

## Extraordinary 1111

### [Chapter 1111 Taylor](#)

"You've done nothing to wrong me. It's okay if you can't call her aunt; being her sister is just as good."

Ashlyn gave a small laugh, a hint of relief shining in her eyes.

"Whether I am the daughter of Alice or Ashlyn, she has always been so good to me. Regardless of whether she has that memory or not, she has always been good to me! Isn't that what matters the most?"

After she finished speaking, she pushed open the door of the doctor's office, looking back at James.  
"James, take care."

It was Winston who took her out.

She trod quietly along the lengthy corridor. The faint morning light filtered through the hallway windows, casting a hazy and cold glow.

Standing at the entrance of the hall, Winston spoke in a low voice, "Dr. Berry, the exit is just outside the hall. I won't accompany you further."

Ashlyn nodded. "Thank you."

She walked into the hall with an upright posture, but the moment she stepped in, she froze.

In a corner of the hall's rest area, a man was sitting upright on the couch. Hearing the noise, he lifted his gaze toward her.

Lucas? He didn't go back? He actually waited for me on the couch all night?

Ashlyn was touched.

She saw the man rise to his feet, striding toward her with long, straight legs. He seemed to be bathed in a soft glow in the faint morning light, so handsome he hardly seemed real.

Seated on the other side, Joseph and Charlotte, who were embracing each other, also woke up.

They turned to look at Ashlyn.

"Joseph..." Charlotte murmured. Then, she heard Joseph whispering close to her ear, "You're awake?"

"Yes." Charlotte sleepily looked at Ashlyn and Lucas. She was so tired last night that she fell asleep nestled in the warm embrace of Joseph. Is it dawn yet? Has Ashlyn come out yet?

At that moment, Lucas extended his arms, pulling the slender woman in front of him tightly into his embrace.

“Ashlyn, Ashlyn...”

His voice was deep and husky, like a finely tuned cello. He held on so tightly as if he was embracing a lost treasure that had been found again.

Ashlyn's face was pressed tightly against the man's burning chest, where she could clearly hear the powerful thumping of his heartbeat.

She couldn't help but reach out and embrace him. “I'm here. I'm here...”

An hour later, they returned to the hotel, only to find, to their surprise, that Joseph and Charlotte were staying in the same hotel as them.

After exiting the elevator, they were about to part ways, each returning to their own homes.

Joseph called out to Ashlyn with a troubled expression, “Aunt Ashlyn, I have something I'd like to discuss with you.”

“What's the matter?” Ashlyn looked at him with a calm expression.

Five minutes later, the pin-drop silence filled the corridor.

They turned to look at Ashlyn.

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Just when Joseph and Charlotte thought Ashlyn was going to refuse, they suddenly heard the woman's cool voice. "Three o'clock in the afternoon. Take me to see her."

"I have to do this for my dad. I'm sorry." Joseph hung his head low, feeling extremely distressed. Ashlyn stayed up all night with my father... How could I ever repay this kindness? Still...

He was truly at his wit's end. Once a carefree scion, he was now the son of a prisoner.

Their relatives and friends were now avoiding them. Only Ashlyn and Lucas were still there to help them now. I really shouldn't do this...

"There's no need for such formality. We're family," Ashlyn said. The thought of Fae's memory being taken away caused a pang of pain in her heart. Her gaze as she looked at Joseph instantly softened. "See you in the afternoon. Go home and rest well."

After returning to the room, Lucas pulled her onto the sofa. His face was stern, his ink-black eyes filled with coldness. "Mr. Field's injuries were no accident. It seems that some people are getting restless and are deliberately targeting him."

"The more they target Mr. Field, the less we can afford to ignore it." A hint of severity flashed in Ashlyn's eyes.

Yesterday, as soon as they stepped into the prison courtyard, she didn't miss hearing the name the warden used when he answered the phone. That person's family name is Taylor!

#### [Chapter 1112 Andrea](#)

This afternoon, I'd like to meet this Mrs. Taylor. Ashlyn thought.  
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At three o'clock in the afternoon, Joseph arrived at the private room inside the club as promised,

bringing Ashlyn with him.

Standing in front of the private room, Joseph raised his hand to knock on the door. From inside, a voice came. "Come in."

As soon as the two stepped into the private room, Ashlyn saw a lady of high standing, dressed extremely elegantly, sitting on the couch. She held a tall glass with utmost grace. She gently swirled the red liquid inside the glass with her nail-polished fingers.

She wore her hair in an elegant updo, donned a pair of black silk stockings, and matched them with a pair of slender high heels. Her upper body was adorned with a black fur coat, which was loosely draped over her shoulders.

The heater was on in the private room, spreading a warm ambience, yet she felt like the biggest oddity in the room.

"Ms. Saunders?" Andree curved her lips, gesturing for Ashlyn and Joseph to sit down. "Please, have a seat."

The two of them took a seat on the sofa opposite Andree. Ashlyn sat quietly, watching her as if waiting for the latter to speak.

Andree never expected that the rumored Ms. Saunders would be so young and beautiful.

The woman in front of her was so striking that she wouldn't be overshadowed even in the entertainment industry, which was filled with countless beauties. In fact, she was even more outstanding than those famous actresses, especially her temperament of aloof nobility. She was so elegant and captivating, almost making it impossible for anyone who laid their eyes on her to look away.

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"I wonder what Mrs. Taylor wants to discuss, calling me for a meeting like this." After taking her seat, Ashlyn cut to the chase.

"It seems that Mr. Joseph didn't give you a detailed introduction," Andrea said with a smile. "My daughter, Winona, is very fond of music. We heard that Ms. Saunders has won international awards and is the new president of the International Piano Association, so I would like to invite Ms. Saunders to be my daughter's teacher."

Ashlyn raised an eyebrow, her cool gaze as chilling as an igloo. "I'm sorry, but I have no intention of taking on a disciple."

So far, she had only ever taught Charlotte. She simply didn't have the leisure or inclination to teach others.

After Andrea heard Ashlyn's response, her expression instantly darkened. However, she thought of Ashlyn's status in the music industry and her abilities.

Suppressing her displeasure, she put on a forced smile and said, "Ms. Saunders, don't be so quick to reject me. Why don't I let you witness my daughter's abilities first? Then you can make your decision."

No sooner had she finished speaking than the glass partition inside the box slowly rose. Behind the partition was a snow-white piano, and sitting in front of the piano was a woman. All they could see was the slender and graceful silhouette of the woman's back.

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The piece she pleyed wes the widely populer "Moonlight Lovers."

She wes quite skillful, but Ashlyn hed no interest in her whetsoever.

A look of pride surfeced on Andree's fece. She's my perfect creetion. My deughter must become e top socielite, receiving the best educetion end meking ell the other socielites regerd her with envy.

The song soon ceme to en end.

Andree wiped the prideful expression off her fece end looked et Ashlyn with e smile. "Ms. Seunders, could you perheps offer some guidience?"

Leening on the couch, Ashlyn glenced cesuelly et Winone's retreating figure, her bleck eyes gleeming with indifference. "Her performance is decent, quite good," she commented nonchelently.

Anyone could tell thet Ashlyn's words were just perfunctory.

Andree, suppressing the enger in her chest, petiently spoke egein. "Since you think she's quite good, end you two ere feted to cross peths, why don't you teke my deughter es your disciple?"

Without waiting for Ashlyn to speak, she added, "After all, I can fully assist you with the matter Mr. Joseph requested of me. What do you think, Ms. Saunders?"

Ashlyn lazily lifted her dark eyes, finally resting them on the estate face of Andrea. "Mrs. Taylor, I'm not opposed to taking on a disciple, but my brother-in-law is suffering in prison. How do you plan to help us?"

The melodious music flowed from the woman's fingertips, resonating throughout the spacious room.

### [Chapter 1113 Unfazed](#)

"My mother is the lady of the Taylor family. Do you think she's just an ordinary housewife from a small family? My mother's connections are not something an average person can compare to, especially since my grandfather was a founding father of the nation who was awarded countless medals. What are you afraid of?" Suddenly, a somewhat familiar female voice echoed from the side of the piano.

Ashlyn glanced up and saw Winona, who had been playing the piano earlier, slowly turning around, adjusting the shawl on her shoulders.

That familiar face immediately came into Ashlyn's view.

With an arrogant expression, Winona looked toward Ashlyn.

Their eyes met, and her previously arrogant and smug face changed abruptly. Her voice became piercingly sharp. "Why is it you?"

Andrea's eyebrows slightly furrowed after hearing that. She felt a hint of displeasure at her daughter's lack of composure. With a stern expression, she reprimanded Winona, "Winona, this is Ms. Saunders. Have you met her before?"

Winona immediately stepped forward in her high heels, dramatically throwing herself toward Andrea. "Mom, she's the woman who bullied me. She even had her husband kick me out of the shopping mall. I was so deeply humiliated. You must avenge me!"

Andrea looked at Winona with an extremely complex expression, then turned her gaze to Ashlyn. A couple of days ago, Winona had returned home, nearly driven to the point of an emotional breakdown.

Upon asking, she found out that her daughter had been wronged in the shopping mall.

Unexpectedly, the woman who had wronged her daughter turned out to be Ashlyn. Well, this is really...

At that time, the Taylor family sent someone to that mall to check the surveillance footage, hoping to identify the man and woman. However, the mall management refused their request.



The Taylor family was quite upset. They were a powerful and influential family in the capital, and their daughter had never been subjected to such indignity before.

Someone had dared to challenge them on their own ground.

Yet, Andrea never imagined that that person would turn out to be Ashlyn.

She was so angry that she was grinding her teeth. However, she then thought about how Ashlyn and Joseph needed her while she also had a favor to ask Ashlyn. We are merely using each other; I believe Ashlyn is a smart person.

With those thoughts in mind, she looked down at Ashlyn with a sense of superiority. Her tone was as if she was bestowing charity, exuding an inexplicable sense of superiority.

“Ms. Saunders, you were quite rude to my daughter a couple of days ago. If it were anyone else, I would have already used a hundred different ways to torment them into apologizing, but—”

“But what?” Ashlyn's dark almond eyes met the arrogant gaze of Andrea in a casual manner, seemingly not concerned with Andrea's condescending attitude.

Andrea slightly furrowed her brows. Why does Ashlyn seem so unyielding? And why is there a hint of cool wildness about her?

However, she believed that even the wildest of people wouldn't be able to pull any tricks under her watch.

“But, since we are to collaborate, I will act as if this incident never occurred. As long as you are willing to properly guide and instruct my daughter in her piano skills, helping her to reach new heights, then whether it's about Mr. Field or the matter of you bullying my daughter...”

Joseph looked at Ashlyn's calm demeanor. His lips moved slightly, unsure of how to chime in. “Mrs. Taylor, I believe there must be some misunderstanding here. How could my aunt possibly bully Ms. Taylor?”

Ashlyn could hear the suppressed urgency in his voice. She turned her head to look at him, her black eyes stunningly captivating. “That's right. I did bully her.” She arched an eyebrow, her voice cool and clear. Eyes narrowed, she asked unhurriedly, “So what?”

Upon hearing her words, Joseph looked at her in astonishment. This... Amazing!

He couldn't afford to pay attention to anything else and could only lower his voice. “Aunt Ashlyn, the Taylor family's influence in Jadeborough is not to be underestimated. Isn't it a bit too much to act so arrogantly in front of her mother?”

Ashlyn was not scared at all. She sat on the sofa, leisurely looking over at Andrea.

She stared at Andrea with her charming black pupils, locking gazes. Andrea was so infuriated by Ashlyn's arrogant demeanor that she almost had a stroke on the spot. This Ashlyn really doesn't know what's good for her. Despite my high regard for her, she shockingly lacks a sense of propriety.

#### [Chapter 1114 Do Not Regret](#)

Her brows were tightly furrowed. "Ashlyn, what do you mean by this? I've been treating you with nothing but kindness and respect. Do you really think that we from the Taylor family are pushovers? Not only do you dare to bully my daughter, but you also have the audacity to be so arrogant. Let me tell you. Jadeborough is the Taylor family's territory. I can easily do away with you! It's your honor to have my daughter as your apprentice. I respect you but don't overstep your boundaries. Otherwise, things may turn ugly."

The woman sitting across from her had delicate features, especially after she had just spoken harshly.

Ashlyn merely raised her eyes slightly. Her words were succinct yet startling, her face calm and unruffled. "Nope."

Andrea laughed in exasperation and adjusted her fur coat. Her voice was calm, but a hint of smugness could be detected. "So, you won't accept my daughter as your apprentice? I suppose James must be having a wonderful time in prison, isn't he? It's fine if you don't accept, but do you really not care about James' survival? Can you bear to see him living a life worse than death in prison?"

James was their Achilles' heel.

Andrea was well-versed in the principle of targeting others' sore spots.

A glint of satisfaction flashed in her eyes. "As long as I step in, Mr. President will surely investigate James' case thoroughly. At the very least, with my intervention, his time in prison will be a bit more comfortable. Are you sure you won't accept?"

She stared intently at Ashlyn, not missing any subtle changes in the latter's expression.

The light in the private room illuminated Ashlyn's face, casting a layer of faint, ethereal glow.

Ashlyn remained expressionless all the while. Her red lips slightly parted as she replied tersely, "Nope."

She responded in a similar manner.

Andrea caught her breath, abruptly standing up in a huff. She towered over Ashlyn, glaring down at the latter. "I see you prefer to do it the hard way. I suggest you appreciate my kindness while I'm still

showing you courtesy.”

Ashlyn also stood up. She was tall, to begin with, and even though she was wearing a pair of flat Dr. Martens, she still stood a few centimeters taller than Andrea, who was in high heels.

Her gaze swept over Andrea's face, which was flushed with anger and embarrassment. Ashlyn arched her brow slightly. “If I'm not mistaken, you are the mastermind behind why my brother-in-law suffered in prison, isn't it, Mrs. Taylor? You resorted to such lowly and despicable means of torture to coerce me.”

Upon hearing Ashlyn's words, Joseph was greatly shocked.

He gritted his teeth, a flash of resentment flickering in his eyes.

Ashlyn stared at the visibly upset Andrea with her beautiful eyes. “Excuse me, but I've already seen the contemptible demeanors and poor manners of all the daughters of the Taylor family. I truly feel embarrassed for your ancestors for having descendants like you lot.”

She slightly lifted her chin, her slender neck as graceful and beautiful as a swan. She exuded an aura of unattainable dominance. “Every great family will eventually decline. Don't think you're invincible. There's always someone more formidable out there. You're bound to pay the price for all the heinous misdeeds you've committed.”

Andrea was so furious that her face turned pale. “Ashlyn! You!”

Winona grabbed Andrea's arm. “Mom, I've told you before, she's a good-for-nothing. You should've seen the time when she bullied me. She behaved even more arrogantly than now. This woman is utterly shameless!”

Ashlyn lowered her eyes and smiled. “Mrs. Taylor, I would advise you to find out who exactly is the old lady your daughter had insulted.”

“What are you implying? I don't care who she is! She's nothing more than a filthy old hag, not even worthy of becoming my servant.” Winona pointed at Ashlyn and scolded angrily, “Something must be wrong with your brain for ignoring a wealthy heiress like me to help that old woman! It's true what they say. Pieces of trash always end up together. You're simply not worthy of speaking with a noble lady like me!” Winona snapped.

Ashlyn laughed lightly, her beauty was already exceptional, and the smile made her even more captivating, like a blossoming peony.

Even as Andrea was overwhelmed by fury, she couldn't help but be astounded by Ashlyn's stunning beauty. Thankfully, this woman didn't enter the entertainment industry. If she had, there would be no room left for other female stars.

"Ms. Taylor, I've recorded what you just said, so don't regret it later." Ashlyn waved her phone, then turned to Joseph, who was standing dumbfounded, and said, "Let's go!"

#### [Chapter 1115 I Want Him To Suffer](#)

Joseph was a bit confused.

He followed Ashlyn out of the private room all the way to the car. It was not until he had started the engine that he snapped back to his senses.

So, we came out just like that? Whoa! Ashlyn's series of actions were aggressive, impressive, and arrogant! She was too d\*mn daring! Mrs. Taylor is the wife of the Taylor family's main family! Yet, she offended the woman without any qualms?

"Uh... You..."

He wanted to say something, but Ashlyn cut him off. "Focus on driving."

Joseph went silent.

The car then pulled up to the hotel entrance, upon which they alighted from the vehicle.

Joseph hesitated before venturing, "Aunt Ashlyn, we... I mean, you offended her. Aren't you afraid she'll retaliate against you?"

"Are you scared?" Ashlyn raised an eyebrow, looking very much conceited.

"I..." Joseph thought for a moment before saying, "I'm not afraid. After all, I'm penniless now with only my life left."

"There you have it." Ashlyn's lips curved into a smile. "If even you aren't scared, what do I have to fear?"

Hmm? What's with this unexpected sense of warmth I feel upon hearing that?

Inside the private room, Andrea's face was flushed bright red. With a sweep of her hand, she sent the red wine costing tens of thousands flying off the table to shatter on the floor.

Immediately, sounds of glass breaking split the air.

The server who had been standing outside heard the commotion and rushed in. "What happened, ma'am? Are you okay?"

Andrea hurled the cup in her hand at the server's face viciously. "Get out!"

Frightened, the server quickly closed the private room's door and left.

Winona was so terrified that she swiftly protected her head with both hands, not daring to approach her mother.

She swallowed nervously. "Mom... don't be angry anymore. That woman is just an insolent b\*tch!"

"How dare you show me such disrespect, Ashlyn! Just you wait!"

Andrea's face was contorted with rage, her eyes brimming with infinite hatred.

My family, the Taylor family, has been a prominent family established in Jadeborough for nearly a hundred years, basking in glory all this time. Numerous small families are eager to ingratiate themselves with my family. Yet, that Ashlyn woman is utterly impudent and stubborn. She's just a musician, no? Who does she think she is? She's nothing more than an inferior lowlife! Considering her class, she's unworthy to converse with a lady of my high standing. I humbled myself to initiate contact with her, but still, she had the audacity to act so arrogantly and conceited!

"Mom... we don't necessarily have to go with Ashlyn. There are many other musicians out there. I... Perhaps you can help me find someone else?" Winona carefully observed her mother's expression as she spoke.

"Don't worry. I'll contact Ryan Yates for you. Even if it means going abroad by plane each time to seek him out for practice, we won't take Ashlyn." Andrea took a deep breath, regaining some of her composure after her previous outburst. "It's just piano lessons. Ashlyn isn't the only renowned pianist in the world! Who does she think she is?"

Winona quickly nodded. "Yes, yes! You're absolutely right, Mom."

Once she had calmed down, Andrea immediately picked up her phone and made a call. "Just make sure that he doesn't end up dead. Make his life difficult! I want him to suffer!"

The person on the other end must have said something that infuriated Andrea. She lashed out. "Do you want to lose your job? And do you not want your daughter to attend the film academy anymore?"

Thus, the sergeant could only relent weakly, "Okay, okay. Rest assured that I'll definitely do as you ordered, Mrs. Taylor."

After he had hung up the phone, his expression turned extremely grim.

Has that old biddy lost her mind? How would I dare make a move against James when he has the Oates family backing him up?

He sighed, acutely feeling caught between a rock and a hard place again.

Both parties were not someone he could afford to offend.

He was just an insignificant sergeant.

Oh well, never mind. I'll just regard Mrs. Taylor's words as a passing comment. If I really were to do anything to James, what should I do when Old Mr. Oates comes to question me once more? At that time, Mrs. Taylor probably won't come to my aid either. After all, Old Mr. Oates holds more authority than the wife of the Taylor family.

After weighing the pros and cons, the sergeant went straight back to his office.

#### [Chapter 1116 Pregnant Again](#)

At Lake City Detention Center, Sienna waited anxiously outside the visiting room, peering in through the glass non-stop.

Two minutes later, two prison guards led Dixon over.

The man had grown considerably haggard, his handsome and gentle face now carrying traces of hardship and melancholy.

He took a seat behind the glass and picked up the phone.

The moment Sienna laid eyes on him, a hint of anguish flashed in her gaze, but she managed to suppress it deftly.

She had a lot to say to him, but she didn't know what to say when the words were right on the tip of her tongue.

"Did those people give you any trouble after I got into prison?"

Dixon was the first to speak. His voice was raspy, reminiscent of a traveler who had journeyed long through the desert. His tone was dark and gravelly, tinged with an air of despair.

His gaze was firmly fixed on Sienna, filled with an indescribable sense of greed and longing.

It was as though she was his source of water and hope.

Only when he saw her did he truly felt alive, with breath left in him.

"Not at the moment. Are you okay in there?" Sienna struggled to speak, but as soon as she did, her eyes welled with tears.

Without a doubt, he's definitely not having a good time in there. He's in prison! How could it possibly

feel good?

"Not bad. It's quite leisurely, with plenty to eat and drink, never going hungry. I no longer need to worry about all the intrigues and power struggles. Life is much more laid-back than it was in the past," Dixon said, trying to sound relaxed.

A trace of melancholic helplessness shone through his gentle and handsome face.

Ugh! Suddenly, Sienna clapped a hand over her mouth and turned away as she dry-heaved.

Behind the glass, Dixon looked at her in astonishment. "What's wrong with you? Are you not feeling well?"

Sienna's face was a bit pale. "I've been having some stomach issues these past few days. It's nothing serious, so don't worry about it."

We rarely have such a peaceful conversation. In the past, he was always too dominant and overbearing. In fact, he could even be quite rude to me. But now, everything has changed.

She took a deep breath. "It's getting late, so I need to leave. I'll come again to visit you another day."

"Aunt Sienna," Dixon called out all of a sudden.

Sienna was taken aback and stared at him in surprise. "Is there anything else, Dixon?"

"Aunt Sienna, heed my words, and don't come here anymore." Dixon's gloomy eyes were fixed on her. "I'm a jinx. You should stop visiting me."

"Don't say that. The verdict isn't out yet. There may still be hope." Sienna choked back tears as she spoke.

In truth, both of them knew that things could not possibly end well.

But still, she wanted to say that.

"No, there isn't. You... You should leave Lake City. Find a quiet place where no one knows you... and live a good life." After saying that, Dixon stood up and began to walk away, step by step.

Handcuffs encircled his hands, and shackles were wound around his ankles, making his steps seem incredibly heavy. His back seemed to be hunched over as well.

Sienna stood rooted to the spot, unable to hold her tears at bay any longer.

Dixon...

She wiped the tears from her face and headed straight to the hospital after leaving the detention center.

An hour later, as she looked at the report and saw the results indicated on it, both joy and sorrow imbued her.

She could hardly believe that she was pregnant again.

Why must fate play such a cruel trick on me? After Dixon got into trouble, I found myself pregnant again!

She gazed at the overcast sky and made a bold decision.

Taking a deep breath, she climbed into the red Porsche and started the car.

The car shot out like an arrow, swiftly merging into the flow of traffic.

Meanwhile, at Jadeborough Hospital, heavy snow was falling relentlessly outside the window, silently blanketing the earth.

Snowflakes fell like a dense snow net, growing increasingly thicker and weaving a vast white web across the heavens and earth.

Ashlyn sat in front of the hospital bed, peeling an apple for Nelson.

"Thank you for making the phone call the day before yesterday. Otherwise, I could only imagine the torment my brother-in-law would have been put through."

#### [Chapter 1117 The Best ADC](#)

Ashlyn sliced the peeled apple into small pieces and arranged them on a small plate before placing it in front of Nelson.

"Don't be such a stranger. If it weren't for you performing acupuncture on me, I might have ended up undergoing brain surgery," Nelson said heartily. "We're just helping each other out. As the saying goes, courtesy calls for reciprocity."

"Anyway, thank you." Ashlyn flashed him a smile.

Just then, Trevor rushed to the door from outside before stopping abruptly. His head and hair were covered with delicate white snowflakes.

"The snowfall is just too heavy. I only went to the supermarket near the entrance to buy some daily necessities, and I ended up blanketed in snow."



He stomped his feet at the door. Then, he shook his head to rid it of snowflakes before finally stepping into the hospital room.

He carried a shopping bag filled with an assortment of daily necessities in hand.

There was also a piping hot serving of stew.

"Here you go, Grandpa. I made sure they didn't add any chili."

"Would it taste good without chili?" Nelson instantly seemed a bit displeased.

Trevor, who was quite strict, opened the box filled with stew, and said, "You're still sick and can't eat anything spicy. If you don't want it, I'll let my boss have it."

"If you let Ashlyn eat this, you'll have to buy me another one with chili."

"I'm not going to steal it from you. Go ahead and eat." Ashlyn could not help but smile as she watched the pair of playful grandfather and grandson.

Trevor handed the stew to Nelson before turning to Ashlyn. "I have a match in a couple of days, Boss. Will you come and watch?"

Ashlyn gave him a languid glance. "I'm not interested."

"Can you please cut me some slack, Boss?" Trevor pulled out a stack of tickets from his pocket in slight frustration. "I brought these tickets all the way here. I can't just keep them to myself, right?"

"I'll take the tickets, but I can't promise I'll come and watch the game." Ashlyn accepted the stack of tickets and put them into her pocket. "I heard this year's opponents are exceedingly strong, so be careful and train well. Don't fall behind and let me down when the time comes."

"When have I ever done that? I'm the best ADC!"

Trevor was instantly displeased, his cheerful face filled with indignation as he raised an eyebrow.

"All right, I've had enough of your boasting." Ashlyn interrupted his bragging. She turned to Nelson and said, "I'll be leaving first. Take good care of yourself. I'll come and visit you another day."

Nelson was thoroughly enjoying his bowl of stew. "Drive slowly. It's snowing heavily outside. In my opinion, you should wait until it stops before leaving."

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Ashlyn chuckled. “There's a unique charm in traveling through the snow.”

With that, she left the hospital room. Trevor hurriedly followed her out and saw her to the elevator. “The tickets I gave you include the final match and the preliminaries these two days. You must come!”

“Well, if you make it to the finals, I'll go there to watch it live. Do I really need to watch the normal preliminary matches?” Ashlyn's demeanor was as cold as the falling snow outside.

Trevor was wholly frustrated. “Fine! I'll definitely make it to the finals.”

As the elevator doors slid open, Ashlyn stepped in and made her way to the underground parking lot.

Spencer was waiting for her there. As she got into the car, she heard Spencer saying, “Mr. Nolan is busy at Section Six, so he asked me to pick you up and drive you there.”

Ashlyn nodded in acknowledgment.

I thought we were going back to the hotel. But then, it doesn't matter anyway.

#### [Chapter 1118 Worldview Totally Shattered](#)

Early the following morning, Ashlyn did a screen sharing and projected the competition onto the television.

She sat on the sofa with a bucket of popcorn in her arms, engrossed in watching the television.

The live broadcast of the competition started right from the moment the players entered the arena and continued until the end of the game.

Lucas stepped out of the room, only to see Ashlyn engrossed in an e-sports match on television.

“You enjoy watching such a program?”

Ashlyn grabbed a handful of popcorn and stuffed it into her mouth. “Trevor is playing a match today.”

Heroes' League was a competitive push-turret game that had taken the globe by storm in recent years. The world-class competition, hosted annually, attracted countless gaming enthusiasts and aficionados. That year, the event happened to be taking place in Jadeborough's Aviary Arena.

Trevor's team had always ranked first in their group by game points. There were four groups in total, and the team placing first in each would continue competing for the champion and runner-up positions.

At Section Six's technical department right then, Silas and a few other team members were watching the live game broadcast together.

"I'm confident that Trevor's team will definitely clinch the championship this year!"

He was a fervent fan of Trevor's.

A team member scoffed, "Dream on! Considering our capabilities, we might as well forget it!"

Upon hearing that, Silas was immediately a bit upset. "Then, which team do you like?"

"Pit Viper, of course! They've always been the world champion, and this year will be no different. Trevor is nothing. He might be something in our country, but he's simply not up to par in the world championship!"

Silas was so enraged that steam seemed to be coming out of his ears. "Trevor is very likely to win the championship this year! When he played solo in the past, he had always been placed first in the individual tournament!"

"So what? Heroes' League is all about teamwork. Cooperation is an essential requirement. So what if someone has strong individual capabilities? This so-called national team is a total sham. It still can't compare to other countries' standards."

Silas snorted dismissively. "I can't be bothered to argue with you. When the time comes, Trevor will certainly astonish everyone!"

As he was all excited, Sabrina walked in.

She held two tickets for the preliminaries in her hand, smiling as she said, "A friend gave me two tickets. Who wants to go?"

"The competition is held locally at Aviary Arena this year, and the price of the tickets is sky-high. We couldn't even snag any! Please give me one, Ms. Gray!" a man said to Sabrina excitedly.

"We were glued to our computers last night, but the tickets were snapped up in the blink of an eye!"

"There are many of us, but I only have two tickets here." Sabrina then proposed with a smile, "How about having a competition?"

"How do we do that?"

"Yes, exactly!"

Sabrina smiled slightly, radiating an inexplicable sense of superiority. "How about this? We'll have a boxing match, and whoever is strongest gets the ticket."

"Boxing? Then, we need to go to the training ground!"

"Come, let's go! We're off to the training ground."

Silas did not want to fawn over Sabrina like everyone else, for the latter's attitude toward Ashlyn a few days ago perturbed him greatly.

Thus, with an indifferent expression, he said without much interest, "Forget it. You guys can go ahead. I'll pass."

Upon hearing Silas' ungrateful and unsupportive remark, Sabrina was abruptly irked.

"If you're not going, Silas, it so happens that the grass in the yard has grown too long. Could you please mow it?"

"Ms. Gray, I'm a technician, not a gardener. How could you ask me to mow the lawn?"

Hearing that, Silas looked at Sabrina in shock.

"Everyone has gone to the training ground while you're just idling around. What's wrong with mowing the lawn? You're doing it for the benefit of everyone, making a sacrifice for us all. Who wouldn't praise you for it? You can't be so stagnated in your thinking. You need to have a spirit of dedication, you know?"

Silas felt that his worldview had been totally shattered by the woman.

Is she upset because she has to help at the cafeteria, thus wanting to see the whole world suffer with her?