

Extraordinary 901

[Chapter 901 I Will Be A Beauty](#)

Because of the hard conditions in the disaster zone, it was a blessing to have a full belly.

For Sheryn to even cook some stew in the middle of the night was, to Charlotte, a waste of resources and a despicable act.

Sheryn looked morosely at her with eyes tinged red. "All right, then."

Her tone was filled with disappointment. With her head bowed, she prepared to leave.

Suddenly, a violent coughing sound sounded behind her.

Sheryn spun around and saw Joseph awakened by a coughing fit. Charlotte hurried over, helped him sit up, and patted his back.

"What happened, Joseph? Are you unwell?"

"My head hurts," he croaked as he massaged his brow. His husky voice, accompanied by the pattering of rain on the tent in the night, sounded rather charming.

Sheryn's heart skipped a beat when she heard that. Her mind was again cast back to when the boulder came tumbling down. His lovely, soothing voice had sounded in her ear when he shielded her, which had made her feel so safe.

Unable to stop herself, Sheryn walked up to Joseph and Charlotte. "M-Mr. Field, I made you some stew. Thank you for saving my life. Have it while it's hot."

Joseph gazed up at the pretty girl before him. She looked to be around eighteen and was a beauty to behold, but he did not remember her.

Because of the hard conditions in the disaster zone, it was a blessing to have a full belly.

"I saved your life? I'm sorry, but I don't remember," Joseph said with a bland expression. "Thank you for the gesture, but you can have it."

Charlotte smiled at those words, her cheeks flushing pink. She blushed even harder at the recollection of the passionate kiss they had shared when the man was asleep.

The masculine scent that was uniquely his, in particular, wafted to her nose, causing her heart to race uncontrollably.

Upon noticing Sheryn's increasingly tender gaze, she said with a smile, "Joseph needs rest. You should go."

Gritting her teeth, Sheryn turned to depart aggrievedly.

What is she smiling at? Mr. Field must not dare accept the stew I made for him because of her.

Unaware of Sheryn's vehement thoughts, Charlotte courteously escorted her to the entrance of the tent. "It's late. You should get some sleep."

"You too," Sheryn said, trying to suppress her resentment. Holding her bowl of stew, she walked away.

She must not be happy about me being around my savior, so she said those disparaging things about me.

Sheryn felt more aggrieved the more she thought about it. Trying hard to ignore the throbbing ache in her heart, she returned to her tent.

The crowd in her tent and their mingled odor did not help matters. She grew even more frustrated.

As she could not bear to throw her stew away, she finished it herself.

Just as she swallowed her last spoonful, she heard the voices of several women.

"I heard that our town has suffered the most out of the entire city. Mr. Field plans to select several outstanding children to return to the city with him."

"Life will be better in the city. There are good schools and houses there. I heard children in schools there eat better than the richest in our town."

"If my child is selected, I will surrender myself to the Lord."

Sheryn was lying on her mat. An idea occurred to her as she listened to the women's conversation.

How nice would it be if I could live with him? I don't care who Charlotte is. She won't be as good as me by then. I heard that Charlotte isn't even a member of the Field family but only an adopted goddaughter. How dare she pretend to be an heiress when she's not?

At the thought of Charlotte's fair skin, slender frame, and supple hands, Sheryn tossed and turned resentfully. Being the prettiest girl in the village, she refused to believe herself inferior to Charlotte.

I will put on makeup and dress better in the city, and I'll be a beauty then.

[Chapter 902 Familiar Faces](#)

She gazed at her hands, which had toiled on the land alongside her parents'. They were coarse and sallow, and the sight of them made her temper flare.

How is Charlotte that fortunate to have been adopted by the Field family?

Her anger and jealousy grew the more she thought about it.

Amidst her resentment, she drifted off to sleep.

At the first light of dawn, the rain, having poured unceasingly for the past couple of days, finally showed signs of stopping. As the downpour slowed to a drizzle, the pattering gave way to a steady, discordant drip.

Some of the early risers in the camp had already begun their morning drills when Ashlyn and Lucas returned.

When they passed the stove, Lucas saw several familiar faces.

Upon closer inspection, he frowned.

“Are those the chefs from the Imperial Hotel?”

With a spatula in his hand and masterfully flipping the vegetables in the pan, one of them called out in greeting, “Good morning, Mr. Nolan, Ms. Berry!”

Ashlyn smiled. “Go easy with the seasoning, Simon.”

The chef roared with boisterous laughter. “Don't worry, Ms. Berry. I'm a decent cook.”

The others chefs joined in the laughter.

Lucas discovered more familiar faces as they ventured deeper. A few servers of the Imperial Hotel were engaged in a geological survey with the experts they had hired.

“Aren't they waiters? What are...”

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“Aren't they writers? What are...”

They even know how to use the instruments. Very adeptly too, it seems.

The sight did not perturb Ashlyn. “Oh, their thesis relates to geology. Usually, they would fool around in the Imperial Hotel and head to work when it was time for them to get busy. They're at work now.”

Lucas froze in his tracks and gazed at her in disbelief. “Your staff has such hidden talents! Some are even experts in geology.”

“They're no experts. They merely dabble in geology,” Ashlyn replied, still in the same indifferent manner.

They continued forward. Lucas saw several guards of the Imperial Hotel in a heated debate with several of the architects on the issue of post-disaster reconstruction.

“Our priority is to build buildings with steel frames. In the meantime, we'll put up some temporary shelters that won't take up space or collapse from the wind but will also keep its occupants warm.”

One of the elderly professors adjusted his glasses with a solemn expression. “Indeed. Winston is right. We must first build such structures before planning the reconstruction. Reconstruction is crucial and

requires vast manpower and resources, something impossible to accomplish within a year.”

“It can be done if we all work together,” another young man piped up.

Lucas blinked. “The guard became an architect?”

“It's simply a matter of building a house, isn't it? Let's go. I'm sleepy. I want to take a nap.” Ashlyn yawned.

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Fortunately for the myriad of specializations the staff seemed to possess, every one of them was of some use in the disaster zone.

Some cooked, and others designed a sewerage system. Some were experts in architecture, and some in geology. Some of them dispensed medical attention, while others dispensed psychological ones. Many disaster victims had been traumatized by the ordeal and required guidance only a psychologist could provide.

The servers and guards of the Imperial Hotel occupied almost all the positions there. Those without the necessary expertise, on the other hand, went directly to the police officers for rescue missions and physical labor.

Not a single one of the hundred-odd staff of the Imperial Hotel was left without a task.

Stretching himself out on his bed of hay, Lucas cast his mind back to the scene he had witnessed.

Despite usually preferring to remain in the Imperial Hotel, the staff has come with Ashlyn. Why?

Puzzled, he resigned himself to wondering how she always found ways to surprise him.

What else is there that I'm not aware of?

He was not the only one. When James and Fae awoke and caught sight of the familiar faces they often saw in the Imperial Hotel, their mouths fell open in amazement.

[Chapter 903 Beauty And Brawn](#)

“A-Aren't you the manager at Imperial Hotel? You're also a psychologist? Really?”

Fae gaped at the manager in shock.

The manager grinned abashedly. "I am a nationally acclaimed psychologist, you know. I have a certificate."

Fae was dumbstruck.

"What a talented group Ashlyn commands."

"Aren't you the captain of the guards? Did you design this sewerage system?" James studied the case files handed to him by the captain, which were better designed than what the experts he had engaged came up with. He was so surprised that he almost jumped to his feet.

"Yes," the captain said calmly. "Because of the altitude of this place, the constant rain could trigger a landslide. We must divert a path for the water ahead of time."

"Excellent work! Indeed, one should never judge a book by its cover. Would you like to work with the Water Conservancy Bureau?" James looked at him admiringly.

"I'm happy with my job at the Imperial Hotel, and that's where I'll be if the nation needs me." Without another word, the captain headed out.

"D-Did you say you're an expert in livestock cultivation and you're going to teach us how to raise livestock?" The village elder gazed, awestruck, at the young man before him, who was none other than Howard's apprentice, Denny.

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"Did you say you're an expert in livestock cultivation and you're going to teach us how to raise livestock?" The village elder gazed, awe-struck, at the young man before him, who was none other than Howard's apprentice, Denny.

Denny beamed. "Indeed. I'm the best at raising livestock."

Even the reporters reporting live from the disaster zone were stunned.

Every second they spent there was broadcasted live.

"Hello! I am reporting live from the disaster zone in Lake City. In a shocking turn of events, we have uncovered that the Imperial Hotel has been concealing an array of talent in its employees, who are all an expert of some sort! Every staff we're so used to seeing is an expert in their field. Absolutely shocking. Come, let's interview this young lady." The reporter approached a young woman dressed like a schoolgirl and held the microphone before her. "Hello, Miss. Could we ask you a few questions?"

Cassandra turned around and jumped in shock when she saw the reporter giving her a toothy smile.

She was cradling a large boulder, bringing it out of the way. In this manner, she piled the rubble to the side and cleared a level path.

The reporter's lips twitched as he looked at the boulders.

This rock must weigh a ton! How did she move it so effortlessly? She even paved a path through! What unnatural strength is this?

That, coupled with her girly face, proved an odd sight indeed.

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She brushed the mud off her hands and smiled demurely. "Sure. What would you like to ask?"

"Where are you from?"

"I'm the CFO of Imperial Hotel, in charge of its financial department," Cassandra answered with a disarming smile.

“Well done for being a chief at such a young age, Miss! Could you tell us how heavy that boulder is?” the reporter asked with interest.

“A hundred pounds, I think.” Cassandra cast the reporter a strange glance. What's there to tell about this rock?

“Wasn't it heavy? Aren't you tired?” the reporter asked, burning with curiosity as he cast her a tentative glance.

Why is he asking unrelated questions instead of about the disaster?

“Nothing much. It's just a big old rock, isn't it? I can even lift two at once,” Cassandra answered, suppressing her annoyance.

As she spoke, she grabbed a large boulder in each hand, lifted them easily, and threw them out of the way under the full view of the crowd and the audience nationwide, opening up another path.

The reporters, photographers, and viewers all over the country were struck dumb with amazement.

[Chapter 904 The Formidable Cassandra](#)

What freakish strength this girl possesses!

The reporter was feeling light-headed. “H-How are you so strong?”

Cassandra blinked. “Because I eat a lot.”

“How do you have such a large appetite?”

“Because I'm strong!”

The reporter felt as if he had encountered the worst scenario one in his profession could encounter—a never-ending loop.

Can we speak like normal people, please?

He vented inwardly but did not dare say it out loud, afraid that the girl would hurl a boulder and crush him to death.

He maintained his stiff smile. “Well, aside from being a CFO, do you have any other hidden talents, Miss?”

“Hidden talents? Hmm...” Cassandra sank into deep thought. “Does being the captain of Lake City's shooting team count?”

The reporter trembled. His smile contorted into an awful grimace. "Are you the legendary captain who led the Lake City shooting team to victory at the district, state, and national levels?"

The girl is not only a strong woman, but she's also good at shooting.

The reporter was afraid of uttering the wrong words and facing the wrath of the sweet-looking girl endowed with monstrous strength.

Cassandra's smile remained so enchanting that nobody expected her to lift rocks with ease and dominate shooting tournaments.

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dominate shooting tournaments.

Observing the proceedings from not far away, Spencer, too, was awestruck.

He had to grit his teeth to suppress the impulse of striding over and pinching her cheeks.

Then, he heard her clear, feminine voice sounding once more. "It's only first place, which hardly compares to my boss. She was the one who taught me to shoot."

"She taught me..."

Those words reverberated like an audio effect from TikTok, repeating constantly in the reporter's ears.

He could not control the manic pounding of his heart. "Who is your boss?"

His voice was fainter than ever.

"Ashlyn Berry! I thought the world has already known that she is the boss of the Imperial Hotel after the fire at our establishment. How are you still unaware? Call yourself a professional?"

The scorn in Cassandra's gaze caused the reporter's heart to pound harder than ever.

Her expression is endearing, and her large, unblinking eyes are too cute. Also, her skirt and her bright-yellow rubber boots are especially so. She looks adorable every which way I look. The contrast, however, is disconcertingly huge. I cannot afford to affront her.

"My apologies," the reporter said hastily. "My mind is a little muddled. My point is, your talents are impressive."

Observing the proceedings from not far away, Spencer, too, was awestruck.

He was hardly aware of how he wrapped the interview up, as the only thing he remembered was feeling dizzy and having palpitations.

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This girl is formidable. Too formidable!

When the interview was broadcasted, Cassandra, the freakishly strong, sweet-looking girl, became famous nationwide.

The clips of her interview and moving rocks out of the way were trending on Twitter and TikTok.

“How are you so strong?”

“Because I eat a lot!”

“How do you have such a large appetite?”

“Because I'm strong!”

The clip spread all over the internet like wildfire, with the likes and shares it had garnered frighteningly high.

One wrote: What an adorable girl!

Another concurred: She has the charm of a schoolgirl.

A third gushed: She's strong, and a champion gunwoman.

A fourth praised: Bravo!

A fifth remarked: Did you see the captain's video? I didn't know she would lend a hand in the disaster zone! I want to go too!

A sixth added: Such a sweet-looking and tiny girl is there helping out. I want to go too.

Not only did the members of the shooting team head to the disaster zone, but many other volunteers from all over the country also flocked over.

[Chapter 905 Training Beyond Their Duties](#)

Some volunteered with the primary purpose of meeting Cassandra, many of whom were her fans.

Unbeknownst to her, she had become an influencer whose name was the talk of the town.

She was not the only one. Imperial Hotel's fame also soared as a result.

“Talented Staff of Imperial Hotel” became the number one search term.

One wrote: The owners of the hotel are decent. I like how they mobilized all their staff and how kind and loving everyone is for working to rebuild the disaster zone. What sort of degenerate would sabotage the Imperial Hotel?

Another remarked: I can't for the life of me fathom how the staff who usually serve us are actually the pillars of our nation.

A third agreed: That's right. All of them are outstanding! I want to marry one of the boys. Please love me

back!

A fourth announced: I'm a nurse, and I'm heading at once to the disaster zone. I've fallen in love with the captain of the guards of the Imperial Hotel. Give me strength, friends, to confess my feelings.

A fifth wondered: Do you think I can date Cassandra?

The employees of the Imperial Hotel had rushed there to provide relief and rebuilding aid when disaster struck.

They even used their influence to rally the entire nation and amass many volunteers.

Many expressed the same sentiments when interviewed.

"The selflessness and love of the employees of the Imperial Hotel have encouraged me to be here and contribute what I can."

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“The selflessness and love of the employees of the Imperial Hotel have encouraged me to be here and contribute what I can.”

“I will learn from the good people of the Imperial Hotel and also Ashlyn and Mr. Nolan. They are my role models.”

“Though I was originally here to court the girls employed at the Imperial Hotel, I found that I could not leave since I came. I want to help transform this pile of rubble into a beautiful community. I want to help the kids here go back to school. I want to stay here and teach.”

The employees of the Imperial Hotel were not prepared for the effect it caused, which had become a nationwide movement.

Keen not to be outdone, Lucas' The Peacock, South Star Airlines, and Nolan Group continued to send volunteers to the disaster zone.

Seven in ten helicopters and planes flying in the sky carrying supplies were volunteer aircraft of South Star Airlines.

When Liam of North Wind Airlines, South Star Airlines' biggest competitor, saw the attention Lucas was receiving, he leaped up from his seat, gathered all of his captains and flight attendants, and headed straight for the disaster zone.

However, his flight attendants, used to delicate tasks, were unsuited for the rough work.

They could not be compared to the flight attendants of South Star Airlines. Under Lucas' leadership, they had been attending regular physical training beyond their duties.

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Even moving bricks in the disaster zone were not beneath them. After a quick change out of their stewardess uniforms and into their training ones, they looked like heroic volunteers.

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“North Wind Airlines? I don't know them well. But with Mr. and Mrs. Nolan here taking charge of the rebuilding, a little manual labor on our part is nothing. I am Nancy, once the purser to Captain Nolan. I have worked with him for several years now. Mrs. Nolan once flew with us too, and she has no airs about her. I am happy to contribute what I can alongside them. It is my honor.”

Nancy smiled in the professional manner of a flight attendant at the camera. Despite being clad in her dark blue training uniform instead of something more refined, she still looked beautiful.

Suddenly, the internet declared her the most beautiful flight attendant.

The earthquake had shaken every citizen in the country.

With a collective effort, they began to make progress in the right direction, one step at a time.

At that moment, Ashlyn and Lucas were so tired that they were still sound asleep on their bed of hay.

Stirring from the morning ray of sunlight pouring into the tent, Ashlyn opened her eyes slowly. She massaged her aching arms and was about to get up when a vast palm wrapped around her waist and held her down.

“Sleep a little longer, Honey.”

[Chapter 906 No Joke](#)

Lucas' deep, masculine voice caused Ashlyn to blush.

In the past, the Spirogyra in her body would have definitely been triggered.

However, she realized the Spirogyra had not acted up ever since she was saved by Lucas' blood.

It had been a long time since she had last felt the Spirogyra moving in her body.

It was oddly calm.

Then again, she barely had time to think about the Spirogyra with all the things she had to go through.

It was only when she thought about it did she realize the Spirogyra had not been acting up for a long time.

“Honey...” When Lucas did not hear a reply from her, he slowly opened his eyes and saw her sitting there in a daze. “What are you thinking about?”

“Oh, it's nothing.” Ashlyn quickly snapped out of it and glanced at the sunlight outside the windows. “The rain stopped. The sun is out.”

“There'll always be a rainbow after the storm.” Lucas sat up, feeling much better after some rest.

In the next second, before she could do anything, Ashlyn felt her world spin.

Lucas had pinned her under him.

Flames of lust danced in his eyes.

Ashlyn blushed again. "Don't... It's not soundproof here, and we're not at home..."

"Oh..." A malicious smile formed on Lucas' lips. "Are you saying we can do it when we get home?" Lucas' deep, masculine voice caused Ashlyn to blush.

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Ashlyn's face reddened even more. "Get up! Hurry! Everyone's busy working out there. What will they think of us hiding here in the tent?"

Lucas could not help but chuckle when he saw how shy she was, which was a rare sight. His broad chest vibrated as he laughed.

It meant he was happy.

He loved her contrasting personalities. When she was around others, she was a powerful woman. And when she was with him, she was a cute woman.

Just as Lucas planted his lips on Ashlyn's forehead, Spencer's voice could be heard outside.

"Are you awake, Mr. Nolan?"

Lucas' expression froze, and he responded in frustration, "Yes."

"I'll bring your breakfast in, then." With that, Spencer stepped in.

Breakfast in the disaster area was extremely simple. It comprised oatmeal porridge, some finger food, and two buns.

After putting down the plates of food, Spencer left.

Ashlyn quickly washed up and sat before the simple table. Rays of light from the morning sun shone through the window and landed on her.

Her delicate features, sparkling eyes, and red lips made her look like a delicate and mesmerizing flower.

When Lucas finished washing his face, he walked over with an affectionate gaze in his eyes.

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He sat opposite Ashlyn and took a bite out of a piece of bun.

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"Looks like disaster areas only have plain tasting food."

Ashlyn felt her heart skip a beat, and a hint of anger appeared in her eyes. She blinked and arched a brow. "I'm here to help, not to enjoy myself."

With a smile, Lucas ruffled her hair. "Good girl. I'll bring you out for a good meal when we're back in Lake City."

For some reason, Ashlyn felt as if he was coaxing a child.

She picked up a piece of fries and placed it on Lucas' plate. "This is not bad."

Although the chefs of the Imperial Hotel made plain-tasting food that tasted like home, it still tasted good. The change in the environment did not affect the quality of the food.

However, Lucas did not like to eat fries. He simply stared at the golden-brown fries that glistened in the sunlight. It did not make him salivate.

Seeing he was not eating the fries, Ashlyn raised a brow and picked up another piece. "Open your mouth."

Lucas looked up and ate the fries.

He narrowed his eyes. The taste was different from what he had expected.

It's not bad.

Ashlyn curled her lips. "Tastes good, right?"

The cooking skills of the chef from the Imperial Hotel were no joke.

[Chapter 907 The Forced Kiss](#)

Lucas nodded. There was an indescribable expectation in his eyes.

He looked like a cat that was waiting to be fed.

It made Ashlyn think of the black cat she reared in the past. It would wait lazily for her to feed it.

Ashlyn picked up another piece of fries. "Have another one, then."

Suddenly, Lucas grabbed her hand. She arched a brow. "What's wrong?"

"Sit here." Lucas' voice was extremely seductive.

Ashlyn cast him a glance and realized he was referring to his thighs.

It made her feel uneasy. "Stop messing around."

Having already expected her answer, Lucas tugged at her and placed the squirming woman on his thighs. He then wrapped an arm around her waist to fix her in position.

In the next second, he leaned forward and took the piece of fries from her fork.

He then swiftly grabbed her chin.

Ashlyn's eyes went wide with shock as she felt the piece of fries in her mouth. The aroma of the fries and Lucas' breath invaded her nostrils.

The sensation made her lift her head instinctively.

It was only after a long time had passed that he finally let her go.

Lucas gazed deeply at the blushing woman in his embrace and brushed his slender fingers over her lips. "Was it good?"

His alluring voice sounded beside her ears, making her neck and ears turn red instantly. Lucas nodded. There was an indescribable expectation in his eyes.

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His alluring voice sounded beside her ears, making her neck and ears turn red instantly.

Ashlyn narrowed her eyes and glared at him.

"It's still early in the morning. Stop messing around," she said awkwardly.

Lucas locked his arm around her slender waist and raised a brow. "This is called romance."

Ashlyn quickly leaped off his thighs. Her icy yet charming expression and her red lips made her look like a flower that bloomed in the morning, which made Lucas want to devour her so badly.

He gulped and said in a hoarse voice, "Don't run away."

Ashlyn tapped his forehead, chiding, "Wake up. This is a disaster area."

Just then, Fae's voice sounded outside. "Lucas? Ashlyn?"

"Come in," Ashlyn responded immediately before returning to the stool.

When Ashlyn heard the sound of the zip of the tent being pulled downward, she looked over and saw Fae walk in. The latter was wearing a black cotton jacket and a pair of black pants.

"It's cold here. I brought a little furnace for you two," said Fae as she placed the little furnace in the tent. Only then did she glance at Ashlyn and Lucas with a look of concern. "I heard you two came back at four o'clock in the morning. Why aren't you getting more sleep when you came back so late?"

"We're young. Energy is all we have." Ashlyn flashed her a smile, which quickly turned into a look of surprise. "Why did you come? It's dangerous here."

Ashlyn narrowed her eyes and glared at him.

"It's still early in the morning. Stop messing around," she said awkwardly.

Fae sighed. "How can I not when you're all here? Even Lottie's here. I get restless when I'm alone at home, so I might as well do some chores here to help out a little."

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Hearing that, Ashlyn continued eating. "James must be exhausted. Have you eaten?"

"Yeah. I've got to run to the emergency medical center. Lottie's been carrying the sick on stretchers for the past few days. She's exhausted." Fae was relieved to find the couple was fine.

With that, she stepped out of the tent.

Meanwhile, at the emergency medical center, Charlotte and several women from the village were lifting a patient out of a truck.

The patient was a chubby one, and she was not strong enough. Thankfully, she had enough manpower.

Even so, she was still panting after carrying the patient to the emergency medical center.

Sheryn's eyes glinted coldly when she saw Charlotte working hard. Continue working hard here. I'll go to Mr. Field.

After putting down her textbook, Sheryn slipped out of the emergency medical center and headed toward Joseph's tent.

Joseph was feeling restless. He had just finished breakfast and was about to head out to see if he could help with anything.

[Chapter 908 Jealous](#)

Joseph was greeted by Sheryn standing outside when he lifted the flap of the tent.

His expression turned grim. "Is there anything I can help you with?"

Sheryn stared at him pitifully with wide eyes. "Mr. Field, I know I'm just a girl from the village, but... I don't think Ms. Lynch should've bullied me like that."

"Oh?" Joseph raised his eyebrows as he stared at her. "How did Lottie bully you?"

"She said... I'm a country bumpkin and not suited to come and take care of you, Mr. Field. She asked me to keep my distance from you." As she said that, Sheryn held up her hands and rubbed her eyes, looking as though she was upset. Stubbornly but proudly, she added, "Mr. Field, I'm here to apologize to you. I'll leave right away."

"Is that so?" Joseph remained expressionless.

Secretly thrilled when she saw that Joseph did not scold her, Sheryn continued to slander Charlotte.

"I was helping in the medical bay with her. My arms were sore and tired from lifting patients. She thought I was bad at lifting patients and said that I wasn't doing it properly and was causing everyone trouble." The more Sheryn talked, the more aggrieved she sounded. "I'm sorry, Mr. Field... I shouldn't have told you all these..."

"Then shut up." Joseph could not bear to continue listening to her, and a glint of annoyance flashed

across his eyes. Suddenly, his head started to hurt, and he held a hand to his forehead. Joseph was greeted by Sheryn standing outside when he lifted the flap of the tent.

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"Then shut up." Joseph could not bear to continue listening to her, and a glint of annoyance flashed across his eyes. Suddenly, his head started to hurt, and he held a hand to his forehead.

Sheryn's voice sounded like a mosquito buzzing in his ears. It annoyed him like crazy.

"What's wrong, Mr. Field?" Sheryn noticed the change in Joseph's expression, so she stepped forward and looked up at him.

This man is so handsome and has such a great family background. He's also graceful and elegant. He's so much more different from the other men I've met in the village.

Joseph felt dizzy. He blinked multiple times before he widened his eyes and stared at the woman before him. "Lottie..."

Then, he fell forward toward Sheryn. Delighted when she saw that, she quickly caught him in her embrace. "Mr. Field..."

Just then, Charlotte walked out of the medical bay. Looking up, she saw Joseph in Sheryn's arms.

Her face paled as she stumbled backward, but she tripped on a rock and fell to the ground with a heavy

thud.

Joseph quickly turned to see what was going on. He saw Charlotte on the ground and immediately turned back to look at Sheryn, who was staring at him with an affectionate gaze.

His mind was abuzz with chaos. What's going on? Why am I hugging this stranger?

He quickly pushed Sheryn away and hurried toward Charlotte.

Sheryn's voice sounded like a mosquito buzzing in his ears. It annoyed him like crazy.

Charlotte bit her lip and looked up at the tall and handsome man with shock and panic written in her eyes.

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“Y-You guys carry on...”

Joseph grabbed her arm and helped her up from the ground.

“Lottie, it's not what you think.”

“Joseph... It's time for you to start dating. You don't need to explain anything to me,” Charlotte said, pretending to be relaxed. She then stood up and walked away with red, teary eyes.

However, she walked so fast with her head lowered that she did not even notice the path in front of her.

She tripped and twisted her ankle before falling into a mud puddle.

Damn it! Why is the floor bullying me too?

She banged her fists on the ground.

“What are you angry about?”

Joseph's magnetic and deep voice rang from above her head.

She looked up and saw that Joseph was looking down at her.

Has he been following me this whole time?

She got angrier when she thought of that. “Go and accompany your little girlfriend. Don't mind me.”

Joseph had been worried about her, but he could not help but chuckle when he heard her throwing a tantrum. "Lottie, are you jealous?"

Charlotte glared at him with wide eyes. This sc*mbag. He kissed me in his sleep.

[Chapter 909 Crush](#)

Look at him now. Not only did he ignore that fact, but he was hugging Sheryn.

Now he's in front of me, smiling and looking so handsome. Ugh! I'm so angry!

I... I'm not jealous. I don't even like him! I like...

Suddenly, she realized it had been a while since she had thought of Lochlan.

Uncle Lochlan... For a moment, Charlotte was in a daze.

She used to think that she had a secret crush on Lochlan. However, Kate had crushed that fantasy of hers.

After that, a perfect and talented woman like Olivia appeared, and Charlotte finally woke up from her dream.

What about now? Why do I feel anxious and annoyed when I saw Sheryn hugging Joseph? I feel sad and bitter about it too.

I... What's wrong with me?

Her heart began racing, and she did not dare to look into Joseph's eyes.

It was undeniable that he was handsome and had a good family background.

Fae and James also treated her well.

What if... they find out that there's something going on between me and Joseph? Will they be like Mrs. Fraser and kick me out? Mum is so good to me. I can't let her down.

Charlotte said stubbornly, "You think too much. You're just a brother to me."

As for the kiss we shared when he was asleep, I'll just treat it as an accident.

However, when she thought of how Joseph would be with other women in the future, and she would only be an onlooker at the side, she felt her heart ache that she wanted to cry. Look at him now. Not only did he ignore that fact, but he was hugging Sheryn.

Now he's in front of me, smiling and looking so handsome. Ugh! I'm so angry!

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However, when she thought of how Joseph would be with other women in the future, and she would only be an onlooker on the side, she felt her heart ache that she wanted to cry.

She held back the sadness in her heart and started to walk away. However, she had barely taken two steps when she felt a stinging pain in her ankle. She held onto a tree by the side of the road and looked at her foot.

At that moment, Joseph suddenly squatted in front of her. "Hold tight onto the tree."

As soon as he said that, he lifted her right leg and swiftly took off her rain boot. He stared at the swollen ankle and said, "You sprained it. It's probably injured, but I'm unsure if you broke any bones. We better hurry to the medical bay."

“Ah!” Charlotte yelped as she felt herself being lifted off the ground. She subconsciously wrapped her arms around Joseph's neck.

Her cheeks reddened in embarrassment as she lay in Joseph's embrace. I can't believe he picked me up and carried me bridal-style. How embarrassing...

Joseph carried her and quickly made his way to the medical bay. What he and Charlotte did not know was that Sheryn was standing somewhere not far from them, staring at them fixedly.

Damn it! That Charlotte is such a b*tch. How dare she seduce Joseph.

Sheryn was about to explode in anger when she watched Joseph console Charlotte.

Right then, she had an idea and went to the kitchen.

It was known as the kitchen, but it was just a space where they placed a few pots and pans. They also kept the firewood that they usually burned there.

She held back the sadness in her heart and started to walk away. However, she had barely taken two steps when she felt a stinging pain in her ankle. She held onto a tree by the side of the road and looked at her foot.

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Usually, a few other women would also help the cooks to wash vegetables and burn firewood. After all, there were many people there.

Not only were there armed police officers and soldiers who had come to the disaster area as support, but Ashlyn and the others also needed to eat.

Therefore, many people would help out in the kitchen. Most of them were middle-aged women.

There were barely any young adults, so Sheryn's appearance immediately attracted the attention of many people.

She picked up a basket of vegetables and started cutting them. A woman said, “Sheryn, you should hurry and go study. There's no need for you to cut the vegetables. Your studies are more important.”

“It's fine. I was tired from studying, so I thought of helping out.” Sheryn flashed the woman a shy smile.

“How kind of this girl,” Fae said. She took a basket of vegetables and made her way over while glancing

at Sheryn.

She wanted to have a daughter, but it was a pity that she had given birth to a son instead.

“Mrs. Field, please don't compliment me. I would be embarrassed,” Sheryn said with a smile as her cheeks turned red.

Fae could not help but chuckle.

[Chapter 910 Ankle Dislocation](#)

“How are your studies?” Fae asked.

The woman from before replied, “Sheryn is the smartest girl in our village. She always comes first in exams! If it weren't for the disaster, she would've gotten into a good university in Lake City.”

“That's right. She's the hope of our village.” Another woman sighed. “I wonder if this disaster will affect her studies. Sheryn, how's your mom? I heard she's still unconscious.”

Sheryn was delighted to hear the compliments from those women.

However, she was taken aback when someone asked her about her mother, but she quickly returned to her senses. I have been worried about Joseph for the past two days. Where would I even have the time to take care of my mom?

In a reserved manner, she said, “My mom wasn't in good health before this. After being buried in the ground for a long time, she was extremely hypoxic, and her hypertension returned. The doctor said that things aren't looking too good for her.”

Her eyes reddened as she said that. She looked as though she was really worried about her mother.

To the others, Sheryn was a filial, obedient, and studious child.

Fae felt her heart ache as she listened to Sheryn and felt sympathetic toward her. “Sweetheart, the city just launched a program to support poor students. Why don't you sign up for it? When the time comes, you can attend university in Lake City and even get subsidies from the government.”

Sheryn's eyes brightened, and her face was filled with excitement. “Really?”

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Sheryn's eyes brightened, and her face was filled with excitement. "Really?"

"She's the mayor's wife. Do you think she'll lie to you?"

"That's right, Sheryn. Hurry and go sign up for it."

"Mrs. Field has spoken. Aren't you going to hurry and follow her?"

Sheryn had been waiting for this moment for a long time. She held back her soaring emotions as she said, "Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Field..."

"Oh, it's no trouble at all. I like to help children like you," Fae said as she cleaned her hands and stood up. "Come on."

They had not gone too far when a young man hurried toward them. "Mrs. Field, something terrible happened. Ms. Lottie sprained her ankle."

"What did you say, Winston?" Fae's expression changed. "I'll head over right now." She glanced at Sheryn and said, "Sorry, I need to go and see my daughter. She's injured." She then turned to the young man. "Winston, take her to James and tell him she wants to register for the Student Assistance Program."

"Yes, Mrs. Field." Winston was James' messenger, who did miscellaneous things.

Sheryn gritted her teeth in anger. Isn't it just a sprained foot? Why is Mrs. Field so anxious about it?

Damn it. Charlotte is my damn stumbling block. Mrs. Field, you old hag. I'm your future daughter-in-law. Wait and see how I'll torture you in the future when I marry your son.

Sheryn stared at Fae's retreating figure as evil thoughts formed in her mind.

Winston scrutinized Sheryn and frowned. Why do I feel this girl is not as innocent as she seems?

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Ashlyn held onto Charlotte's ankle and shot Joseph a look.

Joseph was momentarily taken aback. Thereafter, he said to Charlotte, "Lottie, my head hurts. Ouch!"

Charlotte was shocked. She stopped thinking about her pain as she looked at Joseph anxiously. "Joseph, why is your head suddenly hurting again?"

Just as she was waiting anxiously for a response from Joseph, a crack could be heard.

It was the sound of bones being realigned together.

She could only feel a stabbing pain in her ankle. "Ahh!"

Ashlyn let go of her ankle and took the gauze and ointment from the nurse.

She glanced at Charlotte and said, "Your foot was dislocated, but I've realigned the bones together. I've also rubbed some ointment on your ankle. Remember to rub it once in the morning and once more at night for the next few days, okay?"

"Okay..." Charlotte said softly. She then turned to look at Joseph. "Ashlyn, please give Joseph a checkup too. His head hurts."

"You can't even take care of yourself. Why are you still worried about him?" Ashlyn asked and raised her eyebrows. A teasing smile slowly made its way to her lips. "He's an adult and a man at that. He should endure the pain. It's not a big deal."