

Extraordinary 491

[Chapter 491](#)

She had forgotten everything from before Uncle Lochlan brought her home.

She also dreamt of that terrible woman.

Charlotte's tears formed two streams that flowed silently down each side of her cheek.

She stretched out her trembling hands and stroke her own cheeks.

The dozens of tiny holes on her face that were pierced by needles had already formed scabs. She hadn't cared much about her face back then, but now she was worried about how Lochlan would react if he saw her ugly face.

She couldn't imagine what it would be like.

Uncle Lochlan would definitely despise me, right?

I'm so ugly right now that I don't deserve to stay with Uncle Lochlan anymore... I'm a hideous monster.

My face... All the pain and sorrow she kept bottled up instantly burst out of her heart. At that moment, she wished she could rip her own face off. She wanted to remove all those horrendous scars.

Suddenly, someone from the outside opened the room door.

Joseph Field's tall figure stepped in. He glanced at her hesitatingly and said, "What's wrong? I heard a cry just now."

Charlotte stared at him with tears in her eyes. The concern on the man's face didn't appear to be fake.

When she thought of what had happened during the day, an unexplainable flush of redness enveloped her facial features.

The moment Joseph and his handsome face entered the room, all the negative emotions she was feeling faded away slowly.

Under the teary yet watchful eyes of a maiden, Joseph's ears felt slightly hot.

Although he was usually loquacious and spiteful, he didn't have any experience when it came to dealing with girls.

This was especially true when it came to the topic of being seen naked... Whatever... it just means getting looked at... He was a man, so there was no harm in being seen.

There was an inexplicable throbbing in his chest as he thought about how his innocence was taken away by this girl. Doesn't this mean that she owes me some compensation? I heard from mother that she can't speak? Is she mute?

Since this mute is crying, I'll postpone the compensation for next time.

Charlotte didn't know that Joseph had already noted it down in his heart.

This was the first time Master Joseph had ever tried to coax a girl. He pulled out a lollipop from his pocket. It was only worth fifty cents, which was half the price of a normal candy bar.

He then handed it over to Charlotte clumsily. "For you."

Charlotte stared blankly at the lollipop in front of her. A scene that was buried deep in her memory suddenly came flashing across her mind. It was a scene with two children - a boy and a girl.

The little boy would give a lollipop to the little girl every day without fail, and he would also whisper to her, "Don't tell your sister. She's really scary! She's going to scold me for giving you candy that will rot your teeth."

Who was the little boy? What about the little girl?

Sister... Does this mean that I have a sister? Are my previous memories starting to resurface?

Charlotte's eyes widened abruptly. She gazed at Joseph's handsome face and fell into a daze.

Joseph, on the other hand, was holding the lollipop out the entire time. When she didn't take the lollipop, he felt a little embarrassed and asked, "You don't like candy? If you don't like it... I'll eat it myself."

Just when he was about to tear open the wrapper, a tender, pale hand extended outwards and snatched the lollipop away.

"I... I'll eat it."

The young woman's timid voice rang out unexpectedly, startling Joseph.

He widened his eyes in shock and scratched his ears. "You're not mute? So you can talk?"

"Mhmm." Charlotte tore the wrapper away and popped the lollipop into her mouth. The sweetness of the candy instantly filled her mouth.

She didn't feel as bad anymore.

Her voice was soft and feminine, but because she wasn't able to speak for several days, it was slightly husky.

However, to Joseph's ears, it was a sound from the heavens.

Joseph, who had little to no experience getting along with girls, watched as Charlotte's face lit up when she tasted the lollipop. How cute, he thought to himself.

[Chapter 492](#)

He couldn't help but feel sorry for her. If her face weren't so disfigured, this girl would probably be very pretty, right?

God isn't good at all.

Charlotte wiped away her tears and began to focus on her lollipop.

She looked exceptionally serious when eating her lollipop. It felt as if the lollipop wasn't a piece of candy, but her career.

It was the first time Joseph had seen someone treat a lollipop this way.

The room was extremely silent. Charlotte didn't speak, and Joseph didn't know what to say.

Joseph sat quietly for a while, then when he saw that Charlotte had stopped crying, he stood up awkwardly and said, "I'm returning to my room. If there's anything you need, I'll be next door."

Charlotte nodded before standing up and following behind him wordlessly.

Joseph was confused, "Hmm?"

What's happening?

However, he was too embarrassed to ask. Every now and then, his gaze drifted to the young maiden beside him. After secretly looking at her for some time, his face turned bright red.

It wasn't obvious when she was sitting on the bed, but now that she was up and about... Joseph realized that Charlotte was wearing a pink Hello Kitty nightgown. Maybe it was because she was too thin, but he felt that the nightgown was hanging loosely on her body, especially the part at her chest area. Joseph was a tall man, so when he glanced over, he was able to take in just about everything under her nightgown.

Her snow-white skin together with her enchanting...

Joseph, who was a straightforward man, was distracted by this image that he didn't notice what was in front of him.

A loud thud reverberated through the room.

His forehead slammed against the door panel. He reflexively fell back a couple of steps but bumped into Charlotte, who was following closely behind him.

His entire body weight came crashing down on her.

Being in a coma for such a long time, Charlotte's body was already very weak. How was she supposed to withstand the weight of a 183-centimeter man?

Her vision faded and she fainted.

She only wanted to send the man off... How did it become like this?

Because of the initial impact, Joseph felt light-headed. As streaks of light blinded him, he fell to the ground and knocked his head yet again.

No matter how good his physique was, he couldn't stand to handle such consecutive impacts.

He gritted his teeth and tried to remove himself off of Charlotte but fell unconscious almost immediately.

Early in the next morning.

Mrs. Field had made some porridge and various light dishes. She went upstairs in a cheery mood.

Charlotte had finished everything she made yesterday, so she decided not to let the servants cook today.

She held the tray in her hands and felt wonderful seeing the breakfast she had meticulously prepared.

Mrs. Field had always dreamt of having a daughter of her own, but because their family was a dual-career family, they could only have one child.

Now that there was another girl in their home, it was not surprising to see Mrs. Field so happy.

The entire princess-themed room, including everything that Charlotte wore, was pink and fluffy. This was all courtesy of Mrs. Field.

She knocked on the door and was met with silence, as usual.

Sigh, poor girl. She can't even talk.

Mrs. Field pushed open the room door gently.

In the next moment, the tray in her hands fell to the ground with a loud clank as food scattered all over the floor.

"Ah! What are you guys doing?"

Her incredibly loud roar shook the entire two-story building, It was so loud that it felt as if the roof of the building was almost blown away.

"Joseph! You animal! Why did I give birth to a rascal like you!"

"Uh... So noisy..."

Joseph opened his eyes slowly. He raised his left hand to rub his aching forehead.

When he saw his mother standing in front of him with her hands on her hips, he was slightly confused.

He eventually came to his senses, and everything from the night before came flooding into his mind.

I think I... knocked into the door and fainted?

He ignored his throbbing headache and was about to stand up when he felt something soft in the palm of his right hand.

Hmm? What's this? It's soft? It feels good... His gaze shifted curiously to where his hand was. And that was when the realization struck him like lightning.

[Chapter 493](#)

Are my eyes deceiving me?

Why is my right hand on the girl's chest?

Joseph immediately sat up and began stuttering, "Mom, i-it's not w-what you think. I can explain!"

"Joseph Field, you'd better give me a reasonable explanation! Otherwise!" Mrs. Field slapped the back of his head harshly.

It was the same spot where he was hit last night. "Ouch!" he cried in pain.

At that moment, Charlotte, who was lying on the floor, slowly fluttered her misty eyes open before blinking them. Her pink pajama was wrapped loosely around her petite body. She looked as if she had

just woken up from a deep sleep.

She turned to look at the squabbling pair of mother and son in a daze. "Uh...what are you doing in my room?"

Joseph's heart skipped a beat when he lowered his head to look at her cute, tilted head.

He couldn't help but gulp, causing his Adam's apple to bobbed up and down. She's so cute. How can she still look so cute even when half her face is ruined? I have a terrible urge to pinch her cheek.

"You can talk?" Mrs. Field widened her eyes and almost shed tears in surprise. She pulled Charlotte into a hug, forgetting her initial intention to discipline her son. "My child, you finally spoke! I thought you..."

Mrs. Field's enthusiasm was like a torch that burned brightly in the dead of night.

Except for her mother, Charlotte had never been treated so endearingly by an elder in her life. Her face started to flush uncomfortably upon that thought. "I...I..."

She would always stutter every time she was nervous.

Mrs. Field seemed to understand as she smiled and let her go. "I spilled the breakfast I made, but it's no big deal. I'll just make it again. You should take a shower first before coming down, okay?"

The tone that she used was as if she was discussing with Charlotte, and it made Charlotte felt respected.

Charlotte nodded and Mrs. Field smiled again. Before the latter left, she twisted Joseph's ear harshly. "Get your a** out!" she shouted sternly.

It was as if the gentle person she was a minute ago had completely disappeared.

The contrast of his mother's attitude was so frightening that it made Joseph feel wronged and sad.

After Charlotte showered, she put on the pink pajama again. She hesitated for a moment before plucking up the courage to step out of the room.

She did not know where her own clothes were. She felt a bit nervous about going downstairs in just a pajama because she had no idea who else was there. After all, I'm in a pajama, it doesn't seem appropriate...

As soon as she opened the door, she was greeted with the sight of a tall and handsome Joseph who was standing right outside her room. He was smiling and his face was painted with a shy blush. Why is a man like him blushing like that?

"My mom has prepared many outfits for you. They're in the closet. You can wear whichever that catches

your attention.”

With that, he turned and left.

Did he wait for me just to tell me this?

Charlotte bit her lip and she went back in again. When she opened the closet, there were all pink clothes inside with various styles. She could tell how expensive these were just from a glance.

That aunt’s sense of fashion is a bit weird. Why is everything pink?

Charlotte picked a pink dress with florals patterns and put it on. After that, she scanned the pink room before looking down at her socks, which were also pink. Why do I feel like something’s not right?”

Suddenly, a thought flashed across her mind. Did that aunt decorate this room all by herself? It’s indeed a bit weird, but I can feel the warmth. What’s going on?

Meanwhile, Joseph was still blushing. He felt a bit shy when he saw Charlotte just now. Even now, he could still feel the soft sensation on his finger.

[Chapter 494](#)

Although he had explained to his mom, she still looked at him with unfiltered disdain.

“I’m warning you! If you dare to bully her, I’ll be the first to kick your ass!” Mrs. Field warned Joseph harshly while cooking.

“Mom, I already explained everything to you. This is all a misunderstanding,” Joseph whined.

Mrs. Field glared at him. “What are you still doing standing there? Help me take out the eggs. You’re so dense.”

Joseph walked over dissatisfiedly and picked up the plate of eggs. Before he could turn around, Mrs. Field scolded again, “Are you blind? Didn’t you see the vegetables? Can’t you take out both at the same time?”

Joseph couldn’t help but think to himself, is she really my mother?

He helplessly took both the plates and when he turned around, he saw Charlotte walking down the stairs.

She was wearing a pink dress, which outlined her thin yet pretty figure.

Seeing this, Mrs. Field’s words seemed to have left his brain as his eyes, once again landed on something he should not have.

The dishes were burning hot and he almost dropped them.

Charlotte stared at him curiously. His face is so red! Wait, didn't he run into a door last night? Because of that, he ran into me, and then I fainted.

This topic was a bit awkward to mention, though. So she decided to stay silent and treat it as it never happened.

She walked around the man and entered the kitchen.

Mrs. Field was serving soup when she spotted Charlotte walking in and took a few pairs of utensils. Other than that, she even brought one of the dishes out without even being told.

Mrs. Field was so moved that tears nearly poured out.

Who on earth would hurt such a precious baby! She's way better than that troublemaker son of mine!

At this time, Mr. Field emerged from his room. He froze for a moment when he saw the woman his son saved that night. Then a warm smile appeared on his face. "Are you feeling okay now?"

Charlotte clenched her chopsticks as she looked at the elegant middle-aged man, feeling a bit lost. She then immediately lowered her head.

I didn't know there's someone else here.

The fear of meeting strangers made her dare not even raise her head.

"Don't scare her, James." Mrs. Field walked out with the soup. "Come sit by me, child."

During the meal, Mrs. Field introduced her family of three to Charlotte.

So the man who gave me candy last night is Joseph.

"I-I'm Lottie," Charlotte introduced herself in a small voice.

Mrs. Field put some food on her plate. "That's such a beautiful name. Do you like the outfit I prepared for you?"

Charlotte actually had a fear of being dominated by the color pink, but she forced herself to nod when she felt the family's sincerity and warmth. "Thank you."

"You can stay here and keep my company from now on." Mrs. Field beamed.

Charlotte did not reject, for she knew she could not return to the Fraser family.

When she thought of Lochlan's familiar face, her heart stung in immense pain as if a needle were stabbed into it.

Kate was the one who raised him, after all. Charlotte did not want to become a burden to him anymore. I'm merely adopted. Nothing could happen between us.

She did not want to think of the heartbreaking moment of him choosing Kate and abandoning her. Her heart ached at the thought of what might have happened.

Instead of actually facing it one day, she might as well leave on her own.

I'm the only one I have...

In the end, snowflakes only comes in one shape...

She secretly made up her mind that she would quietly return to the Fraser's to take her credentials once she recovered. She still had a bit of savings left from her saving up her pocket money. Maybe I can buy a small apartment with what I have.

[Chapter 495](#)

After all, living under someone's roof was not a long-term solution. Charlotte had experienced the bitterness of that for years.

I can only rely on myself.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn was peeling an apple for her grandma in her ward.

She had been quite busy recently. When she was not busy with Fashion Week, she would be searching for Charlotte. Besides the two tasks, she was also busy with the development of the antidote.

She had not been able to take a breather at all.

"Grandma, I think I won't be able to visit you as frequently anymore," she said while slicing the apple into small pieces and put them on a plate. She then presented them in front of her.

Her grandma stared at her in surprise. She had been recovering a lot lately. The doctor said she would be discharged from the hospital in a few days.

"Ashlyn, what's wrong?"

Ashlyn decided not to tell her about the Backtrack poison. "It's nothing. It's just that I'll probably be busy for a while."

If I tell her, she can't do anything anyway. All it will do is add more burden to her.

Her grandma sighed, "I tend to forget I can't always have my grandchild around me." She ate a slice of the apple when suddenly, she hesitated as her expression changed. "I need your help with something."

"What is it?"

"It's about your dad. Ashlyn, he's your father no matter what. I know people make mistakes, but I beg of you, Ashlyn. Please bail him out. I hear that it's a tough life in jail. Your dad has never gone through any hardships in his life."

When Susan thought about her son suffering in jail, her heart stung. Because of that, she could not sleep nor eat.

Ashlyn frowned. "Grandma, he committed a crime and broke the law. I don't make the laws, so I can't save him."

"If you can't, there's still Mr. Nolan. He has a big influence. Besides, it's not like your dad murdered someone or something. Why can't he be saved?" Susan panicked. "Should I just ask Mr. Nolan, then?"

"Grandma, even Lucas can't save him. He's the one who committed the crime. It doesn't depend on influence and power," replied Ashlyn dejectedly.

Susan became angrier when she heard this. It was one thing for Ashlyn to not visit her that often lately. She was enraged as she felt like her grandchild was avoiding her.

As expected, her speculations were right.

In plainer words, Ashlyn never had the intention to rescue Horace Berry!

But he's my son and my life!

"Ashlyn, don't you think you've gone overboard? Is this how you repay your father for raising you? I know he did wrong, but he's still your father. As a daughter, it's only proper to save him. In any case, I've been treating you well all these years. I'm the one who raised you after your mom died. Is this also how you repay me?" uttered her grandma harshly.

Ashlyn could not believe her ears.

Is this really my grandma? Her biasness towards her son is unbelievable! He's the one who committed a crime, but I'm the one she's blaming? It's my fault that dad's in jail because I don't want to save him? What kind of logic is this?

“Grandma, how could you say something like that? He’s the one who sinned, not me. I’m forever grateful that you raised me. However, I’m not the law nor the judge.”

Her words angered Susan to the point that tears started streaming down her face. “Have you forgotten everything I did for you? Since when have you become such an ungrateful wretch? Your dad is still your dad even though he made mistakes. Why are you so cruel? Had I known you’d become like this, I wouldn’t have treated you well.”

As she sobbed, the scene broke Ashlyn’s heart.

In the end, she was her grandma who had raised her.

Ashlyn had always thought she was the closest to her grandma. When Horace and his wife abused her grandma, Ashlyn had been kept in the dark. Because of that, Ashlyn had always felt guilty about this. She thought she had failed to protect her grandma.

[Chapter 496](#)

Once again, Susan had blindly chosen Horace, and her decision stung Ashlyn’s heart deeply.

Her grandma’s love for Horace was so deep that she could not distinguish between right or wrong. If Horace said he wanted to eat her alive, she would offer herself up to him gladly and without any hesitation.

Ashlyn suddenly felt exhausted.

She put down the knife and handed her grandma a bank card. “There’s money in it. You can use it however you want. I may be...”

She wanted to inform her that she might be dying.

But how do I tell her?

It’s not like telling her would solve my problem anyway.

“I don’t need your money! All I want is your dad to be back!” she shouted angrily as her tears fell. “Ashlyn, you really can’t save your dad?”

“I really can’t,” Ashlyn sighed, she then placed the bank card on the table. “Grandma, I’ve paid in advance for the caretaker for five years. You’ll be discharged soon. The caretaker will help you with everything. She’ll take care of you in the future,” she explained.

Susan wiped her tears in surprise. “Five years? Why do I need her for that long? I can take care of myself after I’m discharged. Besides, you’re still here. Now that your dad’s in jail, are you saying you don’t want to take care of me anymore?”

"It's not that I don't want to, it's that I probably can't." Ashlyn felt immense sadness in her heart. When Horace was still at the Berry Residence, her grandma refused to leave no matter how hard she persuaded her.

Now that he was gone, her grandma finally thought of Ashlyn and wanted to live with her for the rest of her life?

Her son had abused her endlessly, yet she still treated him with love and affection.

Of course, she wished to live with her grandma for a long time. However, the poison in her body would break out any time. Not only did she have Spirogyra now, but she also had Backtrack poison.

Even if she were to die one day, it was better to instill an idea in her grandma and let her think that she was still alive.

Hence, she did not stay long as she bid goodbye to Susan.

Susan's face turned vicious the moment Ashlyn stepped out of the ward. "She's indeed an ungrateful wretch. I wouldn't have treated her this good if I had known. I also wouldn't have raised her after her mom's gone. Now look where that has gotten me, all my effort in raising her went down the drain like that. I should've let her die."

At that moment, a nurse entered her ward to deliver the meds. She was shocked to see the cunning expression on Susan's face.

When she looked a little closer, Susan's face had changed to a more gentle expression. "Nurse, when can I be discharged?"

"Soon. Maybe in a week or so." The nurse put down the meds and wondered perhaps she had seen wrongly.

Meanwhile, in Centennial Healthcare's lab, Jared sat on the couch tiredly. He had been working endlessly, which challenged him both physically and mentally.

He had been staring at the research result these past few days, but there was no progress at all.

The Backtrack poison was too tricky.

Even if he had analyzed its ingredients, he still could not come up with the antidote.

He had tried various methods, but all of it came back futile.

He was not alone in this. All the other eight researchers were also worn out.

Just as he was about to close his eyes and take a nap, he heard the sounds of footsteps.

He frowned and looked towards the door. Seconds later, a man with a strong aura walked in.

He was dressed in black and his handsome face seemed determined. One of his hands was inside his pocket as his whole being screamed nobility.

Jared's eyes fell behind him.

This doesn't make sense! Doesn't Mr. Nolan always have two rows of bodyguards making way for him? Why is he alone now? Even Spencer's not with him. Is he planning to kill me? To beat me up?

Jared's head was filled with a bunch of ridiculous thoughts.

"I have a solution for the poison in Ashlyn's body."

The man suddenly voiced out. His cold voice pulled Jared out of his thoughts.

He was a little confused when he heard that.

Solution? Am I hearing it right? Lucas has a solution?

[Chapter 497](#)

"Mr. Nolan, your joke is not funny." Jared put on a serious front befitting that of the president of Centennial Healthcare. "Even we can't find the solution for the poison, let alone you."

"Jared, do I look like someone who likes to joke around?" Lucas glared at him with cold eyes, his face expressionless.

Jared panicked a bit under the man's oppressive aura.

Nevertheless, he quickly composed himself. "Mr. Nolan, if you really have a solution, please come inside then."

With that, he turned and opened the lab's door.

The eight researchers were intensively conducting the research for the antidote.

Half an hour later, Jared stared at Lucas sorrowfully. "Are you sure about this, Mr. Nolan?"

"Yes," Lucas replied coldly.

"But Mr. Nolan, you're strong. If you use this method, I'm afraid you'll..."

Jared's whole mind went blank when he learned what Lucas' method was earlier.

"Jared, if I don't save her, do you want me to just helplessly watch her... I can't do that." Lucas' face was impassive and his gaze showed that he was resolute in his decision. It wasn't until he mentioned Ashlyn that a hint of softness flashed across his eyes.

With that, he laid on the research bed as if he were a sculpture.

He stayed unmoved. He did not even blink his eyes.

"But Mr. Nolan..." Jared tried to say something.

"I've decided, Jared," Lucas interrupted. "Stop persuading me. I'll do anything for Ashlyn. No matter what she wants, I'll even give up my life for her. I've never begged anyone in my life before, but right now, I'm begging you for one thing, Jared."

Jared stared at him.

Before this, his impression of Lucas was that he was a rich and domineering person. Most of the time, Jared was even enraged by the possessiveness Lucas had towards his boss.

He had never imagined how deep Lucas' love for her was.

"What is it?"

"Don't tell Ashlyn that I came here and don't tell her how the antidote came to be."

"Mr. Nolan!" Jared's heart tightened as he stared at the man in disbelief.

Lucas ignored him and ordered the researchers, "Let's begin."

Jared did not want to see the inhumane scene, so he turned and left the lab, closing the door heavily.

When he was outside, his body slumped all the way to the floor.

He could hear the sounds of the machines behind the door, as well as the hushed whispers of the researchers' voices.

However, that man was silent. He never made a sound at all.

Lucas, I respect you for being so brave! I acknowledge that you saved my boss' life. I will repay the debt!

At this moment, Ashlyn entered the lab and found Jared curled up at the door with a sad expression.

She halted her steps as she was taken aback by the scene. Then she hurried over. "Jared, I know it's hard to come up with the solution for the poison. It's fine if you can't find the antidote. I've lived for twenty-two years and it's more than enough for me. My life has been more exciting than the majority of people. You don't need..."

Jared raised his head to look at the incomparably beautiful woman he had known for years.

She had always been like this. She seemed tough and cold outside, but she was a softy who was more emotional than anyone else on the inside.

Even now when she had poison coursing through her body that would make her leave the world anytime soon, she still tried to comfort him, the perfectly healthy man.

"Are you not scared? Are you not going to cry?" Jared squeezed her shoulders as his gaze became increasingly intense. "Do you know that by saying this, I'll become sadder?"

Ashlyn avoided eye contact. Of course, I want to live. Who on earth would want to die? It's just that I'm prepared for death.

[Chapter 498](#)

She wanted to live, but she was also not afraid of death. Her only concerns lie with Lucas.

I'm afraid I won't be able to see him anymore.

Her heart ached when she thought of them being separated by death.

I never got the chance to tell him how I really feel for him. Well, I think it's best not to tell him. We can never be together anyway. All I'm going to give him is sadness.

"The more you tried to put on a strong front, the more my heart aches for you." Jared could not help but embrace her.

Ashlyn stayed silent as she froze in his arms.

This was the first time Jared had hugged her despite knowing each other for years.

Other than Lucas, she was not quite used to other men hugging her.

"Don't worry. I'll definitely save you. The research already has a preliminary result. We're still on the experimental stage, though."

His words instantly broke the heavy atmosphere.

Ashlyn's eyes lit up. "Really? Let me in then. I want to see for myself."

The dying embers of hope that she felt flickered into life once again.

She had been mentally preparing to accept death, so she did not expect the turn of events.

Meanwhile, inside the lab, the man's face was covered with sweat, and the pain was evident behind his dark eyes.

The researchers looked at him worriedly. "Are you okay, Mr. Nolan?"

"Continue," he replied with a hoarse voice as beads of sweat rolled down his temples. "Don't worry about me."

The blood gurgled out of his chest and was sucked into a thick tube.

He could see the blood being drawn away from his body bit by bit.

He could even hear the voices of Jared and Ashlyn outside, and it hurt him when he heard how strong his woman sounded.

He would give anything in the world to run out to hug her tightly and tell her that she could lose the tough front with him around.

Unfortunately, he could not.

The pain in his chest could not beat the pain he felt in his heart, especially after hearing Ashlyn comforting Jared. He felt as if a sharp knife had cut through his heart.

At the same time, Jared stopped the woman before she could go in. "Don't. It'll distract the researchers inside. We've finally made progress, so we're not in a hurry. Maybe the result will be out tomorrow morning."

Ashlyn stared at him suspiciously. She had a strong feeling that something was not right.

However, she also did not want to push it. "Okay, then."

In the lab, Lucas' face turned pale as his pupils shrank.

His clenched fists showed just how painful it was for him.

"Mr. Nolan, you'll die if we continue!" one of the researchers voiced out.

The machine had already started making a screeching noise.

“Not yet. It’s still not enough.” Lucas shook his head while pursing his lips into a straight line.
“Continue!”

He brought his clenched fist to his mouth and bit on it so he could bear it longer.

The pain traveled all over his body like a tsunami. Nevertheless, he kept going on.

When everything was over, he laid on the narrow bed silently. His face was as white as a ghost.

Two researchers and a nurse were bandaging his wound.

The blood seeped through the gauze, yet he seemed like he could not feel anything.

He closed his eyes slightly as his long eyelashes trembled. He was in excruciating pain.

However, he remained silent. If it weren’t for his trembling lips that betrayed him, the others would not be able to tell what he went through.

It hurt. Of course it hurt. But when he thought about the fact that everything he had endured was for the sake of saving Ashlyn, he would be filled with immense courage.

He would face all the hardships head-on and sacrifice everything for her, even if it meant losing his life.

He refused to let her disappear from this world.

[Chapter 499](#)

His heart ached immensely every time the thought of not seeing her or hearing her voice in the future surfaced in his mind. He would even be fine with her daily nagging at him as long as she lived.

After resting in the lab for a long time, he slowly got up.

It was already midnight when Spencer came to fetch him.

The latter immediately went to support him as soon as he saw his fragile state. “How are you, Mr. Nolan?”

“I’m fine,” Lucas replied weakly. I need to leave quickly. I don’t want Ashlyn to see me like this.

Spencer nodded and he led him to the car and left.

A black Bentley whizzed through the highway in the middle of the night.

Spencer drove Lucas to the nearest private hospital.

The price was considerably high since the hospital practiced extreme confidentiality.

The doctor was shocked when he saw Lucas' blood-stained chest.

"How did you get this wounded?"

Lucas refused to reply to him as his pale face remained expressionless.

"Please admit him here," Spencer informed coolly.

After they completed all the procedures, Lucas laid in the VIP ward. He finally closed his eyes and fell into the endless darkness.

No matter how strong his body was, in the end, he was but a human.

Spencer stayed by his side as he stared at the usually strong man who had been reduced to such a weakened state.

He shook his head in frustration.

Mr. Nolan's affection for Ms. Berry is unbeatable.

The next morning, Ashlyn fluttered her eyes open in the lounge area within the lab. Rubbing her eyes, she noticed that it was already eight o'clock.

The faint sunlight seeped in through the gaps between the curtains.

She sat up only to find the poison already spread to her neck.

If it continued spreading, it would undoubtedly reach her mouth, nose, and lastly, to her brain. Lucas would be infected if he kissed me.

It didn't spread to the mouth and nose before.

Ashlyn shook her head as blood rushed to her face. How could I think of Lucas kissing me at a time like this? I should be worried that I still have a few days left to live!

She took a deep breath before going to wash up.

During breakfast, she stared at Jared, whose eyes were bloodshot. "How's the antidote coming?"

Jared's heart ached as he lifted his bloodshot eyes to look at her. "I reckon we'll have the results by

noon.”

“That soon?” Ashlyn asked in disbelief.

It was a dead-end before. Why is everything progressing so fast now?

She had a nagging feeling that she had missed something.

She went directly to the lab after breakfast. Jared did not stop her this time.

Inside the lab, she could see that there was a bowl of red liquid on all the eight researchers’ experiment tables.

Is that blood? Where did they get this amount of blood? And what are they using it for?

Ashlyn furrowed her brows slightly. She had the delicate kind of beauty with her small button nose.

Her glossy dark eyes flickered slightly when she saw something familiar.

There was a dark red pocket square under the corner of the lab table.

Why is Lucas’ pocket square here?

Ashlyn’s mind drifted back to when Jared stopped her from entering the lab last night.

Is he hiding something from me?

Her frown deepened.

She bent over to grab the pocket square and turned to leave.

Jared yawned when he saw her emerging from the lab. “I stayed up all night last night. I’m going to take a rest now.”

“Jared, why is Lucas’ pocket square inside?” Ashlyn narrowed her eyes at him, trying to read any emotions on his face.

“That’s not his. That’s mine. I must’ve dropped it yesterday,” he replied with his usual smiley face.

He then snatched the item from Ashlyn’s hand out of the blue. “Boss, don’t tell me you miss him? If you miss him, go meet him then!”

[Chapter 500](#)

However, even if you went to meet him, I doubt he'll agree to meet with you in his current physical condition.

Jared was dejected upon that thought.

Ashlyn felt that something was off, but she did not know what, so she could not say anything.

With that, Jared proceeded to take a rest.

The sun was shining outside.

Ashlyn took a bottle of drink from the refrigerator before going to the lab's open-air balcony.

The balcony was fifty meters wide. There was a rattan chair in the middle, with a coffee table. The place was surrounded by wisteria flowers.

There were pots of green plants on the floor. The sun's rays cascaded in, casting mottled lights and shadows.

The breeze was very relaxing.

Employees and researchers generally would rest at this spot when they were tired.

Ashlyn plopped herself down on the rattan chair while sipping on the drink.

In the patch of green, she looked like a fallen angel under the sun's warm glow.

On the fifth floor of the hospital across the street, the frail man happened to see such an eye-catching scene.

His heart trembled, what Lucas felt was so intense that he could not help but clutch at his chest.

The private hospital that Spencer sent him to last night happened to be just across Centennial Healthcare's pharmaceutical research center.

He was in a coma for a day and a half right after he was admitted. He had just woken up now, and he was greeted with the beautiful sight of the woman on the open-air balcony.

His face was expressionless as he stood there with his strong and slender legs. His upper body was bare and his chest was wrapped with white gauze. Despite the fragile state that he was in, the strong aura exuded from his body was still there.

Women would instinctively be attracted to such a sexy body, especially to men like him, who radiated such strong sexual attraction.

"You're good at choosing hospitals," said Lucas to the person behind him.

Spencer's heart shuddered as he hurriedly replied, "I purposely chose here so that it's easy for you to keep an eye on Ms. Berry's condition."

Lucas picked up the black shirt from the couch and slowly put it on. He had just changed the gauze. His short black hair looked very flamboyant under the sunlight.

He was badly injured now, and he feared that he would not recover any time soon.

Spencer was staring at his back concernedly.

Mr. Nolan is having it tough.

He sighed upon that thought.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn had fallen asleep on the open-air balcony.

When Jared came over, the sky was already ablaze with the fire of the setting sun.

She slowly opened her eyes to see Jared holding a glass of warm water in one hand and two red pills in the other.

Her vision started focusing as she blinked her eyes. "The antidote's done?"

She suddenly coughed as soon as she said that. She then felt a tinge of metallic taste in her throat.

Blood started gushing out from her mouth and nose, staining her clothes.

Jared was shocked to his core upon that sight. "Boss! How are you feeling? Please don't scare me!"

Ashlyn grabbed a piece of tissue from the table to wipe the overflowing blood. Then, she flashed a weak smile at Jared. "I'm fine..."

I didn't expect the poison to be this severe.

She felt dizzy, but she was secretly celebrating. It's a good thing that Lucas doesn't know about the poison in my body. Otherwise, he'll only do crazy things that I can't even begin to think of.

Jared quickly handed her the cup of water before popping the pills into her mouth. "Hurry and take the antidote, boss."

So they're indeed antidotes.

Ashlyn's thoughts were hazy.

She swallowed the blood-scented pills with two gulps of water.

Her muddled mind could not even think of anything else as she closed her eyes once again, drifting into the darkness.

On the fifth floor of the hospital right across the street, Lucas frowned as he watched the scene from the window. His heart was beating frantically, throbbing in pain.

He was highly tempted to rush to Ashlyn and embrace her in a tight hug when he saw her coughing up blood. How he wished he could take all the pain she felt away.

Perhaps it was because he got too anxious, but Lucas started coughing violently and that tore the wound on his chest. All of a sudden, blood gushed out from his wound, gradually staining the gauze wrapped around his chest.