

## My One In A Million Wife Chapter 287

Spencer glanced at the tuckered out Ashlyn and swallowed. "Mr. Nolan, there's still some food left in the kitchen. I'll go get it now."

He had gone to a five-star hotel to order takeout for the food.

"No need." Lucas was not feeling particularly hungry at the moment. To him, everything looked bland and tasteless if it was not Ashlyn's cooking.

As such, he did not mind not eating. However, there was no way he would condone her not eating as well.

He patted her cheek lightly, urging, "Honey, you should eat something."

The delicious smell of food wafted into her nostrils. Ashlyn's eyelids fluttered before she opened them slowly. It took but a second for her to realize she was still in Lucas' arms with her back pressed to his solid chest.

Before she could move, he had already moved a bowl of dumplings toward her. Scooping up a spoonful of the broth, he brought it to her lips.

"This is broth made from Silkie chickens. It's supposed to be really nutritious and good for you."

She opened her mouth obediently and swallowed the broth. The warm liquid slipped down her throat, settling in her empty stomach and making her feel better.

With one hand wrapped around her waist, he used his other hand to feed her.

considerate man was a stark contrast to the beastly man that had pinned

started to eat, the hand around her waist

the naughty hand in irritation.

have the energy to hit me, maybe we should engage in other

down on his finger hard. She could feel how her teeth broke his skin before warm blood gushed

he merely stared

at his passiveness, she released his finger. "Are you

as you're happy," he

he inspected the wound critically before levelling a commanding

Ashlyn was speechless.

myself, didn't I? That sly man must have planned this

through her hands seemed

up the fork

and held it. In a low voice, he insisted, "Don't use a

huffed, "Don't

me,"

as she recalled how viciously she had bitten him earlier. He had not protested or

was a slight hint of something undecipherable in his eyes. Something