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Ashlyn landed on the ground gently before resuming the fight with Henry.

Henry launched a barrage of attacks at her, but none of them managed to reach her.

On the other hand, Ashlyn was left completely unscathed.

Like everyone in the audience, Henry thought that he could defeat this woman with a single punch.

Now, he had no choice but to admit that this woman was strong.

Extremely strong!

I must win! I cannot lose!

It's too humiliating to lose to a woman.

He leaped into the air all of a sudden and gripped Ashlyn's waist tightly, trying to slam her against the ground.

However, Ashlyn grabbed his neck calmly and domineeringly.

As if her hands were made of steel, she gripped his neck tightly, making him feel as though he was going to suffocate.

He widened his eyes in fear. Without any doubt, he knew that this woman would break his neck at any given moment.

His strong will to live made him howl like a despaired beast, as he mustered all of his strength to fling Ashlyn's body away.

The woman's thin body landed heavily on the boxing ring.

However, as if she could not feel any pain, she jumped into the air immediately. Her actions were extremely fluid and skilled, causing the audience to feel amazed.

They felt like they were watching a martial arts blockbuster!

Having broken free from her restraint, Henry panted heavily. Before he could react, the woman had already sent him flying with a kick.

The 1.88-meter tall man, who was like a 110-kilogram rock, was kicked off the boxing ring like a sack of

corn. The crowd surrounding the boxing ring tried to dodge frantically, afraid that they would be hit.

Henry's body flew in the air, following a trajectory before landing on the ground. He fainted on the spot, with blood dribbling out of his mouth uncontrollably.

The medical team rushed over instantly, helped him up, and started to treat him urgently.

Lucas' eyes were locked onto that familiar, slender figure on the boxing ring.

His heart kept pounding rapidly, threatening to leap out of his chest.

If it were not because of his young age, he might have had a heart attack, dying on the spot.

Who are you, Ashlyn?

How many secrets do you have?

Why would you know how to fight in such a fatal manner?

Everyone erupted into thunderous cheers!

"Kris! Kris!"

"She's really Kris. Oh my God!"

"She's actually defeated Henry!"

"Did you see that? The way she kicked him off the boxing ring was so cool!"

"She's so cool. I can't take it. I'm going to cry! Her actions were so fluid, just like a female warrior in the movies."

"I can't believe that Kris is a woman. Indeed, my idol is the most unique!"

Many of Kris' fans started bawling, while some even bowed at her in apology.

They were apologizing for doubting and misunderstanding her, and for being so blind that they could not recognize her.

On the other hand, the big-shots watching the live stream started to send money over frantically.

They knew that the money that they had sent would be distributed to their idol too.

Henry's body flew in the air, following a trajectory before landing on the ground. He fainted on the spot,

with blood dribbling out of his mouth uncontrollably.

Hence, they spent so much money as if their lives depended on it.

“If I can watch Kris fight again, I’ll have no regrets when I die!”

“Kris, I want to propose to you. Please accept my love!”

“I want to have a child with you.”

“Marry me, Kris!”

“Kris, accept my love! I have money and power. I’ll give you whatever you want, and I’ll protect you well.”

“Kris, can you take off your mask and let me see your face?”

The big-shots were going crazy.

They wished for nothing more than to abandon everything to rush over to meet Kris.

The LED screen beside the boxing ring kept displaying the rapidly changing comments in the chat box.

The judge had already declared that Kris had won.

Luigi, his subordinates, and the audience were stunned.

However, the reason why Luigi and his men were stunned was different from the audience.

Instead, they were wondering if the head of the sect would kill them, as they now had knowledge of such a huge secret.

The head of the sect is Kris, whom so many big-shots had admired?

Will she kill us and give us up as an offering?

I’m terrified...

When Ashlyn was about to leave the boxing ring, the door linking the boxing ring and the backstage was suddenly flung open!

A tall and handsome European man rushed out rapidly, stretching an arm out and pulling the thin woman into his arms.

Overcome with excitement, he yelled, “Kris!”

“Kris!”

“Kris!”

“It’s you. It’s really you, Kris! You’re not dead!”

“It’s great that you’re not dead.”

“Kris, it’s really you!”

“Kris!”

The audience recognized him instantly. He was none other than Wilson, the owner of the underground boxing club. He was the typical Italian, with a burly figure, brown hair, and a pair of dark and deep-set eyes. His face was extremely handsome.

Not only was he the boss here, but rather, he was also the leader of the Blackhand Mafia.

Lucas glared at Wilson as he hugged Ashlyn, having recognized the man. Why is the leader of the Blackhand Mafia acting so intimately with Ashlyn? He even dares to hug Ashlyn in public! Even I haven’t hugged her in front of so many people like that! Why does this woman keep attracting men wherever she goes?

Taking in a deep breath, he felt a sense of frustration overwhelm him. When he recalled the fear and worry he had felt earlier, he found it hilarious.

He wished for nothing more than to cut Wilson’s hands, feeding them to the dogs!

However, the audience was absolutely astonished again.

It’s Wilson! He was one of the most powerful men in Italy. With him confirming Kris’ identity personally, no one dared to doubt her anymore.

Furthermore, Wilson seemed to have shared a very good relationship with Kris.

The people who had doubted Kris’ identity were cruelly proven wrong when Ashlyn had won.

Now, they felt increasingly humiliated.

Everyone stared at the boxing ring fixedly, looking at the legendary Kris. Some people started to take pictures of her frantically as they did not know when she would reappear. A big-shot like her would not fight every day like Henry. If not to protect her turf, she would probably not have appeared.

Huh?

This means that Kris is from Shadow Way? Is she related to Shadow Way?

Wilson was hugging Ashlyn so tightly that she felt very uncomfortable. After all, she was still not used to acting so intimately with other men.

“Let go of me first, Wilson,” demanded Ashlyn coldly. Wilson withdrew his muscular arms quickly.

His face was filled with excitement. “Oh Lord, my subordinates reported to me that you had arrived. I- I can’t believe it. I thought that I was dreaming! Kris, how have you been? Where did you go? If you’re alive, why didn’t you return to look for me?”

“Wilson, I’m doing fine,” replied Ashlyn calmly. “If it were not for Blackhand Mafia trying to coerce Shadow Way, I wouldn’t have appeared. According to the rules created by Blackhand Mafia, the allocation of the territories will be determined by Shadow Way.”

“Kris, if I knew that you’re related to Shadow Way, I wouldn’t have tried to snatch the territories away from Shadow out of my respect for you!” explained Henry with an appeasing smile. “Kris, I’m telling you the truth. You don’t even have to act personally. You could’ve just called me to settle this problem with a short chat, but you’d insisted on taking action yourself. Did Henry hurt you? If he did, I’ll punish him severely.”

“Him? He’s still too weak to hurt me.” Ashlyn smirked. The confidence in her eyes was almost blinding, making everyone tempted to rip off her mask to see how gorgeous she was.

Naturally, no one dared to.

Luigi was already discussing the details of the territories with the other men from Blackhand Mafia.

On the other hand, Wilson invited Ashlyn to the break room.

The audience was reluctant to leave. They stayed at the boxing club, discussing the matter regarding Kris and Wilson.

“I’ve never seen the mighty leader treat someone so nicely.”

“Oh my God! Did you see what happened earlier? Wilson was acting like a bellboy. He was bowing and stretching his hand out, inviting Kris to enter.”

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“Yeah, my impression of Wilson is gone now! My idol, Kris, is even more powerful than him!”

“I bet that Wilson’s acting so deferentially because Kris has beaten him up before.”

“Haha! Oh, right. How much did you lose just now?”

“F***! I lost a lot because I didn’t believe that she was Kris.”

Suddenly, a burst of frantic laughter erupted in the crowd. “I’ve won the jackpot! I’d betted on Kris and won a hundred million! From now on, I can afford a house and a car. My wife and children can lead happy lives now!”

After laughing, the man started to bawl. In the direction of the meeting room Ashlyn was in, he fell onto his knees and kowtowed.

“Kris, thank you!”

Although some people were overjoyed, some were despairing. Around 90% of the audience had lost the bet.

On the other hand, the big-shots watching the live streams did not care if they had won or lost. All they cared about was whether their idol, Kris, was doing well!

Lucas wanted to know exactly how many secrets Ashlyn was hiding from him.

Why did she know how to fight so... deadly?

When she was fighting Henry, it was like she had changed completely—ruthless, fierce, and cold, like a lone wolf in the forest.

What has she experienced in her life to become like this?

He dared not imagine.

When he closed his eyes, the scene of Ashlyn risking her life and charging forward kept filling his mind.

His heart ached so badly that he could hardly breathe.

The gentle woman from the four years of his marriage seemed even more distant from him.

It was like she had only appeared in his dreams.

He was even doubting whether he had actually married Ashlyn.

Is the woman, who could not even open a bottle of water and needed my help to kill a chicken, the woman who defeated the reigning champion of the boxing club so easily?

Are they really the same person?

Isn't she the gentle and cute woman who would welcome me home with a bright smile?

Isn't she the best surgeon in First Hospital? Why can't she remain a doctor? Why did she become Kris?

Why did she suddenly become an untamed lone wolf? Why...

A thousand unsolvable questions surfaced in Lucas' mind.

He kept waiting outside the meeting room, wanting to seek the answers from Ashlyn herself.

After half an hour, a tall and slender woman stepped out of the meeting room, surrounded by a large crowd of people.

She was still wearing a mask, only revealing her scarlet lips and sharp, clear eyes that looked like a pristine lake.

"Stop right there." Suddenly, a hoarse and familiar voice sounded from a corner.

Ashlyn looked over in surprise. She saw a tall, familiar figure standing in the shadows a short distance away from the meeting room.

Lucas?

Why is he here?

Did... he see everything that happened just now?

Why? We are already divorced.

For some reason, Ashlyn felt guilty, as if she had been caught doing something bad.

However, when she thought about it again, she realized that there was nothing for her to be scared of. He was just her ex-husband. She did not think that Lucas would be so blind that he would not recognize her. Hence, this man was probably there because he was prepared to confront her after recognizing who she was.

Smirking, her scarlet lips curved into a dazzling smile. "Mr. Nolan, what's the matter?"

Although Lucas could not see her expression under her mask, he could not help but feel very frustrated. "Why are you here?"

"Oh, I'm here to steal territories! Well, as you've seen, I've succeeded," replied Ashlyn nonchalantly, as

if they were having a casual chat about something insignificant.

She did not look like she had just experienced a deadly battle.

“Do you know what you’re doing? If Henry managed to hurt you, have you ever thought that you might die?” Gazing at this indifferent woman, Lucas wanted to pull her into his arms and smack her butt, so that she could be taught a lesson.

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“Are you concerned about me, Mr. Nolan?” asked Ashlyn as she raised her eyebrow.

She was a bit annoyed by how Lucas, her ex-husband, kept appearing in front of her.

We’re already divorced. What is he doing?

She did not believe that this man was still clinging to their previous relationship.

She knew how heartless he was. If he still cannot forget me, we should’ve already fallen in love with each other four years ago. After four years of marriage, both of us never developed any feelings for each other. How is it possible for him to fall for me right after our divorce?

Who is he trying to bluff?

“I just wanted to warn you against putting yourself in danger all the time.” Lucas was at a loss for words on how to answer Ashlyn’s question. This was not the first time, ever since they had divorced.

“Mr. Nolan, this is Blackhand Mafia’s territory. Kris is my esteemed guest and my good friend. Please be more polite to her.” Naturally, Wilson recognized this handsome man. He was Lucas Nolan, the president of the famous Nolan group in H Nation.

Wilson had heard that the Nolan Group was wealthier than entire nations.

Lucas’ cold and furious gaze fell onto Wilson’s face. This bastard hugged Ashlyn just now.

“I share a more intimate relationship with her than you do!” snapped Lucas in annoyance, feeling very jealous.

His words sounded childish and irritated as if he was a child competing for attention.

He wanted Ashlyn’s gaze to stay on himself forever, instead of being snatched away by others.

I’m crazy.

I must be crazy!

Ashlyn glanced at Lucas like he was a madman. Wasn't he always so cold and distant in the past? He'd acted like a dignified noble.

I've never seen him so frustrated before. Wasn't he also so high and mighty, forever calm and dignified? How could he say something so childish? I can't believe that there are times when he is riled up.

After our divorce, Lucas seems... a little different from his past self.

At least, he's becoming easily irritated. In the past, he was as cold as ice—gentle on the surface and distant on the inside. He didn't seem to have a temper. It was as if nothing could ever stir his emotions.

Right, just like a paper cut-out.

Wilson glared at Lucas. "Kris and I have gone through life-or-death situations before. We treasure each other a lot."

How dare a man, who only knows how to earn money, try to compete with me for Kris' attention?

To Wilson, Kris was not only his goddess but rather, she was also his idol.

He would never allow his idol to be spoken to with such a disrespectful tone.

They locked eyes, exchanging menacing glares with one another.

It was as if there was an electric current surging between the two men, with neither of them willing to budge.

Until—

"Sir, Kris has already left."

Unable to withstand it any longer, Wilson's subordinate reminded him softly.

Only then did the two men realize that Ashlyn, the main character, had already left the underground boxing club.

Lucas dashed out furiously. However, by the time he reached the entrance of the plush doll shop, he saw Ashlyn getting into a Land Rover.

The imposing Land Rover started its engine. With a few luxurious cars following behind it, it took off in a grandiose and intimidating manner.

Damn it!

Lucas cursed under his breath. It's all Wilson's fault.

He got into his car quickly and chased after her.

After a mad chase, he realized that the luxurious cars' destination was the airport.

Ashlyn, who had already taken off her mask, got out of the Land Rover, while a man in black helped her pulled her luggage respectfully.

"Thank you for this time, Boss."

"Not only did Blackhand Mafia allocate the largest territory for us, but they were also exceptionally polite to our men because of you."

"Yeah! They'd even promised to give us a lot of profits and collaborate with us."

"Boss, you don't know how impressive you were! Look at the way you beat Henry up!"

"Boss, can you teach me your amazing fighting skills?"

With Luigi taking the lead, the men kept complimenting Ashlyn in a thousand different ways. How blind were they to have treated such a beautiful and strong boss as a weakling?

They wanted to slap themselves hard.

"Stop flattering me." Ashlyn scratched her ears. "If anything happens, call me. Luigi will be in charge of the collaboration with Wilson. After the contract is drafted, send it to me for a review. Wilson is not a bad guy, it's just that he's a bit petty sometimes. As for Dmitri, he's merely a sidekick. There's nothing to fear about him. Okay, it's time for me to board the plane."

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If Dmitri knew that a deputy like himself was being called a sidekick, he might have bawled his eyes out.

Grabbing the luggage, Ashlyn strode towards the waiting hall.

The men waved at her reluctantly. It was an amazing feeling to be protected by their boss, so they were sad to see her go. Indeed, the don had such a good judgment!

"Boss, you must come to Italy often!"

"Okay."

After speaking, Ashlyn left swiftly.

Lucas glared at her slender back resentfully. Damn it! She's leaving Italy now, instead of together with my flight, which is scheduled for tomorrow!

Is she unhappy that we had faced turbulence when I was flying the plane yesterday?

Or am I not handsome enough when I'm flying the plane?

How dare she board someone else's flight?

I'm not allowing this to happen!

Striding over confidently, he chased after Ashlyn.

At that moment, a police car skidded on the road and stopped outside of the airport with an ear-piercing screech.

A man from H Nation stepped out of the police car. Wearing a police uniform, he walked domineeringly and intimidatingly.

He heard that Kris, that bastard—no, that brat—had reappeared!

Only today did he discover that Kris was a woman.

When the men from Shadow Way entered their car, they widened their eyes in shock. "Oh my God! Isn't he Jackson Bush, the highest-ranking commander of Interpol? As the most impressive detective in H Nation, he was promoted to the highest-ranking commander of Interpol within a few years. He's one of the most outstanding personnel in H Nation!"

These organizations often looked down on foreigners.

However, Jackson managed to become the highest-ranking commander in Interpol. Rumor had it that many people were not willing to acknowledge Jackson and their commander. They challenged him but ended up getting overwhelmingly defeated.

"I guess that he's here for Boss."

"I think so too. Our boss is so amazing. After all, she's Kris!"

"Do you think that Wilson knows that Kris is actually the new head of the Shadow Way?"

"I'm not sure. It looks like he only knows that Kris is affiliated with Shadow Way."

They started to look forward eagerly to Wilson's reaction when he discovered who the head of Shadow Way was.

"Alright, stop being so nosy. Let's return now," hurried Luigi as he smiled.

In the waiting hall, Ashlyn was about to find a seat when a warm palm grabbed her from behind, pulling her away.

Subconsciously, she struck the person. However, instead of releasing his grip, he deflected her attack swiftly.

Ashlyn was at a loss for words.

It was rare for her to meet someone who could rival her.

A boxing champion like Henry could only exchange a dozen blows with her. Yet, this man could deflect her attack immediately?

When she raised her head in surprise, a familiar handsome face appeared in her line of vision.

"Lucas? What are you doing?"

She was about to withdraw her hand, but the man tightened his grip further. Wanting to break free from his restraint, she gathered that their actions had already attracted a lot of attention from the passers-by.

She did not want to argue with him here.

As this man was gripping her so tightly, she would definitely need to fight him in order to break free.

Furthermore, he looked like he was ready to fight if she dared to attack him.

"Why aren't you taking my flight tomorrow?" When the man spoke, he sounded extremely jealous.

"Lucas, did you chase after me just to ask me that?"

Ashlyn felt like he was absolutely bonkers and childish.

How did he pretend to be so cold and distant in the past?

Poor Mr. Nolan! He had to keep up the act for four years.

In reality, he's just an immature man, who is easily irritated.

"I want to bring you home. You must take my flight home tomorrow. Do other people fly planes better

than I do? You'd said that I'm the best at it. Do other pilots fly as safely as me?" Lucas' dark eyes were filled with a domineering look.

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If she took another flight, the pilot would definitely not be able to handle a situation if what happened yesterday were to occur once more.

What if something happened to her?

He would only feel relieved if she remained in his line of vision.

"You're so unreasonable." Ashlyn took a deep breath.

From the corners of her eyes, she spotted a familiar figure appear at the entrance of the waiting room. Why is he here?

Before Lucas could react, Ashlyn narrowed her eyes, tiptoed, and kissed the man's sexy lips abruptly.

Lucas was stunned.

We were fighting earlier, but she's kissing me all of a sudden?

A woman's heart sure is incomprehensible.

Men seemed to have a natural instinct to take control when it came to things like this. Grabbing Ashlyn's slender waist in a domineering manner, he deepened the kiss further.

Wilson said that Kris had gone to the airport directly.

Jackson's gaze swept across all the travelers in the waiting hall, trying to search for the familiar teenager in his memories.

Yet, despite combing through the entire airport, he could not find the person.

He even spotted a couple kissing in a public place like this!

Instantly, he felt contemptuous and disgusted.

After searching the airport again and still being unable to find his target, Jackson felt slightly disappointed.

When he exited the waiting hall gloomily, he met Wilson, who had also rushed over. "Why? Didn't you find her?"

"Yeah." It was obvious that Jackson was feeling slightly down.

"Forget it. If she wants to see you, she'll naturally appear." Wilson patted Jackson's shoulder in pity.

Glancing at him coldly, Jackson slapped his hand away. "Wilson, don't be happy so soon. One day, I'll find evidence of your crime and lock you up."

"Hey, can you have more conscience? Is everyone at H Nation so boring and rule-abiding like you? Although we are the Blackhand Mafia, we do legal businesses. Commander Bush, don't think that you can threaten me just because you're from the same country as Kris," uttered Wilson in contempt.

"Hmph!" grunted Jackson coldly. "How is she doing? Is she okay?"

"Yeah. What happened that year almost killed her. I'd always thought that she'd died." A flash of hurt appeared in Wilson's beautiful brown eyes. He did not want to recall that memory again.

"Luckily, Heaven was kind on us. After knowing that she's fine, I'm relieved. I wonder how she'd managed to endure these four years." A hint of agony appeared on Jackson's face.

"I want to know too, but she won't tell me." Wilson spread his hands.

Jackson remained silent. He walked to the police car directly, pulled the door open, and entered the car.

At the waiting hall, Ashlyn pushed Lucas away forcefully after Jackson left.

Lucas was still immersed in her familiar scent and sensation of her lips.

Because of this brief kiss, all the frustration and resentment he felt seemed to have disappeared in an instant.

The people around them kept staring at them.

They were similarly good-looking, with a similarly powerful aura. Yet, they seemed so harmonious together, attracting everyone's attention.

The man's face was as cold as ice. He had such a dignified aura that he seemed like a nobleman right out of the Renaissance era. "Why did you push me away?"

Ashlyn glanced at him. "I'm sorry, I exploited you just now. Someone is trying to capture me, so I did that."

Does he have a bipolar personality? He was so furious earlier. Why did he suddenly become so noble and elegant in an instant? How can he switch between these two personalities so naturally?

Now, Ashlyn felt that getting a divorce was an extremely wise decision.

In her haste to hide from Jackson, she had no choice but to force a kiss on Lucas.

“Am I just a tool to you?”

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After hearing Ashlyn’s explanation, Lucas, who had just resumed his calm composure, felt slightly annoyed again.

At least I’m a tool, not just a useless man.

He was actually glad that she did not use another man as a tool.

“I’m sorry,” apologized Ashlyn sincerely. She suddenly felt that it was a bit despicable to exploit him just like that.

Jackson was part of the police, while she was a criminal.

How could she let Jackson see her?

She spread her arms out. “I don’t like to owe others favors, so I’ll agree to take your flight home tomorrow. How about that?”

This was to return Lucas’ favor to her.

Although Ashlyn said it in a very cold and straightforward manner, Lucas felt an inexplicable sense of emotions.

Lifting his lips up into a smile, his eyes could not help but light up at the thought of it. “Stay at my hotel tonight.”

“I already have a place.” Ashlyn frowned, thinking that he was pushing his luck.

“Then, I’ll treat your kiss earlier as your lingering love for me. You took the initiative to kiss me because you want to remarry,” whispered Lucas in a seductive voice as he raised his eyebrows and bent down closer to Ashlyn.

Ashlyn was speechless.

She had shot herself in the foot.

It was quite inappropriate to return to Luigi's place as she had already bid them farewell.

Forget it, I'll just stay at his hotel.

Lucas and the flight crew were staying at a five-star hotel near the airport.

South Star Airlines was famous for having good employee benefits. As Lucas did not want to downgrade himself, all crew members, regardless of which flight they were responsible for, stayed in five-star hotels.

Coincidentally, when Ashlyn wanted to book another room, the woman at the concierge told her with a sweet smile that there were no available rooms left.

But there are no events in Italy now. How can the hotel be fully booked?

Ashlyn felt slightly suspicious.

Lucas was helping Ashlyn pull her luggage. He pressed the lift button and chirped, "The service at this hotel is quite good. Hence, the rooms normally need to be reserved beforehand. If you'd tried to book a room on the spot, it would've been difficult to do so."

"Oh, really?" Frowning, Ashlyn thought that something was amiss.

Lucas smirked, his pretty eyes filled with delight. As long as Ashlyn was by his side, he felt exceptionally at ease.

Both of them entered Lucas' presidential suite directly. "My room is very big and has two bedrooms. Don't worry, I won't do anything to you."

After placing the luggage at the side, he walked over to the bar table. "Do you want a drink?"

Ashlyn sat on the sofa in a daze. The presidential suite had a design identical to the Whitland Villa.

Even the furniture, the bar table, and the wine displayed on the shelves were the same.

She felt like she had returned to the 'home', in which she had spent four years with Lucas.

This made her feel uncomfortable.

Extremely uncomfortable.

She would be a fool if she still did not understand what had happened.

This five-star hotel was definitely owned by the Nolan Group. Just shooting a look at the staff, the

president could prevent her from booking an available room.

This presidential suite was definitely Lucas' personal suite. Normally, it would definitely not be occupied by any guests.

However, she could not understand why Lucas wanted to decorate it in the same way as his house.

Is he a pervert?

"Lucas, is it fun to lie to me?" Ashlyn took the glass of red wine that Lucas was passing to her, suddenly feeling slightly helpless.

Why have I never noticed that this man has so many tricks up his sleeve?

Oh, right. How is it possible for a man, who could become the president of a corporation, to be a naive person?

Naturally, he had his own tricks, which he had used on me.

"I wanted to ask you the exact same thing too. Is it fun to lie to me?" Lucas sat down beside her, knowing that she had already guessed why she could not book a hotel room.

He inspected her carefully with an unreadable gaze, his eyes filled with confusion. "What's your relationship with Shadow Way? Why are you Kris?"

"Why did you go to the underground boxing club?" Instead of answering him, Ashlyn shot a question back.

"Don't evade my question. Well, I was simply there just to watch. Can't I do that?" Lucas crossed his legs elegantly, while his lean fingers held the wine glass and swayed it. "Ashlyn, how many secrets do you have? How many things do I not know about you?"

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"Lucas, we are already divorced. Stop being so curious about me. I have no obligation to answer your question." Ashlyn finished her wine in a single gulp. Placing the glass down, she stood up and announced, "I'm going back to my room."

The door to the other bedroom slammed shut.

Lucas frowned slightly, his expression unreadable.

After two minutes, he heard the sound of water flowing from the bedroom.

She was bathing.

When he imagined the image of her alluring body and fair skin, he found that he had become erect.

The sounds of the water flowing stopped after ten minutes.

However, Lucas felt extremely warm and his throat became parched.

Ashlyn's influence on him was more significant and stronger than he had ever imagined.

He missed her deeply and urgently.

Taking a deep breath, he tossed his phone onto the sofa and decided to take a cold shower.

After bathing, Ashlyn felt a little hungry. She dried her hair and opened the door, preparing to find something to eat in the kitchen.

Suddenly, she heard a mobile phone ringing on the sofa.

When she walked over to take a look, she realized that it was from Lucas' phone.

The screen showed an incoming call from Ms. Chapman.

She grabbed the phone and knocked on Lucas' door. However, no one answered.

Listening carefully, she could hear the sound of water flowing and thought that Lucas was probably bathing.

Hence, she tossed the phone back onto the sofa and headed towards the kitchen.

There were a few eggs, some tomatoes, and a little bit of meat in the fridge. As they looked quite fresh, the staff must have just placed them in the fridge according to Lucas' schedule.

The man was a picky eater. He would rather cook than eat Italian food.

However, his cooking was horrendous. Ashlyn did not know how he found the courage to swallow the food which he cooked.

It was actually quite amusing to think that a 1.85-meter tall man was still a picky eater.

The hotel staff in charge of preparing the food probably prepared simple ingredients, because they knew that Lucas only knew how to cook simple dishes.

Ashlyn took the meat from the fridge and began to cut them into thin slices. Then, she took out the spinach and tomatoes as well.

However, Lucas' phone kept frantically ringing in the living room, showing no signs of stopping.

Ashlyn had no choice but to walk over again. Again, the screen showed an incoming call from Ms. Chapman.

Ms. Chapman is so persistent.

Holding the phone, she knocked on Lucas' door. A masculine and hoarse voice sounded, "Come in."

He's done so soon?

Without thinking much about it, she pushed the door open to see Lucas wiping his hair. His upper body was naked, with only a white towel wrapped around his torso.

His sexy six-pack abs were as clearly defined as a bar of chocolate. A few drops of water dripped from his hair, flowing down his chest all the way to the towel around his waist.

Ashlyn could not help but feel her cheeks heat up. "Your phone keeps ringing. It's so noisy."

"Oh, I see. My hands are still wet, so you can help me accept the call first," responded Lucas, holding a towel in his hands. His hair was wet and disheveled, but it did not affect his handsomeness at all. Instead, it caused him to look even wilder.

Spinning around quickly, Ashlyn accepted the call. "Hello?"

The other person was obviously stunned. Then, a cute-sounding, yet interrogative voice sounded, "Isn't this Lucas' phone?"

"Yeah. As he has just finished bathing, he can't really pick up the call. I can help you pass the message to him," replied Ashlyn calmly.

"Who are you?" asked Ms. Chapman again, sounding a bit unhappy. "Why are you together with Lucas?"

"Did you call just to ask these questions? Seems like you don't have anything important to tell Mr. Nolan. I'll hang up now." Ashlyn hung up the call directly and tossed the phone over to Lucas.

"Ms. Chapman seems very upset about me answering the call."

She was very irritated by Ms. Chapman, who kept interrogating her.

Before Lucas could respond, she continued, "I wanted to prepare two bowls of noodles. But I'll only prepare one now."

When she whirled around and left, she heard Lucas' phone ring again.

A mocking smile appeared on her lips as she headed directly to the kitchen.

Lucas accepted the call impatiently. "Hello?"

When Hera heard his voice, she started to complain in a nasal tone, "Lucas, who's that woman? She's so fierce!"

"It's none of your business. What's the matter?" snapped Lucas coldly, with an emotionless expression on his face.

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Hera was stunned. It was already nighttime in Italy. What else could a man and woman do alone at night?

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. Didn't Lucas get a divorce? Did his wife follow him to Italy? Or did Lucas take a liking to another woman behind her back?

After all, Lucas is handsome and wealthy. There are rumors everywhere, saying that he's already married.

Hera had also requested a few times to meet the rumored Mrs. Nolan. However, Lucas had rejected all of her requests.

She became furious when she thought of it, and her tone sounded increasingly indignant, "Well, I saw on the news that you'd met a thunderstorm yesterday during your flight. I'm a bit worried about you."

"I'm fine." Lucas' voice became gentler. "I'm still busy, so I'll end the call now."

"Wait, Lucas, don't hang up yet! I have something to say," uttered Hera quickly when she heard that he was going to end the call.

"Yes?" As Lucas was famished, he wanted to quickly look for Ashlyn to ask her to cook another bowl of noodles for him. He did not have the time to chat with Hera.

"Lucas, you'd promised me that you'll get me Ms. Saunders' number. I'm about to enter the piano competition. If I don't get a good ranking, Grandpa will give up on me." Hera's pitiful-sounding voice was cute and soft.

She sounded like she would burst into tears if Lucas did not agree.

He replied, "Okay, I'll do it when I get back. I'm hanging up now."

After speaking, he hung up the call and walked towards the kitchen.

Glaring at her phone, Hera gritted her teeth in fury.

Lucas' attitude was not like this earlier! Why is his change so drastic?

Previously, he'd even said that I was the girl whom he'd been searching for, for ten years. He promised that he'd stay by my side.

Why did he become so cold after a few days?

When Lucas met her, she thought that she was the luckiest girl in the world.

No woman could resist Lucas' charisma.

That woman must have seduced Lucas.

Hera was so furious that she wanted to smash her phone into smithereens.

In the kitchen, Ashlyn fried the meat skillfully before plating it. Then, she started to boil the noodles.

Her actions were very fluid. She even managed to make cooking noodles look so elegant and pretty.

Standing at the entrance of the kitchen, Lucas gazed at Ashlyn's slender back. She was wearing pink, cartoon pajamas, while her long, slightly damp hair was casually scattered across her shoulders.

Since a long time ago, he found it extremely enjoyable to watch Ashlyn cook.

Not only was she beautiful, but her food was extremely delicious too.

After their divorce, he had never seen her cook anymore.

He gazed at her with his dark eyes.

When Ashlyn spun around and saw Lucas' lean figure, she rolled her eyes coldly and walked out with the noodles.

When the aroma of the noodles wafted into Lucas' nose, he felt extremely hungry. His Adam's apple bobbed as he stared at the bowl of noodles.

"Did you really not cook any for me?"

Lucas grabbed her arm.

“Mr. Nolan, I’m just your ex-wife.” Ashlyn chuckled and thought, Tell Mrs. Chapman to cook it for you.

“There’s nothing between us. She’s just my childhood playmate.” Lucas followed her out of the kitchen. “She saved my life when we were younger.”

Lucas had never explained anything to anyone. He did not know why he was explaining to Ashlyn who Hera was.

Ever since his divorce, he became increasingly strange.

Taking a bite of her noodles, Ashlyn could not help but think, How yummy!

Without lifting her head, she continued slurping her noodles. “Oh, your savior.”

“She just wanted me to help her. Because she saved my life when we were young, I can’t possibly refuse her,” explained Lucas. Indeed, he was becoming increasingly strange—he was explaining himself repeatedly, with even greater detail.

“Oh, no wonder you were so eager to divorce me. So there’s someone else waiting to take my place.” Ashlyn glanced at Lucas with a smile.

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Her lustrous lips appeared extremely moist and tempting.

Lucas felt that his throat was becoming drier. Taking a deep breath, he suppressed the heat rising from his lower body.

“No one is replacing you.”

“Do you think that you’re lying to a three-year-old child?” Ashlyn laughed coldly.

All men are the same! They always think the grass is greener on the other side when it comes to women. After looking at me for four years, it was time for him to change his woman into someone cute like Ms. Chapman.

Very well, then.

“She’s just a playmate.” Lucas raised an eyebrow and looked at Ashlyn carefully. “Are you feeling sour out of jealousy?”

“Well, I did add a little vinegar to my noodles.” Ashlyn pretended that she did not understand him. After stretching lazily, she took the bowls and washed them.

Looking at the clean kitchen, Lucas felt famished. "I'm really hungry."

"Okay." Ashlyn nodded. What's that got to do with me?

"I was used as a tool at the airport," continued Lucas.

Ashlyn spun around and looked at him calmly. "I already agreed to stay with you here."

"I didn't eat for lunch." Lucas clutched his stomach, which was hurting.

Ashlyn knew very well how picky he was when it came to food. Hence, his stomach was always in a bad state.

Glancing at Ashlyn, Lucas walked to his luggage. He opened it, dug out a bottle of pills for gastric pain, and held it in his hands.

"Although I don't have anything to eat, I have my pills."

Ashlyn's eyes shone with a cold glint. Whirling around, she slammed her bedroom door shut.

He's trying to trick me again, right?

I'll definitely not fall for it his time.

Lucas was at a loss for words.

In the past, he had a hot meal waiting for him when he returned home. Now, he seemed so pathetic and miserable in comparison.

When Ashlyn returned to her room, she took out her laptop immediately and started tracking.

The deadline of three days was about to arrive.

She needed to complete her mission on time.

Time ticked slowly and one hour passed. Unknowingly, two hours had passed.

It was already nighttime. A cool gust of wind blew across the dark sky, causing the thin curtains to flutter in the air.

Ashlyn sent the results of the investigation to Quiet Forest.

When she turned her laptop off, she heard a thud outside.

Frowning, Ashlyn opened the door secretly. However, she spotted a tall figure curled up into a ball on the carpet in front of the living room's sofa.

Did the sound come from Lucas falling down from the sofa?

Ashlyn walked over suspiciously. She discovered that Lucas' forehead was covered in sweat, while he clutched his stomach tightly with his hands.

The image of the normally cold and domineering man curled up in a ball on the carpet was inexplicably satisfying.

Ashlyn had to admit that she was not an extremely compassionate person. However, when she remembered that Lucas had never treated her poorly in their four years of marriage, she still helped him to the sofa and laid him down.

After pressing his stomach and taking his pulse, she determined that there was nothing serious with him.

He had just fainted because his hunger had triggered his gastric pain.

What a useless piece of trash! Can't he cook some food for himself if I refused to cook for him?

Would he rather faint because of his hunger?

He's such a picky eater that it's so infuriating!

After washing her hands, Ashlyn went to the kitchen, prepared the ingredients, and started cooking the noodles.

After ten minutes, a piping hot bowl of spinach noodles was served. As he had gastric pain, he could only eat something light on the stomach. Hence, she did not include any meat in his noodles.

She walked to the sofa with the noodles, bent down, and patted Lucas' face. "Wake up! Wake up!"

With his eyes still closed, Lucas did not respond.

Ashlyn started to pinch him. After all, he had to eat something.

Otherwise, his gastric pain would become more severe.

After a few minutes, Lucas opened his eyes slowly, his gaze meeting another pair of bright eyes. He moaned softly, "Mm—"

When he smelled the fragrance of food, his eyes lit up.

“Did you cook?”

Ashlyn kicked his leg. “Get up now and eat!”