

Extraordinary 871

[Chapter 871 Making My Wife Happy Is My Duty](#)

Even the principal of T University showed up, showing just how much Ashlyn was esteemed. Everyone was awed.

The last people to arrive were the two brothers, Jonathan and Jared.

Penelope and Jenny, who were standing together, looked as though they were about to faint. Why are there so many celebrities over on Ashlyn's side, each more famous than the last?

Some guests behind the pair recognized the celebrities and started whispering among themselves.

Stabbing pain shot through Penelope's chest. It was simply too much for her to bear!

Unfortunately for her, the worst was yet to come. She watched as Lucas gave Ashlyn the present he had prepared. It was an emerald ring that he had purchased at a high-end auction. However, that was not all. He had also bought the necklace and bracelet that came as a matching set with the ring. Each piece alone was worth tens of millions!

I can't believe he'd go all out and gift her antique jewelry! I heard the set was part of a jewelry collection worn by the queen of England. Eventually, it somehow made its way into the auction. But now, it has ended up in Ashlyn's hands!

That knowledge was almost too much for Penelope to bear.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn gazed at the glittering jewelry, then glanced at the man standing before her. She could not help smiling as she said, "They're gorgeous. I like them."

She liked collecting valuable jewelry pieces and had a set adorned with sapphires.

It thrilled Lucas' heart to see her smile, and he responded in a sultry voice, "Making my wife happy is my duty. Happy birthday."

After saying that, he could not resist reaching out and hugging her. The public display of affection sent the reporters into a wild frenzy.

"Oh my goodness! They just hugged!"

"This is the first time we're seeing them together, isn't it?"

"I think you're right!"

“In the past, they always trended individually.”

“They've finally made an appearance together!”

The fact that Penelope was the one who asked them to come and paid them flew straight out of the reporters' minds. It was evident to them that everything about Ashlyn's birthday celebration was way more interesting, and nothing was more important to them than getting good photos and stories.

Although there was nothing special about the words Lucas murmured in Ashlyn's ear, they carried an inexplicable sense of suggestiveness when he said them. Her ears reddened slightly at that, and she had a feeling that he was secretly flirting with her.

Lucas pursed his lips as he gazed toward Penelope, Mary, Sienna, and the others not too far away. Dixon announced that he was going to negotiate a deal today, then went on to throw a big birthday bash for Penelope here. What on earth is he up to?

He looked up nonchalantly and saw Dixon, who had just appeared in the crowd. Ashlyn said she wanted to come to The Peacock to suss out the situation, but how could I let her take risks alone?

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Dixon was wearing a black shirt and a pair of black pants. His arms looked lean yet muscular. Combining that with his feminine features, he radiated a strangely sinister aura. Sensing Lucas' gaze, he shot the latter a smirk and licked his lips, seemingly issuing a silent provocation.

Lucas lowered his gaze and looked away.

By then, Ashlyn was already leading her guests into The Peacock.

The reporters flocked after them, completely forgetting about Penelope, who was waiting to be photographed.

Penelope was so enraged that her eyes turned red. Don't they know that I'm the one who asked them to come?

She suppressed the aggrieved feeling welling inside her, on the verge of a breakdown. In truth, she nearly called out to the reporters to ask them to come back. However, she resisted the urge to do so. It'd be too humiliating for me. I don't want that. I won't ask them to come back.

Fuming, Mary turned to Dixon with a stiff smile and asked, "Mr. Haddock, the private room we've booked today is the largest one at The Peacock, am I right?"

"Yes," he answered flatly.

She felt slightly better after hearing his response, confident that their private room would be the best.

[Chapter 872 Not As Innocent As It Seems](#)

What does it matter if Lucas owns the place? We've made a reservation already, and the customer is king. It's not like he can move the entire private room somewhere else.

It never crossed Mary's mind that Lucas would go to such great lengths.

The Peacock was beautiful and exquisitely decorated. Every corner of the space exuded a sense of elegance and luxury.

A waiter approached them as soon as they walked into the restaurant. The waiter wore a sleek, black uniform and smiled at them politely. "May I ask if you've reserved a private room?"

"We've booked the largest private room. Hurry up and take us there," Mary answered haughtily, as

though that was the only way to make it seem that she had not lost to Ashlyn.

“Sure. Please follow me,” the waiter replied promptly.

Feeling that she had regained some dignity, Mary's spirits lifted a little.

Penelope could not help but smile and tilted her head upward haughtily. The others also relaxed their expressions and did not look as upset as before.

They were secretly gloating over the fact that Lucas would not get the biggest private room despite being The Peacock's owner. Nonetheless, none of them blatantly revealed their true thoughts.

Ashlyn merely glanced at them without uttering a word.

Just then, the restaurant's manager walked over, then said to Lucas and Ashlyn in a respectful tone, “Mr. and Mrs. Nolan, we've prepared an exclusive private room for you. Please come this way.”

An exclusive private room? Mary's smug expression instantly turned into a look of disbelief, and she felt dazed. It was as though she was reeling from a slap to the face. Unable to remain calm, she demanded, “What do you mean? Are you saying he can take the private room we reserved just because he's the boss?”

Taken aback, the manager hurriedly said, “Allow me to explain, ma'am. Mr. Nolan has always had an exclusive private room at The Peacock. It's usually not open to the general public, so... I hope you can understand. We reserve it for only Mr. Nolan's guests.”

Mary was incensed, and her chest heaved violently. An exclusive private room not open to the general public...

Finally, Sienna said calmly, “Well, it's hardly surprising that he'd have his own private room. After all, Nolan Group owns The Peacock.”

“Even Imperial Hotel burned to the ground, so who knows whether The Peacock's days are numbered?” Dixon remarked in a strange tone.

A chill ran down Mary's spine. Their words make me shudder in fear. It sounds as though something is about to happen, and this birthday party is not as innocent as it seems.

Gazing at the pair, the ominous feeling in her heart intensified. She did not know how she made her way to their private room as she could barely walk straight with her mind in a daze. All she could think about was Dixon's feminine yet cruel face.

An esclusiva privata room? Mary's smug axprassion instantly turnad into a look of disbaliaf, and sha falt

dazad. It was as though sha was raaling from a slap to tha faca. Unabla to remain calm, sha damandad, "What do you maan? Ara you saying ha can taka tha privata room wa rasarvad just bacausa ha's tha boss?"

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Over in Lucas' private room, their food had started to arrive. Ashlyn picked a seat randomly, and Lucas immediately sat next to her. Needless to say, no one dared to fight with Harvey for the empty seat to Ashlyn's left.

Harvey glanced around at the others with a self-satisfied look, then fell into a conversation with James about what had happened earlier. Naomi and the rest also discussed it in low voices.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn checked her phone with a cold expression. She saw that Mysterious yet Majestic's group chat was abuzz with messages.

One of them sent: Boss, have you gone to see Zero?

Another wrote: Please send Zero's photo.

Someone else added: Boss, hurry up and send us a photo of Zero!

After reading their text messages, she snapped a photo of the table laden with dishes, then sent it to the group chat and wrote: Come on over! I'll wait for you all here.

Someone replied: What the heck!

Another person responded with: Where are you? Which hotel is that?

Quiet Forest curled his lips into a smirk and replied: Sorry, but I won't be sending any photos. Don't you know Zero needs to maintain an air of mysteriousness? If you want to see Zero, you'll have to come here yourselves.

[Chapter 873 His Motives](#)

With that, Quiet Forest sent the coordinates for The Peacock.

At that moment, Lucas was slightly irritated at how Ashlyn was engrossed with her phone.

What is she up to, typing so ferociously on the phone? Can't she see that I—a good-looking human being—am sitting right next to her? What is going on in the phone that's stealing her attention away?

Lucas pursed his thin lips into a straight line before breaking into a smirk. He looked at Ashlyn and spoke in a deep magnetic voice. “Honey, does it feel good to humiliate others?”

Ashlyn raised her head and glanced at the handsome man beside her. His suave-looking face was alluring.

In particular, his deep dark eyes were the most striking feature. As Ashlyn looked longer at his eyes, she could only see her reflections in his pupils.

For some reason, Ashlyn's heart skipped a beat. “Well, not too bad. But my main intention is to see what Dixon is really up to.”

She was still waiting for news from Luigi and the rest. Her men were now planted in various locations within the hotel. They had been instructed to look out for any suspicious characters and to report to her immediately if there were any.

Unknown to Ashlyn, Lucas had also arranged for his men to stand by at the hotel.

Dixon's every single action would be captured by all those pairs of watchful eyes.

Getting the opportunity to humiliate Mary and Penelope was a pure incidental coincidence.

Ashlyn had not expected that those two women would be present here. When she watched them flaunting their wealth earlier, she lamented that a leopard could never change its spots.

“Those two women are looking to collaborate with Haddock Group. It looks like Yates Group gave them a project to work on, but in reality, they don't have the authority to manage the project. I wonder what Dixon's trying to get from them.” Lucas frowned in contemplation. He was pretty sure Dixon would not

get involved with Mary and Penelope without reason.

"I'm not sure either. Yates Group is a huge corporation with complex businesses. Unless, Dixon..." Ashlyn stopped halfway.

Lucas completed her sentence. "Unless, Dixon's target is Yates Group?"

Just then, all dishes, including a two-tier cake, were served.

The rest were happily mingling with one another, so nobody took notice of Lucas and Ashlyn conversing in soft voices.

"This is our conjecture at the moment," Ashlyn answered flatly. "Old Mrs. Yates was the one who introduced us to Old Mr. Leno. I'm indebted to her for that. If Dixon's target is indeed Yates Group, I can't ignore it and do nothing."

"That's understandable, and I agree." Lucas discreetly held her hand, and a glint of affection flashed across his eyes. "We cannot wash our hands of this. Thank you, Honey."

Thanks to Ashlyn, Lucas' condition had stabilized after receiving Old Mr. Leno's treatment.

He believed that he would be able to recover fully one day.

That would be when he could protect Ashlyn from all troubles and let her live a worry-free life.

Meanwhile, in another private room, the atmosphere was awkward.

Mary did not talk much, which made the atmosphere in the room extremely uncomfortable.

The switch in her mood was apparent after she knew that Lucas had a private room exclusive to him. It was much grander than theirs, instantly making their private room look ordinary.

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Penelope, too, looked forlorn; her eyes were reddened, and her head was lowered.

She was depressed that her birthday did not turn out the way she envisioned.

It was already upsetting to be stepped on by Ashlyn, but even her mother was not spared, which infuriated her. Both had been utterly humiliated by Ashlyn, leaving them no dignity whatsoever.

Ashlyn was the root cause of their embarrassment.

Right then, Dixon calmly said, "All dishes have been served. Please help yourselves to the food, everyone."

He then turned toward Penelope, who was beside him. "Ms. Berry, there's no need to bother yourself with that woman, Ashlyn. She has always been arrogant and rude."

Sienna chimed in, "That's right, Ms. Berry. You come from a noble family background; your grandfather was a count. Given your prestigious Yates name, why do you want to get upset with a country bumpkin?"

Penelope bit her lower lip as she listened to both of them. Her eyes filled with even more moisture at that point.

No matter how others tried to comfort her, Penelope could not shake off the embarrassment and anger felt from being snubbed by Ashlyn. The fact that it happened on her birthday made it worse.

Seeing how Dixon tried to provide comforting words, Jason felt he had to say something as well. After all, he was Penelope's godfather. "My child, this is not a big deal. Sometimes, we must learn to be magnanimous and not constantly compare ourselves with others."

[Chapter 874 Where Is My Sweet Zero](#)

But how do I feel superior to others if I don't compare? How will other people know that I'm a cut above them?

The feeling that Penelope wanted was to be high and mighty. She desperately wished for Ashlyn to be the mud on the ground while she was the phoenix in the sky.

Attempting to lighten the awkward atmosphere, Mary stood up and raised her wine glass. Her face appeared stiff as she forced a smile. "Mr. Haddock, let me give you a toast. Thank you very much for organizing a birthday celebration for my daughter."

Dixon arched his brows. Although this mother-daughter duo knows the rules of the game, they aren't intelligent either. But, this is the kind of people who are the easiest to control. As long as I get hold of their weaknesses, they will be my puppets.

At the thought of his plan, Dixon laughed. He showed equal respect by raising his glass and returning the toast. "Don't stand on ceremony with me. Now that the collaboration between Haddock Group and Yates Group has been cemented, we're considered family now."

"It's our honor to work with Haddock Group." Mary's face no longer looked so sullen. She could already imagine Bianca's face once she brought this collaboration back to the Yates family.

I must show those fools at Yates Group what I'm capable of. I can help Yates Group bring in money too. I'm surely more worthy than those useless bums!

Sheer glee flooded Mary at the thought.

Penelope felt better after seeing the positive interaction between Dixon and Mary.

The atmosphere in the room gradually lightened and became more relaxed.

All of a sudden, someone knocked on the door.

Everyone turned their heads toward the door almost in unison.

The door was pushed open, and a handsome young man with an unruly expression stood at the

doorway. He had a charming smile, and his pretty eyes were slanted ever so slightly. In a frivolous tone, he asked, "Tsk, where is my sweet Zero?"

The man was holding a fan. If he dressed in an ancient costume, he would look like a wealthy heir of a traditional family with playboy vibes.

The next moment, he flicked his wrist and opened the fan with a snap. He casually waved his fan a few times, which made him look even more free-spirited.

Mary stared at him in shock before asking Dixon cautiously, "Mr. Haddock, who is this man? Is he one of your guests?"

Dixon did not know this man either. However, a hint of doubt flashed across his feminine face at the sight of the open fan.

A handheld fan? In this day and age, why would someone bring a fan out? It's not as if we're living in ancient times.

Dixon began to go through his memories, trying to recall if he knew someone who liked to bring a fan. He seemed to recall hearing about such a person somewhere.

Unfortunately, he could not remember exactly who it was.

Dixon calmly asked, "May I know who you are?"

Just then, Sienna recognized who the man was. Her face started to flush with excitement. Grabbing Dixon's arm tightly, she stammered, "Dixon... Isn't he Flying Fish of Mysterious yet Majestic? I heard Flying Fish brings a fan wherever he goes. The fan is an antique and worth a fortune." The atmosphere in the room gradually lightened and became more relaxed.

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"Flying Fish?" Dixon was startled at what he heard. Mysterious yet Majestic was a secret existence and consisted of highly talented individuals. The leaders, in particular, possessed impressive abilities.

Among them, Zero was the most capable!

Legend had it there was nothing that Zero could not accomplish.

To think that Flying Fish appeared here, at The Peacock. How is that possible? Dixon could not wrap his head around the reason behind Flying Fish's sudden presence.

Sienna could not remain calm. She approached Flying Fish excitedly and asked, "May I ask if you are... Mr. Flying Fish?"

Never in her wildest dream did she expect Flying Fish to appear there.

According to rumors, Flying Fish was handsome and often dressed in white with a fan in his hand. The fan had the signature of an ancient calligrapher.

It was a single word "Bridge."

She walked closer to take a look at the signature on his fan and became more thrilled when she saw the word "Bridge" on it.

"Are you here to attend the birthday banquet too?" Sienna inquired further.

I wonder if he deliberately came here to our private room. It'll be great if he is. If Dixon can spread his connections to Mysterious yet Majestic, his future life will be smooth sailing. Wild thoughts ran through Sienna's mind.

[Chapter 875 Not The Zero He Knows](#)

She hoped she could get out of Dixon's control as soon as possible too.

The young man in white was not expecting to see so many people in the private room, and all eyes were on him.

He scratched his head and said in a fluster, "Is my sweet Zero here? I haven't seen her before."

My sweet Zero?

Dixon and Sienna shared a look. They were more certain about the young man's identity now.

The young man was looking for Zero.

Everyone turned to Penelope.

Penelope froze before turning to Flying Fish in curiosity. The young man was good-looking, but his clothes did not look expensive.

Is he looking for me? That can't be, right?

Sienna turned to stare at Penelope for a while. It seemed that Flying Fish had not seen Zero before. No one knew what Zero looked like and whether Zero was a man or a woman.

With a faint smile, Sienna said to Penelope, "Aren't you going to welcome Mr. Flying Fish?"

"Mr. Flying Fish?" a guest asked curiously.

What a strange name. Is that a stage name?

A gleeful grin was on Sienna's face. "You may be unclear about the situation. Have you heard of an organization named Mysterious yet Majestic? That is an organization unlike all others. There isn't anything they can't do in this world. You have no idea how many major cases they've solved for our country and other countries. They're not some evil organization; they're secret service agents! Do you understand?"

Sienna's face was red from her excitement as she went on, "I never thought I'd be able to meet you here, Mr. Flying Fish. Everyone in your organization keeps such a secretive life! No one has ever been

able to figure out your true identity. I wasn't expecting you to come to our private room for Penelope. Penelope's Zero! Come and take a look at her! Isn't she pretty?"

Everyone turned to look back at Flying Fish again.

A real secret service agent and not an actor? Is this for real? Did we just meet a real secret service agent? That's a job and an individual who only appears in the legends!

Everyone was stunned, and so was Penelope.

I'm not Zero. I'm not a secret service agent. Is Sienna asking me to impersonate a secret service agent? What if Flying Fish realizes I'm a fraud?

Penelope cast a pleading look at Dixon, but Dixon only looked at her with an apathetic expression.

Her heart pounded.

A secret service agent... That sounds cool. If I'm a secret service agent, the Yates family will surely see me in a different light. Uncle Ryan won't be so cold to me anymore, and even Granny will be proud of me. I'll definitely be able to secure my position in the Yates family. No one will dare to look down on me and my mother by then.

The unfeeling way that the Yateses had been treating her and her mother made her upset.

That was a sensation she did not want to experience again.

This was a good opportunity for her, a golden opportunity.

She could tread lightly and be careful. After all, it seemed that Flying Fish had never seen Zero in person.

She took in a deep breath and smiled. "Flying Fish, I never thought you'd come all the way here for me. I'm really touched!"

Flying Fish immediately studied the pretentious woman. This is Zero? Is this some kind of joke?

To Flying Fish and the others, Zero was a ruthless person with few words.

Anything that could be resolved with violence would never be resolved with words for Zero.

It was impossible for Flying Fish to connect the Zero he knew online to the smiling, pretentious woman he was looking at.

His expression darkened, and he was confused.

Right then, Jason piped up, "My goddaughter's amazing! I can't believe she invited a famed secret service agent like Mr. Flying Fish. I've played the role of a secret service agent, but I've never seen one in person. I'm in disbelief. I can't believe someone as mysterious and prominent as you exist in real life!"

[Chapter 876 A Fraud](#)

At that, everyone began expressing their thoughts.

"Yes, that's right! It's so worth attending Ms. Penelope's birthday party!"

"My time isn't wasted here. This is such an honor!"

Even Lochlan had a look of surprise on his face. "Mr. Flying Fish? I heard that one needs to offer at least five hundred thousand before Flying Fish picks up the case and that it's at least one million for Zero." He turned to Penelope. "Are you really Zero? Can I make an order? I'm offering a million, and I need you to court a woman for me."

Penelope stiffened, her face pale.

While she was enjoying the attention, she was also anxious.

Nervously, she said, "I... Well, Mr. Lochlan, do you really need me to do something as trivial as that? Isn't this an overkill?"

Right as she said that, Kate chided, "Have you lost your mind? Why would Zero take on a ridiculous order like yours?" She smacked Lochlan's arm.

Lochlan laughed and said, "I was just joking." He then turned back to Penelope. "Ms. Penelope, I can't believe you have a secret identity. I never thought you'd be Zero. You don't look like you know any martial arts."

Resentment grew in Penelope's heart. Is Lochlan mad? Open your eyes and look at reality! Are you really Dixon's cousin? Why are you trying to make things so hard for me?

Even though she had a guilty look on her face, she still straightened her back subconsciously. "Mr. Lochlan, no one says that a secret service agent must know martial arts. It's not necessary."

Everyone in the room felt honored and proud.

It had never crossed their minds that Penelope would be Zero and that she could invite Flying Fish from Mysterious yet Majestic.

The young ones might not have heard of the organization before, but the older ones, like Jason and the

other CEOs, certainly had.

They were pleasantly delighted.

“We never thought you were Zero, Ms. Penelope! We're fools not to recognize you!”

“Mr. Haddock, you've struck gold!”

“Ms. Canter, I can't believe Zero is your daughter. You're so lucky!”

Mary was still in a daze.

She had no idea what had just happened.

When did Penelope become a secret service agent? Why does this young man here seem like he's someone prominent?

Mary shot Penelope a glare and said, “Why did you hide this from me, your mother? I had no idea that you're a secret service agent! No wonder you were so sneaky about the things you do.”

Penelope wanted to say that she was not a secret service agent, but she did not dare to.

She could only keep a stiff smile, which only made her look as though she was about to cry. She turned to Mary and said through clenched teeth, “Mom... don't say that.”

Sienna chimed in, “Our Penelope is just too low profile! She even managed to keep the fact that she's a secret service agent a secret from you. As expected of Zero. If not for Mr. Flying Fish coming here today, we wouldn't have learned about this!”

Sienna was trying to tell her something else with those words, and Penelope knew.

Even if she was not Zero, she still had to keep up with the act as long as she could keep Flying Fish there with them.

“That's right. Penelope's not like a certain someone who told the whole world about how she was on friendly terms with Old Mr. Laith so others would become jealous of her.”

“Every time I think about that gloating look of hers, I'm disgusted!”

Everyone in the room knew who they were talking about.

However, Penelope's smile only stiffened even more.

She would have been delighted if she really was Zero.

She would not have been able to hide it until now. She would have made everyone in Mysterious yet Majestic celebrate her birthday with her.

Alas, she was but a fraud.

The longer Jason looked at Penelope's slightly above-average face, the more pleased and satisfied he was with her.

She's my goddaughter, all right. She's so humble and magnanimous even now.

"Penelope, how could you not have told your mother and me about this? We're the closest people to you in this world!"

[Chapter 877 Evidence](#)

Penelope felt as if she had found her father's love as Jason looked at her lovingly.

Her face reddened, and she tightened her fists. "I-I'm a secret service agent, after all. I have superiors, and it'd be bad for our organization if I were to announce my identity."

Penelope felt as if she was in a trance. The longer the people looked at her in envy, the more she felt that she really was Zero and that she was a secret service agent and Flying Fish's colleague.

Flying Fish remained standing by the doorway, seemingly not intending to step into the room.

He stared at the pretentious woman in disbelief. If that was Zero's true nature, he would be more than willing to leave Mysterious yet Majestic.

She's so... different from how she usually is. Wait, but Boss should be in the room as well. Boss was the one who sent the location to us all, but... it's been a while since I came, yet Boss hasn't come over to welcome me. Obviously, that means I went to the wrong freaking room and bumped into an idiotic imposter. Does this imposter think that everyone's as dumb as her?

Penelope was still looking at Flying Fish, and she flashed him a sweet smile. "Hello, Mr. Flying Fish. Let's formally introduce ourselves to each other. I'm Penelope Berry, who's also your colleague, Zero."

She intentionally spoke in a high-pitched voice, putting Flying Fish off with her dramatic demeanor.

She made herself seem as though she was truly the top secret service agent Zero with the way she was taking control of the conversation.

Flying Fish was stunned by Penelope's shamelessness.

"Come, Flying Fish. Please take a seat," Penelope invited him into the room.

Mysterious yet Majestic... I never thought I'd get to be related to an organization as impressive as this one day.

Flying Fish interrupted her ego-stroking session and said, "If you're Zero, please take out your phone. If you can log into Mysterious yet Majestic's software, then we're indeed coworkers. I've never seen you, and neither have you seen me. So... my apologies, Ms. Berry. I will need you to verify your identity."

Penelope nearly choked on her saliva.

What? I need to verify my identity? I need to log into their software? What in the world are those things? I don't have their organization's software!

The gears in her mind turned, and she quickly covered up the panic in her eyes by saying, "My phone ran out of battery. Please come in first."

"Then tell me the core values of Mysterious yet Majestic," Flying Fish replied, watching Penelope struggle to keep up with the act with a half-smile.

Her acting was so lousy that it was an eye-opening experience for him.

Right as he said those words, the private room went silent.

Everyone had perked up their ears, eager to hear what Mysterious yet Majestic's core values were.

Penelope paled. "I... I had it seared in my mind, but I can't recall what it is now..."

"Mysterious yet Majestic is loyal to justice. We fight for justice. We help the weak, and we destroy the evil. It's that simple, but you forgot what they were?" Flying Fish asked. "Everyone in the organization has the core values etched in their minds. Memorizing them is the first task for everyone who joins the organization."

Upon listening to Flying Fish's words, everyone turned to look at Penelope in shock.

Silence hung in the air for some time.

Mary's face was colorless by then.

Jason furrowed his brows as he turned to glance at Penelope in confusion.

So that means Penelope's an imposter.

Penelope, who had been enjoying the people's envious gazes a moment ago, could only freeze in her spot as colors drained out of her.

Why is Flying Fish still doubting my identity?

Flying Fish continued, "Do you have any evidence to back up your claims of being Zero? We haven't seen Zero before, but I know Zero's a teenage boy. Zero sounds like a teenage boy as well, but you're clearly a girl."

[Chapter 878 Chatroom History](#)

Penelope's mind was abuzz with chaos, and she felt as if someone was squeezing her heart.

A teenage boy... Zero's a teenage boy?

As though a handful of sand was in her throat, she could barely breathe.

It took her a while to recollect herself enough to say, "I was using a voice changer to keep my identity a secret."

Alas, Flying Fish was no longer in the mood to waste his time with her. In a surprisingly polite tone, he said, "Sorry, but I don't think you're the Zero I'm looking for."

With that, he hastily sent a message to their group chat.

He tagged Quiet Forest and messaged: Boss, which room are you in? Darn, I went into a room with the number 1101, and there's a girl in there impersonating our Zero.

In another private room, Quiet Forest was looking at the message on his phone, half-amused, half exasperated.

Is someone really trying to impersonate Zero?

Quiet Forest: You've revealed your identity. Why aren't you scrambling out of there yet? Do you actually need me to pick you up from that place?

Then, Quiet Forest sent him their room number before adding: Actually, don't come. You're going to reveal Zero's identity if you do. Are you an idiot? Are you seriously trying to reveal Zero's identity after revealing yours?

Flying Fish was speechless. He could sense the contempt Quiet Forest had for him.

Frustrated, he tugged on his hair before looking at Penelope sternly. "Miss, please don't pretend to be someone else in the future. The consequences will be dire. If I find out that you're impersonating Zero again, I won't show you any mercy."

"How... are you sure that I'm not Zero?" Penelope cried out, her face as red as a tomato.

This is humiliating! This is so embarrassing! I've never felt as embarrassed as this moment in my life!

Penelope was furious and resentful at that moment. This is all Sienna's fault. If not for her subtle message, I'd never have thought about impersonating Zero!

No words could come out of Penelope anymore. Her knees buckled, and she nearly fell to the ground.

Flying Fish stared at her icily. "Regardless of whether Zero is a guy or a girl, Zero's definitely not a pretentious woman like you."

With that said, he kept his fan and turned to leave.

It took Penelope everything to pull herself back to her own seat.

She had thought that she could enjoy a wonderful wealthy life of getting worshipped if she could convince Flying Fish she was Zero.

Penelope did not have the courage to glance at the guests' expressions at all, let alone the look on Dixon's face.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn was in Lucas' private room.

She had no idea her buddy, Flying Fish, had come to The Peacock.

Everyone was chatting away, and while she listened to their conversation, she scrolled through Mysterious yet Majestic's chatroom history and saw Flying Fish's message.

1101? Isn't that the room Penelope is in? Is she addicted to impersonating me? She pretended to be me at Old Mrs. Yates' birthday celebration, and now she's pretending to be me again. Does she enjoy it so much?

Ashlyn shook her head in exasperation.

She had no idea what was going on in Penelope's head most of the time.

Feeling bored, she stood up, left the room, and headed straight for the restroom.

The interior of The Peacock was elegant and lavish. Even its restroom was built with a rustic design.

The basin was polished until it shone, and even the soap was one of the products from an international brand.

When Ashlyn put her hands under the sensor-controlled faucet, the water began gushing out.

Right as she was about to dry her hands at the hand dryer, sounds of clacking heels came from behind her.

Is she trying to leave holes in the ground?

Just as Ashlyn turned around, she saw Penelope's ashen face. Penelope stomped harder when she saw Ashlyn.

[Chapter 879 The Same Birthday](#)

She hastened to catch up with Ashlyn and blocked the latter's path. With a crazed expression, she demanded, "Ashlyn, did you do it on purpose? What are you trying to do, huh?" She ruined my birthday party and deliberately invited all the big shots and stole my thunder. "You're just trying to aggravate me. Since when do we share the same birthday?"

Ashlyn snickered. "You're right. When have you, Mary, or Horace ever cared about how I'm doing? Of course we share the same birthday. When you were blowing out candles and happily counting your gifts, I was brushed off to the kitchen to eat your leftovers! Penelope, nobody in the Berry family remembers that we share the same birthday! I just gave you a small taste of what I have in store for you and you can't even handle it already?"

Ashlyn couldn't help but scorn when she thought of the suffering she had endured back when she was with the Berrys.

Penelope shook her head in exasperation. "You did it on purpose. You wanted to humiliate and retaliate against me!"

Ashlyn is such a scheming woman to have picked today out of all days. She's despicable.

Penelope had been unsure of how she had managed to escape the private room. She had felt lost in a daze as the world spun around her, leaving her disoriented and confused.

When she reached the restroom and saw that Ashlyn was there too, all of her emotions—anger, indignation, hatred—came flooding out.

I'm already the young lady of the Yates family, and yet I still have to live under the shadow of Ashlyn!

Since young, not only was Ashlyn pretty and intelligent, but the boys that Penelope had crushes on would only have eyes for Ashlyn. It was always Ashlyn.

It was the same in their university days as well. Ashlyn could get into the best university, and she could only get into a mediocre one.

Penelope felt that fate had always handed her the shorter end of the stick.

Not only had Ashlyn stolen her place as the eldest daughter of the Berry family, but Ashlyn's mother had also done the same by stealing Mary's place in the Berry family.

And now Ashlyn was trying to walk all over her.

Penelope wailed at the top of her lungs, "Ashlyn, I hate you! What do you want from me? You've been taking everything from me since we were kids. Isn't that enough? Why do you have to bully me on my birthday? Listen well, I'm the young lady of the Yates family, and you'll never be able to measure up to me. You're just a lowlife. No matter what you do, you can never be a part of the real aristocracy like the Yates family. You can only look up to us, but you'll never belong—"

Before she could finish her sentence, a crisp, loud slap could be heard.

Penelope was dazed from the momentum of the slap and took some time to finally regain her composure when she felt the hot, searing pain on her cheeks.

She widened her eyes in disbelief at Ashlyn. "You hit me!"

Ashlyn merely looked at her impassively as if she was no more than an insignificant speck of dust. "Consider that a wake-up call. I don't want you to act like a deranged woman."

Penelope's blood boiled. She wanted to fight back, but she was pressed down hard onto the sink with a swing of Ashlyn's hand.

Her disheveled face was pressed against the cold sink, and her hands were crossed behind her by Ashlyn. She gritted her teeth and barked, "What are you doing?"

The chilling water droplets on the sink were going to smear the makeup on her face.

Her eyes went crimson from fury as she glared at Ashlyn. "I'm going to tell Uncle Ryan and Granny! I'll have them come over and get back at you for me!"

"Do you think you're in the kindergarten, where parents come to settle your fights?" At the sight of

Penelope struggling to free herself, Ashlyn abruptly retracted her hands.

Penelope didn't see it coming and plopped right down onto the cold floor.

Her hatred for Ashlyn intensified. How is she so beautiful and strong? Why does she always get all the good things in life?

No matter what, Penelope could never do anything to Ashlyn, and that feeling was driving her insane.

“Ashlyn, how did you come to know Old Mr. Laith?”

Ashlyn raised a brow. “Do you think I'll tell you?”

Penelope's face stiffened. She softened her tone as she said, “Ashlyn, we're sisters, and sisters fight. All siblings fight growing up. Let's set aside our past disagreements and focus on what really matters. Could you... introduce me to Old Mr. Laith?”

[Chapter 880 The Condition](#)

“You want me to introduce you to Old Mr. Laith? I'll do it on one condition,” Ashlyn said, her lips curling up slightly. “So, it's up to you.”

“What condition?” Penelope asked anxiously.

“Tell me about your collaboration with Mr. Haddock.” The look on Penelope's face amused Ashlyn.

Does this woman think that everyone is dumb like her? How dare she ask me to introduce her to Old Mr. Laith? The audacity!

Penelope was already boiling with fury. The fact that Ashlyn tried to circumvent her effort to sound out information about Harvey and the talk of a condition made her even more furious.

“What do you mean? The collaboration between Yates Group and Haddock Group is confidential. Are you forcing me to commit a crime? No outsider can know about this. I only wanted you to help introduce me to Old Mr. Laith. It's just a simple favor, and yet you have the cheek to bring up talks of a condition!”

“Then, I'm afraid that meeting the chairman of Magnecal Tech is considered a business meeting. Please make an appointment at the reception of Magnecal Tech if you wish to meet Old Mr. Laith,” Ashlyn replied mockingly.

“Ashlyn!” Penelope gnashed her teeth in exasperation, glaring at Ashlyn. “You grew up in the Berry household, and you're also a Berry! You've snatched my place as the eldest daughter of the Berry family. You owe me that, and now it's time for you to pay me back. Don't be so petty as all I'm asking you is to introduce me to Old Mr. Laith.”

Ashlyn let out a sneer and looked at Penelope, who she thought was the epitome of shamelessness.

"I grew up in the Berry household, yes. You, of all people, should know how I grew up in that family," Ashlyn said plainly. "You always had the best in everything, while I had to struggle to live in your shadow."

Horace had never treated Ashlyn like a person, while Mary hated her to the bone.

She didn't understand why when she was young. However, after she found out that she was, in fact, not the biological child of the Berrys, everything became crystal clear.

Ashlyn knew she was just a superfluous existence.

Penelope's eyes burned with hatred, and she showed no signs of being abashed. "That's because you did something wrong. When had Dad ever punished you for nothing? You were punished because you refused to listen to Mom and Dad. You were a naughty child, and what does that have to do with me? No matter what, you still grew up with the Berrys. If you don't know how to repay the ones who raised you, then you're nothing but a shameless and ungrateful wench."

Penelope was trying to provoke Ashlyn. She reckoned that anyone with the slightest sense of dignity would never be able to refute her.

She was just trying to get Ashlyn to introduce her to someone. How difficult was that?

Judging by how Harvey and Ashlyn interacted, Penelope knew they must be close to each other.

To her surprise, however, Ashlyn uttered, "No can do."

Penelope nearly popped a vein in anger. "You..."

Ashlyn couldn't care to squander her time on a crazy woman like Penelope. She was out to catch some fresh air and had other businesses to tend to.

She took out her phone and started to contact Luigi.

"How's everything?"

"Everything is ready. As long as Dixon makes a move, we'll be able to catch him red-handed."

"How many people do they have?"

“About thirty, and they're positioned in other private rooms.”

“Keep close tabs on them, and be careful not to alert them.”

“Okay.”

Ashlyn kept her phone and turned to Penelope once again. “I don't owe the Berrys anything now. Not to you, not to Grandma.”

The nursing home, property, assets, and housekeepers she had prepared for Susan were all top-notch.

Penelope wanted to refute her, but she couldn't find the words to say.

It was as if someone was holding her by the throat, and she finally came to the stark realization of one fact: Ashlyn was no longer the person she used to be.

While Ashlyn had long left the Berry family and made a name for herself, Penelope found herself going in the opposite direction, falling further behind.

Even if she had become the young lady of the Yates family, she was still far behind Ashlyn in many ways.