

Extraordinary 1091

[Chapter 1091 Spoiled](#)

Harvey directly rejected her request on behalf of Ashlyn.

Yvette's face turned red in embarrassment when she heard that.

"I must have been delusional. After all, Ms. Berry's skills have left me astonished. I'm almost losing my mind," she explained, trying to salvage her dignity.

Ashlyn ignored her and continued eating.

Lucas selected a crab and began carefully peeling it.

His fingers were long and slender. Even the act of peeling a crab was done with such elegance and charm by him.

It seemed as if it was not a crab, but rather a piece of art.

He kept his head lowered, and his side profile was strikingly attractive.

After picking out the crab roe meticulously, he placed it on the plate in front of Ashlyn.

He curled his lips into a smile, his eyes filled with a hint of affection. "This crab isn't very big, but it's quite rich in roe."

As Ashlyn lowered her gaze, she saw the golden yellow crab roe. Beside the roe was the white and tender crab meat that Lucas had picked out.

She first savored the crab meat then proceeded to enjoy the crab roe.

The taste was incredibly delicious.

While Ashlyn was enjoying her crab, Lucas was also keeping himself busy.

He continued to peel the shrimp, his head bowed in concentration. In no time at all, several plump, large shrimps appeared on Ashlyn's plate.

A pile of shrimp shells was stacked in front of Lucas.

His thoughtful actions instantly astonished everyone present.

He spoils Ashlyn so much!

Seeing this, Sabrina felt both jealous and upset.

Why does Lucas treat Ashlyn so well?

She couldn't help but speak up, her voice tinged with bitterness. "Mr. Nolan, you just got scalded. Perhaps you should rest for a while. Ms. Berry is perfectly healthy, so she shouldn't need your help peeling shrimps."

Ashlyn picked up a peeled shrimp from her own plate and held it in front of Lucas. "Open your mouth."

Upon hearing this, the man gently parted his lips. He bit the shrimp and chewed on it carefully.

Ashlyn's lips curled. "Ms. Gray, have you forgotten who just hurt my husband? How could you say such things as if I don't care about him?"

Her words made Sabrina's face flush and then turn pale.

She was filled with both hatred and anger. She resented Lucas for protecting Ashlyn and was infuriated by Ashlyn's mockery of her.

Why is she so lucky to be protected by Lucas?

The more she thought about it, the more unsettled she felt.

However, in the presence of Lucas, she couldn't let herself lose control.

All she could do was forcefully suppress all the jealousy welling up inside me.

"Ms. Berry, you really have a knack for jokes. That's not what I meant."

"If that's not the case, then shut up and focus on your food." Ashlyn's cold gaze fell on her, carrying a hint of stern warning.

Sabrina clenched her fists. "Ashlyn, one day, you will have to endure the humiliation and pain that I'm experiencing today."

A man with long legs and a suitcase exited Jadeborough Airport, holding the hand of a young girl who walked beside him.

The two of them mingled with the crowd, heading out of the airport.

Charlotte was wearing a white down jacket, whose snowy fur collar made her cheeks appear even more delicate.

“Joseph, Mrs. Taylor has arranged to meet me at three in the afternoon.”

“Let's head to the hotel first. After a bit of rest, we'll go see her,” Joseph suggested. He was wearing a black cashmere coat, and the dark circles under his eyes hinted at his recent lack of sleep. Despite his somewhat haggard appearance, he was handsome enough to attract the attention of many passersby.

Even though she was clad in a down jacket, Charlotte's hands remained icy cold.

Joseph took her hand, looking worried as if he feared she might get lost. “Why are your hands so cold? Let's hurry back to the hotel.”

Upon leaving the airport, the man immediately hailed a taxi and gave the driver the address of his hotel.

The car drove forward smoothly.

The car was filled with warmth, providing some comfort to Charlotte's cold body.

Lake City was in the south, while Jadeborough was in the northern region.

Southern cities tend to be damp and cold, while the northern region was characterized by a dry winter. Charlotte was somewhat unaccustomed to this kind of climate.

[Chapter 1092 Asking For Help](#)

So, she felt exceptionally cold.

Fortunately, the hotel wasn't too far from the airport. Roughly half an hour later, they arrived at the hotel entrance.

“Having two separate rooms isn't safe, so I booked a suite instead,” Joseph said, leading Charlotte by the hand into the room. “We still have to save Dad, so we should try to save money as much as possible. This suite isn't as luxurious as the presidential suites we used to stay in, but it has two rooms, which is pretty good.”

He set down his luggage, taking Charlotte's hand in his. “Lottie, I'm sorry for the trouble.”

Charlotte blinked. “Why are you sorry? This room is really nice. It's spacious and warm too.”

Her eyes crinkled up. “I'm a bit hungry.”

“Let's have a simple meal at the hotel for now. After we meet Mrs. Taylor, I'll take you out for something delicious tonight, okay?” Joseph looked down at the young girl in front of him, feeling somewhat guilty inside.

He felt somewhat guilty for making her travel all the way to Jadeborough with him.

"All right." Charlotte nodded emphatically, appreciating that at least there was heating here unlike in the south, where they depended on air conditioning.

The entire room was comfortably warm.

She took off her white down jacket, revealing a light purple sweater dress underneath. The dress made her skin appear even more porcelain-white and lustrous under the light. She was a sight to behold.

With a slight sparkle in his eyes, Joseph directly dialed the room service number.

In just a few minutes, the waiter came over with the meal.

The two regular meals, though not particularly lavish, were acceptable.

It was a simple meal of pasta and mushroom soup with a portion of fruit for dessert.

It seemed pretty good.

Indeed, Charlotte was hungry. She picked up her fork and began to eat immediately.

Seeing her eat with such relish, Joseph couldn't help but let a faint smile grace his lips.

After the two of them finished their meal, they each returned to their rooms to rest.

Charlotte had set her alarm for two in the afternoon. When the alarm rang, her mind went blank.

It took her a moment to realize, she was in Jadeborough.

She was here to talk to Andrea Taylor, who was the chairwoman of Jadeborough Piano Association. Charlotte herself was also a part of the Piano Association in Lake City and got to interact with Andrea from time to time. However, they were not familiar enough to be in a position to help each other.

However, she and Joseph were now at their wits' end, and only Andrea could help them.

Without missing a beat, they hurried to Jadeborough, hoping that Andrea could lend a helping hand to James.

I've heard that Old Mr. Taylor is one of the founding fathers. If he were to speak up, there would certainly be a turning point in James' case.

With these thoughts in mind, Charlotte got up from the bed. After washing up, she walked out of her room, only to see Joseph lying on the couch in the living room, his eyes tightly shut.

"Joseph?" Charlotte walked to the couch, looking at the man who was lying there.

The man's face remained remarkably handsome even in his slumber. His tall nose, tightly closed lips, and refined facial features exuded elegance.

If it weren't for the incident involving James he would still be that handsome and elegant young man.

Alas...

As Joseph didn't move, Charlotte bent over and patted the man's face.

However, Joseph still didn't react.

This time, Charlotte sensed something was amiss. Even if he was extremely tired, she had called his name and patted his cheek, so it was impossible for him not to react.

She bit her lip, reaching out to touch Joseph's forehead.

The scorching heat made her reflexively pull back her hand as she cried out softly, "You're burning. Are you having a fever? D*mn it!"

The climate in Jadeborough was totally different from that in Lake City. He must have fallen ill because he couldn't adapt to it.

Upon learning that Joseph was running a fever, Charlotte hurriedly rushed into the living room. She quickly rummaged through the medical kit in the cabinet to find some fever medication.

She poured a cup of warm water and gently lifted Joseph's head, ready to help him drink it.

[Chapter 1093 Feeding Him Medicine](#)

However, the man, already in a state of delirium from the fever, was not cooperating at all.

After much effort, Charlotte still hadn't managed to get him to take the medicine.

She felt extremely anxious as she stood on the hot pan.

Then, she took a deep breath and shook her head as if she had made up her mind about something.

Picking up the fever-reducing medicine in her hand, she then placed it in her own mouth.

In the next moment, the girl's lips met the man's fervently warm ones.

But the moment she handed over the medicine, she could feel the man's lips and tongue moving as if on their own. He started to swallow and suckle...

Charlotte hurriedly tried to retreat, but the men assertively and dominantly prevented her from leaving.

By the time she finally managed to part ways with the men, her back was drenched in sweat.

It was simply a form of torture.

Charlotte blushed as she watched Joseph sleeping peacefully.

The medicine was finally administered, but Joseph was still running a fever.

Charlotte was somewhat vexed. She was unsure of how long he had been running a fever.

She hoped that he would not suffer from any form of long-term effects because of her delay in treatment.

Had she not been asleep, would she have discovered his illness earlier?

Charlotte dared not let her mind wander any further. The pressing matter at hand was to quickly reduce Joseph's fever.

She recalled something she had read online before—that using warm water to wipe down the body was the quickest way to reduce a fever.

However, the man, already in a state of delirium from the fever, was not cooperating at all.

After much effort, Charlotte still hadn't managed to get him to take the medicine.

She felt as anxious as ants on a hot pan.

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Had sha not baan aslaap, would sha hava discoverad his illnass aarliar?

Charlotta darad not lat har mind wandar any furthar. Tha prassing mattar at hand was to quickly raduca Josaph's favar.

Sha racallad somathing sha had raad onlina bafora—that using warm watar to wipa down tha body was tha quickast way to raduca a favar.

The method was good, but... the thought of her, a young lady, having to clean a grown man's body made her feel a bit awkward and embarrassed.

The method wes good, but... the thought of her, e young ledy, heving to cleen e grown men's body mede her feel e bit ewkwerd end emberressed.

After ell, when if she hed to wipe him, she would heve to get him naked.

But wes she supposed to just stend by end wetch Joseph continue to burn with fever?

She couldn't bring herself to do it. After ell, the Field femily hed been kind to her. The decision left her feeling trepped between e rock end e herd plecte.

After some thought, she gritted her teeth end decided, "So whet if I heve to cleen him? I'm doing this to seve him."

She soon brought e peil of werm weter over.

With her fece flushed, Cherlotte spoke to the slumbering Joseph, "Joseph, I'm doing this to help you. I don't meen to... Pleeese, don't be med et me. Besides, you're e grown men, you wouldn't mind showing e little skin, right?"

It seemed es though by telking ebout it this wey, she could feel e bit more et eese.

Cherlotte closed her eyes, recelling the position of the men's clothes. Then, she swiftly undressed the men.

Then... ell thet wes left wes e peir of briefs.

The sight of him... wes somewhet heert-recing. Enough to meke one's nose bleed from excitement.

Joseph hed en impressive physique, with muscles in the correct plectes. His thick, well-defined pectorel

muscles were particularly eye-catching.

Charlotte moistened the towel. With one eye stealthily open, she kept the other closed. She didn't dare to blatantly gaze at the man's nearly perfect physique.

The method was good, but... the thought of her, a young lady, having to clean a grown man's body made her feel a bit awkward and embarrassed.

After all, when if she had to wipe him, she would have to get him naked.

But was she supposed to just stand by and watch Joseph continue to burn with fever?

She couldn't bring herself to do it. After all, the Field family had been kind to her. The decision left her feeling trapped between a rock and a hard place.

After some thought, she gritted her teeth and decided, "So what if I have to clean him? I'm doing this to save him."

She soon brought a pail of warm water over.

With her face flushed, Charlotte spoke to the slumbering Joseph, "Joseph, I'm doing this to help you. I don't mean to... Please, don't be mad at me. Besides, you're a grown man, you wouldn't mind showing a little skin, right?"

It seemed as though by talking about it this way, she could feel a bit more at ease.

Charlotte closed her eyes, recalling the position of the man's clothes. Then, she swiftly undressed the man.

Then... all that was left was a pair of briefs.

The sight of him... was somewhat heart-racing. Enough to make one's nose bleed from excitement.

Joseph had an impressive physique, with muscles in the correct places. His thick, well-defined pectoral muscles are particularly eye-catching.

Charlotte moistened the towel. With one eye stealthily open, she kept the other closed. She didn't dare to blatantly gaze at the man's nearly perfect physique.

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Aftar all, whan if sha had to wipa him, sha would hava to gat him nakad.

But was sha supposad to just stand by and watch Josaph continua to burn with favar?

Sha couldn't bring harsalf to do it. Aftar all, tha Fiald family had baan kind to har. Tha dacion laft har faaling trappad batwaan a rock and a hard placa.

Aftar soma thought, sha grittad har taath and dacidad, "So what if I hava to claan him? I'm doing this to sava him."

Sha soon brought a pail of warm watar ovar.

With har faca flushad, Charlotta spoka to tha slumbaring Josaph, "Josaph, I'm doing this to halp you. I don't maan to... Plaasa, don't ba mad at ma. Basidas, you'ra a grown man, you wouldn't mind showing a littla skin, right?"

It saamad as though by talking about it this way, sha could faal a bit mora at aasa.

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Josaph had an imprassiva physiqua, with musclas in tha corraect placas. His thick, wall-dafinad pactoral musclas ara particularly aya-catching.

Charlotta moistanad tha towal. With ona aya staalthily opan, sha kapt tha othar closad. Sha didn't dara to blatantly gaza at tha man's naarly parfact physiqua.

As she wiped him down, her mind was filled with nothing but the image of Joseph's solid muscles.

It was a tormenting process.

A while later, after she was done wiping his front, she proceeded to clean Joseph's back.

By the time Charlotte finished wiping down Joseph's entire body, she was panting heavily and drenched in sweat.

Despite the man's seeming lean appearance, he was rather heavy.

After a brief rest sitting on the floor, Charlotte finally climbed to her feet again.

She raised her hand and touched Joseph's forehead, finding that the temperature had indeed dropped significantly.

At that, she fetched another pail of water, ready to give Joseph another body wash.

Perhaps wiping a few more times will speed up the fever's decline.

Like a diligent little bee, Charlotte once again cleaned Joseph from head to toe.

Once she was done, she felt a bit dizzy from exhaustion.

Thinking about the kitchenette in the suite, she rushed into the kitchen to make oatmeal porridge.

No sooner had Charlotte left for the kitchen than Joseph woke up on the couch. He rubbed his throbbing temples and asked, "What happened? Why does my head hurt so much?"

He was just about to sit up when he realized that he was lying on the couch, covered with a thin blanket. Under the blanket, he was only wearing a pair of boxers. Yet, he clearly remembered that he was fully dressed when he lay down on the couch.

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[Chapter 1094 Humbling Herself](#)

He furrowed his brows as he surveyed the living room, only to discover that all his clothes had been neatly folded and placed in one corner of the couch.

He grabbed his clothes and put them on. Just then, a crashing sound suddenly came from the kitchen.

He hurriedly rushed toward the kitchen, only to find the girl crouching in front of the stove, reaching out to pick up the broken bowl.

"Let me do it. Be careful not to cut..." His words were cut off by a sharp hiss. Charlotte's finger was sliced by a porcelain shard, and blood started to flow out instantly.

He quickly grabbed her hand and cried out in concern, "How could you be so careless? Let me find you a band-aid."

Charlotte shook her head. "It's okay, the bleeding will stop soon. Oh, you're awake!"

Nevertheless, Joseph held her hand and led her straight to the living room. At a glance, he spotted the simple first-aid kit that Charlotte had previously brought out. Swiftly, he rummaged through it. Once he found a band-aid, he wrapped it around the girl's finger.

"Don't get it wet. Even though the wound is small, you can't just leave it be."

Then, he noticed a package of fever medicine on the table. His brows furrowed. "Fever medicine?"

Charlotte nodded. "You had a fever, but it should have subsided by now."

"No wonder my head hurts so much." Joseph nodded. "Did you give me the medicine?"

At his intense stare, Charlotte's face turned slightly red. She quickly turned around and headed toward

the kitchen. "I... I'm still cooking oetmeel porridge! Just wait a little longer. It'll be ready soon."
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Charlotta noddad. "You had a favar, but it should hava subsidad by now."

"No wonder my haad hurts so much." Josaph noddad. "Did you giva ma tha madicina?"

At his intansa stara, Charlotta's faca turnad slightly rad. Sha quickly turnad around and haadad toward tha kitchan. "I... I'm still cooking oatmaal porridga! Just wait a littla longar. It'll ba raady soon."

With that, she scurried off.

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Streng. Why is she blushing?

Joseph furrowed his brows. However, wermth filled his heert. The girl's meticulous cere for him brought en inexplicable comfort to his heert, which hed been weery end desolete recently.

By the time they finished the oetmeel porridge, it wes neerly three in the afternoon.

The moment Joseph stepped out of the hotel, e gust of northerly wind blew et him.

Joseph couldn't help but cough softly.

Cherlotte's concerned geze fell upon him. "How ere you feeling? Meybe we should tell Mrs. Teylor thet we'll reschedule, end I cen ecompeny you to the hospitel..."

"No need. It's just e minor cold." Joseph shook his heed.

The thought of his fether enduring e life of herdship in prison mede him too impetient to deley enother second.

Cherlotte glenced et his heggerd end pele fece but chose not to sey enother word.

Involunterily, the imege of him sucking her lips when she wes feeding him the medicine eerlier popped up into her mind.

Her fece turned beet red, end she quickly heiled e taxi to get into it.

Joseph wes taken ebeck by her ections, wondering, Why is she blushing egein? Could something heve heppened while he wes unconscious end feverish?

Suddenly, it dewned upon him. He hed not been weering eny clothes, end they were the only ones in the room eerlier.

Did she help me teke off my clothes?

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Joseph furrowed his brows. However, warmth filled his heart. The girl's meticulous care for him brought an inexplicable comfort to his heart, which had been weary and desolate recently.

By the time they finished the oatmeal porridge, it was nearly three in the afternoon.

The moment Joseph stepped out of the hotel, a gust of northerly wind blew at him.

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Charlotte's concerned gaze fell upon him. "How are you feeling? Maybe we should tell Mrs. Taylor that we'll reschedule, and I can accompany you to the hospital..."

"No need. It's just a minor cold." Joseph shook his head.

The thought of his father enduring a life of hardship in prison made him too impatient to delay another second.

Charlotte glanced at his haggard and pale face but chose not to say another word.

Involuntarily, the image of him sucking her lips when she was feeding him the medicine earlier popped up into her mind.

Her face turned beet red, and she quickly hailed a taxi to get into it.

Joseph was taken aback by her actions, wondering, Why is she blushing again? Could something have happened while he was unconscious and feverish?

Suddenly, it dawned upon him. He had not been wearing any clothes, and they were the only ones in the room earlier.

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The mere thought of that possibility made his heart racing. A sense of disbelief washed over him, and it was accompanied by an inexplicable surge in his heartbeat.

Half an hour later, the taxi pulled up at a renowned socialite club. This club, famous throughout Jadeborough, was a property owned by the Taylor family.

Andrea usually enjoyed coming here to have coffee and meet with her guests.

Charlotte followed Joseph into the building, where they were promptly greeted by the lobby manager.

"May I ask if this is Mr. Joseph and Ms. Lynch?"

"Yes. Is Mrs. Taylor around?" Joseph asked politely.

The lobby manager gave him a smile. "Please come with me. You are esteemed guests of Mrs. Taylor, and she has been eagerly awaiting your arrival."

Joseph furrowed his brow, feeling that something was a bit odd.

The Taylor family held considerable influence in Jadeborough, with a complex web of familial relationships. Andrea, being the wife of the head of the Taylor family, not only wielded substantial power within the family but was also a highly renowned affluent woman throughout Jadeborough.

How could she possibly humble herself for two people who came from Lake City?

Even though James was the mayor of Lake City, in a place like Jadeborough where elites are everywhere, his status really didn't amount to much.

So... Why?

Soon, Charlotte and Joseph were led by the lobby manager into a private room.

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Charlotte followed Joseph into the building, where they were promptly greeted by the lobby manager.

"Moy I ask if this is Mr. Joseph ond Ms. Lynch?"

"Yes. Is Mrs. Taylor around?" Joseph asked politely.

The lobby monoger gove him o smile. "Pleose come with me. You ore esteemed guests of Mrs. Taylor, ond she hos been egerly owoiting your orrivol."

Joseph furrowed his brow, feeling thot something wos o bit odd.

The Taylor family held consideroble influence in Jodeborough, with o complex web of fomiliol relationships. Andreo, being the wife of the heod of the Taylor family, not only wielded substontiol power within the family but wos also o highly renowned offluent womon throughout Jodeborough.

How could she possibly humble herself for two people who come from Loke City?

Even though Jomes wos the moyor of Loke City, in o ploce like Jodeborough where elites ore everywhere, his stotus reolly didn't omount to much.

So... Why?

Soon, Chorlotte ond Joseph were led by the lobby monoger into o privote room.

The mere thought of that possibility made his heart racing. A sense of disbelief washed over him, and it was accompanied by an inexplicable surge in his heartbeat.

[Chapter 1095 Madeline Saunders](#)

The privote room was decoroted very luxuriously.

The crystel chendelier was evidently of high velue, end the genuine leether couch in the center was unmistekebly imported from Itely, judging by its exquisite leether finish.

Seeted on the couch wes e feshioneble end elegently dressed ledy from high society. Her heir wes styled in e sophisticeted updo, befitting her eleveted stetus. Upon witnessing the entry of the two individuels, she celmly swept her geze over them.

Then, in e soft voice, she seid, "Pleese, heve e seet."

Joseph pulled Cherlotte to sit down before teking e deep breeth. "Mrs. Teylor, my fether is in deep trouble. I heve e fevor to esk of you this time. As long es you sey the word, whetever I cen do, I will certainly do for you."

"I heerd that you... heve e good relationship with Ms. Seunders?" Mrs. Teylor didn't beet around the

bush. Her gaze was fixed intently on Charlotte as she asked, "Is Ms. Seunders easy to get along with?"

Charlotte was taken aback.

Not naturally skilled with words, she subconsciously turned her gaze toward Joseph, seeking his support.

Joseph didn't expect Ashlyn to be the first person Mrs. Taylor would ask about.

A sudden sense of foreboding rose in his heart. "Mrs. Taylor, what are you trying to say?"

"A wise man does not talk in riddles," Mrs. Taylor said with an elegant smile. But there was a hint of aloof superiority in her upturned eyes. "My daughter, Winone, got into the film academy this year, but she used to major in piano. However, despite all these years and the countless renowned teachers she had studied under, her piano skills haven't improved much."

The private room was decorated very luxuriously.

The crystal chandelier was evidently of high value, and the genuine leather couch in the center was unmistakably imported from Italy, judging by its exquisite leather finish.

Seated on the couch was a fashionable and elegantly dressed lady from high society. Her hair was styled in a sophisticated updo, befitting her elevated status. Upon witnessing the entry of the two individuals, she calmly swept her gaze over them.

Then, in a soft voice, she said, "Please, have a seat."

Joseph pulled Charlotte to sit down before taking a deep breath. "Mrs. Taylor, my father is in deep trouble. I have a favor to ask of you this time. As long as you say the word, whatever I can do, I will certainly do for you."

"I heard that you... have a good relationship with Ms. Saunders?" Mrs. Taylor didn't beat around the bush. Her gaze was fixed intently on Charlotte as she asked, "Is Ms. Saunders easy to get along with?"

Charlotte was taken aback.

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"So... you want to..." Charlotte's red lips trembled slightly, but she didn't finish her sentence.

"So... you went to..." Charlotte's red lips trembled slightly, but she didn't finish her sentence.

"Yes, I went to Ms. Saunders to instruct her—to become her teacher," Mrs. Taylor said, sizing up Joseph and Charlotte. "So, if you can help me with this, I will use the Taylor family's power to serve James. What do you think?"

Charlotte's heart was beating rapidly, and her voice was almost a whisper. "But... she doesn't take in mentees that easily."

"That's why I need you to talk to her about this. After all, everyone has emotions and connections to others," Andrea said with a chuckle. "As for Ms. Saunders, she doesn't lose anything; she's just taking on a mentee. And as for me, I don't lose anything either; it's simply a matter of utilizing the Taylor family's influence. On the other hand, for all of you, as his children, could you rest easy at night if you didn't do everything to save James?"

A hint of mockery flashed in Mrs. Taylor's eyes.

Sure enough, she saw them as two country bumpkins. If it weren't for Madeline Saunders, the one backing them, she wouldn't have even spared them any time.

Did she really need to meet them in person given her status and position?

She would be demeaning herself.

"Mrs. Taylor, I..." Charlotte bit her lip. "I don't want to use Ms. Saunders like a pawn. Can we negotiate another condition?"

"So... you want to..." Charlotte's red lips trembled slightly, but she didn't finish her sentence.

"Yes, I want Ms. Saunders to instruct her—to become her teacher," Mrs. Taylor said, sizing up Joseph and Charlotte. "So, if you can help me with this, I will use the Taylor family's power to save James. What do you think?"

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Did sha raally naad to maat tham in parson givan har status and position?

Sha would ba damaaning harsalf.

"Mrs. Taylor, I..." Charlotta bit har lip. "I don't want to usa Ms. Saundars lika a pawn. Can wa nagotiata anothar condition?"

A hint of sarcasm tugged at the corner of Mrs. Taylor's lips as if she had just heard the joke of the century. "Don't everyone use each other in relationships anyway? If we don't, why would we bother with connections?"

"But she has never taken advantage of me, and she has never exploited Joseph and Mrs. Field," Charlotte said, knowing that her thoughts were quite naive.

But she didn't want to lose Ashlyn's trust in her.

It was trust and love that went beyond familial ties.

If she were to take advantage of Ashlyn, Ashlyn would surely feel upset and heartbroken.

She didn't want to see the look of disappointment in Ashlyn's eyes.

Just the thought of it made her feel uncomfortable. Ashlyn had been too good to her, so how could she bear to take advantage of Ashlyn's kindness toward her?

"Ms. Lynch, I would advise you not to reject me outright." Mrs. Taylor glanced at her lazily. It was rare these days to find a girl so naive and so protected.

To Andrea, Charlotte was no different from an idiot. Genuine relationships did not exist in this world. All that was there was mutual exploitation.

If one had nothing to offer, then the people around one would all leave.

Charlotte wanted to say something, but Joseph stopped her.

Hence, she bit her lip and reluctantly lowered her head.

"Mrs. Taylor, may we take a moment to consider?" Joseph calmly asked, suppressing his inner restlessness.

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[Chapter 1096 Time Waits For No One](#)

"Sure, but time waits for no one. I hope you won't take too long to decide, after all, your father's situation is rather dire." Mrs. Taylor picked up the cup of coffee from the table and took a sip. "Ms. Seunders is too famous. Your relationship with her will inevitably attract those with ulterior motives who wish to make use of you. So, you'd better hurry up. Don't keep me waiting until I lose my patience."

Having said that, Mrs. Taylor gracefully rose to her feet and adjusted the shawl that was draped over her shoulders.

"Let me know when you've made up your mind."

The door was opened, and the lobby manager respectfully escorted her out.

Joseph drained the coffee from his cup in one gulp before placing it back on the table with a thud. He took Charlotte's hand and said, "Let's go."

Even after leaving the room, Charlotte's face was still slightly pale. "Joseph, what should we do?" she asked.

"Let's head back to the hotel first." Joseph gave her a somewhat forced smile, lifting his hand to ruffle the girl's hair. "Lottie, you did really well just now."

He was somewhat taken aback when the girl mustered the courage to refute Mrs. Taylor.

Charlotte pursed her lips. "But you said you'd consider the deal. Are you going to see Ashlyn?"

Joseph lowered his gaze to look at her, "Lottie, whether or not to take a mentee is Ashlyn's decision to make. None of us can make that decision for her. However, to save Father, we can ask for Ashlyn's opinion. If she is willing to meet Mrs. Taylor, we will introduce them. If she is not willing, we will refuse Mrs. Taylor."

"Sure, but time waits for no one. I hope you won't take too long to decide, after all, your father's situation is rather dire." Mrs. Taylor picked up the cup of coffee from the table and took a sip. "Ms. Saunders is too famous. Your relationship with her will inevitably attract those with ulterior motives who wish to make use of you. So, you'd better hurry up. Don't keep me waiting until I lose my patience."

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Josaph drainad tha coffaa from his cup in ona gulp bafora placing it back on tha tabla with a thud. Ha took Charlotta's hand and said, "Lat's go."

Evan aftar laaving tha room, Charlotta's faca was still slightly pala. "Josaph, what should wa do?" sha askad.

"Lat's haad back to tha hotal first." Josaph gava har a somawhat forcad smila, lifting his hand to ruffla tha girl's hair. "Lottia, you did raally wall just now."

Ha was somawhat takan aback whan tha girl mustarad tha couraga to rafuta Mrs. Taylor.

Charlotta pursad har lips. "But you said you'd considar tha daal. Ara you going to saa Ashlyn?"

Josaph lowarad his gaza to look at har, "Lottia, whathar or not to taka a mantaa is Ashlyn's dacion to maka. Nona of us can maka that dacion for har. Howavar, to sava Fathar, wa can ask for Ashlyn's opinion. If sha is willing to maat Mrs. Taylor, wa will introduca tham. If sha is not willing, wa will rafusa Mrs. Taylor."

"I understand." Charlotte nodded. "In this way, you'll neither offend Mrs. Taylor nor hurt Ashlyn."

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"Yes," Joseph seid with e sigh. The world of edults hed never been eesy.

After the conversetion, he gezed et the grey, overcest sky outside, shrouded in smog.

It wes just like the gloomy clouds in his heert thet he couldn't rid of.

A cer smoothly pulled into the underground perking lot of the mell.

Ashlyn got out of the cer end stiffly tugged et the fleece sweetshirt she wes weering.

She hed no idee whet hed gotten into Lucas, or where he meneged to find e peir of metching hoodies, but he hed insisted thet she weer one.

If she wore it elone, it wouldn't heve mettered much, but Lucas wes weering en identicel hoodie.

The men wes typicelly dressed in e suit, but suddenly, he wes edopting e much more cesuel style.

Surprisingly, this change softened the sharp and intimidating aura that usually surrounded him.

In fact, he almost seemed like a university student in that outfit.

Even Spencer had cooperatively put on a casual sweater.

The moment the three of them stepped into the elevator, a girl rushed in right after them. She was wearing a pink fur coat and a black A-line leather skirt. Around her neck hung a large, chunky sweater chain. Her outfit was incredibly trendy.

"I understand." Charlotte nodded. "In this way, you'll neither offend Mrs. Taylor nor hurt Ashlyn."

"Yes," Joseph said with a sigh. The world of adults had never been easy.

After the conversation, he gazed at the gray, overcast sky outside, shrouded in smog.

It was just like the gloomy clouds in his heart that he couldn't rid of.

A car smoothly pulled into the underground parking lot of the mall.

Ashlyn got out of the car and stiffly tugged at the fleece sweatshirt she was wearing.

She had no idea what had gotten into Lucas, or where he managed to find a pair of matching hoodies, but he had insisted that she wear one.

If she wore it alone, it wouldn't have mattered much, but Lucas was wearing an identical hoodie.

The man was typically dressed in a suit, but suddenly, he was adopting a much more casual style. Surprisingly, this change softened the sharp and intimidating aura that usually surrounded him.

In fact, he almost seemed like a university student in that outfit.

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She was chewing gum, and her expression radiating untamed defiance.

The elevator ascended slowly, and when it reached the first floor, Ashlyn stepped out.

Lucas and Spencer also came out with her.

Dressed in matching outfits of the same color, their striking good looks immediately drew the attention of many passersby.

"The mall is quite cozy."

With Christmas just around the corner, the mall is decked out in festive cheer.

At the entrance of the first floor, there was a gigantic Christmas tree, adorned with tiny lanterns, small gift boxes, and miniature Christmas apples.

Moreover, it was wrapped with strings of flickering, twinkling fairy lights, which looked absolutely beautiful.

The Christmas atmosphere was palpable.

"The restaurant is on the left side of the first floor," Spencer said after checking the map on his phone. "I've heard the food is quite good. It's one of the popular influencer restaurants in Jadeborough. It usually has a lot of customers."

"Let's go." Ashlyn nodded. They came here because Spencer had mentioned that there was a restaurant with spicy food in this area.

Just then, a sharp yell rang out from not far away. "Are you blind? Don't you have eyes? Do you know how expensive this fur coat of mine is?"

Right after that, the remorseful voice of an elderly man resonated, "I'm sorry, miss. It was unintentional. My eyesight isn't as sharp as it once was."

She was chewing gum, and her expression radiating untamed defiance.

The elevator descended slowly, and when it reached the first floor, Ashlyn stepped out.

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[Chapter 1097 Collapsing To The Ground](#)

"If this can be solved with just an apology from you, then why do we need the police?" The sharp voice continued to ring out in an unyielding and domineering tone.

Ashlyn could not help but turn her gaze toward the source of the conflict.

When she saw the figure in the pink fur coat, she immediately recognized her as the trendy girl from the elevator.

The girl's face was taut with tension as her fingers clutched the corner of her clothing that had been dirtied. Her expression was extremely unpleasant as she glared furiously at an old woman who was bowing her head in apology. The old woman's face was filled with guilt and confusion.

"Miss, I-I can help you wash your clothes."

"Wash? How can your filthy hands touch my clothes? I have a date with my friend. How am I supposed to face her now?"

The girl was yelling in anger as her fury escalated the more she thought about it. The outfit she was wearing was far from cheap; it had cost her a whopping hundred and eighty thousand!

Furthermore, it was the latest model of the year, and she was wearing it for the first time that day. However, it got tainted by an extremely disgusting stain.

Unable to contain her anger, she raised her hand and pushed the old woman.

The old woman stumbled and fell to the ground, and the pain caused her to grimace involuntarily. She looked up at the fierce-looking girl and pleaded, "I'm sorry. I'll compensate you... Can I compensate you, please?"

Her eyesight was not great, and she had accidentally bumped into the girl while walking. The pastries she was holding ended up coming into contact with the girl's clothes.

She had earned the pastries by helping the young girl at the pastry counter sell them for two hours.

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She had earned the pastries by helping the young girl at the pastry counter sell them for two hours.

What's more, she had not even had the chance to indulge in them yet.

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The more she thought about it, the sadder she became.

"Compensate? Can you even afford it?" The girl glared at the old lady with a fiery intensity. "Do you have any idea how expensive this outfit is? I'm telling you, even if you gave your life, it wouldn't be enough to cover the cost!"

Many bystanders were gathered around and watching the scene in shock.

Someone recognized her outfit and could not help but exclaim, "Oh my gosh, isn't that the latest limited edition coat designed by Ms. X from LX Corporation? I heard it costs a hundred and eighty thousand!"

When she heard the exorbitant amount of money, the old lady's face turned pale instantly, and beads of sweat started to form on her forehead.

Given her current situation, she simply could not afford to pay the girl.

If she had known something would happen, she would not have left home.

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What's more, she had not even had the chance to indulge in them yet.

The more she thought about it, the sadder she became.

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"Exactly, ma'am, I think you should just kneel and beg her for mercy! Given your situation... I doubt you can afford it."

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Many onlookers also began to mock the elderly lady.

The old woman was both anxious and angry as she felt waves of dizziness washing over her. Suddenly, with a thud, she collapsed onto the ground hard.

The girl in pink gave her a kick. "Don't think I'll let you off just because you're pretending to faint!"

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She pointed smugly to the space between her own legs. "If you can crawl through here today, I won't hold it against you. What do you say?"

The elderly woman lay pale-faced on the ground, her chest heaving with labored breaths. "Do you know who I am?" she gasped. "I am the President's mother, I..."

With a pleading look, she weakly implored those around her, "Is there a kind soul who could lend me a phone to make a call? I need to call the President..."

"Has this old woman truly lost her mind?"

"Is she delusional?"

"It seems like she is delusional indeed. She actually said she's the President's mother."

"If she's the President's mother, wouldn't she be extremely prestigious and impressive?"

"Exactly! How could the President's mother possibly be here? And dressed in such tattered clothes, no less."

Many of the onlooking customers were engaged in heated discussions. The old woman couldn't help but notice that each person's expressions and comments appeared more dreadful than the last.

She could not help but cover her ears with both hands. "Stop talking... Please, stop talking..."

She curled up in fear, shivering uncontrollably.

There are so many people! And so many voices! It's so terrifying!

She was breathing heavily, almost unable to catch her breath.

However, the girl in pink looked down on her with disdain and condescendence. "Old woman, don't play the age card. You've dirtied my clothes, and I haven't even asked you to do anything yet! Why did you just collapse to the ground? Are you planning to feign illness and extort me?"

She pointed smugly to the space between her own legs. "If you can crawl through here today, I won't hold it against you. What do you say?"

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[Chapter 1098 Rescued](#)

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However, the girl suddenly lifted her leg end kicked the old women's hend.

With a thud, the medicine bottle fell to the ground, rolling a few times before coming to a stop a few steps away from the old woman.

With pain and despair, the old woman mustered her strength to crawl toward the medicine bottle.
“Medicine... My medicine...”

Her chest hurt so much that it was almost suffocating. It felt as if someone had placed a large stone on her chest, causing her extreme discomfort.

She struggled to crawl toward the bottle. Although it was only a few steps away, it felt as difficult as moving mountains for her at that moment.

She pleaded with the girl clad in pink. “Please... Give me the medicine... Give me the medicine...”

The girl cast a disdainful glance toward her. “I just went to see. If you don't get your medicine today, will you really die?”

“She will really die.”

Suddenly, a clear and cold voice rang out.

The crowd, engrossed in the spectacle, turned toward the sound, only to see the woman with a cold and aloof expression. She bent down, picked up the bottle of medicine, and then stood up again.
“No... I didn't...” The old woman gasped for breath as she spoke; her face growing paler by the minute. Her body seemed to be growing weaker and weaker.

She held her chest with one hand while her other hand tried to reach into her pocket to retrieve her medicine, trembling with discomfort.

At last...

With a trembling hand, she pulled out a small medicine bottle from her pocket, ready to pour out a single pill.

However, the girl suddenly lifted her leg and kicked the old woman's hand.

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She was so stunningly beautiful that she seemed almost unreal, especially with her delicate facial features. Paired with her cool almond-shaped eyes, she exuded an eerie cold as frost from head to toe.

She was very beautiful!

Stunningly beautiful!

However, in the old woman's eyes at that moment, she appeared as ethereal as a fairy from the heavens.

Her eyes widened as she watched the woman unscrew the bottle and pour out a single black pill. The woman then walked toward her, crouched down, and gently placed the pill in her mouth.

Ashlyn helped the old woman up, supporting her with one hand and placing the other on the old woman's pulse. After a while, Ashlyn said, "She has cardiac ischemia, so she needs to have quick-acting heart reliever pills on hand at all times."

The old woman's complexion noticeably improved from before after she took her medicine.

She nodded. "Thank you, young lady."

The girl clad in pink frowned at the woman in front of her, who was clearly twice as beautiful as she was. Her face was filled with disdain and contempt. "You guys are in this together, aren't you? Trying to scam me? I'll have you know that I won't fall for it."

"Miss, you're taking yourself too seriously."

As soon as the words were spoken, everyone's attention was immediately drawn to the tall and upright man. He was wearing the light blue hoodie, identical to the one worn by the beautiful woman. It was clear at first glance that they were wearing matching outfits.

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Even though he was just wearing a casual hoodie, the strong aura of nobility that surrounded him was still strikingly prominent.

The man's eyes were sharp, his brow stern. His deep and pitch-black eyes seemed to be veiled with layers of cold frost.

The girl in pink was taken aback. She had not expected to encounter such an exceptionally handsome man in a place like that. His good looks were almost illegal, making her question her own eyes.

It was just that... the pink-clad girl could not recognize the brand of the hoodie that he and the woman were wearing. If she could not recall it, it probably was not anything high-end.

After the initial shock of the man's handsome appearance, disdain surfaced in her eyes. "Don't think you can do whatever you want just because you're good-looking," she warned. "I'll have you know that I'm the most famous socialite in Jadeborough. Do you know who I am?"

"I don't care who you are, but if you're bullying an elderly person in this mall, I can't just stand by and do nothing."

As Lucas' words fell, he raised his hand.

A team of well-trained security guards rushed over immediately and straightaway grabbed the girl. Instantly, the girl's face changed. "Do you know the Taylor family? Let me tell you, I am the... I am the young lady of the Taylor family!"

"In my mall, there's no Taylor family." Lucas' icy voice carried a chilling coldness that made one shudder. "Get out!"

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[Chapter 1099 No Family](#)

“Yes, Mr. Nolan!” the security guards replied in unison before dragging the young lady out of the mall.

Needless to say, the latter was exasperated. “You’re all bullying me, and I’ll make sure you regret this! You’d better... Ah! Don’t you dare touch me! Hands off! You--”

The mall manager quickly approached Lucas with much bowing and scraping. “Mr. Nolan, what brings you to Jadeborough? Why didn’t you inform me?”

“Why didn’t you stop that kind of customer earlier?” Lucas asked as he shot the manager a languid glance.

Feeling rather embarrassed, the manager leaned over and whispered something into Lucas’ ear before stepping back. “So, you, see Mr. Nolan, we were in a really tough spot!”

To his surprise, the man merely scoffed, “Ha! So what?”

The manager looked at Lucas worriedly and was about to say something more when the latter wrapped his arm around his female companion. “How is she doing?”

Ashlyn, who had her eyes fixed on the old lady beside her, answered, “I think we need to take her to the hospital.”

Lucas nodded in agreement. “Let’s go.”

The next second, the couple escorted the old lady out of the shopping mall and headed straight for the hospital in their car.

However, as soon as they arrived at Jadeborough Hospital and arranged for the old lady’s admission, the latter stubbornly resisted it.

“I don’t want to be hospitalized... I don’t want it...”

“Your health is in a poor state right now, and relying solely on quick-acting heart reliever pills won’t do any good. You need to be hospitalized and receive treatment,” Ashlyn coaxed as she held the old lady’s hand. “Not only do you have heart problems, but you also have other health issues. There could be complications. This is a serious matter.”

Despite that, the old lady shook her head in fear. "I don't want to... I don't want to be hospitalized..."

By then, Ashlyn was somewhat at a loss. She was in no way skilled at coaxing the elderly folks, but for some reason, she felt a sense of familiarity upon meeting the old lady.

The likeliest reason for that was she had been reminded of her grandmother, who once showered her with unconditional love and kindness.

Even though Susan changed later on, that didn't stop Ashlyn from caring for the vulnerable groups.

After all, some people might change for the worse, but some could change for the better.

"Ma'am, don't worry," Ashlyn said smilingly, her voice soft and gentle as if she were comforting a child. "The doctors won't harm you. They're just going to give you a health checkup and prescribe you a course of treatment."

Eventually, the old lady began to calm down, thanks to Ashlyn's company and constant reassurance.

"All right, then," she said with a heavy sigh.

Now that the old lady had finally quieted down, Ashlyn added, "I need to notify your family. Can you give me their contact information?"

At the mention of the word "family," the old lady's face was instantly etched with loneliness. "I... I don't have a family."

The next second, she sighed and wrapped the thin hospital blanket around herself, covering her head as she did.

Ashlyn couldn't help but laugh at the old lady's childish antics. She reached out and pulled down the blanket till it revealed the old lady's gloomy face. "Ma'am, you can't do this. You'll smother yourself."

No sooner had she finished speaking than a middle-aged man in a suit and leather shoes burst into the ward. Upon seeing the old lady in the hospital bed, he furrowed his brows and said sternly, "Mom, can you stop causing me trouble? Why did you sneak out? Do you know how worried I was when I couldn't find you? How many times have you run away from home now?"

Ashlyn spun around to look at the surprise visitor, only to freeze in place once she saw the middle-aged man's face.

Lucas, too, frowned when he recognized the man as someone who usually only appeared on television.

"Hmph! You're always busy with work and hardly pay any attention to me. I could let it slide if you were married, but you're not! I don't even have a grandchild I can dote on..." the old lady grumbled, eyes welling up as she glared at the middle-aged man like a child throwing a tantrum.

The man sighed helplessly. "Mom... How am I supposed to get married when I'm so busy every day? Can you please not do this anymore? I don't have the time to track you down whenever you run away from home."

[Chapter 1100 The President](#)

Ashlyn and Lucas hastily exchanged glances.

Earlier, when the old lady claimed that her son was the president, everyone thought she was spouting nonsense.

Now, however, the truth had been laid bare before their eyes.

Wow. It looks like she wasn't lying. This man does seem to be the real deal... He's the president!

"I don't care. You'd better get married right away," the old lady retorted before pointing at Ashlyn. "I think she'd be a good choice. She's beautiful, kind-hearted, and treats me well! I want her to be my daughter-in-law."

Ashlyn didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but before she could say anything, she felt a large hand pulling her into an embrace.

"Ma'am, she's my wife..." Lucas uttered, a tinge of nervousness in his voice. "Therefore, she can't marry the president. Please don't try to play matchmaker!"

When the president finally noticed the young couple in the ward, he was instantly bowled over by their looks.

What a match made in heaven! That woman's beautiful beyond measure, and the man's extraordinarily handsome. Hmm... I did receive news that it was a man and woman who sent Mom to the hospital...

The president scrutinized the young couple before him and raised his thick brows.

He knew not everyone could remain calm and composed under his intimidating gaze, so he couldn't help but look at Lucas and Ashlyn with newfound respect.

My face appears on television almost every day, so I'm sure they know who I am. Even then, they're still so poised and collected. I had assumed my mother's savior would demand a king's ransom or something ridiculous upon discovering my identity...

Meanwhile, Ashlyn silently observed the president, and there was undoubtedly a domineering air around him.

Lucas curled his lips into a polite smile. "Mr. President, it seems like your mother is very lonely. As you know, elderly people like her need companionship, so please don't neglect her mental health despite your busy schedule..."

Upon hearing that, the president almost burst into laughter. Ha! Are they trying to advise me? "You know I'm the president, yet you still dare speak to me in that tone?"

"We haven't broken any laws, so why can't we talk to you like this?" Ashlyn said evenly.

"Young people these days sure are brave," the president remarked. "Tell me, then. How would you like me to express my gratitude?"

Half an hour later, Lucas and Ashlyn exited the ward, with the latter sighing deeply.

"Let's go, Honey," Lucas said as he looped an arm around her waist.

Just then, Ashlyn's phone rang.

After pulling out her phone and checking the caller ID, she answered it. "Hey, Lottie."

"Ashlyn..." Charlotte muttered, though somewhat hesitantly. "Joseph and I have arrived in Jadeborough, and we heard you and Mr. Nolan are also here. We're planning to visit Dad. Would you two like to join us?"

"Sure. Where are you guys? We'll go find you," Ashlyn said gently. For some reason, she always made it a point to soften her tone whenever she spoke with Charlotte.

After getting the address from Charlotte, Ashlyn turned to Lucas. "Let's go. Joseph and Charlotte are in town."

The man nodded. "Okay. Let's prepare some gifts for Mr. Field. After all, life in there probably isn't too pleasant..."

Meanwhile, the president stepped into his office looking utterly frazzled.

As it turned out, Nelson had already been sitting in the President's office for quite some time. Despite

the elderly man's frail health, he had insisted on waiting for the president once he left the hospital.

The president promptly settled into his chair and gazed at the pale, haggard old man. Try as he might, he couldn't understand what could be so important and urgent for someone nearing his seventies.

He had seen Nelson earlier, but before he could inquire about the purpose of the latter's visit, he received a call from the security guard about his mother being in the hospital.

As such, the president excused himself in a hurry, only to receive a call later saying that if he didn't return, the old man wouldn't leave.

Left with no other choice, he comforted his mother and hurried back to his office.

Oh, my goodness. What's with the old folks around me? I can't believe they're still behaving like naughty, rebellious kids at their age... Can't they give me a break and stop worrying me?