

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 201

Ashlyn was having a headache now. "Stop! Shut up! All of you, listen to me."

The ward fell silent.

After taking a deep breath, she regained her composure.

"Winsor, how did you know I was warded?"

"I..." Winsor felt awkward to explain.

"The head nurse is one of your informants, isn't she?"

Ashlyn raised her eyebrows.

"Erm..." Winsor was put in a spot given how he was embarrassingly exposed.

"I hope both of you would not do something like this again," Ashlyn remarked coldly. Then she turned towards Jared and asked, "Why are you here?"

"I gave you a call which he picked up," Jared reported.

Ashlyn was annoyed. "I need to rest now. Everyone, please get out."

The elevator was working fine just now- why did it malfunction all of a sudden?

She had a hunch that there was more to the matter than met the eye.

Therefore, she needed to calm down and gather her thoughts.

Lucas' heart was aching as she had chased him out again.

What he hated most about her was her habit of pushing people close to her away.

It made him feel as if he was a distant yet familiar stranger.

I am a lot more eligible than Jared and Winsor. Way more!

Meanwhile, Winsor gave Ashlyn a reluctant look before turning his gaze to Winsor. He then tugged at his brother's sleeve. "Winsor, let's step out first."

With so many obstacles, it wasn't going to be easy for his brother to win her. In fact, he was still far behind the others.

After looking at Ashlyn longingly, he glanced at the

other two men. "Hmph, let's go."

Jared too followed them out. He reminded, "Call me if you need anything."

By then, only Lucas was left. He narrowed his eyes and stared at the petite woman on the bed. Finally, he spoke up, "Why do you have claustrophobia?"

Ashlyn was speechless.

What can I say?

He will not believe me even if I tell him the truth

I have claustrophobia just because the Spirogyra gave me one?

"Lucas, I'm tired."

Is she trying to chase me out?

He turned and walked towards the door. Just when Ashlyn thought he was about to leave, she heard the door lock instead.

To her surprise, he had locked the door from the inside.

It seemed like sooner or later, by all means, he would get to the bottom of this matter!

Ashlyn glared at him as this was a new low, even for him.

Why is he being so thick-skinned?

He seems to be a totally different person from the estranged man I was married to.

He was handsome as always, but his eyebags from the lack of sleep made him look a little creepy.

Ashlyn frowned. "Lucas, what are you doing?"

As Lucas gazed at the woman on her bed, he saw her lustrous black hair spread all over the white pillow. Also, her flawless fair skin made her look especially alluring to him.

Meanwhile, he loathed how she was looking at him. Her gaze simply felt cold and distant.

Before Ashlyn could react, he grabbed her by the hand.

She could clearly feel how his rough palms enveloped her hands tightly, just like when they were in the elevator. Unexpectedly, she felt a sense of security.

She knew that the Spirogyra needed Lucas, but she wasn't aware that it was to this extent.

Staring back at him without any expression, she didn't know what sort of strange ideas he had in mind.

Slowly, she felt him hold her hand and circle his other hand around her waist.

He then sat by the bed and in the next second, sprawled on top of her legs.

With his eyes shut and his breath long, he seemed to be asleep.

“You!” Ashlyn face darkened immediately.

How could he fall asleep in less than a second?

In fact, he seemed to be sleeping soundly.

Despite Ashlyn’s pushes and shoves, he didn’t budge at all.

“Lucas, can you not sleep on my legs? Your head is really heavy!”

“Don’t bother me!” Lucas barked before returning to his slumber.

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Lucas was really strong as she could not free herself despite him being asleep.

It didn’t help that the ward’s door was locked from the inside and no one could enter.

When Jared and Winsor saw no sign of Lucas even after a long while, they couldn’t help but sneak a peek through the window.

With the curtains drawn, there was only a tiny hole that they could peep through.

Both of them were shocked to see Lucas lying on Ashlyn’s legs with his eyes closed.

Is he asleep?

“Damn! That cheater!” Winsor cursed.

“Winsor, given how shameless Lucas is, you should learn from him the next time.” Tinsor too was outraged.

Anyone who stood in the way of his brother’s plan was an enemy.

Meanwhile, Jared was filled with a sense of helplessness.

Lucas obviously has an agenda towards the boss. If that’s the case, why did he divorce her then?

I’m really stumped.

“Lucas, wake up!” Ashlyn pushed him hard once more when her legs were almost numb.

Lucas, who was sleeping soundly on top of her legs, had his eyebrows raised the moment she pushed him. The peaceful expression he had a moment ago darkened as his mood turned foul.

Ashlyn pulled his ear. "Wake up, you crazy guy!"

However, he remained fast asleep and didn't respond whatsoever.

His face no longer had the terrifying intimidation that he usually carried with him.

Since she couldn't wake Lucas, she had no choice but to send a message to Jared with her phone: Has the elevator incident been investigated?

Jared replied instantly: Harrison is on it, but there are no updates yet.

Please arrange for me to be discharged. There's nothing wrong with me. Ashlyn instructed. What about the Larsons?

We have captured them.

Well done.

Ashlyn's speed at replying messages was on a different level.

Her phone was extremely powerful. On the outside, it looked just like an ordinary iPhone, however, in terms of its system and features, they were out of this world.

When she browsed through the social media, she realized that the elevator incident wasn't on the search list. In fact, no one was even sharing it.

With that, she heaved a sigh of relief.

She was worried that someone would turn this incident into news and remind people to be cautious or something.

The reason was that she hated it when other people know about this weakness of hers.

Luckily, Lucas was right beside her then.

Nevertheless, she was very clear as to what kind of character he had.

After pondering about it, she hacked into the Haddock Group's official website and retrieved Sienna Oates' username and password.

A corporation would usually have its own independent

operation and financial system.

Since she couldn't find anything from Haddock Charity's official website, she needed to find another way to enter its system.

After half an hour, she successfully entered both systems using Sienna's identity. The accounts were clear cut while the operational data looked normal.

There didn't seem to be anything out of the ordinary.

Since Sienna's credentials had the highest level of authority, she was able to check through every nook and cranny of the system but didn't find anything suspicious. Impossible!

How deep has Haddock Group buried it?

Lost in thought, Ashlyn logged out of Sienna's account and cleared all her browsing history.

When Lucas finally opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was her in deep contemplation.

Even in deep thought, her expression was just as enchanting.

He unknowingly stretched out his hand.

While Ashlyn was still immersed in her thoughts, she suddenly felt something crawl above her eyelids.

Only then did she realize that he was up.

Regaining her senses, she remarked, "You're awake."

"What are you thinking about?" As he just woke up, his gruff voice had a magnetic charm to it.

"Just browsing my phone. I'm feeling tired," Ashlyn plainly replied.

Extending his hands, Lucas pulled her into his embrace.

Just like a languid lion, he placed his head on her shoulder. "Come, let your hubby give you a hug."

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When she heard him say the word 'hubby' with such ease, Ashlyn was stunned.

She could feel his warm breath by her neck and also hear his coarse voice.

It felt just like any ordinary morning before their divorce.

However, everything was no longer the same as before.

Hence, she pushed him away. "You're really heavy. Get

up, my legs are already numb.”

Lucas lowered his gaze. “Let me help you massage them.”

After sleeping for two hours, his mood seemed to have improved.

However, the same couldn’t be said for Ashlyn. She sent a message to Jared: Knock on the door, now!

A second later, Jared’s voice rang from outside. “Open the door, quick.”

Hearing that, Lucas’ mood changed drastically. As he opened the door with a sullen face, he saw Jared holding the discharge papers in his hands. Jared stretched his neck and leaned his body towards the ward. Then he reported to Ashlyn, “The formalities for your discharge are done. Let us go now.”

Us?! He dared use the word ‘us’!

Damn it!

Lucas expression was as dark as night. “Why are you getting discharged?”

“Since I’m not sick, of course I want to leave,” Ashlyn replied coldly. The reason she fainted was due to the Spirogyra and not because she was ill.

After massaging her own legs for a while more, she got out of bed and wore her shoes.

After that, she headed out.

Just when she walked past Lucas, he suddenly grabbed her by the wrist. “Come back with me to Whitland Villa.”

“Other than that, don’t you have another pick-up line?”

Ashlyn shook away from his grip and looked at Jared.

“Let’s go.”

However, right when she arrived at Bayview Villa and stepped into her room, a dizzy spell suddenly struck her. Instinctively, she grabbed onto the door for support and managed to steady herself.

As her heart began to race, she could feel her blood boil to the extent that it was overwhelming her.

Taking a deep breath, she managed to struggle to her bed and threw herself on top of it.

The Spirogyra’s poison was so strong that it was able to gradually change one’s body composition.

Despite her frosty character, she would uncontrollably exude a captivating charm, resulting in her uniquely alluring demeanor.

These were gifts from the Spirogyra.

Ashlyn let out a long sigh. The Spirogyra's activity was different than usual as it seemed highly agitated, causing her to sweat profusely on her forehead.

When the Spirogyra was unable to get the relief it needed, it would cause her body to turn hot and cold uncontrollably.

One moment, she would feel as if she were frozen in ice, while in the next she would heat up as if she were transported into a burning furnace. She would then alternate between the two conditions.

It was so bad she didn't want to feel like that ever again.

By now, she was drenched in sweat with her wet hair clinging onto her cheeks. Her face color was changing between pale white and blushing red. To endure the pain within her, she bit down tightly onto her lip.

As she repeatedly took deep breaths, the piercing cold she felt in her bones started to cause her body to freeze.

The last time the Spirogyra was so agitated was four years ago.

It wasn't until today that it chose to torture her again this way.

Is it going to torment me again?

As she lay on her bed stiffly, all she felt was her blood solidifying.

The next moment, she started shivering as the cold began to permeate through every single one of her cells. The frost continued to envelop the rest of her body and even seep through the crevices of her bones.

The pain was extremely excruciating as if thousands of ice needles were stuck into her skin.

As the pain continued to grip her bones, her body was swollen all over.

Cringing on her bed, her face was contorted as if she was frozen in ice.

The next second, a scorching fire suddenly took over from the cold. Its raging flames seemed to burn every

fiber inside her.

She felt as if she was lifted out of an icy lake and thrown into the middle of an erupting volcano. Every cell within her body was under intense heat. It was so hot that the skin of her lips burst open with blood oozing out.

It was a horrifying sight indeed.

Meanwhile, she curled herself up to endure the indescribable pain.

The fiery sensation felt as if it was burning every cell in her body into a crisp.

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With her face already pale, she reached for her phone on the bedside table.

At the same time, she forced herself to endure the pain from her bones. When her hand almost touched her phone, there was a sudden bang.

She had fallen from the bed onto the floor.

It hurts!

Every cell in her body was screaming out in agony.

Despite how resolute and high her tolerance for pain was, she was already covered in sweat and her body was very weak. Nevertheless, she struggled towards the phone to call Jared.

However, she no longer had any strength left to move.

All she could do was sprawl on the floor, panting heavily.

Suddenly, the door flung open. By the time Jared barged in, Ashlyn's life was already hanging by a thread and she had lost consciousness.

"Boss! Boss!" Jared shouted.

Shocked to see her in that condition, his mind drew a blank.

Without any delay, he carried her back up onto the bed.

"Boss, what's wrong? Damn it! Is the poison acting up again?"

He recalled that the same terrible situation had occurred many times four years ago.

It wasn't until Ashlyn got married that it stopped.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn tried her best to open her tired eyes and meekly muttered, "I... I..."

At that moment, the excruciating pain felt like millions of worms tearing into her bones gruesomely, swallowing her consciousness.

Her eyes gradually shut as she fell into a dark abyss of nothingness.

“Damn it!”

Hasn't the Spirogyra's poison stopped attacking her?

Why is it acting up again?

Nightfall.

Ashlyn gradually opened her eyes. The cold sensation that had enveloped her had disappeared without a trace.

Is the Spirogyra's attack over?

As she helped herself up, she felt as light as a feather, compared to being bogged down by a thousand pounds during the attack.

Also, her mind had recovered from the daze.

When she sighed in relief to know that she had survived the attack, she suddenly heard a deep voice beside her.

“You're awake?”

Ashlyn was speechless when she heard the familiar voice- gruff and magnetic.

Who else could it be other than Lucas?

As she looked towards where the voice was coming from, she saw him on the bed, with his chiseled features and tall nose.

His lips broadened into a smile while his dark eyes had a fearsome glow to them.

Amidst this intensity, he emitted a devilish charm.

No matter where or when, he was so handsome that girls would scream and spread their legs for him.

What was most shocking to her was that he was hugging her. With one hand around her waist, he held her in his embrace.

The moment Ashlyn started to speak, she could feel the giddiness return. “Why are you here?”

“I want to know- how much do you really need me?”

Lucas looked at her inquisitively.

Jared had anxiously called him to say that Ashlyn was in grave danger, and that he had to come immediately.

However, after he arrived, he realized that she was just

fine and was sleeping instead.

Other than being drenched in sweat, there was nothing out of the ordinary.

Ashlyn gritted her teeth when she realized the reason she was awake was that Lucas was here.

She was sure that it was the busybody Jared who had called Lucas to come.

Meanwhile, she had no strength left to swear and only felt as if she could die anytime.

Using her sleeve to wipe the sweat off her forehead, she realized her whole body was sticky with sweat and it felt extremely uncomfortable.

"I'm going to bathe, you suit yourself."

"What's going on?" Lucas wasn't a fool.

The whole incident was extremely strange.

Isn't Jared competing with me to vie for her attention? Why did he still call me here to see Ashlyn? He knew Jared wasn't pretending when he sounded anxious over the phone.

Why is Ashlyn drenched in so much sweat?

And why did she seem alright when he arrived, waking up within a matter of minutes?

There were just too many unanswered questions.

"Nothing much, maybe Jared is just playing a prank on you. He has a lot of free time after all," Ashlyn replied casually.

With that, she took a new pair of pajamas and went into the bathroom.

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When she saw herself in the mirror, Ashlyn couldn't help but frown.

She looked terrible. As the Spirogyra's attack occurred the moment she reached home, she didn't have the opportunity to change her clothes. Furthermore, all her makeup had been smeared by the sweat. Her black mascara had traces of it rolling down her cheeks, making her look like a ghost.

The worst was her sweat-drenched hair clinging to her cheeks and neck.

Combined with her ghastly look, it was enough to scare young children into tears.

She was also aware that Lucas wasn't blind.

Actually, she was surprised that he could still hug her and share her bed in that sweat-drenched condition.

Tsk, Tsk, Tsk!

Ashlyn first removed her makeup before taking a hot bath.

By the time she rid herself of the sweaty stench, half an hour had passed.

Only then did she step out of the bathroom feeling refreshed.

Drying her hair as she walked out, she saw that Lucas was still sitting on the sweat-drenched bed.

He still hadn't left.

She was stunned for a moment before she sat at the dressing table to blow her hair.

While Lucas was sitting by her bed waiting for her, he scrutinized her room.

This must be the room I saw in the video. Its simple decorations make it feel natural and refreshing.

He quietly watched her blow dry her hair and apply facial toner on her face. Then, she proceeded to apply her eye cream, facial cream...

After that, she reached inside her pajamas and continued applying cream all over her body.

His eyes were fixed on her the whole time.

As she looked at Lucas with the corner of her eye, she was speechless.

Lucas was tall and had a big frame. Her room was considered big and spacious but with him inside, it felt inexplicably narrow and cramped.

After slowly applying cream all over herself, she instructed Lucas casually, "Get up."

Lucas frowned slightly, "What for?"

"To change the bedsheets."

Looking at the wet bedsheets, Ashlyn was astounded by how much sweat she had put out just now.

That annoying Spirogyra actually quiets down once Lucas is near me.

Damn it!

You've been living off my blood, feeding on it daily. Is Lucas your dad?

Since you like him so much, you should move onto his body so that he can feed you.

Ashlyn's whole body emitted a sense of resistance.

Nevertheless, it didn't matter.

Feeling glum, she opened her wardrobe and took out a new set of bedsheets.

When she instructed Lucas to remove the old set, Lucas was dumbfounded.

But after a short hesitation, he leaned down and placed his fingers on the bedsheet.

This was Captain Lucas' first time changing a bedsheet in his life. Despite his awkwardness, he managed to pull it off easily.

However, it was a different story when it came to the quilt.

Watching from the side, Ashlyn couldn't help but sigh.

Even when Lucas was doing something menial as this, he still looked as dashing as ever.

In a short while, he managed to find the quilt cover's zip and easily removed the quilt.

Due to his height, the quilt didn't touch the floor when he was holding it.

Given how graceful his actions were, he looked like a model selling bed linen with the spotlights shining over his shoulder.

Subsequently, Ashlyn put on the new bedsheet and then opened up the quilt.

Then, she explained the salient points on how to change the quilt cover. "You have to first pinch both corners, alright? After that, I will stuff the quilt towards the same corners. Then we will just have to flick it like this."

Standing beside the bed, Lucas listened attentively as he pinched both corners.

After Ashlyn had put in the quilt and was about to work on the other two corners...

He gave the quilt a shake.

The quilt spread out like a flower in his hands. Turning it

around, he pinched the other corners and gave it another shake.

Once he was done, he used a holder to pinch the four ends so that the quilt inside would not move anymore.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 206
For the four years they were married, they always had a maid at home. Therefore, Lucas and Ashlyn never did any daily chores together.

The indescribable feeling he felt comprised of a strange melancholy and a sense of inexplicable joy.

As long as he was with Ashlyn, his emotions would become more stable while his mood would inadvertently improve.

Ashlyn's new bed linen had an invigorating style. The quilt cover and bedsheet had a green motive showing a farm dotted with flowers.

It was the opposite of her cold demeanor. In fact, the design made one feel warm and pleasant.

Lucas liked the design very much as it was a reflection of what his current mood was.

Just when Ashlyn was about to sit, she heard him suddenly say, "I'm hungry."

It was obvious he hadn't eaten. In fact, that was when she realized that she too was both tired and hungry. How could she not be hungry after sweating so much and being tortured by the Spirogyra?

"Fine, I'll cook something for you to eat but you must help me."

Meanwhile, Jared was anxious.

Ashlyn's condition was obviously due to the Spirogyra attack.

The last time the Spirogyra attacked, it had almost killed her.

Therefore he had no other choice but to call Lucas and use him as a temporary antidote.

Lucas was already upstairs for almost an hour, and yet Jared had no idea what was going on.

He was extremely worried.

If it were possible, he would rather absorb the dreaded

Spirogyra into his own body. Every time she had a Spirogyra attack, everyone close to her would be on edge and worried sick.

That was an extremely uncomfortable feeling.

When he was about to check on the situation, he suddenly heard footsteps.

Then, he saw Ashlyn walking down in her vibrantly colored pajamas and tousled black hair.

She was followed by Lucas in his wrinkled suit.

Seeing them, Jared furrowed his eyebrows in curiosity.

Did the Spirogyra cause them to... make love?

Walking up to her, he scrutinized her condition and asked in a concerned tone, "How are you feeling? Are you better?"

"Go away and don't give me that wretched look of yours." Ashlyn pushed his head away.

It was obvious to her that he was letting his imagination run wild.

When Lucas saw how Jared groveled to Ashlyn, his expression darkened.

The air seemed to turn cold while the atmosphere became tense.

Ashlyn shot him a glance. By now, the pinkish hue had returned to her previously pale lips, making it look like budding spring blossoms. "Why are you looking so sullen? Do you still want to eat something? Come over here and help me wash these vegetables."

As Jared looked at Lucas who was still looking aloof, he then resigned to help Ashlyn in the kitchen.

Hehehe...

It was a complicated moment indeed.

"Don't just stand there- come over if you're hungry."

After walking into the kitchen, she turned and saw Jared gloating with a smile.

"Alright." Jared quickly rushed over.

As long as his boss was fine, he would inadvertently be in a wonderful mood.

Ashlyn opened the fridge to check what ingredients there were. "Let's have some bacon with rice. It's easy and delicious."

As a sense of anticipation flashed across Lucas' eyes, he replied with a slight smile, "Alright."

He enjoyed the feeling of cooking together with Ashlyn. It was similar to how he liked making the bed together with her.

Except...

His eyes then shifted to Jared, the third wheel.

What is this clumsy him doing here?

Can he wash and cut the vegetables better than me?

At that moment, Jared was cutting the bacon into small pieces.

However, he seldom did any chores, let alone cook in the kitchen. Therefore his movements felt awkward and the bacon was cut into inconsistent shapes and looked ugly as a result.

Lucas felt that the bacon that Jared had cut would definitely make the dish taste horrible.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 207
Meanwhile, he began to start cutting the potatoes into small little cubes.

Smirking, he gave Jared a mocking glance and returned his gaze to his uniformly cut potato cubes.

Jared was infuriated.

How did Lucas manage to cut his potatoes so beautifully?

Whatever. On the account he cured the Boss, I'll just suppress my frustrations for the moment.

Ashlyn totally ignored the tension between the two men as she was busy fine-tuning the seasoning.

Although bacon with rice was easy, she wanted to cook two more dishes as it wasn't enough for them.

She then decided to cook some fried mushrooms and potatoes with sausages.

By the time the dishes were done, the rice was also ready.

After mixing the bacon and potatoes, she poured them onto the rice.

Just the aroma from the freshly cooked rice alone made Jared's stomach growl.

“Wow! Boss, you can really cook.”

Lucas looked on indifferently. How wonderful it will be if only this busybody isn't here.

Why does he put on an authoritative facade as the deputy president in the company?

It is obvious he is just a groveling dog in front of Ashlyn.

Lucas didn't even want to be mentioned in the same breath as Jared as he felt Jared was full of weaknesses.

Jared was unlike him, who had substance and capability.

He was even better looking than Jared.

After bringing one of the dishes out, he helped Ashlyn fill her plate with rice before serving it to her.

And then passed her fork and spoon.

As she received the utensils, her eyes flashed with a sense of helplessness.

Is there no way I can draw a clear boundary with Lucas?

“Thank you.”

“Don't be a stranger, there's no need to say thanks.”

Lucas looked at her with his eyebrows raised as he hated it when she tried to put distance between them.

Ashlyn didn't respond.

After fighting with the Spirogyra for such a long time, her body needed to replenish its energy.

Naturally, Jared and Lucas had nothing to say to each other.

It didn't help that Lucas was a man of few words.

Jared initially thought of livening up the atmosphere. But when he saw how exhausted Ashlyn was, he decided against it.

Boss is having it tough.

After the three of them finished the food, Jared knowingly returned to his own room.

Lucas' instincts told him that Jared and Ashlyn's relationship isn't what the rumors made it out to be.

Is there any man in this world who would send the lady he likes into the arms of another man?

Lucas was puzzled.

Nevertheless, he quickly put the matter to the back of his mind because he was sensitive enough to notice that Ashlyn was blushing.

She was feeling increasingly frustrated as heat was welling up inside her body.

However, the feeling was different from that of the Spirogyra attack.

She was very familiar with this one.

The Spirogyra was thirsty... it hungered for...

Suddenly, her feet felt light while her body became unsteady. She looked as if she was going to fall over.

The next moment, he caught her by her waist with his hand. Subconsciously, she reached out and wrapped her arms around his body.

As rapid breathing accompanied her dreamy eyes, she looked especially captivating.

Meanwhile, her lips opened slightly in an inviting manner.

In response, Lucas' adam's apple bobbed up and down as his gaze fell upon her alluring expression that carried with it a devilish charm.

"Ashlyn..."

"I... I..." Ashlyn wanted to tell him to let her go.

She could endure the urge, but he couldn't.

The next moment, he swept her off her feet and carried her into the bedroom.

Inside, he flung her onto the soft big bed.

Climbing on top of her, his large frame gave off an intimidating aura.

He then leaned in to kiss her on her lips.

At the same moment, Ashlyn closed her eyes in resignation as they unleashed their passion.

The moon seemed to be covering its eyes in embarrassment while the stars cheekily looked on.

The next morning.

Lucas gradually opened his eyes as the steamy scene from the night before replayed in his mind.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 208
Ever since they were divorced, he had not managed to sleep this well.

Having slept through the night, it was already daytime when he opened his eyes.

Ashlyn wasn't around, so he took a bath before heading downstairs. Once he was out, a maid presented him with a new suit and tie.

"Mr. Nolan, this is for you."

"Don't worry, this is new," Jared casually remarked with a lollipop in his mouth.

"Did you prepare it?" Lucas looked at him indifferently.

"My... Lyn prepared it." Jared almost used the word 'Boss' but managed to correct himself in the nick of time. Phew! I almost blew our cover.

Although he did not see Ashlyn, Lucas remained in a good mood.

With that, he wore the suit prepared by Ashlyn and went straight to Nolan Group tower.

In the president's office, Lucas was going through his work.

As he enjoyed a good night's sleep and had a brand new suit presented to him in the morning, he was in particularly high spirits that day.

Even when his secretary accidentally spilled coffee on his documents, he didn't make a fuss.

He just let her off with instructions to reprint the document.

With that, she quickly returned to her office.

For almost two months, Lucas had been holding their feet to the fire every day with his cold and intimidating demeanor.

But today, he was like a totally different person. What is going on?

When she shared this with the head secretary, the latter sighed, "I don't know what got into him either. Four years ago, he always struck fear into our hearts at work. And then, we unexpectedly enjoyed four years of peace. But now, he seems to be back to his old self."

Ever since graduation, she had joined the Nolan Group as a secretary and had slogged for many years before being promoted to head secretary. Therefore, she knew the Nolan Group like the back of her hand, including all of Lucas' habits and preferences.

"Oh? Was Mr. Nolan much gentler during that four

years?”

The junior secretary seemed puzzled.

“That goes without saying. He was the perfect gentleman then. But now, he is just a tyrant,” the head secretary muttered, “Anyway, enough of this. We might be fired for gossiping about the management.”

Meanwhile, Spencer suspected that Lucas and Ashlyn were back together.

Why else would Mr. Nolan be in such a good mood?

However, he didn't dare ask and kept his speculation to himself.

At that moment, Lucas' phone rang and Spencer caught a glimpse of it.

Hera.

Why is this woman still bothering Mr. Nolan?

Lucas shot a glance at Spencer who then knowingly answered the phone.

Before he could say anything, a coquettish voice spoke, “Lucas...”

Clearing his throat, Spencer answered with a professional tone, “I'm sorry, Ms. Chapman.”

Before he could finish, he was interrupted by a sharp shrill. “Why is it you? Where's Lucas?”

Spencer could feel the pain from the shrill piercing his eardrums. “Mr. Nolan is having a management meeting and can't answer your call. Is there anything I can help you with?”

“I'm not going to tell you what I want to say to Lucas.

Just tell him to call me back once he is free,” Hera replied in an upset tone.

Before Spencer could answer, she slammed the phone and ended the call.

Hera's nose was covered in bandage and it was all Ashlyn's fault. If it weren't for her, she wouldn't look so miserable, let alone be boycotted by the fashion industry.

After she left the hospital the other day, she bundled herself up with clothes and visited her plastic surgeon.

There, she requested for her nose to be redone anew.

Currently, she was recuperating from the surgery.

However, she put all the blame on Ashlyn.
Just the thought of Ashlyn alone infuriated her so much that she wanted to drink Ashlyn's blood and skin her alive.

In the Nolan Group president's office.

When Spencer saw that the call had ended, he cordially said, "She hung up."

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"Just ignore her," Lucas replied as he gently rubbed the button of his new suit. "By the way, how's the investigations on the drug coming along?"

"It's highly likely that the woman is Ms. Chapman," Spencer reported softly. "She covered her tracks very well so there's hardly any direct evidence. Furthermore, she gave those two men cash instead of transferring the money to them."

"Mmm." Lucas' expression remained indifferent. However, there was a darkness in his eyes that seemed to swallow everything.

Noticing the change in his gaze, Spencer carefully asked, "Mr. Nolan, what do we do now?"

"That day, I caused Ashlyn harm when I was under the influence of the drug." Lucas' voice reverberated throughout the room. "In that case, we will give her a taste of her own medicine."

Evidently, Mr. Nolan is as cold and impartial as always. Tsk, Tsk!

This time, whether Ms. Chapman acts coquettishly or plays the victim card, it's not going to work.

After that, Lucas didn't say anything further as he continued to go through his documents.

Putting aside their relationship as childhood friends, her looks and character were not of Lucas' taste.

All this while, he had tolerated her due to the debt of gratitude he had owed her for saving his life when they were children.

However, not only did she not appreciate his patience but also schemed against him.

In that case, he didn't mind teaching her a lesson at all.

When she wanted to see Ms. Saunders, he spent nine million to help her achieve it.

With that, he considered his debt paid and they were even.

As for any other things that she desired, she wasn't going to get it in this lifetime.

Lucas' gaze remained cold and didn't show any emotion at all.

At the Tech Mall.

Inside an inconspicuous shop.

A lady in jeans was crouching on the floor, ransacking through boxes and shelves in search of something.

"Ashlyn, why are you acting like a robber?" A middle-aged man who was smoking a cigarette asked as he sat cross-legged on a dirty chair.

He then extended his hand to tap the ash off his cigarette onto the floor.

"Save it- stop playing dumb with me."

Ashlyn came straight to the Tech Mall first thing in the morning.

Her computer and handphone needed an upgrade. What she was looking for couldn't be found anywhere else.

Standing up, she shot the middle-aged man a glance.

"Hey bro, show me all your latest stuff. I don't even need you to upgrade it for me, I can do it myself, alright?"

After going through everything for half a day, she still couldn't find what she was looking for. Hence, she believed the middle aged man must have kept it hidden.

"Silly gal, can't you ask properly? Don't go around calling me bro, alright?"

As he stood up and stroke his beard, he proposed, "Call me Uncle and I'll bring it out for you."

"Uncle, stop wasting my time. I'm in a great hurry!"

Ashlyn was growing desperate as it was almost noon and she was running out of time.

Seeing how anxious she was, the middle-aged man didn't dally any longer and he disappeared into his shop.

After a while, he brought out a box.

The box looked exceptionally new and was a big contrast to his dilapidated shop.

“The latest equipment are all inside. Just take them all.”

As Ashlyn received the box, she let out an enchanting smile and flicked a bank card onto the table. “Keep it!”

With that, she left with the box.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged man ran after her and shouted from behind. “Ashlyn, I’ll be going outstation tomorrow. Call me if you need anything!”

“I know. Be careful,” Ashlyn replied without turning around.

The owner of the shop next door laughed at the middle-aged man. “Is your niece here again? Your shop doesn’t have any business at all. If not for her, you would have gone bust a long time ago.”

“Go away, you know nothing.” The middle-aged man smiled to himself as he kept the bank card. And then he rolled down the shutters for his shop.

Right after she left the Tech Mall, she put the box into her car.

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At that moment, her phone rang.

When she saw who was calling, she smiled.

“Hello, Ms. Oates.”

“Ms. Berry, since the weather has been great recently, our foundation will be organizing an outdoor tea party tomorrow afternoon. Are you interested to attend? Many talented youths and professionals from all industries will be attending,” Sienna explained with a smile.

As Ashlyn’s eyes sparkled with amusement, she replied casually, “Oh? What’s the theme?”

“You will know what it is when you get here. So, forgive me for keeping you in suspense. But I guarantee you won’t be disappointed,” Sienna shamelessly plugged her event. “Ms. Berry, I wonder if Ms. Saunders would be interested in attending the tea party?”

“Oh, about that, if you don’t tell me what the theme is, how am I to know if she is interested?” Ashlyn answered with a haughty and impersonal manner.

Compared to Sienna’s pleasant tone, they were at opposite ends of the spectrum.

When Sienna heard Ashlyn's unfriendly tone, she almost burst a blood vessel.

Suppressing her anger, she forced herself not to show her agitation. "Ms. Berry, I was just kidding just now. Actually, I heard that Ms. Saunders is interested in ethnic Han costumes. Therefore, the theme of the Tea Party is all about them. The venue will be at Haddock Group's Tulip City."

Pausing for a moment, Sienna continued in her most passionate voice, "The thought of enjoying tea in Han costumes amidst the sea of tulips excites me already. I just can't wait."

The corners of Ashlyn's mouth twitched. "I think you have a talent for reciting poems."

For someone not in the know, they would think that it was a poem recital instead of a telephone call.

Sienna didn't sense the sarcasm in Ashlyn's remark. In fact, she proudly replied, "Ms. Berry, jokes aside, let me share with you that I am the leader of Haddock Charity's poem recital club."

Ashlyn was speechless.

After a while, she replied, "Luckily, you told me that the theme is ethnic Han Costume. If I attended the tea party without knowing that and wore casual clothing instead, wouldn't it be awkward?"

Sienna's expression froze. "Ms. Berry, you misunderstood me. I was joking with you just now."

"Mmm, I know. But this joke isn't funny at all." Ashlyn was in no mood to humor Sienna any further. She decided that she must destroy this pest from the Haddock Group. As for the Haddock Group itself, she had to find out what they were really up to.

Hence, she ended the call.

Infuriated, Sienna screamed at the blank telephone screen, "That arrogant b****! How dare she end my call like that. W-who does she think she is? Isn't she just a bimbo who relies on men to get to her position? How dare she do this to me!"

Meanwhile, her secretary, Lisa, quickly poured her a cup of water. "Ms. Oates, please calm down. Don't stoop to

her level.”

“You didn’t hear what she said! How dare that despicable woman talk to me like that. When I am in Ms. Saunders’ favor, I will definitely teach her a lesson. Just you wait! W-when I have swindled all of Ms. Saunders’ money, I-I will then stomp at her face with my foot and crush her!” Sienna was so angry that she was breathing rapidly. As her chest palpitated, her fury caused her to lose her mind.

“Ms. Oates, she’s just a s***. There’s plenty like her in our foundation and every single one of them has been dealt with by you. She has yet to feel your wrath but it’s just a matter of time.”

Lisa flattered Sienna so as to make her feel better.

“You’re right. We’ll let that b***** continue with her arrogance. I will make her suffer tomorrow at the tea party or else, my surname isn’t Oates!”

As her eyes sparkled with greed, her lips let out a devious sneer.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 211
Bayview Villa.

Ashlyn exited the car with the box and headed into her study room.

She began fiddling around with the laptop.

The laptop looked the same as it was before an hour ago, except that all its parts had been switched out. A super computer was born.

She tested its performance. The laptop booted within a second. Then, she tested its frame rate.

“As expected of the latest CPU and hard drive.”

With a smile, Ashlyn jotted down the configurations of her newly assembled device and sent them to a middle-aged man via WhatsApp.

Here you go.

The middle-aged man chuckled in delight upon receiving the text and replied with a voice note. “Wow, kiddo. You used all the parts perfectly and maximized the laptop’s potential. Great! I’m going to produce them now.”

“Don’t forget to split the gains,” Ashlyn responded.

“Of course.”

At this moment, the middle-aged man no longer looked ashen and disheveled. Now dressed in a top-grade custom-tailored suit and seated in a pure leather office chair, he forwarded the configuration blueprint to his assistant.

“Produce all our company’s new devices according to this blueprint,” he instructed the assistant coolly.

The latter’s eyes widened as he glanced at the blueprint.

“This... This will unleash the full potential of our newest parts!”

Unbelievable.

All the parts were new, but no matter how they configured them, the end products only performed 20% better than the latest computers on the market.

This company was a manufacturer and retailer of high-end computers.

These new configurations would maximize their parts in the most effective ways possible.

If the company were to release a computer like this to the market, every tech geek would surely want one.

He could already picture the sales amount the company would make.

“Did the mysterious Cornelius do this?” the assistant asked, remaining stunned.

“Of course. Only Cornelius has such skills.” The middle-aged man beamed with joy at the mention of Ashlyn.

He then sighed emotionally. “I’m so lucky to have met such a young talent.”

The chairman was only ever this happy when he spoke of Cornelius.

Not even the president can make him smile like this.

The assistant grumbled internally before replying with respect, “I shall inform the R&D department now, Sir.”

“Go on,” the middle-aged man said with a wave of his hand. Then, he happily switched on the Bluetooth speaker on his office desk and played an opera.

The man shook his head in glee as the music of opera resonated in the office.

Meanwhile, at Haddock Tulip City.

Lisa was busy giving the workers instructions, “Make sure

the lawns are ready. Have the insecticides been applied?
There's going to be lots of distinguished guests today."

"That arch over there is a little slanted."

"Align the candlesticks well."

It was extremely hectic.

Guests began to pour in by around 2PM and they were all dressed in traditional outfits. It was quite a sight.

It was now the perfect time to visit as the tulips were in full bloom, filling the air with a mild fragrance.

In the middle of the place was a huge man-made lake with several Japanese carps in it.

The tea party was held on the lawns right in front of the man-made lake. An arch decorated with pink and white balloons had been placed at the entrance.

Upon crossing the entrance, there was a red carpet that led to a table full of exquisite desserts, red wine and imported fruits. It was an especially warm atmosphere.

However...

The moment Ashlyn showed up in her traditional outfit, something didn't feel right.

This is a traditional-themed tea party, but why does everything look so modern? There's nothing traditional about the food and decorations.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 212
Especially this arch full of balloons! What's with Sienna and Lisa's tastes?

Isn't it weird to be dressed in traditional clothes in such a modern setting?

The tea party was crawling with guests by now. Ashlyn went in and noticed how many men there were.

She suddenly remembered Sienna mentioning that there would be lots of young and charming men in attendance.

Gazing at these chaps holding wine glasses while engaging in conversations with upper-class women, she couldn't help but frown.

This is a rather strange atmosphere.

Rather than a Haddock Charity event, this seems more like a function for these lonely rich women to find their

next toy boys.

Ashlyn was dumbfounded.

Sienna sat on a white European-style wooden chair, chatting away with several ladies.

“Did Ashlyn not invite Ms. Saunders here?”

“Ms. Berry is especially tight-lipped. Maybe she doesn’t trust our charity foundation enough,” Sienna replied with a smile.

“Speak of the devil,” a woman remarked cynically.

Everyone looked up to see a slender and graceful figure walking over.

Ashlyn wore a loose-fitting floor-length dress with pink flowers embroidered on it.

Her slender waistline had been accentuated using a pink brocade belt embellished with jade.

A section of her long hair had been styled into a loose bun and fastened with a jade hairpin.

The hairpin was paired with a traditional jewel-laced ornament, which dangled as she walked.

The rest of her hair rested over her shoulders, making her skin look especially smooth and bright.

Everything about her face was perfect— her eyes, nose and lips. A scarlet bracelet danced around on her wrist.

From afar, the woman looked just like a lady-in-waiting from the olden days. She was absolutely captivating.

All the noblewomen here were dressed in traditional attire, and each lady was beautiful in her own right.

Yet, none of them looked as enchanting as Ashlyn did.

Her arrival instantly captured everyone’s attention.

Many young men began to stride toward her.

“Hey there, Miss. Would you be interested in a chat? I’m in a bit of a rough patch now, which is why I’ve come to the charity event. I’ve been teaching in the countryside all this while. The students in my school have no choice but to use old desks and textbooks, and the school itself is in terrible condition. It gets really dangerous for the building whenever it rains. Sigh... Would you be so kind as to give us a donation of five hundred grand?” a young man dressed in a traditional costume pleaded.

Ashlyn glanced at this man. The look on his face seemed

to imply that he was deeply concerned about the children.

But for some reason, Ashlyn could vaguely notice a hint of shrewdness in his eyes. He didn't seem very much like an honorable rural school teacher...

Suddenly, another man spoke up. "As if you're worse off than I am. I'm the secretary of a rural mountain village. All the youngsters have moved out and only the elderly remain. These poor old folks don't get proper food or clothes. Some are even sick or can't walk well. The entire village relies on me, but I can't hold the fort any longer. Then, I heard about this charity event organized by Haddock Group. I'm begging you, kind lady... Please save us! Even a hundred thousand will be more than enough!"

The two men's eyes had turned red by now.

A few women glanced at the men after hearing their narratives. The lads looked rather charming and full of vigor. They didn't seem like bad people at all.

"Your stories touched me," said one of the rich women. "I've decided to donate five hundred thousand to each of you. Let's set up a charity program."

Upon hearing the woman's declaration, Sienna instantly grinned. "You're beautiful on the outside and inside, Mrs. LeClair. I thank you on the children's behalf."

Lisa immediately brought over the charity agreements and proposals.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 213
Mrs. LeClair swiftly signed wherever she needed to.

There were three copies of each charity event proposal; one for each man, one for Mrs. LeClair and one for the Haddock Group for filing purposes.

Sienna glanced at the crowd and announced, "Congratulations on setting up two generous charity programs, Mrs. LeClair. I'd also like to congratulate these two gentlemen for receiving the help they needed. To whomever else in need of help, please don't hesitate to make yourselves heard! The lovely women here will surely try their best to assist you."

Everyone began to clap.

Mrs. LeClair proudly returned to her seat while holding her documents.

One million...

That was way too easy!

Those two guys earned a million just by opening their mouths?

Many young men instantly began to make themselves look miserable.

Some poured tea for the older women, and some brought them drinks or desserts.

They tried their best to please the wealthy ladies.

Ashlyn spent the entire afternoon hearing countless stories of how helpless these men were.

Both my parents have cancer; my sister got into a car accident; my brother has turned into a vegetable... and so on— all these accounts caused the women to be filled with tears.

They quickly donated another million and obtained their charity proposals.

Another story went as such: "I've been insecure since I was a child and was often bullied because of my good looks. I'm now a sophomore in high school. We're so poor that my older sister sold herself to a bald middle-aged man to fund my studies, but she was abused by the guy right after getting pregnant until she miscarried. I want to repay my sister, so I'm begging you kind souls— please give me three million, so I can save her."

One of the rich women instantly broke down. "I'm so sorry for your sister. I have to help her."

The young lad immediately received a three-million donation.

Ashlyn was astounded at the speed at which these men were gaining money.

This is way too fast.

Are all these women always this brainless?

This is practically a story-telling competition now. These guys are all trying to one-up each other!

They're going on about how poor and miserable their lives are.

All the young men here had attractive faces and bodies. Paired with their pitiful gazes, they were certainly quick to garner pity, especially in their traditional clothes. The men looked just like young masters from ancient times, waiting to be shown mercy.

It was easy to make one walk into their story and do whatever they asked.

Especially when these women usually had nothing better to do. Their husbands were CEOs or bosses, so they were normally bored out of their minds.

Moreover, Haddock Charity was a reputable organization.

The women had more faith in Haddock, so they naturally trusted these men.

Sitting in a corner, Ashlyn could hear the men crying and pleading from time to time.

Sienna would occasionally make some announcements too. "Haddock Charity has inspected every man's situation here. We promise you that their predicaments are 100% true, so please donate without any worries! If anyone turns out to be bluffing, we'll penalize them and reimburse you tenfold."

She continued, "These youngsters are the future pillars of our nation. Can you really bear to watch them live their lives in such dire straits? Can you bear to see such precious lives lost because you are afraid to part with a small amount of your savings? The media tells us the cruel truth every day; there are those who have no choice but to take their own lives just because of the money issues they face. Yet, we often spend tens of thousands on bags and shoes. Think about the lives we can save using the money we spend on these goods! We can all play our part in showing the world a little more kindness!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 214
Isn't this practically a brainwash session like those pyramid schemes?

Ashlyn saw how serious the upper-class women looked while listening to Sienna's speech. Some even nodded in agreement.

She blinked.

Maybe those who had just arrived at the tea party might not fall for it.

But things could be different as time passed.

Sienna was obviously an expert in brainwashing others. She had manipulated the feelings of these rich women and socialites numerous times.

Her words were completely baseless.

Just as Ashlyn fiddled with her own nails in boredom, she heard a familiar voice coming from nearby. "Boohoo... I'm so sorry to hear that. My brother didn't give me much to spare, but I'll... I'll give you a hundred grand for now."

Naomi Nolan?

Ashlyn raised a brow and glanced in the direction of the voice. There, she saw Naomi sobbing away as a young man knelt in front of her.

The man's eyes were glistening, but he tried his best to not let any tears fall.

That made him look even more convincing.

"Thank you. I'm so glad I met you at my lowest and most vulnerable. You're my lucky star."

Ashlyn was speechless.

What did this guy go through now?

Just as Naomi took out her bank card and was about to swipe it, Ashlyn walked over and grabbed her by the hand. "You're giving away a hundred grand just like that? Do you want your brother to freeze your account again?"

"Ugh! Who are you? Why are you getting in my business?" Naomi raged. She was so engrossed in the man's sappy narrative that she didn't even glance at Ashlyn.

Ashlyn chuckled softly. "You don't know who I am?"

Why does this voice sound so familiar?

Naomi turned her head and caught sight of Ashlyn's stunning face.

"What... What are you doing here?" she asked in shock.

"I told you to do better in school if you're that dumb,"

Ashlyn replied while pointing to her own head. "Did a dog eat your brains?"

"How could you say that to me?" Naomi muttered.

Had it been before, she would have exploded the moment Ashlyn insulted her like this.

But ever since Ashlyn had saved her, she became the woman's loyal fangirl and absolutely idolized her.

"I feel so sorry for him," Naomi explained while grabbing hold of Ashlyn's arm. "He's had sepsis ever since he was young, but his grades are still amazing and he always tops his class. It's just unfortunate that he can't afford the hospital bills. I've always looked up to intellectuals."

"Is that so? Well, I happen to be a doctor, so why don't I give you a check-up?" Ashlyn remarked, smiling at the young man before her.

The man wasn't of tall stature but had a gorgeous pair of eyes.

He couldn't help but feel irked over Ashlyn suddenly showing up when he was just about to receive his money. She's insanely beautiful, but she's still a b**** for getting in my way.

Still, the chap dared not express his dissatisfaction. He could only bite the bullet and answer, "I-It's okay. I should probably go to the hospital for treatment instead."

Then, he quickly turned to Naomi. "Please swipe the card, Miss. I'll remember your kindness for the rest of my life."

"Her allowance has been reduced, so she doesn't have enough money for you. Go find someone else for help," Ashlyn said coldly as she snatched Naomi's card.

The man was dumbfounded.

"Huh? Didn't... Didn't you just say you'd give me the money?"

"What's your name?" Ashlyn gazed at the man with frosty eyes.

For unknown reasons, the man's voice began to shake as Ashlyn's eyes fell on him. "I'm... I'm Jeremy Halliwell."

"Which school do you go to?"

"University T."

“Great,” Ashlyn responded before dialing Jared’s number. “Give me some information on Jeremy Halliwell from University T.”

The man’s eyes were instantly filled with panic. “What do you mean by that? Why are you trying to look me up?”

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 215

“My sister wants to give you some money. It’s not too much to ask if I’m trying to find out whether you’re telling the truth, right?” Ashlyn asked while gazing at the anxious-looking man. “You look so scared. Could it be that you’re so impressive that you’ve received lots of scholarship money or fame? Or could it be that you’re up to no good and I might find out?”

The man’s eyes flashed. “What are you talking about?” he growled.

Naomi had initially been so moved to tears by this man’s story.

But upon seeing how he was stammering after being asked a few questions by Ashlyn, she slowly regained her senses.

It was clear that there was something wrong with this guy.

It was no wonder Ashlyn said to do better in school.

Naomi swore to put more effort into her studies from now on.

At this moment, Jared returned the call. “There isn’t a Jeremy Halliwell, Boss. The principal of University T said this name doesn’t exist.”

Ashlyn turned the phone into speaker mode. “But there’s a Jeremy Halliwell from University T standing right in front of me, saying he has sepsis and comes from a poor family!”

Jared hurriedly replayed the conversation he just had with the principal of University T. “Jeremy Halliwell? Give me a minute. I’ll look up the student records,” said the principal in a matured tone.

His voice rang out again two minutes later. “Nope. We used to have a Jeremy Halliwell ten years ago, but he’s long graduated. There isn’t another Jeremy Halliwell

currently enrolled here.”

“Thank you, Sir. I’ll thank you in person another time,” Jared responded.

The young man instantly turned pale and his lip quivered.

He took a step back, thinking to run away.

Yet, Ashlyn stared at him frostily. “Did you hear that? You’re nothing but a fraud. There isn’t a Jeremy Halliwell in University T. I guess you’re using a fake name too.”

“What’s with your nonsense?” the man retorted. “No one even knows if that was really the principal of University T! You could be using a random phone conversation to mess with me.”

Naomi glared at him with rage. “To think that I actually believed you, you liar! How dare you try to fool me with some made-up story of yours?”

Their squabble began to attract the attention of other guests.

Even Sienna walked over with Lisa.

Having been caught red-handed, ‘Jeremy’ frantically turned and attempted to flee.

But there was no way Ashlyn would let him off so easily. Bam!

With a stretch of her leg, the man fell to the ground.

Why does she have to be such a busybody? Sienna silently cursed. Everyone else couldn’t stop feeling sorry and donating after hearing the men’s stories.

Yet, things had to become complicated whenever Ashlyn was involved.

Sienna suppressed her anger and put on a faint smile.

“What’s going on?” she asked.

“This man is a fraud,” Ashlyn answered, giving Sienna a profound glance.

As expected, she saw a slight change in Sienna’s expression. A cold look appeared in the latter’s eyes for a brief moment.

“What do you mean, Ms. Berry? We at Haddock Charity have thoroughly inspected every donation recipient and ensured that they’re all genuinely in need of help.”

“Sorry, but I’ve just had Jared give the principal of

University T a call. The principal said there isn't a Jeremy Halliwell in their student records."

Ashlyn's face looked incredibly attractive under the sunlight.

She remained completely fearless while speaking to the host of the tea party, as though the latter was a regular human being rather than a president.

Sienna was taken aback and she stared at Ashlyn in disbelief.

She was so furious that she clenched her fists. Not even a single rich woman has ever doubted our charitable organization—not even their families have ever been concerned about such a small amount of money.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 216

That's why not a single family has ever been skeptical about my charity events or tea parties.

Some families even had their wives or daughters come to butter Sienna up for the sake of maintaining good connections with Haddock Group.

They'd even give her money at times.

Yet, Ashlyn was publicly looking into this matter.

How dare she try to expose me in front of everyone?

Sienna took a deep breath and maintained the smile on her face. "As I've mentioned before, we will support those who donate and reimburse them tenfold if they are deceived. That's why, Ms. Berry, we'll never accept any frauds here. There must be some misunderstanding between you and Jeremy Halliwell."

Ashlyn glanced at Sienna calmly. "Oh? In that case, Ms. Oates, you might want to listen... To this."

She replayed the audio recording of Jared's conversation with the principal of University T.

Everyone's gazes fell on Ashlyn and they noted how exquisite she looked. Her light makeup made her look even more elegant and fairy-like.

With a demeanor that was neither aggressive nor insecure, the woman held her phone in her porcelain-skinned hand.

This was a face that every woman couldn't help but covet.

Sienna was filled with rage but tried her best to maintain her composure. "This doesn't explain anything, Ms. Berry. I'll only believe you if you can get the principal of University T to personally come over and make his statement. I have more trust in Haddock Group than your voice recording."

Ashlyn narrowed her eyes. She's clearly trying to protect 'Jeremy'.

If that's the case, can his sappy life story ever be proven wrong?

One of the rich women couldn't help but speak up.

"You're going too far, Ms. Berry. Mr. Halliwell here already has it rough; why are you still doubting him? You're adding salt to his wound."

"Yeah! These people need our help. How could we hurt them instead? We'd be no different from monsters," another wealthy lady chimed in.

"I've never met someone this wicked in my life. I suggest you kick this woman out, Ms. Oates."

"Such a cruel soul like her doesn't belong here. She has such an ugly heart."

Ashlyn was lost for words.

She finally understood that saying: There was no use trying to wake a person pretending to sleep.

Meanwhile, Naomi, who had been secretly filming the entire ordeal with her phone, sent the video to Lucas. Seeing so many people on his side, 'Jeremy' suppressed the panic in his heart and declared haughtily, "I really do have sepsis! I'll be dead if I don't get treatment soon. Yet, this woman here insists that I'm not a college student and says I'm faking my identity. I... I guess I'm better off dead!"

The man dashed towards the lake.

Sienna immediately ordered the security guards to stop him before rebuking Ashlyn. "You disappoint me, Ms. Berry! How could you force him to kill himself?"

Ashlyn was amused. "He's the one who wants to die; what does it have to do with me?"

"What has our society become? She made someone try to kill himself in a lake, and now she's saying it has

nothing to do with her! This is outrageous!”

“I can’t bear to watch any of this. I feel so sorry for Jeremy.”

While the crowd was busy putting Ashlyn down with their self-righteousness, a voice suddenly came from nearby. “This way, please, Principal Potter.”

“This way, please, Mr. Granger.”

Everyone turned to the direction of the voice.

A row of people walked past the balloon-filled arch and headed this way.

The man in the lead was tall and well-built, and the cold expression on his face made it seem as though he could rob someone’s soul.

His frosty eyes could send chills down a person’s spine.

Those pupils turned even colder and darker as he heard the wealthy women’s rants.

It only took one glance for Ashlyn to realize the man was Lucas Nolan. What’s he doing here?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 217

Could it be... She glanced at Naomi who was smiling smugly.

“M-Mr. Nolan?” Sienna reacted the fastest and went over to greet him. “What a surprise! Excuse me for not welcoming you at the entrance earlier!”

Those were words of formality. In fact, Sienna was shocked by his presence.

What is Lucas Nolan doing here?

She had a hundred questions as she could not figure out why Lucas was here.

He ignored her completely. His pretty face was as cold as ice; it was as if all emotions were sucked into his blackhole-like eyes.

His icy gaze became warmer when he saw the pretty woman at a distance.

She was dressed in a traditional Han costume; her alluring figure attracted a lot of attention.

The warmth in his eyes disappeared in an instant as he regained his iciness. He then asked the two middle-aged men beside him, “Principal Potter, Mr. Granger, can you

identify Jeremy Halliwell from University T here?”

Immediately after he spoke, Jeremy Halliwell turned pallid and trembled in fear.

Who in Lake City did not know who Lucas Nolan was?

It was unexpected of him to swallow his pride and investigate this matter.

What was going on?

Jeremy Halliwell’s head was spinning as horror overwhelmed him.

Walking step by step into the crowd, he dared not lift his head in an attempt to remain invisible.

Everyone at the scene was shocked.

Sienna, who was usually an expert of communication, failed to utter a word under Lucas’ imposing aura.

Lucas is here for Jeremy Halliwell? How is this possible?

It’s impossible!

She looked at Lucas in disbelief before regaining her senses. “Mr. Nolan... Do you mean that these two...”

Spencer White hurried forward and introduced to everyone, “They are the Principal and the Director of Admissions of University T.”

Principal Potter looked around his surroundings. As a principal of a university, it made perfect sense that he would not know every single student on campus. Hence, he signaled the Director of Admissions to run the name, Jeremy Halliwell on their university’s laptop, which Mr. Granger’s assistant was carrying.

However, it was exactly as Jared said on the phone.

There was only one Jeremy Halliwell, who graduated ten years ago.

The assistant held onto the laptop and showed everyone the records.

The Director of Admissions, Mr. Granger, then reported to the principal, “Principal Potter, there is no student named Jeremy Halliwell in our university currently.”

The principal took a glance at the rich ladies present.

Some of them knew him and he had heard of the Haddock Charity before.

But what puzzled him was why he had to provide admissions evidence regarding Jeremy Halliwell. He had

not a single clue about the background story.

He said frankly, "Did everyone hear that? We really do not have any current students with the name Jeremy Halliwell. The only student with that name graduated ten years ago."

Hence, the news about Jeremy Halliwell from University T being diagnosed with sepsis was fake!

The rich ladies witnessed this scene in horror. Even if Ashlyn's call recording could be edited, the Principal and the Director of Admissions had testified personally.

"It's all made up."

"Oh my god! Ms. Oates, what is going on?"

"I've already donated two million... What if the person I donated to is an imposter too? That's over the limit!"

"That's right. This con artist is using our sympathy to cheat money. What a jerk!"

"Thank god Ms. Berry is observant!"

Hearing the chatters of the rich ladies, Sienna's expression darkened as sweat rolled down her forehead. Since taking over the Haddock Charity, it was her first time encountering people who would expose and demand the verification of the beneficiary's identity on the spot!

I can't believe Lucas Nolan is here for Jeremy Halliwell. Is Naomi that important to him? Why haven't I heard about this? I thought the Nolan family's siblings are not on good terms.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 218
Is he doing this for Ashlyn, the b*tch? But didn't he just show off affection with his wife on his social media? This is a PR crisis!

She had to figure out a way to turn the tide. Haddock Charity's reputation must not be ruined by today's incident!

Sienna's mind functioned quickly as she tried to fix the situation. She stared at Jeremy Halliwell who was almost transparent amongst the crowd and blurted out, "You liar! Stay there! Where are you trying to escape to?"

Lisa, who had a great rapport with her, reacted quickly

and called for the security guards.

The tall and strongly built guards strode forward to pin Jeremy Halliwell onto the ground.

After being beaten up by the security guards, Jeremy Halliwell lied on the floor miserably.

He had a good beating.

When he tried to struggle and scream, Lisa tore off the hem of her Han costumes and gagged his mouth, preventing him from making any noise.

"I can't imagine there's a scammer in our foundation.

Sorry for that!" Sienna wiped off the sweat on her forehead while glancing at Lisa.

She then smiled, "Thank you, Mr. Nolan, for helping us to get rid of the maggot. It was our organization's negligence. I'm ashamed for letting all of you down."

Ashlyn's pretty eyes shimmered under the sunlight; her red lips curved upward into a playful smile.

Sienna had chills all over her body upon seeing this.

What is this woman planning to do now?

"Ms. Oates, didn't you say that you'll offer a ten times compensation if it's fake? So... are you going to compensate Ms. Nolan tenfold for what she intended to donate? Ms. Nolan was going to donate one hundred grand!"

The woman's callous voice rang.

Almost fainting of anger, Sienna put up a fake smile and said, "But Ms. Nolan has not donated any money yet, has she? So, she didn't suffer any losses..."

Ashlyn fixated her glare at Sienna without blinking and retorted, "However, Jeremy Halliwell is an imposter!

When you gave that statement, you did not specifically say that you'll compensate only when we suffer a loss!"

Naomi did not think about the compensation at all.

Upon being reminded about it by Ashlyn, she raised her chin and said arrogantly, "Is Ms. Oates trying to go against her own words?"

No matter what, she did not enjoy being called dumb by Ashlyn... She wanted to be smart for once, but she was unsure what her sister-in-law thought about her performance...

She racked her brains to think of insulting words to cooperate with her sister-in-law.

Taking a peek at Ashlyn, she was hoping to receive an encouraging gaze or smile.

But, she did not get what she hoped for.

She felt heartbroken as she tried to cheer herself up. It must be because I did not perform well enough, hence sister-in-law did not praise me. I'm so sad. I need to gather more knowledge by reading books and perform better the next time.

When Ashlyn heard what Naomi said, she felt like laughing but she suppressed it.

Overwhelmed with anger, Sienna almost fainted.

Unfortunately, her body was too healthy; if she had been weak enough to faint, she might have gotten away from the compensation.

A hundred grand times ten is a million! I'll jump into the lake and commit suicide if I give Naomi a million for nothing.

However, looking at Lucas' horrifying and cold figure, she did not have the guts to reject their demand!

She felt as though a devil was choking her while her vitality was being sucked out from her body.

Putting on a stiff face, she forced herself to not tremble while saying, "Haddock Charity has always emphasized a lot on credibility as we aim to convince the public with our virtue. This incident is a result of our negligence, hence, I will take full responsibility. Of course, I'll compensate you! Lisa, get me the check!"

Upon saying this, she almost collapsed. If it weren't for Lisa who supported her in time, she would have fallen onto the ground pathetically.

Lisa dripped cold sweat, feeling anxious for Sienna.

After the latter regained her balance, she took the one million check from the former before handing it over to Naomi sincerely. "Ms. Nolan, I am extremely sorry. I apologize on behalf of Haddock Charity. Sorry for the horrifying experience."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 219

Sienna then thanked Ashlyn earnestly, "Ms. Berry, you're

amazing at identifying a scammer. Thank you for helping Haddock Charity! Thank you so much!”

Her prompt apologies and willingness to compensate brought her more fans instantly.

The rich women, whose trusts in Sienna were wavering, could not help but praise her, “She really did compensate.”

“And she apologized.”

“No one is perfect. Maybe something went wrong in the verification process this time.”

“Ms. Oates is still trustable.”

“Yes! I agree! I think Ms. Oates was unaware about it too.”

Ashlyn had to admit that Sienna, who was appointed as president of the charity group by Dixon Haddock, was indeed capable; she knew when to be dominant or submissive.

This woman is not simple.

Naomi was not expecting to receive the one million compensation. She was feeling both happy and proud of herself.

She had made money for the first time in her life. Before this, she only knew how to spend money; never had she earned any money. My first ever income is a million! I’m so happy!

There was no need to carry on with the tea party.

Hence, it came to an end hastily.

Naomi grabbed Ashlyn’s hand excitedly. “This is my first time earning money. Brother, I’ll buy the two of you a meal at the Imperial Hotel. Shall we go now?”

Just when Ashlyn was about to decline her invite, she said, “Well, can’t you go? It’s a million! We can enjoy the signature dishes at Imperial Hotel to our heart’s content!”

She then looked at Sienna, who had an annoyed expression. “Don’t you enjoy spending others’ money?”

Ashlyn was amused by this little girl.

After glancing at Lucas, she told Naomi, “Let’s go.”

Lucas felt as though he had fallen out of favor.

Even Naomi was more favored than him; she could buy Ashlyn a meal but he was still being rejected by this pretty little woman.

The man said softly, "We have troubled you today. Why don't we have a meal together? The meal's on my younger sister."

With a chuckle, Principal Potter replied, "Don't we need to make an early reservation at Imperial Hotel?"

"Principal Potter, let me tell you, you don't have to worry about the reservation as long as my sister-in-law is around!" Naomi looked at Ashlyn with admiration after saying this. "Isn't that right?"

Naomi heard about this from Blair Nolan, saying that no advanced reservation was needed if Ashlyn wanted to go to Imperial Hotel for a meal. I wonder if her privilege will work?

Ashlyn grinned. "It's my honor to have a meal with Principal Potter and Mr. Granger. Let's go."

Lucas frowned slightly. What is the relationship between this woman and the boss of Imperial Hotel? Can he be a suitor of hers as well?

When he thought of this, he was on the edge of exploding in anger. How he wished to beat up the boss of Imperial Hotel and blow up his restaurant!

*

The group walked out of Tulip City together.

This was Lucas' first time thinking that his sister was an eyesore.

Being senseless, she invited Ashlyn to ride in her Porsche. When the latter got into her car, she smiled happily as her flattering had succeeded. The last time he saw someone with such a smile was at the Jaquin Residence.

He deeply doubted whether his sister had any problems with her sexual orientation.

I'm already wary of fire, theft, Jared, and the Jaquin brothers; do I have to be wary of my sister too?

Lucas' handsome face was grim as he sat in his Bentley. He was extremely close to exploding with rage.

Is my Bentley Elegant 728 that's worth ten million not

good enough? The leather and the material of interior lining are of top quality. Furthermore, I installed a 4-inch ultra-thin screen DVD system and surround sound system in it. The car is basically a mobile private cinema. Is it not luxurious enough? Huh? But that woman still chose Naomi's Porsche 911 over my Bentley. This is pissing me off!

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 220
Lucas gritted his teeth while staring at the red Porsche 911.

As the car stopped in front of the Imperial Hotel, a few valets came over enthusiastically to assist them with the parking.

Just as they got out of the car, they saw Blair, Tinsor, and Winsor at the entrance.

Lucas had a stern look on his face. What are these three people doing together? Are they waiting for us?

After that, he saw his brother, who still had a bandage on his head, rushed forward like a dog. "Ashlyn, I've been waiting for you."

He bowed and nodded before pushing the door wide open. "Ashlyn, come in. It's hot outside."

Tinsor pushed him away angrily, rushing to be the guy who led the way. "Goddess, Imperial Hotel's dishes are getting more delicious. My brother will buy the meal this afternoon."

"Ms. Berry, you don't have to be shy. I heard from Tinsor that you saved him at the clubhouse two days ago. I have to buy you a meal to thank you. Not just today and tomorrow, but also the day after. It would be best if..."

Winsor flashed a smile, which he thought was handsome, at Ashlyn. He then winked playfully and said, "It would be best if I can support you forever."

Initially, the brothers were going to visit Blair at the hospital, but when the latter received Naomi's text saying they were dining in at Imperial Hotel, they rushed to the restaurant without hesitation.

Blair's head was not hurting anymore; all his pain had been relieved.

What was bizarre was Winsor and Blair, who were usually enemies, became Ashlyn's fans at the same time.

Although they still bickered non-stop, they no longer fought whenever they had the chance to.

"Winsor, I think you are too free!" Ashlyn said mercilessly.

She then lifted the hem of her skirt gracefully and walked into the grand hall.

Naomi followed them immediately at the sight of this.

"Hey, wait for me!"

Meanwhile, Winsor had a brief exchange of words with Principal Potter and Mr. Granger.

The two authoritative people of University T were extremely curious about Ashlyn's identity.

This young lady is extraordinarily beautiful. Her demeanor is sophisticated. Didn't Ms. Nolan address her as sister-in-law? Then why is Winsor appearing to be pursuing her? Winsor Jaquin and Lucas Nolan... I thought something serious happened when Mr. Nolan called for our presence so urgently. But... he did all that to humiliate others for this lady named Ashlyn. The way this lady speaks to Winsor is... as if she's trying to chase a dog away... But not only is he not upset, but he also looks happy... I don't understand... Perhaps I'm too old. Ashlyn's eyes glimmered as she listened attentively to the chatters around her.

Suddenly, a man reached his big palm out to grab her slim wrist but she raised her arm and dodged away in time.

Lucas' thin lips tightened while his outstretched hand lingered in the air.

His eyes stared at the woman without blinking.

He was so infuriated that anger almost gushed out from within his eyes.

You look so interested in listening to these rascals, but I can't even touch you?

His gaze darkened.

The atmosphere at the grand hall of the Imperial Hotel was full of suffocating oppression. Even the waiters could sense the horrifying aura.

However, someone thought it was funny. Winsor cocked his eyebrows smugly.

My goddess is so feisty! She doesn't give Lucas special treatment just because he's extremely good-looking. He was no longer upset by the rejection from just a few seconds ago.

I'm happy as long as Lucas is sad! Hmph!

Ashlyn walked straight toward the front desk upon entering the Imperial Hotel.

Before she opened her mouth, the manager exclaimed, "Ms. Berry, you're here. Wow! You're gorgeous today! You look like a classical beauty."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 221

"Stop flattering me." Ashlyn's lips curled slightly.

"Arrange a table for me. These are all my friends."

"Yes, no problem. I'll make an arrangement right away."

The manager at the front desk nodded respectfully before rushing out to start preparing.

"Ms. Berry is here. Ms. Berry is here. Hurry up and notify the kitchen. Our Ms. Berry is here. Serve all her favorite dishes. Don't forget about her favorite ice cream.

Everything needs to be prepared well. Oh. She brought a few friends. Make sure you give her a satisfying service. Understood?"

Two minutes later, the manager personally led them to a European-style round table.

"Ms. Berry, please have a seat."

"Principal Potter, Mr. Granger, have a seat." Ashlyn smiled at the two middle-aged men. "Everyone please take a seat."

The two men were once again shocked.

This is undoubtedly... Imperial Hotel's VIP treatment, right? Imperial Hotel is a high-end restaurant with bustling business. One may not secure a table even if he reserves one week in advance. But Ashlyn does not even need to queue and she acts like a host.

Both Mr. Nolan and Winsor did not have any objections. Feeling ecstatic, Naomi was about to sit beside Ashlyn. However, someone acted quicker than her and took her

place.

She raised her head and saw her brother sitting like an iceberg on Ashlyn's left side.

After silently cursing him, she rushed for the seat on Ashlyn's right. In the end, she witnessed Winsor taking that seat like a burly tower.

Naomi could not do anything but return to her seat by Blair's side.

The latter then patted her hand. "Are you a fool? How can you separate your brother and your sister-in-law? Can't you see that the Jaquin brothers are trying to get in between them?"

The former moaned and grunted pitifully.

Is it wrong to want to be near Ashlyn?

"Ms. Berry, I've instructed the kitchen to prepare your favorite dishes. Ladies and gentlemen, what would you like to eat?" The manager served them personally and gave Ms. Berry full respect.

He was determined to give Ms. Berry an enjoyable and satisfying experience.

In this world, only Ms. Berry would receive such treatment from him!

Ashlyn had figured out what the manager was thinking by looking at how enthusiastic he was.

She passed the menu over to Principal Potter and Mr. Granger. "What would you like to eat? Ms. Nolan made a million today!"

"That's right. Thank you for testifying just now," Naomi said instantly.

The two of them were not someone indecisive, hence they ordered a few signature dishes and passed the menu to Lucas.

Lucas glanced at the menu. Not uttering a word, he gave the menu to Ashlyn.

Puzzled, she lowered her eyes and looked at him.

"What's wrong?"

"Order for me," the man spat out these three words as his eyes shimmered with anticipation.

A look of helplessness flashed through her pretty face.

"I'll have this, this and this..."

She ordered a few dishes; all of which were Lucas' favorites and also the one she frequently cooked at home.

This man is absolutely spoilt and perverted. Are the dishes she ordered extra tasty? Huh? Psycho!

Upon seeing this, Winsor said unwillingly, "Ms. Berry, can you order a few dishes for me as well?"

"Sorry. I don't know what you like. You should order on your own." Ashlyn passed the menu back to him.

He did not like this at all.

As Winsor raised his head, he saw Lucas' triumphant gaze.

The difference in treatment is blatant! Why does my goddess have to know what Lucas likes and order it for him?

Lucas' dejection was abated as his joy elevated.

However, he began to be irritated again just seconds later.

His jealousy was so immense that everyone could sense it.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 222
Because Imperial Hotel's chef, who was more arrogant than a Michelin chef, ran toward them.

Being handsome and attractive, his looks were of a typical European—blonde hair with blue eyes as well as a tall and muscular physique.

"Ah! Lyn, you're here."

He wanted to give Ashlyn an enthusiastic French hug.

Suddenly, a hand firmly grabbed him by the shoulders.

"She doesn't like having physical interaction with outsiders."

Brimming with tears, his shoulder ached from the firm grip that felt like steel tongs.

Howard stared at him in shock. "Who are you? Lyn and I have always been the best of friends!"

"That's enough. Howard, go and cook the dishes, okay?"

Ashlyn patted Howard's back to comfort him.

The blonde man with blue eyes felt wronged. "Lyn, he is so violent. I want to protect my human rights! I will

definitely sue him!”

“Shut up!” Ashlyn glared at him coldly. “Go back to the kitchen. Do not come out without my permission.”

“Lyn...” As grievances filled him, the manager hurried over and dragged him away. “Chef Howard, let’s go. Ms. Berry came with her friends. Be good and listen to her.”
“Okay.”

Howard was still indignant.

My heart is breaking into pieces. Lyn does not favor me anymore. I’m so pissed!

“He is extremely gifted in cooking, but he has some defects when it comes to communication skills.” Ashlyn glanced at Lucas before looking at everyone else. “I hope you don’t mind. Please don’t treat him any differently.”

“No wonder he’s so difficult to be invited. So many influential people have tried to meet him but he declined all their requests.” Winsor nodded. “But he is quite fluent in English.”

The chef, Howard, looks like... there’s something wrong with his brain at first sight. He seems to be a five-year-old intellectually. The manager still needs to coax him...

At that moment, the waiters started serving the dishes. When they saw Ashlyn, they were very courteous toward her. Although the Imperial Hotel was known for its excellent service, it was apparent that the waiters were extra passionate to her.

The way the waiters looked at Ashlyn and the joy that radiated from their bones could be seen by those present.

Almost everyone could sense that they were giving Ashlyn special treatment.

It was as if they had met their idols.

Lucas was used to this kind of situation because Tinsor, Blair, and Naomi had been treating Ashlyn with the same attitude.

“Ms. Berry, all the dishes are served. Please let me know if you need anything else.” Upon serving the last dish, the waiter said while bowing respectfully.

“You may leave now,” Ashlyn said.

“Please enjoy your meal at Imperial Hotel.” The waiter

left after saying this.

Winsor quickly took a piece of sweet and sour pork ribs and put it in her bowl. "Try this. It looks scrumptious."

Looking at the pork ribs, she was stunned for a second before nodding and saying thanks.

Blair was unable to keep his calm when he saw Winsor serving his sister-in-law.

The Jaquin brothers are so ambitious. They are like hooligans who always keep a distance from everyone. It's a surprise that Winsor served Ashlyn food!

Anxious, he took a glance at Lucas, trying to hint at him. Lucas, hurry up and serve Ashlyn food! The guy is trying so hard to please your wife!

Winsor took a piece of vegetable for himself. His delicate face had a faint smile on it as his gaze fell on Ashlyn's calm face.

The smile on the corners of his lips grew wider.

My goddess has eaten the pork ribs I served her!

Tinsor gave his brother a thumbs up in secret! You did well!

Lucas pursed his lips. It was as if his pair of cold eyes could look through people's secrets; it made people feel vulnerable. Meanwhile, anger grew inside him as he saw the pork rib.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 223
He started working on the king prawn like he had gone insane. His long fingers moved like they were creating the finest art, and it only took him a few minutes to get the American Lobster ready.

The man suddenly hissed softly.

Everyone turned around and saw that Lucas' finger was bleeding a little.

Lucas had his eyes down, and he didn't show any emotion on his face when he stared at Ashlyn. He then said the word that got everybody's jaw to drop: "Ouch." Lucas acted as if he was hiding his immense pain when he murmured, "It's fine, I'll just push through the pain." As Lucas spoke, he pushed the lobster towards Ashlyn and said, "Eat up. I took the shells out."

His pouting was... horrible, but it was strangely arousing, especially since he was ridiculously handsome.

Ashlyn took one look at the lobster, then turned to the man beside her, Lucas, who was as powerful and as graceful as royalties. However, she thought that he looked like a lunatic and was a little pretentious.

Where the hell is your dominance and power, Mr. Nolan? Did you spend all that energy to act like a pretentious idiot?

Ashlyn was too exasperated to even diss him. Just then, the powerful and graceful man put his bleeding finger in front of her face and complained, "I'm still bleeding. Please treat my injuries, Dr. Berry."

Ashlyn grabbed a napkin from the side and crudely slapped it onto his finger before tying it into a butterfly knot. "Is Mr. Nolan satisfied with my treatment?"

The cute butterfly looked ridiculous on that powerful man's finger.

However, Lucas was satisfied with it and requested, "Dr. Berry, I want some steak. Can you feed me? I am injured so I can't lift the cutleries."

Which kindergarten did this immature brat come from? Seriously, is it even possible for him to be more childish? Naomi was stunned.

Lucas' behavior got Naomi to see him in an entirely different light.

She had always seen her big brother as a domineering, cool, and sometimes cruel figure.

He could actually bring himself to act that immaturely and shamelessly?

Compared to Lucas' shamelessness, Naomi's play to demand attention seemed like parlor tricks.

Blair gloated and shot a look at Tinsor. That look basically screamed, See that? My brother is the true expert in this field.

I'd give my brother a thumbs up if this is on Facebook.

My brother and his wife are the true endgame!

Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger chose to eat in silence.

They felt like they had met another version of the

renowned Mr. Nolan.

Even Spencer was in shock.

Mr. Nolan. Holy! You are on a whole other level of blatantly flirting! That is downright demonic. Although...

Ms. Berry isn't exactly the kind of woman who would be easily defeated...

As suspected, Spencer soon heard Ashlyn's cherry lips call the waiter over. "Mr. Nolan is injured. Please feed him."

"Understood, Ms. Berry," replied the waiter, who quickly picked up the cutlery.

The waiter looked sincere when he smiled at Lucas. "Mr. Nolan, what would you like to have?"

Lucas' sharp eyes narrowed, and his voice carried a hint of suppressed annoyance. "Ashlyn, my stomach is acting up."

Winsor was so irritated that he was tempted to throw his fork at Lucas' stupid face. Just how shameless can you be? Where is your dignity?

Winsor later got some vegetables for Ashlyn. He did so mindlessly and habitually, it seemed like he had actually done it a million times before.

Lucas felt his chest gripping. He pushed the lobster to Ashlyn once more and said, "This is more delicious."

Ashlyn's already breathtaking face lit up with a small grin.

When Ashlyn was grouchy, her entire body would exude a chilling vibe that would make others flee. However, her grin was exotic and stunning, and could make people's eyes glow.

It was as if her smile could light up the entire room.

Almost everyone was stunned.

"What are you smiling at?" asked Lucas as his eyes glowed with a hint of seduction.

"Thank you for helping me with the lobster, Lucas," said Ashlyn as she stood up and grabbed Lucas' plate. After that, she put his favorite dishes onto the plate.

"You may leave. He's a lunatic, so it's difficult to serve him," informed Ashlyn as she turned to the waiter who had been standing awkwardly at one side since Lucas

ignored him.

She has got to be the only woman who dared to call Lucas Nolan a lunatic right to his face.

What's even more surprising was that Mr. Nolan is still staring in anticipation.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 224

It was unbelievable because it looked as if Lucas was eagerly waiting to be fed.

Lucas' domineering aura seeped out without him being aware of it, and his dark eyes shone with cruelty.

He could pressurize others just by looking at them, and his handsome face could easily grip a person's heart. However, his eyes burned with passion when he turned to the woman beside him. He stared as if he wanted to study everything about her.

Anyone could tell that Lucas was into Ashlyn.

Winsor's expression darkened, and his eyes shone with a complex emotion.

That Lucas really knows how to get attention. Those pretentious lies are utterly shameless. An injured finger and a stomachache? Isn't it embarrassing for an adult like him to complain about something like that?

Lucas' handsome face shone with displeasure when he saw the distaste in Winsor's eyes.

The Jaquin family and the Nolan family were not fighting at that exact moment. Their thoughts, however, remained mean: Are the Jaquin siblings masochists? They had their butts kicked by a woman, and that somehow made them fall heads over heel for that woman. They are acting like superglue and sticking around her.

Lucas narrowed his eyes dangerously. When he saw the mountain of food on his plate, a hint of satisfaction appeared on his face and he attacked Winsor at his weakest point. "Mr. Jaquin, how is business? Have your company's share price gone back up after it fell by three percent?"

Winsor almost spat blood from the sudden rise of blood pressure.

"My company's share price is none of your concern, Mr.

Nolan.”

Lucas gracefully ate the food Ashlyn got him. It tasted great, and the only thing that could make it better was if Ashlyn never met the owner of the Imperial Hotel.

“Then I will pray for Jaquin Group’s retaliation and continual increase in share prices in the future,” said Ashlyn.

Winsor’s annoyance faltered a little, and his darkened expression turned slightly warmer.

So what if he has Jaquin Group? The share prices are falling, and he still can’t get Ashlyn to serve him food. Lucas never realized just how childish and funny his thoughts were.

Everyone on site saw how Lucas’ domineering aura and dark eyes burned with fury, but it was slowly turning into temporary happiness.

No one knew that Lucas had such immature thoughts. Even someone as slow as Blair could tell that his big brother looked jealous. Is he upset about how Winsor is nice towards Ashlyn?

Blair’s heart trembled. Strike one.

He was the one who invited the Jaquin siblings over.

Given how possessive his brother looked just a second ago, it was likely that Lucas was angry.

Oh, no. He’s not going to deduct my pocket money, is he?

Blair looked pale and pitiful when he turned to Ashlyn. The former was obviously asking for help when he said, “Lucas, I...”

“Shut up,” barked Lucas as he narrowed his angry eyes at Blair and shot an icy dagger into Blair’s heart.

Blair’s heart trembled again. Strike two! However, Blair’s dread soon turned to annoyance.

Seriously, bro. Don’t get a divorce if you’re that possessive and jealous. Are you into playing post-divorce mind games or something? Ashlyn is single now, and she can hang out with anyone she wants. You don’t get to butt in anymore...

Wait, hold on, no! Blair Nolan, how can you think like that? Do you want Ashlyn to be Winsor’s wife? No, nope,

definitely not!

Blair quickly nodded like a rooster pecking on rice. After that, he said, "Lucas, I-let me get you some food."

"Keep your dirty hands away from me," protested Lucas calmly.

Blair's heart trembled yet again. Strike three, and Blair's heart died.

Seriously, is this how you treat your baby brother?

My heart is shattered. Actually, scratch that, it's powdered!

After eating, both Naomi and Winsor argued to pay for the meal. Naomi glared over and bulged her cheeks. She looked like a frog for a second before she protested, "What are you doing? We agreed that I will be the one paying for the meal. I came all the way here to thank Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger for their help. Can you not argue with me?"

"Ms. Nolan, I am the gentleman, and I have the privilege of paying the bill," insisted Winsor. He never thought that he'd live to see the day when a kid tried to get the check from him.

"I don't care. Most of the people here are from my family, so I am paying for the meal!" said Naomi before she angrily fished her card out of her wallet.

Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger, on the other hand, were curious about Ashlyn.

Principal Potter asked, "What do you do for a living, Ms. Berry?"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 225

"Oh, I'm a doctor," replied Ashlyn politely.

"I see," murmured Principal Potter.

"Which department do you work in, Ms. Berry?" asked Supervisor Granger.

Ashlyn remained polite and answered, "I'm a surgeon."

The two middle-aged men turned to one another and looked into each other's eyes without anyone noticing.

"You seem to be close to the owner of the Imperial Hotel, Ms. Berry," commented Principal Potter.

"Oh, not at all. We're just friends, that's all," said Ashlyn,

who thought it was weird that the two middle-aged men in tuxedos were that much of a gossip.

Why are they so curious?

Lucas, on the other hand, paid close attention to their conversation.

Ah, so she's not close to him. That's good... Maybe she only knows the chef well?

Still, the chef didn't look mentally sane and had the intelligence of a five-year-old.

Lucas' nervous heart finally settled down.

When the group left the Imperial Hotel, Principal Potter turned to Ashlyn and suggested, "If you are free, you can drop by the university's medical department to share some of your experiences with our students. Will that be okay? If so, when will you be free, Ms. Berry?"

What? You guys set up a meeting just like that?

Lucas was a little uncomfortable about it.

He had been chasing Ashlyn's many suitors away, and he wondered if that old dude, Principal Potter, was interested in Ashlyn as well.

"Thank you, Principal Potter, but I am rather swamped lately because I recently accepted a minor medical mission from the government. Maybe after I completed the mission? We can set up a time then," said Ashlyn. She knew that Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger had helped her solve her issue with Jeremy Halliwell. Naturally, she was happy to repay that favor.

Ashlyn hated owing anybody anything.

"R-really?" blurted Principal Potter, who then turned excitedly to Supervisor Granger.

She agreed to it just like that?

"I always keep my word. You can call Jared to set up a date. He's the guy who called you earlier today," reminded Ashlyn with a smile.

Only then did Principal Potter recall that he had received a call from Jared that day. Jared is the guy who asked about Jeremy Halliwell!

Looks like Mr. Quickton was gathering information for Ms. Berry...

Huh... this lady really is weird.

Lucas reached out and held Ashlyn's waist when he heard how she had told Principal Potter to contact Jared. "You can call me to talk about that too," said Lucas. Lucas' huge palm gripped Ashlyn's waist a little too tightly and made it uncomfortable for her to even breathe.

She didn't show her displeasure on her face, but she was secretly irritated.

Why the hell are you publicly holding my waist?

Ashlyn elbowed the man and got him to frown in pain, but he still refused to let her go.

This woman... She's so heartless. Her elbow hurt my stomach so much!

At that moment, a blonde man with blue eyes stood behind the window in Imperial Hotel. He was looking out the window and glaring at the tall guy who was holding the lady's waist.

His blue eyes no longer shone with the innocence it exuded a moment ago, and they were slightly narrowed with jealousy shining through them.

He glared intently at the couple standing at the entrance of the restaurant as resentment threatened to drown him.

Lyn...

The man was lost as he reached out for the woman on the ground floor. His voice couldn't help but tremble as he said, "Lyn, it has been years, but you never even looked at me once."

The man had stayed in the country and worked at that hotel just for her. Sometimes, she wouldn't even show up for months, but he waited for her anyway.

However, she was now with another man despite all of his sacrifices and patience.

His heart gripped, and he was in endless pain.

"Chef Howard, will you continue cooking today?" asked a kitchen worker as he walked over.

The worker was extremely polite.

Howard's EQ was ridiculously low, and he only had the maturity of a five-year-old, but his cooking skills were top-notch, so everyone in Imperial Hotel respected him.

Howard's frown exuded a murderous aura powered by intense jealousy, but he put them away, and his blue eyes reverted to their usual innocent style. "Nah, I'm tired. You guys can handle the rest."

"Understood," replied the worker before he turned to leave. The worker couldn't help but wonder. Why did chef Howard seem different? I almost couldn't get myself to speak when I saw him earlier.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 226

Did that murderous aura really come from Chef Howard?

Nah, I must've made a mistake.

At the entrance of Imperial Hotel.

The cars were driven over.

Winsor immediately saw that Lucas' domineering and possessive arm was around Ashlyn's waist. That got Winsor upset, and he couldn't hold it in. "Mr. Nolan, you're married, so isn't it inappropriate to hold Ms. Berry this closely in public? Aren't you worried that your wife would get upset and make you sleep on the couch tonight?"

Flames of fury danced in Lucas' eyes. If he never got a divorce, he would've been able to tell Winsor to f*ck off there and then.

My wife is right beside me!

Unfortunately...

All Lucas could do was frown a little and glare at him.

Lucas pointed out, "My relationship with my wife has nothing to do with you."

However, Lucas felt like those words carried no power. It was simply not the same as shouting that his wife was right beside him!

If it weren't for the divorce, Lucas could make Winsor eat his words.

Lucas had regretted his decision after getting the divorce, but he only regretted it once, and that regret zipped by quickly.

That was normal since he had never thought about why he was addicted to hanging around Ashlyn.

However, Lucas truly, truly regretted getting a divorce at

that moment.

He didn't know that Ashlyn was so cute and lively that she would attract all sorts of suitors to her.

He hadn't even finished dealing with one before five more suitors popped out from nowhere.

If he had known all that early on, he would never have gotten the stupid divorce.

Ashlyn twisted her waist a little to get out of the man's hold, but Lucas had locked her waist in and made her get into his Bentley.

Naomi watched as her big brother possessively dragged Ashlyn away. After that, Naomi had no choice but to get into her own car bitterly.

Awh, why is he so possessive towards Ashlyn even after the divorce? I wanna hang out with Ashlyn, too!

Inside the Bentley.

The aura was a little stiff in the car, and it felt like the calm before the storm.

Ashlyn demanded impatiently. "What the hell were you doing? I came here in your sister's car and was supposed to hitch a ride with her!"

Ashlyn's words got Lucas stumped, and his annoyance suddenly got stuck in his chest.

That anger wouldn't go down, nor would it blow up.

His expression, however, darkened like nothing before.

So this woman is planning to get together with Naomi?

What the hell is so good about that brat? Gah, I'm

jealous. I'm so f*cking jealous!

Lucas suddenly felt hopeless in the deepest pit of his soul.

He had fallen so far that he was jealous of that little brat?!

His heart felt stuffed and uncomfortable as he resisted the urge to lean over and kiss Ashlyn's lips.

I-I must teach her a lesson, so that she'll stop going around attracting crazy amounts of suitors.

Upon thinking that, Lucas put on a grouchy expression and asked, "When did you two get so close? She is nothing but a stupid brat."

His tone was basically implying, I am handsome, rich,

and energetic, so come check me out! Look at me!
Ashlyn stared on as the man's expression get darker and darker. She couldn't help raising her brows while her eyes shone with dissatisfaction. She said, "Lucas, I do need to thank you for what you did today. However, I could've handled the situation even if you didn't bring Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger over."

"You really should thank me," replied Lucas, who initially planned to compete against Naomi stubbornly.

When he heard what Ashlyn said, his grouchy expression instantly brightened up, and his gaze landed on her pink, cherry lips.

Lucas' throat moved, and he suddenly placed his huge palm on the back of her head.

He was about to kiss Ashlyn when she fought back by placing her hands on her lips. "What are you doing?"

"Receiving my compensation," replied Lucas before he pried Ashlyn's hands away and kissed her.

Their lips locked, and his warm breath brushed against her cheek.

Ashlyn was a little upset.

Is this the mating season for this guy? He kissed without any warning!

Lucas realized that Ashlyn was distracted even as he kissed her, and a spark of anger started a forest fire in him.

Lucas became more aggressive, and Ashlyn moaned aloud.

She soon tasted the metallic blood spreading across her mouth.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 227

Lucas wasn't bothered by that metallic taste. In fact, it gripped his chest and made him kiss her even more passionately.

Lucas didn't let Ashlyn go until just before she passed out from breathlessness.

His breathing was uneven as he tilted his head down and stared at her.

His tone was powerful when he said, "I am very happy

with this compensation.”

Ashlyn was a little exasperated.

Must this guy always act so immaturely in front of me?

When she heard how certain Lucas sounded, she grabbed his collar and growled, “Oh, you’re happy with it? I’m not! You are terrible at kissing. You bit my lip and....”

Ashlyn hadn’t even finished speaking before Lucas couldn’t help burn red in his face and kissed her once more.

How dare she question my skills? This woman really needs to be taught a lesson!

His hand landed on the back of her head once more, and he was, once again, in control. All Ashlyn felt was that her heart was stirring like a feather was tickling it.

The aura in the car soon turned romantic, and the passion in Lucas’ eyes became more and more obvious.

He looked like he wanted to swallow Ashlyn whole.

Ashlyn’s heart gripped. That’s strange. The Spirogyra isn’t acting up today.

Ashlyn believed that if the Spirogyra remained quiet, she could handle Lucas’ incredibly handsome face that could seduce all of humanity.

I must not react to that delicious man.

Lucas’ eyes turned dark. He suppressed all of his passion and eagerness as he tilted his head down and kissed her again.

“I’m not done...”

Ashlyn took a deep breath and realized that the Spirogyra in her body wasn’t reacting to her being turned on!

Ashlyn was secretly delighted.

Is the Spirogyra finally dead? Has it lost its power? Yes! I just hope that it will never start working again.

What Ashlyn didn’t realize was that the fat and content Spirogyra was simply napping deep within her blood vessels at the time.

The Spirogyra had gotten bigger and fatter than it used to be. It glowed in gold and was chubby. In a way, it looked pretty cute.

Ashlyn wasn't infuriated by Lucas' obvious hint to take things to the bed, but she still had to protect her own rights. "Oy, Lucas Nolan, I've already compensated you for your help."

"That doesn't count," replied the man quickly... and shamelessly.

Ashlyn blinked her stunning brown eyes. "You're not supposed to bully others like that, because you're the president of a company and the captain of the ship. Do you always go back on your deal when you talk business with your clients?"

Lucas' sexy lips curved up. His dark eyes shone with mischief as he clarified, "You didn't take the initiative to thank me, so the kisses didn't count. You're supposed to be straightforward when you thank others, you know?"

Ashlyn scoffed. She was rather comfortable without the Spirogyra messing with her.

She even sounded more certain when she spoke with Lucas, "Oh, how should we solve this problem? I feel like I should just thank you with my fist instead!"

Ashlyn had always wanted to learn how good Lucas was at fighting, so she didn't say anything before she threw a punch as fast as lightning towards Lucas.

To her surprise, Lucas caught her punch.

"Be good. You're a girl and should be gentler."

The man's hand caught her fist, but it was strong and aggressive.

This woman is eerily strong. I may have caught that punch, but I am also pinned to my seat.

"Lucas, we already got a divorce, yet we are still hanging out together all the time. Is that really alright?" said Ashlyn calmly as she retracted her fist.

The man's eyes shone with warmth as he replied, "I think it's pretty cool. There are couples who fell in love before they got married, and there are couples who fell in love after they got married. We're the couple that fell in love after the divorce. It's quite amazing."

"I never said I wanted to date you," refuted Ashlyn as she pouted. After that, she asked, "Did you already finish all the food in the fridge that I prepared a few days ago?"

“Yeah,” answered Lucas as his mesmerizing eyes stared at the lady’s beautiful face. He had been eating the food she prepared for every meal, so he finished it quickly. Hence, he needed her to go cook for him. It’d be best if she could stay there forever with him too. He only realized that his stomach couldn’t survive without her after he had already gotten the divorce. My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 228 All other delicacies in the world tasted bland after he had tried Ashlyn’s cooking. In fact, his stomach would be upset after he ate dishes that others cooked. “You’re crazy,” said Ashlyn as she glared over. What kind of stomach does this man have? How did he finish all that so quickly?

“We’re heading to the supermarket,” instructed Lucas to Spencer.

The car reached the supermarket’s parking lot soon after, and all three of them went in.

Spencer was responsible for pushing the cart while Lucas followed closely behind Ashlyn.

Ashlyn, on the other hand, focused on picking the groceries.

The unearthly handsome man and the stunningly gorgeous lady stood together in the supermarket. Many walked past them, but everyone kept turning around to stare at Ashlyn and Lucas.

The man was tall, and the aura he exuded repelled everyone, so no one dared to stare at his face.

The lady, however, was cute with clear eyes and gorgeous brows. She was so beautiful that it was shocking.

Many security guards couldn’t help staring at Ashlyn from afar.

Lucas forced his temper down and stopped himself from acting up, but the vein on his forehead was jumping profusely.

His face darkened because he suddenly realized that the woman he loved attracted everyone’s attention, regardless of where she was or what time of the day it

was.

She caught so many people's attention even though she was only there to buy some groceries.

An intense sense of danger welled up in his heart. It was the kind of threat that Lucas had never felt before.

He suddenly held the woman's wrist and instructed, "Remember to keep your distance from everyone else."
"Huh? What?"

Ashlyn didn't understand why that man had suddenly gone insane once more. What now?

Ashlyn was busy choosing the steaks, and the box of beef fell from her hand and back to the freezer.

Annoyed, she tilted her head up and saw, from Lucas' eyes, that he was being serious.

Her confused expression was extremely cute and completely different from her usual distant expression. That cuteness could drive anyone crazy, but she was not aware of it.

Lucas' throat went dry, and he put his hand on the back of her head before he dragged her face to his chest.

"You're not allowed to show anyone else that expression," instructed Lucas.

Just be mean and distant with everyone else. That cute side of yours is reserved for me.

Ashlyn struggled out of his chest and looked up. She protested angrily, "Why are you acting so crazy all of a sudden? You don't actually think that everyone will fall for me instantly and tackle over, do you? I-is there something wrong with your brain or something?"

Lucas frowned and insisted, "I won't allow you to shop for groceries anymore."

Ashlyn was speechless.

This possessive man is beyond hope. Seriously? He's jealous of strangers? Is that really what this is? I didn't read this situation wrong, did I?

Ashlyn thought that she had already clarified everything and even reminded him how they were divorced.

He was the one who asked for the divorce, so she thought that his mind was getting clearer.

So why does it look like he is actually getting even more

confused? Is he addicted to being jealous? You're not my husband anymore, so what right do you have to be jealous? You got Principal Potter and Supervisor Granger over. That is the only reason I'm shopping for groceries with you right now, and cooking for you later. I won't do any of that otherwise, not even in your dreams!

Ashlyn was downright furious at that moment.

Why didn't she notice just how possessive that man was? He was so possessive that it was crazy, and she never even asked for his help in the first place!

Ashlyn felt a headache coming.

The two of them were too beautiful, and their hug only made everyone's eyes bulge.

Dang, you don't need to show off your romance even if you are that good-looking.

Even the middle-aged lady working on the weighing machine was stunned.

Lucas' deadly glare swept across the room.

The middle-aged lady felt a chill run down her spine, and she quickly turned back to her job.

Oh, my gosh!

The lady would've fled the supermarket if she wasn't working there.

That man is too powerful. I've lived for so long and have seen so much, but even I can't get myself to look him in the eye.

The middle-aged lady's legs were still trembling even after Ashlyn and Lucas had left.

Spencer carried the fresh produce they just bought and followed behind.

Lucas and Ashlyn walked side-by-side down the path in the tranquil garden to reach the villa.

The stars donned the sky, and Lucas felt serene and happy.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 229

Lucas had never gone grocery shopping with Ashlyn in the four years that they were married.

He never realized that grocery shopping with her would be that strange.

He had bought some seafood the last time he went out, and he somehow messed it up. It felt great to be by her side as she shopped for groceries.

Lucas' lips curved up, and he was delighted.

When they got home, Lucas took off his coat and said to Ashlyn with a straight face, "I'll help you."

Spencer didn't know what to say.

Mr. Nolan is so polite as an assistant, and it is astounding! His usual stance is so distant that he freezes others into a block of ice. Hell, I would've assumed that he is an emotionless robot if it isn't for the fact that he can talk, think, and fly an airplane! Fortunately, Ms. Berry showed up and melted his robotic heart. Honestly though, Mr. Nolan, I feel bad for you when I see how you keep circling around Ms. Berry like that. If you hadn't gotten a divorce back then, you and Ms. Berry would still be living a happy, married life. What a pity. Why did you have to hurt yourself and ask for a divorce? Ms. Berry doesn't acknowledge you now, and I can't blame her for that.

Spencer was busy internally dissing Lucas when the latter walked into the kitchen.

Ashlyn, on the other hand, had fished out all the fresh groceries from the bag.

She placed the ingredients that she didn't need in the refrigerator.

"What would you like to eat?" asked Ashlyn as she turned to the handsome man who stared with puppy eyes and acted like he was waiting in anticipation.

Lucas' eyes glowed a little. "How about beef stew? Or lobster? Or maybe seared steak?"

Ashlyn glared over. "Those were the dishes served in Imperial Hotel. You only took a few bites at the time, and now you want me to make the exact same dish for you again? Have you gone nuts?"

Lucas didn't say anything.

His dark puppy eyes simply stared at her, and his handsome face exuded the kind of hunger that words could not describe.

His tone was domineering and unreasonable when he

insisted, “You promised you’d thank me, so you can’t go back on your words now.”

Lucas’ stomach had acted up again, and the pain got to him a little.

However, he kept it hidden.

Only the dishes that woman prepared could cure his aching stomach.

The chefs at the Imperial Hotel couldn’t cure it, neither could all other chefs.

Only that familiar smell and taste could satisfy his famished stomach and tortured tongue.

Ashlyn was a little exasperated by that man’s gaze that seemed to be able to get to anyone.

The aura in the kitchen froze over.

Spencer stood awkwardly outside the kitchen.

There are so many things that Mr. Nolan wants to eat.

Does he really take Ms. Berry as a chef in a five-star restaurant? Moreover, Ms. Berry is right. The restaurant served all those dishes, but Mr. Nolan refused to eat them. Now, he wants to trouble Ms. Berry to make the same dishes for him. That is... Well, that just makes him so punch-able.

Spencer didn’t say anything aloud, though.

Lucas tilted his head down and started working on the ingredients. He was awkward and inexperienced as he sliced the beef.

Lucas couldn’t cook, and the most he had ever done was help Ashlyn wash the vegetables.

“I’ve cut it into pieces. You can cook it now,” informed Lucas.

He was handsome and tall, and his figure was sexy as hell. He had a black shirt on, and he looked graceful even as he held the kitchen knife.

The beef he cut up, however, looked... absolutely horrible.

None of them were in the same size, everything was twisted, and every single one of them was in a different shape.

Ashlyn had trouble even looking at them.

She sighed. She didn’t ask for Lucas’ help, but he did

help her, so she felt compelled to take the kitchen knife from him. "I'll do it," said Ashlyn.

It's only a few dishes, anyway.

Lucas suddenly hissed just as she reached out to take the kitchen knife.

Eerie crimson red blood flushed out of his hand.

Ashlyn didn't have any time to think. She reached out to hold Lucas' hand, then informed Spencer, "Mr. White, please bring the first-aid kit over."

Spencer was only stunned for a second before he rushed to get the first-aid kit.

When he returned with the kit, he saw that Ashlyn was leading the tall man out of the kitchen.

Spencer quickly opened the box and got some band-aids out of them.

Ashlyn shook her head and said, "The cut is too big. We'll need a disinfectant and some bandage."

Spencer hurriedly got those two items out of the box.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 230

Ashlyn then cleaned the cut on Lucas' finger.

Spencer extended his neck to sneak a peek. Ooh!

The cut was at least three centimeters long, and it looked so deep that Lucas' skin and flesh were both protruding outwards. Mr. Nolan, did you need to be that cruel? Even to your own finger?

"Do you honestly think that your finger is the beef?"

scolded Ashlyn as she wrapped his finger up, "Don't let water get into it!"

Ashlyn stood up after she dealt with the cut. Her beautiful face was fuming, and she glared at the man on the sofa.

Cutting the beef gracefully was fake, and his charms were a ruse as well. That man is nothing but an idiot in the kitchen!

Lucas sat there without saying a word. He remained quiet as she tended to his wound.

His dark eyes burned as he stared at Ashlyn without looking away.

It felt as if she would flee if he even blinked.

Ashlyn hated that feeling. She felt like a prey that had been targeted by a hunter. She was locked in, and there was no escape. Ashlyn didn't say anything else. She simply turned and walked into the kitchen, before slamming the door shut. She didn't see that the man on the sofa was grinning slightly.

Spencer was utterly speechless.

Mr. Nolan, you were cut, and your blood flushed out. Yet, you are still so happy that you are grinning. Are you nuts? You look just like the idiot from...

Inspiration suddenly hit Spencer!

Mr. Nolan, y-you didn't just cut yourself on purpose, did you? Is this all a part of your plan to get Ms. Berry to stay? Dang, t-that is something else.

Spencer suddenly felt like a third-wheel, so he made up an excuse and left.

Ashlyn stayed in the kitchen for over an hour before she finally got all the dishes ready.

All the dishes that Lucas asked for were there, and as a bonus, she also cooked some vegetables.

It looked amazing and smelled delicious.

Ashlyn only realized that there weren't any vegetables after she had finished preparing all the dishes.

In the past, she would've made Lucas help carry all the dishes from the kitchen to the dining table. However, she thought about how Lucas' finger was injured, so she turned her head to get Spencer over. That was when she saw that Lucas was sitting alone on the sofa and staring out the window. She didn't even know what he was thinking.

"Where is Mr. White?"

"He had some errands to run."

"Get ready for dinner," said Ashlyn as she took her apron off and carried the dishes out on her own.

Lucas was a little annoyed by how that woman called out for Spencer as soon as she got out of the kitchen. He asked, "Why were you looking for Spencer?"

"Oh, to get him to help carry the dishes out, but he left, so it's fine," answered Ashlyn as she put the dishes on

the dining table.

Lucas stood up and walked to the dining table. His brown gaze swept to Ashlyn. Wow! My Ashlyn didn't plan on making me carry the dishes? D-does that mean that she is worried about me? Being injured really is the best!

Ashlyn turned around to get two bowls of soup out. After that, she went back into the kitchen to get the rest of the dishes out.

Ashlyn only sat down when she was done with everything.

Lucas got a few slices of beef and popped them into his mouth. The fragrant of the well-done steak was perfect! Lucas' tongue was finally satisfied, and he felt the kind of intense pleasure that could only be experienced by someone who had endured starvation.

His empty stomach finally settled down, and the pain was temporarily eased.

His stomach was like a drug addict that could only feel a shred of relief after he was given more drugs.

At that moment, it felt like only Ashlyn's cooking could bring him some relief.

And also extend his lifespan.

It didn't matter even if the dishes placed in front of him weren't exquisite delicacies that looked, smelled, and tasted great. Ashlyn could make toasted bread, and Lucas would find it delicious.

It seemed that Lucas was terribly and horrifyingly sick, and only Ashlyn could cure him.

Lucas truly was famished. He ate almost everything and drank a big bowl of soup.

As a result, he was stuffed, but he was extremely satisfied.

Lucas sat lazily by the dining table and watched as Ashlyn cleared everything away.

He suddenly asked, "Have you ever cooked for anyone else?"

Ashlyn stiffened, and her eyes shone with curiosity as she answered, "Yeah."

There were times when Jared and her other subordinates

had pled so much that she cooked for them.
Her subordinates also blatantly bribed her with tons of gifts, just so she would cook a few dishes for them if she were happy.
My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 231
A certain guy's expression changed so fast that even the naked eye could detect it.
Ashlyn never noticed anything wrong with Lucas, though.

She continued cleaning up, then walked into the kitchen to do the dishes.

It was already late at night when she was finally done. She sighed and grabbed her bag before informing, "I'm going home."

Lucas stared like a leopard honing in on his prey. His sharp gaze locked in on her lazily as he suggested, "It's late, so you should stay."

"Lucas, we're divorced," reminded Ashlyn exasperatedly. "The house is too big, and I'm scared of staying here alone because it's dark. I'm not used to the darkness," said the man, who decided to act weak the whole way through.

Lucas rarely lied, and he wasn't used to lowering his stance or acting weak.

As such, he didn't notice that his ears were slowly but surely turning red as he spoke.

Under the light, he looked ridiculously seductive, and his handsome face only made him more desirable.

Ashlyn was speechless.

She finally learned that some people were simply shameless and didn't have any limits as to how low they would go.

Lucas Nolan, the president of Nolan group, and the captain of his crew.

That was the man who could get the powerful figures of Lake City to shiver simply by stomping his foot... Isn't it a little ridiculous for him to say something so immature?

Ashlyn felt goosebumps all over herself.

Lucas had his eyes slightly down. Perhaps it was because

he was lying and felt guilty, but he didn't look Ashlyn in her eyes.

After a while, Lucas realized that Ashlyn never replied. He tilted his eyes up to sneak a peek and realized... that the door was open with the icy wind blowing in!

The lady had left.

How did she leave without making any noises or alerting me? F*ck!

Lucas stood up angrily.

That woman abandoned me and fled! I even lowered my stance and threw my arrogance away to ask her to stay.

Did she even notice any of that?

Lucas was utterly irritated because that was the first time he ever spoke so softly and sweetly to a woman, but she had ignored him.

F*ck!

Annoyance kept bubbling out of Lucas' heart and attacked him.

He acted like a lunatic as he grabbed the keys to his private helicopter and dashed out of the place.

*

The night was ridiculously dark.

A private helicopter zipped through the night.

As Lucas flew the plane, he called his employees who worked at the airline.

"Yes, Mr. Nolan, the path is clear, and we have purchased the exclusive right to fly from Whitland Villa to Bayview Villa. Yes, sir, you are the only one who can use that route, and you can use it whenever you want. You no longer need to send in a request or an application," said the employee at South Star Airlines immediately.

What kind of idiot would buy the exclusive right to fly within such a short distance? I'm guessing only rich CEOs would understand. Wait, doesn't Jared Quickton of the Centennial Healthcare live in Bayview Villa? Mr. Nolan and Mr. Quickton aren't gay lovers, are they? Holy sh*t! Lucas' subordinate couldn't help but tremble.

There's nothing wrong with being gay, and they're both handsome and rich, but isn't that a little...? I mean, doesn't Mr. Nolan have a wife who has never made a

public appearance before? Maybe he only married the woman to hide his true sexuality? Mr. Quickton's rumored girlfriend is probably just a ruse too. Man, it must be tough being a powerful CEO who has an uptight reputation to keep. Poor gays.

*

When Ashlyn got back to the Bayview Villa, she thought about how she had a lot of things to do on the next day. She decided to go to bed early.

She walked into her room and showered.

After that, she grabbed a towel and rubbed her wet, dark hair.

She was about to start blow-drying it when the door to her bedroom was suddenly opened.

Lucas' domineering aura flushed out as he stood by the door.

He had one hand on the doorknob, and his beautiful eyes glared evilly at the woman under the bright light. She only had a towel wrapped around her beautiful figure while water droplets naughtily dropped down from her hair.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 232
Water reflected the light off her beautiful shoulders, and she looked absolutely delicious.

That was especially true for her lean arm that seemed to be exuding a seductive glow.

Lucas wasn't expecting to see a view that amazing when he opened the door.

His gaze glowed with lust while his lips curved up into a devilish grin. "Ashlyn Berry, you really are something." She had to make me chase after her, huh?

Ashlyn calmly shifted her gaze to him before she continued blow-drying her hair. "Lucas, what do you want? You realize that you are breaking and entering, right?"

A few burly men rushed up the stairs at that moment.

When Lucas heard those footsteps, he slammed the door shut while his eyes glowed with a possessive glint.

Anyone who dared to see my woman's naked figure

would have their eyes clawed out!

When Lucas slammed the door, he hit the nose of the head of the security guard.

The security guard rubbed his nose as he shouted, "Ms. Berry, how are you? Are you okay? A man came in a private helicopter and injured a few of our men. He is a skilled fighter, and we are no match against him!"

Ashlyn scanned Lucas from head to toe before she shouted to her subordinates, "It's just my ex. You and the boys can leave."

"Understood, Ms. Berry."

"All is well as long as you are fine."

The burly men left after they were sure that Ashlyn was safe.

As they walked away, they gossiped, "Who would've thought that the boss' ex is that good-looking?"

"And he can really throw a punch too! We can't stop even though we went at him together."

"Yeah! He's handsome, a skilled fighter, and I heard that he is the president of a powerful company. Why did they get divorced?"

"Alright, come on. When did you lot become such gossips? Boss knows how to deal with her own issues, and remember, that man is nothing but an ex. He is not the real deal. We won't hurt the man our boss officially introduces us as her man, but that ex is old news, so next time, we will attack as we do other intruders.

Understand?"

"Understood! We should call a few more men over and kick the crap out of him."

"If he dares to hurt our boss again, we will crush his freaking head!"

Lucas didn't know that he had been marked and blacklisted by Ashlyn's subordinates, and he didn't know that they had decided to beat him up the next time.

At that moment in the room.

Lucas walked towards Ashlyn. His tall and muscular figure inspired fear as his eyes tilted down. He hovered over the beautiful lady in front of him.

Jared's subordinates are pretty loyal to her. They even

barricaded the door to try to stop me.

Ashlyn was somewhat surprised. She had trained all of her subordinates personally, and every single one of them were skilled fighters.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to call them the best of the best.

Yet Lucas can beat them even when they go after him altogether? And he even knocked them out?

Ashlyn had always known that Lucas was a powerful fighter, but she never realized that he was that strong.

Just how powerful is this man?

Ashlyn thought that she knew that ex of hers well, but the truth seemed to be that they were both hiding things from each other and pretending the entire time.

"I'm tired," said Lucas before he turned around and sat on Ashlyn's soft bed. He could smell her unique scent exuding from her pillow.

He took a deep breath before he laid down shamelessly and closed his eyes.

Yes, this is what I've been missing. This peace and serenity.

All of Lucas' anxieties, worries, and irritation faded out, and all that was left within him was tranquility.

Lucas felt as if he had been in a swirling storm the entire time, but the waves suddenly left without a trace. Not even a ripple was in sight.

It was as if all those negative emotions never existed in the first place.

Not even heaven could understand the kind of insanity he felt when he tilted his head up earlier and saw that Ashlyn had left.

A single thought kept running in his mind. Get her back! I have to get her back.

"Why the hell did you come to my place?" protested Ashlyn angrily and exasperatedly.

She got her hairdryer and turned around furiously.

However...

Is Lucas asleep? That man laid on my bed with his shoes and clothes on, and just slept? ... There seems to be dark bags under his eyes, though. He must be exhausted.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 233
Has he not been sleeping well?
Ashlyn frowned.

After that, she gripped her hairdryer a little before she went to the other room to blow dry it.

When she was done drying her hair, she returned and saw that the man looked like he was sleeping soundly. Ashlyn planned on going to bed early because she had an early morning the next day.

However, Lucas had taken over her bed, and she honestly didn't want to be involved with that man anymore.

She put her hairdryer aside and shifted her gaze to the man on the bed. She was about to cover the guy up with a blanket when Lucas suddenly opened his eyes and glared at her.

Ashlyn's wrist was gripped at the very next second.

"You're done drying your hair?" asked Lucas in a sexy, deep voice while his eyes remained bloodshot.

"Let me go," demanded Ashlyn through gritted teeth.

Her beautiful face had turned red from anger.

"Are you blushing? You're not shy, are you?" asked Lucas as his throat went dry. His handsome face shone with shards of lust.

The room was filled with Ashlyn's scent, and he loved it.

A room like that, with Ashlyn's scent in it, was better and more calming than all the lavenders in the world.

Lucas extended his other arm and pulled her into his embrace.

After that, the man turned to his side and immediately hugged Ashlyn tightly.

Ashlyn was, in effect, forced to be the man's hug pillow. She glared at the ridiculously handsome man and was a little annoyed.

"Lucas Nolan!"

Lucas shushed and put his fingers on her lips, which were as soft as rose petals.

"What on earth do you want?" growled Ashlyn evilly.

The response she got was the silence in the room.

All she could hear was the man's strong heart beating like a drum, and his even breathing echoing.

He fell asleep again? Within those few seconds? That's crazy!

Ashlyn twisted and turned in Lucas' arms and shifted her position to turn to him.

That was when she saw an incredibly handsome face that could move heaven and earth.

Under the dim light, Lucas' long eyelashes curved slightly upwards. His stunningly dark eyes were closed at that moment, but his cute nose and sexy lips were in plain sight.

He had a little beard on his chin, and that made him look a little... crude?

Ashlyn pictured Lucas as a crude man, and she couldn't help but grin at that funny image.

Her beautiful eyes narrowed as she tried to break free of the man's hold on her, but he had locked her in tightly.

To make matters worse, the man was ridiculously strong, so she couldn't get away.

Ashlyn was utterly speechless.

I wouldn't have believed that the guy hasn't been sleeping well if he didn't just fall asleep in a matter of seconds. Still, did the guy purposely force himself awake over the past few days? Or is there an actual valid reason he hasn't been sleeping soundly? Something feels off about this...

Before Ashlyn knew it, she turned groggy and was asleep as well.

Ashlyn was already asleep when the Spirogyra in her body shuffled its chubby figure and sniffed around using its tiny nose.

It detected its favorite scent, so it opened its eyes slowly and spread its tiny wings.

It fidgeted around the woman's body for a while, but it stopped soon after and settled down.

It then curled up once more and napped again.

It just so happened that it was napping at the spot where Lucas and Ashlyn were holding each other close. Their hearts were pressed together with only their skin and

clothes keeping the two organs apart.

The chubby Spirogyra laid in the position that made it look like cupid's invincible arrow had penetrated both hearts, and the Spirogyra was the arrowhead.

The night dwelled on, and the sky somehow seemed lovelier.

Lucas opened his eyes slowly and stared at the woman in his arms.

Her breathing was even, and that got Lucas to grin.

Her skin was soft, and her facial features were on point, so when she was sleeping like that, she looked like an innocent baby.

Her guard was turned off completely, and she looked so helpless that it discouraged anyone from disrupting her sleep.

Lucas felt much more energetic after his nap, but the serenity he felt made him feel too comfortable to move.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 234

Lucas felt contented just by looking at her face and encircling her in his arms.

His empty heart was filled to the brim with happiness in an instant.

Before this, he always had the feeling that something was missing; but now, he felt complete as if the missing piece were finally back into place.

He fixed his gaze on Ashlyn's sleeping face and couldn't help giving her a light peck on the forehead.

Pulling her closer in his arms, he eventually fell back asleep.

The other day, Ashlyn woke up to find that the sky was bright outside the window.

She quickly got up, frowning slightly after taking a look at her phone; it was already past nine o'clock.

Probably Lucas had turned off her alarm before he left, so that was why she woke up late.

She would wake up feeling grumpy if she failed to have a good night's sleep the last night.

Being an attentive man, Lucas was well aware of that, and he had his own way of dealing with her morning

grumpiness.

He was definitely good husband material, but sadly, they had no feelings for each other.

Ashlyn finished her morning routine and headed downstairs.

Today, she had promised Mr. Field that she would go to the concert hall.

As she reached the corner of the staircase, she was astonished at the sight of the living room.

What's going on?

The whole living room was carpeted with flowers.

There were a total of nine hundred and ninety-nine red roses in the middle of the living room, forming the word 'Ashlyn'.

Light blue baby's breaths had overspread the outer region, which further accentuated the delicate and blossoming red roses.

The fragrance of the roses permeated the entire house.

Countless balloons of different colors were floating in the air; each of the balloons had a ribbon attached with them that contained a message written on it.

"Good morning, honey!"

"I wish you all the happiness in the world."

Most of them were common blessings.

I didn't know Lucas is such a romantic person...

All he ever does is buy me pieces of fine jewelry and designer handbags... Today, he is different from his usual self. What's with the drastic change of attitude?

Ashlyn was surprised, and a swell of emotions surged in her heart.

It would be every woman's dream to wake up to find herself surrounded by a sea of flowers and balloons; no woman could say no to this fairy-tale romance.

The feelings of affection arose in her heart, but it dissipated like a bubble popped at the touch of the finger the moment she caught glimpse of a message on one of the ribbons, which wrote Honey, I want to eat beef stew.

The romantic vibe was blown away in an instant.

She caught sight of the messages on other

ribbons. "Honey, I miss your apple pie."

"I love vanilla ice cream milkshake, especially on a hot summer day."

"I like duck confit the best."

...

She doubted that he was not romancing her but was trying to order dishes instead.

Ashlyn grabbed hold of the balloons floating before her and hurled them onto the floor, stomping on them in an attempt to pop them.

Ugh! My ex-husband is an idiot!

She glared at her subordinates and ordered fiercely, "Throw them out! The flowers! The balloons! All of them!"

"Wait!" The next second, she changed her mind and gave a new order, "Throw them at the entrance of South Star Airlines!"

"Um... Yes, Ms. Berry." Her subordinates, which were all burly men, complied and started with the clean-up.

At the South Star Airlines headquarters, people were streaming in and out of the building.

Suddenly, a few black and flashy luxury cars pulled up in front of the building.

A few burly men, each of them holding numerous fresh roses in their arms, got out of the cars and started decorating at the entrance.

After that, they carried countless baby's breaths out of the car, laying them around the roses.

The passersby were rubbernecking as they thought someone was going to propose or confess to one of the many beautiful workers from South Star Airlines.

When they got closer, they noticed that there were bouquets of balloons floating mid-air just above where the roses laid; each balloon had a long silky ribbon attached to them.

The scene was picturesque; the crowd could sense romance in the air.

However, everyone gaped when they saw the words written on the ribbons.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 235
It wrote, Lucas Nolan, I don't care if you are craving for
beef stew, vanilla ice-cream milkshake, or apple pie!
Please turn left! You'll find delicious cuisines eight
kilometers away! Reservation Hotline: 1 XXX-XXX-XXXX.
Everyone was scratching their heads in confusion. What
is going on?

It seems like this is not a confession...

"Maybe these are Mr. Nolan's favorite food?"

"I never expect Mr. Nolan to fancy these homely meals."

"I was thinking the same... I thought Mr. Nolan would
prefer dishes made from expensive air-freighted
ingredients like Boston lobster, France steak, or some of
the most famous red wines..."

"Mr. Nolan's taste is nothing different from us!"

"I love vanilla ice cream milkshake as well, and I too
especially enjoy it during the summer days!"

"That's right! Mr. Nolan and I have similar tastes when it
comes to food. Apple pie is my favorite!"

"Mr. Nolan is so down to earth!"

A heated discussion over Lucas's taste and preference for
food erupted in the crowd.

South Star Airlines had always been a place full of
beautiful and handsome flight attendants, and later
became one of the most Instagram-able spots in the city.
A social media influencer, whose name was called Mini
Pig, had recorded a video on the spot and posted it on
TikTok.

Although she was not a mega influencer, the video
surged in popularity because of its intriguing thumbnail
which said: #Do you think the 999 roses are used for a
confession? You're wrong! They are used to order dishes!
She even wrote down the two sentences: 'lease turn left!
You'll find delicious cuisines eight kilometers away!
This was set as a still frame that lasted for about two
minutes before the video faded into black so that the
fans could read the words clearly.

The video was being shared on various social media
platforms by the netizens; they were all amused by the

two sentences.

“Is this some kind of hard sell marketing strategy of a restaurant? This restaurant is definitely a badass!”

“I think this is some restaurant’s marketing strategy. By the way, does anyone know what is the restaurant located eight kilometers away?”

“I think it is Imperial Hotel!”

“Maybe Imperial Hotel has joined hands with South Star Airlines to come up with this publicity stunt?”

“They even mentioned Mr. Nolan’s full name! What the hell is going on?”

“I think this is not a publicity stunt. If it really is a stunt, the publicity department and the strategic-planning department won’t dare to mention Mr. Nolan’s full name!”

“This video is priceless! I’m going to share it!”

“I think those two sentences are a retort directed at Mr. Nolan... I have the feeling that I’ve found the truth!”

“I was thinking the same as well... It seems to me that someone was retorting Mr. Nolan!”

When the netizens shared the video, they also tagged it with other posts for cross-referencing.

#999 Roses Used To Retort Mr. Nolan

#Goodness! You Can’t Retort Someone Without 999 Roses

#Have You Bought Roses Today?

#Turn Left! Imperial Hotel Is Eight Kilometers Away!

#Do You Want Some Apple Pie? #How About A Vanilla Ice-cream Milkshake?

The creative netizens had come up with all sorts of witty tags.

The video became the most popular video on TikTok in no time, with nearly ten million reposts.

Its popularity caused the growth of Mini Pig’s fan base. Before this, she only had five thousand fans, but her fanbase grew exponentially after she had posted the video.

From ten thousand fans to twenty thousand, thirty thousand, forty thousand...

Mini Pig was stunned, and her mind was muddled as she

stared at the screen of her phone; her number of fans was going to exceed a million at any moment.

The numbers were still growing exponentially after it hit a million.

Everyone was amused with the entertaining and funny tags.

Suddenly, Mini Pig saw Lucas reposting her video with a tag saying: #My mischievous Mrs. Nolan, you won't cook for me. Instead, you asked me to go to Imperial Hotel, the restaurant well-known for its difficulty in getting a reservation. Are you planning to starve your husband to death?

Mini Pig was bewildered.

Lucas Nolan reposted my video!

It can't be fake, right?

Or is it an imposter?

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 236

Mini Pig couldn't believe that Lucas Nolan had reposted her video!

She clicked into his user profile just to find that within seconds after reposting the video, the identity of the user, 'Lucas Nolan', was verified as the president of Nolan Group and South Star Airlines.

It was really Lucas Nolan!

This created another uproar on the internet as netizens flooded the comment section.

"Oh my god! Mr. Nolan reposted the video! Does this mean that Mrs. Nolan was really the one who retorted Mr. Nolan with 999 roses?"

"What a bold act! Mrs. Nolan, please accept my knees!"

"Is this really not some marketing strategy? My gut feeling tells me that it is just a publicity stunt."

"Mr. and Mrs. Nolan are indeed working on their public persona recently!"

"Are they trying to portray themselves as a lovey-dovey couple?"

"Mrs. Nolan is already everywhere on Twitter... Is she going to extend her influence over TikTok?"

"Is this a preparation for her debut?"

“I still suspect that Imperial Hotel has joined hands with South Star Airlines.”

#I Can Never Understand The Rich, Using 999 Roses Just To Retort Mr. Nolan

#Mrs. Nolan Retorting Mr. Nolan

#Mrs. Nolan Showing You The Imperial Hotel

#Poor Mr. Nolan Is Going To Starve

In the president’s office, Lucas was sitting in his leather chair with a cold expression on his face, and his eyes were full of fury. He was hungry, and his rumbling stomach was constantly reminding him of what happened this morning.

Before he left the house this morning, he had googled on how to win back a lover’s heart and found a post that suggested he send flowers and gifts.

Without a second thought, he ordered nine hundred and ninety-nine roses, baby’s breaths, balloons and ribbons to give her a surprise.

But look at how things turned out?

In the end, that woman embarrassed him right in front of South Star Airlines using the flowers and balloons that he bought.

He was enraged upon seeing what she had done.

The workers and the executives had looked at him with strange expressions on their faces the entire day.

Isn’t she happy to receive roses? But it seems like she is mad...

She even dares to retort in my face!

Things had gotten out of hand when someone posted the video on TikTok.

Some parody accounts even posted the video on Twitter.

Perspiration was forming on Spencer’s forehead as he stood nervously in the office, looking at the man in his black suit standing by the window.

He could tell that Lucas was furious just by looking at his back figure.

Lucas nearly ground his teeth flat.

He wanted to ask that ignorant woman why did she insult him like that.

Have I done something wrong? Am I not

romantic? Doesn't she like the roses?

With his face clouded over, he turned around and made his way towards the door.

Spencer was slightly bewildered, but he immediately followed suit.

Lucas entered the elevator in large strides.

Being intimidated by Lucas's domineering aura, Spencer stood at one corner of the elevator to stay further away from him.

He felt sorry for Ms. Berry who had given Mr. Nolan a slap in the face.

Lucas got out of the elevator and strode towards the main entrance.

In an instant, the roses and baby's breaths came into sight.

It was such a lovely sight, except for the ribbons.

Lucas fixed his gaze on the words on the ribbons. He was surprised when he saw the words being written in admirable calligraphy.

The familiar handwriting belonged to Ashlyn!

He had seen her handwriting only twice; the first time was when they registered for their marriage, and the second time was when she signed the divorce papers.

He had long known that she had beautiful and neat handwriting when she wrote with a fountain pen.

However, he had no idea that she was proficient in the art of calligraphy.

Inexplicably, his anger vanished into thin air when he looked at her handwritten messages on the ribbons.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 237

Lucas reached his hand for the balloon and removed the ribbon from it gently as if he were afraid that he might damage the ribbon.

Then, he retraced his steps back to his office.

Spencer was rendered speechless by his series of conducts. A moment earlier, Mr. Nolan was fuming, but now he is grinning from ear to ear while holding a piece of ribbon.

The workers of South Star Airlines instantly retrieved

their gaze and resumed their work in hand as Lucas walked past them.

Their minds were flooded with questions. Mr. Nolan looked angry when he just came out of the elevator, but why is he all smiles right now?

Lucas was back in his office, looking attentively at the handwriting on the ribbon.

The lines and curves of each alphabet were inch-perfect, written in such harmonious and skillful manner. He couldn't help exclaiming internally, Now that's perfect calligraphy!

He was in such a good mood that he decided to sign up and verify his TikTok account, where he reposted the video and tagged it with his own response.

The video went viral in no time.

Mini Pig now had millions of fans due to Lucas reposting the video.

Numerous advertisers had approached her, seeking to cooperate with her and advertise on her TikTok account. Some influencer training academy had invited her to become a tutor and share her experience on the road to fame.

She was taking pictures at South Star Airlines when the incident happened, so she recorded a video of it. She was still confused by the fact that she had shot to fame all of a sudden because of the video.

If it weren't for Mr. and Mrs. Nolan, she would never have become famous.

The parody accounts on Twitter were all sharing the video to attract more followers.

Lucas's TikTok account now had millions of fans.

The incident created a frenzy on the internet; it was a revelry of the netizens.

On the other hand, Imperial Hotel, which was supposed to be in the limelight, had kept a low profile. The imperial Hotel authority didn't make any response, neither did it retweet the video.

They chose to stay out of this matter as if they had nothing to do with it.

In the State Concert Hall, all the performers had arrived early in the morning.

Instead of hiring professional performers, each department was required to send a few workers every year to perform at the National Day Gala Night to show that they attached great importance to the event.

Each department from different companies had sent their workers; almost all of them were outstanding female workers.

The number of male workers could be counted on one hand; it seemed like they were here to complement the female workers.

It was an honor to show their face as a performer in the Gala Night.

Those who were qualified to appear in the show either came from a wealthy family or had a strong background. Apart from that, some of them were being chosen as performers because they were good-looking.

Undoubtedly, it was more likely to have drama and conflicts in a place where these people gathered around. Hence, Lake City's National Day Gala Night would end up being mediocre every year and receive lower viewership ratings when compared to Gala Nights from other TV channels.

The producing director and co-producers were all hired from the music academy and the television station. Even though the co-producers were capable at work, they came from ordinary families with no special background. Throughout the rehearsal, the performers would complain that the duration of the show was too short, their lines were unremarkable, their costumes were too ugly, and etc.

The co-producers were troubled by their grumbles, but they couldn't afford to offend any one of the performers. As a result, the show would end up being mediocre and receive low viewership ratings.

This year, James wished to restore proper work etiquette to produce a better show.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 238
A thought came to his mind when he remembered that

his wife had a close relationship with Ashlyn.
In the hall, Lisa was eating peanuts and chatting with her other female colleagues.

“I heard they hired a new producing director this year.”

“I wonder if she is young...”

“Rumor has it that Mr. Field has found an expert this time.”

They were trading rumors and gossips with each other. Some female performers from other companies joined their conversation. “I wonder if she is pretty.”

With a surly expression on her face, Janet cast a glance at the three co-producers standing not far away and kicked up a fuss, “Last year, I played no leading parts at all. My parts were so insignificant that my father had to wait all night just to see me on the screen for two seconds.”

Another performer started complaining, “Me too! I was annoyed because our show was scheduled as the last few performances. My grandma almost fell asleep waiting for my turn to perform.”

The ladies were expressing their dissatisfaction with the co-producers.

The co-producers stood in the corner of the hall; none of them dared to utter a word.

With a smug smile on her face, Janet continued to stir the pot by saying, “If the new producing director is incompetent, we should protest and ask them to replace her with someone else.”

Just then, they heard a calm voice coming from outside the door. “Excuse me, may I know who is it that you want to replace?”

The performers unanimously turned to look in the direction of the doorway.

A tall and svelte figure was walking toward them.

It was a woman in white sportswear and she was wearing a pair of clunky sneakers.

The dim light shone on her like a spotlight, but they couldn't see her features as half of her face was hidden under the baseball cap that she was wearing.

Her silky black hair was tied into a long ponytail, which swayed slightly following the rhythm of her footsteps. Ashlyn stepped on the stage and raised her head slightly. At that instant, everyone was dumbfounded by her beauty when they finally saw her face.

She is gorgeous! Unbelievably stunning!

Her facial features were a perfect combination of dazzling eyes, dainty nose and soft pink lips. Although she didn't have any make-up on her face, her skin was flawless.

They were also taken aback by her distinguished and imposing aura.

Those who were in the hall had come across many leaders and superiors in their company. Therefore, they knew that that kind of imposing aura was a trait exclusive to high-ranking leaders.

How is it possible for a young lady like her to have such a strong aura?

Ashlyn remained expressionless as she cast a glance over the disunited group of extras.

She clapped her hands and summoned them, "Gather around."

"Why should we listen to your order?" Janet muttered. Janet's grandfather was a colonel. Before he retired, he had secured a post for Janet to work as Mr. Field's clerk. Some of Mr. Field's aides were once the colonel's students, so they were helpful and caring towards her. As time went by, Janet started to become full of herself, thinking that she was superior to others.

Lisa returned to her senses upon hearing Janet's words. She took a step forward and asked in disbelief, "Ms. Berry, what brings you here?"

Ashlyn raised her brow as she replied, "Ms. Langley, nice to meet you again."

Without bothering to wait for Lisa's reply, she presented her staff ID and introduced herself, "My name is Ashlyn, and this is my staff ID. From today onwards, I will be the producing director of the National Day Gala Night. I look forward to working together with all of you."

Lisa came up to Ashlyn and asked skeptically, "Ms. Berry,

how come you are our producing director? You're so young... What are you capable of?"

Although she appeared to be showing concern for Ashlyn, everyone knew that she was trying to embarrass Ashlyn. However, none of them stopped her because what Lisa asked was also their concern.

Ashlyn smiled wryly as she looked at Lisa. "Ms. Langley, please gather with the other performers. I am here at the personal request of Mr. Field. You can communicate with Mr. Field if you have any opinions, but none of you have a say in whether I should stay or leave."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 239
"You will all soon witness my abilities," she said with a stern glance.

She turned her head and looked at the three co-producers before saying, "Fellow producers, I am expecting full cooperation from you in the future."

"Yes, Producing Director Berry," the three mentors responded quickly and masked their stunned expressions.

This girl may seem young, but she has a strong aura. A single look from her could send chills down someone's spine. She was indeed an intimidating person.

A few ladies were eyeing Ashlyn's outfit.

Sneaker enthusiasts would recognize that the clunky sneakers she wore were worth 6 figures.

It was a collector's item. Most people would have it kept away instead of wearing it.

The sportswear set that she wore may look simple, yet it was the latest 2021 spring collection design from a renowned international brand originating from Italy. In fact, it had not been released in the market...

How did she get her hands on these items?

Her outfit is probably worth the price of an apartment!

Although many of the performers from the group lived comfortable lives, none were as wealthy as her.

She must be extremely wealthy.

They were quickly distracted by the group of men that entered the studio.

They wheeled little carts that were filled with boxes.
Everyone looked at them with confused expressions.

What is happening?

Someone gasped in shock as soon as they saw the logo
printed on the carts and boxes.

Isn't that a famous international brand that specializes in
dance shoes?

Why are there so many?

Lisa was so surprised that her eyes bulged in
astonishment.

Is Ashlyn really that incredible? What's with all these
shoes?

Janet was also surprised.

A few extras who were active on Twitter recognized
Ashlyn.

Isn't she Jared's girlfriend?

Why is Jared being so generous to her?

I guess having a rich guy as a boyfriend is pretty sweet.

"A performer is like a soldier going to a battlefield. A
soldier requires a good set of guns to win the war.

Therefore, these dance shoes are for everyone," Ashlyn
said plainly.

The men who wheeled the carts began to distribute the
shoes to everyone as soon as she said so.

Everyone was dumbfounded when they held the box in
their hands.

Many of them were skeptical while others were
astounded.

These shoes cost around 20 grand per pair!

Everyone opened their respective boxes and saw
identical pairs of black dance shoes in various sizes. They
were rendered speechless at the sight of the dance
shoes.

"These are not fake, are they?" Janet asked cynically.

"Feel free to inspect it yourself," Ashlyn responded
coldly.

Someone in the crowd said softly, "It's authentic, it really
is."

Everyone, including Lisa and the co-producers, were in
shock.

It must have cost a lot of money!

There were at least a hundred extras in the Concert Hall. Yet everyone received a pair of shoes that cost 20 grand! Even Janet, who had a noble background, could not have pulled this off.

Everyone was in utter shock.

Everyone belonged to different departments, so their wages varied. No one expected Ashlyn to gift them such expensive gifts.

"I hope everyone will cooperate with me," Ashlyn said impassively. "Learn your dance well and work hard to put on a good performance."

Janet thought to herself, She's just living off the Smith family's money. How dare she act all high and mighty!

At this moment, the workers opened up the last box.

Ashlyn pointed at different spots around the room as she instructed, "Install the equipment properly. Put that here, and that goes there."

Everyone was confused as they looked at Ashlyn questioningly.

The crowd widened their eyes in surprise when they saw the advanced equipment installed around the studio.

A single set of that high-tech equipment would cost millions!

The exterior of the equipment and its brand logo promised that it would not disappoint. The equipment must possess advanced features that could produce rich sound quality!

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 240

This equipment was produced by the best company in the industry!

"Did she come here to show off her wealth?" A woman asked disapprovingly.

"Why is she acting so high and mighty when all of this was bought with Jared's money?"

"I bet all she does is sit and look pretty. She doesn't seem capable of doing anything right."

Although they had all received Ashlyn's gifts, they were still feeling indignant.

“Alright, let’s distribute the program list to everyone now. Everyone will be randomly grouped to avoid bias,” Ashlyn said as she took out a lottery box. “Let’s draw lots,” she said as she pulled out a name list. “The Gala night consists of 15 programs in total, with two hours of showtime. There will be two dance performances, six song performances, two song-and-dance performances, and five sketches. Therefore, drawing lots will determine which program you shall perform in.”

Everyone drew lots for the performance category and the specific performances.

Janet was unhappy when she found out she had to prepare a sketch.

She believed she had a good voice and hoped to perform a solo.

Lisa was also displeased as she was not capable of dancing, but that was exactly what she got.

The room was instantly filled with groans of dissatisfaction.

“Ugh, I can’t sing!”

“Oh man, I can’t dance.”

“I wanted to perform in a sketch.”

Everyone was not pleased with the outcome of the draw.

Ashlyn scanned the grumbling crowd. At this moment, her phone rang. “Yes, head South. If you can’t find the place, you can ask the guard.”

Moments after she hung up the phone, a tall blonde man followed by a team stepped into the Concert Hall.

Everyone was stunned when they saw the appearance of the man clearly.

One of the co-producers widened his eyes in surprise as he rushed over to the man and gushed, “Mr. Pierre, is that you?”

The co-producer’s excited behavior sent the crowd into confusion. Then, it hit them and the crowd went wild.

“Is that really the world-class choreographer – Mr. Pierre?”

“Are you sure? Is that really him?”

“Oh my! I think I might faint.”

“How is possible to meet Mr. Pierre here?”

Janet inhaled sharply as she stared at Mr. Pierre in disbelief. She had attended vocal and dance classes since she was a kid. Hence, it was no surprise that she recognized world-class choreographers.

Mr. Pierre was a world-class choreographer who was skilled in many different dance styles. Not only had he won numerous awards, but many celebrities in showbiz would also appoint him as their choreographer.

How does Ashlyn have connections with someone so prominent?

Janet thought to herself, was there something going on between her and Mr. Pierre?

Mr. Pierre's appearance had caused many jaws to drop. Even the three co-producers were asking for photos and signatures as they gazed at him with admiration.

Only Ashlyn remained nonchalant.

Lisa walked over to Ashlyn and asked skeptically, "Ms. Berry, how did you invite such a big shot?"

"Well, he enjoys the food from Imperial Hotel," Ashlyn answered plainly.

"If so, he could just reserve a table!" Lisa countered, looking puzzled.

Ashlyn's gaze remained steady and emotionless. "The Imperial Hotel offered him an exclusive seat."

Lisa could not wrap her head around the entire situation. The Imperial Hotel offered him an exclusive seat which requires no reservation... So what does that have to do with Ashlyn? And what does it have to do with Mr. Pierre taking part in this production?

"Why don't I understand what's going on?"

"Well, you don't have to," Ashlyn said as she expressionlessly scanned the room.

She would never tell Lisa that she had specially approved Mr. Pierre's exclusive seat and included a 30% VIP discount card.

The Imperial Hotel was expensive. Hence, a 30% discount would save him a lot of money.

Mr. Pierre was overjoyed.

However, puzzlement plagued him. He could not understand why a talented dancer like Ashlyn would

choose to start up a restaurant.

Nevertheless, since Ashlyn had made the request, he could not turn her down.

Ashlyn looked at the excited crowd and said, "From today onwards, Mr. Pierre will be in charge of all dance performance projects. Similarly, the three remaining co-producers will be responsible for the song performances and sketches."

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 241

She paused before continuing, "The results of the ballot are out. Those of you who are unsatisfied with the program you drew, don't even think about changing roles with others. With me as the director, I won't allow such abuse of power to happen on this stage!"

When the other co-producers heard that Pierre would be in charge of the dance routines, they were stunned.

So he's really here to teach...

The choreographer's eyes were bright as she stared at Ashlyn. "Ms. Berry, could I consult Mr. Pierre as well?"

"Of course." Ashlyn nodded.

"Wonderful!" The other woman exclaimed in joy.

Just then, Pierre entered with his team. Each of the members of his team were incredibly capable dancers.

Thus, the first day of practice began.

Everyone had their own part to play and would need to give it their all if they wanted the entire program to be a success.

Janet Smith was completely exhausted.

The play she was practicing for was about anti-corruption and she was acting as a young director who

kept a lot of secrets from her superiors and subordinates.

Her role was an important character and Ashlyn was extremely demanding about how the character should be.

Janet was less than pleased when she discovered she had to act in this play. It was not as glorious and amazing as having a solo singing performance.

An hour of practice later and she plonked herself down in a chair grumpily. Her tone was annoyed as she

complained, "That's it! I'm so tired!"

"Is that so? Then I'll just have to find you a replacement. I guess your department would send another person over right away." With that said, Ashlyn took out her phone.

Janet's temper flared. She was tired, thirsty and all she wanted to do was rest. "Who do you think you are?"

Don't assume yourself as some hotshot official who can boss everybody around just because of who you know!

Let me tell you, my grandfather is – "

Ashlyn cut her off, "I don't care who your grandfather is.

As long as you're here, you'll have to listen to me. You're Janet Smith, right? I can always just switch you out for another actor."

Realizing Ashlyn was not going to give in so easily, Janet changed her tactic. "Who wrote this damn play anyway? It's so terrible!"

Normally, an important celebration like the National Day Gala Night would have scholars with better literary talents to in charge of scriptwriting. This was why Janet felt like whoever had written this play must be some small-time writer.

"I don't care. You have to change my parts to something simpler. This is just too hard!"

She then moved over to Lisa's side. "Lisa, let's change roles. You come and act in the play while I'll dance."

Lisa found herself in a difficult position. Acting in a play required a mastery of one's facial expressions and the ability to slip into the required role seamlessly.

In comparison, dancing was a lot easier, especially since their teacher was a well-known master choreographer. Being able to learn from him was a rare opportunity indeed.

No matter how bad she was at dancing, she was still unwilling to give up on the chance to interact with Pierre. Maybe she could even use this incident to benefit herself...

Decision made, Lisa replied, "Forget about it. Ms. Berry specifically said we couldn't change roles for personal gain."

Finished speaking, she turned around and threw herself

back into practice.

Janet was so mad that steam was coming out of her ears.

“I need to go to the restroom.”

...

In the restroom.

Janet was sitting in the toilet, wearing a pitiful look on her face as she talked on the phone. “Grandpa, I really have no idea how to act in a play! Could you talk to Mr. Field, please? That Ashlyn Berry is really infuriating! She’s deliberately picking on me! That woman is just a pretty face using her relationship with Jared Quickton to boss us around! God knows why Mr. Field would think so highly of her. What capabilities could she possibly have?”

“Grandpa... My face is aching so badly with all the smiling I’ve been doing in practice!”

“You’re on good terms with Mr. Field, so he’ll definitely agree to help. Please?”

“Such a simple matter yet you still need my help. Fine, fine. I’ll have a chat with him.”

Janet’s lips curled up into a smug smirk when she finally heard her grandfather speak. “Thank you, Grandpa!”

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“Alright. What would you like for dinner? I’ll have the kitchen staff prepare ahead of time.” The old man questioned.

“Oxtail soup, buffalo wings and steak.” Janet spouted the first few things she could think of before hanging up.

Hmph! Ashlyn Berry, let’s see who’s more powerful, you or Mr. Fields!

Grandpa Smith had been a military man his whole life.

There was nothing he hated more than people who did not have any abilities and yet used their connections to others to get into positions of authority. He believed

without a doubt that what his granddaughter said was true. That left him a terrible impression of Ashlyn Berry.

Just what’s going on with James? Why would he appoint her as the director?

After he ended the call with Janet, Grandpa Smith called James. “James, I heard from my granddaughter that you

hired a young woman as the director for the National Day Gala Night?”

“Hello, Sir. Yes, that’s right. She’s quite good,” James answered with a smile. “Is there something wrong?”

The displeasure in Grandpa Smith’s voice was obvious, “She’s refusing to let my girl perform a vocal solo. You know how Janet has been performing solo every single year. She has been learning how to dance and sing since she was young. Why is she suddenly being dragged to perform in a play this year?”

Immediately, James understood what had happened. Ashlyn must have been decisive and bold in her actions which somehow pissed off Janet.

“Sir, Ms. Berry is a superb and outstanding woman. I have full confidence in her abilities to make the performance a success. Janet has been singing year after year and people are starting to get bored. Her acting in a play would be something new to draw their attention and is a good idea.” James stated.

Enraged at the other man’s words, Grandpa Smith ended the call right there.

“Forgotten all about me now that you’ve spread your wings, have you? Hmph!”

He would not let this matter go so easily.

In no time at all, news spread about what had happened. All those who had been itching to change their roles as well were quick to put the idea out of their minds.

They thought they would demand a change too if Janet had succeeded in her endeavors.

But then...

Janet could have screamed in fury.

Even her grandfather personally asking for help from James was to no avail.

The idea to quit the performance had occurred to her but she was reluctant to actually leave the stage.

This was technically also another chance for her to show off her talents. How could she just leave? Especially since there would be judges giving their scores after the performances ended. She would even receive a certificate.

This was the kind of thing one could write in their resumes.

With no other choice, she gritted her teeth and went back to practicing for the play.

The others noted how even she could not change Ashlyn's mind and quietly returned to their own practice. They did not dare use any of their own connections. A quiet and shy-looking woman had registered for a cello performance.

Ashlyn was currently sitting beside her. "Charlotte Lynch. You're going to perform Cello Suite No. 1 by Bach?"

"Yes." Charlotte's big doe eyes stared at the woman beside, shining innocently. She looked young and had probably only started working recently, which explained why there was a slightly timid look in her eyes.

"Play it for me." Ashlyn ordered.

"Huh?" Charlotte had been learning to play cello since young and thought she was pretty good at it. She had originally intended on practicing a little before going home.

This place was too noisy, giving her a headache and causing her to feel incredibly uncomfortable.

That was why she was surprised at Ashlyn's words.

Ashlyn raised a sculpted eyebrow. "Is there something wrong? Don't tell me you can't do it?"

Noticing the shy expression in the younger woman's eyes, she smiled. The smile lit up her face beautifully, like how a flower blooms in sunlight.

It was absolutely breathtaking!

Charlotte stared at her dumbly, one thought running rampant through her mind. So beautiful! How can there be such a beautiful woman!

"Little girl, did something happen to you last time and hurt your feelings? Is that why you're so timid?" Ashlyn asked gently.

"No..." Charlotte turned her head away. She was no 'little girl'; she was twenty years old this year. A grown woman! If it had not been for her Uncle Lochlan, she would not have entered herself into the performance in the first place.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 243
“Then play for me.” Ashlyn lifted her chin slightly. “If you can’t even play in front of me, how are you going to perform in front of the audiences on Gala Night itself? With all those formless and faceless people staring at you?”
Charlotte bit her lip. “I...”

It took all of her resolve to place her bow on the strings. Then, she started to play.

Perhaps she was too nervous, she played a few notes wrong.

Ashlyn stopped her and focused her gaze on Charlotte. “Don’t be so tense. You need to relax your fingers a little so you can play the vibrato properly. Here, let me show you.”

With that, Ashlyn took the bow and cello over and began to play, explaining as she went. “Be mindful of the upbows, downbows and how many notes you string together in one stroke. For the vibrato, the slower you move your fingers, the more drawn-out and mournful the sound would be.”

The low humming of the cello rang out again, the melodious tune caught everyone’s attention. Even the dancers had turned their heads to look.

Ashlyn was completely unaware of everybody else’s reactions as she instructed Charlotte, “See? If you move your fingers faster, the vibrato sounds a little more urgent and excited.”

Finished playing the song, she handed the instrument back to the younger woman. “Now, you try.”

“You... You play better than my uncle!” Charlotte’s eyes were shining with admiration and awe as she stared at Ashlyn. She loved the cello and had been learning from her Uncle Lochlan since she was a young girl.

“You can do it!” Ashlyn encouraged with a grin. She was not the slightest bit curious about this uncle of Charlotte’s.

At the urging from other co-producers, everyone snapped out of the dreamlike haze they had been in.

For a moment there, they had been lost in the divine music emanating from the cello.

By the time Ashlyn emerged from the hall, it was already dark outside.

She glanced behind her at the various performers, taking in how they drooped like wilted flowers. Everyone was exhausted from the long day of practice.

Waving goodbye to Pierre, she did not say anything more as she climbed into her Land Rover and prepared to leave.

Just then, a black Bentley came to a stop before her car. It was Lucas.

She furrowed her brows and was just wondering what to do when her phone rang.

The icy voice of Lucas came through the phone, "Get off the car. I'll take you home."

Frowning, she asked in an equally chilly tone, "I drove my own car here; why would I need you to bring me home?"

She did not wait for a reply before she hung up. Starting up the engine, she headed for the Imperial Hotel.

Half an hour later, she parked at the entrance of the hotel and Pierre did the same.

She shot a smirk at him and said, "C'mon, Pierre. Dinner's on me."

"Ms. Berry, are you sure you don't want to join the dancers? You have great talent!" Beside her, Pierre's voice carried a regretful tone as he lamented.

"Not interested."

The two of them entered the hotel.

From his position sitting in his car, Lucas was enraged when he saw how the two of them were all smiles as they headed inside.

Another one?

This man was clearly not that idiotic chef from Imperial Hotel.

Lucas' expression was hard.

No matter how he tried, he could not contain the jealousy that raged through him.

It was a feeling he definitely did not like.

Spencer sensed how the temperature in the car seemed to drop several degrees and he was mentally shuddered. Hmm, what's wrong with Mr. Nolan this time? She's just eating with another man, not like there's anything intimate going on. Then again, he's always been a moody person. Maybe I shouldn't say anything.

...

In the restaurant of Imperial Hotel.

Ashlyn and Pierre were chatting about the internationally popular dance styles recently as they ate.

"I heard that a lot of people are favoring the shoot dance." Ashlyn mentioned.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 244

"Yes. One of your local idols, Aiden, is particularly good at it. I like him." Despite being a Frenchman, Pierre answered in fluent English.

He had danced with Aiden several times before. The young man was handsome and talented. Most importantly, he was a hardworking and resilient man. He would definitely achieve great things in future.

"Aiden really is a very diligent man." Ashlyn agreed. The mere mention of the man had her eyes sparkling brightly.

Suddenly, all the lights turned off and the restaurant was plunged into darkness. The only source of light came from a neon green sign showed where the emergency exit was.

The customers were stunned at first before dissatisfied murmuring broke out.

"What's going on?"

"Is it a blackout?"

"Maybe something's wrong with the power?"

"What a way to ruin the mood!"

The lobby manager hurried over to appease the customers.

Even with his best efforts, there were still a lot of unhappy customers. "We waited so long for a chance to eat here yet now there's no electricity!"

"What is the hotel management doing?"

“I made my reservation ten days beforehand to get a table!”

“I booked it eight days ahead.”

Ashlyn knitted her brows and told Pierre, “Excuse me. I’ll go talk to the manager.”

She stood up and took out her phone to turn on the flashlight.

Making her way over to the manager, who was still trying to placate everyone, she said, “Send some staff out to buy candles and turn this into a candlelight dinner for everybody. Also, tell the kitchen staff to use the backup generator and ensure that the customers’ food is delivered in a timely manner.”

The manager wiped at the sweat beading on his forehead. “Yes, Ms. Berry. Right away.”

Next, she raised her voice slightly, “Everyone, please be patient. The Imperial Hotel will definitely bring you a wonderful dining experience. I’m the resident singer here. Now, I would like to sing a song for all of you. Those of you who know this song are welcomed to join in, alright?”

While the customers continued to make a fuss, they suddenly heard a crisp and clear voice singing.

Woah, my love, my darling
I’ve hungered for your touch
A long, lonely time
And time goes by so slowly
And time can do so much
Instantly, they forgot all about their frustrations and anger.

The voice was sweet and mournful as it crooned the classic song.

While the original singer was a male, the female voice singing now added a slight touch of desperation and longing into it.

It sunk into their bones and resonated in their hearts. It was as if her longing was a physical object tugging at their heartstrings.

None of them had expected someone could inject so much sorrow into ‘Unchained Melody’.

“How come I’ve never heard of such a wonderful resident singer in the hotel?”

“Yeah, I know right? Those are some amazing vocals!”

“I bet she’s about as good as Celine Dion!”

“She’s so good!”

They lost themselves in the beautiful vocals, at the voice that could make angels weep.

Someone tried to get a better look at the singer’s face through the darkness. Unable to do so, he stood up and shone his phone’s flashlight on her. Yet the woman raised a hand to cover her face. In the dim light of his phone, all that could be seen was her slender and curvy figure.

Even so, it added a mysterious and alluring air to her.

Everyone could already imagine what stunningly beautiful features would go with such a body.

Pierre was utterly dumbstruck.

Once again, Ashlyn had managed to surprise him.

He thought she was an incredibly talented dancer, yet it was only now he knew that she had a great voice to match.

God really did bless this woman.

After she was done singing ‘Unchained Melody’, Ashlyn moved on to ‘Memory’.

Midnight, not a sound from the pavement

Has the moon lost her memory?

She is smiling alone

In the lamplight, the withered leaves collect at my feet

And the wind begins to moan

Everybody focused on that angelic voice, with some even recording the performance on their phones.

To have run into a blackout while eating at the Imperial Hotel was already rare enough. Having such a wondrous voice singing to them was even more so.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 245

It was probably a once in a lifetime event.

Somebody even uploaded the pitch-black video to the internet.

Just as Ashlyn finished her second song, the manager

came running inside while sweating profusely. Behind him were several staff members carrying candles.

“My sincerest apologies, dearest guests. Our technicians are working as fast as they can to solve this problem and we’ve also contacted the Power Supply Bureau. We’ve brought you some candles so you may all enjoy a candlelit dinner. Tonight, everything shall be on the house!”

Then, he instructed his staff to distribute the candles to various tables.

Within minutes, the restaurant glittered like fireflies were dancing around inside.

Needless to say, the atmosphere this created was indescribably romantic.

Ashlyn took this opportunity to slip back into her seat across from Pierre.

In the kitchen, the generator was growling loudly as it generated enough electricity so the kitchen staff could resume their duties.

If that were placed in the dining area, the noise it created would have affected the customers’ mood and dining experience.

That was why Ashlyn decided on using candles instead.

“Ms. Berry, you’re so amazing!” Pierre shot her thumbs up.

“You flatter me. My singing is nothing special.” She stated calmly.

“Nothing special? You’re even better than those professional singers!” He uttered incredulously. “I know the director of a record company. I could give him your number and you could churn out some albums!”

She lowered her eyes. “Pierre, I’m not interested. You have to keep this secret, okay?”

“I know, I know. Keep everything low profile and then some.” Admiration shone on his face as he stared at her.

“That’s right.”

In the Power Supply Bureau.

The two staff members on duty were trembling as they stared at the Satan who was sitting in the office with them.

Satan, or more commonly known as President Nolan, called their director earlier and ordered them to shut down the electricity supply toward Imperial Hotel.

What the hell is this?

Lucas had thought that by cutting off the electricity to Imperial Hotel, Ashlyn and that Frenchman would leave. And then what happened?

The hotel was indeed the most high-class restaurant in town and had the best business. They somehow came up with the idea to create candlelit dinners and waive the bills for their customers to ensure they did not leave. Rage burned in Lucas's dark eyes while a terrifying aura emanated from him.

Not even a blackout is stopping her from eating with that damn man. Do I have to interrupt them personally? He stood up, his well-built body and tall height incredibly intimidating to the other two men in the room.

The man was like a combination of walking iceberg and an active volcano that was ready to explode at any moment.

Exiting the building, Lucas got inside the car with his face looking as chilly as a block of ice.

Spencer's voice was careful as he asked, "Where are we going?"

"Imperial Hotel." Was the frosty reply.

Spencer gulped as fear rose in him.

...

Meanwhile, all social media sites were exploding with news about the blackout at Imperial Hotel.

#ImperialHotelResidentsinger#

#UnchainedMelody#

#Memory#

#IneverknewImperialHotelhadaResidentsinger#

#voiceofanangel#

The netizens were going crazy as they discussed the events at the Imperial Hotel.

"Oh my! I was just there having dinner!"

"Let me show you guys how romantic it is to eat a candlelit dinner!"

“Aww, I really want to have a candlelight dinner at Imperial Hotel too! I thought it would be a disaster but it turned out so romantic!”

“The resident singer left after singing two songs only. Didn’t even manage to catch a glimpse of her face.”

“I suspect she’s just a kind and beautiful woman who didn’t want everyone to panic. That’s why she probably lied about being the resident singer.”

“I think so too! Everybody was this close to leaving the restaurant and giving it horrible reviews.”

“She volunteered to sing two classics and boy, did she have an amazing voice!”

“Anyone who was at Imperial Hotel tonight is so lucky!”

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 246

“I bet she’s one of the staff at Imperial Hotel.”

“The hidden musical talent.”

“I hope a record company manages to find her and sign her up. I’ll definitely buy her albums!”

Several people even tagged the official accounts of various record companies.

Videos of the incident spread like wildfire.

The video of Ashlyn singing in the dark also went viral and obtained many likes and shares.

Ashlyn was totally surprised at this turn of events.

Thankfully, she didn’t told anyone her name and it had been so dark that nobody had seen her face. Feeling comforted at the thought, she relaxed a little.

Technically, she could have hacked into the systems and removed everything that had to do with her.

However, she was reluctant to do that because she did not want to catch a certain someone’s attention.

Eventually, the craze would slowly die down.

Seeing that was the case, Ashlyn put the matter out of her head.

The manager of Imperial Hotel had been very busy these past two days. Busy and tired.

Every day, countless headhunters would come asking for news about Ashlyn.

“Are you sure you don’t know who she is?”

“She said she was one of your resident singers.”

“Her voice is just so extraordinary and unique. I’m sure she’ll be a big star once she debuts.”

“She’s gonna be a celebrity, just you wait and see!”

“I’m really sorry but I honestly don’t know who she is.”

The manager mopped the sweat on his forehead.

It really is tough to have such a talented boss. And I have to make sure her identity is never revealed!

It was so hard being him.

...

South Star Airlines.

Today would be the day Lucas had to fly to L nation, so he and Spencer left early in the morning.

As was his habit, Spencer turned on the radio to listen to the traffic broadcast.

The DJ’s voice was sweet and gentle. “The crossroads at Northern Crossing and Southern Crossing is a little congested. Please be careful when driving around there, folks. I’m sure everyone knows about the mysterious woman who sung at Imperial Hotel two days ago, the affectionately dubbed Ms. Imperial. Here’s a recording of her singing ‘Unchained Melody’.”

Spencer was just about to turn off the radio when a familiar voice rang out from the speakers.

Woah, my love, my darling

I’ve hungered for your touch

He was stunned.

If he was right, that voice belonged to Ms. Berry.

Last night...

Lucas, who had his eyelids half-closed, suddenly snapped his eyes wide open.

Ashlyn!

No wonder Imperial Hotel had managed to keep their customers happy. That woman was singing there!

Did she really like that damn chef so much that she was willing to sing for everyone?

Again, jealousy ate at him.

Or is it that you really enjoyed eating with that blasted Frenchman so much? Or maybe you were singing those songs for a certain someone?

His thoughts whirled around his mind relentlessly and chaotically.

The feelings that coursed through him burned the blood in his veins and ate away at his logic.

When they arrived, he entered the conference room only to hear the crew gossiping about Ms. Imperial as well.

“She really does have such a nice voice.”

“If it had been any other internet celebrity, they probably would’ve admitted to it by now so they could get more fame.”

“Why hasn’t Ms. Imperial showed herself yet?”

“I wonder what she looks like.”

The strongly-built body of Lucas strode into the room.

His expression was terrifyingly cold as he swept a gaze across everyone.

A deathly silence descended upon them.

Why is Captain Nolan in such a foul temper so early in the morning?

The air stewardesses exchanged glances with each other.

None dared to make a sound for fear of invoking Lucas’ ire.

For some reason, their captain had been rather short-tempered recently.

Unfortunately for the crew members, that meant they were basically in Hell every single day.

Lucas might have been extremely handsome but his standoffish nature made one really want to turn tail and flee.

Sitting down at the head of the table, Lucas started the meeting.

After they were done, everyone perked up and prepared to embark on their journey.

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 247

Even as the plane rose high up in the skies and into the clouds, Ashlyn’s voice still echoed in his mind.

Woah, my love, my darling

I’ve hungered for your touch

She had never sung for him before.

Jealousy was a ravenous monster that swallowed him

relentlessly. He felt like he could go mad with it.
He never knew she was so good at singing.
In his opinion, she was even better than those so-called
artists.

Her crooning voice caressed his ears and he could not
help recalling the soft moans she made when they were
engaged in passionate activities.

Unbidden, arousal flared in him.

Sucking in a deep breath, he calmed himself and focused
his attention back on flying the plane properly.

...

At the studio hall.

All the performers arrived early in the morning for their
practice.

Lisa sidled up to Ashlyn. “Ms. Berry, you’re quite amazing
to be able to direct such a huge program. You’re also on
good terms with Ms. Saunders, right? Wouldn’t it be
even better if you could invite her over to help out as
well? With the both of you at the helm, I’m sure Gala
Night this year will become a night people will
remember forever.”

“Ms. Langley, how is your dance practice coming along?
Do you know all the moves yet?” Ashlyn raised an
eyebrow at the other woman.

“C’mon, Ms. Berry. We’re friends, aren’t we? Cut me
some slack and don’t be so strict on me all the time.”

Glancing around quickly, Lisa surreptitiously pushed a
small gold bar into Ashlyn’s hand.

With smooth and even surfaces, the gold bar was clearly
a minted bar. Based on the weight, Ashlyn estimated it
would be worth at least ten thousand.

Lips twitching into a smile, she raised her voice and
called out, “Ms. Langley wants to treat everyone to milk
tea from Imperial Hotel!”

As she said that, she tossed the gold bar up and down in
the air.

Lisa’s face paled and she stammered out, “Ms. Berry, y?you – !”

“Did I misunderstand? Or are you trying to bribe me?”

Ashlyn had a puzzled look on her face. She hurriedly
shoved the gold bar back into the other woman’s hands.

“I can’t take this then!”

Lisa could have cried. She most definitely did not have the courage to admit to bribing someone in front of everyone. “Of course not! This is for everybody to get some milk tea...”

A faint smile played on Ashlyn’s lips as she stared at the woman. “Alright then. I’ll call them immediately.”

“Hello, is this the service counter? I would like 120 cups of milk tea delivered to the studio hall at Anter Road, please. Received by Ashlyn Berry. I’ll be paying with a gold bar.”

Everyone was stupefied at what was happening before their eyes.

Lisa was beyond embarrassed. If possible, she wished a hole would open up in the ground to swallow her.

Ashlyn Berry is just too firm and righteous!

...

Meanwhile, in the president’s office at Haddock Group.

“Mr. Haddock, please punish me! This was my mistake.”

Sienna Oates looked ashamed and guilty as she spoke.

“Sienna, you’re my aunt and also my right-hand woman.

How could I possibly punish you? Nobody expected this to happen either.” Despite his words, Dixon was utterly furious internally.

Stupid woman, how could you have been played for a fool by that damn Ashlyn!

If those rich housewives started to get suspicious of Haddock Charity, then everything would have been in vain.

Especially since Ashlyn saving those children several days ago had caused him to have nothing to deliver when his deadline came.

Suffice to say that Dixon currently hated Ashlyn with a passion.

“Where did that woman even come from? When did Lake City have someone like her around?” Dixon’s expression was dark and menacing. “Those children were supposed to be sold to a powerful family in E nation. Now, where the hell am I supposed to get more children? The police are on high alert ever since that incident!”

Sienna's eyes lit up with an idea and she suggested, "Mr. Haddock, maybe... maybe we could send some men to kidnap more children from the remote villages? Those smaller towns usually don't keep such a close eye on their children and let them run free all the time. Nothing at all like the parents in the cities."

Dixon bit out through clenched teeth, "Send more capable men this time. I don't want the same thing as last time happening."

"I know. Leave it to me," Sienna nodded, "Then what should we do about Berry? Are we going to give up on Ms. Saunders?"

"There are plenty of rich housewives out there. Losing Ms. Saunders won't matter much. As for Berry, that woman is a menace. Since she dared to mess with my business, she'll have to suffer the consequences!"

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 248

Dixon had a wicked gleam in his eyes as he continued, "I'll personally see to Berry. Sienna, you focus on nabbing the children and do it quickly. The deadline is fast approaching and that family from E city is not a family we want to piss off."

"Got it!" With that, Sienna departed, leaving Dixon alone in the office.

After a while, he dialed a number. His tone was cold and sinister when he said, "Help me get rid of a woman."

...

At the Chapman family villa, Hera was lying on her bed while listening to music. She was bored out of her mind. She could not go shopping as all the saleswomen knew her by now and refused to sell anything to her. There was no point in going out when she could not buy anything.

She also did not have any truly close friends, which was why she was currently lounging about the house aimlessly.

Just as she was about to go mad with boredom, her phone rang.

The caller ID showed that it was Jenny Holt.

Jenny was also a laughingstock in the upper echelons of society. She was the daughter of the prominent Holt family yet she had gone off to be an air stewardess of all things. Nobody could understand her reasoning.

“Hello?”

“Hera, I just got off the plane. I was on a flight with Captain Nolan.”

“Captain Nolan? You mean...” Hera shot up into a sitting position on her bed. “Are you saying that you’re in the same crew as Lucas Nolan?”

“Yeah! Didn’t you know?” Jenny affected an air of surprise. “Several of the biggest shopping malls here are having discounts today. Want me to buy some bags for you? Think of them as a present from me.”

In truth, Hera was sorely tempted.

However, she and Jenny were not exactly close friends. They were just high school classmates.

Why is she suddenly being so good to me?

In the end, she refused, “No thank you. I already have bags.”

“Why so courteous? Every time I fly, I’ll bring souvenirs for my friends. That’s how it’ll be, okay? Bye!” Jenny hung up.

After that, she followed several other flight attendants as they entered a flagship store to peruse the newest bag arrivals.

“Hey, look! Captain is over at that counter!” One of the air stewardess pointed out.

The rest of the group followed her finger to see where she was pointing.

A tall, well-built figure was standing at a luxury brand handbag store. He ordered, “Wrap up all the newest bags. Every single color of all designs.”

The group of females gasped. “How extravagant!”

“Mrs. Nolan is such a lucky, lucky woman!”

“All of the newest designs!”

“Oh my god! I would pass out with bliss if I were her.”

“Even the cheapest bag from that brand would cost hundreds of thousands!”

“That must have cost a fortune!”

Jenny was furious.

She had not wanted to buy anything too expensive for Hera, which was why she only bought two of the newest and cheapest bags. Even so, each bag cost around ten thousand.

Yet even the cheapest one Lucas bought was ten times more expensive than hers. And he bought so many other more expensive ones too!

She was so envious of Mrs. Nolan!

So very, very jealous!

...

Back at the studio hall, the performers had enjoyed the milk tea from Imperial Hotel in the morning and their delightful snacks in the afternoon.

Some were even beginning to wonder if they were here to enjoy themselves instead of practicing.

Their earlier dissatisfaction at Ashlyn had turned into curiosity as they wondered why Imperial Hotel would deliver food and drinks for her when the hotel had never, ever done so for anyone else.

They marveled at how she could be so generous, placing such a huge order to ensure everyone had a portion.

Last but not least, they were incredibly curious about how much Jared must have spoiled her for her to be so free with her money.

There was also the fact that she truly was a talented woman.

Charlotte's cello skills had improved considerably under her tutelage.

Even those who did not know much about music could tell the difference in Charlotte's playing.

Just when everybody thought that was Ashlyn's only ability, Pierre called her over to help him choreograph the dance.

It took a while but they finally came up with the best moves to the beat.

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As they discussed the choreography, Ashlyn would try out the moves first to see if it flowed together smoothly.

In that instant, everyone knew she was not a stranger to

the art of dancing. The way her body moved gracefully and perfectly in time with the music showed that.

Every now and then, they would hear Pierre exclaiming, "Wow, Ms. Berry, that is perfect! You executed the moves wonderfully!"

"Yes! That's it! That's exactly what I'm trying to express!" With such obvious praise coming from the famous choreographer, how could they not admit Ashlyn was a talented dancer as well?

After she was done there, the co-producer for the play would invite her over to discuss the script and how to portray the characters as well.

Even in this field, the suggestions she offered were to the point and would work perfectly.

One of the co-producers mentioned, "This script was written by Ms. Saunders, so all of you need to give it your all, understand?"

Janet could not believe her ears. "What did you say? Did you just say Ms. Saunders wrote our play?"

"Yeah! Madeline Saunders is one of the most well-known literary talents around. Not only is she great at music and art, she's also a true genius when it comes to the literary arts. Although Ms. Berry and Ms. Saunders are good friends, it must have still taken quite a bit of effort for Ms. Berry to convince Ms. Saunders to write this script."

Taking a sip of water, the co-producer continued, "Don't be so disdainful of her just because she's young. She really is an incredibly gifted woman."

The vocal coach added, "Also, I'm pretty sure all of you should know about the famous and mysterious Ms. Imperial by now, right? Listen carefully to Ms. Berry's voice and then listen to Ms. Imperial's singing again. You'll understand what we're hinting at."

Being masters in their fields, the co-producers could tell that the voice of Ms. Imperial was the same as Ashlyn's. "You have got to be kidding me! You can't seriously be saying that Ms. Imperial is Ms. Berry!" Janet uttered in shock.

She had been learning how to sing and dance since young and had always thought of herself as an expert in the field.

Janet did listen to Ms. Imperial's songs. While the songs were already classics, she had handled them beautifully. In fact, the way she sang it was almost perfect.

That was also the reason why a lot of record companies were looking for her.

It was obvious that she was a professional.

Everyone knew the song and could sing it. However, not everybody could actually sing it well.

Ms. Imperial went beyond well into the realm of amazing.

Despite being spoiled and arrogant, even Janet knew she would not be able to sing as well as Ms. Imperial.

"Janet, you've been learning how to sing since young. Can't you tell?" One of the co-producers asked with a smile.

Janet's face purpled in rage.

It was absolutely humiliating to admit that. No, she couldn't tell because she was not as good as she thought.

In the last few years, she always acted so pompous and disdainful of these co-producers.

Now, they were getting revenge on her by publicly mocking her. With Ashlyn backing them up, there was nothing Janet could do but seethe in impotent rage.

Unbidden, her gaze drifted toward the other woman.

Is she really Ms. Imperial?

...

At the LeClair family villa, Mrs. LeClair was feeling giddy.

Yesterday, she accidentally spotted the young man she had donated money to shopping with a young woman.

They were both dressed in matching shirts and were browsing the wares from a luxury goods store.

That young man supposedly had quite a miserable life.

Back then at Tulip City, he looked so pitiful with tears and snot trailing down his face that she felt sympathy well in her and donated five hundred thousand to him on the spot.

The LeClair family dealt in sanitary wares. They were the exclusive distributor for all sanitary wares brands in Lake City and they even had their own brand and factories. While they were not as influential or wealthy as the Haddock or Jaquin family, they were still considered a rich family. Generations of businessmen had sprung forth from the family and they rooted here in Lake City. Thus, five hundred thousand was but a mere bracelet or necklace to Mrs. LeClair.

Still...

She could not understand why that man would be bringing his girlfriend to shop at a luxury goods store.

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Didn't he say he came from a remote village? That it has been difficult for him to get into university and that he could not even afford to pay the tuition fees? Didn't he say his parents are both severely ill and his sister had fallen down a hill and broke her leg?

She was someone who practically overflowed with kindness and sympathy and was more than willing to help those poor children.

However, if the young man had actually been lying to her then she would be extremely unhappy and angry. Being lied to was always the hardest thing to accept. She honestly did not know what was going on.

Her husband noticed her distracted expression and questioned, "What's wrong with you? Why do you seem so uneasy?"

Mrs. LeClair did not answer. She knew that if her husband found out about her getting cheated, he would definitely scold her.

He was quite good to her but she was more like a trophy to him. She did not get much say and authority in the house.

Sure, he gave her a substantial allowance every month that she could buy things as she pleased and not be looked down upon by the other rich housewives.

But the real master of the house, the one who made all

the decisions, was her husband – Derek LeClair.

“I’m talking to you. Why aren’t you answering?” He lit up a cigarette before continuing, “You should spend more time with Sienna Oates from the Haddock family. If Haddock Group’s hotel were to buy sanitary wares from us, we would be able to earn a tidy profit.”

“How much do you think we would earn?” She queried. Crossing his legs, Derek stated, “Rumors have that their hotel will have 58 floors with 30 rooms on each floor. Calculate it yourself. If they buy all their sanitary wares from us, we would be able to earn at least five million.” Five million!

Mrs. LeClair fell silent.

She had donated way more than five million ever since she joined Haddock Charity two years ago. At this point, she could not even remember how many poor but talented young people she had helped.

There was also the fact that Haddock Group would have an auction every year and various charity galas throughout the year.

At the very least, there were seven or eight such events. What if Haddock Group really was running a massive scam?

“Surprised at the amount, eh?” Derek glanced at her curiously. “Why are you acting so weird?”

“Nothing. But don’t you think it would be impossible to profit from Haddock Group? Even if they sign a contract with us, I’m sure they’ll try to do it at the lowest price possible.” She murmured distractedly as she played with her hair.

There was a niggling feeling that told her Haddock Group was more than meets the eyes.

“True. Dixon Haddock is not an easy man to handle.”

After that, the husband did not say anything more as he lost himself in thought.

Inwardly, Mrs. LeClair was panicking madly.

She had no idea why she was feeling so anxious, only that something felt wrong and empty.

She hastily finished her lunch before heading out to speak to Mrs. Jones.

They agreed to meet at a relatively remote café. “What’s going on? Why the secrecy?” Mrs. Jones demanded as she entered the private room and set down her bag.

“It’s like this, Mrs. Jones.” Mrs. LeClair hurriedly told her about what she had seen at the shopping mall yesterday. There was a bewildered expression on Mrs. Jones’ face. “I thought he was seriously impoverished? I also donated five hundred thousand to him so his family could see the doctor.”

“That’s why I’m so anxious right now. I think he might have been lying to us...” Mrs. LeClair spoke with her face pale.

“Calm down. We have to think this through properly.”

Mrs. Jones patted the other woman’s hand comfortingly.

“This matter is not as simple as it seems. Previously, the Jeremy Halliwell that Naomi met was a fake, so Sienna reimbursed her one million. It seems like she also doesn’t know about this. Maybe she was lied to too?”

“But Sienna is such a smart and sharp woman. There’s no way she would be tricked again and again, right?” Mrs. LeClair said in a small voice, “I think... I think maybe Haddock Group knows and they’re just setting this up to scam us.”

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“We shouldn’t be saying stuff like this. If Mr. Haddock knows about it, we’ll be dead,” Mrs. Jones interrupted immediately. “We can’t do anything at the moment as we don’t have evidence. In the next meeting, we should invite Ms. Berry, but I’m not sure if she’ll be able to make it.”

“Ms. Berry is good at martial arts. She’s one of the most fearless and bold women I have ever met. We should get in touch with her,” Mrs. LeClair agreed. “Ms. Wang, you’re the only one I talked to about this. If we don’t clear things up and anger Mr. Haddock, both our businesses would suffer heavy losses!”

“Sis, it’s good that you know what is at stake. Recently,

Ms. Berry is coaching my daughter in dancing. Don't worry, I will ask my daughter to contact her," Mrs. Jones said.

"Dancing?"

Mrs. LeClair was puzzled.

"Ms. Berry is the producing director for this year's National Day Gala Night. As you know, Betty works in the bank with his uncle. It was her uncle who recommended her to be the spokesperson and perform the dance during the gala." Mrs. Nolan giggled.

Her brother-in-law was a banker, whereas her daughter worked at the bank as well. They had decent jobs.

"Ah, I see. Each unit has to send a representative as extras for the performance. I didn't expect Ms. Berry to have gained Mr. Field's trust," Mrs. LeClair said with admiration.

"Yeah, so don't worry about it. For now, stay low and wait for my news," said Mrs. Jones as she left.

Mrs. LeClair grabbed her handbag and left the café too.

Mrs. LeClair was a nobody. In contrast, Mrs. Jones' family was wealthy and powerful, so even her in-laws had to listen to her.

Mrs. LeClair felt relieved as she got into her car.

However, as she turned her head, she saw the college student again.

He was wearing branded stuff from head to toe and did not seem pitiful at all.

Mrs. LeClair immediately pulled out her phone and took a photo of him.

What was even more unacceptable was that the college student was driving an Audi A6L.

She was disgusted as it was totally inconsistent with the miserable life described by the college student.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got. She couldn't wait to ask Sienna from the Haddock Group for clarification.

However, she kept quiet and did not comment on anything because of Mrs. Jones.

*

Meanwhile, in the Concert Hall, Janet Smith's expression

turned dark.

She disliked and looked down on Ashlyn, but she never thought that the latter was a capable lady.

Ashlyn was working together with her mentor, studying a new vocal technique.

With the newly added elements, the melody of the song became more modern and beautiful.

The singer was Betty Jones. She was a beautiful lady with attractive eyes. Also, she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

Betty followed Ashlyn closely throughout the class; her voice was easily distinguishable.

It was sweet and melodious.

Especially in the chorus, the song was beautifully sung.

Betty Jones paid all her attention to Ashlyn. She was only an amateur singer, so meeting Ashlyn was a blessing to her.

Ashlyn was very patient. She had received various awards and recognitions throughout her music career.

Janet looked at Betty enviously. She wished that Ashlyn could guide her too so that her skills could be honed and she could be a better singer.

As she looked at Ashlyn, she was impressed, and the disdainful feeling disappeared.

It was break time.

She approached Ashlyn and swallowed hard. With a nervous tone, she asked, "Ms. Berry..."

"What's up?" Ashlyn glanced at her.

Ashlyn calmly looked at her and made Janet feel vulnerable.

She was stunned and at a loss for words. After a while, she said, "I'm sorry..."

"What do you mean?" Ashlyn seemed confused.

"I... I didn't mean to do that on your first day... I just..."

Janet flushed. It was rare for her to apologize to others as she was an arrogant and stubborn person.

"Oh. It's okay." Ashlyn remained expressionless.