

## Extraordinary 371

### [Chapter 371](#)

A tall and frigid Lucas slumped onto the soft bed.

The moment he sat down, he noticed the red stain on the bedsheet.

Dammit. I just changed it.

Ashlyn opened the cabinet inside the bathroom. She always placed a few tampons inside there before divorcing Lucas, and there was a special section in the wardrobe closet for all her other sanitary products.

She didn't know if the man had thrown them out after the divorce.

Upon seeing two tampons inside the bathroom cabinet, Ashlyn breathed a sigh of relief.

If her lightweight pajamas were in such a state, surely... surely the sheets were all stained too.

That son of a b\*\*\*\*!

Ashlyn shut her eyes.

Soon, she walked out of the bathroom to see a mighty president replacing the stained bedsheet with a new one.

Even the act of changing bedsheets looked elegant when a tall, handsome man like Lucas did it.

If there were a camera filming him, the entire scene would look like a commercial.

If it were a still shot, it would be the cover of a magazine.

This man's looks were beyond description.

However, Ashlyn wasn't in the mood to admire his face. She caught sight of the stained bedsheet on the floor, picked it up, and was about to take it to the large bathroom outside.

"Put that down," the man's icy voice suddenly rang out from behind her.

"I'm going to wash it," Ashlyn said embarrassingly.

Lucas straightened the sheets on the bed.

Then, he strode over to the woman and grabbed the stained sheet from her. "You shouldn't do that

much work when you're on your period."

His actions caught Ashlyn off guard. "I was just going to get some soap..."

And then dump the bedsheet into the washer. Who said I was going to hand-wash it?

What shocked her next was that Lucas opened the bedroom door and carried the bedsheet in the bathroom outside.

What is he doing?

Ashlyn curiously followed him.

Holy!

The man grabbed a bar of soap and began to rub the stain on the bedsheet.

He lowered his head slightly, his eyelashes looking much longer and denser than a woman's. His high nose bridge looked incredibly attractive and his alluring lips were pursed into a straight line.

He's actually washing my blood off with his bare hands?

Don't aristocratic families always find these things about women taboo? They'd always say it was disgusting or a bad omen.

Ashlyn felt her head spin.

The obvious stain on the sheet slowly turned pale.

After a while, the man turned on the tap and gave the bedsheet a rinse.

He then used soap for the second time and rubbed the sheet until it was spot-free before tossing it into the washing machine.

Lucas turned to see a dumbstruck Ashlyn.

Upon meeting the man's cold gaze, Ashlyn's chest tightened, and she snapped out of her daze.

"You actually washed that, Lucas? You..."

"It was my first time. I'll do it only for you," Lucas replied, sounding frigid and intimidating.

This man always sounded so cold whenever he opened his mouth.

Yet, Ashlyn felt a slight tinge of sweetness in his voice.

Her fair skin looked just like milk under the light and exuded a delectable fragrance.

With a narrow of his eyes, Lucas held the woman by her arms and lifted her.

He pressed Ashlyn against the tiled bathroom wall before she could react.

The tall man leaned over.

Ashlyn couldn't help but look up, only to see Lucas' desiring face up close.

His thin, soft lips pressed against hers.

The man grabbed her waist with his large palm, causing her to be narrowly enclosed between the wall and his chest.

His lips continued to revish her.

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Ashlyn's belly throbbed in pain as the man pushed himself against her.

It became increasingly unbearable.

Not caring about anything else, she began to strike him with her hands and legs.

But the man was like a mountain, still and unmoving.

In fact, her struggling only brought their bodies closer.

Ashlyn felt horrible, but her heart wouldn't stop racing. She couldn't quite handle such a feeling.

The rage she had been suppressing began to spiral out of control.

Ashlyn lifted her leg so she could kick the man in the groin.

As though feeling her intentions, Lucas instantly let go of her and took a step back.

"Are you planning to ruin the one thing that can pleasure you?" he asked, gazing at her with his pitch-black eyes.

His low voice carried a hint of frivolity.

"I need to rest, you madman." Ashlyn stretched her waist and headed back into the bedroom.

But deep down, she felt slightly perplexed. I think I fainted just now. Why isn't he asking me any questions?

Judging from his character, there's no way he wouldn't interrogate me about why I fainted or why my body temperature couldn't stop fluctuating.

He looks so calm that it's weird.

Ashlyn couldn't help but feel odd.

Something's really off here.

She grabbed her phone but realized the battery had died.

Hence, she took the charger out from inside the bedside drawer and switched on her phone shortly after plugging it in.

That was when she saw Jared's text messages.

Sorry, Boss. I was no match for Lucas, so I had no choice but to leave.

Your Spirogyra's acting up again... you should remain by his side.

How skilled is Mr. Nolan, Boss? Hehehe.

Ashlyn frowned as she gazed at Jared's impish text. "He's great! You don't have to ask!"

It was now 2 AM.

Jared had long fallen asleep.

However, Ashlyn continued to wonder why Lucas wasn't asking her anything.

She waited a while, but the man didn't come back into the bedroom.

Forget it. I'm getting tired. She slowly closed her eyes.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen.

The tall, well-built Lucas took some ginger and brown sugar out of the refrigerator while watching a cooking video.

"Freshly cut ginger slices and a bit of brown sugar."

Using his strong hands, the man turned on the stove and placed a pot full of ingredients over it before adding some water.

After bringing the water to a boil, he let it simmer for about ten minutes.

Finally, he turned off the stove and headed upstairs with a bowl of ginger soup.

Ashlyn was sleeping when she heard a deep, magnetic voice next to her ear. "Wake up, Honey. Have

some soup before getting more sleep.”

She slowly opened her eyes and a mild ginger scent wafted into her nostrils.

Where’d the ginger come from?

Ashlyn looked up to see Lucas leaning over slightly while holding a bowl of ginger soup.

The large man even had an apron on...

Yet, despite wearing a floral apron, he looked incredibly handsome as usual.

“You made this?” Ashlyn set up and took the bowl.

She took a light sip.

It’s really sweet.

Why is it so sweet?

The ginger aroma had become extremely diluted.

“I was worried you didn’t like the taste of ginger, so I added two extra cubes of sugar,” Lucas said with a faint smile. “How is it?”

“It’s sweet.”

It was simply too sweet.

Still, the woman wasn’t an ingrate. Lucas was haughty, callous, and extremely cold-hearted.

Yet, he got down off his high horse and willingly cooked for her - just so she could feel better.

Ashlyn wholeheartedly accepted his kind gesture. “Thank you.”

Her freezing body instantly warmed up as she drank the soup.

“You’re my wife,” Lucas replied placidly.

But Ashlyn had already closed her eyes. She already felt numb and couldn’t be bothered to argue with him.

I’m your ex. Why do you keep calling me your wife?

Feeling rather ill, she chose not to utter a word.

The next day, Ashlyn woke up and found that Lucas was no longer next to her.

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Ashlyn looked up to see Lucas leaning over slightly while holding a bowl of ginger soup.

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"You made this?" Ashlyn sat up and took the bowl.

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She went to the bathroom to wash her face. Once she changed the tampon, she felt a lot more comfortable.

She vaguely recalled that someone had put a hand on her belly to keep her warm after she fell asleep last night. She didn't know if it was just an illusion.

Why is Lucas being so thoughtful now?

Ashlyn frowned.

They had been married for four years. During her period, Lucas would usually never come to Whitland Villa. He would only come after her period was over and stayed for just one or two nights.

Therefore, he had never known that she would get uncomfortable during her period.

Lucas had blamed himself for a long time last night.

As her husband, he had not cared about his wife at all.

When Ashlyn went downstairs, breakfast was already on the table.

The butler, Louis, was serving the dishes one by one from the kitchen.

"Mrs. Nolan, you are up so early?"

"Good morning, Louis!" Ashlyn greeted the butler with a smile full of vigor.

I actually thought about making breakfast! Well, it seems that I don't need to...

"Mr. Nolan invited the chef from Imperial Hotel to make breakfast. Mrs. Nolan, please have a seat," Louis said as he served the last dish.

Lucas then came out of the kitchen with a small plate of special pickles in his hand.

What? Did the sun come out in the west today? This man didn't make me cook for him!

Ashlyn was confused. However, Lucas simply looked at her pale complexion and pursed his lips.



Well, she looks much better than last night. Luckily, I warmed her up last night.

Ashlyn tied her long black hair into a loose bun with her clean and plump forehead revealed. She was wearing a white hoodie and a pair of black jeans today. She looked tall, slender, and full of youth.

Her small face was so radiant that it made people envious.

Even if she were dressed in ordinary clothes, she was still eye-catching and couldn't be ignored.

"You are not feeling well, so I called the chef from Imperial Hotel to make us breakfast."

Lucas then pointed to the seat beside him and said,

"Come, have a seat."

Ashlyn was stunned. She didn't expect Lucas, the devil, to be so thoughtful.

He washed my bed sheet and even cooked me brown sugar water. Now he even forbids me to cook?

She was stupefied but felt a little warmth in her heart.

She followed his instruction and walked over to sit beside him. "Can you finish all of these?"

"Of course," said Lucas as he pursed his lips.

Then, he paused for a second before continuing, "But I need you to feed me."

"Pardon me? I'm not feeling well too. You said it yourself just now. Why are you asking me to feed you?" Ashlyn refuted as she was confused with his bluntness.

His touch of warmth was instantly blown away by his bold action.

Then, Louis suddenly came by and said in a pitiful tone, "Mrs. Nolen, please feed Mr. Nolen because he could only eat like this. He really can't live without you! Please don't you reject him."

He made Lucas sound as if he were so miserable.

Is he trying to revive my feelings for him?

But whenever Ashlyn faced Lucas, she always looked cold. She rejected right away, "No, I'm not going to do it."

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Lucas's handsome face suddenly darkened as he stared at Ashlyn coldly with his deep black eyes.

Just as Ashlyn was about to put a red bean bun into her mouth, Lucas frowned and put his hand on his stomach. He muttered uncomfortably, "Ouch... It hurts..."

Louis, his butler, seldom came to Whitland Villa. He usually stayed in the main house.

But when Lucas shot him a wink, the man immediately reacted promptly. "Oh, Mr. Nolan. Do you have a stomachache again? Come, let me take you to the hospital!"

As he spoke, he gave a pity look to Ashlyn. "Mrs. Nolan, please... How can you do nothing when Mr. Nolan is suffering in pain now?"

Ashlyn was speechless. What were they doing? What's with all the exaggerated acting?

She felt helpless...

Forget it. I'll do whatever he says since he was good to me last night.

Ashlyn picked up some steamed buns with pickles and put them on the plate in front of Lucas.

Then, Louis suddenly came by and said in a pitiful tone, "Mrs. Nolan, please feed Mr. Nolan because he could only eat like this. He really can't live without you! Please don't you reject him."

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She soon heard Lucas's voice ring out, "Honey, this is not feeding me. You're just putting the food on my plate."

Ashlyn gave him a cold glare as she twitched her mouth. She had no choice but to pick up the bun and stuff it into his mouth. "Ok, eat it now."

Lucas squinted his eyes at Ashlyn. She is really a hot-tempered woman.

He chewed and swallowed the food in his mouth elegantly, feeling contented.

Ashlyn saw Lucas beaming idly. "Hmm, it tastes so good," he said in his usual deep and magnetic voice.

Everything is perfect when touched by her...

Ashlyn couldn't help but roll her eyes.

What's wrong with him? I seriously think he's ill.

"Well, then eat some more..." She then stuffed another bun into his mouth.

Lucas took a bite slowly and said, "Honey, can you feed me something else? I want to eat the red bean buns."

"You're so demanding!" Ashlyn had no choice but to feed him a red bean bun.

After a while, Lucas spoke again, "I want to eat some bamboo shoots."

"I want some porridge."

"And some pumpkin pies..."

.....

Ashlyn was growing impatient, but she managed to hold her temper.

I might as well make my own breakfast rather than feeding him. He's taking advantage of me.

Before Ashlyn got angry, Lucas pulled out a piece of serviette and wiped his sexy thin lips in front of her gracefully. "Honey, I think I'm full."

Ashlyn felt relieved, but that feeling didn't last long when she heard him saying, "Now it's my turn to feed you."

"No... You don't need to."

"Uh-uh. You can't reject me," Lucas bantered lazily. "You're not a good girl if you dare to refuse me."

Louis, who stood at the side, was glad to see them like this.

Why talk about divorce? Aren't they good together now? I think they will get back together soon!

Ashlyn arrived at a five-star hotel on time at noon.

Horace had chosen a high-class hotel to give Dixon a treat.

Dixon must have invested a lot of money in Berry Furnishings.

Ashlyn thought as she smiled coldly.

Standing at the door, Penelope saw Ashlyn was walking towards her in a sweater from a distance. Even though it was just a simple sweater, Ashlyn looked so pretty and resplendent, which made her jealous.

She thought of the handsome man she met in the hospital and her current situation now.

She couldn't help but glare at Ashlyn with resentment. With an arrogant and contemptuous tone, she scowled, "Why are you wearing such shabby clothes for such a formal occasion? Do you want to disgrace Dad?"

Ashlyn could not help but scoff in her heart. My dear Penelope, have you forgotten what happened in the hospital? I have just taught you a lesson, yet there you go again with that arrogant attitude.

"You're not in the position to tell me what to do."

Compared to Ashlyn's fair and luminous face, Penelope's heavy makeup was more like a color palette; it

looked kind of weird and ugly.

"Ashlyn, don't act so complacent just because you are a doctor now. You never know if you will ruin your name as a doctor soon! Humph!"

At that moment, Horace got off the car with Mary.

Penelope hurried to her father and said, "Dad, I asked Ashlyn to change into a decent dress, but she scolded me instead."

Mary threw Ashlyn a glance with disgust, "How could you dress so shabby to meet someone like Mr. Haddock? Honey, look at Penelope. She purposely dresses up for the occasion."

Horace had received Dixon's investment yesterday and wanted to give him a treat today.

He was surprised to know that Dixon was investing twenty million at the time. He was more than excited.

He was pleased to see Ashlyn, no matter what she wore.

"Ashlyn, come. Let's go inside. Remember to dress up nicely next time."

In the private room, the Berrys were all present.

A man with feminine features was already sitting on the main seat of the room.

It was Dixon. He was wearing a thin cashmere sweater and black trousers today. Although he was not in a suit, he looked a bit gloomy.

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Dixon didn't bother standing up to greet the Berrys upon seeing them.

He sat with his long legs crossed and shot a wicked glance at Ashlyn.

"I see that Dr. Berry is here too."

Ashlyn nodded. "Hi, Mr. Haddock."

With a flattering smile, Horace quickly went up to Dixon. "Mr. Haddock, I've brought Ashlyn here. About what you'd promised me..."

"Don't worry. I know what to do..." he said impatiently.

Ashlyn could not help but scowl at the sight of her father's loathsome face. Then she turned to Dixon and said, "Mr. Haddock, what's your reason to see me?"

"Dr. Berry, my grandpa's condition is getting worse. Can you forget what had happened in the past and please see him?" Dixon pleaded with a sly smile on his face.

"Mr. Haddock, come again. What did you just say?" Ashlyn asked as she knitted her eyebrows.

"I don't know about your identity before. Please don't take it personally," continued Dixon indifferently. "I'd transferred two million to Berry Furnishings yesterday. Tomorrow at the Haddock Group's bidding, I will let Berry Furnishings win the bid."

Ashlyn took up a goblet and swirled the red wine before continuing, "So, what does it have to do with

me?”

Dixon had long known that Ashlyn was tough and hard to deal with.

But I didn't expect her to be so hard to please...

He had investigated into her. This woman is quite something.

He knew she was the best surgeon in First Hospital.

But he did not expect her to be Horace's daughter and such an outstanding doctor.

Besides, her aura and temperament were totally different from the Berrys. It was as if she did not belong to that family at all.

“Dr. Berry, what if I buy First Hospital and give it to you?”

“Mr. Haddock, that hospital is a state-owned hospital. How do you plan to buy it?” Ashlyn had always thought Lucas was crazy, but now she thought Dixon was crazier.

“Well, that you no need to worry. I have my ways. Dr. Berry, tell me, frankly. What do you want me to do to help my Grandpa?”

Dixon wanted to present a dutiful son image in front of others. Therefore, he needed help from Ashlyn.

Many people were moved by the news that he was looking for doctors to treat his seriously ill Grandpa, and he planned to keep his image that way.

“Ashlyn, don't be so insensible.” Gnashing his teeth, Horace glared at Ashlyn. “You're just a normal doctor. Don't be full of yourself. Mr. Haddock has specially arranged this dinner because he thinks highly of you. Don't put on airs. Just promise you will do your best.”

Horace's company needed the money from Dixon very badly. Two million was merely enough to save his company for now.

What is she doing? Is she happy to see my company go down?

Although Horace's company was small, he had quite a few bad debts waiting to be cleared.

Upon seeing her father so desperate for just a few millions of investments, Ashlyn couldn't help but purse her lips. “Dad, didn't you say you're going to give your company to Penelope? What does it have to do with me?”

Horace frowned as he glanced at Penelope and then back at Ashlyn again, feeling a little guilty. “Ashlyn,

please don't say that. You and Penelope are both my daughters. I'm still in my prime. I haven't decided who will inherit my company yet."

Mary interrupted, "Ashlyn, how could you say something like this? Are you cursing your father? Your father is still so young."

Upon looking at Mary, who started nagging her, Ashlyn suddenly stood up. "I'm going to the washroom."

As soon as she walked out of the room, Dixon followed her out as well.

When they saw both of them went out together, Horace's face lit up. He winked at Mary, and she quickly took out something from her bag.

"What's that?" Penelope looked surprised.

"Don't ask. Just watch out for us," said Mary as she poured the medicine into Ashlyn's cup.

Outside the washroom.

After washing her hands, Ashlyn headed out.

As soon as she came out, she saw a slender and feminine man leaning against the wall outside the washroom.

He held a long and thin cigarette in his fingers. He flicked it twice to shake off the ashes from it.

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With a blank face, Ashlyn looked at Dixon and said, "Oh. Mr. Haddock. I didn't know you like to use the ladies' washroom."

"Dr. Berry, I don't have much patience. If you don't want to see Berry Furnishings go bankrupt, you'd better promise me that you will see my Grandpa." He stared at her evilly.

"If that's the case, please let Berry Furnishings go bankrupt as soon as possible," Ashlyn stated calmly.

She then left as soon as she finished speaking.

Ashlyn went back to the private room.

As she was a bit thirsty, she reached out for her glass of water in front of her.

Her family members were watching her closely, especially Horace.

As soon as Ashlyn picked up her glass, Horace felt his heart beat faster. He was getting nervous and also feeling a little bit guilty at the same time.

When Ashlyn's red lips almost touched the rim of the glass, the waiter came in to serve them their creamy corn bisque.

Ashlyn glanced at her glass again.

She was a doctor and was extremely sensitive to drugs.

There was nothing strange about her glass of water, but she had a bad hunch.

Furthermore, she noticed that her family members were staring at her closely. She found the situation a bit weird.

But still, she pretended to take a sip before she put the glass down in silence.

Her family members instantly felt relieved when they saw her drink the water.

Ashlyn squinted her eyes before taking a serviette to wipe her mouth.

She then took a bowl of the creamy corn bisque and drank it slowly.

“Why hasn’t Mr. Haddock come back yet?” Horace stood up. “Let me go and look for him.”

“Honey, let me go with you.”

“Mom, don’t leave me behind. I don’t want to stay here with Ashlyn alone.”

At that, three of them went out. The door of the private room was slammed shut.

Ashlyn raised her eyebrows when they left. She then exchanged her glass with Penelope in a hurry.

Ashlyn was a kind person as long as people did not cross the line.

If someone wanted to hurt her, she would not let them get to her.

As soon as Horace and his family came out from the private room, they met Dixon.

The four of them went back to the private room together.

Ten minutes later...

Horace glanced at Ashlyn stealthily.

He sensed that something was not right.

Ashlyn drank the water just now. But it’s been more than ten minutes...Why is she not showing any symptoms yet? Does the drug need a longer time to take effect?

Penelope was confused too. Dad said the drug would turn even the purest girl horny in just seconds. No matter what, we must let Ashlyn accompany Mr. Haddock tonight.

Penelope picked up her glass in front of her and took a sip.

"Penelope, come. Let's give Mr. Haddock a toast," said Horace. Horace was not a fool. Although he would like Penelope to marry a rich man, Dixon was definitely not the person he would choose. He was ruthless and cruel. Penelope would surely be bullied if she were in a relationship with him. It was impossible for her to become his wife.

That is why I choose Ashlyn this time. As long as Ashlyn is aroused with the drug, Mr. Haddock could do whatever he wants with her. I don't care if he dumps her later... It's none of my business.

Penelope stood up. However, as soon as she wanted to say something, she felt her body getting hot; her face was burning.

Her throat felt dry and scratchy.

The moment she spoke, her voice sounded like a cat in heat, "Ahhh... Mr. Haddock... Ahh..."

Penelope couldn't help but clench her legs as she looked at Dixon uncomfortably.

She was sending emorous glances to him...

Penelope felt befuddled. What is happening to me?

She felt extremely uncomfortable and could not stand steadily.

Horace immediately noticed something was wrong with her. "Penelope, what's wrong with you?"

Penelope's face reddened, and she could not help but twist her waist in front of them. "Dad... I... I'm so uncomfortable."

Dixon took a glance at Penelope, who was in heat.

He could not help but sneer, "I didn't expect Ms. Berry is so open-minded."

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Ashlyn was shocked to see what had happened. She thought they had put some psychedelic drugs or laxatives in her drink.

She never thought that they would put aphrodisiac...

Penelope only had a sip just now. What if she drank the whole glass? Perhaps she'll be taking off her clothes rather than just standing here...

However, upon looking at Penelope, who was sweating in the heat, Ashlyn did not feel even a bit sorry for her.

Penelope couldn't control herself anymore and began to move to Dixon.

She hung her arms around his neck and kept rubbing her breasts against his.

"Mr. Haddock. You're so handsome..."

She then sat on his lap and continued to moan, "Ahh... Ahhh..."

Horace felt so disgraced.

"Mr. Haddock, I'm so sorry. I think she's drunk."

Dixon pushed Penelope away, and she fell hard to the ground.

Penelope felt a sharp pain in her buttock, but she did not give up. She climbed up to Dixon again. "Mr.

Haddock... I fell in love with you at first sight... Please, look at me."

Dixon had seen many women who wanted to seduce him before.

However, it was the first time he saw such a dumb and horrendous fool like Penelope.

He squinted his cold eyes and looked at Horace sarcastically. "I never thought you to be so despicable. How could you use this method to bewitch me?"

"Let me explain... Mr. Haddock. It's not what you think." Horace tried to explain in a hurry while perspiration beaded on his forehead.

But as soon as his eyes met Dixon, who looked at him evilly, he could not mutter out a word.

Horace was confused. I put the drug into Ashlyn's glass. Why is Penelope behaving like this now?

He was puzzled.

Dixon then kicked Penelope away, who had climbed up on him again. He scoffed and then gave a call to his assistant. "Ms. Berry wants to play. So let's get her something more exciting. Bring me the box here now."

The assistant replied immediately, "Ok. Sure."

Horace was a little confused, and he quickly asked nervously, "Mr. Haddock, what are you doing?"

"You will know soon..." Dixon smirked.

Five minutes later, Dixon's assistant came in with a paper box.

Dixon then threw the box in front of Penelope.

He said wickedly, "Ms. Berry. There you go. Since you want to play, why not play with some of the toys here. Don't be shy. Only your father and I are present."

Ashlyn looked at the box and found that there was a pile of toys inside...

All the shapes looked peculiar and strange.

Ashlyn was stunned, but she found Penelope to be in a daze now. It seemed like the woman could no longer distinguish reality from illusion.

Penelope grabbed the toy and started to play with it in a crazed manner.

She even howled and screamed - it was so sickening to see her like that.

Mary's face turned pale, and she went to hug Penelope quickly. "Penelope, what are you doing? Hey, come back to your senses now!"

It was such a horrible scene.

Penelope pulled up her short and tight skirt, but she was shaking all over.

She was so excited that she pushed Mary away.

He crawled toward Dixon and took her clothes off. "Mr. Haddock, please... give me..."

"Honey, what should we do now?" Mary cried. "What's going on with Penelope?"

Horece had no choice but to beg Dixon, "Mr. Haddock. Can you please help Penelope?"

However, Dixon just looked at him with a sharp glare. "How dare you ask me for help when she's the one making the scene here?"

He then clasped his hands, and soon, two bodyguards entered.

Each of them grabbed Penelope from each side and lifted her from the floor.

Dixon then said coldly, "How dare these women try to seduce me. Who does she think she is?"

Dixon had seen a lot of women before. Penelope was just an ordinary woman who had undergone plastic surgery. She was an eyesore to him.

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#### [Chapter 378](#)

The two security guards dragged Penelope, about to head out with her.

“Penelope is still too young and immature to understand all this, Mr. Haddock. Someone has obviously framed or conned her,” said Horace, who had no choice but to beg for Penelope’s sake.

Dixon scoffed and gestured the security guard to let Penelope go.

No one could’ve seen what happened next. A pained howl rang out because a heavy fist had landed on Horace.

Dixon’s security guards were all cruel individuals, and it only took them a few moments to break at least three of Horace’s ribs.

Horace howled in pain.

“Mr. Haddock, my Penelope is still a young virgin. Please save her!” shouted Mary, who suddenly came up with a solution.

Men had always had a thing about women, and most would be excited to hear about a virgin.

Mary was basically hinting that her daughter would be a good lay.

To her surprise, Dixon put on a disgusted expression and said, “With a face like hers, no wonder no one wants to be with her.”

Mary was stunned.

Was he really going to let her daughter die like that?

Horace couldn't care about his pain anymore. He quickly begged Dixon, "Please, Mr. Haddock. Please let her go. If you don't, my daughter's life will be ruined."

The drug was too potent, and if Penelope weren't cured in time, she would never be sexually active again for the rest of her life.

"What does that have to do with me?" asked Dixon as he kicked Horace away impatiently. Dixon was extremely annoyed at that moment.

The security guards got a few 'toys' out of the boxes at that moment.

Horace fell onto the floor and couldn't even stand straight when he saw the size of those items.

"Mr. Haddock... p-please don't."

Horace had turned pale and looked like he would pass out at any given moment.

"Horace Berry, I reached out to help your company, and this is how you repay me? By letting your daughter disgust me?" growled Horace as his eyes burned with fury.

Anyone who tried to pull one over him will meet a horrible end.

Trying to seduce me with a horrible b\*tch like that? You're basically committing suicide!

Dixon was utterly furious.

"No! Mr. Haddock, someone is obviously trying to frame and hurt Penelope," insisted Horace while looking horrified and hopeless.

Horace pointed a finger at Ashlyn and accused loudly, "You! You're the one who drugged Penelope, aren't you?"

Ashlyn raised her brows as she shifted her gaze to Horace, who was forced to a corner. A chill engulfed her heart.

If Ashlyn hadn't realized that something was wrong with the drink, and if she hadn't been careful her whole life, she would be the one in pain at that moment.

The Berrys were obviously the ones who spiked the drink. Yet, Horace has the audacity to accuse me?

Ashlyn's eyes shone with cruelty and discrimination as she pointed out, "What evidence do you have,



dad? Don't accuse others like that."

Ashlyn later grinned and suggested, "You know, Mr. Heddock, I think you should search my dad and his family. Who knows? You might find some evidence to indicate the culprit who spiked the drinks."

"W-what are you talking about? You are obviously the culprit," insisted Horace as his eyes shone with a hint of fear.

Dixon's face darkened as he glared at Horace. The former waved at his men and said, "Search them!"

Horace was utterly stunned.

He had heard a lot of stories about Dixon, and all of them were terrifying.

"Mr. Heddock, please don't. My husband is innocent. Please. Please have mercy on us," cried Mary as her tears streamed down her face.

"Heh! I just invested in your company yesterday, and you're coming after me today. I'll give you a choice, either go bankrupt or sacrifice your daughter," threatened Dixon cruelly.

"Penelope, this is all my fault. I am too weak," said Horace as he covered his face in shame.

His words made it clear that he had abandoned Penelope.

"Please forgive us, Penelope. How will we survive if we go bankrupt? Please understand that we are doing this for you too," said Mary, who forgot all about begging to help her own daughter anymore. She turned to Penelope and yelled out.

Dixon's eyes shone with distaste.

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### [Chapter 379](#)

Humans have always been so disappointing. They can’t handle being tested. These ugly and pretentious faces are downright disgusting.

At that point, Penelope had been tortured so much that she had lost her mind.

All she knew was that she was in pain.

Her eyes stared at that box of ‘toys’.

Her mind might be frazzled, but she still knew what those were for.

The aura in the room turned so creepy that anyone would shiver.

Horace’s security guard heartlessly started filming.

Horace and his wife, on the other hand, stared while being horrified.

The toys were placed right in front of Penelope.

She was curled up, and her face flushed red as nerve-wracking moans echoed throughout the room.

Horace and his wife felt like their ears were bleeding when they heard it.

The way the cruel Dixon Haddock sat there watching the show like it was a comedy was even more nerve-wracking. It was obviously something torturous and dishonorable, but he watched on as if it were a show at the circus.

Ashlyn wore no expression on her face as she listened to Penelope’s moans in the private room.

Penelope was blushing hard, and her eyes had turned wild as her arms and legs moved most weirdly while she masturbated.

Such a scene was downright horrifying!

Dixon Haddock truly is relentless. He made Penelope do something like that in front of her own parents and the security guards.

“B\*tch! You are the one who hurt my Penelope!” Mary growled as her eyes shone with hatred and disgust.

“What proof do you have? Speaking of, Mr. Haddock, have you found any evidence?” asked Ashlyn calmly.

Only then did Dixon recall that he was supposed to search Horace.

Dixon waved his hand, and the security guards searched the Berrys immediately.

It only took them a while to locate a bag in Horace’s coat. Traces of the drug remained in that bag.

Horace couldn’t defend himself. “N-no, Mr. Haddock, listen to me.”

“Hahaha!” Dixon scoffed, “You drugged your own daughter to get her to seduce me? Were you going to drug me next? You only stopped because you never got the chance, am I right?”

Ashlyn saw how evil Dixon looked as he sat there. That face exuded an intense and demonic aura.

“N-no, Mr. Haddock. I-I’d never... Ah!” shouted Horace again. He couldn’t help his cry because heavy fists had landed on him once more.

After a while, Horace lay breathlessly on the floor, his breathing uneven.

Dixon glared at the man like he was looking at a disgusting piece of trash. After that, he grinned and instructed his men, “Send a copy of the video to Dr. Berry. It’d be such a waste to keep something as exciting as this to myself.”

Ashlyn turned to Dixon. This man is truly surprising... His notoriety of being cruel is justified.

Ashlyn smiled and replied, “Then I shall gracefully accept this generous gift. Arthur’s medical issues will definitely be in good hands.”

Just the day before, Dixon thought that Horace, as Ashlyn’s father, could convince her to help, but he had since learned just how horrible Ashlyn was with the Berrys.

As such, he was more than happy to change his strategy and do Ashlyn a favor. All he needed was for Ashlyn to work for him.

However, Dixon narrowed his eyes when he thought about how Ashlyn had acted earlier. Ashlyn Berry, if you keep going against me, you will suffer like the other Berrys!

\*

The next morning.

Ashlyn was already at the hospital.

Mr. Chepmen had been hospitalized for a while and had recovered. That was the day he was discharged.

He turned to the Chepmen family and instructed, "Dr. Berry really helped us out this time, and we must be thankful."

Here couldn't help rolling her eyes. "Grendpe, we paid for the surgery and the other medical bills, so we're even. She only helped because her livelihood depended on us."

"How can you say something like that? This is not what I taught you," chided Mr. Chepmen as he frowned at Here.

"I'm just telling the truth..." murmured Here softly.

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Mr. Chapman had been hospitalized for a while and had recovered. That was the day he was discharged.

He turned to the Chapman family and instructed, "Dr. Berry really helped us out this time, and we must be thankful."

Hera couldn't help rolling her eyes. "Grandpa, we paid for the surgery and the other medical bills, so we're even. She only helped because her livelihood depended on us."

"How can you say something like that? This is not what I taught you," chided Mr. Chapman as he frowned at Hera.

"I'm just telling the truth..." murmured Hera softly.

### [Chapter 380](#)

Ashlyn walked into the room at that moment.

She was wearing a white coat and exuded a serene aura. The blue face mask remained stuck on her face, so her beautiful eyes were the only thing shown.

After examining Mr. Chapman, Ashlyn informed, "Your body is recovering well, and you can be discharged now. The nurse will help you with the paperwork."

Hera glared at Ashlyn in distaste. The former felt like her world was shattered when she found out that Ashlyn was Madeline Saunders.

Hera had always wanted to be Madeline Saunders' apprentice, and that hope would never be fulfilled.

That made Hera hate Ashlyn even more.

Regardless, Hera still wanted to be the Chapman family's heir.

That was why she had been dropping by the hospital that frequently. She needed to get on Mr. Chapman's good side.

When Hera saw Ashlyn wearing that white coat and examining Mr. Chapman's condition, Hera's eyes burned with fury. Her furious gaze would land on Ashlyn every now and then.

Ashlyn was observant, and she sensed Hera's dark gaze, but the former couldn't be bothered to even look at the loser she beat.

After exiting Mr. Chapman's room, Ashlyn headed straight to Arthur's.

It was early in the morning, but Dixon had already brought Arthur to the hospital and did all the paperwork for the man to stay there.

A bunch of nurses, doctors, and interns followed closely behind Ashlyn as they marched in.

Arthur lay weakly on the bed. When he heard the commotion, he slowly opened his eyes.

He was stunned when he saw the medical experts around him.

He was especially in shock when he saw a young woman leading the team. He bitterly and sadly assumed that Dixon had intentionally hired a terrible doctor to torture him.

Ashlyn asked Arthur a few questions before she turned to her team and instructed, "Do a full body check-up. All previous medical history is to be regarded as reference only."

"Understood, Dr. Berry."

"Report the results to me as soon as they are in," Ashlyn instructed so sternly that no one could disobey her.

"Noted."

Arthur was stunned once more.

He had met hundreds of people, but throughout his years, he hadn't met a doctor that powerful and young before.

I-is it just me, or does everyone treat her like she's the boss?

Arthur never had the chance to analyze the situation before the nurse pushed him away to run the tests.

Ashlyn took her mask off and sighed.

She headed towards the office and ran into the Chapmans who had dealt with the paperwork. The Chapmans were about to leave then.

Hera's envious gaze swept across Ashlyn's face. This woman got Lucas to fall heads over heels for her, so why is she still blessed with a freaking beautiful face? D\*mn it!

"Try not to be angry after you have left the hospital, and remember to add more vegetables to your diet," advised Ashlyn as she looked to the Chapman family.

That was the first time Mr. Chapman saw Ashlyn without her mask.

The elderly men who had been through so much stared at her in astonishment.

He seemed to have seen another person via the good doctor, and he couldn't help mumbling. "Alice..."

Everyone was in shock when they heard him say that.

Mrs. Chepmen reacted faster than anyone else. She tapped Mr. Chepmen's hand and reminded him, "Dad, you made a mistake. That is not Alice..."

Here frowned.

She knew that she had an aunt called Alice, and she had heard that her grandpa chased Alice out of the family and cut all ties with her.

Here also knew that Alice had never contacted the family in all those years.

Mr. Chepmen suddenly came around. He sounded disappointed as he said, "Sorry, I mistook you for someone else. You two just look so alike..."

"Do we?" chuckled Ashlyn. Her beautiful smile made it impossible for anyone to look away.

Alice... haven't heard that name in a while.

Ashlyn sighed internally.

"Your surname is Berry? Then your father's surname is Berry as well, right?" asked Mr. Chepmen all of a sudden as if he just thought of something.

Ashlyn frowned.

The Chepmens and the Berrys were on two entirely different levels, so they didn't know each other.

Hence wasn't fit to be a businessman, and Berry Furnishings had never had much fame.

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