My One In A Million Wife

. . .

My one in a million wife [Ashlyn and Lucas] chapter 255

He knew that she could enchant any man with a simple kiss and began to wonder what had she done to him to make him lose
control of himself in front of her.

"Lucas, that's enough. Do you think..." Ashlyn paused.

Do you think that you can do whatever you want just because you saved me when the curse was doing its thing? Ashlyn thought
but did not voice it out.

She tried to struggle between Lucas' arms, but it only made him hug her tighter.

Every inch of Lucas' body was touching hers, and Ashlyn knew what the man wanted.

She moved uncomfortably, but he stopped her in a hoarse voice. "Don't move."

Ashlyn felt like she was about to melt as his warm breath brushed past her ear.

Lucas' eyes turned red as if he were slowly morphing into a beast.

As that happened, the car steered into an abandoned road.

After parking, Spencer got out of the car and went for a smoke.

Lucas tightened his grip around Ashlyn's waist even more as he kissed her neck. The perfumed smell from her seemed to have

calmed the man's frustration down.

Ashlyn couldn't help but feel like Lucas was going to devour her any second now. Even though the window of the car was tinted,

they were still out in public.

She quickly raised her hand and slapped Lucas on his head. "Hey! Get a grip! I still have to head to the hall!"

"Let me rest for a while…" Lucas pleaded in a low voice, one that could melt any maiden's heart.

He smiled and pulled her in.

Even though they were in a Bentley that had a wide interior, Ashlyn felt like she was locked in a small cage.

No matter how much she struggled, she still could not escape from the man in front of her.

As their breaths hastened, Ashlyn's heart raced as well. Yet, the mood quickly died down. The only thing that was left was the

man's steady breathing.

Ashlyn looked down puzzledly and couldn't believe what she saw. Lucas had fallen asleep while hugging her.

The hell? What am I? His pillow?

Ashlyn was baffled as to why Lucas always hug her when he slept.

When Spencer finished his first cigarette, he noticed that the car wasn't rocking back and forth which made him scratch his head.

Judging from Lucas' reaction from a while ago, it seemed as if he was going to devour Ashlyn.

Spencer went back into the Bentley and realized that Lucas had fallen asleep. He proceeded to start the engine and whispered

to Ashlyn, "My apologies, Ms. Berry, Mr. Nolan went to London yesterday and just came back this morning. He hasn't had a wink

of sleep yet."

Spencer was explaining why Lucas seemed worn out.

"What's wrong with him anyway?" Ashlyn sighed. "Does he have to hug me to fall asleep or what?"

"You've guessed it right. It seems like Mr. Nolan will fall asleep easily whenever you're next to him. But when you're not, he couldn't sleep even if he tries to."

"What does that make me? His lullaby?" Ashlyn was speechless.

Half an hour later, the Bentley stopped in front of the State Concert Hall.

Ashlyn gently pinched Lucas' waist. "Get up. We're here."

But the man showed no reaction.

Ashlyn frowned and bit deeply into his neck. The pain woke him up immediately.

Lucas felt as if he had been bitten by a mad dog or something.

"Ouch!"

"Looks like pain works on you. Now, get up!"

Ashlyn let go of her bite and stared at the bite mark with satisfaction.

That's my revenge for biting me last time! What Ashlyn didn't know was that the thought itself was childish as well.

. . .