

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1101 - 1110

Because it was an unfamiliar car, the security guard at the gate immediately stopped the car and asked, "This is the Hutton residence. Unauthorized persons are not allowed to enter. Who are you?"

Lucas glanced at Jace, who was sitting in the back seat.

Jace immediately rolled down the window to reveal his face. "It's me. Open up now!"

With a respectful expression, the security guard quickly smiled deferentially. "Mr. Jace, welcome back. Please come in quick!"

Then he pressed the button to open the gate of the manor and respectfully allowed the car to pass.

As for why Jace wasn't riding in the cars he often drove but in a less upscale Land Rover, he was just a lowly security guard and in no place to ask.

The Land Rover slowly drove into the Hutton estate before finally stopping in front of a luxurious villa.

Lucas looked at the familiar yet unfamiliar scenes in this manor, his heart filled with complicated emotions.

In the past few years, he had dreamed countless times about all the things he had encountered as a child in the Hutton residence. He had also gritted his teeth and swore countless times that he had to live well so that he could teach the Huttons who had bullied him and his mother a hard lesson.

But now that he had returned to the Hutton residence again, his mood was extremely complicated.

He didn't even know whether he wanted to get an affirmative answer or a negative answer from Michael.

If the truth was that he wasn't biologically related to the Huttons, then his hatred for the Huttons after so many years would cease to exist.

In fact, it would be that Michael knew he wasn't his son, yet he still took him and his mother in and even raised him for years. Based on this alone, the Huttons were considered his benefactors.

The enemy he had hated for so many years turned out to be the benefactor who raised him. Could there be anything more ridiculous than this?

What kind of mood should he have when facing Michael?

After a moment of silence, Lucas finally opened the car door and brought Jordan and Jace into the villa that couldn't be any more familiar in his memory.

As they stepped in, a familiar voice sounded. "You're here."

In the living room on the first floor, Michael was sitting on the couch calmly while facing the front door, as if he had already expected their arrival.

He looked at Lucas with a complicated expression before turning to look at Jace. When he saw Jace dripping wet with a purplish mark on his neck, he frowned slightly before sighing.

After finally returning home and seeing his father, Jace burst into tears and couldn't wait to complain to his father about Lucas.

But Lucas was right next to him, and he had already suffered a lot at his hands, so he didn't dare to create trouble. Instead, he said frantically, "Dad, Lucas isn't your biological son, is he? Quickly tell him if he's your biological son or not and whether he's a Hutton or not!"

Michael immediately frowned. He didn't expect that Jace would eventually reveal the truth and that Lucas would come to the Hutton residence again today for this matter.

Lucas stared closely into Michael's eyes and said, "I want to know if there are any blood ties between me and you! I hope you can tell me the truth!"

His eyes were bloodshot, and he clenched his fists tightly while waiting for Michael's answer.

Michael looked at Lucas and opened his mouth, but he didn't say a word. But he eventually let out a long sigh with an emotional look.

Lucas gritted his teeth and continued, "The reason I came to you is because I want to hear it from you. If I really want to know if I'm your son or not, I can always get a DNA test done! So don't try to deceive me!"

Just as Lucas said, technology was so advanced these days that he could easily get a sample of Michael's DNA and then go to a relevant institution to get a DNA paternity test done. The result would naturally become clear then.

The reason he hadn't done this before was that he had never suspected that he might not be Michael's biological son.

When he heard what Jace said today, it had given him a huge shock.

After a moment of silence, Michael sighed and said, "It's already been so many years. Is there really a need to verify if you're my biological son or not?"

Lucas froze for a moment before suddenly laughing.

Although Michael didn't say it outright, it was obvious what he meant.

It turned out that Michael, whom Lucas had resented for so many years, was really not his biological father!

In that case, didn't it mean that all the hatred and misery he had been holding in for years was just a joke?

Since Michael wasn't his biological father, he had no obligation to raise him, and there was no reason for Lucas to hate him even though he had driven him and Emma out of the family!

Lucas clenched his fist and laughed so hard that he even started tearing up.

It turned out that he really wasn't blood-related to the Huttons.

"Hahaha!"

Seeing Lucas's miserable laughter, Michael felt great heartache.

He had never had any intention of revealing this matter. Even if he died, he never thought of telling Lucas about this.

But two may keep counsel, putting one away. Lucas eventually found out.

"Lucas, don't... don't be like this. Your mother would be heartbroken to see you this way," Michael said worriedly.

There was no hatred in his eyes when he looked at Lucas, only the worry of a loving father.

Although it was true that Lucas wasn't his biological son, and Lucas had hated him for years and still didn't acknowledge him as his father, Michael had always treated Lucas as his own son and felt nothing but heartache and guilt toward him. He didn't hate him at all.

Back then, he had no choice but to drive Lucas and his mother out of the Huttons, which was a decision that he had been regretting for years. He felt that he had let Lucas down greatly.

After seeing the guilt and worry in Michael's eyes, Lucas felt even worse.

He didn't know how to feel about Michael now.

In the end, Lucas wiped his face hard and asked, "Then, who is my biological father?"

He stared straight at Michael.

So many years had passed, and only from Michael could he find out the truth.

But a pained look appeared on Michael's face. After a long while of silence, he said bitterly, "I don't know either."

Lucas was very surprised by his answer.

Thank you for reading on

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1102

Michael continued, "When I met your mother back then, she was already pregnant. But no matter how much I asked her, she refused to tell me anything about that man.

"That's why I still don't know who your biological father is even after so many years."

Lucas was surprised at first. But at the thought of his mother's mysteriousness and how he had never heard anything about her past when he was a child, Lucas knew that Michael was telling the truth.

As long as his mother wasn't willing to say anything, there was no way anyone would know.

But this answer made it even harder for Lucas.

This also meant that he was more likely than not to never find out who his biological father was.

Confused, Lucas stood still for a long while before smiling bitterly and saying softly, "Got it. Sorry for imposing on you."

With that, he turned around and walked toward the door.

Lucas, who had always been formidable and full of vigor, was now walking with heavy and sad footsteps.

Looking at Lucas's back, Michael suddenly felt his heart ache terribly.

Although Lucas wasn't his biological son, he was the child of the woman he loved the most. Thus, Michael had always regarded Lucas as his own son, and it hurt him to see Lucas in so much pain.

If he hadn't been threatened and forced by the Whitleys back then, he wouldn't have driven Lucas and his mother out of the family, making them suffer so much, back then!

Seeing Lucas about to walk out of the villa, Michael finally couldn't help calling out to him. "Lucas!"

Lucas stopped but didn't turn around.

Tears welled up in Michael's eyes, and he said with trembling lips, "It was my fault for driving you and your mother out of the family back then! But in my heart, you've always been my son!"

Lucas's heart pounded rapidly.

He immediately felt his heart ache.

Many things he had deliberately forgotten once again surfaced in his mind.

As far as he could remember, Michael had indeed been a good father to him.

Michael had often come to him and held him in his arms while looking at him with a smile and giving him some toys and delicious food.

A long time ago, when he was a child, whenever the Huttons' servants and Jace bullied him, Michael had berated them furiously, and Jace had even been reprimanded severely by him on multiple occasions.

But later on, Michael slowly stopped coming to see him and protecting him.

At the time, Lucas thought that Michael didn't like him anymore, so he stopped paying attention to him and protecting him.

But in hindsight, he realized that Michael had yet to become the helmsman of the Huttons back then, and his wife was from a powerful royal family branch. Who knew when Lucas might have died if Michael had continued to adore him and protect him as before?

Internal strife was common even in modern families. Besides, he was just a few years old back then, and his mother didn't have any protection from anyone. It would have been a piece of cake for someone to kill him silently in the Hutton residence.

Or rather, the fact that Michael could let him and his mother live peacefully with the Huttons for eight years was already rather rare.

It had never been Michael's intention to drive him and his mother out of the Huttons, and he must have been extremely sad about it too.

After Lucas figured these things out, his emotions became even more complicated.

Even though he wasn't Michael's biological son, Michael had still been able to do so much for him and his mother. It proved that Michael was a good father.

"You don't owe me anything, but I owe you gratitude for raising me for a few years," Lucas said bitterly and left without turning back.

Standing behind him, Michael could no longer control his tears, and they flowed out uncontrollably.

Lucas no longer hated him, but he had also found out that he wasn't his son, so he wouldn't have any ties with him in the future.

Michael could only watch Lucas leave without being able to do anything.

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After Lucas left the Hutton residence, Jordan naturally followed him closely and sent him home.

Along the way, Lucas remained silent, so Jordan drove quietly without saying anything either.

He knew that Lucas must be feeling awful now, and he just had to accompany him silently.

When the car passed through an area downtown, Lucas suddenly said, "Stop. I'll get off here. You can go home first."

Jordan said worriedly, "Lucas, let me accompany you!"

Lucas shook his head. "I just want to be alone for a while. Nothing will happen."

Since he had already said so, Jordan naturally could only do as he was told and park the car on the side of the road.

Lucas pushed open the door and got out of the car. But he suddenly thought of something and instructed Jordan, "Don't tell anyone about what happened today, not even Cheyenne."

Jordan immediately assured, "Okay, I won't tell anyone."

After all, this concerned Lucas's privacy.

Lucas nodded. "Okay, go ahead."

With a casual wave of his hand, Lucas walked alone on the bustling street.

At this moment, it was almost 11 p.m.

It was close to midnight, but the busy commercial center of DC was still bustling with people.

Many people were laughing merrily on the sidewalks.

There were young people having dinner and socializing with colleagues, business professionals discussing business, and various people taking their friends out for some fun. There were families with babies and loving couples.

Everyone's expression was happy.

Lucas was the exception. He was walking alone through the streets, with confusion and loss written all over his face.

He was walking aimlessly, not knowing where he was going or what he should do now.

Suddenly, Lucas's phone rang. It was a call from Cheyenne.

"Honey, it's really late. Haven't you finished with work yet?" Cheyenne's gentle voice sounded.

The moment he heard her voice, Lucas felt especially bitter and had a strong urge to confide in her.

But he soon restrained his desire and smiled bitterly.

How could he tell Cheyenne about this matter?

"Yeah, I'm not finished yet. I'll probably be home late, so you don't have to wait for me. Just go to bed when you're tired." Lucas tried his best to speak as calmly as possible.

He had to adjust his mood and sort out all his emotions before going home. Otherwise, with Cheyenne's sensitiveness, she would easily discover that something was wrong with him.

He wanted to sort this matter out slowly himself.

He couldn't even tell Cheyenne about it.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1103

Cheyenne didn't say much and just said gently, "Okay, I got it. Go ahead and handle your affairs. Be careful on your way back."

Lucas had a powerful position, so likewise, he had plenty of things to handle. So Cheyenne didn't suspect anything at all.

After hanging up the phone, Lucas felt apologetic.

He had almost never lied to Cheyenne before, and the sense of guilt truly felt terrible.

But he really couldn't go home in his current state.

He put his phone back into his pocket and planned to continue strolling aimlessly on the street, but he suddenly saw a bar at the side.

Without much hesitation, Lucas stepped right inside.

In fact, he rarely patronized places like bars, but he was really in low spirits today. So the moment he saw the bar, he felt a strong urge to drown his sorrows in alcohol.

The bar wasn't too noisy but instead quite elegant.

On stage in the bar, a young man was playing a beautiful country song on an accordion.

Lucas walked to the front of the bar counter, and the bartender immediately asked, "Sir, would you like a drink?"

"Give me a bottle of the strongest alcohol you have here," Lucas said directly.

"Uh..." The bartender hesitated. "Our strongest drink here is distilled vodka from Poland, which is 96% alcohol. It's usually used as a base for cocktails. Ordinary people won't be able to stand drinking it raw. Sir, would you like to switch to something with a slightly lower alcohol content..."

Before he could finish speaking, Lucas interrupted, "I'll take that. Give me a bottle of it!"

"Alright!" The bartender felt helpless. He had already informed Lucas of the dangers of drinking the Polish distilled vodka, but there was nothing he could do since the customer insisted.

Soon, an opened bottle of Polish distilled vodka and a glass were placed in front of Lucas. The large word 96% printed on the bottle caught the attention of the guests around him.

The bartender poured a small glass of the vodka for Lucas, but Lucas waved him away and poured the alcohol himself, quickly filling the entire glass. He downed it in one go.

A few people at the side, including a waiter and the bartender, looked at Lucas in astonishment.

Most people probably wouldn't be able to take a tiny sip of spirits with such a high alcohol concentration, but Lucas actually chugged a glass in one go!

This wasn't all. After downing the glass, Lucas poured another glass, filling it to the brim before chugging it again.

Then the third glass...

The fourth...

After he finished the fourth glass, there was only a small amount of vodka left in the bottle.

Lucas actually downed several glasses of the vodka, which was extremely strong for ordinary people, one after another like it was plain water.

The strong alcohol naturally burned his throat, but after downing almost an entire bottle, he still felt cold in his heart.

Just as he poured all the vodka into the glass, downed it, and ordered another bottle of the same vodka, he heard a familiar female voice coming from behind.

"Lucas? What are you doing here?"

Lucas turned around and saw someone who surprised him.

"Lena Sawyer?"

Indeed, the person who came was Lena, the daughter of Ethan Sawyer, the wealthiest man in Orange County, and Cheyenne's long-time friend.

Lucas didn't expect that she would suddenly appear in DC in a bar that he had casually entered.

"Lucas, it's really you! What a coincidence!" Lena walked over in surprise, sat down on the high chair beside Lucas, and smiled sweetly. "I happened to be out drinking with my friends today, and when I saw your back, I found it familiar. I didn't expect it to be really you! Haha, fate must have brought us together!"

Lena looked around and saw that he was alone, so she asked in surprise, "Why are you here alone? Didn't Cheyenne come with you?"

Lucas said indifferently, "She's at home."

Except for a hint of surprise when he first saw Lena, his expression was cold and indifferent. Besides, he had planned to get drunk alone in a place where no one knew him, without the disturbance of anyone.

So he sounded even colder after hearing Lena's question.

But Lena thought that Lucas meant Cheyenne was back home in Orange County, so she was suddenly thrilled after a brief moment of surprise.

It seemed that Lucas was in a bad mood. At the mention of Cheyenne, his tone was cold and indifferent. Moreover, he was drinking alone at a bar.

Did Lucas and Cheyenne have a fight? Lena guessed, but she couldn't help feeling some joy.

Ever since Lucas had saved her at the entrance of the Sawyers' villa like a knight in shining armor a few months ago, his figure had been deeply etched in her mind.

But Lena had been suppressing her feelings because of Cheyenne.

However, the more she wanted to forget him, the harder it was for her to do so.

As Lucas continued to save her from danger again and again, Lena fell hopelessly in love with him and finally decided to take action.

Previously in a hotel in LA, Lena had even tried to seduce Lucas in her swimsuit at the pool on the top floor, but she didn't succeed.

Now, she unexpectedly met Lucas once again far away in DC, and he was currently alone. She was sure that this was another chance given to her by God.

With this thought, Lena coughed and asked tentatively, "Uh... you don't seem too happy. Did you... have a fight with Cheyenne?"

"No," Lucas replied extremely indifferently before downing the glass of the highly distilled vodka in his hand in one go.

Although Lucas denied it, he was clearly in a bad mood since he was chugging hard liquor.

She reckoned that he must have had a fight with Cheyenne.

After thinking about it, Lena said, "I'll drink with you!"

Then she grabbed Lucas's vodka bottle, poured half a glass, and took a large mouthful.

But...

"Pfft!"

As soon as the vodka entered her mouth, she immediately spat it out ungracefully!

While Lena coughed, her face flushed red, and she hurriedly wiped the corners of her mouth and the liquor stains on her clothes. She complained repeatedly, "What kind of alcohol is this? It leaves a terrible taste in my mouth!"

Seeing how embarrassed and disheveled Lena was, Lucas couldn't help being amused regardless of his awful mood.

Thank you for reading on

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1104

Lucas pointed to the large '96%' logo on the bottle and said with a smile, "This isn't ordinary alcohol. It's highly distilled vodka from Poland, the strongest alcohol in the world. Of course you can't take it."

Lena was flabbergasted. "Why didn't you say so earlier? You caused me to be so embarrassed."

After pausing for a moment, she frowned again and said, "Wait, you actually drank an entire glass at once like it was water. That's why I didn't notice how high its alcohol content was and thought that it was just a bottle of liquor with average alcohol content. This is all your fault!"

Lucas didn't argue with her. He simply smiled and poured himself another glass of the vodka that appeared extremely terrifying in the eyes of others.

"Forget it. Please give me a Blue Jazz cocktail," Lena said to the bartender in front of her.

"Okay, just a moment. please!"

With a light smile, the bartender immediately took out several types of raw liquor and displayed his spectacular bartending skills in front of the two people.

Unfortunately, the two of them didn't seem to be in the mood to appreciate the showcase.

"Why did you come to DC?" Lucas asked.

Lena said, "My dad said he wants to develop the Sawyers' business in DC, so he sent me over to survey the market."

Lucas was a little surprised. "Are the Sawyers planning to expand to DC too?"

The Sawyers were one of the four top families in Orange County, and Ethan Sawyer was the wealthiest man there. But after all, they were only a powerful family in a place like Orange County and couldn't compare to the various powerful forces in California at all. In the prosperous DC, they were just a small fry.

Thus, Lucas was surprised.

Lena crinkled her nose and said, "I said the same thing to my dad, but he told me to go and take a look. If there's a good opportunity in DC, we can't miss it. So, I'm here!"

"I see." Lucas didn't say anything else and downed another large glass of liquor.

Seeing Lucas down the strongest alcohol in the world, Lena found him to be really suave. But at the same time, she felt that drinking so much strong alcohol was detrimental to his health.

After all, an alcohol content of 96% was almost the same as pure alcohol, and people would easily get drunk or suffer severe health issues from drinking it.

"Lucas, the alcohol content of this liquor is too high. You'd better not drink it!" Lena said worriedly. Then she picked up her phone and said deliberately, "It seems like I have to call Cheyenne and get her to persuade you."

"Don't!" Lucas immediately reached out to stop Lena from making the call.

He didn't want Cheyenne to see how miserable he was, which was why he wanted to drink alone to sort out his emotions. He had just lied to Cheyenne that he was handling some matters outside. If Lena told her that he was drinking alone in the bar, she would definitely rush over worriedly.

Lena didn't really intend to call Cheyenne in the first place. Seeing Lucas stopping her, she put her phone away and asked with a smile, "And you say you didn't have a fight with Cheyenne. Given the way you're behaving, there's obviously a conflict between you two. That's why you're out here drinking alone, right? What really happened?"

After Lena appeared, Lucas was no longer in the mood to continue drinking, so he stood up and said, "I'm done. You should head back early! It's getting late."

With that, Lucas settled the bill, paying for the cocktail Lena had ordered but hadn't drunk yet, and turned around to leave.

His pace was extremely fast, and he reached the entrance of the bar in just a few seconds.

“Hey, wait for me!” Lena immediately trotted after him, but she only managed to catch up with him at the entrance and grabbed his clothes.

“Is there anything else?” Lucas frowned as he looked at the cuff of his shirt that she was grabbing before pulling it back with some force.

Lucas had honestly never liked getting too close to other women, especially since Lena had behaved a little too chummy with him on several occasions.

If any other woman did this, Lucas would have already snapped at her and walked away. But Lena was Cheyenne’s best friend, so he couldn’t humiliate her like that.

But he still found it inappropriate of her to chase after him and grab his cuff blatantly. So he looked more stern and aloof.

“My friends have already left, and it’s so late. Aren’t you worried about letting me go back alone? What if I meet a bad guy on the way? Please send me back to the hotel, okay?” Lena looked at Lucas pleadingly.

Lucas instinctively intended to turn her down. But at this moment, a sudden gust of cool wind, and he suddenly felt light-headed.

He had just drunk a bottle and a half of the strongest Polish distilled vodka, and the effects of the alcohol were now kicking in, thus making him feel dizzy and sleepy.

Lucas knew that after drinking so much, he would definitely reek of alcohol. If he went home in this state, it would be difficult to hide it from Cheyenne. So he could only check into a hotel for the night.

Since Lena wanted him to send her back to her hotel, it happened to be on the way.

“Okay, which hotel are you staying at?” Lucas asked.

On cloud nine, Lena quickly said, "It's not too far from here. It's just a few minutes away by taxi."

Thus, the two of them stood by the road and took a taxi to Crown International Hotel.

It was indeed very close. In just seven or so minutes, they had already arrived at the hotel.

But Lucas had already passed out in the back seat within this short period of time.

"Lucas? Lucas?" Lena called out to him again and again, but he didn't wake up.

When she thought that he was really drunk, many unspeakable thoughts surged in her heart, which began pounding rapidly. If he's drunk, then... maybe... I can...

With the taxi driver's help, Lena helped Lucas out of the car, let him lean on her, and walked toward the hotel.

With the cold wind blowing outside and the movements as they walked, Lucas became a little awake and could walk a little, though he was still dizzy.

"Have we arrived at the hotel?" Lucas asked in a daze.

"Yeah, we're going in soon. I'll hold you!" Lena said gleefully as she tried her best to support his body.

Although it wasn't easy to walk with a drunk person, she was overjoyed, and she even wished that the walk would last longer.

To be able to have such intimate contact with the man she adored, Lena was already blissful enough.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1105

In fact, Lucas couldn't hold his liquor that well. When he was a student, he had never had the opportunity to drink something as extravagant as alcohol. At the time, he even had to scrimp and save for his meals.

When he joined the Falcon Regiment later, it was even more impossible for him to drink since he was only a junior soldier. And when he became the captain, he abstained from drinking out of discipline.

So generally, even when attending functions, he mostly drank water and rarely wine.

But what he had encountered today was too saddening, and he couldn't tell anyone about his feelings either. Since he happened to stumble upon a bar, he had suddenly felt the urge to drown his sorrows in alcohol.

Moreover, he had deliberately chosen a drink with a high alcohol content. Polish distilled vodka was the strongest spirit in the world, so its effects were definitely not to be underestimated. Lucas could no longer think straight at this point, and he didn't even know who the person beside him was.

After a great deal of effort, Lena finally helped Lucas to her room.

In the hotel lobby, a staff member saw that Lucas was drunk and wanted to help the petite Lena, but she declined.

The opportunity to have such intimate contact with Lucas was something she had dreamed of, so how could she let a staff member take over?

So despite being exhausted, Lena still stubbornly helped Lucas to her room and put him down.

Looking at the man she had been in love with for a long time lying on the hotel bed with his guard down in a drunken stupor, Lena could barely suppress her excitement.

She could finally get intimate with Lucas in the same room, and this time, he wouldn't reject her again!

“Cheyenne, don’t blame me. Your man is such a dreamboat. It’s only normal for me to fall in love with him. You should be able to understand...” Lena muttered softly.

She had already struggled enough and worked through the dilemma on the way here. Now that Lucas was lying on her bed, she wouldn’t let go of this opportunity!

Lena’s heart was pounding so crazily that it was about to jump out of her chest.

She took a deep breath, took out her phone, and took several pictures of Lucas on the bed. She even found the right angle to take some racy and ambiguous photos of her and him.

When Lena looked at the intimate photos on her phone, her lips curled into an extremely satisfied smile.

After admiring the photos for a while, Lena went to the bathroom and took a shower.

Ten minutes later, the sound of water in the bathroom stopped, and she soon came out wrapped in a bath towel. There were still water stains on her fair skin, making her look very seductive.

Lucas was still lying on the bed, his face flushed from the alcohol. His brows were furrowed deeply, but he was still sleeping.

Lena walked to Lucas and reached out to unbutton his shirt. But at this moment, she began struggling again.

Do I really want to do this?

If she really did it, it would mean a complete severance of her friendship with Cheyenne.

Lena didn’t have many close friends, and Cheyenne had been her best friend since ages ago.

Even when she was far away from home, Cheyenne would send her gifts during the holidays.

One was the man she loved the most in her life, while the other was her best friend of nearly two decades. She was stuck in a dilemma.

Should I pick friendship or love?

Lena was feeling extremely hesitant and conflicted.

Ring-Ring...

Suddenly, the phone in Lucas's pocket rang, startling Lena.

When she took out his phone and saw the word 'Honey' on the screen, she felt even more conflicted.

"Mm... Whose phone is it?" Lucas suddenly muttered and opened his eyes in a daze.

"Ah!" Lena was shocked and even dropped the phone in her hand on the bed in fright. She hurriedly stammered in explanation, "Lu... Lucas, you... I... I just..."

At this moment, Lena was so anxious that cold sweat gushed out from all over her body.

At any other time, she could still make up some excuse. But now, she was wrapped in a bath towel and had obviously just taken a shower. There was no plausible explanation she could give!

But while Lena was panicking, Lucas merely glanced at her before closing his eyes and dozing off again.

It turned out that he hadn't really woken up and had merely opened his eyes in a daze. In fact, it was just a subconscious action that he wouldn't remember at all.

Lena heaved a sigh of relief and wiped the cold sweat off her face.

Due to the interruption, they naturally didn't answer the call, and the phone stopped ringing.

Lena stroked her chest in shock, looked at the handsome face of Lucas, who was lying on the bed, and finally made up her mind.

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The following morning, Lucas rubbed his eyes and woke up from his sleep after ten.

The first thing he felt was an immense headache and dizziness, making him feel an indescribable sense of discomfort.

It wasn't until Lucas sat up from the bed and scanned his surroundings that he realized that he was in a hotel room. He sprung up in shock and came to his senses completely!

"Damn it!" Lucas leaped up from the bed and stood on the floor.

But he soon found that he was wearing nothing except a pair of boxers!

It was the first time in his life that he had ever been in such a situation, and he was dumbfounded!

Lucas rubbed his dizzy head and tried his best to recall what had happened last night and how he had ended up here.

Then he thought of some scenes of what had happened last night before he passed out.

Lucas could still clearly remember that just as he was leaving the bar, Lena caught up with him and wanted him to take her back to her hotel.

Afterward, he decided to stay in a hotel for the night, so he agreed to Lena's request and sent her back.

The two of them then got into a taxi.

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Lucas had no recollection of what happened afterward, probably because he had already dozed off right after getting in the taxi.

Now, his clothes had been removed and were placed on the sofa at the side. He was wearing nothing but underwear.

He could immediately guess that Lena must have helped him change!

A sudden chill surged straight to his heart from the bottom of his feet, causing his body to stiffen!

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1106

Although this was the first time he encountered such a situation, it was rather common in modern dramas and novels.

Moreover, Lucas wasn't stupid. He obviously understood from the way Lena had tried to get close to him repeatedly, as well as the unconcealable emotions in her eyes, that she had a crush on him.

So... after I got drunk last night, did Lena and I...

Lucas didn't dare to continue thinking about it further. He frantically said, "Lena Sawyer!"

But no one in the room responded. Lena clearly wasn't here now.

Lucas was flustered. He hurriedly took out his phone to call Lena to clarify the situation, only to find that he had more than 20 missed calls and messages.

They were all from Cheyenne.

At this moment, Lucas's heart was full of incomparable guilt and remorse.

Only now did he finally understand why it was so common for people to make mistakes after getting drunk.

The most important thing now was whether or not he had made an irreparable mistake with Lena while he was drunk last night.

While Lucas was panicking and racking his brain to recall what had happened last night, he heard a beeping sound coming from outside. Someone was opening the door with the key card.

Lucas immediately turned his head to look at the hotel room door and saw Lena walking in.

She was carrying a plastic bag with two containers of food for breakfast and a cup of warm milk.

She walked in very naturally and placed the things in her hand on the table one after another. "I just bought some breakfast from the restaurant downstairs. Go wash up."

Lucas remained still and just stared at her face to try and find some clues.

Lena coughed and touched her face in bewilderment. "Why are you staring at me like that? Is there something on my face?"

Afterward, she blushed a little, as if she had just realized that he was wearing only a pair of boxers.

She quickly explained, "Uh, you got drunk last and vomited on your clothes. I tried waking you up, but you just wouldn't, so... I had no choice but to take off your clothes and wash them for you. You don't mind it, do you?"

"I hung your clothes to dry overnight, and they were dry by the time I got up in the morning. I've placed them on the couch over there. Well, quickly get changed. I'll turn around. I won't peek!"

Then Lena really turned around to face her back toward him.

Lucas looked at the clothes on the sofa, picked them up, and sniffed them. They indeed didn't reek of alcohol anymore and had the fresh scent of detergent. They had indeed been washed last night.

Given the way Lena was behaving, he reckoned that she should have just taken off his clothes and washed them for him without doing anything else.

In that case, that was great.

Lucas was a little confused now. Even just for the sake of self-comfort, he would rather believe that nothing had happened between them last night.

Lucas put on his clothes in a few seconds and said, "Sorry for troubling you last night."

Lena turned around and said with flushed cheeks, "We're friends. Don't mention it."

Then she let out a yawn of fatigue and looked outside. "Remember to eat breakfast later. I'm tired, so I'm going back to my room to get some more sleep."

When Lucas heard this, his eyes glistened.

Lena was clearly telling him that she had slept in her room last night so that he wouldn't get the wrong idea.

Lucas was still quite uncertain at first, but he was relieved after hearing what she said.

It seemed that nothing really happened between them last night.

This was good.

Lena walked out of the room. Lucas naturally wasn't in the mood for breakfast. He immediately called Cheyenne.

Soon, Cheyenne picked up and asked worriedly, "Lucas, are you okay? Where were you last night?"

"I called you so many times, but you didn't pick up. I was worried sick!"

Hearing her words of concern, Lucas felt guilty.

It was naturally impossible to tell Cheyenne the truth about what had happened last night. Although Lucas believed that nothing had happened between him and Lena, such matters could easily arouse misunderstandings.

Lucas said to Cheyenne somewhat sheepishly, "Sorry, Honey, I was drinking with some friends last night and accidentally had a drop too many, so I stayed in a hotel for the night. I was so drunk that I didn't hear your calls."

Cheyenne sighed in relief and said softly, "It's good that you're fine. I almost thought... Ahem, Honey, drinking is harmful to your health. Try not to drink so much in the future!"

"Okay!" Lucas vowed that he would never touch alcohol again!

If something irreparable happened after drinking, it would be too late for regrets!

"Honey, I've finished all my tasks in DC, and it just so happens that there are some matters I have to handle at the Brilliance Corporation in Orange County, so I have to head back now," Cheyenne added.

Lucas said, "Okay, I'll take you to the airport."

"It's fine. I'm already at the airport and about to board the plane. Once I'm finished with the matters at the Brilliance Corporation, I'll head back to DC with Amelia!" Cheyenne said with a smile.

After thinking about it for a bit, Lucas said, "No hurry. I have to go to Orange County in a couple of days too. We can head back to DC together then."

"Alright. I'm hanging up now, Honey. Bye!"

After ending the call, Lucas let out a deep breath, feeling as if a huge boulder had been lifted off of his chest.

But he still felt uneasy because he had lied to Cheyenne twice.

...

At this moment, in one of the Steeles' villas in DC...

A noblewoman in her fifties was standing in the living room, pacing back and forth anxiously and looking at the door from time to time, seemingly anxiously waiting for someone.

Ashley, at the side, said comfortingly, "Mom, don't panic. Alex will be fine, and he'll be back soon."

It turned out that the noblewoman was the mother of Alexander and Ashley, Elise Bale.

Elise asked anxiously, "But Ashley, it's already been a night. Why hasn't your grandfather let your brother come home yet?"

"Also, what exactly happened last night? I heard someone say this morning that Godfrey died, and Trevor even said that Alexander was the one who ordered someone to do it.

“They also said that Trevor was forced to crawl out of Club Illuma by your brother. Is that true?”

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1107

Last night, Alexander and Ashley returned home late. But soon after Alexander returned, his grandfather called him over.

Elise originally thought Alexander’s grandfather would just ask him some simple questions. But unexpectedly, she woke up to find that Alexander hadn’t returned all night. The news she heard from the servants left her anxious and in disbelief.

Ashley said, “Mom, don’t listen to their nonsense. Although the person who killed Godfrey and forced Trevor to crawl out of Club Illuma is indeed Alex’s acquaintance, they’ve only met twice, and they’re not even considered friends. Alex can’t order him to do anything!”

Elise asked doubtfully, “Is that person really not your brother’s friend? Then, why did he help your brother?”

“I heard that person killed the top expert who worked for Godfrey just to stand up for Alexander. People also said he defeated Trevor’s expert on Alexander’s behalf. These things... clearly have something to do with your brother, right?”

“If your grandfather wants to pursue the responsibility, he definitely won’t let your brother off! Ah, what should we do now?”

The more she spoke, the more she felt that Alexander would be punished and the more panicked she became.

This was what Ashley was worried about too.

Ashley pursed her lips and said, “Mom, I’m telling the truth. Lucas only met Alex twice. Moreover, Alex tricked him into going to Club Illuma yesterday, and Lucas almost lost his temper.”

“Later, Godfrey provoked us and even tried to hit Lucas. Lucas taught him a lesson and crippled the expert he hired. Afterward, Godfrey courted death himself by angering Lucas, so Lucas killed him.

“Also, Trevor isn’t a good person either. He behaved arrogantly with us and Lucas as soon as he came, and he even tried to kill Lucas. Alex pleaded for Trevor, so Lucas spared his life and told him to crawl out of Club Illuma. Otherwise, he would have already died!

“At the time, Lucas even said that there were only three third-generation male heirs left in our family, and if two of them died, Alex would be the only one left and would definitely become the future helmsman. But Alex begged Lucas to spare Trevor on account that he’s a Steele!”

Ashley hastily revealed the highlights of what had happened last night.

Elise was astonished. She didn’t know that so much had happened last night.

Elise naturally believed what her daughter said, but the rest of the Steeles might not necessarily believe it.

In particular, Trevor, who was very dissatisfied with Alexander and had suffered great humiliation this time, would definitely add fuel to the fire, complain about him to the family head, and put all the blame on Alexander.

Also, the way Ashley affectionately said Lucas’s name was enough to tell her something was up.

“Are you in love with Lucas?” Elise suddenly asked.

Ashley was stunned, and only then did she realize that she had just unintentionally sounded a little too excited and affectionate when talking about Lucas.

She blushed a little and lowered her head. “Lucas... is really nice, but it was my first time meeting him yesterday. How could I be in love with him...”

Actually, Ashley knew clearly whether or not she was in love with Lucas.

But last night in the car, Alexander had already warned her that Lucas was married and had a child and that things were simply impossible between them. All she could do was be in love with him one-sidedly.

Maybe in a few days, Lucas would forget who she was.

The best choice for her now was to sever all feelings she had for him.

At the thought of this, Ashley was melancholic.

Elise patted Ashley's hand. "Actually, from what you said, that young man does sound like a very powerful and righteous person. If you really like him and get together with him, I won't have to worry about you and Alexander being bullied anymore."

"Mom, I—"

Ashley was about to deny again that she had no feelings for Lucas, but Elise interrupted her, "Ashley, you're my daughter. How can I not know what you're thinking? You don't have to be so anxious to deny it.

"In fact, you also know that since your father passed away a few years ago, the Steeles have treated our family of three worse and worse. And your cousins are all worried that Alexander will take over the authority in the family, so they do everything they can to suppress us. Although Alexander has done so much for the family, he's still getting further and further away from the family's power core.

"I've actually thought about it. There's really no point in staying in such a family. Given how capable you and Alexander are, you will still be able to get by just the same even if you leave the Steeles.

"However, you two don't lack talent. What you lack the most is someone who can protect you two even under the threat of the Steeles.

"If that Lucas you spoke of is really that powerful, and you happen to like him, then you might as well give it a try and let him protect you. I can be at ease then!"

Elise meant this from the bottom of her heart and almost made Ashley tear up.

Her mother's thoughts naturally touched her heart, but at the same time, she knew that she was destined never to be in a relationship with such an outstanding man.

He was already married to a woman he loved and shared a child with her. It was impossible for him to fall in love with another woman.

She would never stand a chance with him.

Ashley parted her lips, wanting to tell her mother that Lucas was already married with a daughter, but a florist loyal to their family suddenly rushed in from outside and said loudly, "Bad news, Ma'am. Mr. Steele Sr. expelled Mr. Alexander from the family!"

"What did you say?!"

This news was like a thunderbolt, leaving Elise and Ashley pale and dumbfounded.

Elise never imagined that the helmsman would expel Alexander!

"Ma'am, Mr. Steele Sr. is furious. He said that Mr. Godfrey was killed by Mr. Alexander and that Mr. Alexander disgraced the family, so he kicked him out of the family. Mr. Alexander has knelt outside for a long time in hopes that Mr. Steele Sr. will withdraw his order, but it's to no avail! Mr. Steele Sr. also made lots of callous remarks!"

The florist told Elise all the information he had heard and said nervously, "Ma'am, Mr. Steele Sr. seems serious about kicking Mr. Alexander out! Ma'am, quickly go and beg Mr. Steele Sr. to give Mr. Alexander another chance!"

Ashley was just as anxious. "Mom, what should we do? Grandpa actually said that he wants to expel Alex from the family!"

Elise calmed down, grabbed Ashley's hand, and tried her best to remain composed. "Let's go and look for your grandfather now!"

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1108

When Elise and Ashley arrived at the residence of the Steeles' helmsman, they saw Alexander kneeling outside the front door and speaking to the person inside.

"Grandpa, I have already explained it to you several times. Godfrey and Trevor brought it upon themselves. At the end of the day, they were the ones who provoked Mr. Gray first. It has nothing to do with him!"

"Also, Mr. Gray isn't an ordinary person. If you insist on finding trouble with him, it will definitely bring disaster to the Steeles! Grandpa, please think it through!"

A furious voice came from inside the villa in reply. "Shut up! How dare you speak up for that punk when things have already come to this? He killed Godfrey and humiliated Trevor in public. The Steeles' reputation is in tatters, yet you're still speaking for an outsider?"

"Alexander, you've truly grown up. You're getting bolder and bolder and less and less respectful for the family. You no longer take me, the family head, seriously, huh?"

"Both of them are your cousins, your close blood relatives! How could you be so ruthless as to let someone kill your cousin?! You're heartless, and we can't keep you in the family anymore!"

"If I don't expel you from the family today, I think you will climb all over me!"

"Leave the Steeles immediately. I'll make sure that punk Lucas Gray dies for killing my grandson and insulting the Steeles!"

The person reprimanding Alexander was Greg, the helmsman of the Steeles.

Elise was extremely anxious, and she could tell that Alexander was still pleading for Lucas at this point.

She was naturally clear about her son's personality. Although he looked gentle and polite, he was actually very proud and aloof deep down. It was difficult for ordinary people to catch his eye.

But based on what Ashley said, Alexander had only met Lucas twice. Logically speaking, they shouldn't have a close friendship at all. Why would Alexander risk offending Greg to plead for him?

Moreover, not only was Alexander like this, but even Ashley had fallen in love with him after meeting him only once.

She wondered what kind of person Lucas was.

Alexander said firmly, "Grandpa, if you insist that it's my fault and want to kick me out of the family, I have no objections. However, I'm absolutely against the Steeles taking revenge on Mr. Gray! Grandpa, you really can't do that, or you will bring disaster to the family!"

Alexander was indeed asking the Steeles not to seek revenge on Lucas, but he wasn't pleading for Lucas. Rather, he was trying to protect the Steeles because he didn't want them to offend Lucas.

Although Alexander was still unclear about Lucas's true identity, he knew that Lucas had definitely been an extremely important person in the military and likely held a very high post.

Lucas wasn't someone the Steeles could afford to offend.

Last night, Alexander had begged Lucas several times, so Lucas had agreed to let the Steeles off, provided that they didn't court death.

But if Greg insisted on taking revenge against Lucas, Lucas definitely wouldn't sit back and do nothing. The Steeles would suffer heavy losses or even face the danger of getting destroyed!

Alexander believed that with Lucas's strength, he would definitely be able to do this!

At this moment, Trevor walked out of the villa and sneered. "Alexander, how dare you say that even now? The Steeles are one of the top eight powerful families in DC. That punk is nothing to us! How dare you intimidate Grandpa with the Steeles' future? How despicable!

"Yesterday, I was forced to crawl out of Club Illuma in public by Lucas Gray. It disgraced not only me but also our family. Do you think I'd just let it go?

"Furthermore, he brutally killed our cousin Godfrey in front of so many people! Godfrey is a direct descendant of the Steeles! If Lucas Gray doesn't die, everyone in DC will think we're weak pushovers. When that happens, anyone can kill us as they please. How can we have a place in DC then?"

"Alexander, one of the Steeles' direct descendants has died, and we've suffered great humiliation all because of you and your friend!"

Alexander looked at Trevor and said through clenched teeth, "Trevor, you should tell us why Godfrey was killed and why you were humiliated. You should know better than anyone the truth of this matter!"

"I can forget about the position of the Steeles' successor and not compete with you. I'll even let Grandpa kick me out of the family, but you really can't offend Mr. Gray. Otherwise, I will stop you even if I have to die!

"Mr. Gray isn't someone that the Steeles can afford to offend! Grandpa, please think carefully!"

Alexander looked at the front door of the villa and pleaded.

Lucas wasn't in the wrong in the first place, so Alexander didn't want to see the Steeles retaliate against him. At the same time, Alexander didn't want Lucas to annihilate the Steeles because of their retaliation.

If not for his father's desperate efforts to save the Steeles back then, the Steeles would have probably declined and might have even ceased to exist at this point.

It wasn't that Alexander was obstinately loyal to the Steeles, nor did he covet the position of helmsman. He just didn't want his father's painstaking efforts and life to be lost in vain.

Thus, Alexander absolutely didn't want to see the Steele family destroyed.

"Enough! I don't want to hear you or see you again. From today onward, there is no longer an Alexander Steele in the family!

"Someone, come and drive Alexander Steele away immediately!" Greg, the helmsman, bellowed furiously in the villa.

With his command, two powerhouses of the Steeles walked over to Alexander and said coldly, "You'd better go. Don't make us throw you out."

Alexander stood up. After several changes in expression, he suddenly yelled at the villa, "Grandpa, I'm doing this for the Steeles' own good! You must remember what I said. If you offend him, it will really bring disaster to the Steeles!

"If you want someone to pay for this matter, I'll be that person! Kill me!

"But Mr. Gray really isn't someone you can provoke. I'm not trying to scare you. I'm telling the truth!"

Alexander was full of anxiety, and he shouted extremely loudly to get his grandfather and the rest of the Steeles to realize just how great of a disaster offending Lucas would bring to the family.

However, no one was willing to believe him.

Thank you for reading on

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1109

“Alexander Steele, enough! You keep saying that we can’t offend that punk Lucas Gray, or it will bring disaster to the Steeles. But I heard yesterday that he’s just an illegitimate child expelled from the Huttons two decades ago. That’s what Jace, the scion of the Huttons, said himself!

“Lucas Gray just knows some martial arts, and he defeated my subordinates because they were careless. It’s not because he’s powerful!

“You can scare others with your lies, but you actually want to deceive Grandpa. You’re really overestimating yourself! Grandpa is the helmsman of the esteemed Steeles, and he’s not even afraid of the Huttons’ helmsman. Why would he be afraid of an outcast of the Huttons? Do you take us for fools?” Trevor immediately retorted loudly at Alexander.

Then he added fuel to the fire by saying to Greg, “Grandpa, look. Alexander doesn’t take the Steeles seriously at all. He even says that we can’t afford to provoke that outcast from the Huttons. How absurd!

“The way I see it, Alexander just wants to help that bastard who killed a direct descendant of the Steeles and humiliated the family! So Grandpa, you can’t let that punk Lucas Gray off. You can’t spare Alexander either!

“Since he doesn’t care about the lives and dignity of the Steeles and just wants to protect an outsider, he’s not worthy of being a descendant of the family!”

Trevor deliberately sowed discord so that his grandfather would kick Alexander out of the family.

In that case, he would be the only direct descendant of the third generation of the Steeles, and he would definitely become the future helmsman of the family.

“Tell him to leave immediately! Tell them all to get lost!” Greg still didn’t appear, but his thunderous voice was enough to show how furious he was.

Hearing this, Alexander felt immensely sad.

He had already done his best to save the Steeles.

He took one last look at his grandfather inside the villa and gave a final piece of advice, "Grandpa, there's nothing I can do if you refuse to listen to me, but I just hope that you will do a proper investigation on Mr. Gray's identity before doing anything. Once you do, you will know whether I'm trying to scare you or not."

This was all he could do for the Steeles!

With that, Alexander turned around to leave.

Elise was standing under a large tree twenty meters away from the main residence and listening quietly. After seeing her son being kicked out of the Steeles without receiving any other punishment, she only sighed.

She had already mentally prepared herself for them to be kicked out of the Steeles for a long time. Given the way the Steeles had been treating them, she knew there would be a day this would happen.

Even without last night's incident, Alexander could easily lose everything and get kicked out of the family at any time because the family had already ostracized him.

Therefore, Elise didn't bother pleading because she knew that her efforts would only be futile, and Greg wouldn't change his mind.

Alexander walked out and found Elise here too. She didn't say anything. She simply held Ashely with one hand and Alexander with the other and walked away.

"All the assets of their family of three belong to the Steeles! Seize them immediately and make sure that they leave without a single cent!" Greg yelled loudly from behind.

"Yes, Mr. Smith!" The butler immediately accepted the order.

Beside him, Trevor looked smug.

He had finally driven Alexander out of the family!

After leaving the Steele residence, the guilt-ridden Alexander looked at Elise and Ashley and said, "I'm sorry, Mom, Ashley. It's all my fault you've been implicated. I've caused you two to be driven out too."

Elise said gently with a smile, "We're a family. There's no such thing as getting implicated! Besides, the Steeles are too unbearable, so I don't think it's a bad thing for us to leave."

Ashley nodded in agreement. "Yeah! Ever since Dad passed away a few years ago, the Steeles haven't been acting like our family at all! They bully us all the time and have never treated us as family. Why should we endure it and stay when we're facing their hostile attitudes every day?"

"We're able-bodied, and you're so talented at business. Even if we leave the Steeles, we'll still be able to live well, even better than we did with the Steeles!"

"Although the Steeles are one of the eight top families in DC, what does that have to do with us? Life will be better for us if we live away from them. We'll get to be carefree and enjoy freedom without being bullied by them or facing their attitudes!"

Ashley poked angrily with a puffed face. She wasn't reluctant to leave the Steeles at all.

Alexander smiled bitterly without saying anything.

It wasn't that he was reluctant to leave the Steeles but that he didn't want them to offend Lucas and bring disaster to the family, which would make all of his father's previous efforts go to waste.

But since things had come to this and he had already done his best, it was up to the Steeles to choose what to do next.

Before leaving, the three turned around to take one last look at the Steele residence, which they had called home for decades.

At this moment, a Porsche slowly stopped in front of them. The window rolled down, revealing the face of a middle-aged man. He said to Alexander, "Chairman Gray sent me to pick you up."

"Chairman Gray?"

All three of them were surprised to hear this, and Alexander ran through his mind which chairman in his social circle had the last name Gray.

Wait... Gray?

Could it be?!

As if to confirm Alexander's conjecture, the middle-aged man smiled and said, "He's the chairman of Stardust Corporation, Mr. Lucas Gray."

Hearing this, Alexander was even more surprised.

Lucas had actually sent someone to pick them up so early. It seemed he had predicted that Alexander and his family would be driven out of the Steeles. It was simply... magical!

Furthermore, they were forced to leave without a single cent. Apart from the clothes they were wearing, the rest of their belongings were detained by the Steeles, including their bank cards.

Alexander and his family could already be considered penniless with nowhere to go.

But Lucas actually sent someone to pick them up at this time. It was undoubtedly sending help when needed.

After recovering from the shock, Alexander was overjoyed and said to Elise, "Mom, since Mr. Gray has specially sent someone over to pick us up, let's go!"

Thank you for reading on

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1110

Elise nodded. She naturally agreed with what Alexander said.

She was already very curious about Lucas and wondered just what kind of person had the ability to make Alexander defend him so ardently and Ashley fall in love at first sight with him in such a short time. She didn't expect to meet him so soon.

Moreover, since Lucas had sent someone to wait for them at the entrance of the Steele residence, he must have already expected that the Steeles would kick them out of the family beforehand. This showed that he was an extremely intelligent person.

"Please come with me!" the middle-aged man said with a smile.

After they got inside the car, Ashley seemed to return to reality from her dreams.

Pleasantly surprised, she asked, "Alex, did Lucas really send someone to pick us up?"

Alexander nodded with an emotional gaze. "Yes, it's that Mr. Gray."

He was at a loss for how to thank Lucas.

As they left in the car, there was a commotion in the main Steele residence.

Several figures of authority and elders of the family were present, with Greg, the helmsman, sitting in the middle.

The Steeles had just gone through an internal dispute that left Greg displeased.

An old man with gray hair said cautiously, "Greg, like I said, Alexander has never been a reckless person nor a liar. Since he repeatedly warned us not to go against that young man Lucas Gray, he must have his reasons. So, I suggest that we don't make a move against him for the time being.

"Just like what Alexander said, we should at least run a detailed investigation on him. Know yourself and know the enemy. This will prevent us from offending someone we can't afford to provoke."

The old man spoke rationally.

But he was the only person in the room who suggested avoiding attacking Lucas before finding out his identity and background. The others were all for taking revenge on him and bringing him back to the Steeles' residence to make him pay for his actions.

"Uncle Tim, it's not appropriate for you to say that. Do you mean we should just let my son die in vain if Lucas Gray turns out to have a powerful background?" Godfrey's father said furiously.

After hearing about his son's death, he flew into a rage and cursed the entire night. If his family hadn't stopped him, he would have left last night to take revenge on the bastard who had dared to kill his son.

Trevor added fuel to the fire. "That punk doesn't have a powerful background at all. Alexander just deceived us. Jace Hutton personally said that Lucas Gray was expelled by his family a long time ago and that he doesn't have a powerful background at all.

"But that punk is indeed skilled in martial arts. That's why he throws his weight around and acts high and mighty. We just need to send a few of our experts to deal with him, and they'll definitely kill him!

"At that time, no one will stand up for him!"

Now that Alexander had been kicked out from the Steele family, Trevor's next goal was to make Lucas die!

In Club Illuma yesterday, Lucas had not only killed his top expert, but he had also forced him to crawl out of the fighting hall on all fours like a dog in front of so many people.

He had to use Lucas's blood to wash away the humiliation!

After hearing what Trevor said, even the old man who had insisted on investigating Lucas before taking action was at a loss for words.

Both the Steeles and the Huttons were among the eight top families in DC, so they obviously couldn't bow down to a young man who had been kicked out of the Hutton family.

"Alright, does anyone else have any objections?" Greg looked around at everyone in the room.

Everyone shook their heads without any objections.

"Okay!" Greg stood up from the couch and said to the crowd, "Since there are no more objections, let's go capture that punk Lucas Gray and make him pay for his actions last night!"

Then Greg looked at Trevor and said in a deep voice, "Trevor, since you were there yesterday, you know what that punk looks like, and you also have a feud against him. I'll assign a few of the family's top experts to you. Take them with you and bring that punk back!"

"Yes, Grandpa! I promise to complete the mission and bring Lucas Gray back to the Steeles so that we can take revenge with his blood!" Trevor acknowledged with an excited look.

As long as Greg handed over a few of the family's top experts to him, Lucas wouldn't have another chance to be arrogant!

...

At this time, in the general manager's office of the Stardust Corporation headquarters...

Lucas didn't know anything about the Steeles' plan, but of course, even if he knew, he wouldn't care.

The Steeles had to be dreaming to think that they could seize him.

There were some documents on the table in front of Lucas, which contained detailed information about Alexander, Ashley, and Elise.

"I really couldn't tell that all three of them are extraordinary."

Lucas finally finished reading all the information and closed the folder.

Next to him, Flynn said, "Yes, especially Alexander Steele's mother, Elise Bale. She is a talented graduate of the finance department of Georgetown University. She has impressive business acumen and is a senior of mine. If she hadn't married Alexander's father back then, she'd probably be a very accomplished businesswoman now.

"I've sent someone to investigate them. Back then, Elise's husband managed to operate all his businesses excellently and become the second-generation successor of the Steele family because of her brilliant business advice.

"All of it was due to Elise Bale, who stayed behind the scenes and contributed silently!"

Flynn spoke about her with admiration.

In the world, there are many outstanding women whose business acumen and management abilities were not inferior to those of men. But their talent had been buried because of getting married and having children.

If Flynn hadn't found out that Elise was an alumna of the same university as him and investigated her out of curiosity, he probably wouldn't have known that she was so talented.

Alexander and Ashley were outstanding as well. Alexander had obtained an MBA from the London School of Economics, and his business talent was also very high.

Ashley, who was a few years younger and fresh out of college, was also very talented.

It could be said that the family of three were all talents.

Furthermore, from the interaction with Lucas and Alexander and Ashley, it was apparent that they were righteous and loyal people.

What Lucas lacked most now was various kinds of talents, especially talents in corporate management. After all, the Stardust Corporation was definitely going to expand beyond its current size.

Thus, after Lucas guessed that the Steeles wouldn't let Alexander off easily and that the family of three would definitely be kicked out soon, he sent someone to wait at the gate of the Steele residence to pick them up.

At this moment, someone knocked on the door of the office, and the secretary reported from outside, "Mr. Gray, your guests have arrived."