

Extraordinary 321

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Didn't the rumors state that he has a wife?

What's even stranger is Ms. Berry's attitude towards him.

Lochlan wasn't very familiar with Ashlyn, but he could tell that she was an unapproachable woman who often displayed aloofness when she was around others, barely showing any emotions.

However, she seemed visibly irritated when facing Lucas.

What surprised him even more was that Lucas didn't show a hint of impatience.

Take now for example.

Beside the drawing board in front of Ashlyn was a small coffee table with some mouth-watering snacks and a pot of tea.

This kind of service obviously wasn't suited for a nature drawing session. It seemed more like they were here to indulge.

Without glancing at the things spread out on the table, Ashlyn turned to Charlotte and asked, "Would you like some snacks?"

"No, thank you, Ms. Berry." Charlotte ran up to her side and gazed at her. "Can you paint, Ms. Berry?"

A good-natured laugh escaped Ashlyn's lips. "Yes."

"Wow! That's awesome." Charlotte's cheeks flushed a cute shade of pink, feeling embarrassed. "My painting isn't very nice..."

"Don't say that. The best paintings are created when you use your heart to paint. And I'm sure you did just that," Ashlyn patiently said before picking up a paintbrush to dip it in paint. "Let's paint those mountains and valleys together, okay?"

"O-Okay!" Charlotte nodded with bright eyes.

She went back to sit in front of her drawing board.

When Lochlan saw how happy Charlotte was, he couldn't help himself from exclaiming in awe, "I didn't know Ms. Berry could paint so well on top of playing the piano."

There's still much you don't know! Spencer thought to himself.

We've already grown used to it.

And I hardly surprised by it anymore.

Lucas' mouth tightened and jealousy reared its ugly head as his eyes filled with possessiveness. He kept his tone casual when he said, "Mr. Lochlan, if you fancy talented women, I can introduce you to some socialites who like to paint and play the piano."

Lochlan was speechless.

Rumor had it that Mr. Nolan was ruthless and cold-blooded, but no one ever mentioned that he liked matchmaking...

Then, he suddenly noticed the possessive way Lucas looked at Ashlyn.

Lochlan's heart trembled as realization dawned on him.

Mr. Nolan, does your wife know about this? Are you cheating on her?

However, Lochlan did not dare voice his thoughts.

He laughed dryly and tried to brush it off. "Mr. Nolan, you have a good sense of humor. I don't plan to marry anytime soon. I just want Lottie's autism cured."

Lucas nodded in satisfaction upon hearing Lochlan's answer. Finally, someone who's smarter than Jared and Winsor.

Even so, he still felt uneasy and uttered in a warning tone, "I hope you're a man of your word, Mr. Lochlan."

Lochlan was once again speechless.

Seriously? Is he treating me as his love rival?

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Ashlyn found that Charlotte was extremely talented in painting.

The girl almost literally painted with her heart. Even though she didn't have many skills, because of the

emotions she poured into it, the whole painting gave off a unique feeling.

The painting looked as if it lived and breathed, shocking everyone who saw it.

Charlotte blushed as she peeked at Ashlyn. "Ms. Berry, your painting is so beautiful. It's so much better than mine."

"Yours is really good." Ashlyn smiled and put down the brush in her hand. She pointed at a specific area in Charlotte's painting and said, "Here. This part would look even better if you painted it like this."

She held Charlotte's hand and began to guide her slowly.

Charlotte was so excited, tirelessly absorbing whatever Ashlyn taught her like a sponge in water.

Time slowly ticked by.

Before any of them realized, the warm tones of sunset were streaked across the sky.

Charlotte held up her own painting and brought it to Lochlan as if showing him her prized possession. "Uncle Lochlan, look!"

Lochlan did not know much about art, but he could tell that Charlotte had greatly improved in just one afternoon.

He stared at Ashlyn in shock. He thought she was only an amateur.

He never expected her to have mastered painting skills to perfection.

In just half a day, Charlotte had improved at such an impressive pace under Ashlyn's guidance.

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No wonder people said that great disciples owed their accomplishments to their masters.

"You're so talented, Lottie." Lochlan carefully put away her painting. "I'll send it for mounting tomorrow. Your painting has improved so much compared to last time."

"She is very talented." Ashlyn also put away her own painting.

"She used to buy books to study and practice on her own. She didn't have a teacher. It's all self-taught." Lochlan smiled. "She improved a lot with your help, Ms. Berry."

"Yes, I can see that. That's why I said she's talented." Ashlyn raised a brow.

Being praised this way, Charlotte's cheeks heated up as she looked at Ms. Berry with an expectant look

on her face. "Ms. Berry, can I keep your painting?"

Spencer couldn't help himself from blurting out, "Do you know how much Ms. Berry's paintings are..."

"It's fine, Spencer," Ashlyn interrupted him, then took out her painting. After dropping her initials 'A.B.' on it, she brought it to Charlotte. "Here, it's yours now."

"I'll definitely treasure it," Charlotte chirped excitedly.

Lucas was filled with bitter envy. "You have never even painted for me."

The bitterness in his tone was so apparent everyone around could feel it.

Lochlan's jaw dropped to the ground as shock overwhelmed him.

Is this man who just spoke in such a childish manner really the legendary terrifying Mr. Nolan?

How could he say such childish words?

What shocked Lochlan even more was that Ashlyn had rolled her eyes at Lucas with an impatient look on her face, then said in a rude tone, "I'll paint for you some other time."

He could hardly believe that there was a woman in this world who dared to roll her eyes at a petrifying man like Lucas.

Lochlan's respect for Ashlyn instantly skyrocketed.

He glanced at Mr. White and found no change in his expression. He looked as if he had seen something like this a thousand times.

Lochlan steadied himself, quickly walked towards his car with Charlotte's hand in his.

"You said it. So, you can't break your promise," Lucas' magnetic voice reached his ears.

"I won't," Ashlyn sounded annoyed.

"So, will you draw a painting for me tomorrow?"

"I'm busy tomorrow."

"What about the day after then?"

"Can you just shut up!"

Ashlyn literally growled at him in response.

He immediately clamped his mouth shut, then said in an aggrieved manner, "Fine. Tell me once you've drawn a painting for me."

Lochlan's heart almost flew out of his chest.

He was beginning to suspect if he was hallucinating...

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By the time they returned to the city, it was already nine at night.

The four of them arrived at Imperial Hotel and Ashlyn was so hungry she could eat a horse.

When the manager spotted Ashlyn, he scurried over to lead the way, taking them to a Chinese restaurant in the hotel.

The business at Imperial Hotel was excellent as usual.

Lochlan courteously said, "Thank you for today, Ms. Berry. Dinner is on me. I insist."

Lucas's brows shot towards his hairline. He would never allow another man to buy his woman a meal. In a domineering and commanding tone, he said, "Ashlyn is only mine to treat. You should just treat Ms. Lynch, Mr. Lochlan."

Lochlan blinked at Lucas in bewilderment. Is he actually suggesting to split the bill?

I can't believe it!

Ashlyn elbowed Lucas discreetly, and he clenched his jaw as sharp pain spread through him.

"Mr. Lochlan, don't mind him. He just loves joking around."

"But I'm not joking around," Lucas retorted.

"Shut up!" Ashlyn shot him a withering glare.

Then, she broke into a smile as she glanced at Lochlan. "Mr. Lochlan, Charlotte, what do you both feel like eating? Just order whatever you want."

Charlotte was slightly intimidated by Lucas, but Imperial Hotel had really good food and she absolutely

loved it.

She boldly ordered her two dishes and helped Lochlan to order two as well.

Ashlyn reached out to stroke her head. "What else do you wanna eat?"

"N-Nothing else." The girl's ear turned pink when being treated with such affection.

Her gaze brimmed with trust and admiration as she looked at Ashlyn.

Lochlan watched this scene with joy warming his chest.

Maybe Ashlyn can really cure Lottie's autism. Just maybe.

Lucas, on the other hand, was brooding. He couldn't stand it when someone else attracted Ashlyn's attention.

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Why is she so fond of this little girl? She even touched her head!

What about mine? I have such soft and silky hair!

Lucas used a branded hair shampoo on a daily basis that helped keep his hair in good condition.

The texture of his hair was indeed commendable.

The food was served quickly.

Once again, Lochlan's impression of Lucas took a huge turn. Lucas did not once touch his food. All he did was serve the woman beside him.

Ashlyn's plate was already piled high with dishes by then.

She could barely keep up with Lucas' unrelenting pace. At last, she couldn't stand his crazy antics anymore, angrily dumping all the remaining food onto Lucas' plate in one go.

"I can't finish all of this!"

Lochlan's eyes widened in shock and he swallowed hard.

Charlotte was so scared that her fingers tightened around her utensils as her heart clenched in her chest.

She was afraid Lucas might lose his temper and vent it out on Ashlyn.

Instead, that arrogant man's lips lifted into a small smirk.

He lowered his head and began eating.

All of the remaining food that Ashlyn transferred to his plate was eventually finished by him.

His movements were incredibly elegant and he made eating look like a form of art.

Every gesture of his made him look like a noble prince who had just stepped out of a fairytale.

That's it?

He's not going to put up a fight at all?

Is he actually eating Ashlyn's leftovers?

And he's eating it like it's a five-course meal.

Lochlan recalled how this cold and brutal man had directed his oppressive aura towards him when they were in the suburbs. Then, he looked at the man seated with them at the table who resembled a tamed beast before Ashlyn with the way he was enjoying her leftover food.

They're two people, right?

There's no way they're the same person.

I can't believe it...

I really can't...

Meanwhile, Charlotte breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

The anxiety in her eyes gradually vanished.

Anyone with eyes could see that Lucas was different around Ashlyn, and that Ashlyn was one in a million.

Lochlan thought of the rumors revolving around Mrs. Nolan. Ashlyn was so kind and helpful towards Charlotte that he couldn't help but worry. What if Mrs. Nolan finds out about Lucas' feelings for Ashlyn? What would happen to Ashlyn?

Lucas was very satisfied. As long as it was something belonging to Ashlyn, his heart would be content.

He wasn't blind as well. Seeing the way Lochlan doted on Charlotte, placing food onto her plate from time to time and the thoughtfulness in his gestures, Lucas couldn't help but wonder.

Lucas' brows raised. He withdrew his scrutinizing gaze and re-directed it towards Ashlyn's fair and pretty face.

The crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling cast a faint shimmer onto her face, highlighting her delicate features and making her sparkle like a diamond.

The manager personally came over to deliver two desserts. With a smile on his face, he glanced at Ashlyn, then at Charlotte. "Ms. Berry, this young lady looks quite similar to you. What a coincidence."

Ashlyn was taken aback.

She blinked in surprise and turned to look at Charlotte.

When Charlotte heard the manager's remark, she blushed with embarrassment. Her eyes quickly darted towards Ashlyn before she bowed her head and continued eating her food.

A look of caution flashed across Lochlan's eyes, which subsequently fixed on Ashlyn's face before moving towards Charlotte's.

One resembled a budding flower, while the other resembled a rose in its full bloom.

Indeed, there were some similarities in their facial features. However, due to the huge difference in their personalities, people wouldn't normally describe them as similar.

Lucas scoffed inwardly. How can a timid little girl be compared to my woman?

This manager is probably blind.

On the contrary, Ashlyn thought it to be interesting. She studied Charlotte's blushing face and let out a short laugh as she joked, "If I have a sister like her, I'd definitely pamper her to bits every day."

Lucas furrowed his brows, slightly irked.

Here I am, a grown man, begging for her love and attention. Yet, she turns a blind eye to it.

And she's saying she wants a sister now?

Hmph!

After they finished their meal, Lucas sent Ashlyn back to Bayview Villa.

Ashlyn went straight into the villa without even sparing him a glance.

The usually tyrannical man sat in his Bentley. His chest felt congested as if a knot had formed there. It was a very unpleasant feeling.

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An air of hostility permeated the car. Spencer felt himself trembling while seated at the driver's seat. "Go now," said Lucas curtly. Hearing that, Spencer breathed a sigh of relief and started the car.

Their Bentley moved and turned around the corner, but little did they know that a group of black-clad men was sneaking up and approaching Bayview Villa under the cover of the night.

It was in the dead of the night. Deathly silent. Every living creature in the area seemed to have fallen asleep.

The group of well-trained men in black slipped unnoticed into the villa.

They crept in one by one, making sure each of their members made it in. Then, they prepared themselves to split up to head to their respective objectives.

Click!

Suddenly, all the lights in the villa came on. The whole villa immediately lit up like a Christmas tree.

The men in black stopped in their tracks, totally caught off-guard. Their eyes zoomed in on a woman dressed in black in the middle of the living room.

The slender woman wore a long, black trench coat. An air of mystery and cold indifference surrounded her.

Her jet-black hair reached her waist. Her eyes were shielded by her bangs. Yet, one could still feel the bone-chilling gaze emanating from the depths of her eyes.

The sudden dazzle of lights made her squint.

Having sat in the dark for too long, her eyes were not accustomed to the abrupt flood of the lightings.

Her cold gaze scanned every direction, marking the position of every intruder that had made it in.

She curled her lips, and with half-closed eyelids, uttered snidely, "Seems like you all have high

expectations of me to send so many assassins to kill me tonight. I feel honored.”

The leader of the intruders squeezed his fingers. Who was this woman?

From her looks, instead of them ambushing her, she seemed to be the one waiting for them from the start!

Ashlyn raised her eyes callously, focusing on the assailants ahead of her unblinkingly; a cold determination escaped her looks.

Her sharp, unflinching stare shot straight at the leader of the intruders. He felt her murderous gaze piercing him and took a step back in horror. He immediately steeled himself, even though his heart was beating wildly. Such a terrifying presence!

Just then, he remembered that he had accepted a huge sum of money for this job from the Haddock Group. Hence, he was determined and he took out his handgun to aim at Ashlyn.

Grasping the gun brought him a sense of security. He calmed his mind to focus on the job. “I’m sorry. Someone wants you dead. Don’t blame me as I’m merely doing my job.”

Ashlyn remained seated, her red lips twitching slightly as she sneered, “So they sent a bunch of useless trash? You are not even worthy.”

Sensing the insult, the man angrily threatened, “What did you just say? You’d better believe that I can kill you with just one shot!”

After all, he was the leader of one of the famous clandestine gangs in Lake City, respected by his lackeys and others.

Yet, this woman dared to make fun of him!

Blazing with anger, he stepped forward and grabbed her coat collar. He stared fiercely at her.

So what if she has a sharp gaze? She is just a woman after all!

His fierce stare transcended into a murderous look full of malice. Right now he was single-mindedly determined to kill this woman!

“Let me advise you... let go of me!” her monotonous voice warned. Ashlyn slowly raised her head as her black pupils stared at the man icily.

“You b****! You’re just a woman. Don’t you think you can...” Her continuous cold stare pissed him off

more than anything, but before he could finish...

Bam!

A loud noise interrupted his words.

The other intruders watched the unfolding scene in utter shock.

In just a short moment, they saw their leader threatening Ashlyn menacingly. The next thing they witnessed was how she pinned their leader to the ground instantly with only one hand.

They did not manage to catch what happened. What was going on?

How fast did she move?

How strong is she?

Everyone present was too stunned to react.

Ashlyn looked at the man on the floor. Her hand was choking his neck sending him into a coma.

She was expressionless.

“Trash!”

The word escaped her lips, as her fingers tightened their grip onto the man’s neck.

Her fingers moved as if they had minds of their own. Being well-acquainted with the human anatomy, she swiftly located the weak points on his neck. With a sudden wring of her wrist, the grim sound of bones snapping could be heard.

In the chilly, still night, the cracking sounded crisp and clear.

The coldness... The silence... The atmosphere was even more deathly quiet than before!

All the assailants present stared in disbelief.

The slender figure of a woman let off her grasp from the dead man and slowly got up from the ground.

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Her deliberate appearance of indifference made her seemed like a devil rising from hell. Her cold stares struck fear into everyone around her.

Those present could not help but take a step back, even though each of them had a gun in their hands.

This... this woman had just single-handedly murdered their leader in cold blood. And she did that with just one hand!

Imagine! Wagner, the leader of one of the main gangs in Lake City. Now dead!

What scary strength this is!

Wagner did not even have time to fire a single shot from his handgun.

How terrifying!

The men in black broke out in a cold sweat having just witnessed the grim scene.

She actually killed someone in a snap!

How in the world did she do that?

Everyone's eyes were on her, gawking in disbelief, in terror, and in fear...

For the first time, these well-trained men who were used to murder and arson had the urge to run away!

Ashlyn looked at her left hand and frowned, clenching and unclasp ing her bony fingers on and on. "It's been a while since I killed someone. I must be losing my edge."

She murmured softly, expressing her dissatisfaction with her execution just now.

Just a few years ago, she would have executed the man faster, more ruthless, and more precisely!

Seemed like she would have to hone her skills more, or else she would grow rusty and would not be able to enjoy the thrill of killing in the future.

She raised her gaze and noticed the men-in-black who were staring at her and shivering in shock.

She snorted and pointed at Wagner who was lying motionlessly on the ground. "Do you want to end up like him? Or do you want to surrender?"

Hearing her words, the men-in-black who were originally in shock snapped out from their daze.

One by one, their faces were drained of color, their eyes resonated with fear.

"You... We... We have accepted the payment, so we are bound by contract to kill you!" The deputy leader shouted with bogus bravado.

How did this woman break our leader's neck in an instant?

All those present had survived countless bloodshed in the past, but none could match her prowess and precision.

"Looks like you want to end up just like him!" Ashlyn coldly concluded.

The deputy leader of the gang could not help but take a step back and gulped. It's okay! We have the numbers! We've got this! We'll just outnumber her to take her down! He quietly commanded, "Let's move! Kill her!"

"Such a pain in the ass..." Ashlyn muttered and got herself ready to face those men in black.

Sighing, she tousled her jet-black hair with her hand before narrowing her eyes. She calculated the distance between her and the deputy leader to be around ten steps. Before anyone could react, she suddenly closed the gap with a dash.

Like an arrow released from a bow, she arrived in front of the deputy gang leader in a flash.

Her merciless eyes looked up at the frightened face of her target as the corner of her lips formed a scary sneer.

Coldly, she remarked, "I really hate the death squeal of a trash."

In an instant, Ashlyn swung her leg up and kicked her defenseless victim with such force that his body slammed back against the wall behind, much to the surprise of everyone there.

The heavy impact rang with a loud bang!

The rest of the gang were taken aback having witnessed the gruesome fate of their deputy leader. Meanwhile, Ashlyn stood smugly on the ground.

Their deputy leader had just been knocked out! Defeated in a flash!

What kind of speed is this!

Her movements were faster than those martial arts masters shown on TV!

In fact, this deputy leader possessed higher martial arts skills than their leader. That made him the strongest in the gang!

The strongest man in the gang was knocked down with only one kick!

At this point, the deputy leader's body slid down the wall and slumped on the ground.

As he laid there, he let out a groan followed by a mouthful of fresh blood.

Having glanced at the near-dead broken body of the deputy leader, Ashlyn challenged the rest, "Who else is not afraid of death? You're welcome to try."

The rest of the gang shriveled. None of them dared to say anything.

The night grew deeper as the plot grew thicker.

A police station in Lake City received an anonymous call reporting a break-in in a luxurious villa.

The sound of the police sirens could be heard from afar as they approached and finally stopped in front of Bayview Villa.

A dozen police officers rushed into the villa with guns in their hands.

To their utmost surprise, they saw... dozens of shivering men in black squatting in the state of surrender obediently at the lobby of the villa.

Uh? This scene was ridiculously different from what they had in mind.

In the thick of it all, Ashlyn was narrating the whole event to the cops. Pointing to the deputy gang leader who was still coughing out blood as well as the gang leader who had been dead for some time, she earnestly told the whole story to the head of the criminal investigation department. "They sneaked in and robbed my place. But when they started to divide the gains, some of them claimed that their shares were unfair; hence, they started fighting one another. And they murdered one of their own."

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"Ms. Berry, are you okay?" The captain of the investigation team looked with concern at the woman currently sitting on the sofa. She exuded a high-and-mighty air akin to that of a royalty.

"I'm okay." Ashlyn smirked. "They are the ones in trouble."

As the investigation continued, several forensic scientists and crime scene officers began to scour the scene for clues as to the identity of the deceased.

When it was discovered that the deceased was the leader of the gang whom they had issued an arrest warrant for, they exclaimed in astonishment, "Captain! The deceased turned out to be Wagner!"

"What did you just say?" The captain gingerly hurried over, immediately recognizing the deceased as

Wagner. Taking a glance at the dying deputy leader to confirm his deduction, he broke out into a joyous grin. "Ms. Berry, thank you for your assistance in taking down this gang of violent criminals!"

They were doing all sorts of evils - from murders to arsons to robberies. Sadly, the police could not find any hard shreds of evidence on their crimes.

This time, however, it had been a great pleasure to nab them all at once.

For the deputy leader who had committed a homicide, he would be spending a long time languishing in prison.

"No... no..." the poor man tried futilely to explain that he did not murder his leader.

But the excruciating pain akin to the breaking of a few ribs in his chest was preventing him from even completing a coherent sentence.

Three o'clock early morning on that very day.

The peaceful Lake City issued a seemingly innocuous Tweet.

"During the dead of the night, the police solved a robbery case and the robbers were caught red-handed. During the division of their gains, the robbers had a falling-out and a nasty internal fight broke out, resulting in one death and one serious injury. I would like to thank Ms. Ashlyn Berry for helping us to apprehend all 37 suspects at the scene. Due to Ms. Berry's contributions, she would be receiving a medal for her bravery as well as an honorary certificate!"

Early next morning, the peace in Lake City was shattered.

The whole online world was in a furor.

"What the... ! What's going on? I just slept for one night and now look at what I had missed!"

"How did Ashlyn help the police solve another case?"

"Last time she helped to arrest a kidnapper to save a child. This time she helped to arrest a bunch of robbers. Is there anything she can't do?"

"She should just be a freelance police staff."

"A beautiful lady who knows martial arts. Oh, how she has stolen my heart! Stab me now!"

"She's a model citizen!"

"This is unbelievable. Really incredible!"

As the netizens continued to discuss the most viral news of the day, Ashlyn had no idea what was going on online. She was too busy to log onto Twitter. She had only managed to sleep for a few hours the previous night and now she had to reach the concert hall early in the morning despite being groggy and sleep-deprived stupor.

Today happened to be the very first time she wore makeup for a rehearsal, and she had all those assistants and secretaries of various leaders bustling around and fussing with her.

Meanwhile, those leaders only need to sit in their comfortable offices waiting for things to be ready.

Therefore, no matter how sleepy she felt, she had to force herself to get up.

After all, she had a strong sense of responsibility even though she felt uncomfortable not getting enough sleep. However, out of respect for both Mr. and Mrs. Field, she relented very reluctantly.

Upon arriving, however, she did not anticipate that a group of hundreds of performers would be looking at her with fervent admiration and respect in their eyes.

Rubbing her sleepy eyes, she was baffled. "What's going on?"

Those looks of overwhelming admiration made her feel awkward.

Usually, Helcor and Tinsor were the ones giving her that kind of look. Since they were just a couple of her men, she had gotten used to it. But now, having hundreds of pairs of eyes admiring her in that manner. It just felt so weird.

The whole spectacle was a bit unnerving.

Right at this moment, a sudden clattering of footsteps headed towards her.

The mayor's assistant quickly greeted respectfully, "Mr. Field, Chief Chase, follow me this way. Ms. Berry is waiting inside."

Everyone saw the Mayor, Mr. Field, and the Police Chief entering the concert hall.

Chief Chase saw Ashlyn in front of the crowd and walked over to her excitedly. Shaking both his hands with hers, he said, "Ms. Berry, thank you so much for helping us solve a big case! Your help is indispensable in our effort to crack down on crimes!"

Having said that, he motioned his assistant to bring the pennant, certificate, and medal to him.

He personally pinned the medal to her chest, awarded her the pennant and certificate, then presented her with a cheque of twenty thousand as a reward.

Ashlyn was speechless.

Was it a good thing to receive so much from the Police Chief so early in the morning?

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Feeling a yawn coming up, she quickly raised her hand to cover her mouth.

The Police Chief got nervous and asked caringly, “Ms. Berry, it looks like you didn’t have a good rest last night.”

He turned to Mr. Field immediately after and asked, “On her behalf, I’ll like to ask for a day off. Ms. Berry has worked hard last night.”

That overly friendly attitude turned her off. As if he is the one who was responsible for working her overnight and causing her exhaustion.

The Mayor smiled, “Of course! Even if you don’t mention it, I will still let Ashlyn take a day off.”

Judging by his kind expression, everyone could tell that he had a relationship of some sort with Ashlyn.

Lisa was observing the whole exchange. She felt like collapsing from her seething anger.

Ashlyn, you little b****! She definitely has something on with James. Just look at his overly kind gaze at her! That innocently beautiful face conceals a seductive vixen!

More so after Mr. Haddock had sent so many assassins to besiege Ashlyn, not only had she managed to clean up those assailants, but she had also even gained recognition and received a reward from the police force.

As someone held a high position at the Haddocks, she felt like dying from contempt.

She was not the only one feeling the anger. Meanwhile, at the Haddock Group, the president’s office was in a sea of mess.

Dixon was enraged and threw all the documents and things to the ground.

Both of his eyes were red, gleaming dangerously like a venomous snake.

His voice was brimming with vicious vehemence, “Damn that b****! I’ll see how long you can remain lucky!”

“Mr. Haddock... please control your anger,” said Sienna frightfully. She was rooted to her spot and dared not move.

“B****! You don’t know nothing!” Dixon gritted his teeth angrily and stared at Sienna. Out of nowhere, he took out a whip.

Whack! Whack!

He lashed the whip in his hand at Sienna in a crazed frenzy while shouting, “B****! B****!”

“Mr. Haddock, please remember that I’m your aunt!” Sienna fell down to the ground, her back burning with excruciating pain.

She laid on the floor miserably. She looked up at Dixon pleadingly, her charming face devoid of any signs of aging, for she had spent a lot of effort to maintain her youthful look.

Dixon knelt down, grabbed her chin, and warned, “Aunt, I am very angry now. When I’m angry, there’ll always be serious consequences.”

“Mr. Haddock, Ashlyn is the source of your anger. Please spare me.” Sienna begged with horror in her eyes as she looked at the lividly insane man in front of her.

She knew well that Dixon had a mercurial temperament. He could get violent and vicious anytime he liked.

However, she did not expect him to be so enraged to the point of losing his sense of reasoning and venting all his fury on her.

“B****! All of you are b****es! From my mother to you, and now Ashlyn!” Dixon raised the whip in his hand and flogged her mercilessly. Whack! The whip flayed onto her defenseless body once more.

Laying on the floor, Sienna tried to crawl away. However, Dixon seemed to sense her intent and proceeded to pin her under the weight of his body before resuming his flogging.

The more he flogged her, the more satisfied and euphoric he felt; as if he were actually whipping Ashlyn!

His eyes were bloodshot, filled with joy as he focused on the sight of Sienna screaming desperately after being beaten. The sight of his whip slashing her skin and tearing her flesh filled him with sadistic devilish glee.

Soon, blood was seeping out from the open wounds on Sienna’s body!

Her cheeks were full of tears as she continued begging for mercy. However, no matter how much she pleaded, Dixon had no intention to let her off.

The man swooped down his hand and tore away her tattered dress, revealing her fair, snow-white skin. Woefully, her beautiful back was crisscrossed with whiplashes. A truly pitiful sight to behold indeed.

Dixon relished the sight with gusto. His perverted eyes were reflecting his inner twisted self.

He bent down closer, and with his tongue, he licked the blood oozing from Sienna's back. Tasting the blood, he flashed a look of manic euphoria and exclaimed, "Such a beauty!"

Sienna's eyes widened in horror. "No... don't... Dixon! I'm your aunt! I'm your aunt... don't!"

Grabbing her chin, he forced her to look at him as he stared into her eyes, "My uncle is paralyzed and good-for-nothing. Can he ever make you happy?"

He laughed maniacally, "Since I can't deal with Ashlyn right now, I'll have you then! You'll be her replacement for now!"

"No, no! Dixon! I'm your aunt! We can't do this!" Sienna burst into a wail of agony as her tears streamed down her face. Having been beaten to within an inch of her life, she was powerless to resist being tortured by Dixon.

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Dixon slowly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his buffed-up chest. He pounced on her like a hungry wolf.

The air which was already thick with the scent of blood was soon filled with a woman's screams and a man's gasps...

That was perhaps the first time Sienna had experienced such sensuous thrill. As pain and joy intermingled...

It had been too long. Her husband had been paralyzed and confined to his bed for many years. She was merely a victim of a superstitious tradition - forcefully married to an invalid in a baseless attempt for good fortune. All these years, she had never experienced the physical pleasures of a woman.

When the storms finally subsided, she was left extremely exhausted.

Seeing her weakly cuddling up against his manly embrace, Dixon's eyes were fixated on her body as he chuckled, "It turns out that my sweet little aunt is such a pleasure to savor. It is beyond my expectation that such a beautiful daughter-in-law of the Haddock family was still a maiden... A thirty-six-year-old virgin... Now that is rare indeed!"

Sienna gazed exhaustedly at Dixon, as her wrecked body was still throbbing with pain. She felt like

fainting from all the agony.

A drop of crystal clear tear dropped from her eye.

“I... I am merely the daughter-in-law purchased by Arthur Haddock to please your uncle...” She laughed bitterly at her miserable fate.

For the price of a mere five hundred thousand, she was sold by her very own biological parents to the Haddock family to be part of an obsolete ritual for auspiciousness. She was originally the daughter of their family gardener.

Her life was changed because a certain soothsayer pointed out that her horoscope was very compatible with the paralytic second son of the Haddock family. She would be the catalyst to his recovery purportedly. As the head of the Haddock family, Arthur acted upon that superstitious advice and offered a half-a-million dowry for her to be married to his second son.

Even though she vehemently opposed the proposal, her parents were enthralled by the generous dowry and greedily forced her to agree to the arrangement.

She... Sienna Oates, who was beautiful in the eyes of many, was married off just like that into the Haddock family without even a proper wedding ceremony.

Years had passed, yet the second son of the Haddocks was still paralyzed. Instead of showing signs of improvement, his condition had deteriorated.

“Arthur Haddock, what can’t that old man do?” Dixon hugged Sienna tightly, his brows furrowed in contempt.

He lowered his eyes and looked intently at Sienna who was in his embrace. His fingers glided and wandered all over her smooth feminine skin, savoring every inch. Dropping his voice to a tender whisper, he said, “Don’t worry. I will take good care of you from now on...”

His deranged look made her body stiffened with fear. She dared not to even flinch a muscle.

She knew better than anyone that she had gotten herself entangled with the devil himself, and there was simply no escape.

From the moment she stepped into the Haddock family, she knew from the beginning that she had walked into the stranglehold of a demon, and as a mere pawn, her life was no longer in her control.

*

Haddock family.

In the personal room of Arthur Haddock.

A tall, slender figure slowly opened the door and stepped in.

The old man's slightly shut eyes flicked open as he gazed at the person.

Those two weather-beaten eyes borne a grim look.

"My dear grandpa, how do you feel today?" Dixon stood condescendingly in front of the bed of the old man, a hint of indescribable coldness in his tone.

"Don't worry. I'm fine." Arthur replied hoarsely.

"I will definitely find the best doctor to heal you. After that I shall enjoy watching you suffer day after day, as you struggle to die little by little."

Dixon approached the old man and slowly uttered those words maliciously.

"As you wish." Arthur closed his eyes again, his face stoic and emotionless despite the provocation.

"Hahahaha..." Dixon laughed maniacally, his deranged eyes fluttered wildly. "Grandpa is indeed carefree. However, even if you desire to die, I will personally make sure it'll not be easy."

Arthur heaved a long sigh and tried to explain, "Dixon, what happened back then, I have no choice. For the prosperity of our Haddock family, I have to make that tough decision."

"Mr. Haddock! The great Arthur Haddock! You liar." Dixon's eyes were flashing with anger. He instinctively reached out and grasped Arthur's neck. "You sent your own daughter-in-law as a plaything to those perverts! Don't try to justify your sins! You caused my own mother to be a laughingstock of the upper-class and turned my father into a cuckold. All these for your own profits! Such is the love you've shown to us as a father and a grandfather!"

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"You don't understand! I had difficulties... At that time, our family was in a bind. Our funding were frozen. It was your mother who volunteered herself to them for the sake of saving our family!" Arthur lamented sadly.

"Even in a moment like this, you are still so shameless," sneered Dixon. "Seems like your knee hasn't hurt enough."

He grasped a small hammer in his hand. It seemingly glimmered wickedly under the dim light.

It was a truly menacing sight.

Looking on tyrannically, he held down Arthur's legs as his lips curled cruelly. "Grandpa, what if I hammer your knees a little more..."

"No! No! You devil! How do I end up with a grandson like you! Go away! Ahhhhhh!"

Arthur's eyes widened in terror as a heart-rending howl escaped his mouth.

He tried to struggle in order to escape and his body jerked backward in the futile attempt.

However, Dixon's grip was too strong. He could not break free no matter how much he struggled. The wicked man raised the hammer in his hand up high before slamming it down onto poor old Arthur's left knee.

A dull, sickening thud rang out.

Thump!

"ARGHHHHHH!"

The pain was so excruciating that fine beads of sweat covered Arthur's forehead. His eyes shot up, almost popping out of their sockets, as minuscule capillaries inside burst and turned his eyeballs bloodshot.

His old, wrinkled face borne the look of pure terror.

"Hmm, grandpa. I smashed just one knee. You should have another one, right?" Dixon smirked, his wicked eyes were terrifying enough to send chills down everyone's spine.

He raised the hammer gingerly again and swung it down. The room reverberated with the scream of the tortured Arthur, accompanied by the cracking sound of broken bones.

"Dixon Haddock! How dare you! I am your grandfather! How can you treat me like this!"

"You unfilial offspring!"

"How can I have a damned grandson like you!"

"Your mom is a wench! A whore! She's just a tool! Without the Haddocks she is nothing!"

Arthur spat back in between his gasps of pain.

Dixon violently gripped the old man's scrawny chin. "I dare you to scold her again. If it weren't for you, and the Haddock family, she would..."

He did not go on further, but rather stared at Arthur insidiously. "I want you to watch the Haddock Group you've painstakingly built destroyed in my hands. I want you to witness with your own eyes the fate of all your children and grandchildren - everyone in the Haddock family - be damned to oblivion!"

"You... You..."

Arthur was so perplexed and provoked that he was at a loss for words. "You son of a whore! You..."

"Yes! It is me! I am in control of the Haddock Group now! Hehehe! Your favorite second son is just a paralyzed invalid! Your other sons and grandsons were mere bootlickers and beggars of scraps. Arthur Haddock! This is what you owed me. This is what you owed my dad and my mom!"

Dixon shook off the chin of the old man, then he raised the hammer once more and slammed it down with full force onto the Arthur's legs.

"ARGHHHHH!!"

"ARGHHHHH!!"

Arthur was drenched in cold sweat from the pain. His face was contorted and he almost fainted from the suffering.

His body trembled uncontrollably, and the pain on his legs was so excruciating that he could barely feel anything.

His white hair was thoroughly soaked all the way to his scalp. As he laid lifelessly on the bed, he could only glare weakly and miserably at his grandson.

The once glorious and proud predecessor who helmed the esteemed Haddock family through thick and thin was now reduced to a pathetic, decrepit existence.

"Why don't kill me! You... Kill me now!"

His voice was hoarse and weak. Almost inaudible.

"No. I will find the best doctor to heal you. After that, I want to break your legs again. Then, I will get another doctor to heal you again. Grandpa, this never-ending game is fun!"

Dixon dangled the hammer playfully in front of Arthur, looking very pleased with himself.

While uttering such sadistic words, he looked surprisingly calm and poised.

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Those words were said nonchalantly as if they were merely about eating and drinking, and not about brutal torture.

“No, you devil! Let me die!” Arthur Haddock wailed desperately in pain.

Rather than enduring this kind of torture, it would be better for him to die than to live.

“When you sent out my mom into the arms of those perverts, she must’ve been so frightened. She was so weak. She must be more frightened and more terrified than you now. Dad desperately tried but couldn’t save her! Grandpa, let this be retribution of the pain that you’ve caused me! In fact, this pain that I’m giving you now is merely a tiny fraction of what I’ve experienced!”

Having gotten all his frustration off his chest, he did not even take a glance at his frail grandfather lying on the bed as he turned and left, bringing along with him the hammer - the object of pure terror.

As soon as the door was slammed shut, Arthur felt spent - like a candle in the wind - as he laid there helpless and weak.

Pain throbbed throughout every cell in his body.

It was so painful that he could not sleep nor stay awake. He drifted in and out of consciousness, and in his confused state, he started to hallucinate about the events that happened more than ten years ago...

*

Dixon had just come out of Arthur’s room when he ran into Sienna head-on.

She was wearing a crimson tight-fitting traditional dress that accentuated her exquisite figure.

In her hand, she carried a small bag, and she looked as if she had just returned from a banquet.

A faint fragrance emanated from her.

“Hello aunt.”

Hearing his voice, Sienna’s face turned pale, as she paused to gander at the slender frame of a terrifying man.

“Dixon...”

She remembered everything that had happened in the office during the day...

Her face alternated between pale white and blushing red, yet she felt consistently frightened.

She dared not look at Dixon, fearing something terrible would be done unto her again.

"Come to my study room. I have something to tell you." Having said that, he headed up to the aforementioned room on the second floor.

Sienna bit her lips and was left with no choice but to follow him.

Dixon Haddock was a man with unbelievable self-control. Though he had lost restraint during the day and raped Sienna, he did not regret nor mull over it. All these years, he had always kept himself together. Especially regarding matters related to women, he had been successfully abstinent.

As to what happened between him and Sienna during the day. Looked like he had to practice restraining himself more!

Upon entering the study, he handed a few envelopes to Sienna. "Aunt, here are some letters. These must be dealt with. Deal with them properly."

"These are..." Sienna glanced at the letters suspiciously. All the letters were addressed from Lake Emerald Orphanage.

The Lake Emerald Orphanage was a highly reputable welfare institution funded by Haddock Charity for many years.

However, still maintaining contact through letters in these modern times and age seemed oddly peculiar.

"Get rid of them." Dixon reminded as he continued with his paperwork.

Sienna dared not utter anything as she immediately turned and left.

Upon exiting the room, she heaved a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, he did nothing.

She thought that he would do something cruel to her again.

Upon reaching her own room, she dropped the letters on her desk and went to take a shower.

Having experienced such terrible things during the day, she was so exhausted that when she finished her shower she collapsed onto her bed and drifted to sleep immediately.

Early next morning, after she was done with her morning routine, she left the house and went to work at the Haddock Group headquarters.

She had completely forgotten about the matter related to the letters. Only when she got back from work, she remembered. However, the letters on her desk were missing.

*

Ashlyn rested well for the whole day yesterday.

She got up early in the morning, feeling refreshed from having enough sleep. It was such a comfortable feeling!

There were only two days left before the National Day Gala Night.

For the next two days, she had to maximize her time to train these performers.

On the internet, the National Day Gala Night had become a hot trending topic due to the numerous publicity by the TV stations. Almost the whole population had been keeping track of the event.

The gala which was jointly hosted by the Lake City TV Station in conjunction with the local municipal government was the focal point of the day.

There were fans of Ashlyn who had given their 100% trust and 100% support to her - their heroine.

Meanwhile, there were also detractors who constantly laughed, criticized, and distrusted her, all the while saying that the Gala Night would be a disaster.