

My One In A Million Wife

My One In A Million Wife [Ashlyn And Lucas] Chapter 251

. . .

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 251

"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.

. . .