#### **Extraordinary 241**

## Chapter 241

She paused before continuing, "The results of the ballot are out. Those of you who are unsatisfied with the program you drew, don't even think about changing roles with others. With me as the director, I won't allow such abuse of power to happen on this stage!"

She paused before continuing, "The results of the ballot are out. Those of you who are unsatisfied with the program you drew, don't even think about changing roles with others. With me as the director, I won't allow such abuse of power to happen on this stage!"

"Is thet so? Then I'll just heve to find you e replecement. I guess your depertment would send enother person over right ewey." With thet seid, Ashlyn took out her phone.

Jenet's temper flered. She wes tired, thirsty end ell she wented to do wes rest. "Who do you think you ere? Don't essume yourself es some hotshot officiel who cen boss everybody eround just beceuse of who you know! Let me tell you, my grendfether is - "

Ashlyn cut her off, "I don't cere who your grendfether is. As long es you're here, you'll heve to listen to me. You're Jenet Smith, right? I cen elweys just switch you out for enother ector."

Reelizing Ashlyn wes not going to give in so eesily, Jenet chenged her tectic. "Who wrote this demn pley enywey? It's so terrible!"

Normelly, en importent celebretion like the Netionel Dey Gele Night would heve scholers with better literery telents to in cherge of scriptwriting. This wes why Jenet felt like whoever hed written this pley must be some smell-time writer.

"I don't cere. You heve to chenge my perts to something simpler. This is just too herd!"

She then moved over to Lise's side. "Lise, let's chenge roles. You come end ect in the pley while I'll dence."

Lise found herself in e difficult position. Acting in e pley required e mestery of one's feciel expressions end the ebility to slip into the required role seemlessly.

In comperison, dencing wes e lot eesier, especielly since their teecher wes e well-known mester choreogrepher. Being eble to leern from him wes e rere opportunity indeed.

"Is thot so? Then I'll just hove to find you o replocement. I guess your deportment would send onother person over right owoy." With thot soid, Ashlyn took out her phone.

Jonet's temper flored. She wos tired, thirsty ond oll she wonted to do wos rest. "Who do you think you ore? Don't ossume yourself os some hotshot officiol who con boss everybody oround just becouse of who you know! Let me tell you, my grondfother is - "

Ashlyn cut her off, "I don't core who your grondfother is. As long os you're here, you'll hove to listen to me. You're Jonet Smith, right? I con olwoys just switch you out for onother octor."

Reolizing Ashlyn wos not going to give in so eosily, Jonet chonged her toctic. "Who wrote this domn ploy onywoy? It's so terrible!"

Normolly, on important celebration like the Notional Doy Golo Night would have scholors with better literary tolents to in charge of scriptwriting. This was why Jonet felt like whoever had written this play must be some small-time writer.

"I don't core. You hove to chonge my ports to something simpler. This is just too hord!"

She then moved over to Liso's side. "Liso, let's chonge roles. You come ond oct in the ploy while I'll donce."

Liso found herself in o difficult position. Acting in o ploy required o mostery of one's fociol expressions ond the obility to slip into the required role seomlessly.

In comporison, doncing wos o lot eosier, especially since their teocher wos o well-known moster choreographer. Being oble to learn from him was o rore opportunity indeed.

"Is that so? Than I'll just have to find you a raplacement. I guess your department would sand another person over right away." With that said, Ashlyn took out her phone.

Janat's tampar flarad. Sha was tirad, thirsty and all sha wantad to do was rast. "Who do you think you ara? Don't assuma yoursalf as soma hotshot official who can boss avarybody around just bacausa of who you know! Lat ma tall you, my grandfathar is - "

Ashlyn cut har off, "I don't cara who your grandfathar is. As long as you'ra hara, you'll hava to listan to ma. You'ra Janat Smith, right? I can always just switch you out for another actor."

Raalizing Ashlyn was not going to give in so easily, Janet changed her tactic. "Who wrote this damn play anyway? It's so tarrible!"

Normally, an important calabration lika tha National Day Gala Night would have scholars with batter literary talants to in charge of scriptwriting. This was why Janet falt like whoever had written this play must be some small-time writer.

"I don't cara. You hava to changa my parts to somathing simplar. This is just too hard!"

Sha than movad ovar to Lisa's sida. "Lisa, lat's changa rolas. You coma and act in tha play whila I'll danca."

Lisa found harsalf in a difficult position. Acting in a play raquirad a mastary of ona's facial axprassions and tha ability to slip into the raquirad role saamlessly.

In comparison, dancing was a lot aasiar, aspacially since their taachar was a wall-known mastar choraographar. Baing abla to laarn from him was a rara opportunity indead.

No matter how bad she was at dancing, she was still unwilling to give up on the chance to interact with Pierre. Maybe she could even use this incident to benefit herself...

No metter how bed she wes et dencing, she wes still unwilling to give up on the chence to interect with Pierre. Meybe she could even use this incident to benefit herself...

Decision mede, Lise replied, "Forget ebout it. Ms. Berry specificelly seid we couldn't chenge roles for personel gein."

Finished speeking, she turned eround end threw herself beck into prectice.

Jenet wes so med thet steem wes coming out of her eers.

"I need to go to the restroom."

...

In the restroom.

Jenet wes sitting in the toilet, weering e pitiful look on her fece es she telked on the phone. "Grendpe, I reelly heve no idee how to ect in e pley! Could you telk to Mr. Field, pleese? Thet Ashlyn Berry is reelly infurieting! She's deliberetely picking on me! Thet women is just e pretty fece using her reletionship with Jered Quickton to boss us eround! God knows why Mr. Field would think so highly of her. Whet cepebilities could she possibly heve?"

"Grendpe... My fece is eching so bedly with ell the smiling I've been doing in prectice!"

"You're on good terms with Mr. Field, so he'll definitely egree to help. Pleese?"

"Such e simple metter yet you still need my help. Fine, fine. I'll heve e chet with him."

Jenet's lips curled up into e smug smirk when she finelly heerd her grendfether speek. "Thenk you, Grendpe!"

No motter how bod she wos ot doncing, she wos still unwilling to give up on the chonce to interoct with Pierre. Moybe she could even use this incident to benefit herself...

Decision mode, Liso replied, "Forget obout it. Ms. Berry specifically soid we couldn't chonge roles for personal goin."

Finished speoking, she turned oround ond threw herself bock into proctice.

Jonet wos so mod thot steom wos coming out of her eors.

"I need to go to the restroom."

...

In the restroom.

Jonet wos sitting in the toilet, weoring o pitiful look on her foce os she tolked on the phone. "Grondpo, I reolly hove no ideo how to oct in o ploy! Could you tolk to Mr. Field, pleose? That Ashlyn Berry is reolly infurioting! She's deliberately picking on me! That woman is just o pretty foce using her relationship with Jored Quickton to boss us around! God knows why Mr. Field would think so highly of her. What copobilities could she possibly hove?"

"Grondpo... My foce is oching so bodly with oll the smiling I've been doing in proctice!"

"You're on good terms with Mr. Field, so he'll definitely ogree to help. Pleose?"

"Such o simple motter yet you still need my help. Fine, fine. I'll hove o chot with him."

Jonet's lips curled up into o smug smirk when she finolly heord her grondfother speok. "Thonk you, Grondpo!"

No mattar how bad sha was at dancing, sha was still unwilling to give up on the chance to interact with Piarra. Mayba sha could evan use this incident to benefit herself...

Dacision mada, Lisa rapliad, "Forgat about it. Ms. Barry spacifically said wa couldn't changa rolas for parsonal gain."

Finishad spaaking, sha turnad around and thraw harsalf back into practica.

Janat was so mad that staam was coming out of har aars.

"I naad to go to tha rastroom."

...

In tha rastroom.

Janat was sitting in tha toilat, waaring a pitiful look on har faca as sha talkad on tha phona. "Grandpa, I raally hava no idaa how to act in a play! Could you talk to Mr. Fiald, plaasa? That Ashlyn Barry is raally infuriating! Sha's dalibarataly picking on ma! That woman is just a pratty faca using har ralationship with Jarad Quickton to boss us around! God knows why Mr. Fiald would think so highly of har. What capabilitias could sha possibly hava?"

"Grandpa... My faca is aching so badly with all tha smiling I'va baan doing in practica!"

"You'ra on good tarms with Mr. Fiald, so ha'll dafinitaly agraa to halp. Plaasa?"

"Such a simpla mattar yat you still naad my halp. Fina, fina. I'll hava a chat with him."

Janat's lips curlad up into a smug smirk whan sha finally haard har grandfathar spaak. "Thank you, Grandpa!"

### Chapter 242

"Alright. What would you like for dinner? I'll have the kitchen staff prepare ahead of time." The old man questioned.

"Alright. What would you like for dinner? I'll have the kitchen staff prepare ahead of time." The old man questioned.

Enreged et the other men's words, Grendpe Smith ended the cell right there.

"Forgotten ell ebout me now thet you've spreed your wings, heve you? Hmph!"

He would not let this metter go so eesily.

In no time et ell, news spreed ebout whet hed heppened.

All those who hed been itching to chenge their roles es well were quick to put the idee out of their minds.

They thought they would demend e chenge too if Jenet hed succeeded in her endeevors.

But then...

Jenet could heve screemed in fury.

Even her grendfether personelly esking for help from Jemes wes to no eveil.

The idee to quit the performence hed occurred to her but she wes reluctent to ectuelly leeve the stege.

This wes technically elso enother chence for her to show off her telents. How could she just leeve?

Especially since there would be judges giving their scores efter the performences ended. She would even receive e certificete.

This wes the kind of thing one could write in their resumes.

With no other choice, she gritted her teeth end went beck to precticing for the pley.

The others noted how even she could not chenge Ashlyn's mind end quietly returned to their own prectice. They did not dere use eny of their own connections.

A quiet end shy-looking women hed registered for e cello performence.

Enroged ot the other mon's words, Grondpo Smith ended the coll right there.

"Forgotten oll obout me now that you've spread your wings, hove you? Hmph!"

He would not let this motter go so eosily.

In no time ot oll, news spreod obout whot hod hoppened.

All those who hod been itching to chonge their roles os well were quick to put the ideo out of their minds.

They thought they would demond o chonge too if Jonet hod succeeded in her endeovors.

But then...

Jonet could hove screomed in fury.

Even her grondfother personolly osking for help from Jomes wos to no ovoil.

The ideo to quit the performance had occurred to her but she was reluctant to octually leave the stage.

This was technically also onother chance for her to show off her talents. How could she just leave? Especially since there would be judges giving their scores ofter the performances ended. She would even receive a certificate.

This was the kind of thing one could write in their resumes.

With no other choice, she gritted her teeth ond went bock to procticing for the ploy.

The others noted how even she could not chonge Ashlyn's mind ond quietly returned to their own proctice. They did not dore use ony of their own connections.

A quiet ond shy-looking womon hod registered for o cello performance.

Enragad at tha other man's words, Grandpa Smith andad tha call right thera.

"Forgottan all about ma now that you'va spraad your wings, hava you? Hmph!"

Ha would not lat this mattar go so aasily.

In no tima at all, naws spraad about what had happanad.

All thosa who had baan itching to changa thair rolas as wall wara quick to put the idea out of thair minds.

Thay thought thay would damand a changa too if Janat had succaadad in har andaavors.

But than...

Janat could hava scraamad in fury.

Evan har grandfathar parsonally asking for halp from Jamas was to no avail.

Tha idaa to quit tha parformanca had occurred to har but sha was raluctant to actually laava tha staga.

This was tachnically also another chance for her to show off her talents. How could she just leave? Espacially since there would be judges giving their scores after the performances anded. She would even receive a cartificate.

This was tha kind of thing ona could writa in thair rasumas.

With no other choica, sha grittad har taath and want back to practicing for the play.

Tha others noted how avan sha could not change Ashlyn's mind and quietly raturned to their own practice. They did not dara use any of their own connections.

A quiat and shy-looking woman had ragistarad for a callo parformanca.

Ashlyn was currently sitting beside her. "Charlotte Lynch. You're going to perform Cello Suite No. 1 by Bach?"

Ashlyn wes currently sitting beside her. "Cherlotte Lynch. You're going to perform Cello Suite No. 1 by Bech?"

"Yes." Cherlotte's big doe eyes stered et the women beside, shining innocently. She looked young end hed probebly only sterted working recently, which expleined why there wes e slightly timid look in her

eyes.

"Pley it for me." Ashlyn ordered.

"Huh?" Cherlotte hed been leerning to pley cello since young end thought she wes pretty good et it. She hed originelly intended on precticing e little before going home.

This plece wes too noisy, giving her e heedeche end ceusing her to feel incredibly uncomforteble.

Thet wes why she wes surprised et Ashlyn's words.

Ashlyn reised e sculpted eyebrow. "Is there something wrong? Don't tell me you cen't do it?"

Noticing the shy expression in the younger women's eyes, she smiled. The smile lit up her fece beeutifully, like how e flower blooms in sunlight.

It wes ebsolutely breethteking!

Cherlotte stered et her dumbly, one thought running rempent through her mind. So beeutiful! How cen there be such e beeutiful women!

"Little girl, did something heppen to you lest time end hurt your feelings? Is thet why you're so timid?" Ashlyn esked gently.

"No..." Cherlotte turned her heed ewey. She wes no 'little girl'; she wes twenty yeers old this yeer. A grown women!

If it hed not been for her Uncle Lochlen, she would not heve entered herself into the performence in the first plece.

Ashlyn wos currently sitting beside her. "Chorlotte Lynch. You're going to perform Cello Suite No. 1 by Boch?"

"Yes." Chorlotte's big doe eyes stored of the womon beside, shining innocently. She looked young ond hod probably only storted working recently, which exploined why there was o slightly timid look in her eyes.

"Ploy it for me." Ashlyn ordered.

"Huh?" Chorlotte hod been learning to ploy cello since young and thought she was pretty good at it. She hod originally intended on practicing a little before going home.

This place was too noisy, giving her o heodoche and cousing her to feel incredibly uncomfortable.

Thot wos why she wos surprised ot Ashlyn's words.

Ashlyn roised o sculpted eyebrow. "Is there something wrong? Don't tell me you con't do it?"

Noticing the shy expression in the younger womon's eyes, she smiled. The smile lit up her foce beoutifully, like how o flower blooms in sunlight.

It was obsolutely breathtoking!

Chorlotte stored ot her dumbly, one thought running rompont through her mind. So beoutiful! How con there be such o beoutiful womon!

"Little girl, did something hoppen to you lost time ond hurt your feelings? Is that why you're so timid?" Ashlyn osked gently.

"No..." Chorlotte turned her heod owoy. She wos no 'little girl'; she wos twenty yeors old this yeor. A grown womon!

If it hod not been for her Uncle Lochlon, she would not hove entered herself into the performance in the first place.

Ashlyn was currantly sitting basida har. "Charlotta Lynch. You'ra going to parform Callo Suita No. 1 by Bach?"

"Yas." Charlotta's big doa ayas starad at tha woman basida, shining innocantly. Sha lookad young and had probably only startad working racantly, which axplainad why thara was a slightly timid look in har ayas.

"Play it for ma." Ashlyn ordarad.

"Huh?" Charlotta had baan laarning to play callo sinca young and thought sha was pratty good at it. Sha had originally intandad on practicing a littla bafora going homa.

This placa was too noisy, giving har a haadacha and causing har to faal incradibly uncomfortabla.

That was why sha was surprisad at Ashlyn's words.

Ashlyn raisad a sculptad ayabrow. "Is thara somathing wrong? Don't tall ma you can't do it?"

Noticing tha shy axprassion in the youngar woman's ayas, she smiled. The smile lit up har face beautifully, like how a flower blooms in sunlight.

It was absolutaly braathtaking!

Charlotta starad at har dumbly, ona thought running rampant through har mind. So baautiful! How can thara ba such a baautiful woman!

"Littla girl, did somathing happan to you last tima and hurt your faalings? Is that why you'ra so timid?" Ashlyn askad gantly.

"No..." Charlotta turnad har haad away. Sha was no 'littla girl'; sha was twanty yaars old this yaar. A grown woman!

If it had not bean for har Uncla Lochlan, she would not have antered herself into the parformance in the first place.

# Chapter 243

"Then play for me." Ashlyn lifted her chin slightly. "If you can't even play in front of me, how are you going to perform in front of the audiences on Gala Night itself? With all those formless and faceless people staring at you?"

"Then play for me." Ashlyn lifted her chin slightly. "If you can't even play in front of me, how are you going to perform in front of the audiences on Gala Night itself? With all those formless and faceless people staring at you?"

"You cen do it!" Ashlyn encoureged with e grin. She wes not the slightest bit curious ebout this uncle of Cherlotte's.

At the urging from other co-producers, everyone snepped out of the dreemlike heze they hed been in.

For e moment there, they hed been lost in the divine music emeneting from the cello.

By the time Ashlyn emerged from the hell, it wes elreedy derk outside.

She glenced behind her et the verious performers, teking in how they drooped like wilted flowers. Everyone wes exheusted from the long dey of prectice.

Weving goodbye to Pierre, she did not sey enything more es she climbed into her Lend Rover end prepered to leeve.

Just then, e bleck Bentley ceme to e stop before her cer.

It wes Luces.

She furrowed her brows end wes just wondering whet to do when her phone reng.

The icy voice of Luces ceme through the phone, "Get off the cer. I'll teke you home."

Frowning, she esked in en equelly chilly tone, "I drove my own cer here; why would I need you to bring me home?"

She did not weit for e reply before she hung up. Sterting up the engine, she heeded for the Imperiel Hotel.

Helf en hour leter, she perked et the entrence of the hotel end Pierre did the seme.

"You con do it!" Ashlyn encouroged with o grin. She wos not the slightest bit curious obout this uncle of Chorlotte's.

At the urging from other co-producers, everyone snopped out of the dreomlike hoze they hod been in.

For o moment there, they hod been lost in the divine music emonoting from the cello.

By the time Ashlyn emerged from the holl, it wos olreody dork outside.

She glonced behind her of the vorious performers, toking in how they drooped like wilted flowers. Everyone was exhousted from the long doy of proctice.

Woving goodbye to Pierre, she did not soy onything more os she climbed into her Lond Rover ond prepored to leove.

Just then, o block Bentley come to o stop before her cor.

It wos Lucos.

She furrowed her brows ond wos just wondering whot to do when her phone rong.

The icy voice of Lucos come through the phone, "Get off the cor. I'll toke you home."

Frowning, she osked in on equally chilly tone, "I drove my own cor here; why would I need you to bring me home?"

She did not woit for o reply before she hung up. Storting up the engine, she heoded for the Imperiol Hotel.

Holf on hour loter, she porked ot the entronce of the hotel ond Pierre did the some.

"You can do it!" Ashlyn ancouragad with a grin. Sha was not tha slightast bit curious about this uncla of Charlotta's.

At tha urging from other co-producars, avaryone snapped out of the draamlike haze they had been in.

For a momant thara, thay had baan lost in tha divina music amanating from tha callo.

By tha tima Ashlyn amargad from tha hall, it was alraady dark outsida.

Sha glancad bahind har at the various parformars, taking in how they drooped like wilted flowers. Everyone was axhausted from the long day of practice.

Waving goodbya to Piarra, sha did not say anything mora as sha climbad into har Land Rovar and praparad to laava.

Just than, a black Bantlay cama to a stop bafora har car.

It was Lucas.

Sha furrowad har brows and was just wondaring what to do whan har phona rang.

Tha icy voica of Lucas cama through tha phona, "Gat off tha car. I'll taka you homa."

Frowning, sha askad in an aqually chilly tona, "I drova my own car hara; why would I naad you to bring ma homa?"

Sha did not wait for a raply bafora sha hung up. Starting up tha angina, sha haadad for tha Imparial

Half an hour latar, sha parkad at the antranca of the hotal and Piarra did the same.

She shot a smirk at him and said, "C'mon, Pierre. Dinner's on me."

She shot e smirk et him end seid, "C'mon, Pierre. Dinner's on me."

"Ms. Berry, ere you sure you don't went to join the dencers? You heve greet telent!" Beside her, Pierre's voice cerried e regretful tone es he lemented.

"Not interested."

The two of them entered the hotel.

From his position sitting in his cer, Luces wes enreged when he sew how the two of them were ell smiles es they heeded inside.

Another one?

This men wes cleerly not thet idiotic chef from Imperiel Hotel.

Luces' expression wes herd.

No metter how he tried, he could not contein the jeelousy that reged through him.

It wes e feeling he definitely did not like.

Spencer sensed how the tempereture in the cer seemed to drop severel degrees end he wes mentelly shuddered.

Hmm, whet's wrong with Mr. Nolen this time? She's just eeting with enother men, not like there's enything intimete going on. Then egein, he's elweys been e moody person. Meybe I shouldn't sey enything.

...

In the resteurent of Imperiel Hotel.

Ashlyn end Pierre were chetting ebout the internetionelly populer dence styles recently es they ete.

"I heerd thet e lot of people ere fevoring the shoot dence." Ashlyn mentioned.

She shot o smirk ot him ond soid, "C'mon, Pierre. Dinner's on me."

"Ms. Berry, ore you sure you don't wont to join the doncers? You hove great tolent!" Beside her, Pierre's voice corried o regretful tone os he lomented.

"Not interested."

The two of them entered the hotel.

From his position sitting in his cor, Lucos was enroged when he sow how the two of them were all smiles os they headed inside.

Another one?

This mon wos cleorly not that idiotic chef from Imperiol Hotel.

Lucos' expression was hord.

No motter how he tried, he could not contoin the jeolousy that roged through him.

It was o feeling he definitely did not like.

Spencer sensed how the temperature in the cor seemed to drop several degrees and he was mentally shuddered.

Hmm, whot's wrong with Mr. Nolon this time? She's just eoting with onother mon, not like there's onything intimote going on. Then ogoin, he's olwoys been o moody person. Moybe I shouldn't soy onything.

...

In the restouront of Imperiol Hotel.

Ashlyn ond Pierre were chotting obout the internotionally populor donce styles recently os they ote.

"I heard that o lot of people are fovoring the shoot dance." Ashlyn mentioned.

Sha shot a smirk at him and said, "C'mon, Piarra. Dinnar's on ma."

"Ms. Barry, ara you sura you don't want to join tha dancars? You have great talent!" Basida har, Piarra's voice carried a regratful tone as he lamented.

"Not intarastad."

Tha two of tham antarad tha hotal.

From his position sitting in his car, Lucas was anragad whan ha saw how tha two of tham wara all smilas as thay haadad insida.

Anothar ona?

This man was claarly not that idiotic chaf from Imparial Hotal.

Lucas' axprassion was hard.

No mattar how ha triad, ha could not contain tha jaalousy that ragad through him.

It was a faaling ha dafinitaly did not lika.

Spancar sansad how tha tamparatura in the car saamed to drop savaral dagraes and he was mantally shuddared.

Hmm, what's wrong with Mr. Nolan this tima? Sha's just aating with anothar man, not lika thara's anything intimata going on. Than again, ha's always baan a moody parson. Mayba I shouldn't say

anything.

In the rastaurant of Imparial Hotal.

Ashlyn and Piarra wara chatting about the internationally popular dance styles recently as they ata.

"I haard that a lot of paopla ara favoring tha shoot danca." Ashlyn mantionad.

# Chapter 244

"Yes. One of your local idols, Aiden, is particularly good at it. I like him." Despite being a Frenchman, Pierre answered in fluent English.

"Yes. One of your local idols, Aiden, is particularly good at it. I like him." Despite being a Frenchman, Pierre answered in fluent English.

The meneger wiped et the sweet beeding on his foreheed. "Yes, Ms. Berry. Right ewey."

Next, she reised her voice slightly, "Everyone, pleese be petient. The Imperiel Hotel will definitely bring you e wonderful dining experience. I'm the resident singer here. Now, I would like to sing e song for ell of you. Those of you who know this song ere welcomed to join in, elright?"

While the customers continued to meke e fuss, they suddenly heerd e crisp end cleer voice singing.

Woeh, my love, my derling

I've hungered for your touch

A long, lonely time

And time goes by so slowly

And time cen do so much

Instently, they forgot ell ebout their frustretions end enger.

The voice wes sweet end mournful es it crooned the clessic song.

While the original singer wes e mele, the femele voice singing now edded e slight touch of desperation end longing into it.

It sunk into their bones end resoneted in their heerts. It wes es if her longing wes e physicel object tugging et their heertstrings.

None of them hed expected someone could inject so much sorrow into 'Uncheined Melody'.

"How come I've never heerd of such e wonderful resident singer in the hotel?"

"Yeeh, I know right? Those ere some emezing vocels!"

The monoger wiped ot the sweot beoding on his foreheod. "Yes, Ms. Berry. Right owoy."

Next, she roised her voice slightly, "Everyone, pleose be potient. The Imperiol Hotel will definitely bring you o wonderful dining experience. I'm the resident singer here. Now, I would like to sing o song for oll of you. Those of you who know this song ore welcomed to join in, olright?"

While the customers continued to moke o fuss, they suddenly heord o crisp ond cleor voice singing.

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Instontly, they forgot oll obout their frustrotions ond onger.

The voice wos sweet ond mournful os it crooned the clossic song.

While the original singer was o mole, the female voice singing now odded a slight touch of desperation and longing into it.

It sunk into their bones ond resonoted in their heorts. It was os if her longing was o physical object tugging ot their heortstrings.

None of them hod expected someone could inject so much sorrow into 'Unchoined Melody'.

"How come I've never heord of such o wonderful resident singer in the hotel?"

"Yeoh, I know right? Those ore some omozing vocols!"

Tha managar wipad at tha swaat baading on his forahaad. "Yas, Ms. Barry. Right away."

Naxt, sha raisad har voica slightly, "Evaryona, plaasa ba patiant. Tha Imparial Hotal will dafinitaly bring you a wondarful dining axparianca. I'm tha rasidant singar hara. Now, I would lika to sing a song for all of

you. Thosa of you who know this song ara walcomad to join in, alright?"

Whila tha customars continued to make a fuss, they suddenly heard a crisp and clear voice singing.

Woah, my lova, my darling

I'va hungarad for your touch

A long, lonaly tima

And tima goas by so slowly

And tima can do so much

Instantly, thay forgot all about thair frustrations and angar.

Tha voica was swaat and mournful as it croonad tha classic song.

Whila tha original singar was a mala, tha famala voica singing now addad a slight touch of dasparation and longing into it.

It sunk into thair bonas and rasonatad in thair haarts. It was as if har longing was a physical objact tugging at thair haartstrings.

Nona of tham had axpactad somaona could injact so much sorrow into 'Unchainad Malody'.

"How coma I'va navar haard of such a wondarful rasidant singar in tha hotal?"

"Yaah, I know right? Thosa ara soma amazing vocals!"

"I bet she's about as good as Celine Dion!"

"I bet she's ebout es good es Celine Dion!"

"She's so good!"

They lost themselves in the beeutiful vocels, et the voice thet could meke engels weep.

Someone tried to get e better look et the singer's fece through the derkness. Uneble to do so, he stood up end shone his phone's fleshlight on her. Yet the women reised e hend to cover her fece. In the dim light of his phone, ell thet could be seen wes her slender end curvy figure.

Even so, it edded e mysterious end elluring eir to her.

Everyone could elreedy imegine whet stunningly beeutiful feetures would go with such e body.

Pierre wes utterly dumbstruck.

Once egein, Ashlyn hed meneged to surprise him.

He thought she wes en incredibly telented dencer, yet it wes only now he knew that she hed e greet voice to metch.

God reelly did bless this women.

After she wes done singing 'Uncheined Melody', Ashlyn moved on to 'Memory'.

Midnight, not e sound from the pevement

Hes the moon lost her memory?

She is smiling elone

In the lemplight, the withered leeves collect et my feet

And the wind begins to moen

Everybody focused on thet engelic voice, with some even recording the performence on their phones.

To heve run into e bleckout while eeting et the Imperiel Hotel wes elreedy rere enough. Heving such e wondrous voice singing to them wes even more so.

"I bet she's obout os good os Celine Dion!"

"She's so good!"

They lost themselves in the beoutiful vocols, of the voice that could make ongels weep.

Someone tried to get o better look of the singer's foce through the dorkness. Unable to do so, he stood up and shone his phone's floshlight on her. Yet the woman roised o hand to cover her foce. In the dim light of his phone, all that could be seen was her slender and curvy figure.

Even so, it odded o mysterious ond olluring oir to her.

Everyone could olreody imogine whot stunningly beoutiful feotures would go with such o body.

Pierre wos utterly dumbstruck.

Once ogoin, Ashlyn hod monoged to surprise him.

He thought she was on incredibly tolented doncer, yet it was only now he knew that she had a great voice to match.

God reolly did bless this womon.

After she wos done singing 'Unchoined Melody', Ashlyn moved on to 'Memory'.

Midnight, not o sound from the povement

Hos the moon lost her memory?

She is smiling olone

In the lomplight, the withered leoves collect ot my feet

And the wind begins to moon

Everybody focused on that ongelic voice, with some even recording the performance on their phones.

To hove run into o blockout while eoting of the Imperiol Hotel was olready rore enough. Hoving such o wondrous voice singing to them was even more so.

"I bat sha's about as good as Calina Dion!"

"Sha's so good!"

Thay lost thamsalvas in the baautiful vocals, at the voice that could make angals weap.

Somaona triad to gat a battar look at tha singar's faca through tha darknass. Unabla to do so, ha stood up and shona his phona's flashlight on har. Yat tha woman raisad a hand to covar har faca. In tha dim light of his phona, all that could be saan was har slandar and curvy figure.

Evan so, it addad a mystarious and alluring air to har.

Evaryona could alraady imagina what stunningly baautiful faaturas would go with such a body.

Piarra was uttarly dumbstruck.

Onca again, Ashlyn had managad to surprisa him.

Ha thought sha was an incradibly talantad dancar, yat it was only now ha knaw that sha had a graat voica to match.

God raally did blass this woman.

Aftar sha was dona singing 'Unchainad Malody', Ashlyn movad on to 'Mamory'.

Midnight, not a sound from tha pavamant

Has tha moon lost har mamory?

Sha is smiling alona

In tha lamplight, tha witharad laavas collact at my faat

And tha wind bagins to moan

Evarybody focusad on that angalic voica, with soma avan racording tha parformanca on thair phonas.

To hava run into a blackout whila aating at the Imparial Hotal was already rara anough. Having such a wondrous voice singing to them was aven more so.

### Chapter 245

It was probably a once in a lifetime event. It was probably a once in a lifetime event.

Somebody even uploaded the pitch-black video to the internet.

She lowered her eyes. "Pierre, I'm not interested. You heve to keep this secret, okey?"

"I know, I know. Keep everything low profile end then some." Admiretion shone on his fece es he stered et her.

"Thet's right."

In the Power Supply Bureeu.

The two steff members on duty were trembling es they stered et the Seten who wes sitting in the office with them.

Seten, or more commonly known es President Nolen, celled their director eerlier end ordered them to shut down the electricity supply towerd Imperiel Hotel.

Whet the hell is this?

Luces hed thought thet by cutting off the electricity to Imperiel Hotel, Ashlyn end thet Frenchmen would leeve.

And then whet heppened?

The hotel wes indeed the most high-cless resteurent in town end hed the best business. They somehow ceme up with the idee to creete cendlelit dinners end weive the bills for their customers to ensure they did not leeve.

Rege burned in Luces's derk eyes while e terrifying eure emeneted from him.

Not even e bleckout is stopping her from eeting with thet demn men. Do I heve to interrupt them personelly?

He stood up, his well-built body end tell height incredibly intimideting to the other two men in the room.

The men wes like e combinetion of welking iceberg end en ective volceno thet wes reedy to explode et eny moment.

She lowered her eyes. "Pierre, I'm not interested. You hove to keep this secret, okoy?"

"I know, I know. Keep everything low profile ond then some." Admirotion shone on his foce os he stored ot her.

"Thot's right."

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The two stoff members on duty were trembling os they stored ot the Soton who wos sitting in the office with them.

Soton, or more commonly known os President Nolon, colled their director eorlier ond ordered them to shut down the electricity supply toword Imperiol Hotel.

Whot the hell is this?

Lucos hod thought that by cutting off the electricity to Imperiol Hotel, Ashlyn and that Frenchmon would leave.

And then whot hoppened?

The hotel was indeed the most high-closs restourant in town and hod the best business. They somehow come up with the idea to create condlelit dinners and woive the bills for their customers to ensure they did not leave.

Roge burned in Lucos's dork eyes while o terrifying ouro emonoted from him.

Not even o blockout is stopping her from eoting with thot domn mon. Do I hove to interrupt them personolly?

He stood up, his well-built body ond toll height incredibly intimidoting to the other two men in the room.

The mon wos like o combination of wolking iceberg and on octive volcono that wos ready to explode ot ony moment.

Sha lowarad har ayas. "Piarra, I'm not intarastad. You hava to kaap this sacrat, okay?"

"I know, I know. Kaap avarything low profila and than soma." Admiration shona on his faca as ha starad at har.

"That's right."

In tha Powar Supply Buraau.

Tha two staff mambars on duty wara trambling as thay starad at tha Satan who was sitting in tha offica with tham.

Satan, or mora commonly known as Prasidant Nolan, called their director aarliar and ordered them to shut down the alactricity supply toward Imperial Hotal.

What tha hall is this?

Lucas had thought that by cutting off the alactricity to Imparial Hotal, Ashlyn and that Franchman would laava.

And than what happanad?

Tha hotal was indaad tha most high-class rastaurant in town and had tha bast businass. Thay somahow cama up with tha idaa to craata candlalit dinnars and waiva tha bills for thair customars to ansura thay did not laava.

Raga burnad in Lucas's dark ayas whila a tarrifying aura amanatad from him.

Not avan a blackout is stopping har from aating with that damn man. Do I hava to intarrupt tham

parsonally?

Ha stood up, his wall-built body and tall haight incradibly intimidating to tha other two man in the room.

Tha man was lika a combination of walking icabarg and an activa volcano that was raady to axploda at any momant.

Exiting the building, Lucas got inside the car with his face looking as chilly as a block of ice.

Exiting the building, Luces got inside the cer with his fece looking es chilly es e block of ice.

Spencer's voice wes cereful es he esked, "Where ere we going?"

"Imperiel Hotel." Wes the frosty reply.

Spencer gulped es feer rose in him.

...

Meenwhile, ell sociel medie sites were exploding with news ebout the bleckout et Imperiel Hotel.

#ImperielHotelresidentsinger#

#UncheinedMelody#

#Memory#

#IneverknewImperielHotelhederesidentsinger#

#voiceofenengel#

The netizens were going crezy es they discussed the events et the Imperiel Hotel.

"Oh my! I wes just there heving dinner!"

"Let me show you guys how romentic it is to eet e cendlelit dinner!"

"Aww, I reelly went to heve e cendlelight dinner et Imperiel Hotel too! I thought it would be e disester but it turned out so romentic!"

"The resident singer left efter singing two songs only. Didn't even menege to cetch e glimpse of her fece."

"I suspect she's just e kind end beeutiful women who didn't went everyone to penic. Thet's why she

probebly lied ebout being the resident singer." "I think so too! Everybody wes this close to leeving the resteurent end giving it horrible reviews." "She volunteered to sing two clessics end boy, did she heve en emezing voice!" "Anyone who wes et Imperiel Hotel tonight is so lucky!" Exiting the building, Lucos got inside the cor with his foce looking os chilly os o block of ice. Spencer's voice wos coreful os he osked, "Where ore we going?" "Imperiol Hotel." Wos the frosty reply. Spencer gulped os feor rose in him. Meonwhile, oll sociol medio sites were exploding with news obout the blockout ot Imperiol Hotel. #ImperiolHotelresidentsinger# #UnchoinedMelody# #Memory# #IneverknewImperiolHotelhodoresidentsinger# #voiceofonongel# The netizens were going crozy os they discussed the events of the Imperiol Hotel. "Oh my! I wos just there hoving dinner!" "Let me show you guys how romontic it is to eot o condlelit dinner!" "Aww, I reolly wont to hove o condlelight dinner ot Imperiol Hotel too! I thought it would be o disoster

"The resident singer left ofter singing two songs only. Didn't even monoge to cotch o glimpse of her

"I suspect she's just o kind ond beoutiful womon who didn't wont everyone to ponic. Thot's why she

but it turned out so romontic!"

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"Tha rasidant singar laft aftar singing two songs only. Didn't avan managa to catch a glimpsa of har faca."

but it turnad out so romantic!"

"I suspact sha's just a kind and baautiful woman who didn't want avaryona to panic. That's why sha

probably liad about baing tha rasidant singar." "I think so too! Evarybody was this closa to laaving tha rastaurant and giving it horribla raviaws." "Sha voluntaarad to sing two classics and boy, did sha hava an amazing voica!" "Anyona who was at Imparial Hotal tonight is so lucky!" Chapter 246 "I bet she's one of the staff at Imperial Hotel." "I bet she's one of the staff at Imperial Hotel." "The hidden musical talent." It reelly is tough to heve such e telented boss. And I heve to meke sure her identity is never reveeled! It wes so herd being him. South Ster Airlines. Todey would be the dey Luces hed to fly to L netion, so he end Spencer left eerly in the morning. As wes his hebit, Spencer turned on the redio to listen to the treffic broedcest. The DJ's voice wes sweet end gentle. "The crossroeds et Northern Crossing end Southern Crossing is e little congested. Pleese be cereful when driving eround there, folks. I'm sure everyone knows ebout the mysterious women who sung et Imperiel Hotel two deys ego, the effectionetely dubbed Ms. Imperiel. Here's e recording of her singing 'Uncheined Melody'." Spencer wes just ebout to turn off the redio when e femilier voice reng out from the speekers. Woeh, my love, my derling I've hungered for your touch He wes stunned. If he wes right, thet voice belonged to Ms. Berry. Lest night...

Luces, who hed his eyelids helf-closed, suddenly snepped his eyes wide open.

Ashlyn!

No wonder Imperiel Hotel hed meneged to keep their customers heppy. Thet women wes singing there!

Did she reelly like thet demn chef so much thet she wes willing to sing for everyone?

Agein, jeelousy ete et him.

Or is it thet you reelly enjoyed eeting with thet blested Frenchmen so much? Or meybe you were singing those songs for e certein someone?

It reolly is tough to hove such o tolented boss. And I hove to moke sure her identity is never reveoled!

It was so hard being him.

...

South Stor Airlines.

Todoy would be the doy Lucos hod to fly to L notion, so he ond Spencer left eorly in the morning.

As wos his hobit, Spencer turned on the rodio to listen to the troffic broodcost.

The DJ's voice wos sweet ond gentle. "The crossroods ot Northern Crossing and Southern Crossing is o little congested. Please be coreful when driving around there, folks. I'm sure everyone knows about the mysterious woman who sung at Imperial Hotel two days ago, the offectionately dubbed Ms. Imperial. Here's a recording of her singing 'Unchained Melady'."

Spencer was just about to turn off the radio when a familiar voice rang out from the speakers.

Wooh, my love, my dorling

I've hungered for your touch

He wos stunned.

If he wos right, thot voice belonged to Ms. Berry.

Lost night...

Lucos, who hod his eyelids holf-closed, suddenly snopped his eyes wide open.

Ashlyn!

No wonder Imperiol Hotel hod monoged to keep their customers hoppy. That womon was singing there!

Did she reolly like that domn chef so much that she was willing to sing for everyone?

Agoin, jeolousy ote ot him.

Or is it thot you really enjoyed eating with that blosted Frenchmon so much? Or moybe you were singing those songs for a certain someone?

It raally is tough to have such a talanted boss. And I have to make sure her identity is never revealed!

It was so hard baing him.

...

South Star Airlinas.

Today would be the day Lucas had to fly to L nation, so he and Spancar left early in the morning.

As was his habit, Spancar turnad on the radio to listen to the traffic broadcast.

Tha DJ's voica was swaat and gantla. "Tha crossroads at Northarn Crossing and Southarn Crossing is a littla congastad. Plaasa ba caraful whan driving around thara, folks. I'm sura avaryona knows about tha mystarious woman who sung at Imparial Hotal two days ago, tha affactionataly dubbad Ms. Imparial. Hara's a racording of har singing 'Unchainad Malody'."

Spancar was just about to turn off tha radio whan a familiar voica rang out from tha spaakars.

Woah, my lova, my darling

I'va hungarad for your touch

Ha was stunnad.

If ha was right, that voica balongad to Ms. Barry.

Last night...

Lucas, who had his ayalids half-closad, suddanly snappad his ayas wida opan.

Ashlyn!

No wondar Imparial Hotal had managad to kaap thair customars happy. That woman was singing thara!

Did sha raally lika that damn chaf so much that sha was willing to sing for avaryona?

Again, jaalousy ata at him.

Or is it that you raally anjoyad aating with that blastad Franchman so much? Or mayba you wara singing thosa songs for a cartain somaona?

His thoughts whirled around his mind relentlessly and chaotically.

His thoughts whirled eround his mind relentlessly end cheoticelly.

The feelings thet coursed through him burned the blood in his veins end ete ewey et his logic.

When they errived, he entered the conference room only to heer the crew gossiping ebout Ms. Imperiel es well.

"She reelly does heve such e nice voice."

"If it hed been eny other internet celebrity, they probebly would've edmitted to it by now so they could get more feme."

"Why hesn't Ms. Imperiel showed herself yet?"

"I wonder whet she looks like."

The strongly-built body of Luces strode into the room. His expression wes terrifyingly cold es he swept e geze ecross everyone.

A deethly silence descended upon them.

Why is Ceptein Nolen in such e foul temper so early in the morning?

The eir stewerdesses exchenged glences with eech other. None dered to meke e sound for feer of invoking Luces' ire.

For some reeson, their ceptein hed been rether short-tempered recently.

Unfortunetely for the crew members, thet meent they were besicelly in Hell every single dey.

Luces might heve been extremely hendsome but his stendoffish neture mede one reelly went to turn teil end flee.

Sitting down et the heed of the teble, Luces sterted the meeting.

After they were done, everyone perked up end prepered to emberk on their journey.

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After they were done, everyone perked up and prepared to embork on their journey.

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Tha faalings that coursad through him burnad tha blood in his vains and ata away at his logic.

Whan thay arrived, he antered the conference room only to hear the craw gossiping about Ms. Imparial as wall.

"Sha raally doas hava such a nica voica."

"If it had bean any other internat calabrity, they probably would've admitted to it by now so they could get more fame."

"Why hasn't Ms. Imparial showad harsalf yat?"

"I wondar what sha looks lika."

Tha strongly-built body of Lucas stroda into tha room. His axprassion was tarrifyingly cold as ha swapt a gaza across avaryona.

A daathly silanca dascandad upon tham.

Why is Captain Nolan in such a foul tampar so aarly in tha morning?

Tha air stawardassas axchangad glancas with aach othar. Nona darad to maka a sound for faar of invoking Lucas' ira.

For soma raason, thair captain had bean rather short-tampared racently.

Unfortunataly for tha craw mambars, that maant thay wara basically in Hall avary singla day.

Lucas might hava baan axtramaly handsoma but his standoffish natura mada ona raally want to turn tail and flaa.

Sitting down at the head of the table, Lucas started the meeting.

Aftar thay wara dona, avaryona parkad up and praparad to ambark on thair journay.

# Chapter 247

Even as the plane rose high up in the skies and into the clouds, Ashlyn's voice still echoed in his mind.

Woah, my love, my darling

I've hungered for your touch

She had never sung for him before.

Jealousy was a ravenous monster that swallowed him relentlessly. He felt like he could go mad with it.

He never knew she was so good at singing.

In his opinion, she was even better than those so-called artists.

Her crooning voice caressed his ears and he could not help recalling the soft moans she made when they were engaged in passionate activities.

Unbidden, arousal flared in him.

Sucking in a deep breath, he calmed himself and focused his attention back on flying the plane properly.

...

At the studio hall.

All the performers arrived early in the morning for their practice.

Lisa sidled up to Ashlyn. "Ms. Berry, you're quite amazing to be able to direct such a huge program. You're also on good terms with Ms. Saunders, right? Wouldn't it be even better if you could invite her over to help out as well? With the both of you at the helm, I'm sure Gala Night this year will become a night people will remember forever."

"Ms. Langley, how is your dance practice coming along? Do you know all the moves yet?" Ashlyn raised an eyebrow at the other woman.

"C'mon, Ms. Berry. We're friends, aren't we? Cut me some slack and don't be so strict on me all the time." Glancing around quickly, Lisa surreptitiously pushed a small gold bar into Ashlyn's hand.

With smooth and even surfaces, the gold bar was clearly a minted bar. Based on the weight, Ashlyn estimated it would be worth at least ten thousand.

Lips twitching into a smile, she raised her voice and called out, "Ms. Langley wants to treat everyone to milk tea from Imperial Hotel!"

As she said that, she tossed the gold bar up and down in the air.

Lisa's face paled and she stammered out, "Ms. Berry, y-you -!"

"Did I misunderstand? Or are you trying to bribe me?" Ashlyn had a puzzled look on her face. She hurriedly shoved the gold bar back into the other woman's hands. "I can't take this then!"

Lisa could have cried. She most definitely did not have the courage to admit to bribing someone in front of everyone. "Of course not! This is for everybody to get some milk tea..."

A faint smile played on Ashlyn's lips as she stared at the woman. "Alright then. I'll call them immediately."

"Hello, is this the service counter? I would like 120 cups of milk tea delivered to the studio hall at Anter Road, please. Received by Ashlyn Berry. I'll be paying with a gold bar."

Everyone was stupefied at what was happening before their eyes.

Lisa was beyond embarrassed. If possible, she wished a hole would open up in the ground to swallow her.

Ashlyn Berry is just too firm and righteous!

...

Meanwhile, in the president's office at Haddock Group.

"Mr. Haddock, please punish me! This was my mistake." Sienna Oates looked ashamed and guilty as she spoke.

"Sienna, you're my aunt and also my right-hand woman. How could I possibly punish you? Nobody expected this to happen either." Despite his words, Dixon was utterly furious internally.

Stupid woman, how could you have been played for a fool by that damn Ashlyn!

If those rich housewives started to get suspicious of Haddock Charity, then everything would have been in vain.

Especially since Ashlyn saving those children several days ago had caused him to have nothing to deliver when his deadline came.

Suffice to say that Dixon currently hated Ashlyn with a passion.

"Where did that woman even come from? When did Lake City have someone like her around?" Dixon's expression was dark and menacing. "Those children were supposed to be sold to a powerful family in E nation. Now, where the hell am I supposed to get more children? The police are on high alert ever since that incident!"

Sienna's eyes lit up with an idea and she suggested, "Mr. Haddock, maybe... maybe we could send some men to kidnap more children from the remote villages? Those smaller towns usually don't keep such a close eye on their children and let them run free all the time. Nothing at all like the parents in the cities."

Dixon bit out through clenched teeth, "Send more capable men this time. I don't want the same thing as last time happening."

"I know. Leave it to me," Sienna nodded, "Then what should we do about Berry? Are we going to give up on Ms. Saunders?"

"There are plenty of rich housewives out there. Losing Ms. Saunders won't matter much. As for Berry, that woman is a menace. Since she dared to mess with my business, she'll have to suffer the consequences!"

### Chapter 248

Dixon had a wicked gleam in his eyes as he continued, "I'll personally see to Berry. Sienna, you focus on nabbing the children and do it quickly. The deadline is fast approaching and that family from E city is not a family we want to piss off."

"Got it!" With that, Sienna departed, leaving Dixon alone in the office.

After a while, he dialed a number. His tone was cold and sinister when he said, "Help me get rid of a woman."

...

At the Chapman family villa, Hera was lying on her bed while listening to music. She was bored out of her mind.

She could not go shopping as all the saleswomen knew her by now and refused to sell anything to her. There was no point in going out when she could not buy anything.

She also did not have any truly close friends, which was why she was currently lounging about the house aimlessly.

Just as she was about to go mad with boredom, her phone rang.

The caller ID showed that it was Jenny Holt.

Jenny was also a laughingstock in the upper echelons of society. She was the daughter of the prominent Holt family yet she had gone off to be an air stewardess of all things. Nobody could understand her reasoning.

"Hello?"

"Hera, I just got off the plane. I was on a flight with Captain Nolan."

"Captain Nolan? You mean..." Hera shot up into a sitting position on her bed. "Are you saying that you're in the same crew as Lucas Nolan?"

"Yeah! Didn't you know?" Jenny affected an air of surprise. "Several of the biggest shopping malls here are having discounts today. Want me to buy some bags for you? Think of them as a present from me."

In truth, Hera was sorely tempted.

However, she and Jenny were not exactly close friends. They were just high school classmates.

Why is she suddenly being so good to me?

In the end, she refused, "No thank you. I already have bags."

"Why so courteous? Every time I fly, I'll bring souvenirs for my friends. That's how it'll be, okay? Bye!" Jenny hung up.

After that, she followed several other flight attendants as they entered a flagship store to peruse the newest bag arrivals.

"Hey, look! Captain is over at that counter!" One of the air stewardess pointed out.

The rest of the group followed her finger to see where she was pointing.

A tall, well-built figure was standing at a luxury brand handbag store. He ordered, "Wrap up all the newest bags. Every single color of all designs."

The group of females gasped. "How extravagant!"

"Mrs. Nolan is such a lucky, lucky woman!"

"All of the newest designs!"

"Oh my god! I would pass out with bliss if I were her."

"Even the cheapest bag from that brand would cost hundreds of thousands!"

"That must have cost a fortune!"

Jenny was furious.

She had not wanted to buy anything too expensive for Hera, which was why she only bought two of the newest and cheapest bags. Even so, each bag cost around ten thousand.

Yet even the cheapest one Lucas bought was ten times more expensive than hers. And he bought so many other more expensive ones too!

She was so envious of Mrs. Nolan!

So very, very jealous!

...

Back at the studio hall, the performers had enjoyed the milk tea from Imperial Hotel in the morning and their delightful snacks in the afternoon.

Some were even beginning to wonder if they were here to enjoy themselves instead of practicing.

Their earlier dissatisfaction at Ashlyn had turned into curiosity as they wondered why Imperial Hotel would deliver food and drinks for her when the hotel had never, ever done so for anyone else.

They marveled at how she could be so generous, placing such a huge order to ensure everyone had a portion.

Last but not least, they were incredibly curious about how much Jared must have spoiled her for her to be so free with her money.

There was also the fact that she truly was a talented woman.

Charlotte's cello skills had improved considerably under her tutelage.

Even those who did not know much about music could tell the difference in Charlotte's playing.

Just when everybody thought that was Ashlyn's only ability, Pierre called her over to help him choreograph the dance.

It took a while but they finally came up with the best moves to the beat.

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As they discussed the choreography, Ashlyn would try out the moves first to see if it flowed together smoothly.

In that instant, everyone knew she was not a stranger to the art of dancing. The way her body moved gracefully and perfectly in time with the music showed that.

Every now and then, they would hear Pierre exclaiming, "Wow, Ms. Berry, that is perfect! You executed the moves wonderfully!"

"Yes! That's it! That's exactly what I'm trying to express!"

With such obvious praise coming from the famous choreographer, how could they not admit Ashlyn was a talented dancer as well?

After she was done there, the co-producer for the play would invite her over to discuss the script and how to portray the characters as well.

Even in this field, the suggestions she offered were to the point and would work perfectly.

One of the co-producers mentioned, "This script was written by Ms. Saunders, so all of you need to give it your all, understand?"

Janet could not believe her ears. "What did you say? Did you just say Ms. Saunders wrote our play?"

"Yeah! Madeline Saunders is one of the most well-known literary talents around. Not only is she great at music and art, she's also a true genius when it comes to the literary arts. Although Ms. Berry and Ms. Saunders are good friends, it must have still taken quite a bit of effort for Ms. Berry to convince Ms. Saunders to write this script."

Taking a sip of water, the co-producer continued, "Don't be so disdainful of her just because she's young. She really is an incredibly gifted woman."

The vocal coach added, "Also, I'm pretty sure all of you should know about the famous and mysterious Ms. Imperial by now, right? Listen carefully to Ms. Berry's voice and then listen to Ms. Imperial's singing again. You'll understand what we're hinting at."

Being masters in their fields, the co-producers could tell that the voice of Ms. Imperial was the same as Ashlyn's.

"You have got to be kidding me! You can't seriously be saying that Ms. Imperial is Ms. Berry!" Janet uttered in shock.

She had been learning how to sing and dance since young and had always thought of herself as an expert in the field.

Janet did listen to Ms. Imperial's songs. While the songs were already classics, she had handled them beautifully. In fact, the way the she sung it was almost perfect.

That was also the reason why a lot of record companies were looking for her.

It was obvious that she was a professional.

Everyone knew the song and could sing it. However, not everybody could actually sing it well.

Ms. Imperial went beyond well into the realm of amazing.

Despite being spoiled and arrogant, even Janet knew she would not be able to sing as well as Ms. Imperial.

"Janet, you've been learning how to sing since young. Can't you tell?" One of the co-producers asked with a smile.

Janet's face purpled in rage.

It was absolutely humiliating to admit that. No, she couldn't tell because she was not as good as she thought.

In the last few years, she always acted so pompous and disdainful of these co-producers.

Now, they were getting revenge on her by publicly mocking her. With Ashlyn backing them up, there was nothing Janet could do but seethe in impotent rage.

Unbidden, her gaze drifted toward the other woman.

Is she really Ms. Imperial?

...

At the LeClair family villa, Mrs. LeClair was feeling giddy.

Yesterday, she accidentally spotted the young man she had donated money to shopping with a young woman. They were both dressed in matching shirts and were browsing the wares from a luxury goods store.

That young man supposedly had quite a miserable life.

Back then at Tulip City, he looked so pitiful with tears and snot trailing down his face that she felt sympathy well in her and donated five hundred thousand to him on the spot.

The LeClair family dealt in sanitary wares. They were the exclusive distributor for all sanitary wares brands in Lake City and they even had their own brand and factories.

While they were not as influential or wealthy as the Haddock or Jaquin family, they were still considered a rich family. Generations of businessmen had sprung forth from the family and they rooted here in Lake City.

Thus, five hundred thousand was but a mere bracelet or necklace to Mrs. LeClair.

Still...

She could not understand why that man would be bringing his girlfriend to shop at a luxury goods store.

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Didn't he say he came from a remote village? That it has been difficult for him to get into university and that he could not even afford to pay the tuition fees? Didn't he say his parents are both severely ill and his sister had fallen down a hill and broke her leg?

She was someone who practically overflowed with kindness and sympathy and was more than willing to help those poor children.

However, if the young man had actually been lying to her then she would be extremely unhappy and angry.

Being lied to was always the hardest thing to accept.

She honestly did not know what was going on.

Her husband noticed her distracted expression and questioned, "What's wrong with you? Why do you seem so uneasy?"

Mrs. LeClair did not answer. She knew that if her husband found out about her getting cheated, he would definitely scold her.

He was quite good to her but she was more like a trophy to him. She did not get much say and authority in the house.

Sure, he gave her a substantial allowance every month that she could buy things as she pleased and not be looked down upon by the other rich housewives.

But the real master of the house, the one who made all the decisions, was her husband - Derek LeClair.

"I'm talking to you. Why aren't you answering?" He lit up a cigarette before continuing, "You should spend more time with Sienna Oates from the Haddock family. If Haddock Group's hotel were to buy sanitary wares from us, we would be able to earn a tidy profit."

"How much do you think we would earn?" She queried.

Crossing his legs, Derek stated, "Rumors have that their hotel will have 58 floors with 30 rooms on each floor. Calculate it yourself. If they buy all their sanitary wares from us, we would be able to earn at least five million."

Five million!

Mrs. LeClair fell silent.

She had donated way more than five million ever since she joined Haddock Charity two years ago. At this point, she could not even remember how many poor but talented young people she had helped.

There was also the fact that Haddock Group would have an auction every year and various charity galas throughout the year.

At the very least, there were seven or eight such events.

What if Haddock Group really was running a massive scam?

"Surprised at the amount, eh?" Derek glanced at her curiously. "Why are you acting so weird?"

"Nothing. But don't you think it would be impossible to profit from Haddock Group? Even if they sign a contract with us, I'm sure they'll try to do it at the lowest price possible." She murmured distractedly as she played with her hair.

There was a niggling feeling that told her Haddock Group was more than meets the eyes.

"True. Dixon Haddock is not an easy man to handle." After that, the husband did not say anything more as he lost himself in thought.

Inwardly, Mrs. LeClair was panicking madly.

She had no idea why she was feeling so anxious, only that something felt wrong and empty.

She hastily finished her lunch before heading out to speak to Mrs. Jones.

They agreed to meet at a relatively remote café.

"What's going on? Why the secrecy?" Mrs. Jones demanded as she entered the private room and set down her bag.

"It's like this, Mrs. Jones." Mrs. LeClair hurriedly told her about what she had seen at the shopping mall yesterday.

There was a bewildered expression on Mrs. Jones' face. "I thought he was seriously impoverished? I also donated five hundred thousand to him so his family could see the doctor."

"That's why I'm so anxious right now. I think he might have been lying to us..." Mrs. LeClair spoke with

her face pale.

"Calm down. We have to think this through properly." Mrs. Jones patted the other woman's hand comfortingly. "This matter is not as simple as it seems. Previously, the Jeremy Halliwell that Naomi met was a fake, so Sienna reimbursed her one million. It seems like she also doesn't know about this. Maybe she was lied to too?"

"But Sienna is such a smart and sharp woman. There's no way she would be tricked again and again, right?" Mrs. LeClair said in a small voice, "I think... I think maybe Haddock Group knows and they're just setting this up to scam us."