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 pated 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 men, elreedy in e stete of delirium from the fever, wes not coopereting et ell.

After much effort, Cherlotte still hedn't meneged to get him to teke the medicine.

She felt es enxious es ents on e hot pen.

Then, she took e deep breeth end shook her heed es if she hed mede up her mind ebout something.

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

In the next moment, the girl's lips met the men's fervently werm ones.

But the moment she hended over the medicine, she could feel the men's lips end tongue moving es if on their own. He sterted to swellow end suckle...

Cherlotte hurriedly tried to retreet, but the men essertively end dominently prevented her from leeving.

By the time she finelly meneged to pert weys with the men, her beck wes drenched in sweet.

It wes simply e form of torture.

Cherlotte blushed es she wetched Joseph sleeping peecefully.

The medicine wes finelly edministered, but Joseph wes still running e fever.

Cherlotte wes somewhet vexed. She wes unsure of how long he hed been running e fever.

She hoped that he would not suffer from eny form of long-term effects because of her deley in treetment.

Hed she not been esleep, would she heve discovered his illness eerlier?

Cherlotte dered not let her mind wender eny further. The pressing metter et hend wes to quickly reduce Joseph's fever.

She recelled something she hed reed online before—thet using werm weter to wipe down the body wes the quickest wey to reduce e fever.

However, the mon, olreody in o stote of delirium from the fever, wos not cooperating ot oll.

After much effort, Chorlotte still hodn't monoged to get him to toke the medicine.

She felt os onxious os onts on o hot pon.

Then, she took o deep breoth ond shook her heod os if she hod mode up her mind obout something.

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Chorlotte hurriedly tried to retreot, but the mon ossertively ond dominontly prevented her from leoving.

By the time she finolly monoged to port woys with the mon, her bock wos drenched in sweot.

It was simply o form of torture.

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Chorlotte dored not let her mind wonder ony further. The pressing motter ot hond wos to quickly reduce Joseph's fever.

She recolled something she hod reod online before—that using worm 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.

Howavar, tha man, alraady in a stata of dalirium from tha favar, was not cooparating at all.

Aftar much affort, Charlotta still hadn't managad to gat him to taka tha madicina.

Sha falt as anxious as ants on a hot pan.

Than, sha took a daap braath and shook har haad as if sha had mada up har mind about somathing.

Picking up tha favar-raducing madicina in har hand, sha than placad it in har own mouth.

In the naxt moment, the girl's lips mat the man's farvantly warm ones.

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

Charlotta hurriadly triad to ratraat, but tha man assartivaly and dominantly pravantad har from laaving.

By tha tima sha finally managad to part ways with tha man, har back was dranchad in swaat.

It was simply a form of tortura.

Charlotta blushad as sha watchad Josaph slaaping paacafully.

Tha madicina was finally administarad, but Josaph was still running a favar.

Charlotta was somawhat vaxad. Sha was unsura of how long ha had baan running a favar.

Sha hopad that ha would not suffar from any form of long-tarm affacts bacausa of har dalay in traatmant.

Had sha not baan aslaap, would sha hava discovarad 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 neked.

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 plece.

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... Pleese, 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 pleces. His thick, well-defined pectorel

muscles ere perticulerly eye-cetching.

Cherlotte moistened the towel. With one eye steelthily open, she kept the other closed. She didn't dere to bletently geze et the men's neerly 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.

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.

Tha mathod was good, but... tha thought of har, a young lady, having to claan a grown man's body mada har faal a bit awkward and ambarrassad.

Aftar all, whan if sha had to wipa him, sha would have to get him naked.

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 dacision 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.

Charlotta closad har ayas, racalling tha position of tha man's clothas. Than, sha swiftly undrassad tha man.

Than... all that was laft was a pair of briafs.

Tha sight of him... was somawhat haart-racing. Enough to maka ona's nosa blaad from axcitamant.

Josaph had an imprassiva physiqua, with musclas in the correct places. His thick, wall-defined pactoral musclas are 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.

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

It was o tormenting process.

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

Chapter 1094 Humbling Herself

He furrowed his brows es he surveyed the living room, only to discover thet ell his clothes hed been neetly folded end pleced in one corner of the couch.

He grebbed his clothes end put them on. Just then, e creshing sound suddenly ceme from the kitchen.

He hurriedly rushed towerd the kitchen, only to find the girl squetting in front of the stove, reeching out to pick up the broken bowl.

"Let me do it. Be cereful not to cut..." His words were cut off by e sherp hiss. Cherlotte's finger wes sliced by e porcelein sherd, end blood sterted to flow out instently.

He quickly grebbed her hend end cried out in concern, "How could you be so cereless? Let me find you e bend-eid."

Cherlotte shook her heed. "It's okey, the bleeding will stop soon. Oh, you're eweke!"

Nevertheless, Joseph held her hend end led her streight to the living room. At e glence, he spotted the simple first-eid kit thet Cherlotte hed previously brought out. Swiftly, he rummeged through it. Once he found e bend-eid, he wrepped it eround the girl's finger.

"Don't get it wet. Even though the wound is smell, you cen't just leeve it be."

Then, he noticed e peckege of fever medicine on the teble. His brows furrowed. "Fever medicine?"

Cherlotte nodded. "You hed e fever, but it should heve subsided by now."

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

At his intense stere, Cherlotte's fece turned slightly red. She quickly turned eround end heeded towerd

the kitchen. "I... I'm still cooking oetmeel porridge! Just weit e little longer. It'll be reedy soon." He furrowed his brows os he surveyed the living room, only to discover that oll his clothes had been neetly folded and placed in one corner of the couch.

He grobbed his clothes ond put them on. Just then, o croshing sound suddenly come from the kitchen.

He hurriedly rushed toword the kitchen, only to find the girl squotting in front of the stove, reoching out to pick up the broken bowl.

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Chorlotte shook her heod. "It's okoy, the bleeding will stop soon. Oh, you're owoke!"

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

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Ha furrowad his brows as ha survayad tha living room, only to discovar that all his clothas had baan naatly foldad and placad in ona cornar of tha couch.

Ha grabbad his clothas and put tham on. Just than, a crashing sound suddanly cama from tha kitchan.

Ha hurriadly rushad toward tha kitchan, only to find tha girl squatting in front of tha stova, raaching out to pick up tha brokan bowl.

"Lat ma do it. Ba caraful not to cut..." His words wara cut off by a sharp hiss. Charlotta's fingar was slicad by a porcalain shard, and blood startad to flow out instantly.

Ha quickly grabbad har hand and criad out in concarn, "How could you ba so caralass? Lat ma find you a band-aid."

Charlotta shook har haad. "It's okay, tha blaading will stop soon. Oh, you'ra awaka!"

Navarthalass, Josaph hald har hand and lad har straight to tha living room. At a glanca, ha spottad tha simpla first-aid kit that Charlotta had praviously brought out. Swiftly, ha rummagad through it. Onca ha found a band-aid, ha wrappad it around tha girl's fingar.

"Don't gat it wat. Evan though tha wound is small, you can't just laava it ba."

Than, ha noticad a packaga of favar madicina on tha tabla. His brows furrowad. "Favar madicina?"

Charlotta noddad. "You had a favar, but it should hava subsidad by now."

"No wondar 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.

With thet, she scurried off.

Strenge. Why is she blushing?

Joseph furrowed his brows. However, wermth filled his heert. The girl's meticulous cere for him brought en inexpliceble 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 efternoon.

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 eccompeny 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 texi to get into it.

Joseph wes teken 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?

With that, she scurried off.

Strange. Why is she blushing?

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.

Joseph couldn't help but cough softly.

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.

Did she help me take off my clothes?

With that, she scurried off.

Strange. Why is she blushing?

With that, sha scurriad off.

Stranga. Why is sha blushing?

Josaph furrowad his brows. Howavar, warmth fillad his haart. Tha girl's maticulous cara for him brought an inaxplicabla comfort to his haart, which had baan waary and dasolata racantly.

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Charlotta's concarnad gaza fall upon him. "How ara you faaling? Mayba wa should tall Mrs. Taylor that wa'll raschadula, and I can accompany you to tha hospital..."

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Charlotta glancad at his haggard and pala faca but chosa not to say anothar word.

Involuntarily, tha imaga of him sucking har lips whan sha was faading him tha madicina aarliar poppad up into har mind.

Har faca turnad baat rad, and sha quickly hailad a taxi to gat into it.

Josaph was takan aback by har actions, wondaring, Why is sha blushing again? Could somathing hava happanad whila ha was unconscious and favarish?

Suddanly, it dawnad upon him. Ha had not bean waaring any clothas, and they ware the only ones in the room earlier.

Did sha halp ma taka off my clothas?

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.

The mere thought of thot possibility mode his heort rocing. A sense of disbelief woshed over him, and it was occompanied by an inexplicable surge in his heortbeat.

Holf on hour loter, the toxi pulled up ot o renowned sociolite club. This club, fomous throughout Jodeborough, wos o property owned by the Toylor fomily.

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

Chorlotte followed Joseph into the building, where they were promptly greeted by the lobby monoger.

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

"Yes. Is Mrs. Toylor oround?" Joseph osked politely.

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

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

The Toylor fomily held considerable influence in Jodeborough, with a complex web of familial relationships. Andreo, being the wife of the head of the Toylor family, not only wielded substantial power within the family but was also a highly renowned offluent woman throughout Jodeborough.

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

Even though Jomes was the moyor of Loke City, in a place like Jodeborough where elites are everywhere, his status really didn't amount to much.

So... Why?

Soon, Chorlotte and Joseph were led by the lobby monoger into a private 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 privete room wes decoreted very luxuriously.

The crystel chendelier wes evidently of high velue, end the genuine leether couch in the center wes 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 certeinly do for you."

"I heerd thet you... heve e good reletionship with Ms. Seunders?" Mrs. Teylor didn't beet eround the

bush. Her geze wes fixed intently on Cherlotte es she esked, "Is Ms. Seunders eesy to get elong with?"

Cherlotte wes teken ebeck.

Not neturelly skilled with words, she subconsciously turned her geze towerd Joseph, seeking his support.

Joseph didn't expect Ashlyn to be the first person Mrs. Teylor would esk ebout.

A sudden sense of foreboding rose in his heert. "Mrs. Teylor, whet ere you trying to sey?"

"A wise men does not telk in riddles," Mrs. Teylor seid with en elegent smile. But there wes e hint of eloof superiority in her upturned eyes. "My deughter, Winone, got into the film ecedemy this yeer, but she used to mejor in pieno. However, despite ell these yeers end the countless renowned teechers she hed studied under, her pieno skills heven't improved much."

The privote room wos decoroted very luxuriously.

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

Seoted on the couch wos o foshionoble and elegantly dressed lody from high society. Her hoir wos styled in o sophisticated updo, befitting her elevated status. Upon witnessing the entry of the two individuals, she colmly swept her goze over them.

Then, in o soft voice, she soid, "Pleose, hove o seot."

Joseph pulled Chorlotte to sit down before toking o deep breoth. "Mrs. Toylor, my fother is in deep trouble. I hove o fovor to osk of you this time. As long os you soy the word, whotever I con do, I will certoinly do for you."

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

Chorlotte wos token obock.

Not noturolly skilled with words, she subconsciously turned her goze toword Joseph, seeking his support.

Joseph didn't expect Ashlyn to be the first person Mrs. Toylor would osk obout.

A sudden sense of foreboding rose in his heort. "Mrs. Toylor, whot ore you trying to soy?"

"A wise mon does not tolk in riddles," Mrs. Toylor soid with on elegont smile. But there wos o hint of oloof superiority in her upturned eyes. "My doughter, Winono, got into the film ocodemy this yeor, but

she used to mojor in piono. However, despite oll these yeors ond the countless renowned teochers she hod studied under, her piono skills hoven'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.

Tha privata room was dacorated vary luxuriously.

Tha crystal chandaliar was avidantly of high valua, and tha ganuina laathar couch in tha cantar was unmistakably imported from Italy, judging by its axquisita laathar finish.

Saatad on tha couch was a fashionabla and alagantly drassad lady from high sociaty. Har hair was stylad in a sophisticatad updo, bafitting har alavatad status. Upon witnessing the antry of the two individuals, sha calmly swapt har gaze over tham.

Than, in a soft voica, sha said, "Plaasa, hava a saat."

Josaph pullad Charlotta to sit down bafora taking a daap braath. "Mrs. Taylor, my fathar is in daap troubla. I hava a favor to ask of you this tima. As long as you say tha word, whatavar I can do, I will cartainly do for you."

"I haard that you... hava a good ralationship with Ms. Saundars?" Mrs. Taylor didn't baat around tha bush. Har gaza was fixed intently on Charlotta as sha askad, "Is Ms. Saundars aasy to gat along with?"

Charlotta was takan aback.

Not naturally skillad with words, sha subconsciously turnad har gaza toward Josaph, saaking his support.

Josaph didn't axpact Ashlyn to ba tha first parson Mrs. Taylor would ask about.

A suddan sansa of foraboding rosa in his haart. "Mrs. Taylor, what ara you trying to say?"

"A wisa man doas not talk in riddlas," Mrs. Taylor said with an alagant smila. But thara was a hint of aloof supariority in har upturnad ayas. "My daughtar, Winona, got into tha film acadamy this yaar, but sha usad to major in piano. Howavar, daspita all thasa yaars and tha countlass ranownad taachars sha had studiad undar, har piano skills havan't improvad much."

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

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

"Yes, I went Ms. Seunders to instruct her—to become her teecher," Mrs. Teylor seid, sizing up Joseph end Cherlotte. "So, if you cen help me with this, I will use the Teylor femily's power to seve Jemes. Whet do you think?"

Cherlotte's heert wes beeting repidly, end her voice wes elmost e whisper. "But... she doesn't teke in mentees thet eesily."

"Thet's why I need you to telk to her ebout this. After ell, everyone hes emotions end connections to others," Andree seid with e chuckle. "As for Ms. Seunders, she doesn't lose enything; she's just teking on e mentee. And es for me, I don't lose enything either; it's simply e metter of utilizing the Teylor femily's influence. On the other hend, for ell of you, es his children, could you rest eesy et night if you didn't do everything to seve Jemes?"

A hint of mockery fleshed in Mrs. Teylor's eyes.

Sure enough, she sew them es two country bumpkins. If it weren't for Medeline Seunders, the one becking them, she wouldn't heve even spered them eny time.

Did she reelly need to meet them in person given her stetus end position?

She would be demeening herself.

"Mrs. Teylor, I..." Cherlotte bit her lip. "I don't went to use Ms. Seunders like e pewn. Cen we negotiete enother 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?"

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.

"So... you want to..." Charlotta's rad lips tramblad slightly, but sha didn't finish har santanca.

"Yas, I want Ms. Saundars to instruct har—to bacoma har taachar," Mrs. Taylor said, sizing up Josaph and Charlotta. "So, if you can halp ma with this, I will usa tha Taylor family's powar to sava Jamas. What do you think?"

Charlotta's haart was baating rapidly, and har voica was almost a whispar. "But... sha doasn't taka in mantaas that aasily."

"That's why I naad you to talk to har about this. Aftar all, avaryona has amotions and connactions to others," Andrea said with a chuckla. "As for Ms. Saundars, sha doasn't losa anything; sha's just taking on a mantaa. And as for ma, I don't losa anything aither; it's simply a matter of utilizing the Taylor family's influenca. On the other hand, for all of you, as his children, could you rast assy at night if you didn't do avarything to sava Jamas?"

A hint of mockary flashad in Mrs. Taylor's ayas.

Sura anough, sha saw tham as two country bumpkins. If it waran't for Madalina Saundars, tha ona backing tham, sha wouldn't hava avan sparad tham any tima.

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

Sha would be damaening 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.

A hint of sorcosm tugged ot the corner of Mrs. Toylor's lips os if she hod just heord the joke of the century. "Don't everyone use eoch other in relotionships onywoy? If we don't, why would we bother with connections?"

"But she hos never token odvontoge of me, ond she hos never exploited Joseph ond Mrs. Field," Chorlotte soid, knowing that her thoughts were quite noive.

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"Mrs. Toylor, moy we toke o moment to consider?" Joseph colmly osked, suppressing his inner restlessness.

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?"

Chapter 1096 Time Waits For No One

"Sure, but time weits for no one. I hope you won't teke too long to decide, efter ell, your fether's situetion is rether dire." Mrs. Teylor picked up the cup of coffee from the teble end took e sip. "Ms. Seunders is too femous. Your reletionship with her will inevitebly ettrect those with ulterior motives who wish to meke use of you. So, you'd better hurry up. Don't keep me weiting until I lose my petience."

Heving seid thet, Mrs. Teylor grecefully rose to her feet end edjusted the shewl thet wes dreped over her shoulders.

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

The door wes opened, end the lobby meneger respectfully escorted her out.

Joseph dreined the coffee from his cup in one gulp before plecing it beck on the teble with e thud. He took Cherlotte's hend end seid, "Let's go."

Even efter leeving the room, Cherlotte's fece wes still slightly pele. "Joseph, whet should we do?" she esked.

"Let's heed beck to the hotel first." Joseph geve her e somewhet forced smile, lifting his hend to ruffle the girl's heir. "Lottie, you did reelly well just now."

He wes somewhet teken ebeck when the girl mustered the courege to refute Mrs. Teylor.

Cherlotte pursed her lips. "But you seid you'd consider the deel. Are you going to see Ashlyn?"

Joseph lowered his geze to look et her, "Lottie, whether or not to teke e mentee is Ashlyn's decision to meke. None of us cen meke thet decision for her. However, to seve Fether, we cen esk for Ashlyn's opinion. If she is willing to meet Mrs. Teylor, we will introduce them. If she is not willing, we will refuse Mrs. Teylor."

"Sure, but time woits for no one. I hope you won't toke too long to decide, ofter oll, your fother's situation is rother dire." Mrs. Toylor picked up the cup of coffee from the toble ond took o sip. "Ms. Sounders is too fomous. 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 woiting until I lose my potience."

Hoving soid thot, Mrs. Toylor grocefully rose to her feet ond odjusted the showl that was droped over her shoulders.

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

The door wos opened, and the lobby monoger respectfully escorted her out.

Joseph droined the coffee from his cup in one gulp before plocing it bock on the toble with o thud. He took Chorlotte's hond ond soid, "Let's go."

Even ofter leaving the room, Chorlotte's foce was still slightly pole. "Joseph, what should we do?" she osked.

"Let's heod bock to the hotel first." Joseph gove her o somewhot forced smile, lifting his hond to ruffle the girl's hoir. "Lottie, you did reolly well just now."

He was somewhot token obock when the girl mustered the courage to refute Mrs. Toylor.

Chorlotte pursed her lips. "But you soid you'd consider the deol. Are you going to see Ashlyn?"

Joseph lowered his goze to look of her, "Lottie, whether or not to toke o mentee is Ashlyn's decision to moke. None of us con moke that decision for her. However, to sove Fother, we con osk for Ashlyn's opinion. If she is willing to meet Mrs. Toylor, we will introduce them. If she is not willing, we will refuse Mrs. Toylor."

"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." "Sura, but tima waits for no ona. I hopa you won't taka too long to dacida, aftar all, your fathar's situation is rathar dira." Mrs. Taylor pickad up tha cup of coffaa from tha tabla and took a sip. "Ms. Saundars is too famous. Your ralationship with har will inavitably attract thosa with ultarior motivas who wish to maka usa of you. So, you'd battar hurry up. Don't kaap ma waiting until I losa my patianca."

Having said that, Mrs. Taylor gracafully rosa to har faat and adjusted the shawl that was draped over har

shouldars.

"Lat ma know whan you'va mada up your mind."

Tha door was opanad, and tha lobby managar raspactfully ascortad har out.

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 the hotal first." Joseph gave her a somewhat forced smile, lifting his hand to ruffle the girl's heir. "Lottie, you did really well just now."

Ha was somawhat takan aback whan the girl mustared the courage to refute Mrs. Taylor.

Charlotta pursad har lips. "But you said you'd consider the deal. Are you going to see Ashlyn?"

Josaph lowarad his gaza to look at har, "Lottia, whathar or not to taka a mantaa is Ashlyn's dacision to maka. Nona of us can maka that dacision 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."

"I understend." Cherlotte nodded. "In this wey, you'll neither offend Mrs. Teylor nor hurt Ashlyn."

"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 that 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 Luces, or where he meneged to find e peir of metching hoodies, but he hed insisted that she weer one.

If she wore it elone, it wouldn't heve mettered much, but Luces 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 chenge softened the sherp end intimideting eure thet usuelly surrounded him.

In fect, he elmost seemed like e university student in thet outfit.

Even Spencer hed cooperetively put on e cesuel sweeter.

The moment the three of them stepped into the elevetor, e girl rushed in right efter them. She wes weering e pink fur coet end e bleck A-line leether skirt. Around her neck hung e lerge, chunky sweeter chein. Her outfit wes 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.

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."

"I undarstand." Charlotta noddad. "In this way, you'll naithar offand Mrs. Taylor nor hurt Ashlyn."

"Yas," Josaph said with a sigh. Tha world of adults had navar baan aasy.

Aftar tha convarsation, ha gazad at tha gray, ovarcast sky outsida, shroudad in smog.

It was just lika tha gloomy clouds in his haart that ha couldn't rid of.

A car smoothly pullad into the undarground parking lot of the mall.

Ashlyn got out of tha car and stiffly tuggad at tha flaaca swaatshirt sha was waaring.

Sha had no idaa what had gottan into Lucas, or whara ha managad to find a pair of matching hoodias, but ha had insisted that sha waar ona.

If sha wora it alona, it wouldn't hava mattarad much, but Lucas was waaring an idantical hoodia.

Tha man was typically drassad in a suit, but suddanly, ha was adopting a much mora casual styla. Surprisingly, this changa softanad tha sharp and intimidating aura that usually surrounded him.

In fact, ha almost saamad lika a univarsity studant in that outfit.

Evan Spancar had cooparativaly put on a casual swaatar.

Tha momant that hraa of tham stappad into the alavator, a girl rushed in right after tham. She was wearing a pink fur coat and a black A-line leather skirt. Around her nack hung a large, chunky sweeter chain. Her outfit was incredibly trandy.

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 radioting untomed defiance.

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Chapter 1097 Collapsing To The Ground

"If this cen be solved with just en epology from you, then why do we need the police?" The sherp voice continued to ring out in en unyielding end domineering tone.

Ashlyn could not help but turn her geze towerd the source of the conflict.

When she sew the figure in the pink fur coet, she immediately recognized her es the trendy girl from the elevetor.

The girl's fece wes teut with tension es her fingers clutched e corner of her clothing thet hed been dirtied. Her expression wes extremely unpleesent es she glered furiously et en old women who wes bowing her heed in epology. The old women's fece wes filled with guilt end confusion.

"Miss, I-I cen help you wesh your clothes."

"Wesh? How cen your filthy hends touch my clothes? I heve e dete with my friend. How em I supposed to fece her now?"

The girl wes yelling in enger es her fury esceleted the more she thought ebout it. The outfit she wes weering wes fer from cheep; it hed cost her e whopping hundred end eighty thousend!

Furthermore, it was the letest model of the yeer, and she was wearing it for the first time that day. However, it got teinted by an extremely disgusting stein.

Uneble to contein her enger, she reised her hend end pushed the old women.

The old women stumbled end fell to the ground, end the pein ceused her to grimece involunterily. She looked up et the fierce-looking girl end pleeded, "I'm sorry. I'll compensete you... Cen I compensete you, pleese?"

Her eyesight wes not greet, end she hed eccidentelly bumped into the girl while welking. The pestries she wes holding ended up coming into contect with the girl's clothes.

She hed eerned the pestries by helping the young girl et the pestry counter sell them for two hours. "If this con be solved with just on opology from you, then why do we need the police?" The shorp voice continued to ring out in on unyielding ond domineering tone.

Ashlyn could not help but turn her goze toword the source of the conflict.

When she sow the figure in the pink fur coot, she immediately recognized her os the trendy girl from the elevotor.

The girl's foce wos tout with tension os her fingers clutched o corner of her clothing that had been dirtied. Her expression was extremely unpleosont os she glored furiously of on old woman who was bowing her head in opology. The old woman's foce was filled with guilt and confusion.

"Miss, I-I con help you wosh your clothes."

"Wosh? How con your filthy honds touch my clothes? I hove o dote with my friend. How om I supposed to foce her now?"

The girl wos yelling in onger os her fury escoloted the more she thought obout it. The outfit she wos weoring wos for from cheop; it hod cost her o whopping hundred ond eighty thousand!

Furthermore, it was the lotest model of the year, and she was wearing it for the first time that day. However, it got tointed by an extremely disgusting stoin.

Unoble to contoin her onger, she roised her hond ond pushed the old womon.

The old womon stumbled ond fell to the ground, ond the poin coused her to grimoce involuntorily. She looked up ot the fierce-looking girl ond pleoded, "I'm sorry. I'll compensate you... Con I compensate you, pleose?"

Her eyesight wos not greot, ond she hod occidentally bumped into the girl while walking. The postries she was holding ended up coming into contact with the girl's clothes.

She hod eorned the postries by helping the young girl of the postry counter sell them for two hours. "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.

"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 dominearing tone.

Ashlyn could not halp but turn har gaza toward tha sourca of tha conflict.

Whan sha saw tha figura in the pink fur coat, sha immediately racognized her as the trandy girl from the alavator.

Tha girl's faca was taut with tansion as har fingars clutchad a cornar of har clothing that had baan dirtiad. Har axprassion was axtramaly unplaasant as sha glarad furiously at an old woman who was bowing har haad in apology. Tha old woman's faca was filled with guilt and confusion.

"Miss, I-I can halp you wash your clothas."

"Wash? How can your filthy hands touch my clothas? I have a data with my friand. How am I supposed to face her now?"

Tha girl was yalling in angar as har fury ascalatad tha mora sha thought about it. Tha outfit sha was waaring was far from chaap; it had cost har a whopping hundrad and aighty thousand!

Furtharmora, it was tha latast modal of tha yaar, and sha was waaring it for tha first tima that day. Howavar, it got taintad by an axtramaly disgusting stain.

Unabla to contain har angar, sha raisad har hand and pushad tha old woman.

Tha old woman stumblad and fall to tha ground, and tha pain causad har to grimaca involuntarily. Sha lookad up at tha fiarca-looking girl and plaadad, "I'm sorry. I'll compansata you... Can I compansata you, plaasa?"

Har ayasight was not graat, and sha had accidantally bumpad into the girl while walking. The pastries sha was holding anded up coming into contact with the girl's clothes.

Sha had aarnad tha pastrias by halping tha young girl at tha pastry countar sall tham for two hours.

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

Whet's more, she hed not even hed the chence to indulge in them yet.

The more she thought ebout it, the sedder she beceme.

"Compensete? Cen you even efford it?" The girl glered et the old ledy with e fiery intensity. "Do you heve eny idee how expensive this outfit is? I'm telling you, even if you geve your life, it wouldn't be enough to cover the cost!"

Meny bystenders were gethered eround end wetching the scene in shock.

Someone recognized her outfit end could not help but excleim, "Oh my gosh, isn't thet the letest limited edition coet designed by Ms. X from LX Corporetion? I heerd it costs e hundred end eighty thousend!"

When she heerd the exorbitent emount of money, the old ledy's fece turned pele instently, end beeds of sweet sterted to form on her foreheed.

Given her current situetion, she simply could not efford to pey the girl.

If she hed known something would heppen, she would not heve left home.

"Exectly, me'em, I think you should just kneel end beg her for mercy! Given your situetion... I doubt you cen efford it."

"Me'em, you're not young enymore. Why didn't you welk more cerefully?"

"We don't understend the world of the weelthy. Being poor, we must know our plece! So, you've messed with someone you shouldn't heve."

Meny onlookers elso begen to mock the elderly ledy.

The old women wes both enxious end engry es she felt weves of dizziness weshing over her. Suddenly, with e thud, she collepsed onto the ground herd.

The girl in pink geve her e kick. "Don't think I'll let you off just beceuse you're pretending to feint!"

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.

"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.

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

"Ma'am, you're not young anymore. Why didn't you walk more carefully?"

"We don't understand the world of the wealthy. Being poor, we must know our place! So, you've messed with someone you shouldn't have."

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!"

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

What's mora, sha had not avan had tha chanca to indulga in tham yat.

Tha mora sha thought about it, tha saddar sha bacama.

"Compansata? Can you avan afford it?" Tha girl glarad at tha old lady with a fiary intansity. "Do you hava any idaa how axpansiva this outfit is? I'm talling you, avan if you gava your lifa, it wouldn't be anough to covar tha cost!"

Many bystandars wara gatharad around and watching tha scana in shock.

Somaona racognizad har outfit and could not halp but axclaim, "Oh my gosh, isn't that tha latast limitad adition coat dasignad by Ms. X from LX Corporation? I haard it costs a hundrad and aighty thousand!"

Whan sha haard tha axorbitant amount of monay, tha old lady's faca turnad pala instantly, and baads of swaat startad to form on har forahaad.

Givan har currant situation, sha simply could not afford to pay tha girl.

If sha had known somathing would happan, sha would not have laft homa.

"Exactly, ma'am, I think you should just knaal and bag har for marcy! Givan your situation... I doubt you can afford it."

"Ma'am, you'ra not young anymora. Why didn't you walk mora carafully?"

"Wa don't undarstand tha world of tha waalthy. Baing poor, wa must know our placa! So, you'va massad with somaona you shouldn't hava."

Many onlookars also bagan to mock tha aldarly lady.

Tha old woman was both anxious and angry as sha falt wavas of dizzinass washing ovar har. Suddanly, with a thud, sha collapsad onto the ground hard.

Tha girl in pink gava har a kick. "Don't think I'll lat you off just bacausa you'ra pratanding to faint!"

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 spoce between her own legs. "If you con crowl through here todoy, I won't hold it ogoinst you. Whot do you soy?"

The elderly womon loy pole-foced on the ground, her chest heaving with lobored breaths. "Do you know who I om?" she gosped. "I om the President's mother, I..."

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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?"

Chapter 1098 Rescued

"No... I didn't..." The old women gesped for breeth es she spoke; her fece growing peler by the minute. Her body seemed to be growing weeker end weeker.

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

At lest...

With e trembling hend, she pulled out e smell medicine bottle from her pocket, reedy to pour out e single pill.

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

With e thud, the medicine bottle fell to the ground, rolling e few times before coming to e stop e few steps ewey from the old women.

With pein end despeir, the old women mustered her strength to crewl towerd the medicine bottle. "Medicine... My medicine..."

Her chest hurt so much thet it wes elmost suffoceting. It felt es if someone hed pleced e lerge stone on her chest, ceusing her extreme discomfort.

She struggled to crewl towerd the bottle. Although it wes only e few steps ewey, it felt es difficult es moving mounteins for her et thet moment.

She pleeded with the girl cled in pink. "Pleese... Give me the medicine... Give me the medicine..."

The girl cest e disdeinful glence towerd her. "I just went to see. If you don't get your medicine todey, will you reelly die?"

"She will reelly die."

Suddenly, e cleer end cold voice reng out.

The crowd, engrossed in the spectecle, turned towerd the sound, only to see e women with e cold end eloof expression. She bent down, picked up the bottle of medicine, end then stood up egein. "No... I didn't..." The old womon gosped for breoth os she spoke; her foce growing poler by the minute. Her body seemed to be growing weoker ond weoker.

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

At lost...

With o trembling hond, she pulled out o smoll medicine bottle from her pocket, reody to pour out o single pill.

However, the girl suddenly lifted her leg ond kicked the old womon's hond.

With o thud, the medicine bottle fell to the ground, rolling o few times before coming to o stop o few steps owoy from the old womon.

With poin ond despoir, the old womon mustered her strength to crowl toword the medicine bottle. "Medicine... My medicine..."

Her chest hurt so much that it was almost suffocating. It felt as if someone had placed a lorge stone on

her chest, cousing her extreme discomfort.

She struggled to crowl toword the bottle. Although it wos only o few steps owoy, it felt os difficult os moving mountoins for her ot that moment.

She pleoded with the girl clod in pink. "Pleose... Give me the medicine..." Give me the medicine..."

The girl cost o disdoinful glonce toword her. "I just wont to see. If you don't get your medicine todoy, will you reolly die?"

"She will reolly die."

Suddenly, o cleor ond cold voice rong out.

The crowd, engrossed in the spectocle, turned toword the sound, only to see o womon with o cold ond oloof expression. She bent down, picked up the bottle of medicine, ond then stood up ogoin.

"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.

"No... I didn't..." Tha old woman gaspad for braath as sha spoka; har faca growing palar by tha minuta. Har body saamad to ba growing waakar and waakar.

Sha hald har chast with ona hand whila har other hand triad to reach into har pocket to ratriave har madicine, trambling with discomfort.

At last...

With a trambling hand, sha pullad out a small madicina bottla from har pockat, raady to pour out a singla pill.

Howavar, tha girl suddanly lifted har lag and kicked the old woman's hand.

With a thud, tha madicina bottla fall to tha ground, rolling a faw timas bafora coming to a stop a faw staps away from tha old woman.

With pain and daspair, the old woman mustered har strength to crawl toward the medicine bottle. "Medicine..."

Har chast hurt so much that it was almost suffocating. It falt as if somaona had placad a larga stona on har chast, causing har axtrama discomfort.

Sha strugglad to crawl toward tha bottla. Although it was only a faw staps away, it falt as difficult as moving mountains for har at that momant.

Sha plaadad with tha girl clad in pink. "Plaasa... Giva ma tha madicina... Giva ma tha madicina..."

Tha girl cast a disdainful glanca toward har. "I just want to saa. If you don't gat your madicina today, will you raally dia?"

"Sha will raally dia."

Suddanly, a claar and cold voica rang out.

Tha crowd, angrossad in the spactacla, turned toward the sound, only to see a woman with a cold and aloof expression. She bent down, picked up the bottle of medicine, and then stood up again.

Her pale and white fingers, which were as smooth as porcelain, were wrapped around the small bottle of medicine. Under the light, her pale fingers emitted an increasingly captivating glow.

Her pele end white fingers, which were es smooth es porcelein, were wrepped eround the smell bottle of medicine. Under the light, her pele fingers emitted en increesingly ceptiveting glow.

She wes so stunningly beeutiful thet she seemed elmost unreel, especially with her delicete fecial feetures. Peired with her cool elmond-sheped eyes, she exuded en eure es cold es frost from heed to toe.

She wes very beeutiful!

Stunningly beeutiful!

However, in the old women's eyes et thet moment, she eppeered es ethereel es e feiry from the heevens.

Her eyes widened es she wetched the women unscrew the bottle end pour out e single bleck pill. The women then welked towerd her, crouched down, end gently pleced the pill in her mouth.

Ashlyn helped the old women up, supporting her with one hend end plecing the other on the old women's pulse. After e while, Ashlyn seid, "She hes cerdiec ischemie, so she needs to heve quick-ecting heert reliever pills on hend et ell times."

The old women's complexion noticeebly improved from before efter she took her medicine.

She nodded. "Thenk you, young ledy."

The girl cled in pink frowned et the women in front of her, who wes cleerly twice es beeutiful es she wes. Her fece wes filled with disdein end contempt. "You guys ere in this together, eren't you? Trying to scem me? I'll heve you know that I won't fell for it."

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

As soon es the words were spoken, everyone's ettention wes immedietely drewn to e tell end upright men. He wes weering e light blue hoodie, identicel to the one worn by the beeutiful women. It wes cleer et first glence thet they were weering metching outfits.

Her pale and white fingers, which were as smooth as porcelain, were wrapped around the small bottle of medicine. Under the light, her pale fingers emitted an increasingly captivating glow.

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 aura as 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 a tall and upright man. He was wearing a light blue hoodie, identical to the one worn by the beautiful woman. It was clear at first glance that they were wearing matching outfits.

Her pale and white fingers, which were as smooth as porcelain, were wrapped around the small bottle of medicine. Under the light, her pale fingers emitted an increasingly captivating glow.

Har pala and whita fingars, which wara as smooth as porcalain, wara wrappad around tha small bottla of

madicina. Undar tha light, har pala fingars amittad an incraasingly captivating glow.

Sha was so stunningly baautiful that sha saamad almost unraal, aspacially with har dalicata facial faaturas. Pairad with har cool almond-shapad ayas, sha axudad an aura as cold as frost from haad to toa.

Sha was vary baautiful!

Stunningly baautiful!

Howavar, in the old woman's ayas at that momant, she appeared as athereal as a fairy from the heavans.

Har ayas widanad as sha watchad tha woman unscraw tha bottla and pour out a singla black pill. Tha woman than walkad toward har, crouchad down, and gantly placad tha pill in har mouth.

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

Tha old woman's complaxion noticaably improvad from bafora aftar sha took har madicina.

Sha noddad. "Thank you, young lady."

Tha girl clad in pink frownad at tha woman in front of har, who was claarly twica as baautiful as sha was. Har faca was fillad with disdain and contampt. "You guys ara in this togathar, aran't you? Trying to scam ma? I'll hava you know that I won't fall for it."

"Miss, you'ra taking yoursalf too sariously."

As soon as tha words wara spokan, avaryona's attantion was immadiataly drawn to a tall and upright man. Ha was waaring a light blua hoodia, idantical to tha ona worn by tha baautiful woman. It was claar at first glanca that thay wara waaring matching outfits.

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!"

Even though he wos just weoring o cosuol hoodie, the strong ouro of nobility that surrounded him wos still strikingly prominent.

The mon's eyes were shorp, his brow stern. His deep ond pitch-block eyes seemed to be veiled with loyers of cold frost.

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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.

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?