

Extraordinary 891

[Chapter 891 I Should Help](#)

Charlotte rarely did anything in the Field residence. It was her first time doing physical work like that.

She sat panting in the corner, wiping away the sweat on her forehead.

Suddenly, a man rushed into the tent. "Another batch of injured villagers has been sent over! Medical team, head to the entrance now!"

A group of busy nurses and doctors promptly rushed out with their medical kits. Upon seeing that, Charlotte dashed ahead with a few other women.

There was a truck outside the tent with many villagers at the back, some sitting, some lying. The air was filled with the thick stench of blood.

Some of the villagers had already passed out, while some looked wretched with their dirt-covered faces. Almost none of them were unharmed.

They were all freshly dug out from the ruins.

Charlotte was shocked to witness that sight. Seeing it on the screen was already harrowing, but looking at it with my own eyes is just...

At that moment, she felt as though a hammer had smashed right through her heart.

She bolted forward to carry the injured villagers onto the stretchers together with the others.

Some had lost their legs, some had lost their arms, and some had lost all their limbs.

It was a cruel sight to behold.

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Charlotte held back her tears as she carried the wounded to their designated spot. Even though she was out of breath, she kept going.

A few children, covered head to toe in mud, were huddled together in the corner. "We're hungry..."

Upon hearing that, she quickly delivered food and water to them. "Eat up."

The children devoured the bread like hungry wolves because they had been trapped underground for three days.

"You! Come over here, quickly! A few children here are hurt!" a soldier shouted at her. "Get over here now!"

Reflexively, Charlotte said, "I'm not—"

"Who cares what you are? Saving lives is of the utmost importance! Don't give any excuses!" The soldiers promptly pushed her toward a couple of injured children.

"I... I..." Charlotte was so anxious that she was at a loss for words. Why can't I utter a complete sentence?

It was then a villager approached her, placed one of the medical kits in their hands before her, and left.

"Why are you acting so slow? Hurry up and save them!" the soldier urged. "Don't you see the kid is bleeding?"

Gritting her teeth, Charlotte surveyed her surroundings and saw almost every medical staff there was busy.

She recalled how the doctors had bandaged the other patients and emulated them. After opening the medical kit, she disinfected the wounded arm of one of the children and dabbed some medicine on it to stop the bleeding.

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Once she was done, she bandaged the wounded spot. "Are you feeling hurt anywhere else?"

The child whose face was black shook his head. "I'm hungry."

Charlotte felt much more confident after tending to his arm. No longer panicking, she pointed at the food in a corner. "You can find something to eat there. Do you see it? There is bread and water over

there.”

The kid nodded and sprinted away.

She began bandaging another child. “Did you all fail to escape when it happened?”

The girl cried as she recounted, “We were in school... Our teacher sacrificed herself to save us... When the ceiling dropped down, she protected us with her body...”

Tears welled in Charlotte's eyes. Just as she touched the girl's swollen ankle, a female nurse saw that, darted toward her, and pushed her away.

“What are you doing? Do you have any medical skills? You're going to kill someone like this! Why didn't you call for the medical staff?” the female nurse growled.

Charlotte was flushed with embarrassment. “I'm sorry. I thought I should help since everyone's busy...”

[Chapter 892 Joseph Is Severely Injured](#)

The nurse snapped, “Get out of the way! You're only good enough to carry a patient.”

Feeling upset, Charlotte lowered her head and went to the corner.

A nurse, Hazel Longman, glanced at her before whispering to another nurse, Junie Sheridan. “She claims to be Dr. Berry's younger sister. Do you believe it?”

“Isn't Dr. Berry sisters with Penelope? If she is who she claims to be, would Dr. Berry be willing to let her come here to suffer? If my dad hadn't forced me to come, I wouldn't have.” Junie sighed.

“Same! This is way too tiring and difficult. I'm afraid another earthquake will happen again and bury me underground.”

“All right, that's enough of that. We should focus on helping people.”

Suddenly, a tall man carrying another on his back barged into the tent. “Mr. Joseph's injured. Treat him, hurry!”

The moment he ended his sentence, Charlotte felt as though her mind had exploded.

Expediently, she rose from the corner and darted toward Joseph. “Joseph, are you all right?”

Joseph, who had been laid down, had a swollen injury on his pale forehead. It was around five centimeters large, and blood was gushing out of it.

There were also some scratches on his arm. The bleeding from them had stained his shirt and raincoat

red.

The nurse snapped, "Get out of the way! You're only good enough to carry a patient."

With great effort, Joseph opened his eyes and saw a beautiful, familiar face in front of him. Her eyes were turning red, and her countenance was as pale as a sheet.

Thinking that his eyes were playing tricks on him, he muttered, "Lottie? How's that possible? Did the rock hit me that hard on the head?"

"It's me, Joseph. It's Lottie. I'm here with Mum. She's with Dad right now." Tears streamed down Charlotte's cheeks. Her greatest fear had happened.

She felt her heart ache terribly as she stared at the injured Joseph.

"Really? Why are you all here? It's dangerous." Promptly, he sat up and immediately experienced a wave of dizziness. Pressing his hand on his forehead, he exclaimed, "Do you think this is a joke?"

"Don't get worked up, or you'll bleed more, Mr. Joseph. I'm going to stitch your wound up right now, which may leave a scar. Thank goodness you're not a woman," a male doctor advised while holding a piece of medical equipment.

Joseph's blood-drenched appearance was a disturbing sight.

Charlotte wrapped her icy hand around his. "You'll be fine, Joseph. You'll be fine."

Staring at the blood gushing out of Jonathan's head, the doctor proposed, "You may have suffered a concussion. It's a miracle your head wasn't cracked open by that giant rock falling on your head. Listen to me, Mr. Joseph. You should return to the city immediately for a check-up and a CT scan. I'm afraid there may be blood clots or damaged blood vessels in your brain."

He didn't have the necessary equipment, so he couldn't determine the extent of Joseph's injury.

"It's fine. It's just a minor injury." Joseph shook his head, still feeling very dizzy. All he could think of at that moment was locating Ashlyn and Lucas.

He didn't want to visit the hospital because, in his eyes, it was akin to a vacation at that point.

Pale as a ghost, Charlotte asked, "How did you get hit by a rock?"

"Because Mr. Joseph tried to save me..." a teenage girl sobbed. "When he saw a big rock fell from the mountain just as I was about to be pulled out, he protected me with his body."

Slightly stunned, Charlotte stared at the teenager. "So, you're saying a rock hit him because he was saving you?"

The teenager was so gorgeous that no mud or dirt on her face could conceal her beauty.

"Are you Mr. Joseph's girlfriend, Miss? I'm sorry! If you want to blame someone, blame me!" Sheryn Carling, the teenager, grabbed Charlotte's hands. "It's my fault Mr. Joseph was hurt!"

[Chapter 893 I Want To Stay Here](#)

"Saving people is his job." Charlotte retracted her hand awkwardly. "I'm glad you're fine."

For some inexplicable reason, however, she kept feeling that there was a hint of passion and admiration in Sheryn's eyes when the latter gazed at Joseph.

Perhaps I'm just overthinking it.

The two scornful nurses from earlier, Junie and Hazel, were shocked as they witnessed this scene.

Why is she addressing Mr. Joseph so intimately? Who is she, really? Mr. Joseph isn't going to give us a hard time now, is he?

They were dumbfounded.

As Hazel recalled how brashly she had treated Charlotte earlier, her cheeks started to burn.

She could not help but go forward to Charlotte and apologize earnestly, "Miss, I had no idea that you're acquainted with Mr. Joseph and was rather rude to you just now. I hope you don't mind."

Charlotte was stunned for a moment. "It's fine. You were right. I'm, after all, not a licensed nurse. There is no reason to apologize."

"Huh?" Hazel blinked.

Did she just say that it's fine? But I was so rude to her earlier!

Junie leaned toward her and whispered, "Don't be a fool! She's clearly just pretending to be big-hearted in front of Mr. Joseph. Who knows what tales she would tell about you behind your back later?"

Observing Charlotte's facial expression, Hazel remarked, "I don't think so, though. She doesn't look like a calculating person."

"You can never judge a book by its cover."

"Saving people is his job." Charlotte retracted her hand awkwardly. "I'm glad you're fine."

As they secretly chatted with each other, the flap of the tent was pulled open abruptly, and a middle-aged couple stepped in.

“Joe!”

Fae scurried toward Joseph. The moment she saw the bloodstains on her son's face, her heart wrenched with pain. “Are you all right? How could you have tried to block such a huge rock by yourself? Did you think your head is made of steel?”

“Mom, I'm fine. Look, they've bandaged me up.”

Joseph had not seen his mother for a few days. Hearing his mother's nagging at this moment, he felt a deep warmth spreading through his heart.

Upon seeing the bloody state his son's head was in, James could not help but frown as well. “Joe, you were too careless. Saving others is important, but so is your own safety. You should never act so recklessly again in the future. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir!” answered Joseph with a cheeky smile.

After shooting a glare at him, Fae finally turned to Charlotte. “Here you are, Lottie! I've been looking all over for you. You've given me such a fright! I was just telling your dad to send someone to look for you. I would be heartbroken if something happened to you or Joe.”

At this moment, Junie and Hazel, whose faces were only slightly flushed earlier, were blushing so furiously that it was as if their cheeks were on fire.

What? She's actually a member of the Field family?

Seeing how endearingly Fae acted toward Charlotte, the two nurses were practically on the brink of tears.

Is she the daughter of the Field family? How could she be so modest? Look at those work clothes and those black boots, black down jacket, and the black jeans she's clad in... She doesn't look like the daughter of the Field family at all!

Charlotte bit her lip with a worried look in her eyes. “Mom, the doctor advised Joseph to get a brain scan at the hospital in the city. He should get a CT scan or something like that in case he has internal bleeding or damaged blood vessels in his brain, but he just wouldn't go.”

“Joe, it's very crowded here. I think it's best if you go to a hospital.” As soon as Fae heard that, she knew that her son's head injury was not as simple as it looked.

“Mom, I'm really okay.” Joseph shook his head. “I want to stay here with Dad. Besides, Lucas and Aunt Ashlyn aren't back yet. How can I go to the hospital now?”

Fae could only let out a long, helpless sigh.

Looking at the rain that continued to fall outside the tent, James gritted his teeth. "I'll send people to look for them. It looks like night's about to fall. If this goes on, they'll only be in more danger in the hardest-hit area."

With that, he left the tent.

The strong gale howled as the rain poured like a waterfall.

As a gust of wind blew, the rain that was dense as a waterfall swept through the air like waves.

[Chapter 894 Help The Kid](#)

The storm continued raging mercilessly, and the violent wind blew the rain in all directions.

Ashlyn continued toward the hardest-hit area. They were now in the area where the earthquake had started. As the ferocious storm raged fiercely on, the water upstream could come crashing down on them anytime. It was extremely dangerous.

Many of the villagers had been evacuated, but there were still many others who remained stranded here, buried under the ruins or the rocks.

The upper half of the mountain had caved in, and rocks kept tumbling down and piling up.

Ashlyn was leading a team, and Lucas was doing the same.

The sky was darkening visibly, but the storm showed no signs of ceasing.

Ashlyn was wearing a raincoat, but the rain was simply too heavy. She was drenched in no time, looking as if she had just come out of a pool.

The mountain trail was a difficult hike even on normal days. Needless to say, after the earth had just collapsed, the path only became even more challenging to traverse.

Lifting her head, Ashlyn narrowed her eyes and gazed into the distance through the torrential downpour.

Although she and her team had been on this path for a long time, they were still a distance away from the hardest-hit area ahead.

The cold was piercing to the bone, but she gritted her teeth and trudged on.

The original trail had long since been destroyed by the quake, and Ashlyn's delicate hands had been worn bloody from pushing away the rocks that lay in their path.

The storm continued raging mercilessly, and the violent wind blew the rain in all directions.

Despite that, she did not halt her footsteps.

Cassandra, Luigi, and the rest followed behind her, struggling as they climbed upward.

“Have those from the Imperial Hotel arrived?” asked Ashlyn as she plowed on.

Cassandra shook her head. “There's no signal here. I'm not sure, but they should be there.”

“I hope so,” said Ashlyn as she gazed at the darkening sky. Her phone had long since run out of battery.

Yet, the journey ahead did not seem to have an end.

Along the way, they saw the bodies of the villagers scattered everywhere and soaked with rainwater, and they checked the breathing of each of the bodies they came across.

It was great news as long as the victims were still breathing. However, if they were not, then the members of the rescue team would feel pain stabbing through their hearts again.

Ashlyn could not help feeling as if she was walking on a path toward hell, one that had no end and was utterly devoid of hope.

“Mommy... Mommy...”

Suddenly, a child's pitiful shrills sounded through the rain.

“Come on! Quickly! There's a child there!” Ashlyn shouted at the team behind her. “We need to help the kid!”

Everyone instantly perked up and stumbled toward the source of the voice.

Soon, they caught sight of a boy who was around ten years old. He had fallen under a tree and was straining to drag the body of a young woman downhill.

The knuckles on his hands had turned white from the strength he was exerting, and his wet hair and clothes were clinging to his drenched body.

Nevertheless, he still did not abandon his mother.

Ashlyn hurried toward him and almost tripped on the slippery surface in her haste.

Fortunately, Cassandra, who was behind her, caught her just in time. “Careful, Boss!”

Ashlyn nodded and then went up to the boy with Cassandra. "Little boy, we're from the rescue team. Why don't you let us take care of your mother?"

When the boy saw Ashlyn, tears gushed even more fiercely from his eyes. "Please save my mommy! I beg you!"

Squatting down, Ashlyn reached out to check the woman's breathing. As soon as she detected the woman's faint breath, she took the first-aid kit from Luigi's hands.

To avoid the contents of the kit from getting wet, Luigi had carefully shielded the kit from the rain in his arms, and the cover of the kit still held a trace of his body's warmth.

With swift movements, Ashlyn took out the infrared thermometer. "Thirty-nine degrees Celsius! Somebody, send this mother and her son down!" As she spoke, she quickly fed a fever reducer into the woman's mouth. "Send them down at once! There's no time to lose!" Then she looked at the boy. "What a big, brave boy you are! You must follow these men closely, okay?"

The boy immediately nodded. He had only relaxed after he saw Ashlyn and the others.

One of Ashlyn's subordinates came and piggybacked the young woman, turning around and heading downhill. The boy instantly followed behind.

[Chapter 895 Race Against Time](#)

We're saved... We're finally saved, Mommy!

Ashlyn continued up the mountain with the others. After they walked for about half an hour, a familiar male voice drifted into her ears.

"Men, we must rescue everyone trapped under these rocks before the upstream water bursts its banks. Otherwise, they'll all die when a flash flood breaks out."

It was none other than Lucas.

Ashlyn glanced back over her shoulder. "Hurry up, everyone! We're going to convene with Lucas. There are people buried under the rocks above!"

As the mountainous terrain was beyond difficult to traverse, it was still a great hardship no matter how fast they walked.

When Ashlyn lifted her head again after walking for a while, she was greeted by the sight of Lucas' tall and slender back on the mountainside just a stone's throw away. Behind him were Spencer and dozens of men.

She looked at the familiar figure, and her nose inexorably stung.

An indescribable feeling pervaded her.

Never had she imagined that she would coordinate and work side by side with Lucas in such a manner one day.

The man stood with his back to her, sounding sonorous and forceful. "We've got to dig up all these rocks and save those buried underneath. Spencer, lead a few men and widen the fissures here. Torrential waters will likely cascade in a flash flood and sweep through this mountain."

"If that happens, everyone at the hillside camp will be in danger. What should we do now, Mr. Nolan? Should we save these people here or otherwise?" Spencer asked.
We're saved... We're finally saved, Mommy!

Ashlyn continued up the mountain with the others. After they walked for about half an hour, a familiar male voice drifted into her ears.

"It's fine if we don't save them if they're already dead under these rocks. But if they're still alive, do we have the heart to sacrifice them and have them remain buried here so that those below the mountain live?"

Before Lucas could say anything, he suddenly heard a woman's cool and crisp voice ring out in the pouring rain behind him.

"Ms. Berry?" Spencer gaped at the woman walking toward them.

Lucas couldn't help turning back for a look either, only to spot Ashlyn heading toward them at a fast clip in a raincoat. "Honey? Why are you here?"

Didn't we split up earlier? Why did we both ultimately end up here?

Ashlyn swept her gaze over everyone there. "We must save the people! All of us are the best, and I believe we won't back down just because of some trivial difficulty. Let's get them out before the flash flood hits. We'll find a way to move some rocks over to seal the gaps after that!"

"As you said, we need to race against time. Fortunately, we've got numbers on our side now. Let's get digging." Having said that, Lucas stepped forward and picked up the shovel to dig up the rocks.

Following his lead, everyone else started swinging their shovels and excavating the rocks. Meanwhile, those without tools moved the rocks barehanded.

Several people were buried underneath, so they had to get the rocks away.

Without hesitation, Ashlyn stretched out her hands to move the rocks. When both her hands, which

were bleeding incessantly, came into view, Lucas found the sight utterly heartbreaking.

He shot out his massive hands and grasped her fair and delicate ones. "Have you lost your mind? Your hands are injured!"

"It's okay. They don't hurt at all." Ashlyn shook her head.

Just then, a hand came into sight from underneath the rocks.

Shockingly, it was even twitching.

At that turn of events, Spencer, Cassandra, and the others worked even harder until they pulled the first person out.

Due to the limited oxygen within the constrained space under the rocks, the survivors were all deathly pale.

Coupled with the fact that they hadn't eaten anything for a few days in a row, they were pitifully weak.

Mere moments after they had saved the injured villagers from under the rocks, a roaring rush of gushing water split the air without warning.

On the heels of that, a cry for help drifted into the air. "Help... me... Help..."

Every so often, the rumbling waters drowned the voice.

Snapping her eyes up in surprise, Ashlyn swung her gaze below the rocks. According to her judgment, the voice came from behind the mountain wall.

There was a fissure in the mountain wall, and the voice rang out from behind it from time to time.

A constant stream of water spilled out from behind the mountain wall via the crack that was about thirty centimeters wide. "What's going on here? There seems to be someone behind the mountain!"

[Chapter 896 It Has To Be Me](#)

Ashlyn's voice was stained with sheer urgency.

Although the distance felt negligible right then, it would take time were they to go around the mountain to the other side.

She had taken a look at the map previously and knew that a flash flood had broken out on the other side of the mountain. In fact, they had initially planned on closing up that thirty-centimeter gap.

If they didn't do so, the intense water pressure would gradually rupture the crevice, leading to a massive flash flood. Not only would the waters submerge all the villages below, but also the tents they built on the mountainside.

However, reality had proven that someone was behind the mountain.

If they were to circle over, the person would probably have long since perished, either swept away by the currents or stopped breathing.

There was no time to lose.

Immediately, Lucas ordered, "Break the mountain wall and save him!"

"If we do so, Boss, what about those below the mountain and in the tents? Are we going to sacrifice everyone for the sake of a single person?" Spencer asked anxiously, wiping the rain off his face.

Out of the blue, Cassandra charged over while brandishing a shovel. "Leave it to me! Making a gap of about sixty centimeters will be enough. After that, we'll quickly block it again."

With a bang, the shovel struck the rock and emitted a grating sound.

Compared with the mountain wall, the shovel was still too fragile at the end of the day, for it snapped. Ashlyn's voice was stained with sheer urgency.

Although the distance felt negligible right then, it would take time were they to go around the mountain to the other side.

As Spencer witnessed that, his lips inexorably twitched.

Uh... What kind of supernatural strength does she have? She looks sweet, but she's a bit too strong, isn't she?

Cassandra, who possessed supernatural strength, eyed the handle of the shovel in her hand in disappointment. "What the hell? Is this for real? It split into two!"

Ashlyn cast her a glance. "Stop dragging your feet here. Didn't we bring a jaw crusher along? Hurry up and don't waste time. Widen this gap, quick."

A few men promptly ran over with a jaw crusher and aimed the sharp drill at the hard rock. In the next second, the machine started whirring.

While observing the flow of the water, Lucas instructed a few men to take the rescued villagers someplace safe.

“They're very weak at the moment, so bring them back for treatment posthaste.”

“Understood!”

All the while, increasingly more water poured out from the crack that was growing all the wider.

Consequently, everyone there became wholly drenched.

When the fissure was wide enough, Lucas started squeezing himself through it.

Blocking the opening with his body, he headed toward the back of the mountain wall.

“Are you out of your mind, Lucas? Let me do it instead!” Ashlyn grabbed his arm, fixing her worried gaze on him.

“Are you trying to steal my credit? It has to be me doing this!” Pushing her away, Lucas continued moving inward.

“I'll do it, Mr. Nolan. I'll go!” Spencer argued in unadulterated apprehension.

“Why, you're all trying to steal my position and replace me?” Lucas arched a brow, radiating a chilly and oppressive aura.

“This is a flash flood, Lucas!” Ashlyn's lovely eyes brimmed with worry. She didn't want anything to happen to the man.

“We only have a few minutes, Honey. Be good and not make trouble for me!” All of a sudden, Lucas cradled her head. He pressed a kiss on her forehead that was wet with rain before he continued forging ahead.

By then, the waters had already reached his waist. Slowly, his figure disappeared into the narrow gap in the mountain wall.

Choking back tears, Spencer bellowed, “Listen up, any and all who are behind the mountain fissure! We're proceeding with the rescue right now! Everyone is to walk out of the crack hand in hand! Do you hear me? The space can only accommodate one person to pass sideways at a time! My employer will be the in the lead and take your hand!”

Soon, a voice rang out from the other side of the mountain wall. “Yes... Yes, we hear you!”

Everyone began holding hands and squeezed out from the gap, one after another.

Time ticked by.

About a dozen people came out from the fissure between the mountain wall, children and the elderly included.

As the first person who paved the way, Lucas undoubtedly endured astronomical force from the rushing currents. Yet, his feet remained planted in the water firmly, and he led individual after individual out.

[Chapter 897 There Is Someone Here](#)

Borrowing strength from Lucas' hands, the survivors trudged forward. Some of them had been in the water for so long that they were frozen and their minds felt fuzzy.

When it came to these people with no strength to advance, Lucas even needed to propel them along.

By the time the last person was rescued, he was already stiff and chilled to the bone.

His face had also drained of color from the length of time he had spent in the frigid waters. Without taking the time to rest, he hastily commanded, "Leave, quick! We need to seal this crack at once, considering its current size! Hurry up and leave! All rescued villagers are to leave right away!"

Throughout it all, Ashlyn's gaze was trained on him. He appears colder than ice on the outside, yet deep within, he's even more passionate than anyone else!

"Hurry up, Spencer! Carry some stones over and block up all the crevices, quick!"

Hearing Lucas' shout, she no longer had the presence of mind to ponder about anything else. "Listen up, all villagers! Link hands and head toward someplace safe. Take them down the mountain, Luigi."

"Understood, Boss!" Luigi replied. Then, he swiftly directed the villagers to leave.

Although the villagers were all exhausted and starving, having been trapped behind the mountain wall, the desire to survive trumped everything after they narrowly escaped with their lives.

No matter how bone-weary and difficult it was, they were determined to leave that terrifying place.

Meanwhile, only huge rocks and gigantic branches could be used to close up the fissures.

Spencer looked at the girl with supernatural strength, Cassandra, carrying a gigantic rock and stuffing it into the crack before repeating the same action.

Borrowing strength from Lucas' hands, the survivors trudged forward. Some of them had been in the water for so long that they were frozen and their minds felt fuzzy.

Her speed and strength were downright unbelievable, her slender body filled with explosive power.

She had worn a beautiful and adorable outfit, complemented by a pair of cute rain boots on her feet.

Right then, she was already covered in mud and dirt. The adorable buns on her head were also stained by mud.

Even so, Spencer found her rather charming with her infinite strength when at work.

Taking a step forward, Ashlyn pulled Lucas out of the muddy waters. She reached out and wiped the dirt marring the man's face. "Don't stay in the water anymore. It's too cold."

Lucas held her hand and yanked hard, pulling her into his arms. "That isn't important, Honey. We've got to seal the fissures quickly. We'll talk later when we go back."

It was already late at night, so they had to hurry back. Otherwise, no one could predict what would happen in the mountains.

After an earthquake, especially, aftershocks were a frequent occurrence.

He was exceedingly worried.

Nestling in his icy arms, Ashlyn closed her eyes for a moment. "Okay."

Thanks to the collective effort of the few of them, the crevices in the mountain wall were sealed up at long last.

After carrying over massive rocks and branches to close off the openings, they got ready to leave.

Suddenly, Ashlyn heard a faint sound of movement. Her expression instantly froze. "There's someone here."

Frowning, Lucas perked up his ears and listened intently. "I don't hear anything."

It was pitch dark and raining heavily. The splatter of water was deafening.

Despite the torchlights in their hands, their visions were still limited.

At Ashlyn's claim, Lucas swept his eyes around worriedly. "I don't think there's anyone here."

"Let's go a bit further." Ashlyn started moving forward with concern. Behind her, Lucas followed and shone the torchlight everywhere.

When they had walked for some distance, the roaring sound of rushing rapids filled the air.

"It's downright dangerous ahead. I think it might be a cliff." While saying that, Lucas tentatively leaned forward. Gusts of wind sent his hair flying back.

Shining his torchlight down, he was greeted by the sight of a dark abyss below.

Everywhere was gloomy and eerie, the atmosphere petrifying to the core.

Holding hands, Lucas and Ashlyn scrutinized their surroundings, yet they didn't find anything out of place.

Puzzlement inundated Ashlyn. "Did I really mishear it?"

But that doesn't make sense! My listening is remarkable, the result of arduous training!

"You probably misheard it since the sounds of rain are overwhelming. Let's go. Spencer and the others have already left." Clutching her hand, Lucas nibbled her with a smirk, attempting to ease the atmosphere. "Anyway, this is a good opportunity for us to spend time alone."

Ashlyn was rendered speechless. "Stop messing around! I really heard something."

"All right. If there's really someone here, we'll save the person. But if otherwise, we'll leave. We've got nothing to lose. Let's go." Lucas wrapped an arm around her slender waist.

[Chapter 898 How Annoying](#)

The very instant Ashlyn and Lucas whirled around, out of nowhere, five burly men darted out.

"What extraordinary hearing, Ms. Berry. Sure enough, you're different from the rest."

In the next heartbeat, the man in the lead with scars littering his face swung his eyes to Lucas, a sinister look in them. "Mr. Nolan, seeing as you won't obey Master and insist on being entangled with this woman, don't blame us for showing you no mercy! Kill her!"

As soon as Lucas laid eyes on the man, his face went as black as thunder. A chilling sense of icy coldness emanated from him, and his lips were pressed into a thin line. "Hah! You're Franklin's lackey!"

"Master has warned you, Mr. Nolan! If you continue being with her, she won't live to see tomorrow's sunrise!"

As Ashlyn listened to their conversation, understanding finally dawned on her.

Ah, it turns out that the sound I heard was the movement of these five men! There isn't anyone who needs saving. Instead, they're here to kill me. Franklin's men? There's no grudge between us. Why does he want me dead? That aside, he even used me to threaten Lucas. Ah, I get it now. I know why Lucas distanced himself from me back then. It was because Franklin blackmailed him with my life. Hence, he chose to part from me in his pride. That must be it! Argh! My judgment was really clouded that I ended up being tricked by Franklin!

At that thought, she narrowed her eyes a fraction at the few burly men in front of her.

"Come at me if there's anything. Why are you picking on my man?"

"Sure enough, the woman Mr. Nolan took an interest in is feisty! How intriguing!" The scarred man guffawed, his voice tinged with a hint of mockery. "Anyhow, it's better to be gentle as a woman. Things won't end well for you if you're too feisty."

The very instant Ashlyn and Lucas whirled around, out of nowhere, five burly men darted out.

"How annoying."

Ashlyn's ruby lips curved into a sneer. Whisking out a pistol from her thigh, she pointed it at the man.

After doing that, she regarded the few other men coldly with her lips upturned.

This is truly a world where only the strong survive. They're not worthy of threatening my man, much less appearing in my line of sight! They're my shame, reminding me of how Lucas was humiliated because of me! Only by killing them will I be appeased.

Her brows were knitted together deeply, and impatience was written clearly in her eyes. Her frosty voice carried a trace of balefulness.

The scarred man looked at her arrogantly. "A woman isn't worthy of pointing a gun at me!"

In a flash, he whipped out a gun and aimed it right between her eyes.

Shooting daggers at her, he made to pull the trigger.

She's going to die soon, yet she still dares to be so haughty with me. She's simply courting death! My wrath won't abate if I don't take her life!

"I hate it when a piece of trash points a gun at me."

No sooner had Ashlyn's voice rang out than she abruptly made her move.

A gleam of metal glinted in a sharp and swift movement.

Immediately afterward, the scarred man felt a stabbing pain at the back of his hand.

A thud rang out from his hand that held the gun as the weapon fell to the ground.

He gaped at the silver dagger embedded at the back of his hand, his eyes as wide as saucers.

Bright red blood gushed out of the back of his hand.

“Such are the capabilities of Franklin's right-hand man? Even so, you think you're worthy of threatening my husband? Is my man someone whom a piece of trash like you can look down upon?”

An icy voice sounded beside him, merely inches away from him.

A shudder ran through the scarred man. The moment he lifted his eyes, he saw that the slender woman had appeared beside him at some point in time, her stunningly beautiful face magnified several times.

Her ebony eyes were fixated on him eerily.

Utter shock deluged the scarred man.

When did she come over? It's only been a minute or two, but she's traversed a few meters to me. How can it be?

Alas, he hadn't any time to brood over it.

The corners of Ashlyn's lips lifted, and she snickered. Reaching out, she effortlessly picked up the gun he had dropped onto the ground earlier and grasped it in her hand.

She casually tossed it to Lucas before shooting out her left hand without warning and grabbing the scarred man's neck.

She yanked him forward, then forcibly held him down on the ground before her in an awkward and unnatural posture.

“Ahh!”

Her intense force had the scarred man let out a cry of pain uncontrollably. He felt as though she was going to snap his neck.

[Chapter 899 Fair Warning](#)

“You sure are brave. Threatening my husband and pointing a gun at me?” The corner of Ashlyn's lips curled upward into a smirk as her gaze remained icy.

Ashlyn's chilling voice echoed in his ear. All of a sudden, a sharp pain shot from his neck, causing him to wail in agony.

As he twisted in pain, he caught sight of Ashlyn's pretty face just inches away from his. Her clear eyes pierced into his soul, exposing every bit of his fear.

W-What a scary woman. Not just her aura, but her fighting skills as well!

In just a few seconds, before the scarred man could even register what was going on, he found himself being held captive by Ashlyn.

This woman... is terrifying!

"I-I'm just working for Franklin! I'm just a henchman, a lackey! Please let me go..."

The scarred man could not bear the pain coursing through his entire body. He squirmed and shrieked for help every few seconds.

Whenever he lifted his eyes, he met Ashlyn's stone-cold gaze. Her beautiful black eyes were as dark as the depths of hell, which made him shudder.

"Help! Help me!" he screamed in terror.

When the other men saw what was going on, they quickly charged toward Ashlyn in an attempt to surround her.

All traces of tenderness on Lucas' devilishly handsome face vanished as his gaze turned eerily hostile. "It's my wife's right to love and protect me. How dare you lot try to cause her trouble?"

As he spoke, his expression grew darker every second.

Ashlyn had never failed to surprise him.

Even though they were some distance apart, he could feel her wrath directed toward Franklin. Her wrath was so great that it was almost tangible. There was no doubt that she was burning with rage at Franklin's shameless attempts to constantly humiliate and bully Lucas.

"You sure are brave. Threatening my husband and pointing a gun at me?" The corner of Ashlyn's lips curled upward into a smirk as her gaze remained icy.

Lucas' gaze softened as he turned to look at Ashlyn. A sense of warmth flowed in his veins when he saw Ashlyn defending him.

Just as he was dealing with the other men, a loud crack reverberated in the silence, catching everyone's attention. Ashlyn had broken the scarred man's neck!

Terror filled the men's eyes as they exchanged glances.

T-This is—

Bang!

The sound of a gunshot jolted everyone back to their senses. They turned to look at Ashlyn, taken aback by how calm she was.

Her face displayed zero hints of emotions.

It was as though she was not the one who pulled the trigger.

Following the gunshot, the man who was fighting with Lucas dropped heavily onto the ground, splashing mud everywhere.

In the dark, Lucas suddenly sprang forward and grabbed one of the men by the neck. Glaring at him in displeasure, he tightened his grip around the man's neck and twisted it.

With that, he detached the man's head from his trunk, leaving only one man standing.

The last man stared at the couple and trembled in fear as they approached him.

“Go back to whatever hole you come from and convey this message to Franklin: Fair warning. I, Lucas Nolan, will always pay back whatever that's due, be it grace or revenge. Since you dare to touch my woman, don't blame me when I turn against the Nolan family despite all those years of upbringing!”

The man paled in horror as he felt his knees turn to jelly. H-How terrifying! Absolutely horrifying! Has Lucas always been pretending to be weak in front of Franklin? What gave Franklin the false impression that Lucas was weak, so much so that he dared to provoke Lucas? How could he treat Lucas so horribly in the past, causing Lucas to be who he is today? Why...

Thoughts were racing inside the man's head. Doesn't Lucas have mania? Isn't he being locked up by Franklin? Why does it seem that he has become a different person all of a sudden? He's even rebelling!

“The only way to be victorious in every battle is to catch your enemy off guard.” Ashlyn turned to look at Lucas and lifted the corners of her lips.

Bang!

Blood gushed through the hole between the man's eyebrows as he collapse into his own pool of blood.

Lucas was stunned by what had just happened. “Honey, you're really—” He stopped himself as the corners of his lips curved upward into a slight smile. “I've been foolish.”

For a moment, he was getting more and more impressed by Ashlyn.

Damn! She's hot.

Taking in the smile on Lucas' handsome face, Ashlyn disassembled the gun in her hand without

hesitation and tossed the parts into the rushing waters over the cliff.

“Lucas, your parents are not normal people. There's no need for you to show them mercy.” Ashlyn raised an eyebrow.

“You're right, Honey. Lesson learned.” Lucas walked over to her. A touch of warmth filled his heart as he remembered how Ashlyn had protected him a moment ago.

[Chapter 900 Quench My Thirst](#)

Lucas grabbed Ashlyn's hand in his. “Come on. Let's head back down.”

Meanwhile, inside the tent on the hill, Joseph was lying drowsily on the hay, fading in and out of consciousness.

It was already deep into the night.

Opening his eyes blearily, he could only feel the extreme dryness on his lips and in his throat. He felt as though his lips would crack at any moment, and he felt as though someone was sanding his throat with sandpaper.

“W-Water...” he mumbled.

Charlotte was lying beside him. When she heard his voice, she shot upright. Her black eyes were filled with worry as she looked at him. “Joseph, how are you feeling?”

Straining her ears, Charlotte finally made out what Joseph was trying to say.

Her expression changed as she hurried to her feet and poured Joseph a glass of water.

Kneeling back at Joseph's side, Charlotte placed the glass by his lips. “Here, Joseph. Drink up.”

Joseph parted his lips and downed the entire glass in just a few gulps.

Once he had drained the last drop, Charlotte withdrew her hand and placed the empty glass on the small table beside them.

“W-Water...”

So, so thirsty...

Joseph opened his eyes groggily. His vision was out of focus as he stared at the lovely face moving beside him.

His gaze fell onto Charlotte's soft lips. Can it quench my thirst? I think so...

His brain had no energy for any reasoning. He was acting purely on his survival instincts.

Out of nowhere, he reached out his arm and grabbed Charlotte's thin arms with all of his might, causing the latter to let out a small yelp.

Lucas grabbed Ashlyn's hand in his. "Come on. Let's head back down."

The next thing she knew, she found herself being held tightly in his embrace.

Joseph turned around and pinned her under him.

Before she could even react, he had placed his lips on hers.

Her eyes widened in shock and disbelief.

Mmm...

Her heart raced and pounded in her ribcage.

All of a sudden, she became very aware of the soft touch of his lips and the warmth of his body.

Blood rushed to her face as she tried to push Joseph away from her with her small hands.

However, Joseph was like an immovable mountain. She could only squirm in his arms.

Charlotte's cool skin seemed to lower the burning heat in Joseph's body. He sighed a breath of relief. This feels good...

He no longer feel as thirsty as he was a moment ago.

Joseph continued to suck on her lips as though he was sucking a sweet fruit.

A long time passed before Joseph returned to his dreams once again. His body fell next to Charlotte's side.

Pushing him away from her, Charlotte sat up straight and covered her red, swollen lips. She was blushing so much that she could easily be mistaken for a tomato.

Just as she was about to cover Joseph with a blanket, she accidentally brushed his arm. Her complexion changed drastically.

He's burning up! Even his breath seems to be releasing steam!

"Joseph, you have a fever!" Charlotte got up to her feet in a hurry and dashed to the emergency medical

center without a second thought.

It was still pouring outside the tent. Ignoring the raindrops splashing against her, she kept running.

When the doctor on shift at the emergency medical center heard what she said, he grabbed a thermometer and a first-aid kit before following Charlotte to the tent.

After a few minutes, the doctor took out the thermometer from beneath Joseph's armpit and checked the temperature. "High fever of thirty-nine degrees Celsius. He needs an injection."

"How did he get a high fever?" Charlotte asked anxiously.

"He got hit in the head so harshly during daytime and had been in the rain for so long. I'd be surprised if he didn't get a fever." As he spoke, the doctor gave Joseph a shot. "Monitor him at all times. If anything happens, call me immediately. It's best if you can get him to a hospital in the city tomorrow. There's no point in him staying here."

Charlotte thanked the doctor profusely and sent the doctor off before returning to the tent.

Just as she was about to take a seat, the entrance of the tent was pulled open. In walked Sheryn wearing a raincoat.

She was hugging a bowl of stew in her arms. When she took it out, steam from the warm stew filled the tent.

"Ms. Lynch, I just made this stew. It's late in the night, and I'd like to feed some to Mr. Joseph. Is that all right?"

Sheryn looked at Charlotte with pitiful eyes. Her fair and smooth skin accentuated her adorable face.

Charlotte merely tossed her a cool glance. "Joseph just fell asleep. He's running a fever at the moment, so I doubt he has the time to eat the stew that you cooked. You should have the stew for yourself," she said, turning Sheryn down politely.