona..."

"Fiona..."

He felt his heart clenched and could hardly breathe.

Tears kept rolling down his cheeks as he wept. He cried like a lonely old man, who was mourning his last pain.

"Are you twenty-two this year?" Mr. Chapman wiped his tears and looked at Ashlyn with his teary eyes.

"Yes, I am."

"Is your birthday in October?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's it. I don't know how your mom got pregnant. She didn't even tell us. I was so angry that I drove her out. I never thought that she would be so stubborn and left for good. Well, in the end, she still gave birth to you." Mr. Chapman sighed before he continued, "We've been looking for her for so many years.

But there was no news of her. We really don't get why she married your father."

Ashlyn's eyes narrowed slightly, and an extreme thought flashed across her mind, "So... there is a chance that Horace is not my father?"

"I don't know if he's your biological father," said Mr. Chapman, "your Dad didn't deserve your mom at all."

Ashlyn felt her heart was beating fast. If Horace is not my father, then who is?

Her mind went blank.

Was my sister, who passed away with mom, Horace's daughter?

She didn't dare to think further.

It was as if she was stumped with a mind-boggling mystery.

And no matter how hard she wanted to solve it, she couldn't.

After that, when she walked out of the ward, it was already two o'clock in the morning.

Her mind was in a mess.

Just when she was about to leave the ward, Mr. Chapman said again, "In order to make up for you and your mom, I've decided to leave the Chapman's family business to you."

Did Anthony know about this and wanted to kill Mr. Chapman for this? Is he involved in the car accident?

Ashlyn had no idea.

As soon as she came out of the ward, she saw a black Bentley parked at the gate.

Upon seeing her, the car window rolled down slowly and revealed a face of a handsome man. His icy look turned warm as soon as he saw Ashlyn.

Ashlyn got into the car and sat down beside him, "Why are you here?"

When she left, she was careful not to wake him up.

But still, he was awakened.

"To take you home." Lucas went to and held her cold hand. He put her small hand into his large palm

and held them tightly.

Ashlyn was so tired, so she put her head on his shoulder, "I'm a little tired.

"Then you should probably take a nap. I'll let you know when we reach home." Lucas's low and deep voice was like mellow wine, richly indulging.

Suddenly, the woman next to him raised her head and reached out her hands to clasp his shoulders.

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In the next second, she pressed her endearing red lips on the man's soft, thin lips. It seemed that she could only use this way to calm herself and had a moment for herself.

Her mind was in turmoil, and she wanted to vent out her frustration.

On the other hand, Lucas seemed to have messed up his breathing as he was taken by surprise.

His mind went blank as he stared at Ashlyn, who seldom made a move on him.

His instinct told him that something bad had happened.

Otherwise, she will not behave like this...

But he was still glad that she took the initiative.

In the next moment, he took the lead and kissed her back.

Spencer, who was driving the car, lifted the partition board of the car immediately.

In an instant, both Lucas and Ashlyn were kissing passionately at the back of the car.

In the prison of Lake City.

Ever since Horace was imprisoned, Mary and Penelope had been visiting him, but slowly after that, they disappeared.

As for Ashlyn, she never visited him before.

"0285, someone is here for you."

A cold voice shouted along with the clattering sound of the iron door.

Horace was sitting on the bed in the corner of his cell when he heard the prison guard.

His mood was being lifted. It must be Mary and Penelope.

He pulled down his crumpled prison uniform and was about to comb his hair when he heard the impatient voice of the prison guard again.

"0285, hurry up. Someone is here for you."

The prison guard knocked on the iron door impatiently with frustration in his eyes.

Horace did not dare to offend him, so he quickly followed him out.

But when he saw the beautiful woman in the visiting room, his face darkened, "It's you?"

BANG!

The iron door was snapped shut, which cut off all sounds from outside.

Ashlyn was wearing a long blue skirt, which showed off her perfect hour-glass figure, and she was exceptionally eye-catching.

She also wore a pair of white heels, and her long hair draped across her shoulders and onto her back.

However, seeing Ashlyn, who looked so resplendent in her blue dress, Horace was not delighted at all. I thought it's Mary and Penelope. She's the last person I want to see.

He was extremely displeased.

Then, he sat down impatiently. "Why are you here? Aren't you ashamed to have dress this way while your dad is suffering in a prison cell as such? Are you not going to bribe the guards for me to have a better life? Are you really my daughter?"

He sounded aggressive and impatient when he spoke to her.

However, Ashlyn looked at him blankly and watched his expression closely.

"Are you disappointed because it's not Mary?" Ashlyn asked coldly.

"No.." Horace did not dare to look her in the eyes. "Tell me. What're you doing here?"

"Dad, please tell me... How did mom die?"

Horace's face was stiff, and he was caught a bit off guard. Why is she asking me about this now?

He tried to calm himself, and suddenly, he slammed the table in front of him, "How many times have I told you? She was killed in a car accident!"

"Is that true? But I found out she was sold to a village and married to an old bachelor?" Ashlyn stared at Horace angrily. "Are you still not telling me the truth? Am I really your daughter? Grandpa said mom gave birth to me out of wedlock when she was eighteen."

Horace's face was a little pale when he heard her. He pursed his lips maliciously and said, "So what? You are still my daughter, and I'm the one who raised you! How dare you talk to me like this?"

"Ok, since you won't tell me. I'm going to find out myself."

With that, Ashlyn stood up and came close to Horace.

They were the ones left in the visiting room.

With a sharp glare, she reached out and pulled out several hairs from Horace's scalp.

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Horace was so frightened that he grabbed his head and bawled, "What are you doing? Ashlyn, don't you dare come any closer! This place is full of prison guards. They'll come after you if you try to hurt me in any way!"

He felt a piercing pain on his scalp. He looked up to see that Ashlyn had wrenched a few strands of hair from his head.

Horace's face grew even paler. "Why are you doing that to my hair? Who do you think you are to pull my hair like that?"

If this little wretch had already discovered the truth about what had happened all those years ago... if she actually knew that she was...

The more Horace thought about it, the more suspicious he became.

Who had instigated Ashlyn to investigate this? And why had she suddenly gained a grandfather on her maternal side?

Horace couldn

't help but feel a little panicked.

However, now that he was locked up in jail, there was nothing he could do about it.

"Dad, no matter how you treat me, I'll always regard you as my father. Only you know how biased

you've been towards Penelope all these years. Mary has cursed and beat me so many times, but you've never uttered a word to stop her. Yet, here I was, wondering why you've never loved me." Ashlyn picked up her handbag and drew a deep breath. "The paternity test results will tell me exactly why."

Judging by Horace's reaction, Ashlyn could already deduce the truth behind their relationship.

However, what she really wanted was some sort of evidence that would prove their non-paternity.

With that in mind, her heart went cold as ice.

Seeing that she was about to leave, Horace couldn't help but blurt out, "Why haven't your stepmother and Penelope dropped by to visit me at all?"

Ashlyn was dumbfounded. He was rotting miserably in jail, but all he could still think about were those two women.

She turned around and gazed at Horace with contempt. Pausing deliberately between every word, she said, "You probably don't know this, but the two of them have left the country. Nobody knows where they are."

Ashlyn couldn't care less about what those two vile women were up to. Thus, she refused to waste her time and energy searching for answers.

"What? Have they abandoned me?" Horace's eyes widened in disbelief and despair. "How could that be?"

Without another glance at her father, Ashlyn turned and left immediately.

Horace had been in jail for quite some time, but he still regarded her with the same amount of indifference. It was obvious that he didn't see her as his daughter at all.

With that, Ashlyn's heart dropped with a thud, and she felt her chest tightened as disappointment overwhelmed her.

After leaving the prison, Ashlyn immediately sent samples of Horace's hair and her own to be tested by the Paternity Testing Center at First Hospital.

The testing center informed her that, at the earliest, the results would be out at noon the next day.

No matter how urgently she wanted to know the results, Ashlyn would have to wait.

To be honest, it was an awful feeling.

Her panic made her feel as though a cat was scratching at her heart with its claws.

She had never realized how horrible it felt to play the waiting game.

Ashlyn sat in her office by herself, massaging her temples to alleviate her headache.

At that moment, her phone rang.

It was Jared who had called.

“Hey Boss, the Formula One World Championship is about to begin. We’re left with about four days until it starts. Our racing team has already been assembled, and it’s up to you to decide who the company will field for the championship.”

Ashlyn had been feeling very tired recently. Hence, no matter how healthy she was, it was impossible for anyone to keep their sanity after experiencing what she had gone through the past few days.

Thus, she snapped a little impatiently as she was tired, “Aren’t you quite clear on what to do? Do I really have to make all the decisions for you?”

“But Boss... I’m quite worried about your health...” Jared was really concerned about Ashlyn since she had just recovered a while ago.

The Formula One World Championship was a huge deal.

Preparing for it would take a huge toll on both her physical and mental health.

“I’m fine,” Ashlyn replied. “Tell the racers to keep a healthier diet these few days and to avoid straining themselves during practice. We can’t afford any injuries at this point.”

“Got it, Boss.” After joking around with Ashlyn for a while more, Jared finally hung up.

A cold silence fell upon the office once again.

Ashlyn put her head down on the table and drifted off to sleep.

When she finally woke up, she found herself wrapped in a warm embrace.

Blinking in confusion, she took in her surroundings and realized that she was in the office lounge.

She turned to look at the man whose arm was draped protectively around her. He was reclining against the headboard, flipping leisurely through the magazine that was resting in his lap.

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Lucas?

When did he arrive?

How incredibly dexterous was this man? How had he managed to slip his arm over my shoulders while I was asleep? And I didn't even notice it at all?

On the other hand, how much do I trust him that I had let down my guard completely around him?

Ashlyn shook her head helplessly.

Realizing that she was awake, Lucas snapped the magazine shut.

Gazing at her with his pair of deep eyes, a look of adoration overcame Lucas's face. "Did you sleep well?"

"What brings you here?" Ashlyn found that the nap had rejuvenated her completely.

It was as though the life had finally seeped back into her veins.

Looking at Lucas's handsome face had caused her anxieties to vanish into thin air.

"Do I need a reason to drop by and visit my wife at her office?" Lucas smiled. "Are you hungry?"

Playfully, Ashlyn replied, "Are you going to treat me to a meal?"

"Of course, it's going to be my treat. I'll be treating you to meals for the rest of your life." Lucas bent down and pecked Ashlyn on her lips.

Ashlyn pushed him away, her face reddening. "Oh, stop it."

Lucas's lips curved into a smile. Tilting her chin up and gazing at her with amusement, he said in a low voice, "Why don't we go to The Peacock for lunch?"

"Let's go!" Ashlyn sat up immediately. "I'll have to wash up first, though."

The next day, there was a scene in the president's office at Nolan Group.

A man had turned up at the office. From the racing attire he was wearing, it was quite apparent that he had come directly from the racing track.

He was incredibly handsome. With almond-shaped eyes that gave him a friendly look, the strip of dyed blue hair on his forehead only accentuated the cynicism and carelessness with which he regarded life.

As soon as Lucas walked into the room, the man stood up from the sofa and said, "Lucas, you promised to help me find the God of Cars. Do you have any news about him yet?"

"It seems like he vanished without a trace." Lucas frowned slightly. "Sit down."

"After he won the World Championship a few years ago, he simply disappeared from the surface of the earth. Till now, nobody knows where he is," Lucas lamented, looking rather morose. "No matter how much I practice, I can't seem to get my speed to go beyond 200 miles an hour."

Lucas walked up to the man and patted his shoulder comfortingly. "Don't worry too much about it. You're already our nation's ace! You shouldn't be putting so much pressure on yourself."

Nathan Cartier was the team captain of Nolan Group's racing club. He was very talented at the sport, and his extraordinary skills had won him the title of reigning National Champion for the past few years.

Thus, he had naturally been chosen to lead Nolan Group's racing team at this year's Formula One World Championship.

Nathan sighed miserably. "Still, compared to the God of Cars, I'm still a nobody. Two years ago, he suddenly reappeared on the racing scene. Unfortunately, he only participates in underground racing contests. Those who have watched him race say that his highest speed is 916 miles an hour. Although I've never seen him, he's acknowledged as a god by everyone in the underground racing scene. If I get him to help us out, we'll be able to beat racer Ionia from Maredania, who averages 416 miles an hour for most of his races."

Lucas picked up a cup of coffee from his table and took a long sip from it.

The Formula One World Championship was about to begin very soon, but his team leader - the nation's ace himself—wasn't confident about the team's ability to win.

This was not a good sign.

Just then, someone knocked loudly on the door.

Spencer entered the room in a flurry. He then walked briskly over to Lucas and whispered something into his ear. Meanwhile, Nathan watched as Lucas narrowed his eyes and said, "Tell her to come in."

"Should I leave first?" Thinking that an important guest had dropped by to visit Lucas, Nathan stood up to leave.

However, Lucas stopped him from leaving. "There's no need for that. You're quite familiar with her."

Just then, a clear female voice sounded from the doorway, "Mr. Nolan."

Nathan couldn't help but glance at the doorway to see who the visitor was. A woman was standing at the door, clad in a bright yellow racing outfit with her hands clasped tightly around a helmet of the same blinding shade.

When he finally got a good look at her face, Nathan's eyes widened in surprise.

"Carmen Chadwick? Why have you returned?"

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"To bring glory to Nolan Group, of course!" Carmen smiled cheerfully. The racing suit hugged her body in the right places and showed off her beautiful figure. Her radiant face, coupled with her mane of long, shiny hair, made her look extremely alluring.

Nathan couldn't help but hug her tightly. "I heard that you've managed to bring your speed up to 430 miles an hour. It's great to have you back on our team!"

"I only managed to do that once! It doesn't mean I'll be able to reach 430 miles an hour in every single race." Carmen laughed, looking very sexy as she did.

However, there was a hint of pride in her voice.

Carmen held the record for the fastest racing speed in the country. For the last few years, she had been racing with another team overseas. However, she had received news that Nolan Group was participating in an international competition. Immediately, her mind had jumped to Lucas's cold, beautiful face, and his powerful position in society.

This was an excellent chance for her to get close to him, and she wasn't going to pass it up.

She was the fastest racer in the entire country, after all! Only a woman like her could befit a man like him.

Letting go of Nathan, Carmen made her way over to Lucas and said with a brilliant smile, "Mr. Nolan, aren't you happy to see me?"

"Of course, I'm happy to see you. Thank you for offering to help us during our hour of need," Lucas replied politely. "Please have a seat. Regarding your participation in this race, if you have any conditions you'd like us to fulfill, please feel free to mention them."

"Just give me the same treatment as you extend to Mr. Cartier here." Carmen continued to flash her brilliant smile at him. She believed firmly that, with time, she would be able to make Lucas fall in love with her.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn was busy - very busy.

However, when the afternoon rolled around, she still took the time off to drop by Mr. Chapman's for a visit.

Mr. Chapman was well on his way to recovery. In fact, he already looked much better than he did yesterday.

When he saw Ashlyn, Mr. Chapman stretched an arm out to her and croaked, "My... child."

"Your body is still very weak, so there's no need for you to greet me." Ashlyn dragged a chair over and sat down by his bedside. She surveyed the old man rather coolly.

To this day, she still couldn't believe that her mother was a member of the Chapman family.

None of Mr. Chapman's features resembled her mother's at all.

"Is my mother really from the Chapman family?" Ashlyn felt a little doubtful. The emotions swirling within her were so complicated that she couldn't put them into words.

"I..." Just as Mr. Chapman began to say something, the door swung open, and a nurse stepped into the room. She was holding an envelope in her hand.

"Dr. Berry, the results of your paternity test is out."

Ashlyn felt her heart skip a beat. Standing up abruptly, she took the envelope from the nurse.

This was the moment she had been looking forward to. However, with the results right before her, she felt a little hesitant to look at them. She was rarely afraid of anything, but she truly felt afraid now.

However...

Taking a deep breath, Ashlyn ripped off the seal on the envelope containing the test results.

Flipping through the rest of the pages, she quickly arrived at the last page.

When she saw the results printed at the bottom of the page, she froze in shock.

Although she already had an inkling about what the results would be, having the results stare at her in the face felt horrible.

'Non-kinship'.

'Non-kinship'!

She truly wasn't Horace's biological daughter at all.

So it was as she had feared.

Suddenly, everything seemed so clear now.

Ashlyn finally understood why Horace had mistreated, taken advantage of, hated, and neglected her on so many counts.

Well, if I'm not Horace's biological daughter, then what about grandma? Did she know about this, too?

Ashlyn stuffed the documents back into the envelope. After that, she bid Mr. Chapman farewell and left in a hurry.

There was one thing she had to do now. She had to find her grandma and demand an explanation from her.

Her grandmother, Susan, had been discharged from the hospital a while ago. Now, she stayed in one of Horace's old houses.

She was the only person staying in the large house. If it hadn't been for the nurse who accompanied her and chatted with her on a daily basis, Susan would've given up on life much sooner.

As she busied herself by peeling garlic in the living room, she heard the front door open and then shut. Looking up, she saw Ashlyn walk into the room.

The girl's face was deathly pale, and her expression was as cold as the frost of early winter. The look she shot towards her grandmother was both foreign and familiar.

Susan's heart ached a little for her granddaughter. Smiling at her good-naturedly, she said, "Ashlyn, you're here!"

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"Grandma, can I ask you something?" Ashlyn approached Susan with a document in her hand.

"Don't be a stranger dear. What's wrong? What do you want to know?" Susan responded without looking up as she was busy peeling garlic.

Ashlyn stared at her intently and inquired, "Are you aware that I'm not my father's biological daughter?"

Susan dropped the garlic in her hands as panic flashed across her eyes. She quickly picked up the peeled garlic and asked, "Ashlyn, what are you babbling about? How can you not be your father's daughter?"

"Grandma, this is the result of the paternity test between my father and I. It shows that we are not related." Ashlyn held up the document pouch.

Her heart sank as she stared at Susan.

Nothing was more painful in this world than being lied to by your loved ones.

“Grandma, how did my mom die? How long do you want to keep that from me?”

“Your mom was killed in a car accident.” Susan didn’t expect Ashlyn to do a paternity test.

So what if you know you’re not Horace’s biological daughter? Your mom has been dead for so many years, so it’s not like you can ask her anything.

“Ever since I was young, I have always treated you with respect. I shared everything I have with you. I have deposited roughly fifty million into your bank account already ever since I joined the workforce. Also, do you know who beat up the village bully that gave you trouble? It was me! Grandma! Have you forgotten how we only had each other while we were living in the village?”

When Susan heard Ashlyn’s complaints, she looked away awkwardly.

“I didn’t forget, Ashlyn. My love for you is real. It’s just that, I really don’t know much about the matters related to your mom. Even though you’re not a biological member of the Berry family, I still love you all the same. However... you will have to decide whether you still want to acknowledge me as your Grandma. I’m fine with whatever your decision is.”

Susan felt miserable. “I really don’t know how did our family end up like this. Your dad is in prison, while Mary and her daughter ran away. Meanwhile, you’re are not Horace’s biological daughter. Oh! What did I do to deserve this?”

Just as she spoke, she broke down in tears.

“No matter what, the Berry family has taken care of you for so many years. It’s heartbreaking enough that you are not appreciative of my effort, but now here you are questioning me? Your dad is in prison and yet you don’t care about him. I’m just an old lady, what more do you want from me? Do you still have a conscience? After spending so many years bringing you up, have you repaid me? Now that I’m alone, who can I blame? You, of course! I shouldn’t have taken you in. I should have let you die together with your mom and your sister instead.”

Ashlyn was taken aback. Her heart ached as she felt as if she was looking at a stranger.

How did the person I know best and am closest to feel so distant?

Why did matters turn out this way?

She felt an overwhelming pain that numbed her heart. How can Grandma say something so harsh? Is my

relationship with Grandma so weak that it can't overcome the fact that we are not related by blood?

She didn't know how she walked out of the Berry Residence. As she wandered along the road aimlessly, it began to drizzle. The raindrops that fell onto her body felt cold.

At Whitland Villa.

Lucas was taking a bath.

When Claire heard the sound of the shower from the bathroom, she tiptoed into the bedroom and checked Lucas' phone on the bedside table.

After trying a few combinations, she still couldn't unlock it.

However, she wasn't at wit's end just yet. With a devious smile, she quickly made short work of the phone and unlocked it easily.

As a member of the research team at Nolan Group's lab, unlocking a phone screen was considered an easy task.

She quickly searched for the phone number tagged under "Honey" and saved it down.

After that, she put his phone back to where she found it.

When everything was completed, she quietly left the room.

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When Ashlyn returned to Bayview Villa drenched in the rain, an unknown number called.

After glancing at the screen, she didn't pick up.

However, the caller called again and again.

Finally, Ashlyn answered with a cold "hello".

"Is this Ms. Berry?" Claire's gentle voice was heard, "I would like to see you."

Claire was Lucas' elder sister hence Ashlyn agreed to meet her after a slight hesitation.

However, she didn't know what Claire wanted with her.

Meanwhile, Claire chose a secluded café for them to meet.

Ashlyn was dressed in a white sweater and a pair of matching black jeans before she headed to the café.

By the time she arrived, Claire was already waiting for her.

She was sitting there, stirring her coffee languidly with a spoon.

However, as she had heart problems, her face looked pale under the lights.

When she saw Ashlyn walking over, she raised her head and smiled. Her smile was as gentle as her facial features. "Ms. Berry, you're here. Please have a seat."

Unabashed, Ashlyn sat directly opposite Claire.

"What do you like to have? Is coffee alright?"

"Lemonade will do," Ashlyn plainly replied.

Claire waved for a waiter and ordered a glass of lemonade for her.

"Claire, is there anything you would like to discuss?" As Ashlyn looked at the lady sitting opposite her, she could see that Claire was beautiful but had a gentle yet sickly aura to her.

Her appearance could easily elicit sympathy and anyone who saw her would feel the urge to protect her.

After staring at Ashlyn for a while in silence, Claire slowly said, "Ms. Berry, can you let me have Lucas?"

Ashlyn furrowed her eyebrows in shock. Squinting her eyes, she asked, "Claire, what are you trying to say? I don't get what you mean."

"The doctor said that I may have only a few more months to live as my heart condition is getting worse. However, I still can't find a suitable heart for a transplant." Claire's gaze wasn't resentful nor nasty, instead, it was piteous. "I know you're a good person and you are in good health. Also, Lucas and you love each other. Therefore, I know I shouldn't make such an outrageous request. But, I'm going to die soon. So, can you please have some pity on me?"

She paused for a bit before continuing, "Lucas and I grew up together while Grace has already left us. Grace and I shared a dream of spending our lives together with Lucas. But, fate has unfortunately been unkind to us. My body is weak, therefore I have to stay with my parents. However, Lucas and I were supposed to be together. But, I didn't expect for you to appear by his side."

Ashlyn stared at the tearing Claire in shock. It took a while for her to regain her composure. "Ms. Nolan, you and Lucas are siblings! How can you be together?"

Wiping off her tears, Claire smirked, "It seems like you are not aware that Lucas is not related to the Nolan family by blood. He was adopted by my parents."

Yesterday, she learned that she wasn't Horace's biological daughter. And now, she found out that Lucas was an adopted child of the Nolan family.

Ashlyn felt it was simply too much for her brain to process.

Does this mean, Claire has fallen in love with her adopted brother? But, how can love ever be forced? Lucas obviously only sees her as a sister.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Nolan. I can't accede to your request. I do not want to be separated from Lucas. Besides, he is not an object to be given away just like that. He is a human being and I need to respect that. Anyway, he only treats you as his sister, doesn't he?"

Hearing Ashlyn's answer, Claire's expression changed. With her eyes filled with tears, she suddenly grabbed Ashlyn's hand.

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Then, in the face of Ashlyn's surprised expression, she dropped to her knees.

"Ms. Berry, initially, I didn't plan on interfering with you and Lucas. But, I am just too pathetic. I'm really going to die as my heart condition is so serious that there isn't a chance to treat it anymore. You can meet someone better in the future but unlike you... I only have Lucas."

Ashlyn was shocked at Claire's sudden reaction.

As she tried to help Claire stand up, she heard her say, "If you don't promise me, I will not get up for the rest of my life. I will kneel till you agree to my request."

"Ms. Nolan, have you been watching too many soap operas?" On the account of Lucas, Ashlyn patiently replied, "I suggest you read some books when you're bored."

"Besides, if Lucas chooses you, I will leave immediately. Therefore, Lucas is the one you should be talking to instead of pleading with me here. You're begging the wrong person."

At that moment, Claire realized how cold and stubborn Ashlyn was.

She had run out of tricks. This woman is just as cold-blooded as ever.

She became extremely upset. "Ms. Berry, you're really cruel to force me to stay on my knees."

"I sympathize with you for having a heart condition. I can also help you to look for a doctor. As for other things, I can't help you even though I would love to." Ashlyn was already in a foul mood recently. Meeting a lunatic like Claire only made matters worse. Grabbing her bag from the table, she walked past the kneeling Claire and headed for the exit.

“Stay kneeling as long as you want to. I want to see how long you can keep it up without me as an audience.”

Meanwhile, Lucas had just finished a meeting and was leaving the meeting room when his phone rang.

It was Claire’s number.

“May I know if this is Mr. Nolan?”

Lucas frowned as he heard the unfamiliar voice. “What is it?”

“I’m a doctor from the First Hospital. Something has happened to Ms. Nolan. So, please come at once.”

As Lucas tightened his grip on his phone, his tone became grim. “What did you say?”

“Ms. Nolan had a sudden heart attack and it’s very serious. Her life is in danger and we are doing our best to save her now.”

Realizing something was wrong, Spencer was about to ask what it was before Lucas cut him off, “We have to go to the First Hospital at once.”

In the ward.

Claire was in the ICU being hooked up to life support, hanging by a thread.

Lucas barged in like a madman. “Claire, what happened?”

As he held Claire’s hand, he could feel the warmth in her slowly dissipate.

No matter how hard he tried, it felt as if the God of Death was winning.

Meanwhile, Blair and Naomi arrived after hearing the news. “Claire!”

When both of them saw their sister whom they had not seen in a while lying lifelessly on the bed, their eyes couldn’t help but redden.

Claire’s time was obviously running out.

Lucas’ eyes too were bloodshot. “Claire, I’m still looking for a compatible heart for you. Please give me a little more time. I’m sure I can find it.”

Claire shook her head as she replied in a feeble voice, “It’s too late for me.”

Her eyes had lost their sparkle. When she tried to lift her pale hands to touch his cheeks, she realized she was too weak to do so.

“Lucas...” She muttered as tears rolled down her cheeks. “Lucas, I-I love you.”

Her tears continued to flow. “In another life, will you love me back?”

Lucas looked at her in shock. “Claire!”

“Lucas... promise me. Promise me that you will break up with Ashlyn. Promise me! If you don’t, I will not die in peace!”

Lucas tightened his grip on Claire’s hand. “Claire, how can you say something like this?”

Claire didn’t seem to hear him as her listless eyes were filled with despair. “I hate her... I hate her for stealing you away. Just take it as I am begging you. Don’t be together with her, alright? She is the one who did this to me... do you really want to be together with my killer?”

[Chapter 589](#)

Suddenly, Lucas felt as if an invisible pair of hands were strangling him by the throat.
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As he began to palpitate, his breathing hastened.

He looked at Claire in disbelief. “Ashlyn won’t harm you. She definitely won’t!”

“Don’t you believe me? I’m at my deathbed, so why would I slander her?”

Claire’s breathing suddenly became rapid. “Avenge me! Lucas!”

With that, her eyes widened in shock before her hands fell limp.

Lucas’ heart sank. “Claire, don’t worry, I will avenge you.”

I’ll seek out your enemy, but it definitely isn’t Ashlyn.

Meanwhile, after leaving the private room, Ashlyn began to worry as Claire was someone who had a serious heart condition. If something happened to her, it would be difficult for her to explain herself.

After driving for some distance, she turned her car around.

When she arrived at the café’s entrance, she saw an ambulance accelerating away.

Ashlyn was shocked. Winding down her car window, she asked one of the waiters who was still outside,

“Is someone hurt?”

“A lady had a heart attack. Luckily, the First Hospital is nearby though I’m not sure if she can be saved.”

Ashlyn’s heart sank.

Flooring the accelerator, she drove in the direction of where the ambulance was heading.

She quickly found out from her colleagues in the hospital which ICU Claire was in and headed there immediately.

Just when she arrived, she overheard what Lucas said to Claire.

Frowning, all she could feel was a chill down her spine.

Did I trigger Claire’s heart attack when I didn’t promise to break up with Lucas?

Meanwhile, she could clearly hear the cries of anguish from Naomi and Blair.

Lucas suppressed his emotions but his reddened eyes betrayed what he was feeling. Claire...

Another sister left him and yet there was nothing he could do to save her.

As the doctor came forward to check Claire’s pulse, he reported solemnly, “Ms. Nolan is no longer with us.”

She’s gone... Her life had barely just begun. She was young, talented, and a promising researcher... She had just returned from overseas and to the Nolan family.

Lucas stood frozen.

He felt as if his heart was struck by a sledgehammer as darkness covered his eyes.

For a long while, he didn’t dare to breath.

What he took in didn’t feel like air, it felt like thousands of sharp arrows had pierced through his body. It was so painful that his whole body trembled.

Enduring the pain, he couldn’t help but close his eyes as his lips turned pale. Naomi and Blair are still young. I have to keep it together for their sake.

He slowly reached out his hand and held Claire’s cheeks which were gradually turning cold. Despite his reddened eyes, there was no sign of tears.

At that moment, Ashlyn was standing at the door. She hated this kind of scene. How could Claire die just like that?

She felt as if she was caught in an invisible giant web. There was no way she could escape. When we met up earlier, Claire looked emotional but was largely calm.

After some time, a nurse arrived and pushed Claire out towards the morgue.

Naomi and Blair ran out in tears and were stunned to see Ashlyn there.

As if they saw a pillar to lean on, both of them threw themselves at her. "Ashlyn, Claire is gone! We only have Lucas and you left."

As she awkwardly hugged the both of them, her mind was in a chaos.

Lucas had previously announced to the public that he was Naomi and Blair's step-brother from a different mother. But now, it appeared that he wasn't even a Nolan at all.

Where did he come from? Why did Claire die so suddenly? When she had a heart attack a few days ago, didn't the doctor say that she would be fine after getting some rest?

Her brain was in a mess.

Meanwhile, Lucas walked towards her with heavy footsteps.

[Chapter 590](#)

With his lips pursed, his usually cold expression appeared frostier with his bloodshot eyes.

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When his gaze fell upon Ashlyn, he stared at her coldly as if she was a stranger.

Ashlyn was jolted in response. Did he believe Claire when she told him I was responsible for her death?

"When we returned from Paris, I promised my parents that I would take good care of her. I didn't expect..." Lucas couldn't continue his sentence.

Just when Ashlyn wanted to hug him, he had already pulled her into his arms. He muttered softly, "Don't be afraid... don't be afraid."

Feeling a bitterness in her throat, she was surprised to see him console her even at such a moment.

Since when was I, Ashlyn Berry, ever afraid?

She gritted her teeth. "I... I'm sorry for your loss."

With that, she turned to leave. She initially wanted to explain what happened at the café. But, she felt that it would only make things worse. Hence, it was better for him to calm down first before they talked.

Nevertheless, she felt that there was more to the matter than it met the eyes as Claire's sudden death didn't seem to be just an accident.

As Lucas watched Ashlyn's silhouette disappear, his resolve strengthened. Now that Claire is gone, I will have to protect my Honey! I must clear her name.

Despite his solemn expression, his feelings for Ashlyn never wavered. Not now, not ever.

After that, he headed towards the hospital's office. "Is the autopsy report out?"

"The preliminary report is out. Ms. Nolan had a heart attack after being emotionally triggered. However, for more details, we will need further investigation," the doctor quickly replied when he saw Lucas' intimidating presence.

Lucas didn't say anything and left.

In the dead of the night, a private jet slowly landed.

Around ten bodyguards exited from the plane.

Finally, a middle-aged couple emerged. The man had a cold and fearsome demeanor while the lady beside him was expressionless.

The man coldly instructed, "To the hospital."

"Yes, Sir."

With the bodyguards leading the way, they entered a Lincoln Limousine that was already waiting.

The black Lincoln sped furiously to the hospital and arrived in half an hour.

Franklin wore a black jacket as he stood in front of Lucas.

"Dad..." Lucas had only begun to spoke when a heavy slap landed on his cheek.

With a terrifying expression, Franklin's gaze looked like it belonged to a demon that had just crawled out of hell.

"Lucas, is this how you care for my daughter? Grace is dead because of you and now Claire. What did

the Nolan family ever do to you for you to take my daughters' lives? No matter what, we were the ones who brought you up. Is this how you repay me?"

Franklin was filled with rage as he berated Lucas harshly.

Lucas lowered his head and squinted his eyes but couldn't even utter a word.

"When you were chased out by that person, it was me who brought you back to the Nolan family and took care of you. Do you know how Claire died? It was your woman that did her in!" As Franklin raised his hands, a bodyguard handed him some pictures.

Holding the pictures, he then threw them forcefully at Lucas, causing grazes on his face.

"Look closely! My daughter was kneeling in front of your woman. Did she deserve the kind of treatment? What right does your woman have to treat her that way?" Franklin glared coldly at Lucas.

When Lucas saw the pictures, his eyes narrowed. Impossible!

Word by word, he declared, "There must be someone else involved. My woman would never do such a thing. Even if the whole world says that she did it, I won't believe it. I only trust her."

"She is the one who caused your sister's death. Lucas, I'll be clear with you. She is now my daughter's killer. If you value her life, you should break up with her. Or else, I can't guarantee what I will do to her."